

SHE HAD BEEN FOOLED TOO OFTEN.

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after George had proposed and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart. Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button, and they were very, very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George, after a long, delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not place implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah yes," she sighed, with infinite content, "indeed I do; but, George, dear, I have been fooled so many times."

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A correspondent writes: "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful is the magic wand of Chicago. The genii of the lamp of Aladdin are Pigmies beside it! The wildest dreams of Monte Christo become tame and prosaic before it, and the mightiest works of the historic past in Rome, in Egypt and in India dwindle under its spell! Pharaoh kept his one hundred odd thousand laborers at work for decades under the lash to build the great pyramid of Cheops. Slaves innumerable worked for many years in constructing the Colosseum and the stones of the Taj Mahal and the great Fort at Agra were cemented together with human blood and with tens of thousands of human lives. The wand of Chicago in a few months has created massive structures which in magnificence and splendor outrival anything ever conceived by man, and the human mind grows dizzy in trying to comprehend the immensity of the mighty exposition she is building. I have spent the day in wandering in and out among the massive palaces which are springing up like magic on the banks of the lake, and the din of great hammers, the shrieking of engines and the running to and fro of six thousand workmen still ring in my ears as I write. The exposition grounds cover just about the area of a section of land and if they were square it

would be just about four miles around them. This space is to-day the busiest place in the world. The crowded streets of Canton, China, are not more lively than it, and every kind of work almost under the sun is going on in the building of this exposition city of great palaces. Hundreds of men are working in iron and other hundreds are hammering, sawing and cutting in wood. There are scores of artists here modelling in clay the delicate carvings which are to decorate the great buildings, and other artists are making the gigantic statues which are to stand guard over the doors or upon the roofs. There are painters by the hundred, designers of all kinds, workers in tin and in copper, masons and plumbers, and in short men of every trade and vocation required in the building of a city. It takes big restaurants to furnish the feed for the workmen and corps of policemen are present to keep guard over the whole."

THE MAN OF CLOSE-FISTED PROCLIVITIES.

A prominent man in this city, who is noted for his close-fisted proclivities, a few days ago met with the directors of his company. It happened that there is a very comely maiden who hammers the keys of a typewriter for the company, and this has worried the avaricious gentleman quite a good deal, as he is of the opinion that a woman's place is at home. At the meeting mentioned, the directors were auditing bills, and among them was one that read thus: "Ribbon for typewriter seventy-five cents." When the avaricious gentleman noticed it, he was dumfounded; he could not believe his senses. The idea of the company furnishing the young lady stenographer with ribbon fairly froze him. He was on his feet in an instant, waving his arms like a windmill and demanding of the secretary if the company was compelled to board and clothe its employees. After he had been laughed at for some minutes, it was explained to him that the ribbon was for the machine and not for the operator.

The state of Maine can boast of a prodigy in the person of an eight-year-old bundle of precocity who can repeat from memory, word for word, forty chapters of the Bible.

MARRY AN UGLY MAN.

"When I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I want a tall, fine-looking man." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said her more practical sister. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man and have more of his company."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A JOY SHE NEVER CAN KNOW.

"Nothing can make a woman so superlatively happy as to have a baby of her own to kiss," exclaimed Mrs. McBride, rapturously, as she fondled her first-born.

"My dear," replied her husband, pityingly, "you can never know the unutterable joy of being 'Next' in a crowded barber shop on Saturday night."

HOW MANY MILES CAN A GIRL DANCE?

Speaking of girl's taking exercise sufficient for their health, a grumpy old bachelor, whose feet were not built for dancing, said: "During the ball season, a girl gets lots of exercise. I've made a study of dancing and figure that an average waltz takes a girl over three-quarters of a mile of floor; a square dance is good for a half mile and a galop equals a run of one mile. Twenty such dances is the average, you know, that is, if the girl is not a wall flower. Of the twenty, twelve are waltzes, and you have nine miles; three are galops, and that makes twelve miles; five other dances at a half-mile give you a total of fifteen miles. That is not counting strolls, promenades and other trips. So you see that if a girl attends two balls a week she gets plenty of exercise."

We are pleased to observe that the Victoria Lacrosse Club have decided to wind up their season's pleasure by holding a concert. The committee who have the programme in hand say that it will surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted in the city.

Emperor William of Germany is a great stickler for what he is pleased to denominate "royal etiquette." The lives of his little boys are therefore made burdensome to them by their attendants, who, by the imperial command, insist upon changing the clothes of the poor little fellows three and sometimes even four times a day.