HOUSEHOLD.

LAUNDRY LORE.

Borax makes the washing much easier. It is superior to any of the washing compounds, and does not injure the hands. It is a great whitener, as well as a dirt remover.

Stains like iron rust, very difficult to remove, are caused by the chemical ingredients of inferior blue mixing with the starch during the process of laundering, and producing an iodide. Moral: Prepare bluing at home from good materials.

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will remove paint from clothing no matter how hard and dry it has become. Saturate the spot, then wash with soap suds and rinse.

To take stains out of bedticking, spread a paste of soft soap and starch on the spots. When dry, scrape off and wash with a damp sponge. In washing a chamois skin vest or chest protector, put a little pinch of soda in warm water, then use soap as usual. The soda prevents it from becoming stiff.

Black sateen, or woolen, or any black, or black and white mourning wash goods, should always, if starched, be ironed first on the wrong side, the right side down on a black cotton ironing sheet (a breadth of old black calico or well washed cambric will do). No matter how carefully black starched goods are done up, it will have a whitish scum on it if ironed on a white ironing sheet. Wash clean, rinse very thoroughly, put through strong bluing water and hang up till perfectly dry. Then cold starch with one of the excellent cold starches found in most groceries. Roll up tightly, fold a thick cloth around it, and leave over night. If very wet in the morning shake out and let a little of the moisture evaporate, but iron while still quite damp. If too wet when ironed, the starch may stick. It is much better to cold starch goods over night. If a gloss on the right side is desired, as should be on sateen, when the whole garment has been ironed on the wrong side, turn on the right side and iron the dry garment rapidly with a rather hot iron. This will give it just the kind of polish it had when new.

Many prefer for fine muslins, dimities and dark cambrics, gum arabic instead of starch. Wash and dry the garment. Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic in a little cold water, then pour on just enough hot water as is needed to wet the dress. For shirt waists use about one quart to one ounce of gum arabic. For a large dress, use two ounces of the gum arabic.

Common brown soap, rubbed thoroughly into a cloth, is used in some kitchens instead of wax, salt or any of the other things said to be good for smoothing flatirons. The soap keeps the irons smooth as glass, and there is no disagreeable odor.

Remove rust from flatirons by rubbing them on fine sandpaper.

A FEW SOUPS.

Fish Soup.—Slice two onions and fry in butter, add the meat of any fish desired, cut in small pieces. Even canned salmon can be used if necessary. Chop one carrot, add parsley and thyme. If fish is raw, boil first in water, then drain. If not, cook at once in one pint rich milk seasoned and thickened just a bit with flour.

Egg Soup.—Make a thin cream sauce. Boil six eggs hard. Mash the yolks to a fine pulp, and pour over them, stirring gradually, the cream sauce. Season with pepper and celery salt. The whites of the eggs can be cut in small pieces and put in the soup with some small oyster crackers as well.

Vegetable Soup.—Put on to boil in sufficient water the bone and small bits of left-over steak, one pint cut-up tomatoes, a few potatoes, one onion, one carrot, one cup corn, one tablespoon flour rubbed in one cup milk, the same of brown sugar with pepper and salt. Let boil 45 minutes. Take out bone, break into small bits and serve with crackers.

Mock Oyster Soup.—Put one quart new milk to boil. Stir in one ounce butter, salt and pepper. Have one pint of canned or fresh tomatoes smoking hot. Put into milk one-half teaspoon soda, then put in tomatoes, let boil up and skim. Break up one-quarter pound crackers, throw in soup, let boil up and serve at once.

Clam Soup.—Chop some clams fine, add two chopped onions, one tablespoon butter, a small bunch parsley and thyme, one potato cut in small pieces. Boil in water for half hour. Thicken with grated crackers and when ready to serve pour in some hot milk seasoned.

Bean Soup with Tomatoes.—Boil one pint beans. Season with pepper, salt and lemon juice, add some butter, then the left-over tomatoes from a meal. Let boil, mash through a colander and serve steaming hot with crackers.

Potato Soup.—Boil six or seven potatoes, and mash fine. Heat one quart milk to the boiling point, add potato pulp, salt, pepper, a dash of onion, parsley and a drop or so of Worcestershire sauce. If not thick enough, make the consistency of thin cream sauce by adding flour. It can be easily thinned with a little hot milk.

USEFUL HINTS.

Some women do not seem to know that they make a mistake when they wrap up parcels—that is, parcels of clothes or fabrics of any kind—in white paper. The white paper no doubt looks neat and attractive, but it happens to have been bleached with chloride of lime, and this is so strong that it will ruin the fabric which lies for any length of time against it. The most suitable paper for the purpose is the stout brown or blue not so commonly used, but strong and without any harmful chemical properties.

Apples, like tomatoes, can be more quickly and easily peeled by pouring boiling water over them and allowing them to stand in the water five minutes.

It is commonly the way when one is trying to fit a large cork to a small bottle to get a knife and trim the cork. This is a waste of time, for it is only necessary to let the cork soak in boiling water for five minutes, and it will fit the neck of the bottle without any further trouble.

Winter vegetables should be fully matured when gathered. If gathered green the moisture passes through their thin skin and they wither. Dry thoroughly, then store in a cool, dry place. Carrots, beets, parsnips and turnips keep better if packed in dry sand.

THE SUCCULENT OYSTER.

There are few articles of food — possibly one—which contain more nutriment within small compass than oysters and eggs; and curiously enough, these widely dissimilar edibles have many more points than this in common. Both contain an albuminous admixture which increases in hardness and indigestibility when exposed to too high a temperature for too long a period; in other words, both must be cooked quickly, if cooked at all, or their most valuable properties are irrecoverably lost. In cooking either oysters or eggs for an invalid's consumption this important fact must ever be borne in mind, together with that other, no less important—i. e., that when an oyster is cooked too long it not only becomes tough and indigestible, but it looses its distinctive flavor. Oysters roasted in the shell form a delicious and nutritious dish for a delicate person with a capricious appetite. To cook them, place them either in a hot oven or in a boiler, over a hot fire, having first brushed them carefully clean. They should be cooked very quickly, being turned once or twice in the process; then, when the shell bursts apart, the upper half of each should be removed and the oyster served on the remaining halves with a drawn butter sauce, some tiny oyster crackers being served on an accompanying dish. Three or four fresh, plump oysters, prepared in this manner and served on a doily-covered tray, may be relied upon to coax the least hopeful of convalescents into assuming an appetite.

PREVENTING GRANULATION.

When making syrup of white sugar, add a small bit of alum about as large as a kidney bean, and it won't get "grainy."

Linseed oil is a good remedy to keep on hand for burns and scalds. Keep moistened with the oil. Soda is also good. Wet the burn and apply the soda; wrap it up and keep the soda moistened.

TO WASH RUGS.

Light fur rugs can quite easily be cleaned or washed at home. To dry clean, well moisten some sawdust with benzoline and rub this well in, changing as it gets soiled, says Home Chat. If washed, make a nice suds with soap jelly and hot water in which you can comfortably bear your hand, (two heaped tablespoonfuls to a gallon and a tablespoonful of borax). Let it soak in this for half an hour. Souse up and down in this, then wash in a weaker suds with only half quantities of soap and borax and rinse in luke-warm water. Press out as much water as possible or run through a wringer. Shake well and hang in the shade to dry, rub well between the hands to soften it and again well shake.

HIGHWAYS IN EUROPE.

France Has Best Laws for Building and Repairing Roads.

Two hundred years ago England had the worst roads in the world, because the peasantry living on the roads alone were required to work them. In speaking of them Macaulay says "that a route connecting two great towns which have a large and flourishing trade with each other should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them is manifestly unjust. It was not until many toll bars had been violently pulled down, until the troops had in many instances been forced to act against the people and until much blood had been shed that a good system was introduced." Every class now contributes to the maintenance of the road system in England. The French have probably the most efficient laws and regulations in the world for the building and repairing of highways. The Minister of Public Works has the general superintendence of all roads and ways by land or by water. There are four classes of road recognized by law, namely: (1) national, (2) departmental, (3) military, (4) cross roads. National roads are built and kept up by the national treasury. Departmental roads are a charge upon the departments through which they pass, and part of the military roads are kept up by the Government and a part by the departments through which the roads pass.

The cross roads are kept up by the communes, though sometimes in thinly populated regions these communes receive assistance from the Government, especially when these roads become of importance.

The national roads are paved like a street, having an average width of 52½ feet. The departmental roads are 39 feet wide, and the military and cross roads are of variable width. Piles of broken stone are placed at convenient distances and a man is constantly employed in repairing each section.

Nance—"Jack Morton proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me; he has only known me a week." The Brother—"Oh, then, perhaps he does."

Hepner's Undisputed Will.

"Old man Hepner" was an original fellow, with a well-developed sense of humor. He seldom did anything as another would do it, but his method usually was effective, and it was more than an even chance that a discerning man would find a choice bit of humor concealed somewhere in his every action. Hepner could appreciate a joke all by himself. The average man wants companionship in his humor, but Hepner needed none. He did not have to repeat a joke or tell a story to some one else in order to enjoy the full flavor of it. It was enough for him that he saw the point, and in consequence he had developed a silent chuckle that was both mystifying and annoying. The corners of his mouth would begin to twitch, his eyes would twinkle merrily, and he would fairly shake with suppressed merriment, but when asked what amused him he would give the unsatisfactory reply, "Oh, I was just thinking."

It was fortunate for Old Man Hepner, as he was generally known, that he was thus constituted, for humor is essential to a proper enjoyment of life, and in his case there was little that was conducive to laughter in his immediate surroundings. He had accumulated money by hard work and economy, and he was decidedly averse to having it dissipated by lavish and unnecessary expenditures. Herein he differed from his second wife and his children. His first wife, who had shared in his early hardships and struggles, had been careful and saving, but his second wife regarded a wealthy husband as little else than a banker who should honor all drafts up to the limit of his resources. When this limit was reached it would be no more than considerate for him to die and permit her to acquire another banker by matrimonial purchase. But old men with young wives sometimes look at these things differently, and Hepner, with his usual forethought, would not let present pleasure bind him to future needs. He thought of his grandchildren, while his children thought of themselves. The latter joined with the stepmother in her efforts to make inroads on the fortune. They had not appreciated his early struggles, and their social and other ambitions were of the expensive kind. They were in need of money all the time.

Now Old Man Hepner was not miserly, but only reasonably economical and cautious. He knew how much he had, and he knew what would happen if he released his hold on the purse-strings—the fortune would melt away, instead of slowly increasing as it was doing under his management. The income would be exhausted, and the principal attacked, in no time at all; his wife and his children would live high, and nothing would be left for the grandchildren; his money would be circulated lavishly in Europe, and the place of their birth would know them no more. So he withstood the pleas and arguments, insisted that life should not be devoted entirely to pleasure, and retained his sanity and good humor under the stress of constant criticism and ingenious verbal assaults only by his saving sense of humor.

"But wait till he dies," said the neighbors, to whom the facts were well known. "He can't take his money with him, and there will be great doings then."

"He'll tie it up in his will," a thoughtful one suggested.

"The will never was made that can't be broken when all the principal heirs are bent on it," was the confident reply.

As a matter of fact, this was the very thing that worried Old Man Hepner. The grandchildren almost invariably have an important place in the plans of old people, and Hepner was no exception to this rule. He wished to protect their interests, but how could he do it? He had, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of the ease with which wills could be broken, and he was fearful of what would happen when he passed away.

"They'll make me out crazy," he said to himself. "They'll say I was unduly influenced by somebody, that I wasn't in my right mind, that I had been erratic and irresponsible for several years; and, if they fail in that, the lawyer will forget to cross a 't' or to dot an 'i' and then it will be all up with the will. How can I make it binding?"

It was when he finally answered this question to his satisfaction that he gave his most extraordinary exhibition of suppressed mirth. In truth, he seemed in danger of an apoplectic stroke for a few minutes.

"What's the matter?" demanded his wife.

"I was just thinking," he replied.

"Of what?" she asked.

"Of my will," he answered.

"Is it so funny?" she inquired, puzzled.

"It is," he said.

His lawyer laughed, too, when he heard the plan, and thereafter Old Man Hepner chuckled more than ever. And always, when his wife or his children asked the occasion for his merriment, he answered, "I was thinking of my will." Naturally, they marveled much at this, and one day his daughter remarked that she could see nothing so excruciatingly funny in a will.

"Wait till you see this one," he replied. At another time, when his son happened to be at the house, he solemnly informed him that nothing short of cremation would prevent him from laughing aloud in his grave when the will was opened.

"Then you shall be cremated," said the son.

"As you will," replied Old Man Hepner. "My spirit will still laugh."

This humor disturbed the wife and children mightily, for they could make nothing out of it, and it continued fitfully up to the time of the old man's death. He passed away peacefully and seemingly content, a peculiar, quizzical smile haunting his face at

His will, it was discovered, was in the possession of his lawyer, and it was with anxious curiosity that the widow, the son and the daughter assembled in the lawyer's office after the final obsequies to learn what Fate had in store for them. The lawyer smiled grimly as he produced a little box and a brief legal document.

"Mr. Hepner," he said, "chose a strange method of making his last will and testament, for there are, in fact, two of them, each decidedly original in form and contents."

"In any event," said the widow, decisively, "I get the widow's dower interest. Whatever may be done with the other property, I cannot be deprived of that." The lawyer bowed and smiled again.

"He gave due thought to that," he said, "but he was hopeful that you would consent to waive those rights and inherit under the will he has left."

"I'll waive no rights," said the widow.

"I've been cooped up in this town long enough waiting to get what's due me."

"Let's hear the will," said the son.

"The first," said the lawyer, picking up the document, "is a rather informal statement of his wishes. Stripped of the legal preliminaries, it is to the following effect:

"'It is my desire that my wife, Louise Watts Hepner, my son Horace Hepner, and my daughter Helen Hepner Hoskins, shall waive all rights conflicting with the purpose here set forth, and, by agreement, shall permit the estate to remain intact under the joint management of my attorney, Samuel Towner, and my former partner, John S. Fender, who shall give a sufficient bond for the proper execution of this trust; that the income of the estate, after deducting the necessary administration expenses, shall be divided equally among these three heirs, their heirs in case of death to receive their share, until my youngest grandchild shall reach the ages of twenty-one years, when the estate shall be divided equally among all my direct descendants then living, my widow, if still living, to receive an equal share with the others. If one or more of my three heirs, enumerated above, refuses to agree to this, I desire that my phonograph shall be allowed to speak for itself, with megaphone attachment, in open court, and that the probate judge take such action in the premises as may be legal and proper."

The three heirs all spoke at once and all used the same words when the lawyer had finished reading.

"I'll not agree," was what they said.

"Think of tying up my interest for nineteen or twenty years," added the son. "I want the ready money."

"So do I," said the daughter. "I've been planning a European trip for the last six years."

"And I must have my dower interest," asserted the widow. "I'm going to the city to live."

"In that case," remarked the lawyer in the tone of one who had slight interest in the matter, "it will be necessary to present the phonograph will for probate."

"What is the phonograph will?" asked the widow.

"It is a will that he dictated to the phonograph in his own language," replied the lawyer. "I have the cylinder here, and, in case of disagreement, it will have to be used in accordance with the instructions he left. You see, he makes definite provision for this substitution, so that if any attack is to be made it must be made on the phonograph will. The other practically passes out of existence the moment it is assailed."

"Well," said the widow with determination, "I won't accept that written thing and if the phonograph will is no better I'll hire a lawyer and see if I can't break it."

"That's right," acquiesced the son. "I want my share of that estate without foolish restrictions."

"So do I," said the daughter.

Again the lawyer bowed.

"You will know better what you wish to do," he remarked, "after you have heard the phonograph will. Mr. Hepner was a very peculiar and original man with most extraordinary ideas, and he has prepared a will the like of which I think never was seen or heard before. It is so strange and unusual that, I confess, I am doubtful of its validity, but he seemed to care little for that so long as I could assure him that it would be heard in open court before any attack could be made on it. I will now let Mr. Hepner himself acquaint you with its terms."

The widow shuddered a little at this, and the son and daughter looked ill at ease. There was something uncanny in hearing the voice of Old Man Hepner himself explain what he wished done with his property. However, they waited patiently and in silence while the lawyer adjusted the cylinder. Then the voice they knew so well began this remarkable statement:

"I, Sylvanus Hepner, being of sound mind, declare this to be my last will and testament, and I desire that the absence of legal verbiage and ordinary legal forms shall be overlooked, and that it shall be interpreted and executed in accordance with the plain statement I now make:

"I have no confidence in the ability or inclination of my wife, Louise Watts Hepner, my son Horace Hepner, or my daughter Helen Hepner Hoskins, to properly manage and conserve the estate—"

"The brute!" broke in the widow.

"—and for that reason I desire that it shall remain intact, if this be a possible thing. Appreciating, however, that when Louise Watts proposed to me—"

"I never did!" cried the widow, indignantly, and then, addressing the phonograph directly, "You know better than that, Sylvanus!"

"—she was principally attracted by the comfortable fortune I possessed—"

"A lie!" passionately exclaimed the widow.

"—I anticipate that she will demand her dower rights if she gains this much without restrictions it may prove an attraction to another man, and I am sufficiently well disposed toward men in general to wish to preserve each and all of them from this fate. I would not willingly put in any man's way the temptation that may result in binding him to an ill-kept house—"

"Oh, oh, oh! I'm a good housekeeper, and you know it!" cried the widow.

"—but it may be that I am powerless. In that case, she must have her dower interest, the men must run their chances, and may the Lord have mercy on them!"

"Shut it off! Shut if off!" cried the widow, and when this was done she went on angrily. "Oh, the treacherous man! The cruel thing! That will shall never be produced."

"You have nothing to say about it," retorted the son. "Do you think I am going to let my money be tied up because some disagreeable things are said about you? That will must be produced in order to be broken so that we may all get what is coming to us. Let's hear the rest of it."

The lawyer moved the lever and the phonograph continued:

"In case my wife elects to take her dower interest outright, and cannot be legally prevented from doing so, I desire that the rest of the estate remain intact, in accordance with the plan hereafter outlined. My daughter's share I would have preferred to leave direct to her, but I am averse to having it invested in yellow silk bonnets and green velvet gowns—"

"Horrible!" interjected the daughter.

"—and from what I know of her taste this is what would happen. I have had no confidence in her judgment since she selected a husband, whose main ambition is to enjoy a pink satin existence on a calico salary—"

"He consented to the marriage!" cried the daughter.

"—but perhaps I should not judge her harshly in this. One cannot always get just what one wants—"

"I refused six before I accepted John, and you know it," expostulated the daughter, addressing the phonograph.

"—and possibly she did as well as she could reasonably expect, in view of all the circumstances. Still, I hesitate to entrust the management of any considerable property to one who invested one hundred and fifty dollars in old bric-a-brac that was turned out of a factory at a cost of about three dollars and twenty-eight cents."

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried the daughter. "I never could hold up my head again if the neighbors heard how I was cheated in that matter, just when I was going to be so swell."

"Go on," said the son. "What does it matter, so long as we get what's due us?"

"As for my scapegrace son," went on the phonograph, at which the son winced a little, "it is better that the property should be held in trust than that he should fly to Paris with it. I know too well what would happen. He spent two months in New York shortly before his marriage—"

"Hold on!" cried the son.

"—and heretofore I have been considerate enough to say nothing of what it cost to get him back without a scandal. A young man who thinks a slight knowledge of a stock-farm equips him to operate a stock-market—"

"Quit! Quit!" commanded the son.

"—and whose own ability so far has been displayed in the direction of investments in colored shirts and patent-leather shoes is not one to be entrusted with the management of any part of an estate."

"I don't want to manage the old estate!" roared the son so angrily that the lawyer stopped the phonograph.

"There is more," said the lawyer.

"I don't want to hear any more," returned the son.

"It has some reference to the three good salaried positions that you have had and lost, and also to that little affair at the seashore."

"Well, we'll stop right here," asserted the son.

"As I have said," went on the lawyer, "I have no doubt that you can break this will."

"But, to be broken, it will have to be produced," suggested the widow.

"It will have to speak for itself in court," said the lawyer.

"There is no way of avoiding it?"

"None, except by agreement in accordance with the terms of the statement I first read."

"And this cylinder?"

"Will be destroyed when the agreement is properly executed."

"I agree," said the widow, with a sigh.

"So do I," said the son.

"And I," said the daughter.

Then suddenly, they looked at each other, visibly startled, after which they all listened intently.

"It certainly sounded like a suppressed chuckle," said the son.—Elliott Flower in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

WHY TEETH DECAY.

According to a report issued by the British Medical Association, one of the chief causes of the prevalent decay of teeth is that the average dental apparatus does not get enough work. It is held that cooking has come to such a condition of refinement that chewing is becoming one of the lost arts and that the teeth are simply wasting away from lack of exercise.

A gentleman told one of his sons, a little fellow of eight, that a man had offered the room full of gold for his baby brother. He said, "I can buy you everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?" The parent was delighted when the youngster replied: "Oh, no, father." Then the boy added: "Keep him till he's bigger; he'll be worth more, then."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Duke Carl-Theodor of Bavaria has for a great number of years followed the profession of a doctor. What was in his boyhood a hobby has become the serious work of his lifetime. His example has been followed by Prince Ludwig-Ferdinand of Bavaria, a cousin of King Otto, who has also passed an examination as a doctor, and who works in the Women's Hospital at Munich, and has thus found an outlet for his energies.

Maxim Gorkey, who is one of the greatest literary forces in Russia at the present time, can claim to have risen from the ranks. The son of an eccentric upholsterer, he was for a time reduced to a state of things consistent with our tramp. He also worked in a bakery, and on another occasion as a laborer. He took to literature as a result of some spare-time efforts, and within a few years has risen to be the favorite novelist of the Russian people.

The Princess of Monaco is unique in that she is the first Hebrew to sit on a European throne. She was a Miss Heine, and was first married to the Duke of Richelieu. Her present husband has also been married twice, and his first wife was Lady Mary Hamilton. When the cares of State do not demand his presence in the principality Prince Albert is generally on his yacht, which has been specially constructed for the purpose of the study of marine biology.

The Emperor Menelik, among his other hobbies takes great interest in clocks, and several chronometers have recently been imported from Switzerland by M. Ilg, his Swiss adviser, which vary no more than six seconds in two months. Ras Makonnen has also ordered several curious mechanical clocks from Swiss firms, for presentation to the Negus and the Empress. The most remarkable of these is a great chiming clock, to imitate that of St. Margaret's, Westminster Abbey.

The Earl of Dudley, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is the youngest man who ever represented the Government at Dublin Castle. He has just passed his thirty-fifth year. He traces his lineage back to William Ward, a wealthy goldsmith of London and jeweler to the Queen of King Charles I. His full name is William Humble Ward. His father was immensely rich, owning 40,000 acres of land and many mines and collieries. His rent roll was returned at £150,000 a year.

Mr. Yerkes, the American millionaire, is a white-mustached, military-looking man, with a strong, clever, handsome face, lighted up by a pair of very keen, shrewd eyes. His youth, like that of many a modern Croesus, was one of struggle and poverty; but he developed business skill at a very early age, when he bought a box of soap at a public auction and resold it to the local grocer for twice the price he paid for it. The tide of fortune began to flow when, at twenty-one, he opened a stockbroker's office in Philadelphia; and to-day he ranks among the men of millions.

Once when Sir Charles Hotham, Governor of Victoria, was out driving, his coachman nearly came into collision with a wood carter, an Irishman who would not pull off the middle of the road, as he had the heavier load, and, by the rough rule of such things, was thus entitled to keep there. The incensed Governor thereupon put his head out of the carriage window and shouted: "Do you know who I am? I'm Sir Charles Hotham, the Governor of Victoria!" "Ye are, are ye?" responded the other. "Well, ye've got a thunderin' foine billet, ould man, an' I'd advise ye to shtick to it!"

To Miss Ida Emily Evans belongs the unique distinction of being the first lady member of the Australian legal profession, a position attained by the display of exceptional ability during a lengthened course of preliminary study. Miss Evans is a native of Woodford, Essex, England, and arrived in Sydney while a mere girl. She attended the Sydney High School, and within five months passed the junior examination; fifteen months afterwards she was successful in the matriculation test, and subsequently passed the senior examination. At the recent Sydney University commemoration she received the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

The performance of Mr. Carl Hertz, the illusionist, on one occasion had a rather startling effect on one of his audience. He was performing before a Sultan and his Court, and the monarch's favorite daughter became so enamored of the wonder-working stranger that she fell in love with him and made a proposal of marriage. When informed that Mr. Hertz was already married she declared that that need make no difference; she would rule the other. In order to get out of his dilemma Mr. Hertz, with the connivance of a friend, took the place of the lady in his Phoenix trick, and, jumping into the blazing cauldron, waved an adieu to the distracted Princess.

HE KNEW NOTHING.

A young man who walked into a grocer's store one morning inquired if the proprietor wanted a smart boy.

The tradesman, who was not exactly in need of another salesman, smiled at the applicant's business like air and self-confidence.

"So," he remarked, "you consider yourself a smart man, do you? Do you think you could run this business as well as I do?"

The young fellow glanced round the shop and calmly replied, "I think I could do some things better than you, sir."

"Indeed!" gasped the grocer.

"Yes, sir. Now, look at that butter, for instance. Don't you think it would be better to label it 'Can't Be Beaten,' instead of 'Can't be Approached?' As it is, some folks might think—well, you understand."