

'Guilty.' Sentence of death was pronounced upon me by the judge in less time than I can tell you of it."

"Train coming," cried the station master. "Don't stop a minute."

"Good gracious," screamed the little old man, "how did it end?"

"Convicted murderer," said the man with a white coat. "Sentenced to be hung next Friday. Gallows built. Clergyman with me. Letter to mother. Letter to Tilly. Black cap on. Bell tolling. Out on the platform. Crowd looking. Last dying speech"—

The engine shrieked.

"Passengers," yelled the voice at the door.

"What saved you?" screamed the little man.

"Woke up," said Thomas Thomas. "Woke up then. Found myself in bed. Hadn't got up at all. Pistol safe in the drawer. Norris snoring in the next bed. All a dream."

And the train was off.

"Never touched Jacquin," said the story teller over his shoulder. "He married Tilly. Goodby."

CULTURE IN CHICAGO.

When the president of that exclusive literary organization, the Twentieth Century club, introduced Dr. A. Conan Doyle to a Chicago audience Friday evening, he committed an error which is likely to give rise to serious complications and to involve Dr. Doyle in embarrassment. Dr. Doyle is not a theologian—at any rate, not a professional theologian. He must have been startled when the Hon. George E. Adams announced him as Canon Doyle. Presumably many of the cultured men and women who were present at the Twentieth Century club reception take it for granted, upon the authority of the club's president, Mr. Adams, that Dr. Doyle is a canon, an associate perhaps of Canon Farrar, and high in the councils of the august

Church of England. We hear it rumored that Mr. Higginbotham, president of our late ever glorious and ever lamented World's Fair, has not yet disabused his mind of the serious error arising from Mr. Adams' blunder; that he addresses Dr. Doyle as Father Doyle, and that at luncheon yesterday he said to his distinguished guest, "Will you reverence ask the blessing?"

We don't know how true it is, but we understand that Dr. Doyle has been invited to "fill the pulpit" in a number of our churches, and that he is besieged with letters addressed variously "Rev. Dr. Doyle," "Rev. Canon Doyle," "The Very Rev. Canon Doyle," etc. Altogether much confusion has been precipitated by the little slip made simply in carelessness by the president of the Twentieth Century club. We think it incumbent upon that leading literary organization of the west to set about correcting the error its executive has innocently sprung upon the public and upon a very distinguished visitor.—*Eugene Field in Chicago Record.*

A QUIXOTIC ENTERPRISE.

No place this side of Timbuctoo can equal San Diego for colossal enterprises—on paper. The San Diego fad seems to run mostly in the direction of building new railroads, although other magnificent schemes have been suggested. The latest report from that centre of cerebral activity in building railroads through the air only, contemplates the construction of a transcontinental line from that port to the Atlantic, on the profit-sharing, nickle-in-the slot co-operative installment plan. It is a grand conception, and well worthy of the wildest lunatic in San Diego. It is proposed that 100,000 railroad men, including, it is presumed, the faithful adherents of the brake-beam,

shall organize, build and operate the road. All are to be stockholders, even the section hands and the fellows who count the ties on their annual pilgrimages to the Land of Sunshine and Flowers. Of course the wildest crank in the lot is to be the President and the next craziest man the General manager. But right here is the rock on which the whole project will probably go to pieces; for it would require the perpetual session of a commission in lunacy to select the officers, and this at least would be impracticable. Altogether, therefore, we fear the outlook is not bright for the immediate construction of a new transcontinental line of railway from San Diego.

It is the popular belief that a boomerang, if properly cast, will always return to its starting point, provided, of course, it does not come in contact with anything in its flight. This idea is wholly incorrect. The weapon must be thrown directly against the wind with a force proportioned to its strength. The boomerang, like the gyroscope, was not originally designed for scientific purposes, but the erratic flight of the one is as interesting a problem as the paradoxical equilibrium of the other.

During the recent English cavalry manoeuvres, the field telegraph battalion, a division of the Royal Engineers, performed some very creditable work. The battalion constantly accompanied the cavalry, laying wire along the ground as fast as they advanced and reeling it in again as they retired. This was successfully accomplished, even at a sharp trot, and communication was had at all times with the camp, twelve miles distant.

The Duke of Wellington was called the Achilles of England from the victory at Waterloo.