

AN ORDERLY'S BLUNDERS.

The Colonel got a Good Dinner and the Lady Paid for her Present.

A superior officer of the B— garrison was some time ago the hero of a most amusing adventure. Colonel Z— had received from Mrs. W— an invitation to dinner, but on the day appointed, and just as he was about to start, he was seized with a violent attack of neuralgia, and decided to forego the pleasure in store for him. The colonel wrote a letter of apology, and called his orderly and said:

"Guy, you will give this letter to Mrs. W—, and then fetch me my dinner." Here the plot commences. Guy set off, after carefully secreting the letter in his breast pocket along with his tobacco pouch. He arrived at Mrs. W—'s, delivered his message, and stood as rigid as a statue. The lady of the house was surprised, and inquired what he was waiting for. He replied:

"The colonel told me to fetch him his dinner." Mrs. W— saw the man's mistake, gave certain orders, and the servants handed the faithful linesman a set of dishes emitting fragrant odors. Moreover, Mrs. W— shipped a half bottle of champagne into the soldier's pocket and said:

"You will serve this to the colonel at dessert."

Guy came back, and, upon my word, the restaurant seemed to have provided such a host of good things, that the colonel got up and took his seat at the table. Over the soup he slowly began to recover his appetite, to his small surprise. The side dishes made him quite ravenous; with the entrees his pain disappeared; he was stupefied at the roast meat, and dumounded at the game, and still his wonder grew at the marvellous dishes supplied by his chop-house keeper. At the dessert the orderly, obeying his instructions, set the bottle of champagne on the table. He was asked for an explanation, when everything came out. The colonel, in despair, thought the matter over, and then gave his orderly ten francs, telling him to buy a bunch of flowers and present it from him to Mrs. W—.

Then our colonel, satisfied that he had done his best under the trying circumstances, settled down in an easy chair and composed himself to sleep. An hour and a half later the door opened and Guy walked in, and gravely deposited two five-franc pieces on the table. The colonel questioned him with some anxiety.

"The lady paid for the nosegay," said the honest warrior, apparently well pleased with the general turn of affairs.

Mrs. W—, on receiving the bouquet, had given the soldier five francs by way of a tip, on receiving which the latter simply replied:

"It isn't five francs, please ma'am, it is ten francs."

Colonel Z— was confined to his bed for three days, to the great alarm of the whole of the garrison staff.

Just an Incident.

A New Yorker who looks sharply after his interests had a small yacht towed to a Brooklyn basin for some repairs. He went over that evening and found that nothing had been done. It was dark, after 9 o'clock, but he promptly went to the house of one of the owners of the shipyard. The man himself came to the door. In his arms he carried a baby. The caller wanted to know why the matter had not been properly attended to—why somebody had not been put to work at once to strip the yacht and to do several other things. He was pretty severe about it too. The shipyard man apologized for his remissness. "My baby," he said, "is ill, and I was careless, I am afraid, about carrying out your directions, but I'll go right down to the yard now and attend to the matter myself. You see, I came up here," he added, explaining still further, "to see my baby and left the work in the hands of some one else. I'm sorry you are displeased."

"All right," said the yachtman, less sharply. "Please go down as soon as you can."

The next day when the New Yorker went to the shipyard he found everything satisfactory.

"I see you came down last night and attended to it yourself," he said, and then he asked more pleasantly, "How is your baby?"

"She died shortly after I left the house for the yard last night," answered the other in a low voice.

Just an incident in everyday life.

He Wouldn't Be Bounced.

"Yes, young man; this dry spell is hard on the clover. Up our way it's got to be so short that the bumble-bees have to get down on their knees to suck the honey." "But the sunny weather is good for grain, you say. So it is; mine has grown so that I've sent for a lot of Maine lumbermen to help me fell it. Git an axe and come out help us harvest. Do I want to buy a gold brick? No, sir; I've got a smoke-house chimney built of 'em at home. Do I want to see you draw a prize in the lottery? No, sir; I'm in a hurry to buy one dozen gross of canned vegetables. I'm much obliged for the interest you take in me. But if yer wants some pints on the bunco business, come out to the old farm house, and see us take in summer boarders."

In Business for Themselves.

Two Irishmen, fresh from the Emerald Isle, joined the Boston police force, and during their first week's duty they managed to secure a lot of cases, and all of them being trifling offences, a large amount of money was taken in fines. They were just on the point of promotion when they resolved to leave. The superintendent was greatly surprised when they gave in their notices, and asked them what they intended doing, and if they could better themselves. "Oh, yes," replied Pat, "for you see we are going to start a police station on our own account. I am going to run them in and Mike will inflict the fines."

A Hint for Halifax Police.

This is from the Chicago Inter-Ocean: How was it discovered that the prisoner was a woman disguised as a man? "She was placed in a chair with a tidy on the back, and sat for fifteen minutes without displacing it."

Reactor—It is instructive to note what a flood of light one passage of scripture throws upon another. Eve Lamb—Yes, I couldn't understand about there being no marrying or giving in marriage before until I read how hard it was for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

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BEAVER FARMING.

How the Type of Canada Is Raised by North Dakotans.

The industry and sagacity of the beaver have often been commented upon. But those qualities have not prevented this animal from being looked upon as a fair object of capture. Its fur is valuable, and therefore, it is much sought after by trappers. Still, it may surprise some people to know that in one part of America, at least, there are men who raise beavers for market, just as they might do corn or cattle. It is in McLean county, N. D., that beaver farming is largely carried on. The soil is very poor and is not adapted, as are other parts of the state, to wheat growing. The Missouri river runs along the western border of the county, and numerous streams flow into it from among the hills to the north and east. Cottonwoods and elm trees grow on the banks of these streams, and it is there where the beaver farms are situated. A man who intends to start this industry purchases say, ten acres of land through which a stream runs. A dam is built at a point where the stream is narrow and the banks are steep. All that is needed is to fell a few trees across the bed of the stream and fill it with dirt and stones. This holds the water back so that two or three acres of land are flooded, thus forming a pond. The next thing to be done is to erect a fence of wire netting, from two or three feet high, along the banks of the stream and around the pond, inclosing all the trees that can possibly be taken in.

Generally a colony from twelve to sixteen beavers is put on the farm. They are, of course, obtained from trappers. They are placed in the pond in the spring and soon become accustomed to their surroundings. In a few days they begin to build their dams of mud and sticks and to show their wood-chopping abilities on the trees. There is no return from the outlay the first year, but by the fall of the second year the colony has increased in number and the farmer looks forward to a regular income. It is on the last day of October or on the first day of November that the harvest, so to speak, begins. The ponds are drawn off by means of floodgates that are covered with wire netting to prevent the animals from slipping through. The houses of the beavers are thus left exposed, and the farmer goes from one to the other, tapping on the skins are dried, prepared and taken to market, the fur being used in the manufacture of coats and capes and trimming garments for women. A good deal of beaver fur goes to China, where it is made into shoes for women who can afford the luxury.

"A LADY OR THE TIGER" STORY.

"Progress" Solution Is That She Let Him Continue What Didn't Count.

The following story, from the New York Truth, is the shortest of all the tales that have followed in the wake of "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Discrepancy of Hesitancy." "What Say You, Women, to This?" and "The Serious Dilemma of the Bishop of Oklahoma?"

This story is going to end in a mystery. I know this, because, like a true artist, I thought it all out before putting pen to paper.

It was the evening of Arabella's birthday: Alphonso, her betrothed, was with her. They were very, very happy.

Suddenly a bright thought struck Alphonso.

That is a way bright thoughts have. But I am quite willing to be slugged by them.

Bright thoughts are worth bright dollars. But to our tale.

Quoth Alphonso:

"Darling?"

Quoth Arabella:

"Yes, darling."

"Isn't this your birthday, darling?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Well, pet, I propose to give you a kiss for every year of your age."

"Oh, darling?"

"How old is my little tootsey wootsey?"

"Here began a great struggle in Arabella's mind."

That is likewise the age when an unwedded maiden most keenly appreciates kisses.

She did not want to tell him her real age. She wanted all the kisses she could get. Here, gentle reader, is the mystery foretold exclusively in our first line.

Did she claim all the kisses to which she was entitled, or not?

An Artist's Diplomacy.

G. P. A. Healy, the artist, often had to draw upon all his resources with sitters. A young woman once came to his studio with her face so covered with paint and powder that every characteristic line was obliterated. He was of course, in a dilemma the while the sketch was lined, he rose from his seat, sat down beside his subject and kindly asked her if she was feeling as well as usual. Surprised, of course, she replied that she was. "But, Miss Jones, you walked from your hotel, did you not?" "Yes." "And you came hurriedly up stairs without stopping to rest?" "Why yes, of course." "Ah, yes, Miss Jones, but, you see, though you may not be feverish, you have exerted yourself so severely that there is so much color in your face that I fear it would mislead me. Now, tomorrow, if you will be so good, please bathe your cheeks in cool water the last thing, come in a close carriage and stop and rest yourself upon the sofa you will find on each landing. If you do that, I am sure we shall have no more trouble."

Avoid the mood Byronic, Dismisses depressive fears, This will be so good, please bathe your cheeks in cool water the last thing, come in a close carriage and stop and rest yourself upon the sofa you will find on each landing. If you do that, I am sure we shall have no more trouble."

The sad-eyed sculptor poet wrote An ode to rippling rills His readers found an antidote In Hawker's Liver Pills.

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A STORY OF PHIL ARMOUR.

How He Trusted an Employee Who Imposed on His Generosity.

Phil Armour has the name of being pretty liberal with his employees. He pays good salaries, but he waits faithful servants. It is his custom to make occasional presents to his men, either in cash or its equivalent, and it is not an uncommon practice with him to give an employee an order for a new suit of clothes. He called one of his young men aside one day, and said: "I want to make you a little present. You wouldn't object to some new clothes, would you? Here is an order for a suit please accept it; as a token of my recognition of your service."

The young man was very much pleased. But when he came to think the matter over he said to himself: "The chances are that I'll never get this opportunity again. Mr. Armour has an army of employees, and it is altogether unlikely that my turn will ever come round again. I need a business suit, but I can buy it with my own money. I'll do a smart thing and get a dress suit on this order." And the young man chuckled to think what a real shrewd game he was playing.

When Mr. Armour got the bill for \$80 for that dress suit he was considerably surprised. He leaned his head upon his hand and considered the affair calmly; then he sent for the young man.

"My young friend," said Mr. Armour to the fellow, "is this bill correct?" The young man looked at the bill and said yes.

"When I gave you the order," said Mr. Armour, "I specified no amount which I was willing to pay. I took it for granted that you would pay that consideration to my liberality which others in my employ would have always observed. I supposed that a young man occupying a comparatively humble position would be contented with moderate-price attire. You see, I wear very inexpensive clothing. Forty dollars would I think, have purchased as fine a suit of clothes as you should have. I am not finding fault with you; I shall pay this bill and never allude to it again. But I have called you in here to ask you as a business man, whether you really think that was a smart business procedure upon your part to practice that which might be construed as an imposition upon a kindly disposed employer? Do you not think I would naturally have been more pleasantly disposed toward you had you been as generous in your use of my friendliness as I was in extending it to you?"

The young man was greatly abashed. He tried to apologize and he stammered confusedly.

"You are a young man," said Mr. Armour, kindly, "and you have much to learn. I want to impress upon you that you should never take even a seeming advantage of a friend; for, aside from all other considerations, that is not a smart business move."

This lesson had its desired effect. Mr. Armour never alluded to the affair again, but he was pleased to see that young man prove by his devoted service genuine regret for his foolish error. The young man has been promoted from time to time, and is now one of Mr. Armour's trusted lieutenants. It is he himself who tells this story of his employer's generosity, amiability and forbearance.

GARDEN PARTIES FOR CATS.

An Unreasonable Neighbor Objects to the Feline Assemblages.

Luciana, in "The Comedy of Errors," says that a "man is master of his liberty"; but there is a lady in North London, says the Standard, more advanced than the woman of Shakespeare's time, who claims the same right on behalf of her sex that Luciana handed over to the other. "I do not object to your growing mushrooms and lettuce in your garden," she said to her male neighbor, "and you have no business to object to my feeding cats in mine."

"But what right have your cats to eat my mushrooms?" "Perhaps they like 'em," answered the lady, and then she added insult to injury by adding: "Catsup is made of mushrooms, you know. Anyhow this is a free country and I can do what I like on my own premises." Under such circumstances the neighbor applied to Mr. Lane, Q. C., the North London magistrate, for his advice. The lady, he said, was in the habit of giving cat parties in her garden, inviting all the stray tabbies and comers in the locality by laying food for them on the grass. The amateur gardener would not mind if she provided sufficient refreshments for her guests, but unfortunately the animals left the garden party with appetites so voracious that on their way back to the high road they entered his premises and ate up his mushrooms, lettuce, beans, vegetable marrow, and flowers—in fact all his spring delicacies had recently been devoured, the damage done amounting to about £5. "The cats assemble in your garden and fight and wrangle," asked Mr. Lane. "Yes," replied the applicant, "and destroy my plants. The lady will persist in inviting and harboring them. What am I to do?"

"That," answered the magistrate, "is an exceedingly difficult problem. The cat, you know, is a domesticated animal. If you think it worth your while to go to the county court, you may; but you have no remedy in this court. The judge, however, will have to look up some law before he can settle it." For the time being, therefore, the cats are masters of the situation and the mushrooms.

A Sea Dog.

Dog Fancier—Yes, Madam, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular kind of breed you wish?

Old Lady (who reads the papers)—Oh, anything that's fashionable. Let me see an ocean greyhound.

Those Needless Questions.