

THE YOUNG FATHER.

"There!" said the nurse, proudly, as she put the new baby into the young father's arms, "she's a perfect beauty of a child."

"Is that all there is of her?" he asked.

"I'm ashamed of you."

"Well this is all clothes, so far as I can see."

Then he took it and turned it head down.

"Oh!" screamed the nurse, "you'll kill the baby!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You're holding her upside down."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference yet, does it?"

"I never saw a man so ignorant."

"How do you hold her, any way?"

Then the nurse showed him.

"I wonder what a father does under the circumstances?" he thought to himself. "I suppose I've got to talk to the little thing."

And he began a string of baby talk. The baby did not show the faintest sign of recognition.

"Say, I'm afraid she's deaf, nurse?"

"Deaf! You're a fool."

"Well, she doesn't hear. She doesn't even—"

The baby set up a terrible yell.

"She's sick," he said. "There's something the matter with her."

"No there ain't."

"Oh, do babies yell like that so soon?"

The baby kept up a bawl.

"I don't know about this. I suppose I ought to play the stern parent and spank her, oughtn't I?"

"Spank her! I'd like to see you try to spank the dear little thing."

"Here, take her away."

And he went off down stairs and lit a cigar and took a walk, reasoning to himself that there were some things in life only a woman seemed to grasp thoroughly.

The game of "Domino" (or, as it is called, "dominoes") dates back to the sixteenth century. Two monks of the celebrated monastery of Monte Casino, who were confined in the goal for a trifling disobedience invented, in order to kill the dreary hours of their imprisonment, a game with small white square pieces of chalk, into which they cut small holes, which they coloured, and with which they played. Being watched by the gaoler of the monastery, they commenced to sing with a loud voice the Psalm "Dixit dominus domino," as soon as they heard the gaoler coming, and repeated these words until the dangerous man was gone. After having been released they manufactured square pieces of wood and ivory with black holes, and sold them to other monks. Thus the game was soon spread throughout Italy.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY AGAIN.

A young lady and a small, bright-eyed boy entered a street car on Lake avenue yesterday afternoon. The lady deposited her fare and the boy's, and the bell rang.

"Aunt Ella," said the boy, "what makes the bell ring?"

"The driver rings the bell," was the reply.

"What does he do that for?"

"Why, he does it to register the fare."

"What does he do that for?"

"Because he has to."

"Oh."

Then there was a silence for half a minute. Presently the boy said:

"What is that round thing up there?"

"That is the register."

"What is that for?"

"To register the fare."

"You said the ring registered the fare."

"No, I didn't say that."

"Yes, you did, Aunt Ella."

"Now, Johnny, don't you contradict me; you are a naughty boy."

"Well, that's what you said."

A silence of two minutes followed. It was broken by the boy, who said: "Say, Aunt Ella, what made you tell me that the ring registered the fare?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You did say so, didn't you, Aunt Ella?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Then what made you say that you didn't say it?"

"I didn't say that I didn't say so. Don't bother me, Johnny."

After another brief silence the boy returned to that attack. "Say, Aunt Ella, did you go to Sunday School when you was little?"

"Yes, child, of course I did."

"Did you take any prizes?"

"Yes; lots of them."

"Did you tell wrong stories as much as you do now?"

"Johnny, you are a bad boy. I shall tell your mother."

"I wish you would tell her two times; that's what I wish."

"Why, Johnny?"

"Cause you wouldn't tell the same story two times; that would let me out."

THE FASHIONS



This hat (1) is of cream moire, and the veil of cream tulle of Venice. In front there is black lace, agrottes and knots of black velvet. The ties are of



black velvet. The second (2) hat is of velvet with soft rim, on the sides there are wings of couroucou, aigrettes of the



same and ties of velvet. The third (3) hat is of moire, cult black lace and veiled with crepe of smyrna pink. The rim is lined with tassels of black jet and above there is a crescent of black jet.

- 1 Gay and joyous.
- 2 Lightsome and blithesome.
- 3 Canty and mellow.
- 4 A drop too much.
- 5 How came you so?
- 6 A little gone.
- 7 Half-seas over.
- 8 Overtaken and overcome.
- 9 Hurrah, boys!
- 10 Muzzy and flushed.
- 11 Fuddled and muddled.
- 12 Tipsy and groggy.
- 13 Top-heavy.
- 14 Overloaded.
- 15 Quite gone.
- 16 Intoxicated.
- 17 Inebriated.
- 18 Staring drunk.
- 19 Staggering drunk.
- 20 Drunk as a piper.
- 21 Drunk as a goat.
- 22 Extravagantly drunk.
- 23 Beastly drunk.
- 24 Dead drunk.
- 25 Drunk.

The
Drunkard's
Thermometer.

AUSTRIAN MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

The uneasy relations between the Imperial Governments of Austria and Russia have turned public attention to the proceedings of the War Department at Vienna, who indeed the main problem seems to be that of providing financially for the armament and equipment of the Landsturm or final reserve force. Considerable interest has been manifested in military circles in the trials lately carried on at the Polygone, near Wiener Neustadt, with a Nordenfeldt forty-seven millimetre quick-firing gun, mounted on a light field-carriage. Archdukes A. Brecht and Wilhelm, Baron Beck, chief of the staff, General Kreutz, Admiral Sternneck, and about one hundred superior

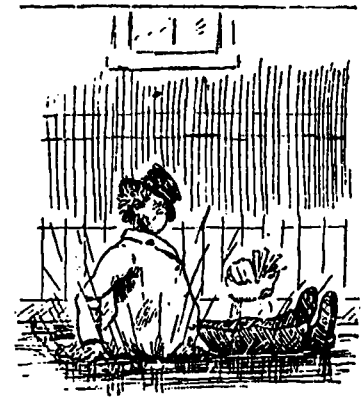
officers of the artillery and engineers, were present on the first day, while Archduke Rainer and the staff officers of the Landsturm watched the experiments upon another occasion. The details of the trials will not be published, but we hear that they were successful, and that this gun will be adopted for fortifications, cavalry, and other field purposes. It is said that the shrapnel trials, at a distance of 2000 metres, produced a great impression. The moral effect must be prodigious, for fifteen to twenty of these shrapnels can be sighted and fired off in one minute, and each shrapnel contains forty-two leaden bullets.



What beautiful weather! Just like spring.



Swish!



Wash!!



Don't know but it feels more like fall, though, after all.