

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Bellows never seems to have any enemies in his circle." "No, he just won't loan money." - N. Y. Sun.
"I've got an idea for making automobile races safe." "What is it?" "Let 'em run in a brick tunnel with lots of manholes for the spectators to look through." - Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Proved It.—Mean Old Man—"I don't believe your story, nor believe that you are blind. Prove it." Beggar—"If I wasn't blind I never would have asked you for assistance."—Detroit Free Press.
Accum—"I don't see why you patronize that cigar store. They give you a pretty poor weed there." Grapiter—"I know, but they keep a big box of matches on the counter and you can take all you want."—Philadelphia Press.
"Flora," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, "I don't want you to call me 'mum-ma' any more. I want you to call me 'mam-mah.'" "All right," said Flora, cheerily, "I will. But if I call you 'mam-mah,' you must call me 'Florah.'"—Somerville Journal.
"You say you're hungry," said the pedestrian who had just been halted. "Well, why don't you go to work?" "Because I'm afraid that would make my appetite more troublesome than ever, sir," replied the tramp in a dignified manner.—Syracuse Herald.
"Isn't it a pity that Shoddyman is kicking so about the way the firemen destroyed his factory with water. They got the fire out all right before it did much damage." "Yes, but the water ruined his stock." "What does he manufacture?" "Umbrellas."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.
One Interpretation of It.—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" he quoted. They looked at him in surprise. "Evidently," said the thoughtful one, "he is mercenary." "Why do you infer that?" asked the other. "I infer from his remark that he wants to be a millionaire sportsman."—Chicago Post.

A GREAT MONEY-LENDER.

John Bull as Uncle—Almost Every Country in the World is His Debtor.
There is not a country in the world which has not had to borrow money from Great Britain, and there are few governments which have not had to fall back on John Bull when they've been in Queer street.

Guatemala, declares Pearson's Weekly, has borrowed a large amount of British capital. How do matters stand to-day? The bonds for £100 are worth somewhere about £23 only, and there has been no payment of interest since June, 1899. Even then only a paltry two per cent. was paid, and half of that was not in cash. Honduras is a far worse debtor. The bonds which have a face value of £100 are dear at £5. All this is owing to the fact that Honduras spends far more than it earns.

Columbia, strictly speaking, owes British investors £3,500,000. Nearly the whole of these debts are due to British creditors. This particular republic, in 1897, called its creditors together and made them an offer of a composition of so much in the pound. It wiped out its old debt by giving new bonds for £2,700,000, on which it paid 1/2 per cent. interest. Even other countries, about which we know far more, such as Greece and Turkey, are almost as bad. A Greek £100 bond is worth from £31 to £44, according to its class. A Turkish bond, "series D," is worth but £26. That is why British creditors sigh.

Greece owes her existence to John Bull. Then the money she owes him! This must amount to somewhere about two and a half millions, excluding the loan of 1898, all of which is gone hopelessly. The latter loan was one of £6,800,000, and was guaranteed by Britain, France and Russia, each country being liable for a third of it. Should France and Russia decide to renounce their liability, poor old John will have to go bail for the full amount. Likely this loan will never be repaid.

Greece's old taskmaster is another unfortunate debtor. In 1881 the Ottoman government, being unable to meet its liabilities, was obliged to call together its creditors in order to enter into an arrangement with them. John Bull must have a sum of about £4,000,000 owing to him by Turkey. The sum is the balance still owing of a loan of £5,000,000 made in 1855 in order to help Turkey to fight Russia.

Egypt owes a loan obtained so recently as 1897. In John Bull's account of his expenditure there is a heading: "Special Services: Egyptian Government, Grant in Aid." Under this is an amount of £798,802.

This is because John lent Egypt something better than mere money. He lent her men with brains, who have made her into a healthy, prosperous country of the sort that pay off their debts in full. Egypt has other debts than monetary debts to pay off.

Seen on the Trolley Line.
It is a rather interesting sight to watch the efforts of a short motor-man when he attempts to hold in the circuit-breaker with one hand, and manipulate his controller and ring the gong all at the same time. The fact that the circuit-breaker is installed to prevent excessive currents from passing through the motors adds zest to the exhibition.—Electric Review.
Correctly Diagnosed.
Nagzby—I noticed that Father had used vinegar instead of maple drip on his cakes at breakfast, and didn't seem to notice the difference at all.
Waggzby—I wonder who the poor girl can be!—Baltimore American.

FAST PLAY AT FARO.

Might Have Broken the Bank, But an Earthquake Battered It and Spoiled the Game.

"Don't you think it's time for a fellow to quit the gambling game when Providence gives him the straight tip?" queried the stout man with the railroad spike-shaped cigar, as he pulled his chair near the Cadillac window.
"Well, I do," he continued, "and I knew when it was up to me."
"You see, things had been going against me in the mines, and I was just thinking of holding up a stage or something nice and Christian-like, or organizing a bank, when an old pard staked me to a \$20 gold piece. This was in the southern section of California, and it was a long way back east.

"According to my idea I needed more of the maams, and I thought it was up to me to go against the 'bank' and just naturally relieve it of its ill-gotten gains.
"I buys a stack of chips. It was a purty small stack, pard, but it was the best I could do, so I takes a vacant stool and sets in.
"Well, I just soaks the stack on the ace to win and coppers a marker on the seven. Had no particular hunch or reason to do it, but that's the way it came out, and a couple of other bets worked me up to about \$160. I called the turn on a hundred of this and had \$560 to start the new deal. I let things go, for I saw it coming my way, and before the deal was out I was about a thousand to the good.

"This seemed to me to be pretty good money, and I thought I might worry back east on that, but something urged me to play that ace and seven again, just the way I started. So I planks down the money on the ace open and changes my mind. Thinks I to myself: 'I'll just let that thousand lay on that ace for a minute to lose, and I puts a copper on the stack.'
"I was keeping cases, then, and suddenly everybody in the room felt a jolt, the windows rattled and the table rocked a little, but I had my eye on Mr. Dealer and sure enough the ace lost.

"I have a sigh of relief, but I then noticed there was no copper on my bet. I was flabbergasted for fair.
"Do you know that little rumble was the tailend of an earthquake, not very strong, but powerful enough, by gad, sir, to jolt the copper off my bet.
"I took the hint and 'quit right there," said the man, according to the New York Telegraph. "Thinks I, 'Providence has given it to me straight and I lay down.' You can't play against earthquakes, my son."

EARTH IS SMALL.

Only a Mustard Seed in Size Compared with Other Bodies Circling Around in Space.

Sir Robert Stawall Ball has written a book called "The Earth's Beginning," which sets forth many facts familiar to astronomers, but not, says the New York Herald, to the general public. For instance, the earth on which we live is a mighty globe 8,000 miles in diameter and 24,000 miles in circumference. But what is the earth in comparison with the sun? If we represent this big earth of ours by a grain of mustard seed, then on the same scale the sun should be represented by a coconut. The moon swings 240,000 miles from the earth, yet the sun would more than fill the moon's orbit.

If every pound of coal in the world, a treasure which will supply the wants of mankind for centuries to come, could be thrown all at once into the sun it would not generate as much heat as the sun gives out in the tenth part of a second. And this stupendous orb, the sun, is rushing through space at the rate of 300,000 miles a day, carrying the earth and the other planets with it.
Drive a peg to represent the sun. Then draw a circle, a yard being the radius, and we have the track in which the earth goes round the sun. Inside this circle draw two smaller ones, and you have the paths of Venus and Mercury. Outside the path of the earth we shall draw another circle, with a radius of five yards; this will be the highway along which the majestic Jupiter wends his way. Inside the path of Jupiter we shall put a circle which will represent the track of Mars, and outside the path of Jupiter a circle with ten yards as radius will represent the track of Saturn. To complete one of its circuits of the sun the earth will require a year, Jupiter 12 years, while Saturn will need 30 years to accomplish its mighty journey.

Tremendous as these distances are, they seem as nothing when compared with the awful reaches which separate us from our neighbors beyond the solar system. Sir Robert, continuing to illustrate with his diagram of circles, says:
If we represented the nearest fixed star at its true relative distance it could not be put down anywhere within the bounds of the United Kingdom on our map. The nearest star would have to be put far away out on the continent of Europe, or far away out on the Atlantic ocean, far away out near the equator, or far away up near the pole. And our solar system is a mere speck in space. There are nebulae, the raw material of other systems, so much vaster than our own as to relegate us to nothingness.

A Wise Idiot.
A silent idiot is wiser than a babbling simpleton.—Ram's Horn.

"TANGIBLE SORROW."

As Expressed by the Mourners at the Obsequies of a Departed Colored Brother.

Brother Jenkins had died; there he lay in a rude pine box before the altar. The church was crowded with sorrowing mourners; the men sat on the right side, and the women on the left; handkerchiefs were in evidence. There was much sniffing and wailing and howling. Brother James was the preacher, and sat directly behind the coffin, facing the congregation. He had asked Brother Gardner, the presiding elder, to say a few words about the dear departed. Brother Gardner arose, clearing his throat vigorously and wiping his eyes again and again. He glanced toward the Amen corner, where sat the bereaved widow Matilda and a long row of fatherless children. Clearing his throat again, he began in the most solemn and holy tone, relates the Boston Transcript.

"Bredderin' an' belubbed friends of the po'r departed Brudder Jenkins: We is gadder here agin to-day to mourn de obsequies ob dis here pillar ob de church; him was a 'lily ob de valley,' a 'flower ob de flock,' an' de shepherd ob Israel; him was de best husband an' fadder dat any 'oman-ehber had; him was a chile ob de Lord; him was de best man dat ebber trod de streets ob Fernandina, an' we assembles to offer our sympathies to-day to po'r Sister Matilda, an' dem 13 head of fatherless chillen."
Howl after howl went up; some of the visitors felt impressed with the importance of the late brother, and sympathized deeply with the poor sorrowing widow, and wondered how the church would ever get along without him.

Suddenly Brother Johnson, the preacher, interrupted him as he was about to continue his flowery praise, and, standing on tiptoes and screaming out with all his might, called in thundering tones:
"Brudder Gardner, am yo' throo? Am yo' throo? tellin' all dem beautiful lies? I want yo' to know dat nigger am dade; him's a long way past whar dem beautiful lies of yours am gwine to do him any good whatsoever, and him's a long ways past whar my trufe am gwine to hurt him, an' Ise gwine to tell de truf about dat nigger! Him was de dead-beatenest nigger Fernandina ebber seed! Him was drunk hand runnin' ebber night fo' 40 years. Yo' an' I, Brudder Gardner, ain't done nothin' but pull him out ob de calaboose thousands of times" (pointing to the dead); "hump, yo' know, dat's de trufe, ole man, no 'sputin' wid me now; Ise down dar quiet, I say; de Lord knows yo' would like de drunk dis minute if de debil didn't hab yo', or had any whiskey dar you could buy. I want de congregation to stop all dat sniffin' 'round here ober dat lazy, triffin', drunken nigger; an' as fo' wastin' your sorrow ober po'r Sister Matilda an' dem 13 hade ob fatherless chillen, I, me, myself fink she done made mighty good riddance de bad rubbish" (with a loving glance toward the Amen corner), "an' I hope de fust young buck she'll spark will be me! An' whar's more, dis here nigger cost me money fo' dis box to bury him in; Ise out of pocket five dollars, an' Ise gwine to be disbursement befo' I leah de meetin'!"

"Yo'se all sayin' yo'se sorry 'round here; now Ise gwine to gib yo' de chance to show how sorry yo' am, sho' nough; come along heah ebbery last one of yo' an' put yo' money down in tangible sorrow an' show how sorry yo' is; walk 'long up libely now an' put yo' money down.
"Sister Polly Ann, yo'se workin' fo' \$13 a month; yo' handkerchief done say yo'se sorry a lot; what yo' pocketbook tink about it? How sorry is yo', Sister Polly?"

Sister Polly tucked away her handkerchief and sailing up the aisle, plaintively said: "Ise sorry fo' bits, and laid down 30 cents upon the coffin.
The preacher kept on with the collection. "How sorry is yo', Brudder Gardner? come 'long up here an' lay down yo' money! How sorry is de mudder ob de church?"

The mother of the church walked up and was sorry "six bits," and laid down her money.
"How sorry is yo', Sister Ann?"

Sister Ann grieved to the extent of "two bits," and so on through the congregation, the women hurried up the aisle, proud of a chance to show off their new frocks, and put down their money in "tangible sorrow," until an old auntie hobbled up on her cane until she reached the coffin, then wheeling about and facing the congregation, she exclaimed:
"I neber hear de trufe told befo' at any nigger funeral, an' Ise gwine to tell de trufe. Brother Jenkins was the meanest nigger de Lord ebber made, an' I ain't sorry one picayune!" and here she gave the edge of the coffin a thundering rap with her cane, "fo' yo' shore stole ebbery hog I ebber had in Fernandina."

And thus Brother Johnson called out an honest expression of "tangible sorrow" to the amount of \$10.75; \$5 he put instantly into his pocket, the rest he turned over to the widow; and in less than two weeks he was the proud possessor of the remainder of the funeral money, for he bravely married the widow and 13 "head" of fatherless children.

Our Cities a Century Ago.
At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 16 cities in the country which had a population of more than 4,000. Philadelphia was first in the list with 69,000, with New York a close second, while Baltimore had taken third place from Boston by 26,000 to 25,000. At the same period the population of the country was 3,308,483, of which only 5 per cent. was urban.—Indianapolis News.

BEAR HUNTS IN THE SOUTH.

Ancient Function to Which President Roosevelt Was Introduced in the Mississippi Lowlands.

The recent trip of President Roosevelt to the Mississippi lowlands shows that the method of hunting black bears in southern swamps has not altered a particle in a hundred years. Somebody living down there once found out the best way in which to get them, and the southerner is wise enough to know that there is no sense in trying to improve the best.
Then, as now, bear was hunted with a huge pack of nondescript dogs, containing pretty nearly every known breed, mixtures of all the breeds and some breeds unknown. The planters and other Mississippi residents did their best for the president, and that he did not get anything was due wholly to bad luck. The bears are there, the horses, the men, the swamps and several hundred thousands of the dogs.

When a lot of men in Mississippi or Louisiana or lower Alabama, says the New York Sun, want to go bear hunting they begin, as a general thing, to talk about it six weeks beforehand—the southerner always likes to talk a hunting trip over before he starts; he gets almost as much enjoyment out of the preliminary talk as out of the hunt; and as he is never in a hurry about anything, he talks slowly and at length.
The long talk ended, arrangements for the chase begin with the parties to it stealing every stray dog they can lay their hands on within a month. These dogs are shut up in a pen on some plantation and get well acquainted with one another, as torn ears testify when they are let out.
Dogs of every conceivable shape and color are prisoners, and of all sizes, from the little fee which runs along inside of the doorway fence and barks at small boys to the heavy-headed, heavy-lidded cross between a mastiff and a deerhound. Sometimes a lucky man picks up the product of a Newfoundland sire and a dachshund mother, and the product is welcomed by all as a mascot.

Southerners preparing for a bear hunt will steal any kind of a dog except a hound which shows blood or a bird dog. Those two varieties are sacred and not to be sent against a bear to be smashed up.
Dog appearances are deceitful. Occasionally a splendid specimen, with a bull or terrier strain, will turn tail and run like a streak at first sight of a bear; while a miserable, half-starved, droop-tailed, slinking brute, a mixture between a cur and a spitz poodle, will fight like a drunken devil, sailing straight in, with abject tail defiantly rigid and ears laid back, fastening a hold on the bear and enduring a death hug without a whimper.

Almost all these dogs have nose enough to follow a bear scent, which in the slushy, watery soil of the swamp is strong. They are taken from a big wagon when camp is reached and they stay there because they know that is the only place within 20 miles where they are likely to get anything to eat.

It is their business when the trail is found the next day to stay on it and run it out and bring the bear to bay, and they must be good enough fighters to keep the bear at bay until the hunters, guided first by the sounds of their barking and then by the sounds of conflict, approach near enough to shoot.

To the credit of these nondescripts it must be said that, while every pack contains a few defaulters, most of them go in as if they liked it, and are knocked right and left with smashed ribs or ripped sides, rolling over and over in the ooze and bloody from nose to tail root, but getting up and going in again if they are strong enough. Some great fights happen under these circumstances—fights wild enough and savage enough to make the men with the guns stand still and watch with staring eyes until pity for the dogs compels them to shoot.

There are plenty of bears in the southern swamps, and a hunt down there is probably the noisiest thing in the world except a socialist-labor convention. It is full of hard riding and hilarity, mud and blood, strange scenes and sounds and healthy fatigue.

Expensive Bulbs.
Five hundred dollars was often paid in Holland during the famous tulip craze for a bulb of the Admiral Liefkens of the Gouda variety, \$2,000 for a Semper Augustus. In 1634 the craze became so great that all usual industries were abandoned. A choice bulb sold for \$1,000 in cash, two horses, a carriage and a set of harness, representing in all \$3,000. Persons frequently invested \$50,000 in a few dozen bulbs with which to begin business, mortgaging their houses or giving personal property in exchange. These extraordinary values checked the cultivation of tulips, as the bulbs could be bought and at once sold at a profit to speculators. Finally the real tulip lovers became disgusted, and in February, 1637, suddenly placed large quantities of the most valuable varieties upon the market. This produced an immediate and disastrous decline in the price of bulbs. Without a day's warning, thousands found themselves ruined. It was several years before Holland overcame the effects of this strange mania.—Chicago Daily News.

To Lose Friends.
One sure way to lose your friends is to become a chronic kicker.—Chicago Daily News.

LETTERS IN SHELLS.

New Method of Communication by Armies in Time of War.

Ordinary Cannons Are Ineffectually Used as Mail Carriers—Bombs Explode at Will of the Sender.

One of the most interesting suggestions recently submitted to the military authorities is that made by Capt. Hardin Beverly Littlepage, at present employed in the division of naval war records in the navy department. It is a new method in the forwarding of dispatches in the time of war, a system by which time will be almost obliterated, while there will be no danger of the courier falling into the hands of the foe, says the Washington Post.

The means is an ordinary cannon, from which a "dispatch boom" can be fired to the distance to which a shell is sent. The projectile is a cylinder or sphere so constructed as to insure its flight, its explosion at the proper time, its breaking into harmless fragments and at the same time unfolding a trailing streamer of any color preferred containing the message.

A dispatch at night could be made of luminous ribbon, so as to be readily found in the darkness, while the shell itself would be so pyrotechnic in character that it would plainly indicate its course while in the sky and be easily seen at its explosion. The shell, which can be timed so as to explode at any point desired, is so arranged that when explosion takes place the sides of the projectile will fall apart, releasing the ribbon on which the message is written and allowing it to trail on the ground.

This method will obviate the difficulty which so hampered both armies during the civil war. Captured couriers have been the reason of one branch of the army being delayed or routed through their ignorance of orders which were intercepted, while the bad results of such orders falling into the hands of the enemy cannot be overestimated.

Had the French during the siege of Paris by the German army employed such methods they could have sent messages over the heads of the enemy right into the hands of friends. The confederates had signaled over the union lines in the civil war at the assault on Fort Fisher, while at the investment of Fort Morgan, after Farragut's fleet had passed inside and the fort was entirely cut off from the confederates, the latter could have sent dispatch booms over the federal lines without a single message being intercepted.

At present the navy is experimenting with wireless telegraphy, which, of course, can be used as a means of communication even with an enemy intervening, but there are many points about the bomb which render it efficacious in places where the telegraph could not be conveniently utilized.

Capt. Littlepage is a Virginian by birth, a graduate of the naval academy at Annapolis and was in the service of the government at the beginning of the civil war, when he resigned his commission to cast his lot with his native state. He was one of the crew of the famous Merrimac, the building of which he graphically describes.

He also says that the statement so often made in histories and universally believed—that the Monitor defeated the Merrimac—is absolutely without a vestige of truth and that the facts are that the Merrimac not only whipped the Cumberland, Congress, Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Roanoke, but that she gave the "little cheese box" such a shelling that the latter was glad to run into shallow water, into which she could not be followed by the Merrimac. On being invited to battle next day by the pro-victor the Monitor drew away, declining to accept the gage.

The idea of arming the Merrimac, he also states, was not the result of one man's thoughts, but the gradual outgrowth of the suggestions of several naval officers. Railroad irons were first used in their original state, but later on were taken to the Tredagger works in Richmond where they were rolled out. In this way they were fastened in overlapping style, both on the sides and top, while ship's grease was liberally rubbed over all to facilitate the glancing of the balls.

That the Merrimac was not defeated by the Monitor, but that the latter declined to renew the contest," says Capt. Littlepage, "I can prove by the reports of the captains of several of the federal ships, as well as by dispatches sent to home governments by foreign ships in our waters."

The flag of the Merrimac was brought home by Capt. Littlepage, but is now owned by C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, the famous relic collector who removed Libby prison from Richmond. Capt. Littlepage is a warm friend and classmate of Marmaduke, now commander of the Bogota, which is fighting the insurgents in the interests of the Colombian government. The officials of the Colombian government first offered the commission in their navy to Littlepage, but as he was married, he was unable to accept and turned it over to Marmaduke, who, a bachelor, was free to seek his fortune in any part of the world.

Chopped Ham.
One cupful chopped ham, one teaspoonful butter in spider, when melted add ham, add 1/4 teaspoonful mixed with one-quarter cupful hot water, pinch of cayenne, stir all together; when heated well stir in one beaten egg.—Boston Globe.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Men of blue or gray eyes are almost invariably the best shots.
The total immigration into Canada for the fiscal year ended June 30 footed up over 70,000 persons, Americans being in the majority.
The Gulf stream is 200 fathoms deep off Cape Florida. Near Cape Hatteras the depth is only half as great, the stream appearing to have run uphill, with an ascent of ten inches to the mile.

Road taxation on Long Island is an item of importance. Included in Southampton's tax budget this year is \$16,000 for the maintenance of highways. For the support of the poor of the town \$3,300 was provided.
During the nineteenth century London grew from a city of 800,000 people to one of 6,500,000—that is, increased eight fold. New York increased from 60,000 to 3,500,000—nearly 60 fold. London is now increasing 17 per cent. in a decade, and New York 35 per cent., or twice as fast. If this rate should hold good for 50 years more, New York would have over 15,000,000 population and be a million ahead of London.

The three balls, the sign of the pawnbrokers in this country and Great Britain, are derived indirectly from the coat-of-arms of the Medici family of Florence, Italy. The family sprang from a physician; a medicus; it became wealthy through transacting a banking business for many years, and when it became noble it adopted five golden pills on a blue ground as its armorial device. Bankers in other countries adopted the same device, either in whole or in part, as a sign of their business; and when bankers gave up the pawnbroking business the pawnbrokers retained the old Florentine device.

When New York was young a tower clock was built in the tiny steeple of a little church that then stood at the corner of Beekman and Cliff streets. That was nearly two centuries ago, but the clock is still ticking away, and keeping just as good time as ever. Its hands are not as artistic and gorgeous as those that point the time in many of the tower clocks to-day. They were made by Simon Willard, who hammered them out of rough iron at a little blacksmith forge in the woods near Boston. Not only the hands, but the whole clock was made out of the same rough material, and to this day it shows evidence of the crudest kind of workmanship. Its scape wheel is much worn now, yet from all appearances it is still good for another century, and the regularity of its movement is almost perfect, putting modern clocks to shame.

HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

A Street Car Conductor Who Was Not Fully Up to the Requirements of His Passenger.

The conductor on the street car is theoretically responsible for the lives and comfort of all his passengers. No matter how crowded the car, he is supposed to see every signal for the car to stop, and the company expects him to collect every fare and say "Please" when he asks for it. Worse than that, he is supposed by some passengers, like the one who figures in this story from the Chicago Tribune, to know everything. She was an elderly woman in a youthful hat, and as she paid her fare, she said:
"Conductor, I want to get off at the street Mrs. Rebecca Insignias lives on I've forgotten the name of it, but there's a drug store on the corner kept by a man named Johnson."
"I don't know any such woman," replied the conductor, "and we pass 40 corners where there are drug stores."

"But it's in this part of town, and she lives in a two-story brick about six doors from the corner. She's a woman with a double chin, and she always travels on this line."
"I don't doubt that, ma'am, but I don't know where she lives or anything about her."

"I think that's mighty strange. She's got a sister that teaches in the Kershaw school, and I've told you the kind of a house she's in."
"I'm sorry, but I don't know a thing about her, ma'am. You'll have to tell me the name of the street or—"

"Seems to me the street car company ought to employ conductors that know something. If you can't tell me where to get off, give me my money back and I'll take some other car."
"I can't do that. I've rung up your fare."

"Going to cheat me out of my nickel, are you?"
"Certainly not, ma'am. If you had told me where you wanted to stop—"

"I did tell you, sir. If you didn't know where to let me off, you ought to have said so. I told you the name of the woman I'm hunting. I told you about the drug store. I described the house she lives in so plain that nobody can miss it, and I told you it was in this part of town. What more do you want?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said the conductor, weakening. "Here's your nickel. I'll pay it out of my own pocket. You're too many for me."
He gave her a coin, rang the signal to stop, and his passenger got off at the next crossing, where she stationed herself to wait for a car with a more intelligent conductor.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.
First Detective—How did you manage to get a confession from that desperado?
Second Detective—Well, you see, we traveled together by rail for 200 miles. "But what had that to do with his confession?"

I bought a cigar of the train boy and gave it to him. After smoking it he thought he was going to die, so he told me everything.—Chicago Daily News.