

PASSING OF THE ROUND-UP.

Railroads Reaching into Cattle Country With End Picturesqueness. That most picturesque feature of cattle raising on the western plains, the great "round up," will soon be among the things of the past.

HELL STICK TO HIS PIPE.

One Man, at Least, Has the Courage of His Convictions. One particular objection many of the men patrons here to the big palatial hotels in the cities is that they can't smoke their favorite pipes in the public halls without becoming the cynosure of all eyes.

New Interest in Chemistry.

The establishment of pure food commissions has inspired many young men to take up the study of chemistry with a view to securing a position on one of those commissions.

Belling a Rat.

You have probably read or heard that the best way to rid a house of rats is to catch one and fasten a bell about its neck.

A Peripatetic Investment.

When the scallop is full grown it is able to swim with great rapidity by opening and closing the valves of its shell.

A Difference of Extremes.

Some one wrote in a paper that a cure for fatigue after a hard day was to hold the feet in mustard water for ten minutes, but reading hastily, the lady read, hold the face in mustard water for ten minutes.

A Cynical Instructor.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?" "A great man, my son, is one who manages to gather about him a corps of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes while he gets the credit for any good ideas."

DRIVER TELLS OF STRAIN.

Nervous Tension of Man at Wheel of Automobile. The nervous tension under which the driver of an automobile racer labors has been graphically described by two Vanderbilt cup chauffeurs.

WAS GIVEN WRONG STEER.

Cleveland Man the Victim of Mean Practical Joker. A Cleveland (Ohio) man was coming down from Toledo the other day when he noticed a little crowd on a station platform.

Two Historic Cabarets.

Two old Sevres cabarets, each with an interesting history of its own, will be included in the porcelain sale at Christie's, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette.

Clinched.

The insurance agent had exhausted his arts. With tears welling from his eyes and in a voice quivering with emotion he had recited the harrowing tale of widow and orphan in dire distress through the untimely death of their thoughtless protector.

The Kaiser and Mr. Carnegie.

During the first meeting of Emperor William and Andrew Carnegie on the deck of the Hohenzollern at Kiel, when there came a pause in the conversation, Mr. Carnegie, in a candid spirit of banter, said to the emperor: "You know, your majesty, that I never cared very much for kings."

An Exhibition Stunt.

"Mallpodes are the fourth and fifth pair of head appendages of chilpods." "What's that to me?" "Nothing. I occasionally like to display a bit of knowledge that nobody else can possibly have."

THE SAILOR MAN'S APOLOGY.

Profuse Explanation Made in the Lingo of the Sea. An old salt, who navigates a bicycle when he is in port, was working a rapid passage the other day, when he collided with a lady cyclist.

"I am sure I ought to be scuttled for it, mum," he said, rapidly, "but I couldn't get yer signals no more than if we were feeling through a fog bank. I was blowing for you to pass to port, and steering my course accordin'."

By this time there was an interested audience, and the girl was mentally debating whether she should run from a supposed lunatic or ask for an interpreter.

STRANGE ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT.

Country Has Remained Unchanged Through Centuries. Many tourists who have visited the Mediterranean to Alexandria and have made the three hour journey thence by express to Cairo, establish themselves in one of the fashionable hotels, do a little shopping in the native quarters.

To see upper Egypt, with its felahen life, its mud cities, and its quaint scenery, is like turning the leaves of an old history and studying the engravings, for neither the country nor the people has changed to any appreciable degree since the days of Mohammed, unless it be in the accomplishment in which all seem to be equally well trained—that of begging backsheesh.

Value of Trade Secrets.

The value of trade secrets as a business asset was emphasized recently by a decision of the court or errors and appeals of New Jersey, compelling the American Can company to reimburse an eastern concern for having used one of the latter's secret processes in manufacturing tin.

Boo-Hoo Fever.

In the intense heat the young captain smiled. "This recalls to my mind," he said, "boo-hoo fever." "What is that?" "It is a fever brought on by the heat among our soldiers in the Philippines.

"If you should go into one of our hospital wards in the Philippines on a very hot day, the loud wails of the young fever patients would soon show you the origin of boo-hoo fever's funny name."

The Selfish Two-Step.

Our social pleasures are individualistic and selfish. This is well typified in the popular dance of our times—the two-step—where two people may spend the entire evening enjoying themselves without touching the general social life of the assembled company.

THE DAY OF THE FARMER.

Useful Tiller of the Soil Has Come to His Own. The farmer who is not an amateur is a really increasing factor in to-day's life. In fact farming is rapidly becoming one of the professions.

The comic paper does not laugh at the "granger" as frequently as it used to laugh. It wants his subscription.

The capitalist does not foreclose mortgages on the prairie farm now. He borrows money of its owner.

The farm is the nursery of individualism. If you are a cliff dweller in the city send your boys there, and let him see what it means to create wealth with the help of nature, rather than with the tucker.

WHEN THERE WAS TROUBLE.

Just What Happened Between the Fat Man and the Conductor.

The stout man on the back platform declined to agree with the conductor. The conductor thought he hadn't paid his fare.

"I gave you a nickel when I got aboard," said the stout man.

"That's just enough of this," he growled. "I don't want to have any trouble with you. I had trouble with a conductor once. I'd hate to tell you what happened."

The stout man growled very red. His hair seemed to bristle.

"I was in the hospital six weeks," he mildly answered.

They were well gowned. Each looked as if she could buy a pair of sky-scrappers cash down.

At One Hundred and Fourth street four young men jumped from a lot. Two seized Nell's bride, young Hegg, and the others struck him, knocking him from the pony.

"Do you want to know how to smoke and smoke, and yet keep the room clear of all the fumes and odors of tobacco?"

"All you have to do," he said, "is to get this ring over a lamp and let it get red-hot. Red-hot, it will consume the smoke of a dozen cigars, keeping the air quite clear and sweet."

"It has long been known that platinum consumes tobacco smoke. I wonder that no one ever thought of the wonderful platinum smoke-absorbing rings before."

Western farmer boys are fine, spirited fellows, of good physique, but it is a melancholy fact that most of them do not remain in the naval service.

Overheard in the Country. Wilfred—Mamma, we were up in Farmer Crosby's yard, watching the eggs in his incubator.

Wilfred—Yes; Farmer Crosby—and he chased us.—The Circle.

WIT OF WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Few Men More Ready Than Was the Great New York Lawyer. William Everts graced the headship of the bar before lawyering was so much of a trade as it is, and when lawyers had time for accomplishments, says Harper's Weekly.

"I saw a fine photograph of you, Mr. Everts, on my way down town this morning. You've a beautiful head, Mr. Everts."

"I'm glad you think so well of it," said Everts, "you know I stand on my head."

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"I'm glad you think so well of it," said Everts, "you know I stand on my head."

WHY HE WAS TIRED.

Return from the Annual Nonsense Known as "Vacation."

A man alighted from a train, and after walking laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the waiting-room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked round for a place to sit down.

"No-o, thanks," the young man drawled out. "I'll get along if I take my time about it."

"No-o, I'm not ill. But I feel as if I were completely done up."

"No-o, I'm just tired; that's all. Thanks; you may call a hansom for me, if you will. Don't believe I could ever walk out to the tramway. I don't mind if you carry my bag. I'm so tired."

"What's the matter with you?" "Oh, nothing much; I'm just returning from my holidays. I'll be all right in a week or two."—The Bix.

One small pony named Nell routed four young highwaymen in the Bronx.

At One Hundred and Fourth street four young men jumped from a lot. Two seized Nell's bride, young Hegg, and the others struck him, knocking him from the pony.

Work of a Pipe Line Walker. Jack Hovey has walked over the Tidewater pipe line from Rixford, McKean county, to Williamsport, continuously during the last 26 years.

He makes from 8 to 21 miles a day, carrying a kit of tools weighing about 60 pounds, among which is a telegraph instrument, which, in case of breaks or other accidents, he attaches to the company wire which follows the line, and informs headquarters at Williamsport.

Two years' imprisonment was the punishment meted out the other day in the Punjab to a Hindu who had gone about telling the people that there would be no plague at all did not the English poison wells in order to reduce the population.

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WANT WHIST PLAYER BACK.

Chaplain Had Been Banished to Men-atory by Superior. The Metropolitan of Petersburg, Archbishop Antoni, has succeeded in earning the hatred of the card players of all Russia.

Every one plays cards in Petersburg, man, woman and child. The chief game among the upper classes is vint, a word which means "screw."

Probably the most perfect vint player in the Russian capital was Fr. Komendantoff, the chaplain of one of the large grammar schools.

The fame of this priest at length reached the ears of the metropolitan and as this dignitary was of opinion that a priest's fame should rest on some more solid foundation he sentenced him to banishment for ten years to a remote monastery on an island in the White sea.

The sensation in Petersburg may be imagined. A petition is now being circulated begging the metropolitan to be merciful and to allow Petersburg to retain its darling.

"Fr. Komendantoff has been an influence for good in society, and many have been attracted to the church by his polished bearing."

SNAKE'S CROWN OF THORNS.

Nature Story Told by the Man with a Reputation.

His friends sometimes called him a Nature taker, but he always strenuously denied the charge.

"Then," he returned, "we went to Southern California, and in certain wild and lonely trails the rattler's crown of thorns strangely impressed us."

"Now, now," they warned him. "The rattler's crown of thorns has a steep sound. You know the charge that has been brought against you."

"The rattler's crown of thorns," he went on, quite unmoved. "It was the skeleton of a rattler lying curled up in the grass, with a circle of great sharp thorns, a hedge of thorns surrounding it. We found two or three of these odd and tragical things each day. The guide told us what they were."

"They were the signs of the vengeance of the bird called the road runner, a bird as big as a chicken. The rattlesnake eats this bird's eggs. The outraged bird, while the snake is asleep, softly, noiselessly surrounds it with a circle of the sharp and thorny leaves of the prickly pear."

"Awaking, the rattler tries to scale this barrier, in vain. The long thorns wound him sorely, he suffers suddening pain, he can't get out."

"And in the end he bites himself and dies. Then his skeleton remains there, surrounded with a ring of dried thorns, a proof of the vindictive intelligence of the road runner."

"The rattler's crown of thorns," said a listener, and he whistled, and looked about him dubiously.

After spending two years in the depths of a coal mine a cat owned by James Warke of Ashley, has returned to him.

The cat was such an inveterate thief that Mrs. Warke insisted two years ago that it should be killed or lost.

Recently the mine was shut down, and as there was no more grain in the stables the rats left. Now there is no more hunting, and the cat made its appearance at Warke's home. How it got out of the mine is a mystery.

The Schlafchen. In Germany they have an institution called the schlafchen. This is a little nap in the afternoon, between the ponderous early dinner and the coffee, which is served at four o'clock.

A Famous Saying. You have probably heard or read the famous saying: "I had rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome," and have wondered, perhaps, who first used it.

Plutarch attributes it to Julius Caesar. The story is, as he tells it, that when Caesar came to a little town in passing the Alps, one of his friends said, in a jocular way: "Can there be here any disputes for offices, and contentions for precedence, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?"

To which Caesar answered, very seriously: "I assure you that I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome."