

WIS. TROUBLE SOME HABIT.

Robert Boyrath has for years suffered inconveniences incident to some of his peculiarities. He was recruited a position in a cotton mill at Bristol. He would work all day, go home at the usual hour in the evening and retire early, as had been his custom.

It was not long before the somnolent miller fell into a deep slumber. The young manarose, carefully dressed himself, and, taking up his dinner pail, returned for the factory. Boyrath, of course, found the factory locked up, and, thinking that he had been returned home none the wiser for his nocturnal pedestrianism.

One night he went to the river and carried on a fishing tour to Mattamuskeet. He landed at the river and, as he did not know, but it took him almost until daylight to return.

Other nocturnal walks followed, until Boyarth finally concluded that it was just as well for him to know where he was at when all the rest of the world slept. So taking an old necktie, he tied it around one leg, attached to a stout cord a couple of yards long and made the other end fast to the bedpost. For once in his life Boyarth retired with every assurance that he would be there in the morning. In the middle of the night, however, he awoke as usual, but when he got as far as the end of the cord he was halted. In fact he felt headlong.

The far he experienced awakened him and he crawled back to bed.—New

ork Journal.

LACK OF SQUIRRELS.
The Effect on the Good Roads Question in
One Locality.

"I was driving along a fairly good mountain road in east Tennessee when I came to a place where for two miles was the worst stretch of road I ever saw," said a traveling salesman from a Washington "Star" reporter. "I had to get out and lead my horse and lift the buggy wheels around the rocks, taking nearly two hours to go the two miles."

"At the first stopping place I inquired: 'Why don't they fix this road?'"

"'They do. Law makes 'em wuk it,' as the reply."

"The last two miles are the worst ever saw," I replied.

"'Ya-a-s. Yo' see, they don't never wuk them two miles.'"

"'Why not?'"

"'I dunno. Yo' see, when we go ter wuk ther roads we allus takes our axes along ter git squirrels. There's a nap o' squirrels all along that road, cep'in' jess them two miles, so in cose we don' wuk them.'"

Tomato Heart.
Epitaphs especially and the public in general should be warned by the fate of Paul D. Warner. He was examined at the city hospital and while showing the symptoms of consumption, was also suffering from a peculiar heart affection, which, after repeated examinations by the attending physicians, was pronounced to be lycopersicum cardiostula, or tomato heart.

Curious as it may seem, the man's debilitated condition and the weakness of that important organ were due to

When first admitted, Warner exhibited all the symptoms of acute poisoning, and for a while his case baffled the skill of the attending physicians. Only when his inordinate fondness for the fruit was discovered was diagnosis made possible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stamps Cover Furniture.
There has come to light in Binghamton, N. Y., the most wonderful collection of stamps which any one ever heard of. Not so much does the odds lie in the stamps themselves as the method of arrangement. There are 862,000 of them, and they completely cover every portion of a bedroom set, consisting of bedstead, dresser and chairs. The stamps are secured to the set with the aid of glue, and then covered with heavy spar varnish. The stamps can be washed off their present condition without injury.—New York Herald.

A Mammoth Bicycle.
A Cleveland firm sent to the Paris exhibition the largest bicycle ever made. This mammoth machine was perfect in all its parts, but it could only be ridden by a giant with a stride large enough to equal the length of the wheels.

ought to propel the wheels, which are feet in diameter. This wonderful cycle, mounted by such a rider, could equal the speed of a bird, and could cover a distance of from 450 to 600 feet with each revolution of the pedals, and the speed attained would be a mile in less than 30 seconds.—New York Journal.

At the Boarding House Table.

"Yes, I'm red hot for war with Spain. They can't get to fighting any too soon please me."

"Why do you talk so gory, Mr. 'Reddy'?"

"They tell me that just as soon as war is declared prunes will go right up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why can't you get an accident insurance, Grumpy?"
"Because they say I'm too stiff to ride bicycles.—Detroit Free Press.

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