

THAT GOLD SERVICE.

A Few Remarks Apropos of Queen Victoria's Dinner Set.

The picturesque romancer who sends out the stuff about Willie Kaiser's visit to the queen says in his cheery offhand manner that grandma's table service is of solid gold and worth \$10,000,000.

This is a large sum even for a full set, as it would be a good night school exercise to figure what the individual butter plates would come to if the gold teapot was marked down to \$99,999.

It isn't the sort of set either that the queen would care to put out before the kind of women who have the souvenir habit. If she gave that sort of a dinner party, she'd probably want to dress the coachman up as a butler and then have him stand at the door and search the guests as they passed out. It wouldn't do to take many careless chances with pie plates at \$7,210 apiece. There are people who would be so overcome by this sort of display that they'd probably try to bite chunks out of the \$4,000 finger bowls.

At the same time there is one thing you don't have to worry so much about if you own a gold set like the queen's—there isn't so much danger that the hired girl will smash it up. On the other hand, it wouldn't be easy to take a dent in an \$11,450 cream pitcher out of her week's wages. You can't drop a \$37,600 soup plate in the kitchen sink very many times without its showing the effects of the fall.

That's the great trouble with gold—it's so ductile. We never liked it on the table on that account. Good old stoneware china may not take so high a polish, but we use it in place of gold every time.

A Summer Love.



She—Oh, dese men, dese men! Dere is Chimmie wot told me all summer dat he wuz just burnin up wid love fer me! —New York Journal.

Chanted by Fate and His Wife.

"What are you doing?" asked the starving novelist's wife.

"I'm hunting for that story I wrote several years ago—the one that was declined by all the publishers," he replied. "Do you know where it is?"

"I sold it to the paper rag man," the guilty woman admitted.

"Alas," the wretched author exclaimed, "you have robbed me of fame and fortune! If I had that story now I could announce that the people in it were historical characters thinly disguised and achieve success at a bound." —Chicago Times-Herald.

Depends.

"If you are troubled with wakefulness, count slowly in your mind, and you'll generally be asleep before you reach 300."

"That won't always work. I counted 3,000 the other night and was wider awake at the end of it than when I began."

"Did you have your eyes shut?"

"Well, no. You can't very well walk with a baby and count your steps without keeping your eyes open." —Chicago Tribune.

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BOARDING HIS CRAFT.

And the Enemy Was Forced to Retire Ingloriously.

Through negotiations conducted between an eastern attorney and a local real estate man, one of the old school captains, who had sailed the waters salt and fresh, purchased a pretty residence in the northern part of the city. He happened to come on while the agent was superintending some improvements to the property.

"Ahoy!" hailed the captain as he hove in sight. "That's her, hey? And a tidy lookin' craft she is! Good holdin' ground, too, for the man as would cast anchor to stay till final orders. Pardon, sir, for not firin a salute an dippin the ensign, sir. We'll crack a bottle over the capstan, me hearty, an then the rules has got to be observed, sir, for even an old hulk like meself is liable to take a consort."

Naturally enough, the agent thought the captain was drunk and was indiscreet enough to say so.

"What!" shouted the authorized invader. "Won't let me pass? Order me to veil me topsails! Run athwart my hawser, will you? Blither me optics, if I hain't tempted to run you down, you Fourth of July cockboat an tootin a landlubber's horn!"

"Move on, now!"

"Move on? Me! With the admiral's permit in me pocket? Me! Move on for a soft shell picaroon an without firin a broadside? I'll board me craft if I have to shoot all yer standin riggin away! I'd like to have the teachin of you on a year's cruise, you chicken gaited swab with a thinker as foggy as the banks of Newfoundland! Clew up now, for I have the orders!" And he dramatically produced the deeds.

"I throwed the grapplin books without a blow struck," tells the captain, "an the agent made his proper excuses for not understandin English." —Detroit Free Press.

Has Changed His Mind Since.



First Officer (to very young subaltern who is packing his kit for South Africa)—What on earth do you want with all those polo sticks?

Subaltern—Well, I thought we should get our fighting done by luncheon time, and then we should have the afternoons to ourselves and could get a game of polo.—Punch.

Mystified.

"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did it come on Saturday the year before last?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?" —Chicago Tribune.

An Experienced Retreater.

"Do you regard a standing army as a public danger?" asked the man who precipitates inopportune discussions.

"I don't believe there is any such thing," answered the Filipino soldier. "All the armies I ever saw were going at full speed. It was all I could do to keep ahead of 'em."

One Last Request.

"After I am gone," said the turkey to his wife and family gathered around him in the coop, "won't you please see to it that they don't make soup out of what's left of me for next Sunday's dinner? I can stand all but that without flinching." —Detroit Free Press.

Valuation.

"I am afraid you don't appreciate popularity at its full value."

"I ought to be able to," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "I have paid for enough of it."

Training the Baby.

"Oh, ma, come up here quick!"

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"Bobby's playin circus, and he's goin to make the baby dive off th' mantel." —Indianapolis Journal.

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