

NIQUE KLONDIKE WATCHCHAIN

spector Who Is a Regular Walking Placer Mine-Watchguard of Nuggets.

oseph Holland, just returned from the ondike, is a walking placer mine. Its broad and manly person is decorated ha watch chain constructed of nuggets ten from the world famous gold fields. In Holland recently placed this unique ce of jewelry on exhibition in the office the Alaska Commercial company in San ancisco. At other times it is to be seen orning Mr. Holland's equator and you mot see him without noticing his golden true.

The chain consists of sixteen nuggets, fleen of them about the same size and one, coupying the central position, larger than

others.

the chain is valued at about \$250 and is a advertisement for the Klondike. Nugges are not supposed to be numerous there they are just what attract the immative, inexperienced crowd to a new d field. If one could pick up plenty of is nuggets like these a trip to the Klonewoold be both pleasant and profitable. It. Holland received the watch chain as messent from a number of prosperous minto whom he had made himself agree-te.

HEART HUNGER.

ut on a sloppy and dismal world. The ness of the day weighed on her soul. am heart hungry," she sighed. "Aye, But what was the use? There would be liver for breakfast just the same.—Indian-

PLUTOCRACY. Our neighbors in that villa are evi-very rich people." Why?"

"Why?"

"Only consider. They have five houp daughters, all unmarried; they no parties, don't go to any of the hops, appear on the board walk when the plays, and, moreover, wear the plainest es imaginable."—St. Petersburg Shute.

IN THE COLD FACT CLASS.

"How would you make the sentence paradoxical?"
"Served him right."
"But that is not a paradox."
"Well, it's dead right."—Truth.

I NOT A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU. Professor—"In the sentence, 'A poet was mistaken for another man and shot,' what is the subject?"
"Poet."
"This is a gentleman's furnishing store, I believe?" she said to the spruce clerk.
"Yes, madame. What shall I have the pleasure of showing you?"

"Samples."
"Samples, certainly. Samples of what, please?"
"Samples of the gentlemen you furnish."—
New York World.

THAT PROVES IT. Mr. Cumso—"The English people have freely recognized Colonel Hay as a man of letters."

"True enough, but their mode of recogni-tion is rather peculiar." "They address him as Colonel A.' "-New York World.

Mr. Brown-"I see by my paper that a letter written by George Washington, in which fifteen of the words were misspelled, was sold the other day for \$200. Isn't that a remarkable price?"

Mrs. Brown-"It is rather steep, that's a fact, considering the spelling. Wonder what the blamed thing would have fetched if the words had been all spelled right!"

FAIR PRICE-CONSIDERING.



MINIE EMINA EAMES.



MISS MAXIME ELLIOTT.



MISS GLADYS WALLIS.



MISS MADGE LESSING.



MISS JENNIE GOLDTHWAITE.

MICROBES SAID TO LURK IN INK.

Another Source from Which Death-Dealing Bacteria Can Wage War on Mankind.

While the drinking water of the city is being constantly defiled to an extent requiring boiling to render it safe for consumption, a new source of danger has recently been shown to exist in the writing inks, used in public schools and business houses, in fact everywhere. M. Marpmann of Lelpzig has recently submitted sixty-seven samples of writing inks to a bacteriological examination. The bases of these inks were various, but generally made from nutgalis, and these contained micrococci, bacteria, and saprophytes. One ink made with nigrosine, taken from a freshly opened bottle, contained saprophytes and bacilli. A red sample and one of blue were also rich in bacteria. In two cases M. Marpmann obtained by culture from a nigrosine int a bacillus with which by inoculation a mouse was killed in four days. This sample had been open for three months. The practical application of these facts should be made at once, as the many children in the public schools are open to inoculation through ink which has been held over, and the evident danger which may arise from the habit of wetting the pen point, so prevalent among writers, both old and young.

NOT PORTABLE ENOUGH.

NOT PORTABLE ENOUGE.

"I have been thinking—"
Thus mused General Weyler, and no one seemed well enough acquainted with him to dispute his assertion.

"That if I had that overland route through Alaska down her in Cuba—"
And he looked daggers so forcibly that bystanders could even observe the trademark on the handle.

"I'd make a great old trocha cut of it."—Truth.