FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

sow! sew! so! This is the way my father sows, As up and down the field he goes, Walking fast, or walking slow, Right and left the grain to throw.

Father knows, While he goes. That the grain thrown here and there By and by good crops will bear, All he loves will have a share If the grain he throws with care.

So he throws, So he goes. Sow! Sow! Sow!

This is the way my mother sews As up and down long seams she goes, Working, singing soft and low, While she's sitting there to sew.

Mother knows, As she sews, Jackets, trousers, aprons, too, Johnnie's hat and baby's shoe, Patching old, or making new, Love runs all the s itches through. This she knows,

So she sews. Sew! Sew! Sew!

I can neither sow nor sew. When I'm big. I'll learn then, though, But while little, as I grow, Little bi s of love I'll show.

For I know, As I go, Tending bab ., calling Nan. Running errands like a man, Helping mother all I can, Love will grow where it began Ah! I know,

See, 'tis so. Little bits of love count up. Like drops of water in a cup. Fill it-so! 'Twill overflow!

So! So! So! -Eva Lovett.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

It is much to be regretted that the p etty, graceful and healthful game of battledore and shuttlecock has gone out of fashion, but in those older countries of China, Japan, and in all the Indo-Chinese nations, where fashions do not change so readily as with us, it is sill a favorite pastime. The Siamese, for instance, are very expert at this game, but they play it without battledore, and not wi h the hand, but with the foot. An English traveler thus describes a game:

"About thirty young men stood in a circle, the shuttlecock was exactly such as we have in England, but the battledore was the sole of the foot. I never witnessed such remarkable agility in my life as was displayed by these lads. One threw the shuttlecock to some one opposite; the young man on whom it would threaten to alight instantly prepared himself to receive it, and wheeling sharply around, would kick his right leg up so scientifically and correctly, that the shuttlecock would just alight on the sole of his foot, and rebound with amazing elasticity, being caught up by the next person it approached in precisely the same style; and in this method I have seen the game kept un for nearly a space of ten minutes with. out the shuttlecock once falling to the

ground." The Chinese play the game in the same manner, and not only youths and lads take part, but also full-grown men, and even active old graybeards who take extraordinary pride in their skill and a froitness. The Burmese use a shut lecock much larger than the one with which we are familiar, an I bring knees into play as well as hand. The ball is hollow, and made of wickerwork: the art of the game consists in striking this upward with the foot, or the leg below the knee. The players make stupendous efforts to send the ball as high as possible in the air, and so that it shall fall within the limits of foot or knee of another. Sometimes grave " loosely tied coins are fastened underneath the shuttlecock, the clicking noise warning the players that the shuttlecock is approaching them.

THE CAT IN THE POWDER MAGAZINE.

that refuses to make her home anywhere but in one of the small mortar magazines. She has been living there for nearly two years and has dodged all attempts to kill

Pussy has some reason of her own for living there, and also a private entrance to the place. No matter when the magazine is opened she is sure to jump out and run for the nearest clump of trees, where she will remain in hiding. How she gets pass through. But, of course, there must be one, and it could be found if anybody dared make an examination with a light.

About a year ago a litter of kattens almost grew to maturity in the magazine, but were not taught how to get out. As a consequence they met a speedy death and related to them the device he was another litter arrived, but were found small hours of the morning, he appearwhen very young and sent to join their brothers and sis ers. It frequently happens, that the magazine will not be opened for weeks, but when it is the men are always on the lookout for the white cat. A number of them stand near the entrance with clubs and strike at her. But the cat in refusing to have anything to do with traps or poisoff that have been set tor her.

living in the magazine, as she might upset some of the shells or chunks of dynamite and blow up everything in the neighborbood. It would be easy enough to shoot her, but that would also cause an explosion that might cause the loss of many lives. But that seems to be the only sure way of getting rid of the cat.

A DECORATION-DAY PARADE. "Pve allus keered for children," said Aunt Hannah, looking pensively down the shady lane as she might have looked back through the quiet thoroughfare of her past days. "They're a sight of com pany, an' some has the wisdom of the

Two year ago come the first of April ers. the Baileys moved inter that yaller house to the cross-roads. Bailey, he was misfortunate alius-natural v shiftless-an' Benny, the boy, 'bout eight years old, was one of them solemn-eyed, quiet, an' sot medddin children, that a single wo .. an. at 30,000.

advanced in years, generally takes to. "Benny an' me was great friends, and he worritin' because I had no grandchildren, an' his gran'ma bein' dead, he

adopted me, an' allus called me, 'Gran.' Two year ago come Decoration Day I looked up from my knittin', an' there stood Benny in that very kitchen door. He had queer home-cut trousies on, an' a gingham waist, an' little copper-toed boots that he set great store by Behind him was his sister Susy, six years old, an' Betty, the two-year-old, toddlin' along, neighborhood. They all 'peared drefful

solemu an' important. "'Up to some mischief, I'll be bound,"

"No, gran,' says Benny, his lips, that had the baby curve to 'em yet, tremblin'. 'It's Decumration Day, an' there aint no p'rade like there used ter be to Gardiner fore we moved-we allus moved-an these boys says there aint no Decumration here't all.' 'Aint no soldiers' graves,' I says,

cheerful-like, goin' to my cooky-box. "'Ob, there is!' he calls out, breathless. 'Over to the graveyard in the pine months at a time. The trade in rubber woods there's a Cap'n Dean that was a Union sold'er, an' fit in the war. Johnny's mother knowed him, an' there's another grave, too-a old, old one that's got a funny face on the stone, an' that's a Rev.

olutionary one.' "'Wanter know!' I says, givin' each one a sugared cooky with a round hole in it, that I knowed they'd appetite for in spite of the excitement.

mouthorgin beautiful!

little f'ags somehow, an' fastened them on trade is Chicago. sticks for the regiment.

" 'Couldn't we have,' says Benny, kind o' hesitatin' an' lookin' with longin' eyes at my flowerpots, 'some of them red geraniums, them that's most wilty? au-e they're growed flowers, an' our'n we jest found !'

... Where's you manners? says Susy, scoldin'- woman fashion. "They're for soldiers.' Benny insists, an' I cut him my choicest blossoms. Surely there wa'n't never a sweater use

"Away went that p'ra'le then. Benny ahead with the flag an' the bouquet, Billy with the mouth-organ, an' Johnay, straight an' stately, with the biggest flag-staff, an' Susy with her apron full of sweet-smellin' Mayblossoms, an' the toddlin' bab? fetchin' up the rear, keepin' in line with

the rest of 'em. "Wal, somethin' bright an' beautiful bloomed on them two lone graves under

Mead, drivin' by whilst I watched the behaving itself like a well-conducted p'rade go over the hill to the pine woods. timepiece. A French clock which had

graveyard alone. It was a so itary p'rade away, an' there wa'n't no one to remember its allotted term; that had lost its glass the day. I carried three bouquets of my best flowers. No, I couldn't forgit them soldiers' graves. My best blossoms I laid theory is very simple, of course. The Revolutionary soldier's, who'd ben at rest any clog of oil and dust that may be near a century.

for the Father wanted him. He lays in clency of this treatment try it on an old God's-acre. I call it that 'cause them is and inexpensee clock first. It cannot such hopeful words to us all. He was possibly do any harm, however,-San allus an angel child.

'I'd like to think that them dead soldiers knowed of that Decoration p'rade, an' that little act of reverence an' love as the ring, when it is again tossed by the pure an' free as sweet wild roses onto a

Forced the Artist to Work.

The famous Japanese painter Kyosai, his hands at the success of his ruse.

some friends for the following evening discouraged, however, for in a few months of Kyosia, and at last, but not until the ed. He held a roll in his hand, a Kakemono, on which was depicted a falcon in the act of clutching a monkey. This he threw towards the host, at the same time asking in an angry voice whether Kato still persisted in attributing the always watches her chance and manages other picture to him. The collector, deto escape. She has a so been successful lighted with the success of his plan and vertigo and intoxication, with burning with the vigor and beauty of the drawing he had now obtained, apologized to breathing becomes stertorous, and the There is considerable danger in the cat Kyosai and explained the trick. The pupils of the eyes contract. painter's brow was quickly cleared of ed that he had been working day and part of mucus it touches, and the connight in order to produce a picture that should vindicate his talents

Woman Wore Trousers First.

It has remained for an American woman to discover that trousers were first invented and worn by women. Among the most ancient nations, points out Mrs. Evans, wife of the President of Hedding College, in Illinois, the trousers are still worn by the angels; an' them that knows children's women, while the men go about in more lives an' ways won't call that no irrever. or less abbreviated skirts. There is therefore nothing modern about bloom- body rests on the head and the heels,

> There are more Englishmen in Boston than in any other city in the United giddiness, cramps, numbness, imper-States, the population being estimated | feet sight, difficult breathing and con-

Rubber Scraps.

Cast-off rubber shoes are now a marketable commodity and many country peddlers add considerably to their gains by collecting them. They are usually taken in exchange for tinware or cheap trinkets. No cash changes hands in these transactions. When the peddler returns to his starting point he turns over his collections to the village merchant for more tinware with perhaps a little cash, and goes out an' two freckled boys that lived in the over a new route. The peddler may be in business on his own account or in the employment of the village trader, but in either case the latter has a chance to make a profit on the collections of scrap, which are shipped from time to time to a city dealer The latter will offer his rubber stock whenever it reaches good proportions to a rubber reclaiming mill. When old shoes first become a merchantable article the price paid for them was one cent. a pound, while the quotations have since averaged five cents per pound for scrap is now most thoroughly organized in the west and northwest. In the Southern States, where little snew falls, the consumption of rubber shoes is not sufficient to form a basis of trade in old shoes. Of the rubber scrap imported the largest share comes from Russia. The imported scrap is not so desirable, however, as what is gathered "'An' we're goin' ter p'rade,' cries at home. In spite of the good con-Benny, 'an' I thought mebbe you'd make sumption of rubber footwear in us flags, little miter ones that aint no New England there are no dealers in trouble. Susy's got her apron full er May- scrap there in a position of commandflowers we got yesterd'y, an' Billy kin ing importance. This is due in part to do "March'n' Through Georgy" on his the existence of nearby factories, which buy directly from the smaller dealers. "With tremblin' fingers I made five In the west the principal centre of the

When the Clock Stops.

Did you ever try doctoring a clock that wouldn't go with kerosene? If not, try it the next time your timepiece ceases to tick. The effect is admirable, the method simple. If it is a clock that the oil will not injure-of metal, wood, china or marble-place it in a bowl and pour about a pint of oil into the back. Place it face downward and let it stand over night. Even if the face be of paper and gets completely soaked with the oil, it will do no harm. The kerosene will evaporate within a few days and leave it perfeetly clean. If, after this treatment, the clock will not go, it is because there is something radically wrong with it. Some essential part must be broken. the pines by the side of them little flags A little fancy enamel clock given as a wavin' in the wind, an' the best was the Christmas present two years ago, and little bud of patriotism in them children's which had never run over six hours at a time, when subjected to this treat-'What's that fandango?' says Jason ment a few weeks since, has taken to "Wal. I swan!" says he, when I told not gone for years suddenly took to him. Both on us couldn't speak then.

"Last Decoration Day I went to the and a common little nickle-plated alarm clock that had apparently served into renewed life and usefulness. The onto a little mound by that grave of the kerosene cleans the works and removes interfering with the machinery. If The Baileys didn't take Benny away, you have any doubts about the effi-Francisco Chronicle,

Home lufluence.

Our home influence is not a passing. but an abidiug one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate home has been likened to a central sun. worked only when he was in the mood. around which revolves a happy and and the most munificent offers failed united band of warm, loving hearts, to induce him to accept a commission acting, thinking, rejoicing and sorrow-There is a large white cut at the Presidio unless the spirit moved him. One of his ing together. Which member of the admirers, Mr. Kato Shoyo of Hongo. family group can say, I have no influhad vainly attempted to induce the ence? What sorrow or what happiwayward artist to begin a painting for ness lies in the power of each! "A him. Kyosai would not budge. Kato lighted lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a thereupon devised and put into execu- very small thing, and it burns calmly tion a novel plan. He bought a spuri- and without noise, yet it giveth light to ous Kakemono, or "hanging picture." all who are within the house. And so When next the artist paid him a visit, there is a quiet influence which, like this was produced and lauded to the the flame of a scented lamp, fills many skies. Kato declared that the daub a home with light and fragrance. Such back to her strange abiding place is a was the greatest masterpiece of Kyo- an influence has been beautifully mystery, as a careful search has failed to sai's skillful hands. In vain the indig- compared to 'a carpet, soft and deep, reveal any hole large enough for her to nant painter protested that it was a which, while it diffuses a look of amworthless counterfeit. Finally he rush- ple comfort, deadens many a creaking ed away in a rage, while Kato rubbed sound. It is the curtain which from many a beloved form wards off at once Confident of the result, Kato invited the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its when they were found. Pussy was not employing. They waited for the advent misery. This influence falls as the rebeam, the fertilizing shower, shining on all with the mild lustre of moonlight, and harmonizing in one soft tint that many of the discordant hues of a family picture."

How Poison Acts.

Carbolic acid produces immediate pain along all points of contact. The

Phosphorus in overdose produces irits dark clouds, and in turn he confess- ritation and disturbance over every tents of the stomach when removed are luminous, as is phosphorous.

Prussic acid is the most rapid of all poisons, killing like a stroke of lightning. A teaspoonful of 2 per cent. prussic acid will kill. In a few minutes after the acid is taken the face turns bluish and the person sinks to

Opium, morphine and the like produce a period of exaltation, followed by stupor, which merges into death. Strychnine is followed by convulsions; the head jerks back and the arched like a bow. These spasms come

intermittently till death. Camphor in poisonous doses produces

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

Failing in the Hen Business---Best Pasture Grasses---First Few Days of the Pig---Trim the Shrubbery.

FAILING IN THE HEN BUSINESS.

The reason why so many fail in the hen business, and others hesitate to go in, is because of the desire to get a living with little brain labor. Men will work three hundred days in the year shoveling dirt, who would not spend the few hours daily necessary to care for a flock of hens capable of returning far more than the earnings now secured. It is easy to grub, but it is hard to grow. Because of this fact, there will never be overproduction in the hen business.-Maine Farmer.

BEST PASTURE GRASS.

Practical men have decided that general purpose grasses, as a rule, are not the most profitable. The best pasture grasses can be moved, and the best hay grasses are injured by tramping. Never plant hay grasses on land where machinery cannot be used. Avoid patent mixtures claimed to be best for all purposes. If you want to raise hay for market, select that which sells most readily; but, for home use, other varietles are often better. Timothy is the most popular market hay, particularly in the north, but it is inferior to -orchard grass, Bermuda, or even crab grass. But it outsells any of these. In the South, fall seeding-September or October-is best. Give most careful preparation to the seed bed, and that alone-never with nurse crops. To graze pastures too close in dry weather kills out the grasses and lets weeds come in.-Home and Farm.

FIRST DAYS OF THE PIG.

The directors of the Mississippi station have decided that during the first few days shoats should be confined to the farrow pen, or, at most, allowed to run in a small dry lot. They will do better if confined to the lot until they are at least three weeks old. Just as soon as the pig shows a disposition to eat he should be encouraged in doing so. A small place should be cut off from the lot so as to allow the pigsbut not the mother-to enter, and in this little lot should be a shallow feed trough. If the pigs are getting plenty of milk from the mother, as they will, provided she is a good brood sow and is well fed, there is nothing better than soaked corn. Dry, hard corn will soon make their teeth sore. An abundance of this soaked corn should be provided, and what is left should be removed at least twice a day and fresh corn put in. If a little sweet skimmed milk can be given with care, we think it will add to the growth of the pigs. This may continue until weaning time, when a decided change in the feed becomes necessary. This is the most critical period in the pig's life, and on his management at this time largely depends his future usefulness. If checked in his growth he will probably not recover soon enough to give the best results, whether kept to grace the breeding herd or to fill the pork barrel.-New York Witness.

TRIM THE SHRUBBERY. In many country and village door yards or lawns, the shrubbery consists of rose bushes, lilacs, wistaria and honeysuckle. Often these have not been trimmed for years, and they present a most ungainly mass of tangled growth, often rendering it quite difficult to obtain even a fair view of the house by the passers-by. This untrimmed collection is frequently supplemented by rampant growing evergreen trees, that were all right for the first five or six years of their growth, but they were neither cut back nor topped, and many of them now have branches sprending from ten to twenty feet. Where it is not thought best to remove them entirely, cut off the lower branches close up to the body of tree for a distance of about eight feet. This will remove the foliage that obstructs the view, and the remaining lower branches will droop a little, giving the tree a pleasing appearance. Other fruit and ornamental trees, by branching low, may obstruct the view, but judicious pruning will regulate this trouble.

Use the pruning knife freely on the shrubbery, and if the bushes are of some desirable kinds try to improve the flowers they produce. Turn down the sod about them, applying well-rotted manure, ground bone, or wood ashes well-mixed, and you will be more than paid for your trouble. Let this pruning be an annual operation.-New England Homestead.

GREEN.

lime and arsenious acid with a small broken like the rest. amount of copper oxide. It contains "Now, I maintain that the United from 58 to 63 per cent, of arsenious States ought to go forward and make acid. About the same quantity of its good its past agreements before enterarsenious acid is soluble in cold water ing on further Indian legislation. as in stancard paris green, but in boil. When that is done it will be time ing water from 15 to 20 per cent. is enough for the Indians to say whether soluble, or more than twice as much they are in accord with the desires of green may be caused by putting this are obnoxious to our people. substance into heated lime mixtures, to the heat generated by the chemical

developed by the sun on globules of water standing on the leaves. If this is true, paris green should never be put into liquids until the latter are thoroughly cooled, and especially is this true of the new process paris green, or by using the water with Bordeaux mixture, much more of the poison can be sprayed without injury to folinge than if paris green alone is used in the water. One gallon of the milk of lime to 10 gallons of the water containing paris green as ordinarily used (1 lb. to 150 to 200 gallons of water) will be sufficient. As Professor Maynard truly says, "The use of the Bordeaux mixture has become a necessity to protect most of our crops from fungus pests, and as the lime in this mixture has the same effect as the milk of lime, we urge their combined use, thus reducing the cost for the destruction of each pest to the minimum."

HOW SAWDUST KILLS CHICKS.

For three years, writes C. A. Bird, I have been losing chicks from bowel trouble. I tried every known remedy, but without avail. Last year, out of three hundred and fifty hatched I raised one hundred and fifty. The chicks that were put in the most favorable place were the ones that died.

I studied, examined and investigated, but all to no purpose. I built a cosy house just south of the barn, twentytwo feet long and eight feet wide, and divided it into four rooms. I filled up the floor with dirt, coal ashes, gravel, sand and lime, and thought I had them this time. So I did until I turned them out one bright sunshiny day to exercise among the grape vines, etc.

Well, you may judge my chagrin and surprise when in a day or two they began to die, and in a week out of the twenty-two bright little fellows not one was left to tell what the matter was. Upon making a post-mortem examination I found plenty of grit, and everything all right except inflamed intestines. But upon a closer inspection I found what I had taken for bran and bread crumbs was sawdust.

My eyes began to open. I began to wake up, and on looking around found lot of sawdust that had been thrown about the grape vines. The biddies 'n hunting for bugs, etc., had scratched it about, and the chicks, mistaking it for the bread crumbs I had been feeding them, had eaten a quantity of it, with the above result.

"Eureka!" said I to myself, and the shovel and the wheelbarrow were at once brought into service, and the sawdust placed out of the reach of both chicks and hens.

That was nearly two months ago. since which time I have not lost a chicken with bowel trouble.-Farm

IMPROVING HIGHWAYS. At a Farmers' Institute held in Re-

treat, Wis., says the Milwaukee Sen-

tinel, a paper on "Highways" stated

that while in Europe good roads are

laid out over the best grades on highpriced land; in this country they are kept off of good land as much as possible, and run over hills and rocks, through ravines, sand patches and mud-holes. The great loss resulting from hard teaming, wear and tear of wagons, harness and horses, does not seem to be considered. Some of these evils could be easily rectified did not individual selfishness stand in the way. The grader is taking the place of plough and scraper, with good results on many roads, but cannot be depended on alone. The water bars used on hillsides are often made too high and put in the wrong place. They should be made in depressions, not on the steepest grades, and in repairing the new material should be placed a few feet back, not on the top of the old bar. When desirable to turn water both sides of the road, the bar should be Vshaped, with point up the hill. If on an angling road, turn the water to the lower side. But whatever the form, the two wheels should strike and leave the upper side of the bar at the same time, to avoid disagreeable wrenching and cutting a hole in the lower track. Short pitches and sags can often be allowed to grade themselves, and it is noticeable that a sag so filled is always a good track, showing that a mixed soil makes the best road. Roads should receive attention at frequent intervals, not when the workers have nothing else to do. Slight repairs as soon as needed will save time and cost in the end. A great help to good roads would be the general use of broad tires instead of narrow ones. Every town or district should own a snow roller. and use it after each drifting storm; the winter roads would then be real bghways, level and hard, with snow on each track.

The Cherokees' Plaint.

"If the United States Government would only carry out its solemn agreements with the five civilized tribes, our people would have nothing to complain NEW POINTS ABOUT PARIS of," said Chief C. J. Harris of the Contracts and promises that we trust-Paris green of standard quality con- ed to the honor of that great nation to tains about 54 per cent. of arsenious execute have been violated, and there acid, of which 4 per cent. is soluble seems to be no intention on the part of in cold water and 8 to 9 per cent. in the government to redeem them. When boiling water. A "new process" paris we sold the Cherokee Stip we were told green now on the market, according to as an inducement to parting with the the Mass experiment station is not lands, that all previous pledges would paris green at all, but a combination of be carried out. That promise was

as in true paris green. It is suggested of the Government. Until that is done that the injury done to foliage by paris all bills changing the existing status

According to the last census Iowa action in mixing the two, or to the heat had over 70,000 more men than women. was repaired.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Swinging and Singing---Who Saw It First ...Her Temper ... Discrepancy Only Apparent---Just Like a Charm.

SWINGING AND SINGING.

The maiden in the hammock swings And her sweet fancy wishes; While mother, in the kitchen, sings And washes up the dishes.

Purchaser-That mirror you delivered at my house was cracked. Dealer-All right. I'll have it looked

WHO SAW IT FIRST?

HER TEMPER. "That Mrs. Naglet has the worst allround bad temper I ever knew."

"Yes, even her hair snarls!" DISCREPANCY ONLY APPARENT.

Hungry Higgins-Idon't believe I could walk a mile a day without a drink, could

Weary Watkins No, I couldn't walk a mile without a drink, though I could walk ten mile to git ons. Queer, ain't it? JUST LIKE A CHARM.

Customer, howlingly-This toothache stuff you gimme is the rankest kind of a fraud. And you warranted it to work like a charm.

Druggist, blandly-Well, did you ever know a charm to work? LOGICAL

He: And so you wish to break off our engagement, long as it is? She: The longer a thing is, the easier it is to break off.

TAKING BIS SUGGESTION. Dealer (to newcomer, who has ordered

a large bill of goods) -- Are you going to settle here, sir? I trust so! Newcomer-Well, if you trust, I don't think I will settle. Good-day.

NEIGHBORLY ATTENTIONS.

"I didn't sleep a wink last night; that Tugby baby cried all the night before." "How did that keep you awake last "You see, I waited until the Tugbys

got to bed, and then I played on my cornet until daylight." A CITY CHILD'S CONCLUSION.

Aunt Mary. "Do you know what kind of birds those are?"

Willie. "No. aunty." Aunt Marc. "Now just think a minute, Willie. What do they make chicken salad of in the city?"

Willie, "Veal, JUSTIFICATION.

"Why," thundered the magistrate, did you beat your wife with a rocking chair, breaking three of her ribs?"

"To amuse the baby," faltered the culnowever, he was not able to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that such was his purpose, and sentence was accordingly

pronounced. CHICAGO'S LITERARY MOVEMENT.

"So you have a new president in your Shakespeare Club. "Yes, our last president did not fairly represent us; she didn't like French dress-

ing on her salads." SATISFIED WITH RESULTS.

"I had a fight yesterday with the boy next door. "Yes, his father called at my office to-

day about it.' "I hope you came out as well as I did."

A DIFFICULT CALLER. "Willie Wobbles is very hard to please,"

said the girl who is artless, if not brilliant. "What makes you think so?" "His behavior when he calls on me. Whenever I play the piano he seems to wish I would talk. And whenever I talk

he seems to wish I would play the piano." A WHOLE COMMITTEE.

The Living Skeleton-The fat lady proposed to me last night. I'll have to get rid of her somehow.

The Glass Eater-Bave you thought of ways and means? The Living Skeleton-Yes. I know what she weighs, and I'm not going to

know what she means.

RATHER CHEEKY. Jones-"I have left all my money at home in my other pants. Lend me a nickel for car fare.' Smith-"I have not got anything less

than a five-dollar bill.' 'That's all right; hand it over. I'll take a cab."

LIFTED AND DROPPED.

"And are you really the gentleman who writes those funny things for the morning paper ?" asked the ingenuous girl. "I am," admitted the humorist, with

as much modesty as he could command. "There is one thing I would like to know. What makes you put the name of some other paper after the very funniest

KINDRED FEELING.

Wife-Those roses you bought me are so beautifully blown. Brute-Yes, I felt that way, too, when I paid the bill. CHRATIVE.

Dr. Sage-You are troubled with headache and you do not sleep well. Evidently what you need is exercise. What is our occupation? Patient-I'm a wood sawyer.

Dr. Sage-Well-er, suppose you do not grease your saw for a week or two.

Telegraphy by Induction.

A successful experiment in telegraphing by induction without connecting wires has been performed by W. H. Preece, between Oban and Auchnacraig. Scotland, while the submarine cable was broken. A gutta-percha wire a mile and a half long was laid along the ground from Morven, while on the island of Mull use was made of the ordinary overhead wire connecting Craignure with Aros. The distance between the two parallel wires was about three and a half miles. Using a vibrater as transmitter, and telephone as receiver, the usual messages were successfully transmitted till the cabie