

Largest Concern in the World.

Of the great mechanical workshops now in existence there are two which stand pre-eminent and whose names are familiar throughout the civilized world. We of course refer to the works of Krupp, in Prussia, and the Creuzot works of France. We give here a few particulars of the latter concern, the largest in the world. These great works comprise within themselves collieries, blast furnaces, forges, rolling mills, steel works and extensive mechanical workshops, besides an extensive system of railways connecting the various departments. In addition to the works at Creuzot, there are coal and iron mines, bridge and ship building works, and also ship works at other places owned by the same firm and forming one establishment. Altogether the land occupied at Creuzot and dependencies amounts to more than 1,000 acres, besides 1,800 acres of agricultural lands owned by Messrs. Schneider & Co., the sole owners of the works. In connection with the concern there are 190 miles of private railway, worked by twenty-seven locomotives and over 1,500 wagons. On the 1st of May the staff included 15,252 persons, as follows: In the collieries, 4,960; iron mines, 1,921; blast furnaces, 734; steel works, 793; forges and rolling mills, 3,637; mechanical shops, 2,708; railways and miscellaneous, 1,499. Total, 15,252.

The products of these works last year amounted to 549,000 tons of coal, 155,000 tons of pig iron, of which 138,000 tons were made into iron and steel, while 25,000 tons of engines and machines were turned out of the mechanical workshops. The raw material used in the same year was: of coal, 572,000 tons; coke, 165,000 tons; minerals, 100,000 tons; water, 770,000,000 gallons; gas, 77,680,000 feet. The full capacity of the works is estimated at 700,000 tons of coal, 160,000 tons of wrought iron and steel and 30,000 tons of engines and machinery. Is it any cause for surprise to our readers that a work of the above magnitude finds itself requiring a steam hammer that weighs 1,282 tons and costing \$500,000? The anvil of the hammer alone weighs 782 tons. Just contrast the difference between a blow from this hammer and that from the sturdy arm of a village blacksmith. Is it any wonder that such a tool should require a crane capable of handling a weight of 160 tons or that the workshop in which the hammer works cost \$1,500,000? One of the rolling mills at these works covers a space 1,247 feet by 328. Add to this the fact that hundreds of powerful steam engines are constantly at work, and we have some understanding of the largest concern in the world and a sample of the magnitude of what the present age can accomplish; for while these works were commenced nearly a century since, it is principally within a single generation that they have grown to their present magnitude. —*Boston Journal.*

Would Rather Die than Write.

Literary composition, in truth composition of any kind, says a New York newspaper, exercises a most depressing influence on the mind of the writer, independent of any effect it may have on the reader. Writing is, as everybody knows, unnatural, purely artificial; and it is not strange, therefore, that it should, in many cases, produce melancholy even by anticipation. A few days since, a girl of twelve or thirteen, attending school in a town in northern Illinois, became so distressed because she had to write a composition that she attempted to drown herself in a cistern, and nearly succeeded. A medical student of Baltimore, having a thesis to prepare not long since, grew so morbid that he swallowed an ounce of landanum, declaring he would rather die than do the hateful work. A book-binder of Rouen, who was sent to the Paris exposition, his expenses having been paid out of a lottery fund, found on his return home that he was expected to draw up a report of what he had seen. This rendered him wretched, and though his friends tried to comfort him, and offered to do the writing for him, the thing so weighed upon his mind that he waxen gloomy and morose, disappeared from his home, and his body was soon discovered in the Seine. Authors are often discontented, irritable, sullen, and stern when engaged in composition, and many of them have doubtless become dissipated and gone to the bad generally, on account of their calling. The mere process of composition brings the nerves to the surface, unduly excites the sensibilities, and, habitually followed, has a tendency to cause morbidly and certain mental disorder. To be perfectly healthy in body and mind, a man should turn his thoughts outward, be much out of doors, and feed on the sunshine.

Words of Wisdom.

He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.
Children have more need of models than of critics.
It is better to look round on prosperity than back on glory.
What we have to do in this world is not to make our conditions, but to make the best of them.
A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.
Pretence has often despoiled a naturally gifted man of the respect his talents would have commanded had he been sensibly adapted to circumstances.
It is immaterial how the world judges of your actions as long as your mind is easy, and your personal expenses less than your legitimate income.
When you doubt between words, use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek.
After friendship and love come benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate. It is well known that this is particularly the share of women. Everything disposes them to tenderness and pity.
Words are nothing to paint a mother's love, a mother's consolations. A baby's smile contains the divinest essence of all earthly solacement; a child's love soothes without weakening; it demands so much that in blessing it one is blessed by it unawares.

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

An Entire Ice Bridge Spanning the Width of the River Just Below the Cataract.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) *Courier* of a recent date says:
For some days a large amount of snow-covered ice from Lake Erie has been passing over the falls. At eight o'clock on Sunday morning the accumulated mass of ice came to a standstill beneath the Suspension bridge, and the waterhatch began to hope that there would be a bridge with a smooth surface. But the huge dam of ice suddenly began to heave, grind, and break up into fragments with a loud noise. At ten o'clock there was a second standstill, and it seemed certain that the bridge had been formed, but at two in the afternoon there was a third and more severe disturbance.

Great hummocks, weighing hundreds of tons, were pushed into the air and remained there as monuments of the fearful battle. Large boulders were torn from the shore and swept into the stream, and the solitary fir which was wont to mark the landing-place of the ferry became a victim to the warring elements, though ordinarily it stands three feet above high water. The slow, awful strength of the infuriated waters was so apparent that it seemed as if they must rend the great gorge in twain and escape from their thralldom by some new road; but there was only one gateway for them, and, as they could not break the mile-wide dam in two, they lifted it up bodily and swept away beneath. Having thus succumbed, the water allowed the ice to rest above it, accepting the yoke which it could not break, despite its boasted strength. And now the victor rests quietly, torn and ragged it is true, but invincible; and so it will remain until the beams of the spring sun deprive it of its strength, and once more restore Niagara to its accustomed freedom. The bridge is nearly a mile in length, extending from a line drawn perpendicularly to Point Lookout, in the American park, half way to the railroad bridge, and filling the gorge from shore to shore.

The first view of the falls brings the heart up into the mouth with a shock that is almost painful in its suddenness and force. Everything is so changed, so transfigured. Ice everywhere! Ice upon the rocks, upon the trees, encroaching upon the cataract itself and deadening its roar, even stealing away a large portion of its power, to all seeming. As the spectator stands upon this point the wind blows the spray into his face, and soon covers him all over with jewels; but what cares he for the spray in the enthusiasm of the glorious view! In the park the ice has been as destructive as it is beautiful, and though it has robbed the trees and buildings in snowy beauty, it has torn down huge limbs by its overpowering weight. Looking over to the Canadian shore, the observer can see huge icicles of many tons' weight hanging like the ropey locks on the foreheads of giants in the story books. But these sights are nothing when compared to the broad sheet of wrinkled snow-ice which lies at his feet. There it is—the conqueror of Niagara—sparkling in the sunlight calmly and peacefully.

Beside the rotunda which stands at the base of the American fall a mountain of snowy spray ice towers up eighty feet high, and is each day climbing higher and higher toward the summit. The dome of the rotunda bears an ice crown of exceeding beauty, and along the roof of the dressing shed are curious ice formations which nothing less than photographic camera can adequately picture. Giant icicles hang from the cliffs, and every once in a while a huge fragment comes tumbling down. The ice is perfectly white, and seemingly quite porous, but excessively hard-frozen. Its appearance is exactly that of spun glass. It is said that the spray which formed this ice was perfectly pure, and that if a ton of it were melted it would produce no appreciable quantity of sediment. The ice mountain is still in comparative infancy, but if the wind and the mercury are favorable it will soon be in a condition to form a coating hill for the people as it did during the winter of 1875.

The great ice bridge itself is a counterpart in miniature of an Alpine glacier. You have the rough broken surface, the hummocks reaching ten, fifteen, twenty feet into the air, the startling fissures gaping perhaps with a depth of thirty feet in the solid ice; and you have the pure snow ice itself in a million strange and inexplicable shapes; but there is an association of terror in this place which does not belong to the genuine glacier, and which may come from the muffled roar of the waterfall; perchance the thought of 200 feet of water seething and boiling beneath your feet. Many of our readers have stood on the bank beside the whirlpool rapids and seen the wrathful waters mound upward toward the sky in a thousand contending currents as they battle to escape from their prisoning walls. Imagine this agitated surface suddenly becoming petrified, and every broken wave halting just where it was, and this will give you an idea of the magnitude of this structure. In thickness it is probably about sixty feet, while the surface of the ice is at least half that distance from the surface of the water. There are crevasses twenty-five or thirty feet in depth, and yet they show no signs of water.

"Pith and Point."

Many people are just like the globe they inhabit—slightly flat at the poles. "No man can lounge into success" intimates a shrewd writer. Sofa as our observation has gone, he is entirely correct.

When a fish is out of water he is very soon out of breath.—*New Haven Register.* Weighed in his own scales and found wanting.

We relented last evening and raised a nickel for the tramp that solemnly asseverated there had been a time when life was a perennial oasis to him, but since the war he had lost everything except his appetite.

Miss Beatrice Skiddy, so young and so giddy, fell in love with a middy, but whatever he did, he didn't reciprocate, because his Cousin Kate had long been his "all in all." The continuation of this absorbing story of passion and preference can be found in the left hand breast pocket of Algernon Pitt-Fangle's spouted surtout.—*New York News.*

Texas Bill's Last Bear-Hunt.

And now I will tell you about Texas Bill's last bear-hunt. One evening last fall we were sitting on the piazza about nine o'clock, when neighbor Ford rode up and wanted me to go over to Book creek, about three miles, and help kill a bear. He said his wife's mother and a boy about twelve years old had been down on the creek that day looking for some bees, and they saw a bear run into the rocks. So I saddled up, took my dogs, and with Charley and Ford started for the bear. When we got nearly to the creek we found another man by the name of Russian waiting for us. When we got to the creek we went down about a half a mile and hitched our horses and began to climb up the bank among the rocks and trees, and after fifteen minutes' hard labor we got to where the woman and boy saw the bear go in. It was a wild-looking place in a small ravine, with rocks on both sides piled up one above the other, and big boulders scattered all about. The place where the bear went in was large enough for a man to get in easy, and about thirty feet back of where he went in was a large hole that went down. All the time while we were building a fire we could hear a noise in the hole like a hoarse sissing or grunting, and thought perhaps Mr. Bear did not like his company. After we got a fire we could not look into the hole but a little way, and F. went about a mile and got a lamp about as good as a lightning-bug. Russian proposed to stay all night and have daylight to work in, but I did not want to stay till I found out what I was staying for. While we were talking F. took the lamp and went to the upper hole and got down to look in.

"Ha!" says he, "I can see him."
"Well," said I, "what is it?"
"It is a bear! Come and take the lamp and see for yourself."
I took the lamp and got down and peered in, and there he was. But I could not see very plain, so I crawled in a little further. Charley wanted me to come back for fear he would make a dive at me, but I ventured carefully in a little more and then could see his head and shoulders a little plainer, but I could not make out what the deuce it was. His head seemed to be white and snout black, and what I could see of his shoulders were black. Finally F. says: "What do you make it?"

"Well, I think it is a—hog, and if you will hand me a gun I will try to put his eye out."
They got my gun, and I ventured in a little more to get a good chance to shoot, but I got a little too near, and it moved and hissed and grunted fearfully; but when it moved I could see it plain and tell what it was, and what do you think I saw? A couple of young buzzards! They stood side by side, their necks and wings white, their backs, tails, heads and bills black, and in the dim light and the position they were in, looked like the head of some large animal.

R. says, "Why don't you shoot?"
I said nothing but crawled out, and F. says, "What are you going to do now?"
"Well, I think the best thing we can do is to go home."
R. says, "Why the deuce don't you tell us what it is down there in the rocks?"

I bothered them for a few minutes and then told them it was buzzards, and I don't believe you ever heard such a shout from a few mouths as went up through the trees from around that "bear" hole. We blew out our lamp, got into saddles, and went home, certainly wiser if not as happy as when we went out; and that is the last hunt I've had after bears.—*Forest and Stream.*

Scarlet Fever.

Every mother has a peculiar dread of this well-known disease, and there is scarcely any malady of those commonly known to the people that she would not prefer to see in the house. There is hardly a family in which there is not some fatal story of its ravages, and the chronicle of two or three or more children dead on the same day is not an uncommon one. Some doctors report that in this, as in other diseases, they "never lose a case." Perhaps they are in the position of the doctor whom an oversensitive father called for his first-born. He wanted a doctor who saved his patients, and he obtained somewhere or other a magical mirror, in which he could see, as he stood on each doctor's door-step, the list of that doctor's victims in their shrouds. Amazed at the processions he saw in his glass as he stood at the doors of the most famous doctors, he went from house to house in the hope of better results. He stood at last at the door of a doctor at whose name there appeared only two tender little victims. He called this physician, lost his child, and found that by subsequent investigation that when he called him that doctor had been in practice two days and had had just two patients. If these two had not the scarlet fever he had not, up to that time, lost a case of that disease.—*New York Herald.*

Stories of Dog Stealers.

Sir Edwin Landseer used to tell a story of a dog stealer of his acquaintance who once restored to a friend of Sir Edwin a valuable spaniel two weeks after the time agreed upon when the matter was negotiated. Sir Edwin upbraiding the man for his delay, the latter finally said: "Well, the truth is, Sir Edwin—you see, I had to steal him back from an old lady to whom I sold him for twenty guineas. She never higgled about the price, and she was so fond of the dog I didn't think it would be Christian not to let her have a few days' pleasure of him." This beautiful tale is quite paralleled by one which London *Truth* now tells us of one Mr. Page, a gentleman whose recent condemnation to imprisonment for dog stealing in London elicited much sympathy in dog stealing circles: "When he was being led from the dock, a friend of his touched Mr. Montague Williams, who had defended him on the shoulder." "We have prepared for you a little surprise," he said: "you lost a valuable dog a little while ago; we have brought him back, and he is in a house close by." Mr. Williams could not go to the house, but gave the address to which he wished the dog to be taken, and on going home in the evening he found it there.

TIMELY TOPICS.

An advertisement is a window through which all the world may look into your shop and see just what you wish it to see—no more, no less.

A company in London has started a new thing—the taking of portraits by electric light instead of by sunlight, the ordinary photographic process.

The valuation of property at Newport, R. I., is about \$25,250,000, and nearly one-half of this is owned by summer residents, New Yorkers paying taxes on about \$10,000,000.

The \$50,500,000 paid for taxes on spirits in the United States, the last fiscal year, makes an average of more than a dollar for every man, woman and child in the country.

The king of Sweden averted a financial panic in Stockholm by opening a heavy private account with one of the principal banks, concerning whose stability disquieting rumors were current. The king's act restored confidence and probably prevented very disastrous consequences.

Miss Cunningham went to a ball in Banker Hill, Ind., wearing a dress of many and particularly bright colors. George Daniels made fun of the conspicuous garment. Miss Cunningham's brother Dan called George out of the hall and began to whip him, but George drew a revolver and killed Dan instantly.

A remarkable case of defective vision is that of the three children of James Howard, a seafaring man, whose family lived on Ocascoke island, N. C. They become totally blind each day immediately after the sun goes down. If by chance they happen to be in the yard playing when the sun sets, their playthings are instantly laid aside, and efforts made to reach the house, when they soon after retire and sleep soundly until sunrise, after which their sight is described as being restored, and, to all appearance, perfectly unimpaired. The youngest is three and the eldest ten years old—two boys and one girl, all of light complexion. Their eyes are light blue, and there is nothing about them that appears at all strange.

Nowhere else than in America, with its vast stretches of railways through unpeopled wilderness, could the announcement be made that a road kept in readiness a dining car, well supplied with provisions, to send out with the regular passenger train "at the slightest indication of a snow storm, thus assuring passengers something to eat if the train should become blocked far away from any station." This is stated of the Kansas Pacific road, but the arrangement would be equally appropriate on several other great lines penetrating the solitude. The picture of a train snowed upon the "great American desert" far from human habitation is not an inviting one. It seldom occurs, but it might happen many times.

Rat Stories.

A lady who once watched a rat lead his blind brother across a plank over the water by a straw which each held in his mouth, ever after felt a new respect for this animal which is so little esteemed. The rat has a kindly side which good treatment will bring out, and people have been found who took the pains to make friends with them. Generally they were people who had plenty of time to invest in such pursuits. As for instance, a convict in a penitentiary, who later trained a rat to come at his whistle and follow him about like a dog. A more faithful little follower he could not have, and both seemed very fond of each other. All day he stays by his master's side and goes back at night to his cell. He is not afraid of the other prisoners, but hides quickly when any one comes near not clad in the striped jacket. He evidently considers him as not belonging to "this set." For all he knows, poor little fellow, the striped clothes are a badge of honor. He dines on prison fare, and whatever else he can industriously pick up in his travels.

Rats as well as mice have been known to come from their holes at the sound of music and listen with apparent delight.

The people of a certain dwelling in a Western town were surprised every night to hear a guitar sound in the parlor, though no one was in the room. There was a great deal of speculation over the mystery, and some foolish people called it "spirit" work. One night a gentleman kept watch and saw, when the house was still, a great rat glide out and go at once to the corner and scratch the guitar strings. He dispatched him with a cane and missed his chance of making a fortune out of his musical rat.—*Lutheran Observer.*

The Power of Fashion.

It is now considered the height of fashionable flummery in this city to be among the late arrivals at a social party given at a private residence. Last evening there was a party of that description on North B— street which didn't come off. A lady who desired to give a little entertainment made the usual preparations and invited a number of guests. She illuminated the parlors and left the blinds open that the glare of the gas might light the weary traveler on the street. This was her grand mistake. About nine o'clock a couple came up to the house, and the young lady looking in the window and seeing the parlors empty insisted on returning home, as she would not for all the world do such a vulgar thing as to enter a house where there was not a big room full of people to look at her. The two accordingly returned home. In a few minutes another couple reconnoitred the situation from across the street and retired. One after another the guests came up, viewed the empty parlors and melted back into the darkness. There was no party, and the lady who prepared the entertainment didn't know what to make of such shabby treatment. This idea of trying to be the last one at an evening party is growing to be so common on the Omastock that the time will come when an invitation to a Friday evening's entertainment will mean come as early as possible Sunday morning.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

Bardette's Baggage.

The Burlington *Hawkeye's* humorist, R. J. Bardette, who is out on a lecturing-tour, lets loose his feelings in regard to a New York baggageman, in the following style: The baggageman who was on duty at the New York, New Haven and Hartford baggage room at eight o'clock in the morning will deceive passengers. He lied to me.

I saw my baggage re-checked, and got the checks in my hand. Then I said: "You'll get it on this 8.05 train?" "No," the baggageman said, "I can't."
"Then," I wailed, "give it to me; I can carry it, and I must have it on this train." For it was only heavy hand baggage.

But the baggageman would not. He only said incredulously: "No; if you can get on that train, your baggage will be on before you are."

"Sure?" I asked anxiously; for I had my misgivings.

"Yes," he insisted, "I can get the baggage on before you get on."

"All right," I shouted, "don't fail me, now."

I got on the train and sat down. I got up and went out on the platform and looked for the baggageman. Over all the wide expanse of platform he was not visible. I thought he was either terribly slow or had been marvelously rapid. The train pulled out.

That baggageman, after I had left him, sat down and played a couple of games of checkers on a trunk. Then he went to sleep. Then, I believe, he awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked at my valises, kicked them to see if there was anything in them that would break, and said, dreamily and Richard Grant Whitely:

"There's that feller's baggage that wanted 'em to go to Providence on the 8.05."

Measureless liar! by his wicked deceit he sent me to North Attleboro' with just about as much of a wardrobe as a tramp. And I never got my baggage till the Monday morning following. Why did he lie to me? Why didn't he give me my baggage when he knew in his vicious, depraved, prevaricating heart that he wasn't going to try to get my baggage on that train? We do these things better in the West. Why, on the old Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, from the time the first spike was driven, there never was a piece of baggage lost or left, there was never a passenger misled or deceived, there never was a train reached a station off schedule time but one, and it came in ten seconds ahead; and since Potter has been superintendent, a man's baggage always gets to the hotel thirty minutes ahead of him and spreads out his clean linen to air for him.

A Sunday in Paris.

A Sunday in Paris, says an American correspondent, is as thoroughly unlike a Sunday in this country as it is possible to be. Work goes on there the same as on a week day; the shops are almost all open; the wagons laden with goods go about the streets; people attend to nearly all their vocations, and until noon they work just the same as if it were a week day. After midday, everything closes except the cafes and newspaper offices—for the evening papers all come out on Sunday with their racy editions—and the city takes a holiday. I suppose some of the Parisians go to church on Sunday, but it really seems as if church-going was the least matter thought of by most people. They have their horse-races and their elections on Sunday, their theaters and operas give the best performances in the evening, and the exposition on Sunday draws its largest crowds. In fact, the day is treated as a day for extraordinary merry-making, and as a holiday which is to be made the most of for the public amusement. This is the French idea of Sunday, and assuredly it is as entirely unlike our idea as two dissimilar things can possibly be. All the great French festivals are celebrated on Sunday; and it is the day when the largest crowds can be attracted, and when the public, by turning out in large numbers, make those great displays for which Paris is famous.

A Doctor on Diet.

Dr. E. C. Seguin lectured on "Diet" before the Workingmen's Lyceum, in New York. He said in his opening remarks that to get much out of the body or mind a man must adequately supply nourishing food. Even a man's morality will depend in a large measure upon the food that he puts into his body. He quoted two sentences maxims: First, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are;" secondly, "A good beast eats well." The nature of the food makes the difference between the bold, enterprising, beef-eating British and the indolent, effeminate, rice-consuming Hindoo.

The lecturer stated that it was the medical and economic aspects of the diet question that he proposed to consider on that occasion. All foods he reduced into animal food, vegetable food, salts, condiments and beverages. The best and most profitable food he pronounced to be that which best nourishes the tissues of the body and gives the digestive organs the least amount of work to do. Meats, roasted—for he strongly denounced boiled and fried meats—were pronounced to be emphatically the best food, although milk contained all the elements necessary for the definite support of life. Much depended also, upon the mode of cooking.

The following law and law case, taken from the records of the New Haven colony in 1660 are strange reading in these times. The statute says: "Whoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maid or maid-servant, either for himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offense, 40s.; for the second, £4; for the third, shall be imprisoned or corporally punished." Under this law, at a court held in May, 1660, Jacobeth Murline and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted for "setting down on a cheste together, his arms about her waiste and her arms upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kissed her and she kissed him, or they kissed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

Items of Interest.

A grate want—Coal.
Always awoke—A vessel's track.
Alaska covers 369,529,600 acres.
A suitable dowry for a widow—A widower.
Prussia has 25,724,404 inhabitants and 8,223 physicians.
Cauliflower by any other name it would smell as sweet.

Ninety-six murderers were hanged in the United States last year.
A handsome pair of slippers—Two pretty girls sliding on the ice.
The nose is red, the lips are blue; the weather is cold, and so are you.
Eight tons of paper are used daily in the manufacture of paper collars.

A schooner's crew resemble the bakers of ship bread, when they make a hard tack.

(Garlic is said to be a sovereign remedy for gout. There is no remedy for garlic.

Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and most of necessity have truth for its foundation.

The nails of ancient Egypt were usually of bronze. Iron nails have mostly perished with rust.

With all the fluctuations in pig iron and axle grease, chewing gum still keeps up at the old figure.

The British postoffice has in its employ about 45,000 persons, including the telegraph department.

More timber is used under ground in the Comstock mine than has been employed in the construction of San Francisco.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself.

The disease of men is neglecting to weed their own fields and buying themselves with weeding the fields of other people.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Some one says that nothing is healthy that is fried. This is probably so. Even Friday is unhealthy—for convicted murderers.

A clock is being exhibited at Paris which fires a shot every hour. Somebody says that its great practical utility is "to kill time."

When a pair of skates gets to going faster than the lad who wears them, the boy will almost invariably sit down in a very spiteful manner.

"Pants for \$5?" said a seedy-looking man, reading a sign in the window of a clothing store he was passing. "So do I. I never panted so for \$5 in all my life."

An Idaho editor proposes to nail another editor's "vulnerable hide to the wall, and make it look like a wood-chuck-skin on a country barndoor in bean time."

A country lad says his Uncle Ben made a scarecrow so frightful that one of the black-feathered thieves went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during the six previous days.

Lady: "How much is this yard?" Clerk: Three dollars and a half. It is an elegant material—double; it can be worn both sides. If you tear one side you've only to turn it on the other side.

In Belgium, if a candidate dies between the day of his nomination and the day of the election, his name still remains on the list and must be voted for. At Ste. Mary, Luxembourg, a dead man has thus been elected to the communal council.

An exchange says that a party was lately visited by the following persons: Two Miss Understandings, three Miss Takes, Miss Management, Miss B. Havior, Miss Fortune and Mr. Philip Baster. It must have been a happy gathering.

We do not ask any dead aunt to leave us \$50,000, but we should like to have some of the dead men about town drop in with a little advertising. When a dead man begins to advertise it is a sure sign he is approaching the resurrection.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Spelling matches are very demoralizing. Jones had been to one the night before. His wife is awakened during the early morning by some noise below stairs. "John! John! burglars," she called, shaking him. "Burglars—b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s—burglars," said he, and rolled over to sleep again.

The griddlecakes days have come, When proud Melinda passes Her little pitelet back for more, And sops 'em with molasses. Melinda, proud Melinda Jane, Desist for mercy's sake! Else, piling in those griddle-cakes, You'll get the stomach ache. And then, Melinda, loaded down With griddle-cakes, you'd see That vands doughnut ease the soul— How waffle that would be! —*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

By some accident the headings of the Marysville (Ky.) *Banner of Freedom* got transposed, and the next day the nuptials of old Mr. Pennybaker, who had married a young lady of sixteen, appeared under the caption of "Cold-Blooded and Terrific Deed!" while a report of the murder of a Mr. Botta was announced as "A Most Delightful Affair." Ever since that issue Mr. P. has been sitting on the carriage-step in front of the *Banner* office with a shotgun, waiting for the editor to come out, while Botta's brother-in-law is patrolling the back alley, writing to head off the journalist with a club.

One of the most magnificent fetes ever witnessed at St. Cloud, was given by Napoleon I., in honor of the christening of the king of Rome. In the midst of the festivities a terrible storm came on; and the emperor, who was at the moment standing at the door of the palace, talking to the mayor of Lyons, said to that functionary, "I am going to do your manufactures a good turn." His majesty remained in the doorway, and in spite of the pelting rain no one presumed to enter. It was with great difficulty that Prince Aldobrandi managed to procure an umbrella for the empress Marie Louise. The value of the silk and satin dresses spoiled amounted to millions of francs.