RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN. In brown Holland apron she stood in the kitchen;

Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow: Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indis-

Stood watching while Naucy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be peater, or brighter, or

Or who hum a song so delightfully low, Or who look so siender, so graceful, so tender,

As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough! How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it-

caressed it, And twisted and turned it, how quick and

how slow. Ah, me, but that nundness I've paid for in

Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the She saw me and blushed, and said shyly,

Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my

If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no!

Yet when I had vanished on being thus ban-

My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in

Your heart, love, has softened, and pitied my woe, and we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen

Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading -John A. Frazer, Jr., in the Century.

ROBBING THE STAGE.

The four-horse mud wagon, called by common consent a stage, which ran between Bokey's and Logtown, was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other corkscrew road which led to Log-

By the side of Black Pete, the driver, sat an eastern importation of the genus "drummer." Pete rolled his tobacco into his cheek, snapped a fly off the ear

of his nigh leader and said:
"No, sir, I don't git no pay for fighein', an' I don't do no fightin' for ther company. If ary galoot stops this hver stage and perlitely-like asks for the cash box, he's a gwine ter git it. 'Taint no use, no ways, to fight them fellers, they always hev ther drap on ye.

But," said-the drummer, "were you ever robbed on this route ?" "Wal, no, but I've seed fellers a loafin' round heer ez. I thought mought do it

some time er other. And if they did stop you, you would give them the express box and drive on,

"Yer bet! If ther express company wants to pertect ther box, they must send a messenger along.

The stage crawled up slowly to the top of the hill, and Black Pete settled his foot firmly on the brake-strap, and with a "scat 'em boys" the sweating horses started to investigate the mysteries of the almost invisible road below

them on a keen gallop. Round and round the rapidly-varying road the stage and the passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the canon which

yawned below them.

The sun was down and the moon was painting weird and restless shadows on he powdered dust of the grade. It was just the time for the imagination

to picture scenes of violence, robbery blood, Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long shining black object was waved over them toward the stage.

"stop, stop!"
Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down into the bottom of the stage, pulling out the express box and muttering, "cuss yer, take it," threw the box into the road. The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shadows of the forest.

Wa-was that a highwayman?" gasped

the drummer. "didn't yer see ther shootin' iron? Thar war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth of in some potry. when he gets through with it. Didn't ver notice how level he held that thar shootin' iron right toward me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew brought the stage up to the hotel porch, where it stopped with a loud "whoa!" from Black Pete. Not many minutes clapsed before the prophecy of Pete was realized, for as the story of the bold robbery of Wells & Fargo's box-was related a dozen or so ready miners volun-

the robbery.

It was a little, cramped-up, helter-skelter mining town among the Sierras. One need not rise early in Scar's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will not see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until ten in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins, looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, are built down deep in a hole between the surrounding peaks. And yet they actually had a telephone counceting them with the outside world. The denizens of Scar's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercia centers, but their telephone was the means of preventing many of the inhabitants from spending the remainder of their earthly days at the insane asylum. Every morning when the echoing of the booming blasts and the thud of the pick had ceased in the half dozen mining claims surrounding the camp, the wearied, lonely miners gathered at the little cabin in which was placed the telephone, and gave vent to their pent-up feelings by,

Such was their inborn detestation of any man who followed any pursuit which did not require active labor with their hands, and such was their chivalric devotion to the fair sex, that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady by the name of Frances Goldsmith.

not a free fight, but by a free interchange

On the afternoon of June 20, 1880, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting for the nightly crowd of manly gossipers to

The little rocking chair in which she sat went bumping to and fro noisily and nervously jupon the pine floor, and the don't believe I can. That man Bonn sent tiny slippered foot beat a nervous tattoo

in unison with it.

"It's too bad," she cried impetuously,
"it's too bad for Charley to work down
"it's too bad for Charley to work down
"it's too bad for Charley to work down
"Oh goodie!" cried Frank, "I've got
"Oh goodie!" cried Frank, "I've got in that old hole in the ground all the winter and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so he can be married this summer, too,"-and a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face.

"He shan't do it. Charley don't know anything about a mine and he might have a little bonanza and not know it, just hear the dear simpleton."

My Precious Frank:—Bonn is negotiating with me for my claim, and he offers \$1,000 cash. I have not yet accepted it, but I have about made up my mind that I had better do so. You know if I had that much cash, I could have the face to ask you to hasten that long-hoped-for happy day. For your sake, darling, Thelieve it will be best for me to take this offer. If I do you may look for me down early next week. down early next week.

Yours forever, CHARLES MOTLEY.

"Hello, Frank!" shouted a smothered voice close to her ear; "are you there Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I left the receiver hanging down, and they could not ring the bell. She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

'Yes, I'm here; what is it?" "Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage to-night to Logtown. Tom says there's at least \$10,000 in sight. Motley is a school marm and don't know

Don't forget now. Good-bye.' Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as these words came out of the wonderful little instrument.

"For goodness sake! who is he talking to? Oh-h-h, y-e-es! why it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together, and Downey has stopped and switched Motley is a school marm, is my end on. he? There's \$10,000 in sight and Charley don't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey tohorses around the sharp turns and again | night. Oh dear, what shall I do? Pil go up there. I will. It's only eight miles, and it's twenty from Bokey. It's five o'clock, and the stage gets there at

Frank was a California girl, and there were no perils to her on the eight-mile trail to Logtown, and if there had been, the slur east upon Charley's keenness, and the eager desire to save that "\$10,-000 in sight" for him would have been sufficient incentives to induce her to dare them, though she knew they awaited shadowy figure rose in the moonlight her. Running over to the postoffice, she among the bushes and from behind a hurriedly engaged the young clerk to black veil, which smothered the voice take care of the instrument for her, and, somewhat, came the hoarse command of dashing back to her room, she soon appeared ready for her eight-mile walk to Logtown. A little silk cap surmounted her head and over it was stretched a black vell to protect her face from the sun and from the evening breeze after dark. Spreading her jaunty parasol she treaded her way along the narrow trail which led through the chaparral into the

dark woods. The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hill, and the goes a cool thousand dollars, as I knows she felt so tired she was tempted to sit down and rest. "Charley's a schoolon. You bet ther boys 'll be out arter down and rest. "Charley's a school-him to-night. I shouldn't wonder if that marm is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight and he don't know it, ch? Well, he shall know it, and have all the credit Leaves it in the box of the discovery, too, there now!" Up, up, down, down, around and around wound the mountain trail, and Frank wound with it, until tired, dusty, breathless, hoarse, and almost crying, she saw the county highway in the sombre moonlight just below her.

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral which here reached to her shoulders she heard the rumbling old stage coach coming round a bend close to her.

With a despairing resolve to go in at teered to search the woods for the road least with the stage if she could not clastic and buoyant—pleasant to lie on, agents. After half an hour's swearing before it, she pushed her closed parasol and valuable as a life preserver in case of through the bushes and waved it to the

their horses and started for the scene of driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse

from her excitement, "Stop! Stop!"
But to her astonishment and dismay, instead of stopping the driver reached down into the boot, and with a "cuss yer, take it!" threw a heavy box into the road, and, lashing his four-in-hand into a run, disappeared down the canon. Poor Frank erouched down into the

chaparral in despair. 'Oh, dear! I haven't walked there and I've lost the stage and poor Charley

oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl and she was not to be beaten until she was.

She got up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face and bravely started on again to Logtown. It was not far and not a half hour clapsed before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canon below

Breathless and panting she hurried to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Some were in the street clinching saddles on to their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage driver.

of gossip with the residents of the camps "Don't I know?" he was angrily above and below them on the line of the shouting, "I tell yer 'twar only a mile back, an' ther cuss shoved his shootin' iron right under my nose! Why didn't I run fer it ? Thar war two uv 'em thar as sure as fightin'.'

Pretty soon, with a yell and a whoop, twenty men galloped up the road with a suggestive-looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charley. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing here?" Oh, Charley, have you sold that mine

yet? Am I too late?" "Too late for what? Sold it? No. and his money up by express and a road agent got away with the stage to-night, and the money with it. I don't believe he'll risk

here in time. Road agent? Oh, that is too rich. Oh dear, oh dear, I shall die" and Frank's voice ended in a high

squeak of laughter.
"Frank, Frank! what is the matter? What do you know about the road agent?" Frank was holding to her sides in despair of stopping her irrepressible laugh.

"Road agent? There wasn't any road agent at all; I stopped the stage to get on, and the driver threw a box at pa-e!"
"What does this mean, Frank? Tell ne, what were you doing on the road at this time of night, all alone?"

It took her a long time to get the story out, but she did, while Charley stood with his mouth open wide enough to represent his played-out claim with "\$10,000

No sooner had Frank told her story that he caught her in his arms with a wild shout; "you little darling, you shall have

every cent of it." About two hours afterward a file of disconsolate, disgusted hørsemen wended heir way up to the tavern, with a "suggestive rope dangling from one of the saddles" and a box containing \$1,000.

It is sufficient to relate that Charley did not sell his \$10,000 in sight, but on the contrary, received a much larger sum; sufficient, in fact, to make him a happier man financially and matrimonially. When enough of the story had been told in the bar-room to account for the stopping of the stage Black Pete had to provide for a smile all round with a continuendo .- Los Angeles (Cal.) Recreation.

The Camorra.

The secret society still exists in Naples, in spite of all the efforts that have been made to root it out. In the vulgar acceptation of the term the camorra is simply an association of criminals, but with ramifications extending through all classes of society, even to the highest seat of authority. To give an example of its most primitive mode of expression: You hire a cab, and at the moment you take your seat the driver throws a halfpenny to the ground. A ragged urchin picks it up, not for himself, but for the camorra; that is its share-its tithe on the driver's profit. The camorra takes cognizance of everything. If you have a house to sell you must pay a tax to the society, otherwise you will get no purchase. Do you wish to buy one? Then pay again, else there will be a conspiracy to raise the price. Now and again you meet a han with his face disfigured by a scar. To n car is the stamp of the society. The ser is a camorrista, who has offended against its rules, and as a punishment has been marked with a razor. I know a foreign manufacturer who dismissed two of his workmen, who afterward threatened to stab him. At first he paid no heed to their threats, but finding the matter become serious he acted upon the advice of a friend, and waited upon a camorrista leader. The latter said to him: "Are you disposed "In course it was," answered Pete, trail was steep and rocky, but Frank to pay us ten pounds a year, in retarn for pushed on, muttering to herself, when which we guarantee that no one shall which we guarantee that no one shall touch you?" "Agreed," said the foreigner. The chief sent for the two workmen, who were members of the camorrib and said to them: "From this day the signore is under our protection." stranger was never molested after that; and what is more extraordinary is, that every time he pays his contribution the camorrist chief asks him, with an amiable smile, if he has no little "commission" for him to execute.-La France.

At a moderate estimate Philadelphia pours into the sea \$2,000,000 worth of ertilizers annually.

Pampas plumes are mentioned for use in mattresses on steamers.

WISE WORDS.

He is not likely to be a true man who is false to God.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

He who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done in pride.

Let us learn to appreciate and value at their true price the little blessings that come to us daily.

There are men who love only themselves; and these are men of hatred, for to love one's self alone is to hate others. Remember that you go grow older every day; if you have bad habits, they grow older too; and the older both grow together the harder they are to separate.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection.

Why is it that a blessing only when it is lost cuts as deep into the heart as a sharp diamond? Why must we first weep before we can love so deeply that our hearts ache!

My friend is one who takes me for what I am. A stranger takes me for something else than I am. We do not speak, we cannot communicate, till we find that we are recognized. The stranger supposes in our stead a third person, whom we do not know, and we leave him to converse with that one.

A Pacific Coast Stage Robber. "Black Bart," a noted stage robber,

has been captured in San Francisco. He is known to have "held up" twenty-seven stages since 1871, when he gave up school-teaching in the northern part of California, having been removed for playing draw poker. He was tracked and caught through a laundryman's mark on a handkerchief that he dropped while hastening from the scene of latest robbery. All the clothes on his person had the tell-tale mark. He is over fifty years of age. He was living in San Francisco, and was supposed to be a miner whose business called him out of the city occasionally. He does not either smoke or drink, and the proceeds of his robberies have been used in sup-porting himself. They call him the poet robber, because he has always left at the scene of one of his exploits a slip of rhyme in a disguised handwriting, signed "Black Bart, Po 8." He wore a mask, and a flour sack over his head, and an old linen duster over his person. In attacking a stage he sprang out and shielded himself in front of the lead horses. He has not taken human life. On the contrary, he is polite, exceedingly so to the lady passengers. He traveled on foot, and got his food in out-of-theway places, and never slept in a house that was occupied. After the robbery on Bear Mountain he might have got a train for San Francisco within twelve miles of the scene, but he walked 150 miles ovet the mountains to the Carson mint to de posit the gold amalgam that was a part of the \$4,000 that he got. The detectives, after the successful termination of five years of "shadowing," hurried him off to Calaveras county jail. His real name is

New Work for the Life-Saving Service. Professor Spencer F. Baird, United States commissioner of fish and fisheries, in conversation with a correspondent in regard to the arrangement made with the life-saving service for the announcement of the stranding of marine animals, said: "A number of specimens have been already received, including some of much interest on account of their rarity, The animals reported thus far have been cetaceans and fishes, but it is probable that as time passes we shall obtain specimens, not only of vertebrate animals, but

of the invertebrates as well. No such arrangement exists in any other country. "Its importance to the advancement of the knowledge of the larger marine vertebrates cannot be overrated," continued Professor Baird. "Hitherto zoologists have been forced to content themselves with examination of specimens of which the stranding has been reported indirectly through the newspapers or other-wise. In the majority of such cases the rapid progress of decomposition has made it impossible to preserve more than the skeleton, and so it has come about that the external appearance of many large species is quite unknown. By the present admirable arrangement, however, and the extension of our railroads, a specialist can be dispatched to almost any point on the Eastern coast in time to observe in a fresh state any stranded animal which may have been reported,"

Machine Guns.

Machine guns in the field are now on tirely abandoned. The French mitrail leuse, from which such wonders were expected, was as heavy as a field gun and required six horses to draw it. Its range was practically the same as that of infantry, and had its disadvantages. If the range was correct and the mark remained steady, great execution was done, but the slightest error would throw every bullet out, unless at short range. Both French and Germans have given up machine guns for the field, and have inreased and developed their field artillery, hey both admit that the machine gun connot face field artillery at artillery ratiges, and that its projectiles have no bwer whateverngainst walls or buildings carthworks; but they believe when two hostile bodies of infantry are closing the machine guns may be brought from coder, in which they should be kept till then, and may then exercise great influened on the result.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Damascus has been a city for 3,396

Patents granted for title of nobility were first made in 1344, by Edward III. Within eleven days after a dog gained access to a Kansas corral of 1,500 sheep,

over 300 died of hydrophobia. A deer was killed in Twigg county, Ga., by a railroad hand, who hit it with a shovel as it was running by him.

The ebony tree grows to be fifteen feet in circumference. The outer wood is pure white, the heart only being perfectly

The "Confederate rose" is a singular flower grown by Joseph C. Bailey, of New Orleans. It is white in the morning, but red at night. It grows in large bunches. Eighty thousand children in the North

of England form the "Dickey Bird socie-They are pledged to protect birds, never to destroy a nest, and to feed birds in winter.

Among the missiles shot from cannon in early times were bolts, which were mentioned as early as 1413. In 1418 Henry V. ordered his clerk of the ordnance to get 7,000 shot made at the Maidstone quarries.

English judges were formerly accustomed to rebuke any gentleman of the bar, who casually said William the Conqueror, instead of William L, on the ground that William succeeded to the

throne by compact, Delos Hotchkiss, of Marion, Conn., owns an orchard in which stands prob-ably the most remarkable apple tree in the world. In the first place, it is nearly 200 years old; it is sixty feet high; the diameter of the tree top is 104 feet, and the circumference of the trunk, three feet from the ground, is fifteen and onehalf feet. One of the peculiarities of this venerable tree is that it is "an alternate bearer"-five limbs bearing fruit one year, and four the next; but, strange to say, it showed its patriotism on the Centennial year by bearing fruit on all its

branches, the first time it ever did so. The Prussian fashion of bestowing honorary colonelcies began through the tailor of Frederick the Great, who, finding that his royal master owed him more than he was likely to pay, obtained an audience of the king, and called his attention to the numbers of foreign potentates who visited his court. These per-sonages, he represented, would doubtless be much gratified if Frederick would create them generals and colonels in his redoubtable army; a uniform would be necessary, and if the king would let him have the order he would at once cancel the bill. Frederick consented, and hence, after some years, King Alphonso,

Uhlan colonel, is hooted in Paris. The particles, "a" and "ap," are abbreviations of Latin prepositions meaning "of" and "a" or "from." Generally, when connected with names, they refer to the town or place where one wa born, or the family estate. In the case, for example, of Thomas a Kempis, author of that famous work entitled "Imitation of Christ," which has been translated into more languages than any o save the Bible, the "a" denotes "from, His family name was Thomas Hammerken. He was born in 1379 or 1380, in the town of Kempen, near Cologne. He was educated first at Daventer, then at Zwolle, and in the convent of St. Agnes. After the custom of the times at these schools, he was known as "Thomas from Kempen," and, finally, as happened in many other such cases, the school-name pushed aside the family name.

* Driving Turkeys to Market.

A Chicago correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal writes: To a Northern man's eyes there is nothing more interesting than "driving turkeys to market" in Kentucky. From about election day, in all Northern cities, until New-Year's day has come and gone, the turkey is truly the great American bird; but we seldom think about where the thousands upon thousands of turkeys come from. 1 am prepared to take oath that Kentucky supplies them all. In one day's ride in Bourbon county I believe I saw 10,000 turkeys. They are bunched together in droves of from 100 to 1,000, their wings eropped, and then driven leisurely to market, like great droves of stock. I am told that nearly every town of any size in Kentucky has its regular turkey abattoir, bearing, in this particular, the same relation to the place as our great Chicago slaughtering houses do to this city, where these fowl are properly prepared for the more important city markets. The inkling I got of the matter will always bring with my Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey pleasant pictures of corn-fields studded with girdled, gathered corn, of bluegrass fields, and of smooth, sinuous pikes crowded with these fowls of the festival time-all in a land of opulent plenty lying placidly beneath an autumnal Kentucky

Hair Oil.

A youngster on Case avenue had noticed a tall black bottle on his father's dressing table, and asked what it was

"That, my son, is hair oil," answered his father with a furtive and wandering look, "and it is not at all nice for little

The youthful questioner took a smell of the contents and asked no more information on the subject. He kept up a good bit of thinking, however, Last unday the family entertained some friends at dinner, and there was plum pudding with brandy sauce. The small boy had found his opportunity. When he was helped to the pudding he sized it

up with large eyes. "Pa," he said, in a loud, shrill tone as he sniffed the sauce afar off, "the hair oil on this puddin' smalls awful good."-Detroit Free Press.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR, GOOD-BYE

The bells ring slow, in muffied tone, The chilling wind makes sadder moan, The flowers are dead, and all must dis-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

The laughing streams run coldly now; Storn winter reigns, with ice-crowned brow; Fair summer is dead and you must die-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Once you were young, but now you're old;

Our youth can ne'er be bought with gold; Your youth is dead; all youth must die-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Your glory came; your glory's gone;

All grandeur and pride shall surely dis-Good-bye, OH Year, good-bye [

You brought us many glittering joys That cloyed and broke like children's toys; Our joys you've killed, now you must die-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye !

You brought us much of gailing grief, But, like our joys, its smart was brief; If joy must die, then grief must die-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Thou wast a year of hundred years,

Of glorious triumph that endears; But ah! as the others, thou must die-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

Though husk must die, the kernel lives; So doth the truth each year e'er gives, Thou brough'st as much that will not die-Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What has Random done that so many people shoot at him?

'Illuminated manuscript"—that which is burning with wit. She is out of print now-the woman

who went back on calico to wear silk. It isn't a great ways to the end of a eat's nose, but it's fur to the end of its

The "skelcton in the closet" was first discovered when the hoopskirt was in-

quito, or a delinquent subscriber is going to settle. No Zincola. A man does not receive a beak pension because he was shot in

It is hard to tell when a lie, a mos-

How a woman can keep on talking while she twists up her back hair and has her mouth full of hairpins is a mystery not yet explained.

Japan has a weather bureau also, but it is wise and discreet, and doesn't pre-dict rain until after the rain has soaked things for a day or two.

When a man finds a dog collar in a piece of mince pic he feels a little sorry for the dog, but his sympathies are mostly concentrated on himself. People talk about the "new moon" when there isn't any new moon. It is the same old moon with a tallow dip

nose, that has been circling around this world for ages. The "laying on of hands cure" is not the failure some persons believe it to be. Many a wise and excellent mother has

used it with great success in the treatment of a refractory offspring. "There are 1,400,000,000 people upon the earth at present, according to the latest statistics," said Mrs. Smith, looking up from the paper. "Only think of it! and we havn't had a caller for two

She-"I am fond of poetry." "Are you, indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns?" She—"No, indeed; they are so extressing. But, then, I am not troubled fruch with them, as ma does

A physician said jocosely to a police-man one evening: "I always feel safe when I see a policeman in the evening, for these is all the cooking. for there is no danger about." "Yes, safer than I feel when I have a doctor about;" was the bright retort.

Sniffen (in his own estimation the rising poet of America): "Ah, do you know, Miss Bracing, that my fancies always come to me in my dreams?" Miss Bracing: "Yes? that is perhaps why they make other people so sleepy." Sniffen, after a moment's hesitation concludes that it would be well to retire for

A young lady, evidently impressed with the idea that she knows all about it, says: "If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl and is persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his suit. Widdwers understand this point, and know exactly how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful."

Professor Newton says that the earth receives about 3,000,000,000 of meteors every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in 100,000,000, years. This agrees with our observations during the past 100,000,000 years in regard to the increase in the size of the earth, though we never counted as many as 3,000,000,000 meteors in one year.

As a dude was passing a residence in Lawrence, Mass., a little girl came to the door and cried: "Monkey, Monkey, come into the house!" The dude was hopping mad, and was just about to ring the bell and demand apologies of thu family, when he saw that the girl was calling a little pug dog in the street. He can't get over his own mistake, though.

An English artist who came to America in the interests of one of the illustrated papers of London fell in with bad company in the course of his stay in Chicago, in the morning he had neither money nor any other valuables, but he remembered the faces of those who had been his companions. So he made portraits of them from memory, and took the pictures to the police, who arrested three of the