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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00 One Square, one inch, three months... \$3.00 One Square, one inch, one year... \$10.00

The United States was the first country to introduce the system of numbering its people every ten years.

Algeria, which sixty years ago was nearly all waste land, has now nine millions of acres under cultivation.

Floods, earthquakes, epidemics and accidents have caused a million deaths in China during the last six months.

India the finest grades of cigars can be bought for half a cent apiece, and cigars are considered rather an expensive luxury at that.

The total receipts of the American Missionary Society from 1892 to 1897 were \$41,586,891, and the total receipts of the 24 societies were \$100,919,000.

The decorations of the late Emperor William, which have been handed over to Emperor Frederick, filled a large case with ten drawers and thirty-two separate compartments.

The largest amount of money any man made by his pen in one year, according to the New York Graphic, was made by a down-to-earth Illinoisan named...

It is proposed to raise \$100,000 for an American church building in Berlin. A number of \$100 subscriptions have already been secured, and pews are to be sold to American colleges and other institutions at \$1000 each for the free use of their graduates.

The Russian nihilists lately arranged to assassinate the author, Tschernichofsky, who has been in prison in Astrachan for several years on account of writing articles displeasing to the censor. His mental and physical condition was such that flight was impossible.

During last winter some two dozen wrecked crews were rescued from the ice by the officers and men of the life-boat stations on the Cape Cod coast. A single man of all these crews has been saved. Nearly half a million dollars of property has also been saved.

The most youthful bank president in the country, if not in the world, is J. W. Bailey, Jr., who has recently been elected President of the Minnehaha National Bank, at Sioux Falls, Dakota. He is an Illinois boy, barely out of his teens, and has already shown capability as a banker.

It was fortunate in the case of triplets born lately in Pekin, China, that they were girls. Had they been all boys, under the laws of the Empire they would have been beheaded, as there is a tradition that one of three children will die, and attempt to overthrow the government.

A Harvard medical student, asserts that a person who is declared "up" by a physician while he can cut off a leg without drawing a drop of blood. The man who owns the leg must also wake up from a sweet slumber, and so far as the patient is concerned, he has never lost himself as to try and scratch the itching member.

News comes from Berlin that sixteen young men of the university, some of them Americans, some English and some Scotch, have formed themselves into an international total abstinence society. An American, J. Warren Forbes, of New Mexico, is president. Professor Bunge's pamphlet, "Die Alkohol Frage," is their hand-book of temperance doctrine.

The United States Signal Bureau is making an effort to render the services of carrier pigeons available in perfecting weather predictions. It has been known for a long time that the Service would be much aided if it could receive daily weather reports from Cuba and the Bahama Islands. Pigeon-cotes have therefore been established at Key West, Fla., under the direction of Lieutenant Thompson.

Inventors disposing of continental patent rights may now ask for a few thousand extra on account of Switzerland, the Electrical Review informs its readers, for the national council of that country has at length passed a bill providing for patents for inventions. Most of our readers will be aware that there have hitherto been no patent laws in Switzerland.

Few people have any idea of the amount of money taken in by the automatic weighing machines which one sees in the corridors of the hotels and other public places," says the Philadelphia Times. "They are opened every week, and the coin is found in a canvas bag attached to the machine. The act of unweaving this bag to take it out has the effect of automatically closing it, so that no one but the proper person can get at any of the contents. It is said that these machines generally average a profit of from \$20 to \$25 a month in this city, and the machine at the Broad Street Station has been known to pay as high as \$100 for the same time. The company owning the machines pay a certain percentage for the privilege of placing them in prominent places."

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

I broke a spray of willow by the brook, When out of a jet of brightly talk it shook: "Ho! ho! I'll kiss with blossoms silver-shed That sun-and-wind-brown cheek!" I found an oakling and plucked off his cap, When up he sprang from his old nurse's lap: "Good-morrow and good-morrow, friend, to you; I'm for the sky-alien!" I peered into so many smiling eyes; They met my own with glances blithe and wise: "You need not look o'erhead—we violets show A little heaven below!" I stood beside a shallow meadow pool, I watched the fairy-shrimps—a twinkling school: "We children of the sun and moistened elod Come at spring's beck and nod!" I saw a musk-rat high floods could not drown, Now smoothly swimming through the water brown: "I'll build me summer galleries cool and dank Beneath the grassy bank!" I turned the turf, when out an earthworm rolled: Uplifting some loose grains of mellowing mold: "I must make haste to stir and break the soil, To help good farmers' toil!" I saw a spider stretch her gossamer ropes; She told me of her secret plans and hopes: "I catch the midge, and tangle in my clasp Sunbeams and rainbow hues!" I heard a honey-bee that, hovering low Above the grass, sang songs of long ago: "New year, new flowers, new sweets, new joys—and yet The old I'll not forget!" I started wide awake, and looked about; I heard a flicker from his watch-tower shout: "And quick-quick, quick-quick, quick-quick, quick-quick—quick!" His rousing notes fell thick: —Edith M. Thomas, in Wide Awake.

ON THE TRAIN.

A STORY OF THE GREAT BLIZZARD.

"It's no use, ladies and gentlemen, we can go no farther. We have done the best we know," said the conductor in tones that he meant to be ordinary and commonplace, but which had an ill-concealed ring of apprehension in them, despite his effort. "You can make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and in two or three hours an engine will be started from the other end of the road to help us out," he continued, and passed on to the engine. This was provoking. There was a whole train load of people, fully ten miles from Lemington, on a little branch road in New Jersey, stopped by the snow. At the conductor's announcement, some of the men arose from their seats, and leisurely walked out after the conductor, with a look of intense disgust on their faces. The lady passengers shivered as they looked out of the windows at the swiftly flying snow, and declared it was too bad. Each expressed his individual opinion to his neighbor, and seemed to ease his mind in so doing, some complaining, some laughing, the great majority, however, and trying to make themselves as comfortable as possible, settled down to wait, how long they did not know. The conductor went ahead to the engine and climbed up into the cab. "Well, Jim, what's the outlook. Can't you drive old Seventy-three through it?" "No, no, no, no, no, no, the tank ahead is fully five feet deep and there is no doubt but that there is fully fifteen feet of snow in the cut, and we're in for it and no mistake. To back out is out of the question, as the first car would be off the track before it had gone a hundred feet; the storm is increasing every moment, and unless they miss us at the other end of the road and send out help, there is no knowing when we will be out of this." "Very well, Jim, we'll make the best we can of it; this is not as bad as a smash-up. Blow the whistle every few moments, so if an engine should be on the road looking for us they will not run us down. I'll go back among the passengers." The three coaches of the train probably contained 150 passengers, on their way from Flemington to Bound Brook. About thirty-five of them were young ladies on their way to school, and their lively chatter, with their frequent bursts of merry laughter, showed that they were not very sorry that the train was stuck in a great, nasty, cold snow-drift. The hours wore slowly and the storm was increasing in fury instead of abating, and the wind, terribly cold, had increased to blow a gale. The hour of noon came and went, but no assistance for the snowed-in travelers. Some one asked the brakeman to put more coal on the fire, as the car was getting cold. The brakeman shook his head, and in an aside to the passenger said that the coal was nearly all gone. The cry for coal came from all the cars, and soon the last bit of coal was gone. The situation began to look desperate, and the men gathered in the baggage car to talk it over away from the women so as not to arouse their fears any more than possible. All suggestions were quickly proven impracticable, there was no way out. At last some one said, "well, we need not freeze to death, we are standing in the woods; get axes and I'll be one to go out and cut wood, and another party can go in search of some house where we can get food. A search through the train brought to light two axes, and a party of five started out into the woods; two worked at cutting down, while the others dragged the wood to the train. In this way the fires in the cars were soon going again, though it kept the two axes working lively to cut enough wood; but there was no lack of hands, as the men were willing and anxious to work. The party that started out in search of a farm house was not so successful. After three hours tramping through the cold and snow, they were forced to return, unsuccessful, to the train, cold, weary and hungry than ever, though there was not a man among them who would acknowledge that he was the least bit hungry. "If we were for the sake of the ladies, you know," and so the night closed in around them, the wind howling, the drifts getting deeper every moment.

Among the lady passengers on the train was a bright, brisk little school-marm who was on her way to her school. She was just as sweet and pleasant as though there was no such thing as snow and cold and discomfort in the world. She went around among the other ladies cheering them up, telling them that the storm was not half as bad as it might be, and that help was sure to come soon. She cheered them up immensely. There was a young man who seemed to be traveling with her as her escort. He did not take the same view of affairs that she did; he just growled and growled, first at the trainmen, "they were a lazy set," then at the railroad company, "they did not care a rap for the comfort of the passengers;" then at the beastly storm. When the men went out to cut wood he did not go, "he was not a wood-chopper," and when the little woman asked him if he was going with the men in search of some food he declined with thanks in no very genteel tone of voice, asking her if she thought him a fool. Some of the male members of the company kind of clenched their fists as they heard his harsh answer to her, and saw the pained expression on her sweet face, but they said nothing, only a muttering of something that sounded like "pitch him in a snow-drift," at which his lordship glared around, but no one dared touch him. There was another young man in the party who attracted attention, but not in the same way as the escort of the school-marm. When anyone suggested anything that promised relief, he was a volunteer to try it; he cut wood for a while and then came back and took snow in the water between the engine and the car, for drinking water for those in the car, and did a dozen other little things to smooth over the discomforts of the time. One thing was noticeable, he studiously avoided the little school-marm and her escort. When the escort noticed him working away his blonde mustache was seen to tingle, which proved that the lip that bore it was sneering. The little school-marm looked rather strange at times at the active young man, and when they chanced to come near each other, which was seldom, she avoided his glance. The hours of the night wore slowly away, the men worked in relays at chopping wood, a party of one ax in the woods chopping, another party with the other ax was in the baggage car cutting the wood into proper length to go into the stoves. The active young man had helped pull up the car seats and arrange them into couches for the ladies, as being more comfortable and sheltered. He kept a proper and he kept bringing in large amounts of wood to put in the stove. The escort was walking up and down like a bear in a cage, growling and in everybody's way; he walked from one car to another and kept the doors on the swing, letting in lots of cold air and letting everybody know that he was hungry and cold and that he was not a wood-chopper. The little school-marm looked rather strange at times at the active young man, and when they chanced to come near each other, which was seldom, she avoided his glance. The hours of the night wore slowly away, the men worked in relays at chopping wood, a party of one ax in the woods chopping, another party with the other ax was in the baggage car cutting the wood into proper length to go into the stoves. The active young man had helped pull up the car seats and arrange them into couches for the ladies, as being more comfortable and sheltered. He kept a proper and he kept bringing in large amounts of wood to put in the stove. The escort was walking up and down like a bear in a cage, growling and in everybody's way; he walked from one car to another and kept the doors on the swing, letting in lots of cold air and letting everybody know that he was hungry and cold and that he was not a wood-chopper. The little school-marm looked rather strange at times at the active young man, and when they chanced to come near each other, which was seldom, she avoided his glance.

and they bore among them the apparently lifeless form of the active young man. They brought him in the car and laid him on one of the improvised couches. Life was not extinct, but it would have been ere long had he not been found. He had evidently reached some house and was on his way back, for clasped in his arms when they found him in a huge drift, where he had sunk exhausted, were five loaves of bread and a whole ham. When the little school-marm saw that he was not dead, she brightened up wonderfully and was as brisk as ever. They rubbed the active young man with snow and finally brought him back to consciousness. In the excitement of restoring the active young man, the other people gradually gathered at the other end of the car and left them alone, casting knowing looks in their direction every once in a while. A short time afterward the little school-marm to a lady, whose acquaintance she had formed, that she and the active young man had been lovers, and had quarreled and took snow in the water between the engine and the car, for drinking water for those in the car, and did a dozen other little things to smooth over the discomforts of the time. One thing was noticeable, he studiously avoided the little school-marm and her escort. When the escort noticed him working away his blonde mustache was seen to tingle, which proved that the lip that bore it was sneering. The little school-marm looked rather strange at times at the active young man, and when they chanced to come near each other, which was seldom, she avoided his glance. The hours of the night wore slowly away, the men worked in relays at chopping wood, a party of one ax in the woods chopping, another party with the other ax was in the baggage car cutting the wood into proper length to go into the stoves. The active young man had helped pull up the car seats and arrange them into couches for the ladies, as being more comfortable and sheltered. He kept a proper and he kept bringing in large amounts of wood to put in the stove. The escort was walking up and down like a bear in a cage, growling and in everybody's way; he walked from one car to another and kept the doors on the swing, letting in lots of cold air and letting everybody know that he was hungry and cold and that he was not a wood-chopper. The little school-marm looked rather strange at times at the active young man, and when they chanced to come near each other, which was seldom, she avoided his glance.

A Wonderful Printing Machine.

The American Bobolink describes a machine which takes in paper at one end and turns out completely bound books at the other at the rate of 5000 copies an hour. There are three great iron cylinders, arranged in a row, each having a diameter of six feet, and weighing about three tons each. On one of these are the forms which do the printing in quadruple series, the other two acting solely as impression cylinders. In combination with the cylinder carrying the printing forms are ink fountains, form and distributing rollers, while in combination with the impression cylinders are novel appliances for handling (automatically), revising, assembling, folding, covering and delivering the complete books. This remarkable contrivance requires eight tons of paper, with a corresponding amount of printing ink, and it turns out books in a single day, and it requires only two men, of 50,000 pounds capacity each, to transfer the output for a single week. This machine is built in Philadelphia by its inventor and patentee, at whose establishment the visitor may see in daily and nightly operation no less than six of these mammoth machines turning with surprising rapidity and regularity their miles of paper into printed matter ready for the perusal of the reader.

Cloud Telegraphy.

A remarkable experiment in signaling with electric lights was recently made by the officers of two vessels of the British navy, the Orion and Espoir, off the port of Singapore. The Espoir had sailed from that port for Hong Kong, leaving the Orion in the harbor of Singapore. When the Espoir was sixty miles distant the Orion sent her message by means of the electric light. But can a light be seen sixty miles away? Certainly not, in its direct rays; but the crew threw a brilliant blue of light upon the clouds, and the reflection of this light was distinctly seen on board the Espoir. More than this, the Orion, having thrown upon the clouds a regular message by means of successful flashes, this message was read and understood on board the Espoir. The question has been asked whether this means of communication might not be made of practical advantage. It would depend, it is true, upon the condition of the atmosphere, and upon cloudless nights there would be nothing to reflect from, but it seems entirely practicable to use the light of the most important light-house, or else much farther at sea on cloudy nights by providing them with an apparatus enabling them to throw a series of reflections upon the clouds.—Youth's Companion.

Preferred the Younger Brother.

A New York bachelor over seventy years of age recently visited Maine, fell in love with a damsel less than half his age, was accepted, and went home to prepare for the coming of his bride. When all things were in order, instead of going after the betrothed himself he sent his brother. The younger man was pleased with his future sister-in-law, so pleased that he persuaded her to marry him before starting for New York.—Belmont (Me.) Press.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Preserving Eggs.

Any method which will keep the air from the inside of the shell will preserve eggs for a certain length of time. Eggs for packing should not be more than one day laid, and packed in the fine weather, the best season being from April to September. One method of packing is to immerse them in lime water and set away in a cool cellar, this, though usually successful for some weeks, often destroys the eggs by keeping them in too long. A better way is to back them in salt in a stone jar. Put a layer of salt two inches thick in first, and alternate layers of eggs and salt to fill the jar, the eggs standing on the larger end; a thick layer of salt should be put on last. Cover with a stone cover and set in a cool, dry place.—Detroit Free P. ea.

A New Coverlet.

Cheese-cloth quilts are the new coverlets, and command themselves, being warm and inexpensive. The materials needed are ten yards of the cheese-cloth and five one-pound rolls of cotton. The cheese-cloth when cut into lengths of two and a half yards is placed on a bed or table. Over this is laid a layer of cotton batting, which has previously been placed before a hot fire or register, unrolling it from the bundle over a chair or clothes-horse. This causes the cotton to expand to twice its first thickness. A second layer goes crosswise, and so on until all the cotton has been utilized. Over the last layer is placed the second cover of cheese-cloth, and the whole tied with worsted, in bed-quilt fashion. A rather stitching completes the edge.—Commercial Advertiser.

Teach the Girls to Sew.

Who can say that the inventions of the nineteenth century do not show us to be going ahead, pushing onward to perfection? Not only is this the case in scientific matters, but in all branches pertaining to household work. One of the latest, however, we are using around. Our daughters are not taught the use of the needle, as were our grandmothers in the good old times of "long ago," for did they not fashion dainty, beautiful garments, without the aid of the sewing machine, with its numerous attachments, hemmer, ruffler, tucker, corder and binder? In "grandma's day" every ruffe was hemmed, rolled, whipped and sewed on by hand. In undergarments every seam was neatly felled, every yard of flannel was after being run together, nicely and evenly "catstepped," and without this pretty finish was considered a bawling, unsightly piece of work of the kind. In many cases too much time and eyesight were spent in beautifying and adorning ladies' underwear. Particularly was this the case when days, weeks and even months were spent in elaborately embroidering the chemise and nightgown yokes so much in vogue twenty and thirty years ago. This is something we would not do now, and now that Hamburg embroidery, and woven trimmings are so cheap and pretty there is no excuse for it.

Neither do I condemn the use of the sewing machine, but I contend that to do good machine work it is almost necessary for one to understand how to do plain sewing. I think all mothers should be taught by their own daughters, who are ten years of age to teach them the rudiments of this branch of household work. I am fully aware of the objections urged by most mothers, mainly, want of time, if not want of time on the part of the mother, want of time on the part of the child; many times it is a want of inclination on the part of one or both.

Do not let your child commence too soon on fancy and decorative work, but give her a good foundation by a thorough drill in plain sewing while yet young enough to be guided by your instruction. With this foundation all branches of ornamental work will be comparatively easy.—Good Housekeeping.

Recipes.

RICE ENTRÉE.—Stew a cup of rice until well done, add a small cup of milk, two well beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste, pour into a shallow pan, sprinkle grated cheese thickly over the top and bake until the top is nicely browned.

POTATO FRIED.—Mix about a pint of hot washed potato with one egg, season to taste, and roll it in flour. Make it into balls and press or roll it out thin, put a tablespoonful of meat, minced and seasoned, on one half, fold over and press the edges together and brown on each side in drippings.

BEEF SMOTHERED IN TOMATO.—Cut an onion fine and fry it slowly in one tablespoonful of butter in a stew pan. Add one pint of tomatoes, cooked and strained, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and one pound of beef cooked or uncooked, cut in small pieces. Simmer very slowly until the meat is tender.

ORANGE SWEETENED.—Place a layer of strawberries in a deep dish, cover thickly with pulverized sugar; then a layer of berries, and so on, until all are used. Pour over them orange juice, in the proportion of three oranges to a quart of berries, let stand for an hour and just before serving sprinkle with powdered ice.

RICE AND ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Wash well half a pound of rice and parboil it in water, cool in cold water, drain, and then cook it with a quart of beef broth for twenty minutes; then pour in two quarts more of beef broth. Put in at the last moment a pint of small cooked green asparagus tops, boil a minute and pour into the soup tureen and serve.

EGG SALAD.—One quart of tomatoes, add one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, a few drops of onion juice and one tablespoonful of sugar; pour in a dish and sprinkle with crumbs, put in the tomatoes; cover with one cup cracker crumbs moistened with butter. Bake until brown. Fresh or canned tomatoes may be used for the above. Use plain crumbs.

CHEERY SOUP.—The materials needed for this soup are one quart of rich brown stock, one pint of carrot, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and one small onion sliced. Wash and scrape the carrot. Shave off in thin slices a pint of the outer part. Do not use the yellow centre. Cook the carrot with the onion in boiling salted water until tender. Rub the carrot through a colander, add the stock and heat again. Add the sugar, salt and pepper, and when hot serve immediately with croutons.

WOMEN OF TWO NATIONS.

GIRLS WHO ARE CLOSELY GUARDED BY THEIR RELATIVES.

The French Girl of Society—The Young Girl in Italian Society—Maidenly Freedom Restricted.

In French homes, writes Grace Greenwood in the Chicago Herald, I have remarked a certain quiet, orderly precision of affairs, a real apparent harmony, watchful rather than doting parental affection, and a filial piety almost out of fashion in our free and progressive country. French children are usually unobtrusive and quietly grave, natural and simple in their habits and tastes, but hardly so in their manners, which shows a marked difference, and are a little too ceremonious. Nearly all girls of Catholic parents, not taught at home by governesses and masters, are educated in convents, as pensionnaires, or as day scholars. In such institutions they are severely drilled in the catechism and in polite manners; in history, science and natural sciences and in geography, which, by the way, is the weak point with most French people, for whom all lands beyond their frontiers, especially across alien seas, are resolved into lazy, undetermined regions, inhabited principally by races more or less inferior and barbaric. French girls are also good arithmeticians, and are well-instructed in music, drawing and dancing. Very young French girls are only charming in a demure, shy way. They all seem ingenious, and some are really so. They are all light-hearted, and many light-headed. They passionately love amusements, and are easily amused—a little pleasing going a great way with them. This wholesome thing I know about them is their intense love of the country and its simple avocations and pastimes. The French girl can hardly be said to "come out" in society. She is brought out and is never seen without her mother or some other respectable and watchful chaperon. Everything, to the last minute, is planned and arranged for her. She is not supposed to have a will or judgment of her own; least of all in the matter of marriage. I am speaking, of course, of the average French girl of society. I have known some exceptions outside of Mme. Greville's novels—some remarkably intelligent, independent girls, whose heads were allowed to go with their hearts. But the average mademoiselle, modest and docile, usually accepts the choice of her parents, without a word of protest, and goes on to much ado—sometimes with alacrity. In Italy the young girl of society can hardly be said to be in society at all, so hampered and fettered is she by the most jealous, suspicious care and surveillance. To walk alone, however quietly and circumspectly, on a city street were an act of startling rashness and eccentricity, laying her open to the charge of having been contaminated by English or American ideas and customs. For her to walk, drive, ride or sail with a familiar friend, of whatever age or condition, but of the dangerous sex, without a chaperon, would be to fatally compromise herself. It is not even considered the proper thing for her to attend any place of amusement under the escort solely of a "big brother," as all the world might not know him for a brother. Her education has been very like that of French sisters—perhaps more so, to history and the sciences, thorough as to religious tenets, legends and observances, and as to polite accomplishments. From the hour of her betrothal to that of her marriage the guard over her morals and manners is redoubled, and such a thing as an unwitnessed tête-à-tête between her and her affianced lover is not to be thought of. This is the harder, as the Italian maiden, being more ingenious, romantic, and susceptible than the French demoiselle, is often really in love with her fiance, and being less absorbed in her trousseau, broods and frets more under such unnatural restrictions. As for the beauty of Italian women—well, it seems to me that, like the climate, it must be taken a good deal on faith; that either the poets and painters have always exaggerated it, or the gods have lately "gone back" on it. In the north more comeliness is found among the country women, especially in complexion and symmetry of form, than among the aristocracy of cities. On a "first night" at the Scala, when the aristocracy is out in force, you can count the really handsome women on the fingers of one hand, while you would have to use all your digits and borrow your neighbor's to reckon up the rarely ugly.

A Queer Savings Bank.

There is a certain young student at the Boston School of Technology whose method of regulating his personal expenditures is so strikingly original as to be worthy of description, says the Chicago Tribune. Like many another youth of salad age, he finds it impossible to refrain from squandering his money. It simply buras a hole in his pocket. No matter how much he is supplied with, it is all expended in frivolousness as soon as he gets it. This weakness of his has given much pain to the young gentlemen's relatives, and to himself has been a source of no little embarrassment. So, to get over the difficulty, he has hit upon the following plan: Upon receiving the check for a fortnight's allowance, intended to cover his living expenses, he first liquidates any indebtedness that may be outstanding to his lodging house keeper and washer woman and converts the whole of the balance into 50-cent silver pieces. Then going to his room and closing the door, he takes the coins by handfuls and scatters them broadcast about the floor. A few of those which remain in plain sight he puts into his pockets. When they are spent he picks up a few more, and so on, as necessity requires. After a week or so has passed he is compelled to hunt around pretty sharply for the cash, and the last days of the fortnight find him grubbing under the washstand and the bureau, poking beneath the bed and squinting down the register in the hope of discovering a stray half-dollar that has eluded previous search. But, though occasionally impoverished, he is seldom reduced to absolute penury. The landlady looks out for his money, lest a dishonest chambermaid should be current two weeks allowance, and his pecuniary affairs administered themselves on a thoroughly systematic basis.

"QUIT YOUR FOOLIN'."

Girl's is queer! I use to think Emmy didn't care for me, For whenever I would try Any lovin' arts, to see How she'd take 'em—'wove or abur— Always, saucy-like, says she: "Quit your foolin'!" Once, agin' home com church, Jest to find if it would work, Round her waist I slipped my arm— My! you'd ought to see her jerk. Spunky! well, she acted so— And she snappled me up as perk— "Quit your foolin'!" Every time 'twas jest the same, Till one night I says, says I— Chokin' some I must admit, Tremblin' some I don't deny— Emmy, slobber! I don't suit, Guess I better say 'goodby,' "Quit your foolin'!" Girl's is queer! She only laughed— Cheeks all dimplin'; "John," says she, "Foolin' men, that never give Road in earnest, ain't for me" Want't that cute! I took the hint, An' a chair, an' staid, an' we Quit our foolin'!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Great Scott!"—Sir Walter. A couple of castaways—Old shoes. The greyhound is a headlong animal. A cereal story—A lie about the grain crop. Chestnut—a new name for an old thing. When the tailor gets rich it is by sheer industry. A blind teacher would naturally have had pupils. If one were his own dentist he might have teeth extracted without payin'. The undertaker may not boast of his athletics, but he's something of a boxer. The Cincinnati Commercial speaks of a petriated girl. She was probably rocked too much in her infancy. Most of the unwashed New York Anarchists are Russians. There is very little self-bathing in Russia. "I cannot sing the old songs— I sang long years ago." Where a cheerful friend remarked: "Thank Heaven that is so." She (happily)—"Aren't the oysters delicious, George?" He (apprehensively)—"Yes; and so are the crackers. Best I ever ate!"—The Bits.

As the man in the moon gets full he shines larger and brighter. The man on earth who gets full simply gets red in the face, and—foolish. Beer is not generally considered an expensive drink, but a little porter on a drawing-room car will often cost you half a dollar.—New York News.

French as She is Spoke.—Patron (to restaurant waiter): "Give any 'Brie cheese?" Waiter (astounded)—"Only the pair I've got on.—Hotel Mal."

"Can anything settle the servant girl question?" asks a weary housekeeper. To which we respectfully reply: "Yes, the kerosene can."—New York Mercury.

Papa of Calvinistic faith, has just heard that Mollie was at the theatre last evening.—"Good morning, daughter of Satan B." Mollie—"Good morning, father."—Life.

There are 1010 medicines in the pharmacopoeia of the United States, and in most communities there is one man who has tried every one of them before discovering that there never was anything the matter with him. Father (to would-be son-in-law)—"Youngman, will you be able to take care of my daughter in the style in which she has always been accustomed?" Young Man—"I'll guarantee it, sir, or return the girl."—New York Sun.

"None of your sauce to me, miss," said the man who must have his little joke, with an assumption of brusqueness as the waiter girl was about to place a dish of marmalade beside his plate at supper.—Detroit Free Press.

"Another big wash out on our line!" exclaimed the railroad employe's indignant protest, pointing to the string of whitened clothes which stretched from their back window to a house across the way.—Detroit Free Press.

"Would the ladies be in favor of a uniform marriage law, do you think?" asked a member of Congress of one of his fair constituents; and the replied: "Very likely if the uniform were a pretty one and had a handsome man in it."

"Ha, ha! How do you feel now?" asked one fly of another, which had been caught on a piece of exterminator paper, and was in vain trying to wade through the general stickiness. "Glad no," was the brief reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"This is very strange," remarked Billy Bliven, thoughtfully, after he had tasted the contents of his butter-dish; "very strange indeed." "What is strange?" "That such delicate, pale butter should turn out to be so robust."

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father, reproachfully, "that you should strike your brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy with an air of having the better of it.—Life.

"Whose picture is that?" asked the new owner of a Nelson's opera-house of an artist who had been told to decorate the building according to his own taste. "Shakespeare's," replied the artist, "Shakespeare! Who's that? Never heard of him. Paint it out and put my picture there."

At Cannes, in front of a small boot-maker's shop, the English tourist may find the following inscription in his own language: "Repairs hung with stage coach." After long and anxious thought he may arrive at the cobbler's meaning, who only wishes to inform his numerous patrons that "repairs are executed with diligence."

There is an antiquated custom in Vienna by which house-owners, instead of paying their porters properly, allow them to be a great deal of time every fortnight returning after ten o'clock at night. The consequence is that the streets are comparatively deserted after that hour.