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Experiments at Chicago prove Texas fever to be contagious.

The longest ocean cable in the world is to be laid from Canada to Australia, 7500 miles.

Statistics of the cost of public education in Prussia has just been published. They show that the cost is fifteen cents per head.

A Kansas ranchman predicts that cheap beef and mutton of the future will come from the immense grassy plains of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

The German colony in China is said to number about 600 members. The number of German mercantile firms is about sixty-five, larger than that of any other nationality excepting England.

Competent authorities estimate the total area of land in British India capable of producing wheat at nearly 70,000,000 acres, less than one-third of which has as yet been utilized for the purpose.

The only recognized G. A. R. post outside of the United States is said to be in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. It is called Post George W. De Long and always observes Memorial Day with fitting ceremonies.

California now ranks sixteenth in the list of States arranged from a point of view of mileage. Illinois is followed by Iowa, Texas and Kansas, while California ranks sixteenth with 3677.

The California State Board of Horticulture offers prizes for essays on the best methods of crystallizing fruits. The splendid flavor of most crystallized fruit is due to the fact that the water is removed, the sugar is concentrated, and the cells are preserved.

During the last five years 423 lives have been lost at sea among the English fishing fishermen. There are 49,221 fishermen and boys regularly employed. The number of boats is 13,135, and the capital invested in them and in their outfit exceeds \$8,369,000.

The school census of Chicago shows a total population of 802,651, an increase of 100,000 over the last two years of 1886 and 1887. The average yearly increase of the city is 10,000. The total for Cook county is 1,071,982, an increase in two years of 100,588, and in eight years of 454,461.

And an hunting is, according to the Atlanta Constitution, the popular amusement in Brazil. On the frontiers it is a common thing for parties of white men to attack Indian villages and slaughter the inhabitants. When this is impossible they poison the wells with strychnine, and in this way murder helpless and innocent victims by wholesale. The water will be brought to the notice of the government.

Fays the New York Sun: "Now there is another rash of invalids like that of the consumptives who go to the Atlantic to be cured. This time the rash is by rheumatism, who believe that they can be cured by standing near the dynamo in electric light establishments. This new fad grows out of the idea that men employed in the manufacture of electric machinery never have rheumatism or neuralgia. It is said to be a fact, and another statement is that if a rheumatic gets work that takes him constantly beside dynamo, his disease quickly leaves him."

Port Huron, Mich., has a gas well that is six years old. The finders did not know what it was when they struck it. It was put down for oil, and as the Times says, the objects for which the work was undertaken not having been reached, it was abandoned, and by some strange phase in this wide-awake community it is being forgotten. The site of the hole was originally a hollow basin. It is now a mound. The fire of the gas through those years has forced over 500 tons of matter out of the bowels of the earth and is still at work. A power that might have been used in lighting and heating our city is thus running to waste in building a miniature hill.

The practice of sub-irrigation by means of tiles, says the New York Times, is the exact reverse of the drainage, water being supplied to the land through the tiles instead of being drained away from it. But there is no economy in the quantity of water used; the ground must be saturated anyhow, and it makes no matter how the water is supplied. Twenty thousand gallons would supply an acre of land with three-fourths of an inch of water, and this would be sufficient in Florida, if given once a week, so that a tank of this capacity filled every twenty-four hours would supply five acres. At first a much larger quantity of water is required until the soil is filled, and then the quantity evaporated only needs to be restored. This quantity depends, of course, upon the dryness of the weather and upon the nature of the soil, sandy land and porous subsoil requiring more water by percolation than heavier land with clay under it.

MOSS. Strange tapistry, by nature spun On viewless looms, aloof from sun, And spread through lonely nooks and grots Where shadows reign, and leafy rest—Oh, moss, of all your dwelling spots, In which one are you loveliest!

Is it when near grim roots that coil Their snaky black through humid soil Or when you wrap in woodland gloom, The great pine trunks rotted red, Or when you dim, on sombre tombs, The "requisants" of the dead!

Or is it when your lot is cast In some quaint garden of the past On some gray, crumpled basin's brim, With conches that midwived tritons blow Whirls round, through the poplars prim Looms up the tursted chateau!

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves Your emerald films on low dark leaves, Above where pink porch roses peer, And woodhens break in fragrant foam, And children laugh—and you can hear The faintings of the heart of home.—Edgar Wallace, in Mail and Express.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

"We might just as well have been standing behind the counter in New York all these ten days," sighed Barbara Hale, "for all the out-of-the-way adventures we've had."

"Who wants out-of-the-way adventures?" said Dorcas, scornfully. "The three girls—Barbara, Dorcas and Mary—were sitting on a side hill, under the shade of a grand old cedar tree. Barbara, who had once taken a quarter's lessons in drawing, had a sketchbook in her lap, and was trying—with but ill success, it must be owned—to reproduce the lovely, ribbon-like curves of the river that wound its way through the valley below.

Mary had her needlework in her lap, and Dorcas, with her hands clasped under her head, had long given up all attempt to read the paper covered notebook that she had brought with her. "The sun and the sunshine are so much better!" she said.

"They were three shop girls—bright, ambitious, spirited young things, full of life and aspirations, even though they were kept down by the force of circumstances, and they had obtained three of their slender resources, in order to enjoy their vacation to better advantage.

Dorcas, the business member of the firm, had bought an excursion ticket first, and traveled out to Shepley's Valley to see what could be done. But it is needless to say that the hotel and boarding-house prices were far beyond their simple means.

"You might try Old Man Morris," said the portly dame who kept the Valley House. "It's a quiet place, and Mrs. Morris she ain't no great of a cook, but there's them as has boarded there, I'm told."

"Where is it?" eagerly asked Dorcas. "Out on the land, away to the door to point out a slender thread of smoke that was curling up heavenward from a mass of woods on a distant hill, and once more Dorcas set forth on her pilgrimage, this time with undoubted success.

She engaged one room. The board, to be sure, was plain, the bed a coarse hunk mattress, with a blanket spread on the floor for Dorcas herself, the furniture home-made and unattractive. But there was a grove of pine woods in the rear, the backbirds piped their sit-or-futes all day long, and the bees darted in and out of the red lilacs by the garden wall, and our three heroines believed themselves to be in Paradise.

But even as Barbara Hale thus bewailed herself, a portentious shadow swept across the sun, and looking around, she saw a thundercloud piled thick upon the western sky, while distant mutterings, and now and then a sudden flash, announced the coming of a storm.

Dorcas sprang to her feet. Barbara began hurriedly to fold up her sketching apparatus. Mary put her thumb and scissors in her pocket. "We must get home as quickly as possible," cried a third voice. "But in availing themselves of a 'short cut' aross a patch of woods, they got helplessly lost. The sun set behind the purple battlement of clouds, the dusk fell rapidly in these dense woods, and the rain began to patter down in huge drops.

"But it's some shelter," said Mary, cheerfully. "We'll stay here until the shower is over, and then make the best of our way home."

"The shower, however, showed no indication of abating in its vigor. The rain still poured down in sheets; the thunder still followed through the rocky gorge where the cabin had been built; the lightning still lit up everything with sudden spurts of blue flame, like pantomimic effects.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Barbara wringing her hands; "it must be midnight!" "It can't be but nine o'clock yet," said Mary.

"And I'm so hungry! Oh, how I wish I hadn't eaten the last of those sandwiches! Oh, oh! what is that?" fluttered Barbara.

An unusually vivid electric flash had revealed something white and spectral at the window. All three girls jumped at once.

"The ghost!" shrieked Barbara, stopping her ears and shutting her eyes as tight as was practicable.

"A stray white cow," suggested Mary. "A young man in a flannel tennis suit," said Dorcas, the closest observer of all.

"Don't let him come in," said Barbara. "We shall be robbed and murdered." "Not while we are three to one," said Dorcas.

And at the same moment a voice sounded hurriedly at the door: "Please, may I come in. I know it seems intrusion, but it's raining a deluge, and I'm wet through."

"Come in by all means," said Mary. And the ghost entered, dripping like a fountain.

"All in the dark!" said he groping his way. "There are no gas jets here," said Dorcas, ironically.

"But we might have a little blaze of sticks," hazarded the new arrival, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog. "I saw by that last glare of lightning, that there was a heap in the corner, and I've got my match box intact."

"Oh, that would be splendid!" cried Dorcas, who was wet and shivering. "And I've got some fish on a string outside, and we could have some supper," suggested the ghost, cheerfully.

"I'm so-o-o hungry!" wailed Barbara. The stranger was evidently used to mountain camping. He had a fire kindled in no time, and the fish, cleaned by aid of his pocket-knife and washed in one of the pools outside, were presently boiling over the coals, emitting a most savory smell.

"I thought he was very nice," said Barbara, "and I thought, perhaps, he was going to be the beginning of a real adventure."

September set in, sultry as the tropics this year, and the three girls returned to Archer's great store with unwilling footsteps.

But the cashier met them with a smiling face. "I've received instructions," said he, "to raise the salaries of all the girls in this department ten per cent. Young Mr. Archer himself told me to do so."

"Young Mr. Archer?" "There he is now!" said the cashier. And the next minute the hero of the rainy night had come up, and was cordially shaking hands with them.

"Then you are not the tailor's young man after all!" said Mary, a little taken aback.

"Did I say I was?" said Archibald Archer. "At the end of the autumn little Barbara Hale had a confession to make."

"Girls," said she, "when I thought that young Mr. Archer was going to be the beginning of an adventure, I was right. He has asked me to marry him, and when we go on our summer vacation next year, we shall go together!"

And Mary and Dorcas kissed little Barbara, and congratulated her from the very bottom of their hearts.

"This," said they, "is an adventure worth having."—Saturday Night.

Dogs as Motive Power in Germany. Some philanthropist in Germany should send his name reverberating down the ages as the friend and protector of overworked dogs. The condition of these poor animals throughout Germany, writes Blakely Hall in the New York Sun, is a blot upon nineteenth century civilization.

They passed a law in England prohibiting the use of dogs for dragging vehicles, but there is no such law in Germany. A customary sight is a woman seventy-five years of age harnessing to a cart with two dogs, drawing it wearily along country roads or through the streets of the cities.

Very often the woman gives it up or is too feeble to bear her share, and then she varies the journey by alternately pushing the cart and whipping the dogs as she walks by their side.

A cart about the size of a street car in New York, and often loaded with merchandise, is the usual load for old woman and two dogs. A cart of smaller dimensions is often dragged by the dogs alone, and sometimes one poor beast is seen struggling along under a load that an American would consider up to the powers of an average horse.

The dogs are of all sorts of breeds, but invariably large and strong. They are muzzled—for they grow savage under their harsh treatment—and are harnessed to a good deal after the fashion of horse. The faithfulness and industry of the poor creatures are wonderful. They will toil along the dusty roads straining every muscle in their bodies until they drop dead in their tracks, and dead dog by the roadside in this county are by no means uncommon.

MISSOURI MEERSCHAUMS.

MANUFACTURING THE HUMBLE CORN COB PIPE.

The Only Factory of the Kind in the World—Turning Them Out by the Million. The handsomest houses here come of corn cob pipes, writes a Washington, Mo., correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The most pretentious business building is given to corn cob pipe making. The principal business of Washington, in fact, is the turning out of these adjuncts to a smoker's outfit, which are familiarly called "Missouri Meerschaums."

Beyond all this Washington enjoys the distinction of being the only possessor in the world of a corn cob pipe factory.

In 1878 H. Tibbe secured the patent for filling the interstices of a cob with what is described in the application for the patent as "a cement-like substance." The substance is simply plaster of paris.

The manufacture of pipes was then begun in a small way. In 1882 Upton L. Meerschaums, of Kansas City, had some thought of going into the same business, but, with several others, took an interest in the Washington factory and organized a stock company. The operations then became more active, and have so increased that Mr. Tibbe now receives \$30 a month royalty on his patent.

Beyond this he holds one-third of the stock, the remaining two-thirds being divided between Mr. Weirich and three others. The exact amount of the annual profits is not known to the public, but the best posted claim that each one of the five stockholders pulls out about \$10,000 a year.

By the arrangement under which the pipes are made, the company is relieved of the responsibility of selling the product or of investing any large sum in stock or machinery. The sole care of the members is to buy the cobs as they are offered by farmers. They are turned over to the outside party, who contracts to make the pipe, at to such a gross. The finished pipes are taken by one St. Louis wholesale house, which agrees to take all the company can produce.

The only annoyance experienced by the company is now and then a scarcity of cobs. Neighboring farmers do not seem to "catch on" to the fact that they can make more from the cobs raised than from the corn itself. The kind known as the Collier cob is preferred, as it is larger and the corn is not set in as deep as in other varieties. For good cobs one cent apiece is paid, and many a load is made to have realized \$30.

Farmers in the vicinity of Washington are urged to grow the Collier corn and bring in the cobs. An insight into the manner of manufacture, obtained after considerable trouble: The accessories are of the simplest kind. They are so simple that there is only wonder that so good a thing could have been kept in one company's hands so long. The cobs are delivered at the factory and are dumped under cover. They are then sorted and the good ones counted and paid for.

The desirable size is one and five-eighths inches in diameter, farmers being supplied with iron rings of that size through which to try cobs. Those rejected are invariably left by the farmer, not being worth carrying away and are used in the factory furnaces for fuel. The good cobs are then sawed by small circular saws to the right length for turning, one big cob making two pipes. The boring follows. The piece of cob is placed in a lathe and held lightly, and an inch auger connected with a rapidly revolving shaft is brought down through the cob's center for a specified distance.

This is done wonderfully fast by the boys, who are proficient from practice. With one hand they jam the cob in the cup, bring down the auger with a movement of the lever by the other hand, and in a twinkling it is over. Almost as fast as they can be counted the sawed pieces of cobs are bored. The turners next take the pieces. There are two shapes to the pipes, the "pear" and "straight." The first swell in the center and are rounded at the bottom; the others are only smoothed, the natural contour of the cob being left unchanged. The turners are experts. They have no patterns, but are guided by their eye and the condition of the cob. The piece already bored to a spindle, the other end having a spring bearing that gives the pressure to hold it steady. With a turning tool the cob is cut down to the firm body and the shape given, exactly as in wood turning. The fastest turner in the factory can do 3000 pieces in a day of ten hours, but the average for the six men engaged in this particular part of the work is 2500. They are paid \$1 per 100.

The next step involves the patent looked upon as throwing the law's protection a round the company's interests. The fillers, so-called, carry it out. They are boys, who fix the bored and turned pieces of cobs on spindles similar to those used by the turner, grab a handful of plaster of paris and clutch the revolving embryo pipe. A jar of water covers the lathe, so fixed that a thin stream flows down and moistens the plaster. One grab, presto! all the irregularities of the cob are filled with plaster. The pieces are then dried, sandpapered and shellacked. All is in machinery, and when the shellac is dry, the pipes are ready for packing.

The amount of plaster or shellac used is trifling. One barrel of plaster will fill 300 pipes, and one gallon of shellac will cover them; the stems are of Arkansas cane, and come already cut. Of the factory's capacity, Mr. Weirich said it was intended to make 350 gross of pipes a week, and the shop would run through the year if a sufficient supply of cobs could be had. There was never an accumulation of stock, as the cobs usually came in by the single load and were worked up very fast.

For filling the interstices of the cob the company looks upon plaster of paris as the best thing possible. Many cobs do not have to be filled at all, being large enough to turn down smooth. One early preparation tried was of cornstarch and gamboge, but this was not satisfactory. Nothing is done to the inside of the pipes, the cob being left in a natural condition. The new patent filling has chalk, pumice-stone and sulphate of potassium among its ingredients.

There are now about 500,000 ten keepers in the United States. Many of them are procuring several tons of honey annually from their bees.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Pretty Plaque.

Take a piece of stiff pasteboard the size of a cabinet photograph, and on one side place a layer of wadding. Cover with dark blue velvet, being careful to have it lie perfectly smooth, and fasten on the wrong side. Take another piece of pasteboard a little smaller than the first and cover with black cambric. Sew or glue this to the wrong side of the larger piece of cardboard. Buy a small bunch of field daisies, and fasten their stems in a bow of dark blue ribbon. Fasten this to the center of the plaque. This makes a pretty ornament, and may be placed on a wire easel or hung on the wall. If the latter way is liked, attach to the center of the back a tiny brass ring, through which run a loop of dark blue satin ribbon by which to suspend it.—American Cultivator.

In the Kitchen.

Several things are indispensable for convenience in the kitchen. First a small keg of soft soap will be found more economical and do its work better than hard soap. Should the latter be preferred though, it should be bought in the green state or newly made, so to speak, and placed in a dink cool place for two or three months before using. It can be bought hardened but will cost a trifle more than in the fresh state.

Next, a box of washing soda for cleaning greasy kettles and pans for sweetening sinks, for scouring out all dark corners and closets that do not get much air and light, and for washing off dusty and dirty brushes and brooms. Some people forget that the tools they work with need cleaning very often. They will scour their knives every day, but forget all about their brushes. From the hair brush to the scrubbing brush, from the dust brush to the broom, all need to be frequently cleaned with soda and ammonia.

Dish-cloths are quickest sweetened by being boiled with soda. Borax is a convenient and safe article to strew about where there are roaches. In the laundry it is also useful. For washing the baby's flannels use two tablespoonfuls to three gallons of luke warm water, and no soap. The garments will be found soft and clean and will not shrink.—Detroit Free Press.

Pickles of Many Kinds.

Pickled Peppers: Take large green peppers, take out the seed, soak in strong brine for two days, stuff with chopped cabbage and green tomatoes, spiced; tie up, place in jars and cover with vinegar.

Pickled Onions—Select small white onions, and skin. Put them in strong brine for three days. Boil the vinegar with mace, red pepper, cloves and mustard seed. Pour over the onions while hot.

Cucumber Pickles—Wash and wipe one hundred small cucumbers and place them in jars; cover them with boiling brine and let them stand twenty-four hours. Take them out, wipe, place in clean jars and cover with best vinegar, spiced with cloves, mace and mustard seed. Set away for two weeks, when they will be ready for use.

Spanish Pickles: Take two dozen large cucumbers, one peck of full grown green tomatoes, stand in brine three days; cut the same up and sprinkle with salt; take half a gallon of vinegar, three ounces of white mustard seed, one each of turmeric and celery seed, one box of mustard and ten pounds of brown sugar, simmer half an hour, pour over the cucumbers, put in a jar and seal.

Green Tomato Pickles: Slice a peck of green tomatoes and a fourth of a peck of onions. Put a layer of each in the bottom of a jar; sprinkle with salt, and continue until full; let stand overnight; in the morning drain and put in a kettle with vinegar to cover, in which put two ounces of black pepper, one of allspice, three of ground mustard; let simmer ten minutes. Put away in stone jars.

Indian Pickles: For one gallon of vinegar put four ounces of curry powder, four of mustard, three of bruised ginger root, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, two ounces of turmeric, two of garlic, and a quarter of a pound of salt. Put in a stone jar, cover and keep by the fire three days, shaking occasionally. Take cucumbers, put in scalding brine three days, drain, and drop in the spiced vinegar.

Pickled Cauliflower—Cut up and throw in boiling salt water, set on the stove until they come to the boiling point, in jars; cover them with boiling brine, boil sufficient vinegar to cover them, seasoning with one ounce of nutmeg, one ounce of mustard seed and half an ounce of mace to every half gallon of vinegar. Pour hot over the cauliflower, adding a little olive oil. Put in jars and seal tight.

Chow Chow Pickles.—Chop in large pieces one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of ripe tomatoes, half a dozen onions, three heads of cabbage, one dozen green and one dozen red peppers. Sprinkle with a pint of salt. Put in a coarse bag and drain twenty-four hours. Then put in a kettle, with two pounds of brown sugar, half a teaspoon of grated horse radish, one ounce each of black pepper, white mustard, mace and celery seed. Cover with strong vinegar and boil until clear.

Watching the Heart.

A novel case has been brought to the notice of the Paris Academy of Medicine. A man's breast bone was nearly all removed, with parts of several ribs, in order to stop the progress of bone disease. The experiment resulted not only in saving the patient's life, but has given several physiologists an opportunity for direct investigation of the living heart and great artery, parts of which have been made readily accessible.

VACATION.

O, worker, weary with thy work, Worn with the daily strife, Who knowest that success is vain, That dreams fade out of life. Go to thy mother's heart for rest, Deep as thy childhood's sleep, Her tired children safe and close Thy mother yet can keep.

For still 'tis true, as in those days Long past, of mirth and song, Calm Nature great all-mother is, With love and memory long. Find then, thou cast, on Nature's heart, This solace for thy pain— The joy that blossoms with the grass, The gladness of the grain.

The happy breaking into song Of brook and bird, and bee, And on the wind that lifts the waft And bends the willing tree. On silent pools beneath the hills, Where quiet shadows lie, On waters swift and changing hue Let fall thy lines and fly.

Let thy heart dance with dancing leaves, And with the pattering rain— So shalt thou find, though day decline, Thy childhood's rest again. —Edward Carlton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Glucose is a sugar bent. A hand-spring—The pump. The moose has a great head. An ink-convenience—A pen. A sin of commission—More than ten per cent. Milk that is absolutely pure, best milk of the first water.—Life. The lighthouse keeper ought to be well posted in light housekeeping.

It is not surprising that an alma mater should give her students a diploma.—Time. New York can stand the rag and tag, but it can't endure the bobtail car.—Lester's Courier.

When a man sits down and reflects, it does not always prove that he is brilliant.—Judge. A manse, little friend, is a house, and a romance ought to be a boat-house, but it is not.—Harper's Bazar.

An Exchange says: "The buttermilk habit is spreading." So is the butter habit, for that matter.—Pittsburg. Bill collectors sometimes imitate the promoters of a colonization scheme and offer special inducements to settlers.

A Pittsburg man has a parrot which can say "Polly wants a cracker" in three different languages. She is a Polly-glot. It is hardly fair to sneer at a carpenter because you see him driving every day. Driving nails is not a luxurious pastime.—Harper's Bazar.

"Mamma," said little Willie, in specting a porous plaster, "are them holes where the pain comes through?"—Drake's Magazine. One of the parachute jumpers has been killed out West in falling from his balloon. He took a drop too much.—Philadelphia Press.

A Boston weighing machine has this inscription over it: "Insert a half-dime in the aperture and ascertain your avoirdupois."—Bazar. "I hear you have had an addition to your family, Mr. Brown," Mr. Brown (sadly): "Multiplication, my dear Madam—twins!"—Life.

Guest—"Isn't my dinner ready yet?" New Walter—"O, certainly; it was ready yesterday. It is just being warmed over a little."—Sittings. The recent act which prevents the sending of dunning postal cards through the mails should have been entitled: "Post No Bills."—New York News.

Eastern people are discussing the question: "Who is the greatest living novelist?" The correct answer is "that there isn't any."—Detroit Free Press. "This is the evensong tempo over yours?"—Lester's Courier. "Shog had once said at seven years' old, 'An' she's stayed mad ever since.'"—Time.

De Smith—"Hello, Travis! You look awfully cut up about something." Travis—"Yes; slaved myself for the first time this morning."—Burlington Free Press. "These are hard times," sighed the young collector of bills. "Every place I went to-day I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl."—Sittings.

A young Philadelphian perceives the disadvantage of living in the "Quaker City," when he gets a letter from his best girl, addressing him as "Friend Charles."—Life. "That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."—Burlington Free Press. A cynical man says that there are two occasions when a man would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.—Sittings.

Says Willie to Clara: "You black, maiden neck!" "Twas my glaze that planted the rose in my hair."—Lester's Courier. "Let me pick it!" Her lashes the blush-swept sweep. Says she: "It's but right where you saw you should reap!"—Judge. Prosecuting Attorney (selecting a jury):—"Isn't the prisoner a relative of yours?" Juror—"No, sir; he is a relative of my wife's." Prosecuting Attorney—"Your Honor, the prosecution accepts this gentleman."—New York News. Teacher of Street Band (looking into the sky with extreme disgust, and speaking in a low, hoarse voice):—"Halt an hour's playing and only thirteen cents! We will try one of Wagner's grand compositions." Shower of silver coin from neighboring window and silver voices in agonized outcry.—More on—Chicago Tribune. "Why, sir," said the fireman, "the ingratitude of some people is way beyond understanding. At the Sky's fats last week I saved a stuck-broker's daughter—carried her down a spliced ladder seventy feet long, and now—the honest fellow asked me for twenty—'I'm blown; if he doesn't want me to marry her.'"—New York News.