

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes 'RATES OF ADVERTISING', 'Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion', and 'Job work—cash on delivery'.

Thirty-one of the ninety-six counties in Tennessee contain no railroads.

Great Britain still has the largest navy, though she is closely pushed by France and Italy.

A newspaper has been started at Los Cruces, New Mexico, which is "devoted to war with Mexico."

A professional life-saver remarks that the first thing a man who has been rescued from drowning does after he regains his wits is to smile.

Reports of the International Sunday School Union show that there are 1,594,813 Sunday school teachers in the world and 12,680,267 scholars.

A blismuth mine with ore assaying fifty per cent. metal has just been discovered at Ingo, Col., and as the stuff is worth \$3 a pound it is a find by no means to be despised.

A burglar, in the course of a recent examination, declared that he had committed 120 burglaries in districts of London during the present year without having before been arrested.

The recent naval maneuvers of England's fleet show that "the chief naval need of the country is a largely increased number of cruisers, and that the prime factor in modern naval warfare is speed."

The Italian coral fishery seems to be giving out. The 4000 workmen who used to be employed have decreased to 1000. Calcutta is now the chief market, America and Europe taking comparatively little.

Next year a cedar block pavement on concrete foundation, announces the Atlanta Constitution, will be tried in Chicago, as a substitute for the granite blocks. The objection to a granite street pavement is that it makes too much noise.

Dr. Jonathan Kneeland, for a quarter of a century a physician among the Arapago Indians, says, in Harper's Weekly, that three-fourths of the tribe are victims of wasting and incurable diseases. They look hardy, he says, but the appearance is a deception.

President Carnot, of France, has been pleased in a curious dilemma, declares the New York World. He was taught the handicraft of a carpenter in his youth, and the striking carpenters of Paris have written to him complaining that he has not attended their meetings nor subscribed to their fund.

Probably the lady who purchases ribbons for trimming is not aware, remarks the Chicago Times, that she is contributing to an enormous industry, but such is the case. The demand for this fashionable article is now so great that one State alone—New Jersey—turns out 675,000 yards a year. This is 119,025,000 feet, or not quite 27,731 miles.

An engineer at Bangkok, Siam, describing recently to impress a Princess, who was on board of the launch, with the wonders of steam, wedged down the safety valve of the boiler on the steam launch he was running. The explosion killed five of the Princess's suite outright, badly scalded eight, and sent the boat to the bottom in fragments.

Africa, declares the Atlanta Constitution, has a great future. Railways are pushing into the interior, steamers are sailing on her great rivers, and a steady stream of emigration is flowing in. It will be the great cotton, tobacco and coffee growing country of the future. In the course of another half century its influence upon the industry and commerce of the world will be perceptibly felt.

M. Pasteur, the French savant, states his belief that inoculation will soon be adopted as a preventive of hydrophobia, consumption, cholera, yellow fever, etc. Perhaps he is right, muses the New York World. But the mind revolts at the picture of the man of the future wandering about with a scar-covered body and his veins filled with a large variety of virus. However, posterity will know how to take care of itself.

Before Edward E. Munch, of Buffalo, N. Y., died he directed that his body be cremated in the Fresh Pond Crematorium, and his ashes scattered over one of the flower beds on the lawn in front of the retreat house. Mrs. Munch faithfully carried out the directions of her husband, according to the New York Sun, and for weeks afterward his light gray ashes were plainly visible on the flowers and plants where they had fallen.

The last scheme for money-making from the pulp manufacture, one of Maine's most prosperous industries, is the discovery of a process by which cheap material can be used, and good paper be made by the product at the same time. The tops of pine trees are gathered after a timber cutting, and after the knots have been removed the white wood is placed in steam vats, where, after having all resinous matter removed by the steaming process, the wood is thrown into grinding mills and reduced to dry pulp.

PHYSICIAN.

On our knees before the monarch pleading with a grim despair, Tears in streams her cheeks o'er flowing, Falling on her infant's hair, Falling in great drops of anguish At the cruel monster's feet, Prayed the good Queen, Cleopatra, Prayed her infant's life to keep, Through the monarch's grand old palace, Flowed a music low and sweet, Gentle music, soothing music, Like the treat of angels' feet Seeking every room and hallway, Rising softly to the dome, Filling every ear that heard it With the sweetest sound of home. It was merry, rippling laughter From the harmless baby prince, But it came as if by magic, And it made the tyrant wince. But for one brief moment only Did the subtle spell hold sway, Then the angry, brutal monster Brushed the mother's hand away, And the infant's merry laughter, And the mother's tearful plea, Did not move the heartless monarch To revoke his stern decree: But the flashing steel descended On the guileless infant's head, And the merry laugh was ended; Epp's baby prince was dead. Leroy M. Davis, in Current.

"SIG."

One Saturday afternoon my brother and I drove over to Crossfield station to meet our father, but found that there had been a change of time on the railroad, and the train would not arrive for nearly an hour. After loitering about for a few moments, Harry proposed that we walk down the track a bit, to pass away the time. "We had gone but a short distance, when we came to a place where the rails crossed the highway, and there we saw an old man, evidently a cripple, sitting in a wheel-chair. He seemed to have purposely placed himself in the middle of the track, and he now sat unconcernedly reading his newspaper, apparently unconscious of our approach. "I declare," exclaimed Harry, "if that isn't stupid to sit right between the rails! Suppose the train should come along!"

Then as we drew still nearer, he addressed the stranger: "Don't you think, sir, that it is rather dangerous to sit there on the track in this way?"

"The old man looked up from his paper, a little surprised at first, and then apparently much amused. "No, young man," he answered, "length. I don't think it 'rather dangerous.' I've been a flagman on this road a great many years, and I never got run over yet."

"Yes," said Harry, altering his tone considerably at discovering that the old man was an employe of the road, and noticing for the first time that the stranger had a little red flag rolled up beside him. "And besides," continued the flagman, "I've got into the habit of sitting here when no train is due. People feel perfectly safe to drive over the street when the river runs and carried away the old one, which was partly wooden. There is a train—an express—that goes through here every night in the year, except Sunday nights, at 9.35. It does not stop at the station, but comes straight on down here, and over the bridge, and away for Boston. Two years ago it was a part of my business to go up and down the track every night, to see if the track was in condition for that train to go through. My boy has to do it for me now."

"On this particular night I took my lantern—I always took a red one, so as to have it in case I should need to signal the train—and, calling my dog, started off down the track about half an hour before the train was due. It was very dark, but it's about as easy to walk on the track at one time as another, and I went on at a pretty rapid gait. All of a sudden I felt the ground giving beneath me, and I knew I was going down."

"I dropped my lantern, and tried to save myself, but there was nothing to get hold of, and in an instant I felt myself going faster and faster. And then I seemed to lose breath, and strike with great violence against something solid, after which I must have become insensible."

"It was hours after that I awoke, to find myself lying in my own bed at home. It seems that the first pier of the bridge had been carried away, and I had walked off the embankment on this side. It was by one of God's wonderful mercies that in some way I had been caught among the fallen timbers below in such a way as to save me from drowning, though, as it was, it cost me dear. My spine was so injured by the fall that I have never walked a step since."

"One of the first things I asked, when I was able to talk of the matter, was about the train. Joe Varnish, the engineer of the express locomotive, who was off duty while the bridge was down, was by me at the time, and told me the story."

"How comes it that you are here, Joe, instead of at the bottom of the river, you and the whole train?" I asked. He looked at me with a queer look

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Kneckle of Mutton. Cover with cut barley a few capers, finely cut onions, and thin slices of turnips; season with pepper and salt; let it steam or simmer gently for an hour and a half, and then have ready melted butter and pour over, allowing it again to steam or simmer for twenty minutes. A beautiful gravy will have collected, and the meat be as tender as a chicken. Garnish with Parsnads, tongue, warmed previously by steam. The price of this tongue is far less than the British article, and the tongue has a sweet taste.

Scalloped Onions. Boil, and if large cut into quarters. Put into a shallow dish, cover with white sauce and buttered crumbs, and bake until the onions are brown. Take off the onion skin of onions and cut. Pour hot water over them, add a half-teaspoonful of soda, and let them stand for half an hour or more. Put on to boil with a teaspoonful of soda in the water. Boil till soft, and then proceed as directed above. If one has to cut up a large quantity of onions it is well to do it under water, a part of the odor being thus absorbed. Some lay a piece of bread near the onions, thinking that it absorbs part of the odor.

Pickled Cucumbers. For 600 cucumbers: Three gallons strong cider vinegar, three quarts water, one heaping quart of salt, eight ounces alum, one handful horseradish root cut in strips, three dozen small onions, parboiled and peeled of outer skin, one-half pound sugar. Wash the cucumbers in cold water and rub off the roughness, put them into a large jar, sprinkle considerable salt over them and pour enough boiling water to cover them. Let them stand for twenty-four hours, then take out the pickles, empty out the brine and put the pickles again into the jar with the onions and horseradish, boil the vinegar and water with the eight ounces of alum, one quart salt, one-half pound sugar, about fifteen minutes. Take two ounces whole cloves, two ounces of allspice, one-half pound pepper corns crushed, two ounces mustard seeds broken, two ounces cinnamon broken. Sew these into one or two flannel bags and put them in the jar. If you like add two or three green peppers cut in slices. Now pour on boiling vinegar and cover your jar tightly. In a week pour off the vinegar, boil it, and pour over the pickles a second time.—Detroit Free Press.

Chicken in Jelly. Clean and put on to boil a plump chicken, allowing a pint of water for each pound of the chicken's weight. When the water is heated to the boiling point skim it and set the pot back where it will simmer until the meat is tender, about an hour and a half. Then remove the chicken, skin it and remove all the flesh from the bones, then put the latter back in the kettle and let the liquor boil until it has been reduced one-half. Then strain the liquor and put it away to cool. It will get into a regular jelly. Then remove the fat, and put the hardened liquor into a saucpan, and add a quarter of a package of gelatine for each quart of jelly—soak the gelatine for an hour in half a cup of cold water—twelve peppercorns, four cloves, a small piece of mace, a stalk of celery, an onion, the white and shell of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Let the ingredients boil up once, then put the saucpan back where it will simmer for twenty minutes. Then strain the jelly through a napkin. Put a layer of it three-quarters of an inch thick in a mold and put the mold in ice-water to harden. Cut the flesh of the chicken into long, thin strips, season them well with salt and pepper, and lay them lightly in the mold when the jelly is hard. Pour the rest of the jelly into the mold and put it away to harden. When the dish is ready to be served, dip the mold into warm water and turn it upside down on a platter; its contents will slide out in one mass. A garnish of parsley improves its appearance, and Tartare or mayonnaise sauce may be served with it. Look's & Eagle.

Household Hints. Remove stains from cups and saucers by scouring with fine coal ashes. If saffron bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms. Tin cleaned with paper will shine better than when cleaned with flannel. Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable. A little petroleum added to the water with which waxed or polished floors are washed improves their looks. Tea or coffee stains will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail while boiling water is poured upon them. Make starch with soapy water and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods, it prevents the iron from sticking and makes a glossy surface. When potters' ware is boiled for the purpose of hardening it, a handful or two of bran should be thrown into the water, and the glazing will never be injured by acids or salt. Dry buckwheat flour, if repeatedly applied, will entirely remove the worst grease spots on carpets or any other woollen cloth, and will answer as well as French chalk for grease spots on silk. Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soapsuds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to stone or slate hearth. Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed. The dishes on which meat, game, poultry or fish are served ought to be large enough to leave a space of about two inches between the food and the border of the dish. It is very awkward for the carver to cut up a large piece on a small dish. The French have a pretty manner of serving snails. After trying them in the usual way, a little skewer four inches long, silver-plated or of polished wire, is run through two or three of the snails, raising it carefully through the eyes. A slice of lemon is then put on top of each skewerful, which is served as a portion for one person.

An Indian's Cunning Ruse.

In the town of New Boston, N. H., there is a hill called "Joe English," which received its name from a circumstance connected with a noted Indian friendly to the whites. This hill is precipitous and abrupt on its southern end, having an appearance as if the southern end had been carried away by some convulsion of nature. In 1705 or 1707, there was an Indian living in these parts, noted for his friendship for the English settlers upon the lower Merrimack. He was an accomplished warrior and hunter. From his friendship to his white neighbors, the Indians, according to their want, gave him the name, significant of this trait, of "Joe English."

In the course of time the Indians, satisfied that Joe gave information of their hostile designs to the English, determined on killing him at the first opportunity. It happened one day just at noon for us he was returning from a hunt, and began an attack upon him; but he escaped from them, and made directly for this hill in the southern part of New Boston.

With the quick thought of an Indian, he made up his mind that the chances were against him in a long race, and that he must have recourse to stratagem. As he ran up the hill he slackened his pace, until his pursuers were almost upon him, that they might become more eager in the pursuit.

Once near the top he started off with great rapidity, and the Indians after him, straining every nerve. As Joe came upon the brink of the precipice before mentioned, he leaped backward, and waited in breathless anxiety.

A moment later he heard the hard breathing and light running footsteps of his pursuers. Another instant, and a startled yell broke on the evening air, and the dark forms of the avenging Indians rolled over and over down the precipice.

Henceforth, the hill was called Joe English, and well did the faithful Indian deserve so enduring a monument.—Youth's Companion.

An Indian Household.

One evening I dined at the Consulate of Calcutta, India, writes a correspondent. Six servants waited at table, one for each person. It is well wages are low for many are required; first of all, the bearer or valet is indispensable, doing everything for you; you never go to dine but that he attends to wait on you; he dresses you, does your packing and even says "thanks" for you. No one ever in India says "thanks" for themselves; you always hear them call for their "bearer." Mine was a very good one, though I could not say I became so dependent on him as all this, but it was a great satisfaction to be well waited on at the hotels while other people were making themselves wretched. Next in importance is the cook, and the men who look after the house, called Kitmagars. Then every household has a tailor, a washerwoman and "sweeps," who do all the dirty work.

If you have horses it requires two men for every horse, and if several a head man to boss the others; one man cuts the grass, another gets it in. The only women servants are the ladies' maids and nurses—all the others are men. Wages vary from one to five dollars a month and they find themselves well paid. They always go about barefoot and without noise. A gentleman told me on first coming out he attempted to dress his servants well, but found they would go to sleep in the straw with their clothes on, so gave it up. I am sorry to say the amount of drinking done is tremendous. You go to a dinner, you are offered a "peg" of spirits, which you are to drink before sitting down, then through the dinner, and afterwards it is "pegging" all the time. Soda water and limes, however, I found quite palatable.—Boston Transcript.

A Leper as White as Snow.

Johnson, the leper, lies in a room off from the contagious ward, says the Chicago Herald reporter who visited the hospital. He is a handsome, intelligent and hairless face are incrustated with scale-like blotches of reddish-brown. The face shows most distinctly the ravages of the horrible disease. The lower lids of the eyes are drawn down and turned inside out. The lips are blue, and the nose is swollen to twice its natural size. His back and abdomen are covered with large blisters. These are slightly raised above the surface of the skin. There is no known remedy for leprosy. It has for all times defied the efforts of physicians. But one important discovery has been made of late years, and that is that the disease is contagious, and is not hereditary, as is generally supposed. The germ of the disease is known to exist, and animals have been inoculated, afterwards showing unmistakable signs of the malady. Still no cure has been discovered, or even a remedy to alleviate the leper's suffering. Leprosy is a slow disease, and Johnson may live for even fifteen years. There are two forms of the disease—viz., black leprosy and white leprosy. In the former the scales are dark and in the latter perfectly white. Johnson is suffering from a circular form of the disease. The ancient Jews consisted of shiny smooth blotches on which the hair turned white and silky, and the skin and the muscular flesh lost their sensibility. It was incurable. It was not until about the year 900 A. D. that the black leprosy appeared. In time the toes and fingers drop off, and when the eating process reaches the vital death ensues.

Alpine Casualties.

In consequence of the increasing number of accidents to tourists in the Alps, the Austrian Government has addressed a circular to the officials in the Alpine provinces instructing them to exert their influence towards the promotion of any measures tending to diminish the number of such casualties. They are urged to encourage the development of the guide system, and to endeavor to secure a reduction in the charges of the guides; they are also called upon to assist the Alpine Club in the work of making roads and erecting lodges on the mountains. The local authorities are expected to do their share in putting up safeguards against accidents. The circular points to the necessity of abating the present evil of marking out dangerous excursions to tourists.—New York Post.

Noah's Ark Wood.

Within a radius of sixty miles of Nashville, Tenn., there is to be found a tree that is said to be the shittim wood of ark fame. The celebrated botanist from over the country have examined the trees and agree that they grow nowhere else on the globe. They have decided that it is the shittim wood of which Noah's ark was constructed, mention of which is made several times in the Bible. The tree is medium sized, with very dark, smooth bark, and the wood is of a bright gold color. In early spring the trees are laden with long white blossoms, closely resembling great ostrich plumes. There seems to be no doubt about the identity of the trees, and it is remarkable that they are found only in this small area and so few at that.—Scientific American.

HISTORY OF THE POTATO.

INTRODUCTION OF THIS ESCULENT TUBER INTO EUROPE.

The New World's Contribution to the Old World's Larder—How The Vegetable Became Popular.

Wise men call the potato Solanum tuberosum, while the Frenchman calls it pomme de terre, or apple of the earth. Like tobacco, the potato is one of the native products of the new world of America. No one knows how the potato took a notion to travel from Quito to Virginia; but Sir Walter Raleigh in the sixteenth century transported the potato from the latter State, and first planted it in Europe on his own estate near Cork.

For many years the potato was very scarce, and as late as 1872 the potato was considered by many people as fit food for only cattle or swine. Gradually people learned the value of this "food root" for human beings, and the seed was carried from country to country. Before the French began to raise the potato, there was a war between Prussia and France, and many Frenchmen were taken prisoners by the Prussians. The latter had many potatoes, and determined to feed the Frenchmen with nothing else. This is said to have made the prisoners very angry for this was a new food and not much relished by Frenchmen, and they thought they ought to be supplied with food they were used to eating.

But one of the prisoners, whose name was Parmentier, made the best he could of his misfortune, and determined to learn all he could about the cultivation of the tuber, and in regard to the manner of preparing it for the table. Intending when the war was over to introduce the potato into France. His countrymen had queer ideas about the potato, and a prominent one was that they produced disease in those who ate them. But when the Frenchman returned home, Parmentier tried to interest the people of France in the potato crop.

He is said to have gone to Louis XVI and begged him to give him land on which to raise potatoes. The king granted his request, and the potatoes were planted. When the crop was in blossom, Parmentier gathered a nice bouquet of the flowers and carried them to King Louis. The court people laughed at such a queer present, but the good king took the blossoms and wore them all that day in his button-hole. This approval by the king fed the hopes of Parmentier, and he also knew that the king was anxious to encourage any new food or new industry that seemed to promise a benefit to his subjects; for, like King Louis XIV, who even tried to encourage the industry of spider-culture, and ordered a coat made from spider silk for his own use, so Louis XVI thought he saw something useful in the potato.

When the people saw the king really wearing the potato flowers they were more ready to approve of potatoes also. In a short time the people became so anxious to get the blossoms and the potatoes that guards had to be stationed around the field that Parmentier was cultivating. But the guards were not stationed there at night, therefore the potatoes were all stolen. Parmentier was delighted to hear this news, for it showed that potatoes were getting to be a popular food, although there were some people who were angry and accused Parmentier of "inventing" the new food. In the course of time Parmentier gave a dinner at which each dish was potato cooked in some different way. Intending to introduce the potato into France.

The Prussians seem to have become very fond of potatoes quite early in potato history. It is said that at one time Frederick II of Prussia took up the cause of the division of Bavaria, and marched with his men into Bohemia; but he warred off the battle so well that the men had but little to do but to roast potatoes, therefore this campaign was called the "Potato War."

The sweet potato, *Batatas edulis*, is the potato spoken of by the old English writers. It is of a different genus, and was known long before America was known to Europeans. Some writers think it was cultivated by the ancient Chinese. One writer says that the Spaniards sent the potato to England, and the English people thought them very fine, and they were "much set by." The sweet potato is a native of Southern Asia.

The sweet potato was spoken of by Gerard, the English botanist, who wrote the curious "Herbal" in 1597. He says of potatoes that they "are roots which strengthen and comfort nature, and are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some to give them the greater grace in eating do boyle them with prunes, and so este them; likewise making these comfortable and delicate menues called in shops *morselli picesides*, and divers others such like." Gerard recommends that the roots be eaten as a delicate dish, and not as common food. In 1719 the sweet potato was mentioned by Pignatella as being used in Brazil in an article of food by the Indians.

The Peruvians, in 1666, made bread from the now common potato, which they called *chuno*. Heriot says that these potatoes grow in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes. At the old German "five o'clock tea-drinking" they had what was called "potato talk," that is, a chit-chat, when neighbors of the "gentler sex take their work to the house of muster, and talk chiefly of the dainties of the table, their ingredients, admixture and the methods of cooking them."—New York Independent.

MY SHIPS.

Ah, years ago, no matter where, Beneath what roof or sky, I dreamed of days, perhaps remote, When ships of mine that were afloat Should in the harbor lie, And all the costly freights they bore Enrich me both in mind and store.

What dreams they were of argosies, Laden in many a elme; So stoutly built, so bravely manned, No fear but they would come to land At their appointed time; And I should see them, one by one, Close furl their sails in summer's sun.

And then, while men in wonder stood, My ships I would unlade; My treasures vast they should behold, And to my learning or my gold, What honors would be paid! And though the years might come and go, I could but wiser, richer grow.

In later years, no matter where, Beneath what roof or sky, I saw the dreams of days remote Fade out, and ships that were afloat, As drifting wrecks go by; And all the costly freights they bore Lay fathoms deep, or strewed the shore!

While ships of which I never thought Were sailing off the sea; And, one by one, with costlier load, In safety all the voyage roe; And brought their freights to me; Then what I lost a trifle seemed, And I was richer than I dreamed.

No wondering crowd, with envious eyes, Looked on my treasure rare; Yet they were weightier far than gold; They still increase, though I grow old, And are beyond compare; Would all the restless hearts I see Had ships like these that came to me!—A. D. F. Randolph, in Saitors' Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A "pasa" word—Good morning! There is no wedding without a hitch in it.

The original grand old party—Methuselah.

The smaller the "talker" the bigger the salesman, often.

The thoughts of the lovesick youth are sadly mis-shapen.

When a stock fails to pay a dividend, the holder loses his interest.

A certain chemist has dubbed himself "William the Corn-corer."

The worst breach of good manners is for Misfortune to stare a woman in the face.

The most unhappy feature about being in a jail-bird is said to be its inability to fly.

"That puts a difference on it," as the small boy said as his ball struck the clock dial.

When an Indian catches a cold on the war-path he has the war whooping cough.

The man who supplied the inquisition with machinery was the original racketeer.—Litt.

A woman may not object to a man's following her, but she dislikes to have him get on her trail.

The professor of penmanship cannot do a flourishing business when he drops his pen and uses a typewriter.

"No, indeed," said the young lady from Boston, adjusting her eyeglasses, "I never ride in those Robert tax cars."

A Wise Doctor—"Doctor, I have a frightful cold in my head. Will you shall I take for my cold?" (After reflection)—"A handkerchief."

The son of a Detroit railroad man was punished at school. He told his father he was suffering from a misplaced switch.—Detroit Free Press.

We pity the young fellow who wants to vote but will lack a day of being 21 on election day. He must feel lack-a-day-sical.—Springfield Republican.

Lady of the House (urging company to cat)—"Please help yourselves. Do just as you would in your own house. I am always so glad when my friends are at home."—Merric.

"Where did young Browne get his money, Papa?" "From his uncle, old Sam Brown." He inherited everything he has in this world, except the title 'o' to his name."—Litt.

The girl who has fine teeth may not have a keener sense of humor than other women, but you can depend on her to show all the appreciation she has of a joke or a funny story.—Merric.

"Your name, my child?" inquired the matron of the poor little wail that had applied for charity. "Mary Haddell." "Little lamb!" feelingly exclaimed the tender-hearted matron.—Chicago Tribune.

First Landlady—"What! Twelve dollars a week board from Ludie Downpitt! I never could get that!" Second Landlady—"I served his coffee in a mistake once."—Civ.

The Trials of Authors—Scapergene Son (introducing his old father to young lady)—"Miss Gladys, the author of my being." Old Gentleman (bowing)—"A work that has been much criticised."—Harper's Magazine.

He was an economic man; No money did he waste; He took things as they came along, Nor to get rich made haste; He lived above the store, Where his money made; And spiteful people used to say He was above his trade.

After The Musicale—Miss Screecher—"Well, dear, how was my voice to-night? Did it fill the room?" Miss Veracity—"At first it did, but afterward—" Miss Screecher—"Well! Miss Veracity—"It emptied it."—Vine.

"I want to purchase a narrow escape," said a Frenchman in a Pittsburgh furnishing store the other day. He had found out somehow that in the wonderful English language, a close brush and a narrow escape were synonymous.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

I admit, dear Charles, I told Miss Jones I really did not like you; I thought the meaning of my words. Do not yet fully strike me, So hear me swear by all the stars I do you wrong in all my years. The reason why I like you not Is this, because I love you.

—Harper's Bazar.