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The Milwaukee Sentinel estimates that city's Polish population at 20,000.

Dante is the only foreigner who has a statue in Paris. Shakespeare is to have one, though.

It is said that 1000 bushels of grain are killed by heat in the West where one is injured by frost.

A French Ministerial organ confesses that the country runs into debt at the rate of \$60,000,000 a year.

So many murderers have escaped arrest in London of late years the people are said to be losing faith in the police agents of public safety.

Some idea of the substantial progress of the working class in America may be gained from the fact that savings bank deposits in eight years have increased nearly \$25,000,000.

The Carr's life is so often threatened that it looks, as the New York Graphic, as if he might have to go to war to somewhat unite his subjects and save his own life.

The home crop of rice being short this year, large quantities of the East India article have been imported. The amount in the world is said to be grown in Java from Carolina seed.

It is only sixty years ago that the first ship carrying the United States mail toward passed over the Allegheny mountains. The road taken by the stage from Cumberland, Md., to Wheeling is a distance of 180 miles.

Congressman recently dictated a speech to the graphophone, and after it was returned the cylinders over to the reporters, who used the latter instead of their notes in reporting the speech for the Congressional Record.

St. Mary's Hospital, the richest of the benevolent charities of London, has been asked to ask for a share of the Hospital Fund. The agricultural depression is the cause. The endowments of the hospital consist chiefly of landed property.

Some high-toned dogs are buried in a suggestive manner in the prominent cemeteries about New York city. Endearing and humane individuals there are the founding of a cemetery for animals which shall be finely laid out and dedicated to the remains of pets.

A new saddle that had been invented was thought worthy of introduction into the German army. As a final trial a squadron of fifty cavalrymen are now wearing a four weeks' ride through Prussia under the personal command of a general. They ride forty-five miles a day.

Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, has prepared bodies after death. By his process the body is encased in a skin of rubber, which prevents further change of chemical action. If desired this may be plated with gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the deceased person.

Indians in the United States last year, cultivated 227,293 acres of land, and raised 734,938 bushels of wheat, 934,973 bushels of corn, 512,137 bushels of oats and barley, 321,010 bushels of vegetables, and 101,828 tons of hay. They also owned 359,764 horses and mules, 111,407 head of cattle, 40,471 swine, and 1,117,273 sheep.

Professor Edward A. Freeman says: "Anglo-Saxon is such a very foolish word that I never use it. I see no reason why the two branches of the English folk should be called in the nineteenth century by an antiquated description used for a particular reason—in characters of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and hardly anywhere else."

A committee appointed to consider the situation of the unemployed poor in a Western city report that "works started for the relief of the unemployed, even though they be in some degree useful and beneficial, are in the long run an injury instead of a benefit to the community, by discouraging the real spirit of work and thereby diminishing self-reliance and enterprise."

The Steel Car Company is said to be constructing a fire-proof steel car at Boston, which will contain nothing that can burn except the upholstery, and even that is constructed of unflammable material. Not only immunity from fire, but an increase in strength, a decrease in the liability to tele-cop, and diminished dead weight are expected to be some of the good features of the new car.

M. Chevreul, the aged French scientist, has just reached his one hundred and second birthday. It is probable that he will not live through the winter, as his strength is rapidly failing. He spends the greater part of his time in bed, though he goes out driving on pleasant days. Parisian students who called on him a few days ago were not allowed to see him, but we received by his son, a charming youth of seventy-nine.

GOOD CHEER.

"What's the good word to-day, my friend? What's the good word to-day?"

A flower blooms in a poor man's cot; A poet breathes a golden thought; These make the old world gay, my friend, These make the old world gay.

A babe laughs as the angels may; A fearful sinner kneels to pray; These two good cheer to-day, my friend, These two good cheer to-day, my friend.

—Lucy A. Hayes, in Youth's Companion.

DORA'S ROMANCE.

I had read the mature age of 26 years without achieving any other distinction in life than a place as proof-reader in a publishing house. That may seem a small honor to the uninitiated, but my work was intellectual and very comprehensive.

"How I secured my place I need not relate. It was after a hard and long fight for it, which I began at 19 years. 'Till then I had been a ward of charity, wearing in my baby days the blue check apron of the 'Sundlings' Home. I was educated in the expense of the church, and when I first tried my small strength against the world it was as copy holder in a great publishing house. I was able to earn \$15 per week—after seven years. I am little of a pessimist, and my life has not been given over to melancholy, but to work. I gave ten hours of each day to my task. That absorbed my energy, broke my spirit and will and left me tired and depressed. I climbed five flights of stairs to my work in the morning, taking my way through rooms full of human beings struggling for daily bread against greater odds than I, and who even envied me.

"Five years of this life will render the hopeful woman strong minded and cynical. She will need the untold strength the develops in a city that harbors and gives subsistence to 30,000 bachelors. Forty thousand strong men, who smoke and eat, sleep and pursue their solitary lives, spending yearly means enough to keep up homes. And where every morning at 6:00 women tramp hurriedly through our streets in a terrible array, each with her face set toward some store, office or workshop. These women do not seek health nor strength nor womanliness; they must lose these better elements. They will not win wages enough to keep them through a chance sickness nor certain old age—not one in a thousand does that. They will not be made better, mentally, morally, by ceaseless toil. They will only eke and feed themselves, that they may come on the morrow and again, till their faces are pinched and bloodless and the grace of youth has left them; till they are not fit for wives and mothers, for they are old and each of the 10,000 bachelors wants a wife whose temper is sunny and sweet and who does not know the world as well as these workingwomen do.

There was a time in my life when I tried the nun-like life of a Young Woman's Home, a home reared and upheld by good women for those who, like me, were homeless, and oh! no soul could have been more desolate than mine within its walls. I ate and drank and slept and went my daily rounds, made more wretched at the sight of my struggling sisters who were not so well equipped for the battle of life as I, and then I fled from the "home" into the Chicago boarding house. I found one on Michigan avenue, kept by Mrs. McGillicuddy. My home life was at least independent. Mrs. McGillicuddy's heart was honest and kind, her little parlors were tidy, her table bore wholesome fare. There was only her daughter, Josie, who owned the piano, and Jack, the McGillicuddy son and heir, who troubled or annoyed me, and from the son and daughter and piano I could then always retreat to my room. It was new and bright, but one morning I slept till long after the whistle had ceased to blow. I could not have reached my room even at eight, so I wandered out lazily into the June sun, over the city and toward the north side. I reached the bridge at State street and stepped upon it as it swung to give passage to a boat. It was a little embarrassing. There was only one person on the bridge, a gentleman. He stood quiet near me as we swung slowly over the river. He might have been 35 or so. He was broad shouldered and jolly-looking and a little sun-browned. He looked at me earnestly, and I noticed that he had honest, honest, hazel eyes. But, to my amazement, he pronounced my name and held out his hand.

"I am Wallace Adams," he explained; "you were a schoolmate of my sister Ida at Westfield. I met you there. I was sure I could not be mistaken."

"That was ten years ago," I stammered, feeling my years suddenly rise up before me.

"You are not much changed, Miss Hunter—you are very pretty and tall, but I have always remembered you."

The bridge swung slowly round, releasing us, but my new-found friend did not leave me. We walked slowly home, talking of those we had known, of Ida Adams, who was dead of each other, and Mr. Adams told me he had just come from Oregon. "For the Convention—perhaps I shall stay a while after it."

He left me with permission to call that evening, and that began a new life for me. He called, and we talked a while, and then, to my surprise, Wallace Adams asked me to marry him. Women who sit in high places in society will shudder at my boldness and want of delicacy, at Mr. Adams's vulgarisms, at the disregard of all orthodox rules of courtship. But I looked back upon five lost and unhappy years, forward to a lifetime of blind groping after money that somehow slipped away from the hands that so hardly won it from the world. And there was hope and cheer for me in looking into the man's hazel eyes. I had neither father, mother, nor friends, and though I had never known, home would be so dear to me. I hesitated and half promised. But I did not little caution. I asked for time, a little longer acquaintance, a little longer to go to, I was like a slave and must seek it again. I had no change or I felt that I should go mad. I went to a boarding house on the West side. After a day or two I found work in a dressmaker's establishment. I was mentally unfit for a situation as proof-reader. I succeeded after a few days, and, oh, me, how faithful I was. I no longer dreaded work, but feared a

cessation of it when I should have time to think and remember. I cared for nothing and trusted no living being. My life was over and done.

"It was here one day that a woman floated into my presence to have her draperies fastened. It was the same I had seen on his arm that fatal night, but now I could look at her calmly. Was I growing stronger? I even addressed her.

"You are Mrs. Adams," I said, while I did my lowly work.

"Yes," she smiled. "Mrs. Wallace Adams."

Some old author has said that there is a peace that comes, not of hopes realized, but of hopes relinquished; a peace that is not born at the tranquil fireside, but is the peace of soldiering. It was this I hoped for now. After weeks I had ceased to feel—I wanted to read proof once more. I would look for my work where no one would know me. For a while I sought in vain, but I was not discouraged, and in a week I found it.

"He paid \$40,000 for 'em," went on Jack. "Your Adams, Miss Hunter. Don't you catch on?"

"He must be rich, Miss Dora," chimed in the monitor. "I want you to give Josie an introduction."

"You must take me out riding," lisped Josie, with her blond head on one side. I looked down at my plate in amazement. Either Wallace Adams was better situated than I had known, or he had gone wildly to speculate in race horses. I remembered Ida Adams at Westfield, a girl like myself. Her father had been a clergyman. "I am able to take care of a wife, Dora," he had told me, "and to have a comfortable life." I had thought him able to make his way with other men; to give me a neat home with a few comforts in it—a piano, books, and one or two good pictures.

"Didn't you know it?" broke out my landlady, glibly. "Where did you get acquainted with him?"

I escaped from the McGillicuddys and went away to my room. I had promised anew to be his wife, or now I might be supposed to want his money.

"Is this true?" I asked him when he came again, and I told him about the California horses.

"Now, Dora," said the manly voice, "I must refuse to answer you. To be rich in the world's way would require a good deal more money than I can command. I will be very poor if my wife doesn't love me. Are you going to reduce me to beggary?"

For the first time in my life I put my arm about his neck and kissed him. Something awakened me to his true worth. What had he been in me to put so much in my hands? I had not beauty nor good looks, even, I was only one of the 40,000 who live and work in Chicago.

I never introduced Josie McGillicuddy and Mr. Adams. That young woman took to me after me, and gained a sudden impetus in music. She played "Flowers of St. Petersburg" waltz till the boarders deserted the parlor for a walk. She switched them gently in on "Monastery Bells," or "Silver Waves," or, worse, she sang with Jack till bedtime.

But to all these things I gave no heed. I was for the first time in love, and the world was not the same. I allowed Mr. Adams to hasten our wedding day, and I gave up my position. I was very happy, and only one thing marred my sunshin.

Wallace would be absent a week at St. Louis. It was a long week. Jack McGillicuddy was my shadow all through it, which I allowed, since Jack was only 21, and not in love with me. Oddly enough, I did not receive a letter from St. Louis, and the day before Wallace was to return Jack proposed a ramble down town.

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Such being the success of the corn feed week of 1887, Sioux City will repeat the corn palace enterprise in 1888 on a larger and grander scale.—Detroit Free Press.

According to Colonel Archer Mason, of San Francisco, Cal., General Sheridan once had his life saved in an odd way. Colonel Mason's regiment was once fighting the General a rebel upon at the California Theatre. Sheridan was standing in the wings, peering out from behind the curtain at the audience, when he suddenly perceived to one of the musicians, and asked Mason:

"Isn't that man named Blyth?"

On being told that he was, he asked to have him brought up on the stage at once. After a cordial greeting, which almost drew the musician's hand off, Sheridan said:

"I have good reasons to remember Mr. Blyth, for he saved my life for me once. It was when I was a young cavalry officer, fighting the Indians. One day we were having a hard-to-hand set-to with the Indians, and one of the red devils had just shot at me with his revolver. I had my saber close to his neck when another Indian threw his arms around my neck, and in another instant I would have been trampled under the feet of the horses. But Blyth, who was close beside me, cut the rope with his saber and saved my life."—Chicago Times.

The "Jack-o-Ball."

A local confectioner was asked the other day by a Brooklyn Girl in man if that hard, spicery kind of confection known as the "Jack-o-Ball" was still in the market. He replied that it was, but that it had very little sale now in the larger cities. Wholesale confectioners in large quantities and ships it then in barrels through the West and North-west. Any one whose school days ended ten years ago or more will recall with vivid pleasure, the "Jack-o-Ball," a species of abnormal lemon drop marked with striped parallels of fat lard, and convenient to be slyly inserted in the mouth at the opening of a morning session, gradually to dissolve its sweetness until the noon hour. The school children of to-day may boast of superior advantages in the way of the text-books, tracts, etc., slate cleaners, prize packages, trays, etc., but the pupil of a decade ago can shake his head knowingly and reply: "Ah, but you have not the 'Jack-o-Ball,' while the reeking salivary glands respond even to the thought of the sweet and flinty spheres, whose essence once tickled his palate through the then tedious school hours."

The Owl and the Hat.

Dr. G. W. Massmore, while gunning on Thursday in the Green Spring Valley, saw a large booby out in a tree, but did not disturb it, thinking the bird did not see him. He was about to raise his gun when the owl swooped down upon him, drove its ugly looking talons through his hat and flew away, carrying the hat. Dr. Massmore shot the bird, which measured over four feet across the wings.

Growing a Tree in His Windpipe.

Alvey Clabaugh, a youth of about twelve years, residing with his father in Frederick, Md., at about four years ago swallowed a persimmon seed, which was supposed to have lodged in his throat, and which, at times caused him considerable inconvenience. Several days ago it became quite painful and a doctor was called in, who stated that the seed was sprouting where it had lodged in his windpipe.—Philadelphia Times.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Renovating Clothing.

Cleanse men's dark-colored clothing with a quart of coffee, to which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added. Very strong coffee may be diluted with half its quantity of water. Use a sponge, first cleaning spots, then going over the whole garment, which should afterward be hung on the back of a chair and dried in the shade. Paint spots are removed with ammonia and turpentine, equal parts. Old spots may need saturating two or three times. Wash in soap-suds.

To Make Cottage Cheese.

Cottage cheese is best when made as soon as the milk is thick and acid, before it becomes disagreeably acid. Heat the milk by placing the pan over boiling water, or by pouring boiling water slowly into the milk, stirring constantly in both cases. Heating to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, or, if you have no thermometer, about as warm as new milk, will coagulate the curd sufficiently to separate it from the whey. Pour in a cloth to drain. To each pint of the drained curd, add either one-half pint of sweet cream; then salt or not as suits your taste. Place in molds or bowls, which should be previously dipped in cold water, and, when wanted, turn out and serve. Made in this way, it is as much superior to that which has been heated till the albumen is tough, as a nicely boiled egg is to a hard-boiled one. The principle is the same with both these articles of food. Too great heat renders the albumen tough, insoluble, unpleasant to the taste and difficult of digestion.—Practical Farmer.

Good Bread a Family Necessity.

The health and happiness of a family depend, to a certain extent, on good, well-baked bread. At all events, our enjoyment would be greater if bread were only better prepared. The best bread is made from a mixture of flour—such as is generally sold in our markets—water, salt and yeast; nothing else.

To make good yeast, take as many dry hops as you can grasp in your hand, boil in two quarts of water for twenty minutes; peel and grate four good-sized raw potatoes; strain the hot water while boiling into the potatoes, stirring until well cooked or the mixture thickens like starch; add one-half cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of salt, and when cool, one cup of good yeast. Stir in one quart and a half of Indian meal, set to rise (about six or seven hours is sufficient) in a warm place, and when light mix in morsels, press into cakes, put in the sun to dry. In a warm place, keep nearly 300 men and women to place there are the following figures given.

To make the bread take three quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of yeast dissolved in a quart of water; mix into a dough. Knead this until it is perfectly smooth. Set in a warm place to rise at night. In the morning divide into loaves and put into the pans; let it rise light, about an hour. Bake one hour in a steady oven. To tell when bread is perfectly baked break off one loaf after it has been baking one hour and press with the finger; if it springs back quickly it is done; if it retains the impression like putty it is not. To keep loaves from running or, pin a narrow strip of brown paper round the pan, letting it come an inch above the edge. The bread should be cool when put in the bread box, otherwise it will mould.—New York World.

Household Hints.

Powdered borax sprinkled on shelves will drive away ants.

Soda crackers are much nicer heated in the oven before eating.

Put a pall of water into the tubs directly after using, and they will not leak when wanted for use.

To clean nickel on stoves use soda wet with ammonia. Apply with an old tooth-brush and rub with a woollen cloth.

Knife handles should never lie in water. A handsome knife, or one used for cooking, is soon spoiled in this way.

A speedier and cleaner way to remove the skin of new potatoes, than the common practice of scraping with a knife, is to "use a scrubbing brush."

Milk and butter should be kept entirely away from other articles of food, as they absorb odors and flavors so rapidly they soon become unfit for use.

A little turpentine added as they boil will whiten and sweeten clothes without staining the most delicate fabric. For garments very much soiled, use a spoonful of kerosene.

Turpentine mixed with carbolic acid and kept in open vessels about the room will, it is said, greatly lessen the risk of contagion in scarlet fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases.

If a new broom be immersed in boiling water until it is quite cold, and then thoroughly dried in the air, it will be far more pleasant to use and will last much longer. Frequent moistening of the broom is conducive to its usefulness and also saves the carpet.

SUPERSTITIOUS SAILORS.

ODD FANCIES OF THOSE WHO LIVE ON THE OCEAN.

Curious Sea Animals and Their Characteristics—Why the Steamship Oregon Was Lost.

The sailor on land and on sea, writes Joseph W. Gavan in the New York Press, are two distinct characters, each possessing their own singular attributes. On land no other being has a more utter disregard of premature dangers and vicissitudes demonstrate, so when once on sea he blossoms out again into smiles of excessive obsequiousness. There when danger dogs his footsteps at every track superstition is his idol, to it he sacrifices every selfish sentiment, and in it he trusts for those happy presentiments which may afterward save him from destruction.

Even while partaking of their meals sailors rarely lose an opportunity of discussing and rehearsing stories which the average man would regard as the product of a maniac's brain. The day's happenings are interpreted by each and notes exchanged. The most gifted romancer is then looked upon with feelings of reverence and respect.

Whenever this occurs in the immediate vicinity of a ship's cabin is predicted, and the jolly tars lose little or no time in notifying the captain of the glorious vision. In sailors' eyes the porpoise is never pleasant objects to contemplate. When they suddenly appear during a calm the sailors look for another wind from the same quarter as that which was blown out, and if they skip about it means a great coming of wind.

The common barnacle which adheres to a ship's side becomes, according to their belief, later on in life a goose. But among all these signs nothing is so well calculated to fill them with awe as the appearance of a shark. When this monster of the deep is seen to follow a ship for several days a death is to occur on board, and while clambering up the rigging extra pains are adapted in making their journey a safe and successful one. The ship is then evidently haunted, and the faces of her crew, but recently smiling, are now decorated with expressions at once thoughtful and lugubrious.

The common heron fills sailors with dread, and betokens an early death to some of its observers. Carrying a corpse on board appears to them to be inviting disaster, and cases are on record where the crew have become mutinous and refractory until the distasteful freight was lowered into the sea.

Peter Scannell, a sailor, who was rescued from the ill-fated Oregon a few years ago, in speaking a terward of the disaster, said: "I knew well that something bad was to happen to us. After leaving Queenstown the boatswain unfortunately for us all, killed a cat. Whether it was knowingly or otherwise, he forgot to dump it into the sea, and, as it was his duty and no one else's to do so, we took no pains in doing his work, but you bet it occasioned many a hard and acrimonious dispute. The dead cat was finally thrown aside by some passenger into some remote corner of the vessel, and was never afterward discovered until one of Merritt's ship rescuers found it in a secluded corner, decomposed."

"But do you attribute the Oregon disaster to that incident?" was asked.

"I do not," I believe that such an occurrence that vessel would have never sunk, at least not on that occasion."

Norwegian sailors are inveterate slaves to a form of superstition exclusively their own. They believe in the existence of a heek or merman, a sea animal represented as having a fish body with the head of a man and the flowing ringlets of a boy. The merman sits upon the waves, plays the harp, and, following the example of the Norse fishermen, wears a red cap. It is never seen more than once in seven years, and no matter how many vessels appear in its sight they all must inevitably perish.

The crew, according to their belief, are then transplanted in the merman's regions, where, after a brief stay, they go to swell the shoal of heeks, and are then in themselves as disastrous as the originals. The kraken, a sea monster whose existence has been so often attested by the evidences of alleged eye witnesses that one is at a loss to know whether it is real or has a being only in the minds of superstitious sailors, is a constant source of alarm to them.

The back or upper part of the kraken is believed to be a mile in circumference and looks like a number of small islands surrounded with something that foats and fluctuates like seaweed. On this back several bright points appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface, and sometimes as high as masts of ships. These are said to be the creature's arms, which if bound around the largest man-of-war would pull it to the bottom. Many assertions which have been made at times regarding the existence of this leviathan, which occasions so much dread in the minds of the Norse fishermen, have been recorded as mere superstitions. Still some authentic grounds for a belief in its existence are on record.

Laughter Once a Misdemeanor.

Because a man is the only animal that can laugh we would naturally conclude that he has always laughed, but such is not the case. At least laughter, as our expression of merriment or pleasure, has only been in vogue for a short time as compared with the age of the race. The Puritans and Quakers who came to this country a couple of hundred years ago, held it to be a misdemeanor to laugh boisterously or heartily, and even to this day their descendants regard laughing as being indecorous, if not actually unbecoming a Christian.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A JAR OF ROSE LEAVES.

Myriad roses fade unheeded, Yet no note of grief is needed; When the ruder breezes tear them, Sung or sungless, we can spare them, But the choicest petals are Shrunken in some deep orient jar, Rich with cast and sweet within, Where we wait the rose leaves in.

Life has jars of other price Framed to hold our memories. There we treasure baby smiles, Boyish exploits, girlish wiles, All that made our childish days Sweeter than these trodden ways Where the fates our fortunes spin, Memory, trace the rose leaves in!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A large snowdrop—An avenger. In the human race the butcher holds the steaks.

Strange to say, a cross road is often very pleasant. The best way to put down rents is to put up houses.

Working like a horse—A lawyer drawing a conveyance. A touching sight—A small boy investigating a newly painted door.

A great waste of effort—The child that says for nothing never gets it. The man who does everything "on his own hook" is likely to get caught one of these days.

The railroad with the narrowest gango most frequently has the largest mortgage.—Harper's Bazar.

"One good turn deserves another," remarked the cook as she gave the griddle-cake a flip over.—Hotel Mail.

An Irishman recently spoke of a man who had tried in every way, but couldn't commit suicide to save his life.

The man who brings suit is always somewhat sad. There is something plaintive about him.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"No loss without a gain," you say—Philosopher, thou art too wise! I've lost my credit; who gains it, pray?" "Your creditor," he replies.

And now there is talk about a Rice Trust. Won't the capitalists interested have a regular puddling?—Richmond Post.

"This is a nice box to be in," as the fellow said when he found himself locked up in the refrigerator.—Danville Breeze.

When a man and a woman discuss the subject of matrimony, one seldom gets the better of the other. It usually results in a tie.

The man whose legs have been amputated may be the worst sort of a desperado, but he will never die with his boots on.—Lincoln Journal.

There is only the difference of a letter. Before marriage man years for woman, and after marriage he earns for her.—Binghamton Republican.

"What is your business?" "A glass worker." "A glass-blower, eh?" "No; well, yes, I do blow the foam off a glass before I drink it."

The remarks of the stump orator who wants to please the capital and everybody, are like the side-splitting when it falls—very much disjointed.

"Fire has a very bad temper," remarked the judge. "Ah!" replied the Major, tentatively. "Yes, it is frequently put out."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A man, Mumm by name, has christened his twins Minnie and Maximilian. As an example of minimum and maximum this cannot be beaten.—New York Sun.

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict, the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."