

One Copy
Legal advertisements
Marriages and death notices
All bills for year-lyly, Temporary advertisements
Job work—cash on delivery.

The European Powers have come to an agreement to exterminate the African slave-trade.

In the not very remote future all vexatious Indian questions may disappear for lack of Indians.

Mr. Goschen, English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has decided to abandon the proposed wheat tax.

The ranches and large farms of Southern California are slowly but steadily being cut up into small farms.

The Farmers' Review thinks there is no longer reason to doubt that the potato crop of the present season is the largest ever grown in the United States.

A society has been formed in Germany, under the Presidency of Professor Gneist, to introduce sanitary improvements in small dwellings in Berlin.

According to the judicial statistics of England just issued, fifty murders are annually committed in London, the perpetrators of which escape and are never detected.

As an evidence of the fact that Ireland has quieted down very considerably of late the operation of the crimes act has been suspended in certain portions of the County of Clare.

Pete Oleson, at Los Angeles, Cal., the other day tried to commit suicide. He shot himself in the abdomen. The bullet went through and struck a bystander named Gillespie, killing him instantly. Oleson will live.

The President of the U. S. says: "Small loss would be if Americans discarded it. It is absolutely without meaning in its current use, and does nothing to compensate for the time it takes to write it."

The new cantilever bridge at Memphis, Tenn., will be immense. It will consist of a channel span 770 feet in length. There will be two other spans, each 620 feet in length. The bridge will be thirty-two feet in width. The cost will be \$2,300,000.

A Brooklyn man intends to start a goat farm, which he thinks will bring him \$10.00 a day. He will stock it with seventy-five goats, and as the ordinary goat will give three pints of milk a day he calculates upon ninety quarts per day at twelve to fifteen cents a quart.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Schleyer, the inventor of "Volapak," is contradicted by Mr. Schleyer himself in his paper, the *Volapak's* *Zenith*. He says he has been dangerously ill, and has received the last sacraments of the church, but he has been cured by the aid of Baden.

The leading minds of France have come to the conclusion that the national education is defective on its side, and efforts are now being made to acclimatize cricket, football, American baseball in French schools.

The Minister of Education has favored athletic exercises in French schools.

There are now 16,000 pupils in 17,000 small high schools, and 1,000,000 worth of Southern States, Northern States, and valuation.

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IT'S BETTER TO FORGET.

I've seen the household dark and lone
Where once the friendly astra shone
And to the haunts of harp and hymn
There came no tone.

Oh, vanished forms of bow and ball,
That Memory's fondness never recall,
The myrtles twine around your graves,
And snowflakes fall!

So near the doors of God we live,
So near the earth, who would give
A single word to draw a tear,
Or one receive!

So near the earth where graves lie wet,
So near for heartache and regret;
'Tis better to forget each wrong,
And all forget.

Trust on and wait, whatever befall,
Let Memory's lamps but love recall;
Live thou thy better self—thy wrongs,
Forget them all.

So near to earth, so near to heaven,
Forgive them all, and be forgiven,
And other hearts shall nobly strive,
Where thou hast striven.

Time tells the truth, and pleasantly
The winters change, and o'er the sea
The purple swan sings come,
Unaltered and free.

So happier days await thy trust;
Though others wrong thee, yet be just,
So near the doors of God is life,
So near the dust.

Live on—thy torch of life must fade,
Love on—for thee will fall the shade,
Trust on, till each withold in hand
In thine be laid.

So shall thy heart bear no regret,
So love thy lips will never fret,
And violet kisses gravely at last,
With her drops wet.

STELLA'S ENGAGEMENT.

"It's too bad!"

Pretty Mrs. March, sitting on the edge of the bed in her handsomely-furnished room, gave vent to the warmth of her supposed feelings in this time-honored declaration of distress.

She said it with excited flushed cheeks, and with tears in her fine, black eyes.

"What's too bad?" Philip March demanded, striding in from the hall, with his hat in his hand and overcoat on his arm.

"This," said his wife, in a voice that trembled touchingly.

She indicated the album lying on her lap.

"Well, what's the matter with that?" said her husband, putting a sympathetic arm about her.

They had been married only four years, and he was still guilty of an occasional act of the sort.

"Look at that!" was the tragic response.

Mrs. March's finger touched, with shrinking repulsion, the photograph of a gentleman.

It was a gentleman of apparent middle age, with an astonishingly broad face, above which a forest of hair stood in perpendicular stiffness. The chin—there were two distinct chins—were ornamented by an ungraceful tuft of scraggy beard. The eyes were so light in color that they had made no particular impression on the photographer's plate.

The nose was broad and flat, and the ears prominent.

"Pretty tough customer, odd he didn't break the camera," Philip observed. "Well, what about him?"

"What? Stella's engaged to him?" Mrs. March burst forth.

Her husband stared at her in silent consternation.

The notes of a piano and the sound of two voices in talk and laughter and snatches of adieu, floated up from below.

"Oh, I do wish I hadn't invited her here!" cried Mrs. March, tremulously.

"Hear her down there with Avery Wilson! How can she! It's perfectly plain that he's awfully in love with her, and she's been deliberately encouraging him and leading him on ever since she's been here. It will just break his heart, and he'll be the ruin of his life. I'm perfectly sure he'll either take to drink, or shoot himself, and he's so nice—and all for that heartless girl! I don't care if she is my cousin, she's a heartless creature. And she's seemed so sweet and lovely all this time!"

"Well, but you don't mean it?" said Philip, slowly, gazing down incredulously at the photograph.

"Oh, there's no mistake!" said Mrs. March, with the hardness of despair.

"She was showing me her album just before Avery came, and when she got to this—this thing! (she got her own opposite it—see!)—she stopped and said: 'Oh, I haven't told you about dear old Blumenberger, have I?' Blumenberger, Philip! And she said that he's the organist of the choir of which she's soprano, and that he got her position in the first place, and how perfectly lovely he is—yes, she called him lovely, Philip, and fairly raved about him, and declared she thought everything of him! But I hope she doesn't think I believe that. And she went on to say—it made me almost faint, Philip—that they're engaged, and are going to be for a year longer. I should want to be engaged fifty years before I married him. Engaged, Stella Harvey! I said, just gasping. Why, yes," she said, just as sweetly: "You don't think I'd have refused an offer like that, do you, dear? I'm a great deal too mercenary." Those are her very words. And she looked so sweet and innocent! How I wanted to shake her! Oh, of course it's his money! You'd know that when you'd seen his dreadful photograph. If she hadn't said so. Listen to them down there in the parlor. I just don't know how I'm going to stand it!"

"Well, I'm up a stump," said her husband, with forcible indignance, looking in dazed astonishment from the elderly and strikingly ugly countenance of Mr. Blumenberger to the round, fresh, charming face opposite.

"It isn't Stella I'm concerned about—horrid girl!" said Mrs. March, severely, snapping the album together. "It's poor Avery."

Poor Avery stayed to lunch; he very commonly did since Stella Harvey had been in the house. He was nice—a blonde young man, rather stout and exceedingly jolly. He was

mood to-day; he joked and laughed unceasingly.

Mrs. March looked at him pityingly from behind the door. "You know," she panted, "he's the organist you know, and I'm the soprano, and we're both engaged for another year; not to each other—oh, dear!—but to play and to sing. How could you—but I won't say that; of course you didn't know but I would. And poor old Blumenberger—why, he's poor as a church-mouse, or organist, and he's married, anyhow, and got eight children!"

Avery Wilson burst into a roar at the climax, and Philip guiltily joined him. But Mrs. March looked grave and rather pale.

"I'm so glad!" she murmured faintly. "But, oh, I never shall forgive myself!"

"But I forgive you!" cried Stella, sweetly and gaily.

"Me, too," said Avery, graciously, joining the three on the sofa with a blissful laugh. "—Saturday Night."

A Romance of the War.

A gentleman from Missouri, who is now in Washington, tells the following American correspondent of a romantic incident that fell under his observation in Western Missouri during the war.

About forty miles east of Kansas City, and near the little village of Kingsville, in Johnson County, there lived a man named Harris, who had two daughters. The elder of the two was called Eliza.

Those were rough times, and very few people were permitted to live in that part of Missouri. Quantrell recruited most of his celebrated guerrilla band from that section. One of his men was Si Porter, a tall, straight, athletic young man, of quiet demeanor, but of great courage. Quantrell counted him one of his best men. He and Eliza Harris met and fell in love. She was a bold, determined girl, of strong physique, and she resolved to marry Porter and share his fortunes in the saddle. She did so, and was a sort of daughter of the regiment to Quantrell's command during one entire summer of their fighting and raiding on the Missouri and Kansas borders. She endured all the privations and dangers of one of the most reckless forms of guerrilla warfare ever known, and escaped with her husband, who was permitted to live in that part of Missouri.

Porter fell into a profitable business and made a fortune, and to-day that same Eliza Harris and Si Porter are in Paris looking after the education of their children.

This is one of the romances of the Quantrell command that has never been published.

Wolf-Nursed Children.

In "An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens," published in 1853 by Colonel Sleeman, an experienced officer of the Indian army, are recorded a number of such cases as are indicated in the title. In one instance, near Sul-tapoor, in 1847, a wolf was seen to leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and ran as fast as the whelps could.

He was caught with difficulty, and had to be tied to keep him from rushing into holes and dens. He was alarmed when grown-up persons came near him, and tried to steal away. But if it was a child, he would rush at it with a fierce snarl, like a dog's, and try to bite it. He rejected cooked meat, but seized raw in at greedily, put it on the ground under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him. He died in August, 1850, and after his death it was remembered that he had never been known to laugh or smile. He used signs when he wanted anything, but very few of them except when angry, and then pointed to his mouth. When his foot was placed in some distance from him, he would run to it on all-fours, but at other times he would occasionally walk upright. He shunned human beings, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Ice Sahara of the North.

The safe arrival of Dr. Nansen and his fellow explorers at Godthaab, Greenland, is a cause for rejoicing, but more important is yet to be determined.

When the little band of mountaineers set out on this expedition, the plan was to traverse Greenland, and the "Sahara of the North," at its widest part, for at least as far north as the seventieth parallel. That is the region on the East coast visited by Koldewey and Coryby. A march across country would have brought the explorers out on Baffin Bay at Upernivik, or at least to Godhaven, and such a trip, of seven or eight hundred miles, would have laid open to the eye of science the very heart of the mysterious Arctic continent. Instead, the party has appeared at Godthaab, on Davis Strait and near the northern point of Greenland. If they struck the ice in the same latitude on the other side, they have merely traversed a couple of hundred miles across the snow far south of the Arctic Circle, in a country already pretty well known—an achievement of no special value or interest. On Dr. Nansen's return to Bergen we shall know whether his expedition has been merely a snow-scrambling frolic or a conquest of the last untraveled continent. —*New York Tribune.*

A Victim of Quinine.

Marshall Seppington, a police officer in St. Louis, has just died in the insane asylum in that city from the excessive use, it is said, of quinine, which damaged his mind. A number of St. Louis physicians who were interviewed in this connection gave it as their opinion that a large number of people in that city are suffering, not only from transient blindness caused by the excessive use of quinine—but also from circumscribed or quinine deafness. One of the physicians said: "Twenty to forty grains, taken within say ten hours, are sufficient to cause amaurosis, and the regular use of quinine in much smaller quantities daily for a few weeks is almost sure to produce deafness, which sometimes is permanent."

It was pointed out that quinine blindness and deafness prevail in St. Louis to an extent that has not been heard of—except in their present names.

A House Built of Paper.

There is a paper house in Atlanta. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. At 109 Deceur street a neat little store, painted sky blue, has attracted considerable attention for the past week. The gaudy color is not the cause of the little building being the object of so much attention; but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty. It is made entirely of paper. The store is owned by Mrs. August Sincora, and was built by a Frenchman named Smith (spelled of course in a French way), who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weatherboarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the paper is so non-combustible.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Fire Kindlers.

Take a quart of tar and three pounds of resin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much coarse saw-dust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cool, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut, and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household for one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn. —*Housewife.*

A Noted Chef's Coffee Recipe.

A noted French chef makes coffee by pouring boiling water on the ground berries; after filtering, the water is again boiled and again poured on the coffee; and finally a third time. He does not boil the coffee and water together, nor put the coffee in cold water and let it come to a boil. To make good tea, he says, you must pour boiling water on it and throw it out immediately. Then pour one-third of the boiling water required, put the pot over a steaming apparatus, and then add another third, and finally the last third, repeating the steaming, in order to let it draw without boiling.

Receipt for Corned Beef.

First cover the meat with brine just strong enough to barely float an egg for twenty-four hours, take it out and wash it in cold water to take out all the blood, throw the bloody brine away, and for 100 pounds of beef, or in the same proportion for other quantities, make a new pickle by dissolving six pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpetre in water sufficient to cover the meat. Skim it well before pouring it on, and if much scum rises on it, scald it, skim it and pour it back when cold. Keep in a cool and well ventilated place. For summer keeping or for the Southern States a little more salt should be used.

How to Carve.

Poultry requires more careful carving than anything else brought to the table. A chicken roasted may be removed from the dish to the carver's plate; and as fowls are generally served in couples, this does not disarrange the economy of the table. The fork should be placed on the centre of the breast, and the knife carried down along the side. Then, inserting the knife under the leg, cut downward as far as the tail, and separating the ligature near the point, jerk the leg back, the part will give way. Next separate the wing with the edge of the knife, and carry it through to the other side, when the wing is easily detached. Separate the other wing and leg in the same way. The wishbone is easily removed by inserting the knife under it and bending it back. Remove the neck bones by putting the fork through them and wrenching them carefully away so as not to break them. The breast must next be separated by cutting through the ribs. Turn the fowl back upwards on the plate and cut it up.

Turkey may be served the same way as chicken, excepting that as the breast is the most delicate part and affords many good slices, these should be cut lengthwise and with thin portions of the dressing handed round first. When the turkey is large the whole of the breast may be served in such slices.

When carving a duck the slices from the breast are cut, then the leg is removed by cutting, then the wing. Ducklings are carved in the same way as pigeons.

Pigeons are usually carved in four pieces, dividing each piece in half. Many persons cut them through the middle lengthwise and serve half to each person. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Recipes.

Corn Bread: One cup of flour, three cups of cornmeal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, one pint of milk, a pinch of salt.

Raisin Pudding: One-half cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Steam one hour.

Cookies: Two cups sugar, half a cup each of butter and sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, four eggs; roll out, sprinkle with white sugar and roll again; bake in a moderate oven.

Wheat Gems: Two cups and a half of sifted flour, one cup and a fourth of milk, three eggs, sugar to sweeten, one tablespoon melted butter, two teaspoons baking powder; bake in gem pans.

Cocoanut Pie: One cup of white sugar, two eggs, one cocoanut grated fine, two cups of sweet milk, three tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter. Flavor with nutmeg. Bake with one crust.

Rye Fritters: One and one-half cups flour, one egg, one-half cup rye meal, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt, two teaspoons cream tartar; mix with milk and drop from a spoon into hot lard.

Cream Pie: One pint of sweet milk, white of one egg and yolks of three, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of corn-starch; beat all together; let it cool and flavor. Make a rich crust and bake separately; fill with the whites of two eggs to a froth, spread over the top and set in the oven to brown.

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The next day the owner of the land comes and carries away at the same time both the down and eggs.

The unfortunate couple, which sometimes make a stout resistance, clinging to the clothes of the robber with their beaks, go off a short distance, and begin again; but the bandit (farmer) comes once more and takes the precious deposit. The indefatigable mother goes to work anew, and this time only a part of the eggs are taken; for if all were removed from the nest the deprecator, in desiring too much, would lose all.

But this reserve is made solely as regards the eggs; for the down is removed once every week, and the poor mother continues to strip herself, until she finds herself so bare that she has no longer wherewithal to line the nest; and she stands agast. Recently, for instance, it was proved before the Greenwich Magistrate that P. C. 330 M had threatened to take a prisoner's arm with his trunk which

ELECTING A LORD MAYOR.

HOW THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF LONDON IS CHOSEN.

Ceremonies That Are Interesting. But Have a Medieval Flavor.—Taking Office in the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor is elected from the twenty-six Aldermen or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall, on the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall, with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the Beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the Liverymen of his company, and so to prevent all unauthorized persons from entering. The floor of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six Aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The Recorder, or law officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled Liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of the lord mayor to be, and Lord Mayor and Aldermen then go out; another law officer, the common Sergeant, repeats what the Recorder has already said, and tells the Liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and Aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen, and are carried to the Aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the chosen future lord mayor sitting on the left of the actual lord mayor. The Recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election: "Yea or No." They shout "Yea," and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the first part of the lord mayor to be, and puts a chain around his neck. On the 8th of November there is another meeting in the Guildhall. The old lord mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new lord mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The sword-bearer then advances, and, bowing three times each time with increasing reverence, gives the lord mayor elect the great two-handed sword of State, which symbolizes justice and legal supremacy. The erier, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword-bearer, next approaches, and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old lord mayor goes back to the Mansion house, his official residence, for the last time.

The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's Day, because on that morning the new lord mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman, and proceeds in gaily procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds, and of the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beards and pageants, which vary according to each lord mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which, as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city, silences them with brilliant color. Though often decolored because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom, it would be regretted by all who have witnessed it. The lord mayor is presented to the lord chief justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the high court of justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the lord mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the Queen herself comes.

Gathering Elder Down.

The elder duck constitutes the wealth, and may be said to make the prosperity of the Icelanders. The three islands, Videy, Engy and Ahrey, in front of the harbor not far from Reykjavik, are the favorite haunts of the ducks. Here they pair and make their nests every year about the beginning of June.

When the female has chosen the place where she wishes to lay her eggs, she ducks from her plumage the feathers which she uses to line the bottom and sides of her nest; then she generally lays six eggs, rarely more.

During this time the Drake, like the good father of a family that he is, ceases for a moment to keep a watchful eye on his consort and fetches her back instantly if she gives the slightest indication of wishing to take a walk.

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Some men are always willing to stand up for the ladies—excepting, perhaps, in a horse-car.

The worst motto a dentist can have is: "Try, try again"—the worst for the other fellow.

Few ladies have the courage to face an unsympathizing world with their hair done up in curl papers.

Lots of old-time theories have been exploded; but some of them were so weak they made no noise. —*Piquette.*

There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of a young wife's first pie. —*Journal of Education.*

Bustles are going out. Five hundred dozen went out from a single factory in Bridgeport the other day. —*Drake's Magazine.*

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked Sir Boyle Roche. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead!"

A man who formerly acted as a broker to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences. —*Merchant Traveler.*

Poor Father Time! What a horrible old incubate he must be!—that is if it be true that time is money and that money is always tight.

"Are you the brakeman," asked an old lady of a seedy-looking individual on a train. "No'm, I'm the broke-man," he answered sadly. —*New York Sun.*

Now doth the little urchin With the grim black walnut fight, And don a pair of black kid gloves That he can take off at night. —*Daniell's Breeze.*

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And a smart boy at the foot of the class said: "reckoned they must be circhies."

Absolutely Correct.—"What type a face should you call that?" said one person to another in the photograph gallery. "That," replied the other, after examining the picture closely, "is a tin type." —*Judge.*

A subscription paper for some religious object was passed to a zealous church member in town recently, when he remarked: "Well, I can give \$5 and not feel it." "Then," said the solicitor, "give \$10 and feel it." The point was seen at once, and the "ten spot" was forthcoming. —*Glow's Key Reporter.*

A London Policeman's Way.

In St. Petersburg if a policeman is prevailed to hear a prisoner a blow General Grezer dealt him severe. The constables in St. Petersburg are armed with revolvers which are unloaded and swords which are seldom drawn. In London the constable has neither sword nor revolver, but he is armed with a truncheon which he uses with a freedom and an impunity that would stand against the Russian Prefect of Police stand

agast. Recently, for instance, it was proved before the Greenwich Magistrate that P. C. 330 M had threatened to take a prisoner's arm with his trunk which

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IN THE WOODS.

Every hollow fall of