

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	5 00
One Square, one inch, three months	15 00
One Square, one inch, one year	50 00
Two Squares, one year	100 00
Quarter Column, one year	80 00
Half Column, one year	100 00
One Column, one year	150 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriage and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

President Carnot, of France, is a carpenter by trade, but he is a poor Cabinet maker.

Canadian reports say that deer and other large game are getting very scarce in that section.

In thirty-seven years the increase in the number of native-born Frenchmen has been less than 1,000,000.

There is a perfect carnival of suicides sweeping over the country just now. A sort of dance of death, so to speak.

The official statement of the National Socialist vote shows that only one per cent. supported the Socialist candidate.

One of the promised sensations of the Paris Exhibition will be given by a man who will make daily balloon ascensions mounted on a horse.

The American railroad companies claim that the present tariff of rates on freight will lead to inevitable bankruptcy of their corporations.

St. Petersburg is the only capital of Europe in which the population is steadily diminishing. During the last seven years the inhabitants of that city have decreased by 85,000.

A Philadelphia newspaper offers \$50 to the person who will guess correctly the next Cabinet. Here, says the Savannah (Ga.) News, is a chance for General Harrison to coin a little money.

In 1876 South Carolina cast 150,000 votes for Presidential electors. Since then the number has declined steadily. Last election it was but 83,000—less than half what it was a dozen years ago.

Russia proposes to whip all of her neighbors if they will lend her enough money to pay for the powder and shot. At last accounts her offer to accept a \$10,000,000 loan had not been accepted.

According to the gossip of the London Bar, the Parnell Commission cost precisely \$15 a minute. This calculation includes the whole expenditure of all the parties concerned, the State included.

The cause of woman's rights in France has progressed to the point of the introduction of a bill to grant to trades women paying licenses the right to vote at elections of Judges of the Tribunal of Commerce.

It is estimated that there are in the east of London alone 314,000 men entirely dependent upon casual labor. A great proportion of this number live a dull, hopeless, shiftless and sad life on the verge of starvation.

Not far from a million tons of wheat straw are annually burned in Missouri "to get rid of it." It will not be long, predicts the Farm, Field and Stockman, before we shall hear that the soil of that State is becoming exhausted.

Dakota bases her claim to admission as a State on an area of 151,000 square miles, a population of 600,000, a crop of wheat of 60,000,000 bushels, of corn 107,000,000 bushels, property worth \$15,000,000 and a banking capital of \$10,000,000.

Our Postmaster-General takes ground in favor of the establishment of a system of postal or Government telegraphy, and says the necessity for it is urgent. He desires that Congress shall appoint a scientific commission to erect short experimental lines.

Sam Sloan, the distinguished authority on railway management, says the only way for the railroad to get higher rates is to put them up. It is refreshing, confesses the New York Graphic, to find some one who seems to really understand the railroad problem.

It is estimated by the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph that the value of the annual forest product of the United States is \$80,000,000, or more than double the value of the cotton crop. The increasing demand for lumber has made great ravages on our forests, and the movement to prevent their depletion is worthy of all encouragement.

The amount of tobacco grown in Germany of late years has been considerable. The effect upon American trade has been felt to some extent. The German production in 1886-'87 was 981,827,000 pounds, while the average production for fifteen years has been 800,000,000 pounds annually. Poor crop conditions in 1886-'87 caused a falling off in production.

The completion of a line of railroad in the Chinese Empire, from Tien Tsun to Luba, eighty-one miles in length, has led to a current statement that this is the first railway ever built in the Empire. That is hardly correct. On June 9, 1876, a line of forty miles long was opened from Shanghai to Woosung; and, for the time, a coal line has been running between the K'ai-ping mines and Ho Tung. But the Government has always advanced progress in this direction, and yet no marked signs of a railway.

THE TWO BROTHERS.  
(From the Talmud.)

In Palestine long years ago,—  
So runs the legend old,—  
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow  
Across their sands of gold,  
And Mount Moriah lifts his head  
Above the sunny plain,  
Two brothers owned—as one—'tis said,  
A field of golden grain.  
And when the autumn days had come  
And all the sheaves and sheaves  
Stood waiting for the "harvest home,"  
Among the withering leaves,  
The elder brother said one night:  
"I'm stronger far than Saul,  
My younger brother, 'tis but right  
That I should give him all  
These sheaves upon the plain.  
We own together, so  
I'll put with his my stacks of grain,  
And he will never know!"  
Scarcely had he left the sheaves of wheat  
When quietude came  
Across the field with stealthy feet,  
And errand just the same—  
The younger lad, who said: "I see  
My brother Simon's need  
Is greater far than mine, for he  
Hath wife and child to feed;  
And so to him I'll give my sheaves,  
It is but right, I know—  
And he will never think who leaves  
These wheat stacks on his row!"  
Next morning when the brothers twain  
Began to count their store,  
Behold! each found his stacks of grain  
To number as before!  
"Why! how is this?" in great surprise  
Each to himself then said—  
"I'll watch to night and see who tries  
These tricks when I'm asleep!"  
And so, half way across the plain  
They met—each one bent o'er  
With sheaves and sheaves of golden grain  
To swell his brother's store!  
Good Saul and Simon! Would to-day  
More brothers might be found  
Who seek each other's good away,  
And in kind deeds abound.  
—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

In the year that our civil war broke out I left Honolulu for a trading trip among the islands to the South, but being more particularly bound for the Paumotu islands, which lie to the south-east, on the Tropic of Capricorn. There are fifteen or twenty groups of islands in the South Pacific, and while the residents of some are civilized and live like white folks, there are others who are inhabited by scoundrel gangs. There are about thirty islands, large and small, in the Paumotu group, and in 1864 there wasn't a native among them, who was not a thief and a liar when dealing with white men. I think there was two or three English missionaries on the larger island at the date I mention, but their influence was limited. The natives were a sneaking lot, always playing for some point of advantage, and were rather hell in contempt by the traders. They would cheat, steal and lie, but no one supposed them brave enough to attack a vessel.  
Our craft was a fine, new schooner, built on the model of a frigate, and one of the fastest craft ever propelled by wind power. She was also easy to handle, and carried a dry deck through seas which would have wet a flake of iron and aft. She was commanded by Captain Walters, a very competent man, while I had the berth of first mate. Our second mate was Mr. Sheppard, and we had six men before the mast. We were loaded with articles of traffic, and our armament consisted of one six-pounder on a carriage and a dozen swords and muskets. The Captain had made two previous voyages to the islands, and he had a very poor opinion of the courage of the natives.  
We had an uneventful voyage to within one hundred miles of the islands, when we encountered the brig "Pisces," which had also been on a trading voyage. She showed a signal of distress, and I was ordered to go aboard in response. Her original crew of ten men had been reduced one-half, and the captain was in need of the services of a surgeon, having a bad scurvy wound and two cuts on the shoulder. Three days before, as the brig had completed her cargo, the natives had made a determined effort to capture her. Three of her crew had been killed, one drowned, and a fifth carried off a prisoner, and only one man of the five remaining had escaped being wounded. In repelling the natives thirty or forty of them had been slaughtered, and the Captain's advice to us was to seek some other port. We could not spare the brig any hands, so we fixed up the wounded, as well as we could, our Captain went aboard to hear the particulars of the fight, and when the vessels separated we heard our original course.  
"I am not to be so to me," said Mr. Sheppard, "I know those natives, and I know that they haven't the courage of sheep. I suspect that the crew of the brig and the natives went on a big drunk together, and that whisky brought about a quarrel, in which sailors killed each other."  
"But it won't be much trouble to take proper precautions," I replied.  
"Oh, no. You will have full charge when we get on trading grounds, as I will have to look after the barter. Take such precautions as you like, though I think it will be trouble for nothing."  
My bump of caution is decidedly prominent. As a sailor I always preferred to snug down and store away before the storm broke. I got up the out-boards and found them about as sharp as spades. The muskets were rusty and out of repair, and the caps and bullets stowed away where I had a long hunt to find them. We were in sight of the islands before I had the arms in good shape, and the Captain had indulged in more than one chuckle over my efforts. There were three or four rulers distributed about the groups, but the head man recognized by the traders was known by the title of "Old Lop." His left shoulder was badly down and he was old and skinny. Instead of being called "Lop-shoulder," the sailors gave him the more expressive nickname of "Old Lop." He lived on an island known to us in those days as the Horse-shoe, and this was about the centre of the group. There were safe channels among the isles, and a craft lying off the Horse-shoe was perfectly sheltered in any sort of weather. We were a whole day making our way through the channels, and it struck me as very curious that all

the native boats kept well out of hail. We sighted a score or more of them, but they wanted nothing of us. In three or four cases where the smoke had scarcely blown away before the schooner began moving. The natives were checked for the moment, giving us time to hoist the mainsail a little higher, and when they began the pursuit we were moving down the channel at about three miles an hour. It was lucky that I had cleaned up the mizzenmast and prepared a plenty of ammunition. But for the reason we had been boarded with a rush for the upward of a hundred natives crowded into canoes to pursue. The channel was narrow, but well defined, and while I had the wheel and kept her going Parker was busy with the muskets. He fired in turn at each canoe, and whenever he hit a man he threw all into confusion and checked pursuit for several minutes. By and by he got time enough to reload the cannon, and this time he rammed in a solid shot. The natives seemed to look upon it as a gun which had only one speech or report, and though the solid shot hit no one, their confusion was very great. Soon after this Parker killed a man at the foremost canoe, and then all fell back.

We now got the foresail on her and the other jibs, and the schooner crept along so fast that pursuit was given over, much to our satisfaction. We kept to the southward, following the channels between the islands, until about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when we met the trading schooner "Just owned by our same firm, which had loaded at the Tubai Islands, and was going to add a few more packages at the Horse-shoe. We divided the crews and sailed round to the Tongas, where two whalers were refitting. We here got enough volunteers to increase our number to fifty, besides muskets and cutlasses, and returned to Old Lop's headquarters in the "Pisces." He showed fight when we landed, but soon became panic stricken and ceased resistance. We first made sure that all our men had been murdered, and then the men were let loose for revenge. They were a wild lot, and they felt it necessary to teach the natives a lesson in hunting and killing when on for three days. Neither age nor sex met with mercy, and the number of victims must have counted up fully 200. The Horse-shoe was, in fact, depopulated, and since that time no native in any of the groups has dared to raise his hand against a white man, much less plot the slaughter of a crew and the taking of a ship.—New York Sun.

Western Cliff Dwellers.  
One of the most attractive portions of Colorado, if not in the entire West, is that part of the State in which are found the cliff dwellings of a long extinct race. The district in which these ruins are located covers an area of nearly six thousand square miles, chiefly in Colorado, but which includes narrow belts in the adjacent territories of New Mexico, Utah and Arizona.

The ruins of this region, like most others of the extreme West and South, are the remains of a great measure of stone structures. It is evident, however, that a great portion of the villages and dwellings of the lowlands which comprise this district have been of material other than stone, frequently, doubtless, of rubble and adobe combined. The cliff houses conform in shape to the dome of the nicotry shell on which they are built. They are built of brick masonry, and the manner in which they are attached or cemented to the cliffs is simply marvelous. Their construction has cost a great deal of labor, the rock and mortar of which they are built having been brought hundreds of feet up the steep precipitous places. They have a most beautiful look, the valleys and cave remains, and are probably in general more recent, belonging rather to the close than to the earlier parts of a long period of occupation.

It seems probable that a rich reward awaits the fortunate archaeologist who shall be able to thoroughly investigate the historical records that lie buried in the masses of rubble that underlie the caves, and the still mysterious burial places of the Northwest. But it is quite improbable that any certain light will ever be thrown on the origin of this curious race which has just been described, or their history.—Cincinnati Commercial.

England's Egg Consumption.

About a third of the eggs and a large proportion of the poultry we consume come to us from foreign countries, says London (England) Tit-Bits. It has been computed that at least 100 eggs per annum are consumed by each person in the United Kingdom in the year 1887. The population of Great Britain and Ireland is set down as numbering 35,000,000 persons, it becomes apparent that 3,500,000,000 eggs will be needed to supply their demands.

Of these 1,988,380,440 eggs were landed in the United Kingdom from Continental places in the year 1887. The money value of the eggs amounted to \$15,192,500, France being the recipient of \$5,250,000, Germany of nearly \$3,000,000, and Belgium of over \$300,000. The sums paid to Germany and Belgium chiefly represent eggs which, in the course of transit, are simply brought through these countries on their way to the larger seats of consumption in Great Britain; as a matter of fact, nearly all the eggs said to come from Belgium are Italian shipped at Antwerp. The importation of eggs from abroad has increased very rapidly of late years. In 1844 the number imported was 67,000,000, in 1878 it had grown to eleven times that amount, and the figures we have given for last year show that no fewer than three and a quarter million eggs were imported on every working day.

A New Game For Church Fairs.

"Changing the leopard spots" is the newest scheme in church fairs. The minister stretches a large piece of white cloth across one end of the room. On it is drawn in charcoal a representation of a leopard, with its mouth open and its tail trailing on the ground. About forty pieces of circular black cloth a couple of inches in diameter are fastened all over the leopard with pins. "Can the leopard change his spots?" says the preacher, repeating the Biblical question. It can by a simple process. Each one in the congregation pays \$1 and buys a spot until the leopard resembles a white cat. Then the game is repeated until everybody, including the leopard, is perfectly satisfied with the result.—Chicago Herald.

While Parker ran to slip the cable I ran aft to the wheel. There was a bit of a breeze, and favorable at that, while the run of the tide alone would take us slowly out. Thus was what we wanted, and seeing that the canoes were ready to shove off I raised the gun a little lower, applied my lighted cigar to the priming,

LIFE AMONG THE BOERS.

A STURDY AND RELIGIOUS RACE OF FARMERS IN AFRICA.

They are Poor, but Very Hospitable—Their Dwellings and Industry—Mid-day Sleepers.

The majority of the Boers in this part of the country are wool-growers, and like the rest of their kind are the most hospitable people on the face of the globe, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. Although living in almost abject poverty, they are ever ready to extend a hand of welcome to every stranger, particularly if he be an American.

I have now traveled over one thousand miles by cart in the colony, and it has always been with the greatest difficulty that I have persuaded the Boers to take from me the price of the corn the horses would eat.

For days we rode along without touching at a single village, and when night came on made for the nearest farm house. As the farms are generally on elevated ground the folk can see the cart a long way off, and as we pull up in front of the house the old Boer and his wife step out to bid us welcome, although we are perfect strangers, and before we have done shaking hands the Kalfr servants are busy outspanning our horses, while the good wife, or "fray," as she is called, hurries away to procure the best cheer her humble dwelling affords.

The Boers, although so hospitable, make a distinction in their attentions to Englishmen and Americans, at least all my friends and I have found such to be the case.

A few weeks ago, as I pulled up at a farm house about sundown, weary with my long day's ride and covered with dust, another cart containing four men pulled up the same time. We were received in the usual manner, and although there was really no accommodation in the house for five unexpected guests, it never entered into the mind of our host to hint at such a thing. The occupants of the other cart were Englishmen, and my boy, Jan Fatboy, taking in the situation at a glance, and wishing to procure me the best possible quarters, told the old man that I was an American. The result was that my newly made friends occupied two beds, while I had one all to myself.

No matter how late a traveler may present himself, he is always welcome, Englishmen or Americans, and a night's lodging, the Boer's door will instantly open to him and some one of the family will cheerfully turn out of his bed and give it to the stranger, and possibly find another for himself in the hay loft.

The Boer in the construction of his dwelling does not aspire to any higher class of architecture than what pleased his grandfather and father before him. It consists of four plain walls of unburned brick. Its floor is the honest earth with a coating of pounded neat mixed with blood and cow-dung. However repulsive this may seem to our ideas, it has a peculiar sweet, wholesome smell, and were it not for the fleas which infest every Boer's house, I could find no objection to it, as it has a very cool effect in the hot, dry weather.

There are generally only three rooms and a kitchen or "combace" in the house, the front room opening directly onto the stoop, with two bedrooms on either side. The furniture is of the plainest kind, the chief ornament, as well as the most useful article, being the old Dutch clock, which stands majestically in the corner, numbering the days as well as the seconds of the lives of these honest men. No expensive oil paintings adorn the walls, but conspicuous resting on an ornamental table of ancient date is the family Bible, on which every Boer prides himself. I failed to find any other kind of literature with the exception of a few school books and the "eady reckoner," which every Boer in the country possesses.

These people are chiefly the descendants of the Protestant refugees driven into exile by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. A considerable number of the Huguenots made their way to the Cape about that time. They are very religious, and naturally a peaceful people, but when their rights are tampered with they rise to a man and show that although they are ignorant farmers they are skilled in the use of the rifle, and prove it with deadly effect upon their foes. They are very early risers and get about their work long before the sun is up. The men generally pile out of bed about 3 o'clock in the morning, and the first man has to make coffee and call the rest. Such is the unwritten law. They work in the veils till noon, when they have the heartiest meal of the day. The heat is generally intense at this hour, and as soon as the meal is finished the house is closed up to keep out the flies, and every man, woman and child take themselves off to their beds, where they sleep soundly till the heat of the day is over, when they resume their work till sundown. In the evening, after supper, the people sit round the round barbet, when a tub is passed round and each person bathes his feet in it. At first I used to object strongly, but found that the refusal gave offense. Now, however, I take care to have a better chance to use the tub first. It is an old custom and one that induces sleep.

When this foot bathing is finished the old Boer gets down the family Bible and the prayers for the night are read. They sing without hymn books, and most lustily, too, and it is to be regretted that they know so few tunes, for the only one I have ever heard is the tune of the One Hundredth Psalm. They follow the teachings of the Dutch Reformed Church, and every Sunday, no matter what the weather is, the horses are spanned into the cart at an early hour to take them to church, which in some cases is thirty miles away from their homes.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Tar painted Floors.

Some months ago the floors of many Australasian garbages were painted with tar, and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous, that the method is becoming greatly extended in its application. The collection of dust in cracks is thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritating diseases of the eye has been noted. Cleanliness of the rooms has been greatly facilitated, and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, requires renewal but once a year, and presents but one disadvantage, namely, its sombre color.—Housewife.

Game for Invalids.

After being properly prepared, says the St. James' Gazette, boil in a young bird until it is three parts cooked; then remove the skin, pick all the flesh from the bones, and pound it in a mortar with a little of the liquid in which it was boiled, three tablespoonfuls of finely sifted bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, a sufficient seasoning of salt, and a grating of nutmeg. When pounded to a perfectly smooth paste, put the mixture into a saucepan with a little more of the liquid, and let it simmer gently for ten minutes. When finished, the panada should be slightly thickened with good cream. It will keep quite fresh and sweet for three or four days, and can be heated, a few spoonfuls at a time, and served poured over a slice of nice, crisp, hot toast, or in a very tiny dish with sippets of toast inserted round about. Nothing more quickly destroys the capricious appetite of an invalid than having a large dish of anything, no matter how dainty, set before them; they require to eat often, but only a very little at a time.

Dampening and Ironing Clothes.

The clothes should be gathered as soon as dry on windy days, as an hour's whipping and switching in the wind will wear them more than weeks of ordinary usage.

Lampen the night before ironing by sprinkling each piece, which should be lightly rolled up, and then placed in the basket.

Do not dampen fine starched clothes until an hour or two before ironing them, as they will be less stiff if damp a longer time. Dampening collars, cuffs and shirts is an important feature of the polishing, as they must be limber but not wet. For collars and cuffs procure a thin piece of cheese-cloth, the best perhaps—wet it and wring it out. The begin near one end of it, to lay on it a cuff; then fold over the end without bending the cuff, lay on another piece, fold again and so continue until all the cuffs and collars are wrapped in the damp cloth. They will be ready for polishing in about an hour.

To dampen shirts lay a damp cloth over the bosom, sprinkle the rest of the shirt lightly, roll up and place with the collars and cuffs.

The ironing table should be covered with a thick blanket and a clean white sheet. There should also be a shir board six feet long and eighteen inches wide covered with two or three thick pieces of cloth, in order to keep dresses and skirts nicely. A bosom-board is indispensable; this should be nine inches by eighteen inches, planed very smooth, and covered with a single thickness of cotton-cloth.

Keep the smoothing irons clean, and free from rust by scouring them well occasionally with powdered emery.

It is to be hoped that no one who reads this is an advocate of the "non-ironing" theory. So slovenly a practice as that of putting away clothes unironed cannot be deprecated too severely. Other careless habits will be sure to follow in the wake of such a violation of the rules of neatness.

Time is limited and strength inadequate, to describe elsewhere. See that no garments are soiled and washed up necessarily. Have fewer tucks and ruffles if need be, but do not neglect the ironing.

Laces and embroideries should be placed wrong side up over flannel, and ironed after being carefully smoothed. Iron the thin parts of dresses and other starched garments first, as they dry soonest; leave gathers and bands until the last.—Youth's Companion.

Recipes.

APPLE PUDDING.

Bake four large apples very soft, press the pulp through a sieve and add twelve ounces of sugar, the white of an egg and the juice of half lemon, or any flavor desired. Beat to a froth and serve with macaroons or any delicate cake.

GRATELLE SAUCE.—One package of gelatine soaked for one hour in a pint of water. At the end of this time pour on the gelatine two quarts of boiling hot milk; add three heaping teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar; stir until dissolved; pour on a taster; strain into molds and set off the ice.

CHERRY JELLY.—Boil the cranberries and water the same way for fifteen or twenty minutes till they are soft, then strain through muslin cloth enough to retain the seed. To every pint of juice put a light pound of sugar and boil ten minutes. This ought to be very clear and firm.

PLUM PUDDING SAUCE.—An excellent sauce for plum pudding can be made from the following recipe: Stir to a cream a cup of butter, three cups of powdered sugar. When quite light, add the juice of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls of nutmeg, and the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff.

CHICKEN SAUCE.—Cut up one chicken and put it into two quarts of milk; season with salt and pepper. When about half done add two teaspoonfuls of barley or rice to taste; in this is done remove the chicken from the soup, tear or cut part of the breast into small pieces and add to the soup with a cup of cream.

CATERPILLAR WITH CHEESE.—Shorten the stems of cold boiled cauliflower; place it on a flat dish and set it in the oven; when a little warmed pour over it an ounce of hot clarified butter mixed with some ground Parmesan or other cheese; put it again into the oven, and let it be served immediately.

BROKEN SYRUPS.—Cut a fine piece of butter, skin it and divide into slices about an inch thick, dip them into beaten egg, powder fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt and chopped parsley over them, fold in paper and broil over a clear fire. Send to table with essence of anchovies, sage or Worcester's sauce.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.  
She stood upon the platform seat,  
Her lover by her side;  
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy red,  
Her murmured: "By my bride."  
With downcast eyes and aching hand,  
Love's stimulus to sleep,  
She placed a nickel in the slot  
And gave herself a weigh.

The Glass of Fashion. "Ah," said Mr. Scroggins, "I'm as adjusted as the necktie." "We use so much soap with the airs of these society people half day; but when evening comes, my boy, they show wet the truly grotesque is by putting on the dress that we wear all day." "That's so," replied Mr. Crumbeath, with a grave nod. "You have a great deal, Tammis; we waters be the real leaders of fashion."—Life.

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SOLD TO STRANGERS.

The worn out blinds hang loosely,  
The paint has nearly gone,  
The creaking gate swings idly,  
The old place looks forlorn;  
The myrtle bloom is grass-grown,  
That blossomed years ago,  
And one by one have vanished  
The flowers I used to know.

The ancient tree whose cherries  
Rejoiced my childish heart,  
Stands lifeless, grim and groning;  
The arbor's dropped apart—  
That arbor in the garden  
Where honeysuckles twined;  
The once broad path that led there  
Is now but ill-defined.

The deer, quaint old mansion,  
It held our kith and kin  
For eighty years and over,  
'Till they were gathered in,  
And now it goes to strangers;  
Its glories all are fled  
Since those who built the hearth-fire  
Are numbered with the dead.

While we who loved it fondly  
Must give a parting sigh;  
A farewell look, and sadly  
Forever pass it by.  
And still the fragrant lilies  
May bloom beside the door,  
But strangers' footsteps echo  
Across the oaken floor.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.  
We, the people—U. S.  
A bridal pair—The horse.  
A dwarf pair—A couple under size.  
A romance of the middle ages—An old maid's love affair.

Lost in the outskirts—A woman, when she can't find her pocket.  
Corners in the stock market may be sharp, but they are never square.  
'Tide goes before a Fall,' and the 'Winter of discontent' comes after.

Shades of the departed—Those left hanging when the last tenant moved out.  
How to be happy, though married—Let your wife do all the talking—Boston Courier.

To keep jellies from molding, place them on a low shelf where they can be reached by the children.  
To write a good story for the public a man must have a good upper story of his own.—New York News.

Why will a street-car conductor stop a man from smoking and the next minute help a woman to alight?—New York News.

Mrs. Smith holds her age remarkably well. "She holds her tongue about it, if that's what you mean?"—Boston Transcript.

The man who grafted an apple twig into a plum tree reports to the Agricultural Society that he led to raise pine-apples.  
"All men are born free and equal," but unfortunately some are born equal to two or three of their fellows.—New York Tribune.

"Time and tide wait for no man," but when a woman is in the case, even time and tide must wait or go on without her.—New York Tribune.

Stranger—"May I ask what your occupation is, sir?" Tally-ho driver (in a college town)—"Oh, I coach the students."—Burlington Free Press.