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The leaves of anacardium is working in Canada.

The United States is rapidly forging ahead as a first-class maritime power.

Germany is said to be very mad because France is lending money to Russia.

Philadelphia has just consecrated a church for deaf mutes—the only one in the world.

In the North eloquent stump speakers are now known as "spell binders," after an organization recently started in New York.

Hop growing is on the decline in England, the area devoted to that crop in 1888 being eight per cent. less than during 1887.

After all the sanitary engineers have done, the average mortality of the cities is twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the country.

There has been no time in the history of this country, asserts the Omaha Herald, when assassination was more rampant than now.

According to official information the Sudan trade before the troubles with the Mahdi's Arab followers began was worth \$10,500,000 a year to England.

The present Georgia Legislature contains more farmers than any of its recent predecessors. There are sixty-nine farmers in the House, against forty-six last year.

In Mexico the word God does not appear in the Constitution or laws. Consequently a constitutional protest which is equivalent to the oath of office is used at an installation of officials.

A Chinaman who, after several years' residence in this country, returned to China, has been telling his countrymen that the Americans worship a mysterious being who is called All Mi-Tol Lar.

The highest death rate among white people in this country is 22.53 per thousand in New York, where there are 18,377 people to a dwelling. At Newark, N. J., with 7.26 people to the dwelling, the mortality is 16.40.

Says a New York expert in sporting matters: "There isn't a fight, wrestle, rowing match, running match, horse trot or sword contest on the square these days. Everything is 'cooked' beforehand, and 'cooked' to make money."

Says the New York Herald: "It was railways that contributed so largely to German success in 1870 and to some of the most brilliant feats in the civil war of America, and the nation that cannot utilize her railways for military purposes is beyond the sphere of effective warlike combinations."

As electricity will undoubtedly be substituted in executions for the rope, the Chicago Times suggest that a new branch of study is opened for young Anarchists. "They should be instructed in electric volts, and taught to compute the number of ohms which constitute their power of resistance."

Western hunters complain that wild duck are becoming very scarce, and attribute their scarcity to the use of duck eggs in making a new glue that is manufactured in Canada. Their eggs having become valuable, Canadian hunters depopulate their nests and thus materially reduce the supply of young ducks.

The phonograph has reached such a degree of perfection that gaps and yawns are produced by it with great distinctness. At a recent trial given at Mr. Edison's laboratory a meeting between two lovers was recorded, and persons of experience say that the kisses were reproduced with tantalizing accuracy and fervor.

Two Pittsburg tube-workers have been hired at \$3 a day to go to England and instruct workmen there how to manufacture tubing. One of the proprietors of a great English manufactory, who employed the men, has discovered that American workmen are much more rapid and have a better system of doing the work than their English brothers.

The Empress Frederick and her daughters are sombre figures at Windsor, says a London cable. The Empress wears a widow's cap with long strings reaching nearly to her feet, and her daughters, in addition to their crapes robes, wear what would be termed here widow's caps. The Empress has decided to return to Berlin when she leaves England, instead of proceeding to Italy, as was her original intention.

The heavy expenses of a college course have heretofore deterred all but the daughters of wealthy parents from enjoying the privileges of academic education. This exclusiveness is being very perceptibly broken into now, however, by some women who earn their money by some other means.

There are a hundred thousand intelligent young men in this country who are willing to try them.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

I'm a man that's fond of music, An' w'en folks are nober I kin make our old accor; Squawk a mighty takin' An' the banjo's jangle yander. With its gentle plink, plink, 'Pyears to get plumb at the bottom Of the deepest thoughts I think. Does me heaps o' good on Sunday For the pray'r at church is said, Jes to stand an' byear "Old Hundred" Soarin' far up overhead! An' I most kin spy the angels Lusin' 'treat the gate up thar, When Old Abram Blackburn's darter Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

THE DOCTOR'S NEPHEW.

Corla alighted from Philo Wilson's highland nag and somewhat rattly buggy, and sat down on a log with a sigh of relief, while Philo hitched his horse to a tree. It was not an enticing thing at best to go to a picnic with Philo Wilson, but the picnic itself was preferable to the drive thither. There were distractions at least, and with good luck, a chance for a brief escape. But driving six miles with him, making spasmodic attempts at conversation while he sat in his usual open-mouthed but tongue-tied silence, tall and lank, uninspired and uninspiring—driving with Philo had no alleviating points. Fairly at the grounds, then, Corla shook out her white dress and straightened her chin, and even smiled a little with the buoyancy of youth. The picnic was large, she noted, gaily. There were the older people gathered sedately together among a group of birches. Corla's father and mother were among them, in black broadcloth and alpaca, and they looked over at their only daughter and Philo with placid smiles. They approved of Philo; he was "steady," and their practical concern went no further. Corla smiled back at them. And grouped about the long board platform, where there would be dancing later, were all "the girls." Corla looked at the lot with a certain other end of the platform. The bustle over a subdued but historical chorus. "Oh, do you know him?" We thought, of course, he's a relative, because he's with Sadie. "Isn't he lovely, anyhow." "He's very nice-looking," said Corla, faintly, as if in a daze. "Yes, he's the doctor's nephew. He was here last summer, but only for a week or so; and the doctor was in to see father one evening, and brought Mr. Hill with him, and we got pretty well acquainted. He'd run over and play croquet real often, and one day we went to a little excited murmur interrupted her. "He's looking at you!" "He's bowing." "He's coming straight over here, Corla." So he was, with the eager smile with which young men have grown pretty much since the world began, and with an impatient, outstretched hand. Corla's fingers smarted, in truth, under the pressure it gave them. "Miss Gilman," he said, finding a seat beside her (and "the girls" edged away, swayed by the nearer presence of the doctor's nephew). "I have been looking for you, do you know? I came only yesterday, or you'd have seen me before. How are you, Miss Gilman? You look well! And the croquet ground—'is it there?" "Yes, it's there," she said, smiling up at him. (Philo had been buttonholed by Hank Lee, at a safe distance. "I've improved, Mr. Hill. Will you believe it?" "You," he cried, in humorous alarm. "Why, you used to 'whitewash' me every time as it was. We'll play some thing else this year, Miss Gilman—tag, or croquet, or something I'm proficient in." They laughed delightedly. How nice he was! she thought—so bright and jolly! She was a little frightened to find how well she remembered all about him. And she couldn't tell what he was thinking, of course—but he was looking at her with very eager eyes and a manner almost excited. She dropped her own, her cheeks pinker. "I remember it all, you see. What a good time we had, Miss Gilman, now didn't we—the day we went off black-berrying? You have forgotten it! You had on an old blue dress and a shaker, and some gloves of your father's." Mr. Hill threw back his head in boyish glee. "And we got ten quarts, too." He grew suddenly sober. "I did enjoy that week, Miss Gilman. I've lived it over in my imagination often enough since. If it hadn't been for you, Miss Gilman, I shouldn't have come here this summer!" he ended, courageously. "But I'm in for a month here now." She looked at him breathlessly, her heart beating hard. Did he mean it? But she knew he did. And she hadn't an idea of Philo's existence. She wished that she had not. The doctor's nephew rose impulsively. "Come, Miss Gilman," he said; "don't let's sit here pokily. We never were poky, you know. Let's have a ramble. Isn't there an ostensible purpose—an object of interest, or something?" She smiled, with an inward conflict of gladness and misgiving. "There's the willow arbor, down by the marsh; it's pretty there," she faltered. Hank Lee had released Philo; he was turning this way, with his loose garb, his hands in his pockets, his mother was getting out the lunch-basket. "I love willow arbors," cried the doctor's nephew. "If there's anything I've always adored and yearned for it's a willow arbor. You'll go?" "I don't know," said Corla, wistfully. But Mr. Hill knew. Philo Wilson, as any rate, stood the next moment staring after their disappearing figures. It was not quite eleven by Mr. Hill's handsome time-piece when they started; but it was fully one when they got back. They had forgotten the picnic, almost, wandering among the willows in something more than contentment, and it was a dire necessity to have to come back to it. "But they'll be having dinner, you say," said Mr. Hill. "And they'll eat at that long table, all together? Well, I'll get a seat by you, by hook or crook." But dinner was late. The fiddlers had arrived, and been pressed into early service. The platform was filled with waiters—get up their appetites, they said, while the fiddlers waited hungrily for that process to be completed. "Ah!" said the doctor's nephew, blithely. "Will you give me the first, Miss Gilman, and as many more as your card will permit?" They were laughing at that as they went toward the platform. But they did not ascend it. Philo stood on the lower stair, like a spider in wait for a fly. "It's about time, seems to me," he observed, his dull face lighted by a spark of anger. "I've been looking round for you for two hours, guess I'll have the first dance if you just let." There was sharp resentment in his pale-lashed eyes. Corla bit her red lips, her face aflame. But she spoke quietly. "Mr. Wilson was my escort, Mr. Hill," she said. "I—I—" She could not finish. She tried to smile, but her lips only trembled. The doctor's nephew looked Mr. Wilson over from head to foot, and bowed silently, a little paler than his wont, and turned away. "I didn't mean to make you mad," said Philo, better disposed now that he triumphed. "But if she had not been so hotly miserable. What did he think? 'You will find me a seat, if you please,' she said. But Philo did not hear her. His eyes were fixed on a figure a little distance—a figure which walked unsteadily with swinging arms. "Jem Murray!" he muttered, amazed. The eyes of the entire picnic were focused on Jem Murray, and with equal bewilderment, Jem alone was unconcerned. He was the chief blot on the town's respectability; a brainless fellow, half shoemaker and half vagabond, generally idle and never sober. How Jem Murray had got to the picnic was a startling mystery; but he was there unquestionably, and as unquestionably drunk. His progress was not barred; there was some hesitation about barring it. He swaggered on, marking his course with amiable comments. "Nice day, nice plash, nice lot o' girls. Keep right long!—for the fiddlers had irresolutely stopped;—'keep right long; goin' to have a danse m'self.' "He was grinning with the pleasure of this vague notion. It took clearer form in his muddled head. "Goin' to have a danse," he repeated. "Here—here's the girl now." He was standing before Cora, his blinking eyes on her blushed face and his shaking arm extended. She caught at her companion desperately; but Philo backed off, his face as pale as her own. He had never tackled her, Murray, and he did not care to do it now. "See here, now," he began, weakly. "But 'em was oblivious. "Wal, 'm waitin'," he observed. He touched Cora's sleeve; but he did no more. He was laid on his back the next minute by a sharp blow on the face, and the doctor's nephew stood threateningly above him. There were half a dozen others meditating the same act, but the doctor's nephew had distanced them. Philo stood open-mouthed. Cora was nervously crying, but Mr. Hill's arm was through her, protectively. Jem Murray was got on his feet and hurried away by a score of hands, and the hero of the occasion had an approving group around him, and Cora's father was of the number. "You did that mighty neat," was the general verdict. "Goin' to have a danse," the young man responded, a little stiffly, with an eye on Philo, and Philo grew red under it. Cora's tremulous fingers faintly pressed her companion's arm. "Come here, my girl," said her father. "You're all upset. Mr. Hill, you've got my gratitude," he declared, courteously. "But there was something in his voice which made his daughter look up at him as he led her away. "You saw it," she said, anxiously. "Yes, I saw it. So did your mother." Her father cleared his throat. "I don't know as I care about your leaving much more to do with that young Wilson. I've always been in favor of him, but I guess he ain't all I reckoned he was. Coming to me, now, complaining of your being off with that young fellow—wal, I used to fight my own battles. And I standin' there like a calf just now when he ought to be stirring. Wal, I don't just admire a coward." Cora laughed gaspingly. "Nor I!" she cried. "But that young Hill, now," said her father, emphatically—"he was here last summer, recollect?" "Yes," said Cora, guiltily blushing. "Wal, seems to me he's the right kind. Showed some spunk, he did—showed the proper spirit! Fine young man! Wonder if he's making much of a stay to the doctor's?" he speculated, with a show of indifference he did not feel. How could he! The fine young man had not seemed indifferent to his daughter, and he had some paternal wonderings. "I think he is," said Cora. She wiped away the last of her tears and smiled, for the doctor's nephew was coming toward her through the trees. Philo Wilson did not appear at the well-spread dinner; nor was it very strange that he did not escort Cora to the next picnic, for before that annual gathering again took place, she was generally known as "the doctor's niece."—Saturday Night.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Pretty Floral Decoration. A very pretty foliage decoration for rooms or conservatories can be made of a white sponge. Fill the sponge full of rice, canary, hemp, grass or other seeds. Then place it in a shallow fancy glass dish. The prettier the dish is, of course, the prettier the decoration will be. Pour water in the dish; the sponge will absorb this. Keep enough water to always have the sponge moist. In a short time the seeds will sprout and make the sponge look very pretty. The dish can then be placed on a table, or the sponge can be suspended without the dish in some position where it is exposed to the sunlight. It must be well watered, so that the sponge is always moist, and it will then exhibit a mass of delicate green foliage. Mail and Express.

A Repertoire of Cheap Dishes.

Most housekeepers, says a writer on economical living, get into a "rut" and buy the same steaks, chops and roast each week, having no repertoire of cheaper dishes. A beef's head or a braised calf's liver make an excellent and economical change. Broiled sheep's kidneys with bacon make a fine breakfast, and only cost about ten cents. Beef olives (small pieces of round steak spread with stuffing and stewed) are appetizing and do not cost one-half as much as tenderloin steak, and so we might continue naming delightful dishes made from the so-called inferior pieces of meat. A great deal also depends upon the manner in which the marketing is put away and cared for after it comes home. All vegetables keep fresh longer if put in a cool, damp place. Fruits keep best in a cool, dark, dry place. Bread must be kept without wrapping in a close box. Fish, to be kept over night, should be cleaned, sprinkled with salt and put on a platter, skin side down; then stored in a cold place, away from all meats or delicate articles.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Make Soft Soap.

In almost all families there is more or less use for soft soap. Nothing is better for dish towels, white tables and floors, sinks, etc., than good soft soap. There is much in knowing how to make it with ease and without filling the house with a disagreeable odor. If the work is properly done there will be no trouble. The fats to save for soap grease are mutton, goose, turkey, and the skimmings from the water in which ham has been boiled. The solid bits of fat should be rendered while they are sweet. Whenever there are any trimmings of fat from mutton or other kinds of fat that are suitable only for soap grease, cut them in bits and place them in a frying-pan on the back part of the stove, where they will cook slowly until all the liquid fat has been extracted. Strain this into a pot kept for the purpose. Throw the solid pieces into the garbage barrel. Put all the skimmings of fat that are to be used for soap grease in the frying-pan while they are still sweet and let them simmer on the back part of the range until all the water has been cooked out of them. Put this fat with the other. If you do this work regularly, and keep fat covered and in a cool place, it will remain sweet for months. When you are ready to make the soap the work will not be great. It is best to make the soap a few weeks before you will wish to use it, as it is rather hard on the hands when new. Here is a good rule for making the soap without heating the grease. Put fourteen pounds of crude—not concentrated—potash in a wooden pail and pour over it enough boiling water to cover it. Stir well, and let the mixture stand over night. In the morning pour this mixture into a large kettle and place on the fire. Now add another pail of boiling water and stir frequently with a stick until all the potash is dissolved. Next put ten quarts of soap grease in a water-tight barrel and gradually pour in the hot potash. Let this stand for three hours, and then add a pailful of hot water and stir well. Add another pailful of hot water for the next six days, stirring well with a long stick each time. The soap should be stirred every day for the next three weeks, when it will be ready for use. Be sure the potash is pure.—Housewife.

Recipes.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Split a dozen crackers in halves, lay the surface over with raisins, placing the halves together again; tie up closely in a cloth, and boil about twenty minutes in milk and water, serve with a rich sauce. GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg, well beaten, one cup of cold water, one cup of sweet milk, a little salt. Stir into these enough graham flour to make a stiff batter. Put in gem pans and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a very hot oven. WATER BREAD.—Cut into slices four onions, four carrots, three large turnips, six meaty potatoes, and one stick of celery; add two tablespoonsful of rice; season with pepper and salt. Cut a pound and a half of lean beefsteak into small slices, and lay all together in a jar with a cover. Bake for six hours. PEACH CUSTARD.—Soak one-half cupful of gelatine with a cup of sugar and a dozen halves of peaches for one hour, then pour on a cup of boiling water and pass all through a strainer. Be sure to let it all over the fire until the gelatine has dissolved. Set it aside to cool, and when it is ready to congeal have ready a cup of rich cream; whip the cream until light, add a pinch of soda, and stir it into the gelatine quickly, one spoonful at a time. Turn into a mold wet with cold water, and set in a cool place to harden.

BRANDING "U. S." ON DESERTERS.

Under the old system in the United States Army a man caught and convicted of the crime of desertion was branded by tattooing the letter D on his left hip. He was at once recognized by that mark on presenting himself at a recruiting office for examination. The branding system was abolished by law, and since then it is always difficult and often impossible for the recruiting officers to tell old deserters when they turn up again for enlistment at different stations. I have heard my men speak of others who had deserted and re-enlisted over ten times. They had told of one man who had been in and out the service eleven times, and of another who had a record of thirteen enlistments. These are no doubt extreme cases. Branding was abolished because it was considered degrading. The old system of flogging perished for a similar reason many years ago. I am in favor of branding, and would make it an honor instead of a stigma by having the letters U. S., or some distinctive mark tattooed on every soldier, officer, and private. The mark could be placed on the arm as well as on the hip for the purpose. I think if I appeared before my men with the brand exposed to their view the idea of degradation would quickly vanish. Then, if a man deserted and presented himself again for re-enlistment or was captured, his discovery would be a very simple matter. A large proportion of the deserters get caught sooner or later, but in the meantime they cost the country a large sum of money. My remedy, I think, would not only be an economical measure, but absolutely certain as a means of detection.—New York Times.

A Cunning Restaurateur.

"Why do you keep it so blazing hot?" inquired a patron of the proprietor as he entered a restaurant. "Because it is cold outside," replied the proprietor. After the patron had left the premises the restaurateur proceeded to confess to the following confession to a newspaper man: "You see, I've been in the business for a quarter of a century, and my experience has taught me that under ordinary circumstances man devour more food at a single meal in piercing cold weather than when the outside temperature is moderate. When I first embarked in the eating-house business I was green enough to economize in wood for heating the premises, imagining I was thereby saving money, but I soon discovered my mistake as the patrons of my restaurant derided such inordinate quantities of food in winter as I had hastily learned a lesson from a cook, and through which I have since acquired a snug fortune. My eggk ate barely enough to sustain life in a caudary bird, and I inquired the cause of his lack of food. He replied that he was due to his being constantly employed about a hot fire, and remarked that if I would keep my restaurant red-hot in winter my boarders would not consume one-half the amount of food. I tried the experiment and soon found that whereas I had heretofore saved probably \$20 a month in fuel by half-freezing my boarders, that I was saving at least twenty cents a meal in the decrease in the amount of food each one consumed while the premises were kept red-hot."—Virginia (New) Chronicle.

ORIENTAL THIEFTAKERS.

HOW CRIME IS DETECTED IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE. Modern Solomons Whose Wisdom Shows by Results—Cautious Conviction. The Chinese possess no organized detective force, though the officials sometimes visit in disguise the scene of a notable crime for the purpose of making inquiries, and police spies are often locked up with remanded prisoners to try to worm out their secrets. The lower classes being intensely superstitious, the judicial investigation of crime usually takes place at night, says Chambers's Journal. The judgment hall is a lofty building of wood, unceiled, and bare of furniture save for the raised dais at the north end, where is seated the presiding magistrate, attended by his secretaries, clerks and litigants. The only light comes from paper lanterns or cotton wicks in oil-cups, which but serve to bring into prominence the weird shadows flitting about the corners and lurking among the woodwork of the roof. Silence prevails, the few spectators watching the proceedings standing like statues. The accused, dragged from the darkness and flung of a Chinese prison, is forced to kneel before the judgment-seat throughout the trial. Weakened by ill-treatment and appalled by his own superstitious imaginings, he often only requires a little inducement to confess to elicit a full confession of his guilt. If he prove obstinate, witnesses are called. From these no oath or affirmation is demanded; the breaking of a saucer or other forms for administering an oath to a Chinaman laid down in English law books being quite unknown in Chinese courts. Any hesitation or refusal to answer the magistrate's questions—for he is judge, jury and crown prosecutor all in one, and no counsel for the defence is allowed—is punished by blows on the cheek or the application of the bamboo to the limbs, and similar penalties more severely administered check the giving of false testimony. Should the prisoner, in the face of strong evidence, persist in denying his guilt, various persuasive measures are resorted to, such as forcing him to kneel on chains, hanging him up by the thumbs or suspending him by the neck in a wooden frame so that his toes just touch the ground. All such tortures are illegal, but a confession has to be obtained somehow before sentence can be passed, and the cases are many and the time allowed for setting them short. Two instances of extra-judicial methods for ascertaining the culprit among many equally under suspicion deserve to be recorded for their cleverness. Some balls of opium taken from a piratical junk by a revenue cruiser mysteriously disappeared while being transferred to the latter vessel. Opium is very precious in China, and a ball is easily split up and secreted in the wide sleeves or the voluminous waistband of a Chinese sailor. The commander of the vessel was loath to institute a search of the ship and crew, knowing well the craftiness of his men, and that, even if found, the opium would most probably be in the bundle of some innocent man. He therefore resorted to a plan as simple as it proved effective. In his cabin was, as is usual, a shrine of the Goddess of Mercy and of the Chinese Neptune. Before these deities he instituted a solemn service, which was prolonged till evening. When night fell he mustered the crew and called them one by one into the dimly-lighted cabin. Here each man had to make solemn declaration of his innocence, kneeling before the images, and dipping his finger in a saucer of water, to swear his face all over, but he warned that if he were guilty, the divinities would make his face appear streaked with black. When the thief's turn came he tried to outwit the gods by rubbing his finger on the bottom of the saucer; but to his horror, when he reached the light, his face was all over black marks, the wily commander having held the saucer over a lamp before commencing the experiment. In another case, where several servants were suspected of theft, each man was given a bamboo of the same length, marked with his name, which had to be deposited in an urn before a small shrine in the outer prison where they were confined. The officer announced that the culprit's rod would grow, by interposition of Providence, one inch during the night. The prisoners were then locked up, no watch being kept on the urn. On the reassembling of the court the next day it was found that one rod was found to be an inch shorter than the rest, as the thief had, under cover of darkness, endeavored to circumvent the supposed divine power by biting a bit off his rod. When any article disappears from a private house and the culprit is suspected of purloining it, it is usual before having recourse to the magistrate, whose underlings exact huge fees for doing anything, or nothing, to call in a priest and hold a communion service. This consists in invoking the evil spirits and bribing them by offerings and music to hound the culprit to death within the year. It continues for three days and nights—if the terrified thief does not confess and make restitution before that time, a result very frequently achieved.

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A Bluff Skipper Stops the Captain.

An Old Backsport (Mc.) sea captain thus describes the way in which he dismissed an undesirable sailor for the hand of his daughter the other night: "I just showed him up the companion way and out on the gang-plank leading from my house, and gently remarked that the wind was off shore and the sooner he got under way the better offing he would be getting by morning. He paid off and bore away down the street."

A German Chemist Has Found that Chloroform may be Detected in the Lungs of Animals Four Weeks after Death.

A German chemist has found that chloroform may be detected in the lungs of animals four weeks after death.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing And names that are never spoken, There are treasures guarded with jealous care And kept as a secret token, There are faded flowers and letters dim With the tears that have rained above them, For the fickle words and faithless hearts That taught us how to love them. There are sighs that come in our joyous hours To chasten our dreams of gladness, And tears that spring to our aching eyes In hours of thoughtful sadness. For, the blithest birds that sing in spring Will fit the waning summer, And lips that we kissed in fondest love Will smile on the first new comer. Over the breast where the lilies rest In white hands still forever, The roses of June will nod and bow, Unheeding the hearts that sever, And lips that quiver in silent grief, All sweets of hope refuse, Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys That perish with the using. Summer blossoms and winter snows, Love and its sweetest agony, Hope, like a siren dim and fair, Quicken our fading vision; Drooping spirits and failing pulse, Where untold memories hover, Eyes that touched with the seal of death, And the fitful dream is over.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Bound in calf"—Veal. Caught on the fly—Trout. Two physicians are a paradox. The burning question—Smoke. Fireside companion—The poker. A loan fellow—The pawnbroker. Unpopular preserves—Jim-jams. A writ of attachment—A love letter. Old maid's know what a mis-spent life means. The oldest and most inveterate smoker in history is Vesuvius. It is an astronomer who most frequently rises and falls. When a man doubles his fists you can hardly say he has four hands. There is a resemblance between books and real estate. Both have titles. The man who lives from hand to mouth should not have far to go for his dinner. To make a Russian name—imitate the "chug" of a bull frog, give one snee and say "ski." Honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home.—New York News. A young New England baby was named William after his father, who was bilious.—Herper's Base. The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. Their object can be seen through, and will be sat upon. A barking dog is the most courteous of all animals. He makes his bow to every passer-by.—Binghamton Republican. Money can slip through a pretty small hole sometimes. A Brooklyn man lost a considerable sum lately through a pew rent. All the street cars have a sign "no smoking," and yet any conductor will help a woman to a light.—New York World. A good many of the cashiers who are settling in Canada are those who have neglected to do any settling over here.—New York News. Woman (to tramp)—"How's the soup?" Tramp—"I ain't quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it." Waiter—"You want frogs, eh? Guest—"Not see whole animal, I want see, vat you call him—zee drumsticks.—Philadelphia Record. Brown—"You dispose of that last lyric you wrote?" Young Byron—"O yes, I got it off on the publishers for a song.—Yankee Blade. Duluth people say that that city is growing so rapidly that, sitting down in the suburbs, with the city against the skyline, you can see it grow. "It requires only two things to run a successful campaign," said the politician. "And what are they?" asked a bystander. "Dollars and sense." Tramp, picking up a five cent piece—"A blood nicker, hum! Wasn't nothin' but a Jonah all my life. Anybody else but me 'a pick'd up that nicker and it'd be a quarter, sure." (Sighs). Shakespeare was slightly mixed in his "seven ages." It is the "whining school boy" whom the maternal eye has detected in some fragment act of disobedience that "shifts into the slippered pantaloons." Leader of the Bogsville male quintet to editor of the Bogsville Herald—"What can we do to interest the public in our organization?" Editor (without looking up)—"Disband."—Durham Free Press. A baby girl in Missouri has been named Rainbow. Sixteen years hence, when she is caught in a summer shower, she should feel very much at home, although she would then be a little rain deer.—Norristown Herald. They say the German Emperor is spoiling to pitch in; He sharpens up his spurs and lings, He asks for his horse and his gun, "Who wants to put a cock against The Bantam of Berlin?"—Durham Free Press. Lawyer—"So that is the entire list of your debts?" Insolvent Manager—"Oh, no; there may be many other little items." Lawyer—"Don't you want me to add them in detail?" Manager—"No; just say, for further particulars see small bills."—America. An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets his wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk after dark. The latter is more deserving of death.—Norristown Herald. "Did that lady buy anything?" asked the jeweler of his new boy, as the lady in question left the store, apparently in a temper. "He did not. She asked me for an old gold breast pin, and I asked her if she took this store for a junk shop. Then she went out."—Teacher's Weekly. Mrs. Annie Hives-Chandler is having a \$1000 gown constructed by a fashionable New York dressmaker.

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