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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... 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.

American finances are in an improved condition.

The Italian Government is about to exclude American meat.

The railroads have hauled ten per cent. more freight than they did last year.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle denies that there is such a race as the Scotch-Irish.

There are 7.73 per cent. of the people of Massachusetts who can neither read nor write.

During nineteen years 310 amendments to the Constitution have been introduced, but only three have been adopted.

London papers devoted considerable space to the American centennial proceedings, and their tone was one of respect for this country.

Oyster pirating along the shores of Maryland and Virginia has at length been broken up, but it took some hard knocks and a great deal of money to do it.

The Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is to deliver the address at the dedication of the national monument to the forefathers at Plymouth, Mass., on August 1.

Says the Chicago Sun: There are not a few sharp and far-seeing business men who say that the United States is on the eve of the greatest railroad enterprise ever known.

There has been so much sickness in Trego County, Kan., that the Probate Judge canceled all the druggists' permits in the county, hoping in that way to mend the general health.

Three times as much coal as ever before was imported into St. Petersburg last year, and a Russian Government commission is investigating the Russian mines to find out what ails them.

America can take in 2,000,000 more corners, remarks the hospitable Chicago Herald, and find room for all to build homes and make gardens. We haven't settled a hundredth part of the country yet.

The Detroit Free Press asserts that Chicago has set itself to absorb enough of its suburbs to advance to the third place among American municipalities, under the next census. Owners of small towns in Illinois now take them in at night.

The people of New York are discussing the proposition to hold a World's Fair in the Metropoli in 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Many prominent merchants of the big city favor the idea.

The Canadian Government has given 40,000,000 acres of land to railroads, and is willing to give more, but states the New York Graphic, "emigrants prefer United States land," and can scarcely be induced to remain in the Dominion."

England gets most of its ice now from Norway, Scandinavian competition having almost entirely destroyed the business of shipping ice from Boston to England, which was once very profitable. Ice is sold in London for fifty-eight to eighty-one cents per hundred weight.

The thirty picked men from the marine corps, who have been sent over to Paris to act as a guard in protecting the American exhibit, are said to represent the flower and pride of the marine corps, all being native Americans of good record, martial bearing and soldierly deportment.

A number of important inventions are coming out. One recently tested is an earth which preserves whatever it surrounds for an indefinite period. Embalming can be done, it is said, as well to be done in Egypt, and food can be kept for years. The clay comes cheap. The doctors are deeply interested in it.

Samoa, which is attracting so much attention now, is generally regarded as a savage island, but a large proportion of the people are Christians. A missionary says: "I would guarantee to take the first twenty men, women and children that I should meet with in Samoa, and I would back them in Bible knowledge against any twenty I should meet in this country."

In Findlay, Ohio, there are few houses to rent, and rents are high. This fact probably suggested to three young men of that place the brilliant scheme of getting a monopoly of the rentable houses, and making a handsome "spec" in a legal way. During January and February they quietly leased all the houses they could secure upon such terms as gave them full control and the power to sublet, and on May 1 advanced the rents four or five dollars a month. People had no houses to live in, so the scheme of buying houses? Trust worked just as financiers expected it would.

PEGGING AWAY.

Oh! well I remember the clustering faces That in wonderment peered through the shoemaker's door When, to sound of his whistle and tap of his hammer,

As often regaled us with bits of his lore; He often he'd say, with a nod that was knowing,

And a smile that was bright as the sweet summer day: "I tell you what, lads, there's nothing worth having

But what you must get it by pegging away. "You may run the swift race and be comfited the victor,

And yet you but get there a step at a time; And up the steep ladder where Fame keeps her laurels,

If you want to get one you must certainly climb. The world, it is only a broad piece of leather,

We must shape it ourselves to our last as we may; And we only can do it, my lads, as I tell you,

By pressing and moulding and pegging away." Oh! the years have been long, and the shoemaker's vanished;

Adown the dark road we must journey alone; But I often think of the wisdom hid under His whiskered jest and his fatherly tone.

As misfortune and I together still stray, That all the best gifts the world has to offer It only gives those who keep pegging away.

—The Advertiser.

A DETECTIVE'S LUCK.

If I had the selection of a corps of detectives I should pick out men who are known as lucky. Certain men are thus characterized, and the term properly belongs to them. Certainly men are unlucky, and the term also properly belongs to them.

I have worked alongside officers who were as sharp and keen as men ever became, who were persevering and tireless, who had the pluck of a warrior and the reliance of a slave, and yet they were "down on their luck," as the saying goes; that is, the big things passed them by and fell into the hands of others.

In detective work one must have courage and judgment. He must know human nature pretty well. He must be fairly shrewd and sharp. If he is working a blind trail the rest must be left to luck. And the luck and ill-luck of detective life is something wonderful. The luck we hear of every day. The ill-luck is suppressed as much as possible.

In the month of June, 1897, I was spending a few days with relatives of mine on a farm near Oberlin, Ohio. I had been in detective business about five years. We got no newspapers at the farm, and I had not received a letter for ten days, and had not heard the least bit of news from the outside world, when uncle and I drove into the town one day. On the way in I got out of the wagon and picked up a copy of a Cleveland paper which was lying on the highway.

The first thing I saw was an account of a murder at Peru, Indiana, several days before. An old man had been murdered and robbed of a large amount of money. Not the slightest clue of the murderer had been discovered. No one could say whether he was old or young, white or black, or which way he had gone. It seemed a hopeless case, and I felt a bit sorry for the two Chicago officers who had been sent for to work the case out.

The first call I made after reaching Oberlin was at the Postoffice. I then visited a barber shop, but the two chairs were occupied, and I had to wait about ten minutes. Having nothing to occupy my mind, I looked the two barbers over in detail, and then turned my attention to the customer in the nearest chair. I began at his feet first. He wore No. 8 gaiters, and they were a new pair; indeed, they had never been blackened. His trousers were frayed about the bottom, and as I came to look closer, I saw that they were frayed and threadbare. On the left leg, which was nearest me, between the knee and the ankle, were several stains. They might have been made by either blood or acid. When the man sat up straight after his shave I saw that his coat was also old, and I looked over to his hat on the hook to find it very rusty. The barbers were not speaking to either of the men, so that both must be strangers in the town. My man had reddish hair, which he had clipped close before I came in. His neck was sunburned and dirty, and after looking him over from toe to crown, I said to myself:

"This chap has all the looks of a professional tramp. That suit was probably given him, but ten to one he stole those gaiters. Wonder if he can scrape up enough to pay the barber." The bill was thirty-five cents. The man gave me a furtive look as he got out of the chair, and while being brushed he felt in his pockets for change. He had two ten-cent shimpsters, but as these were not enough he half turned from me and fished a greenback out of his pocket. The barber had to go out to change it, and the man was so impatient and nervous that he could not stand still. When the barber returned he had the change for a twenty-dollar note. He began to count it out, but the stranger muttered his confidence that it was all right, and reached out for the pile and crammed it into his vest pocket. He was about to go, when I rose up and said:

"My friend, I want to have a few words with you, if you are not in a big hurry." "But I am!" he replied, trying to push past me without looking me in the face. "But you'll have to wait just the same. I want to know who you are." "There was a back door to the shop. He wheeled and sprang for it, but it was locked. As he turned on me again he pulled a revolver from his bosom and leveled it on me, and fired a shot which went over my head and through the window. Before he could fire again I had him jammed against the wall, one hand held of the weapon and the other on his throat, and I choked him until he sank down in a heap. Who did he turn out to be? The Indiana murderer who had

been dodging about the country for six days, and who had run the gauntlet of a hundred officers. It was blood on his trousers, though we did not have to prove it, as he made a full confession. It was simply my good luck. It was simply the ill luck of two Cleveland detectives who reached Oberlin two hours too late.

About fifteen years ago, while connected with the force in Chicago, a jewelry house on State street was robbed of \$12,000 worth of jewelry. Aside from this there was a package of Government bonds amounting to over \$17,000, which had been deposited in the safe for security. The robbery was committed by professional cracksmen, who left their tools behind but no clue. I was at this time at Bowling Green, Kentucky, after a counterfeiter, and I read an account of the robbery in a Louisville paper. It wasn't my job, and I didn't give it any particular thought. I had traced a notorious counterfeiter down into Kentucky and located him at Bowling Green.

At least, I traced him to that town, but there I lost the trail for a few days. I got a false clue, which led me down to Franklin, and when I started to return I found an accommodation train. It was at night, and there was but one coach on the train, and that contained only five passengers besides myself. Three of these were natives, sure enough, while the other two talked about a coal mine in Tennessee, and seemed to own land in that State. I gave them little attention, being three seats in the rear, and was talking with the conductor on general matters, when the two men suddenly became interested in something one of them held in his hand. Their heads were together, and they were evidently deeply interested, when the report of a pistol was heard, followed by a cry of agony and a yell of alarm. The object of their curiosity was a derringer, and it had accidentally been discharged, the bullet entering the leg of one of the men just above the knee. In his pain and fright the wounded man sprang up, and turned fiercely on the other, with the exclamation:

"Curse you, but you did that on purpose! You wanted all the swag to yourself." The conductor and I were beside them in a minute. The wounded man fell back on the seat, and he evidently regretted the break he had made a few seconds before, for he said, as we came up: "Tom, old fellow, I had my own finger on the trigger, and pulled it off. You are not a bit to blame."

"But what about the 'swag' I demanded, as I stood over them." "He meant our coal mine," replied the one called Tom. "Yes; we are partners in a coal mine," added the wounded man. "Oh! that's it! Well, let's see what can be done for you?"

It was a bad wound—so bad that I knew his leg would have to come off, as the big bullet had shattered the bone, and I suggested to the conductor that he make as fast time as he dared to Bowling Green, where medical attendance could be had. To my surprise the man asked to be put off at some highway crossing, near a farm house, saying that a country doctor could manage the case well enough, and that the quietness of the country would be the best for the patient. This satisfied me that they were suspicious characters, and I assumed the authority to remove the one and handcuff him to a seat at the rear of the coach, and the other the derringer, and before I was through searching I brought to light all the stolen goods and jewelry. It was sheer luck again. Four of our men were out on their trail, but on false scents. They were supposed to have gone East, while I picked them up in the South. The fellow who was shot not only lost his leg but his life. The other was returned to Chicago, and he received a long sentence for his crime. There was a great deal of newspaper talk about my shrewdness, but I didn't deserve a word of praise. The case simply came to me. The ripe fruit dropped into my hands. Things fall that way to a lucky man, no matter what business he is engaged in.

One of the bits of luck which fell to me several years ago, and which was much talked about at the time, came about in a very singular way. I had been sent down to Augusta, Arkansas, to identify a man who had been arrested there, and was supposed to be a robber wanted in Chicago. He did not prove to be the man we hoped he was, and I was making ready to return when a resident of the town who was an old acquaintance of mine, put forward a speculation. He had just purchased a saw mill a few miles down White River, and he believed there was big money to be made in buying a large tract of timber contiguous to the mill. This tract was for sale at a very low figure, but my friend could not raise the cash. The result of our talk was that we took a boat next morning and were left at the mill landing. While he was overseeing some change of machinery I started out to get some idea of the value of the timber. The first thing I knew I was lost in the forest, and I did just what all other people do under the circumstances—headed the wrong way. Instead of going toward the river, I went away from it. It was in July, and although the mosquitoes nearly devoured me, there was no danger of suffering from the inclemency of the weather.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when I started out, and by mid-afternoon I had walked at least ten miles, and knew that I was entirely bewildered. I couldn't keep a straight course for the creeks and swamps, and the day was so cloudy and the forest so dense that there was no sighting the sun to guide me. It was just 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I reached a good-sized stream, and the first thing I saw was an old house built tied to the bank. There was smoke coming out of a stovepipe thrust through the roof, and I congratulated myself that I had reached shelter and something to eat. There was a plank reaching from boat to shore, and I ascended it and entered the cabin unannounced. A white man and a negro were seated in the rude room, and a fire had just been kindled in the cook stove. There was a door at the other side of the boat. It stood wide open, and the

THE TARANTULA KILLERS.

GIANT MEXICAN WASPS WHOM THE DEADLY SPIDER FEARS.

The Spider is Paralyzed by the Wasp's Sting—The Body Serves as a Store-house for Young Wasps.

A New Yorker says, in the Sun, speaking of the remarkable insects known as the Mexican wasp: "You'll find that remarkable insect wherever there are tarantulas, for it seems to owe its reputation of its kind to the presence of that kind of spiders. In fact, it is known by the name of 'tarantula killer' in Texas and other parts where the big spider has its habitat.

The most pugnacious birds of the air give the tarantula a wide berth, and the fiercest beasts are content to leave him unmolested. In fact, the tarantula seems to defy the entire animal kingdom, with the exception of this giant wasp. The appearance of a hawk sailing over a barnyard will not cause a more sudden or frantic scattering of a brood of chickens to a place of safety than will the approach of these spiders. Whether the tarantulas can see their enemy a long way off, or whether they hear the hum of his wings, or smell the dreaded insect, I don't know, but whenever a tarantula is seen scampering like mad for his den and closing down its trap without delay, it is ten to one that a tarantula killer will be seen sailing along that way a few seconds later.

It flies up leisurely, its reddish-brown wings spread to their full three-inch sweep, and contrasting strikingly with its dead-black legs and body. The hiding of the tarantula in his den does not worry the wasp a bit. It lights at the trap door and has it open as quickly as the tarantula can open it himself, and walks straight in. The big hairy, deadly spider has no terror for the wasp. The quality of the wasp's sting is shown in a startling way by its effect on the tarantula, for in five seconds after the killer has entered the spider's den the tarantula has succumbed to the thrusts of the sting, and is dragged out by the wasp as a butcher would drag a dead pig out of the pen.

But the strange part of the quick knocking out of the spider by the wasp is that while the former will never enjoy the pleasures of life again, he is not dead. The poison the wasp injects into the tarantula does not kill him, but throws him into a trance from which he will never awaken. The tarantula is actually embalmed alive, and if the subsequent processes the wasp has in store for him prove abortive in their working, as they sometimes do, the tarantula will remain in that dead and alive condition ever afterward.

Sometimes it happens to suit the tarantula killer, when it does up its spider in the latter's den, to leave him there to carry out the rest of the programme, and usually it drags the tarantula to some other part of the country, frequently a mile distant, although the spider is many times the wasp's bulk and weight. When the big wasp has dragged the spider to the spot it has selected, it punctures its victim's body at the base of one of its hind legs, and lays an egg deep in the opening. The wasp then digs a hole in the ground and buries the tarantula. Sometimes it hides the spider in a cleft in the rocks, and plasters the opening thick with mud. When the egg is hatched inside the spider the result is a most voracious grub, which at once begins to eat its way out of its storehouse. It is as if the spider had been kept on ice, nice and fresh in all its flesh and juices. The wasp's greedy larva devours everything to the right and left of it, and all that is ahead of it, and when it emerges from the tarantula's head there is nothing left of the spider but its hideous hairy shell. The grub digs itself out of the spider's grave, and in time becomes itself a tarantula killer, and does the same act for a future supply of wasps that was done for it.

Once in a great while the wasp's egg will not hatch, but that doesn't change the condition of the tarantula. I saw a tarantula in Texas that was found in a mud-plastered rock five years ago. A wasp had deposited its egg in the spider's body, but it had been abortive. It is not known how long the tarantula had lain in its trance when it was discovered, but when I saw it there were no more signs of decay about it than there are about a sleeping dog or cat. It was full and plump, its legs limber and flexible, and its eyes bright. All the elements of life were present, apparently, and yet the spider was practically as dead as the proverbial door nail.

As far as I could learn and observe in southern Texas, the wasp's temper is good, and it never shows any inclination to resent the presence of man except when it has an embalmed tarantula in tow. Then it will show its displeasure if it is approached too closely, and will make frantic dashes at any intruder, opening its red wings as it exhibits the signs of its anger, as if as a warning. I was told of a Mexican who was stung by one of these wasps on an occasion of that kind. He was stung in the neck. Paralysis of one side ensued and the victim finally died.

These tarantula killers live on elder flowers, the bloom of the wild Virginia creeper, and similar flowers. I counted 100 of the tremendous insects on one clump of elder flowers one day, and you may always be sure of seeing them in any of the Southwestern regions where elder or Virginia creeper abound. The tarantula killer is a good two inches and a half long, and he is as handsome as he is terrible.

The Joneses are at the head of the English clergy list with 450 representatives, while the Smiths follow with 378. After them comes the Williamses with 295 and the Evanses with 164. The Smiths make such an unexpected showing because of there being almost none in Wales.

Protestant missions are found in but two of the republics of Central America—Nicaragua and Guatemala.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO BROIL A BEEFSTEAK.

Have the steak cut an inch and a half thick. Lay it on a double broiler over a clear fire and let it become seared on both sides, to prevent the escape of the juice; then turn it constantly for ten or twelve minutes. Do not season until it is put on the hot platter.—New York Press.

COLD SLAW.

Cut the cabbage fine, and season it with salt and pepper. Put it in an earthenware bowl. Rub together a teaspoonful of flour, and butter the size of a walnut; pour over it two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and stir smoothly on the stove; put it on the back of the stove, where it will keep hot but not boil, and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat light the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mustard, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix this with the hot mixture; replace on the stove, stirring well; let it come to a boil, and pour while hot over the cabbage.—Practical Farmer.

SAUCE.

The simplest sauce for meats, fish and vegetables is made from water, melted butter and flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Great care and exactness are required in making sauces. The flour must be cooked in the butter, and the hot water added gradually. A good rule is, one pint of hot water, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, salt and pepper. For the water, milk may be substituted, which gives white sauce; eggs, parsley, lemon, mustard, oysters and celery may be added, each giving a name to the sauce. Mint sauce is made from the tender leaves of mint, chopped fine and soaked an hour in sweetened vinegar—one cup chopped mint, one-fourth cup sugar, one-half cup of vinegar.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FASHIONED YANKEE BREAD.

Sift two pounds of best flour on bread tray. Make a hollow place in the centre and drop in a piece of lard the size of a tablespoon. Dissolve one yeast cake in a little warm water and put that in with the lard and one teaspoonful of salt and half a teacup of sugar. Then mix it with lukewarm water until it is thick and turn it out on your moulding board and mold it till it shines and does not stick to the board. You cannot mold it too much. Then put it back on the tray. Cover it with a cloth not very heavy and put it in a warm place till morning. When it becomes very light put it on the board again and mold it down till it is solid. Set it in a warm place, and as soon as it rises nicely mold it again and put it in buttered pans and bake immediately. This takes a little time, but you have good bread.

ROAST SPRING LAMB, MINT SAUCE.

Lamb is now reasonable enough in price to be served twice a week. Small families will find it profitable to buy a leg and loin; the leg to be roasted and the loin cut up and served as chops, or the loin may be roasted and cutlets made of the leg. Lamb requires salt, pepper and the best of butter added before roasting. The butter may be rolled in little balls or cakes, then dredged with flour. The roast should be nicely browned on the outside. Mint sauce is easily made. Chop up three or four sprigs of mint, add it to a gill of vinegar, add also half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mint sauce may be made in large quantities and bottled for use. The common spearmint is the kind of mint mostly used in sauces, and is supposed to be the mint spoken of in the New Testament; pennyroyal and peppermint are members of the same family.—New York Sun.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut the chicken in pieces, jointing and cutting the back into four parts. Wash thoroughly and place over a moderate fire, covering with cold water and adding pepper and salt. Boil until tender, when the chicken can be removed. Add a little thickening stirred with flour and water and boiled in the liquor for a gravy. Add a little butter if desired. For the crust make a light dough, as for baking powder biscuit, by rubbing butter two-thirds the size of an egg into three cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt, mixing with sweet milk sufficiently stiff to roll out. Place your chicken in your baking pan, which should hold at least three quarts. Cut a narrow strip of the dough and place around the top edge. Add enough of the gravy to make the pie moist. Cover the pie with the balance of the dough, cutting a long slit in the center, and pressing the outer edges securely together. Keep in a moderate oven from half to three-quarters of an hour, or until it has boiled up and the crust is done. Serve from the pan in which it is cooked.

HOUSEHOLD TIPS.

Drain pipes and all pipes that are sour or impure, may be cleaned with lime water or carbolic acid. To keep eggs cool is a help in making frosting. Set them in the refrigerator after separating whites and yolks; they will best in half the time. To clean windows, wash them first with tepid water and a sponge; then dry them with old linen, and rub them clean; polish them with a newspaper. If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat, with a fork or old case knife kept on purpose. A paste for cleaning brass may be made by mixing one part oxalic acid and six parts of rotten stone with equal parts of tram oil and spirits of turpentine. Corks cut thin and stewed in grease and placed in their way, or dried sponge in small pieces fried in grease, or dipped in honey and laid in their haunts, will remove rats. Thick brown paper should be laid under carpets, if the patent lining is not to be had. It saves wear and prevents the inward of moths, which, however, will seldom give trouble. If salt is sprinkled around the edges where the carpet is laid.

IN NATURE'S SOLITUDES.

Within the hollow of the hills The silent river flows, Its listless water softly thrills The flag that in it grows; Beyond its sloping banks, where bloom Red lilies, crimson daisies, The low pines cast their fragrant gloom Along the mountain side.

High peaks beyond them gleam with snow, Above the rocky line Where restless winds forever blow, And apples mosses shine; But here, where grasses slowly bend Before the whispering breeze, From clover tufts to daisies, wend The pollen-dusted bees.

The birds in yonder maple sing In low, entrancing notes, While poised aloft on treeless wing, A watchful eagle floats; And higher still, in purple deep Of suifit, summer sky, Like windless sails where ocean sleeps, The white clouds moveless lie.

No sign of human life is seen, And save for bird and bee, And whisper of the grasses green, Where'er the wind is free, There is no sound, and all the place Is full of peaceful rest, And that supreme, ethereal best, Which says, "God knoweth best."

Yet man will win this listless stream Sometime to do his will, And golden harvest sheaves will gleam, Along your sloping hill; And orchard trees, with blossoms sweet, Will bear low-spoken words, What time young folk, with lingering feet, List to the mating birds.

—T.S. Collier, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lays of spring—Fresh eggs. A bouncing baby—A rubber doll. A stern necessity—A boat's tiller. Motto for a cooper—"Hoop it up." Three of a kind—A cow and two calves.

In their journey through life many take the bridal path. It is not imperative that an omnibus bill should have a rider. The stock farmer is a man of good breeding.—Merchant Traveler. Employers who would keep upon their feet must not allow their hands to be idle. Bill Tell's boy is remembered in history because he had an arrow escape.—Texas Siftings.

If none but bakers played the game of baseball one might readily account for the muffin. Would it be the proper thing to speak of a literary contest as a "skull race"?—The Ocean. "Better late than never" is hardly a suitable motto for the man who travels much by rail. The literary reviewer can blow up a magazine with entire personal safety.—Merchant Traveler. Some merchants appear to get along swimmingly while others can scarcely keep themselves afloat. If you should meet a lion, either hit him hard or run; don't stop to stick pins in him.—Achtion Globe. It does not augur well for the success of a social gathering to have many bores in it.—Baltimore American.

When a good dog points to game the hunter's gun is expected to speak to the point.—New Orleans Picayune. A youth thought it would be fun to fool with an unloaded gun. All friends are invited.—Merchant Traveler. Copper tips keep shoes from being run out at the toes, and men from being run out at the station house.—Mail and Express.

We would like to know if a house-painter by any license of speech can be called a hue-er of wood.—Binghamton Republican. Doubtless no true soldier would consent to act as a fence; and, yet, such a one has often been known to do picket duty.—Detroit Free Press. When a woman steps out on the back porch with her arms rolled up in her apron it is a sign to her neighbor that she has something to tell her.—Achtion Globe. A clergyman's prescription to young men who desire to get on in the world is to "mix brains with self-denial." That's good doctrine for those who have the brains to start with. It seems as if the proper thing to do, upon discovering the approach of a cyclone, would be to secrete one's self in a cellar and wait for the affair to blow over.—Detroit Free Press.

Judge—"At first you stole \$60, and then afterward \$40. Are you never going to do better?" Criminal—"Why, your Honor, I did better that time by \$20."—Fliegende Blätter. Bronson—"Why, I thought you knew Sammie's" Harkins—"I do." Bronson—"Well, you didn't bow as we passed him a moment ago." Harkins—"Because I know him too well."—Harper's Bazar. Highwayman—"Hold up your hands!" Pedestrian—"My dear sir, I have just returned from Oklahoma." "The device you have! Well, you can get a good free lunch on the next block. Good evening."—Lincoln Journal.

Judge—"You are charged with running a game of chance. What have you to say?" Accused—"It was not a game of chance, your Honor. No outsiders had the slightest possible chance of winning."—Omaha Star. Miss Sully (to her lover)—"You had better be careful when you come up to the house now, Charlie. Father has got a big dog." "Charlie—"When did he get him?" "Yesterday. He bought him of Miss Pinsky's father." "Oh, that dog, hey? I ain't afraid of him; he hasn't any teeth."—Louisville Post.

The native church in Sitka, Alaska, now numbers about 300 communicants.