

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; etc.

The flow of Northern and foreign capital into the South and Southwestern sections is increasing.

The effort to make tobacco a staple crop in Florida is being continued on a large acreage and with apparent success.

Herbert Spencer estimates the parliamentary or "lobbying" expenses of English railway companies at \$260,000 per annum.

A private soldier says that desertions from the army are largely due to the tyranny of the younger officers and the drunkenness of the older ones.

During the last ten years Americans have contributed \$20,000,000 to relieve suffering caused by disasters and epidemics. Not such a very bad record, observes the New York Tribune.

"For every five girls you put into business offices," says a New Yorker, "you will make three old maids. They will be appreciated for their work just as boys are, but they will lose the influence of their sex over men."

More than 15,000,000 railroad cross-ties are used annually in the United States, to furnish which requires the destruction of nearly 200,000 acres of forest. This fact illustrates the necessity of tree planting and the preservation of our forests from wanton destruction.

The most versatile American has been discovered at Mosherdale, Hillsdale County, Mich. He is a regularly ordained preacher, but also practices medicine and surgery, has proved his ability to gain a living as a cabinet-maker, and is a skillful draughtsman, surveyor and fruit-gardener.

United States Consul Mason, of Marseilles, writes to the State Department that the effects of general and unrestrained abstention in France are now recognized as forming a basis of one of the gravest dangers which threaten the physical and moral welfare of the people of France.

We are constructing some very big guns for our new navy. Two have just been turned out with a muzzle velocity of 2000 feet per second and a range of ten miles each. These, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, would assist materially in keeping the flies off any foreign man-of-war that dared to approach our coast with hostile intent.

Professor Richards, of Yale College, has made a study of the records of 2425 students in order to determine, if possible, the relation of athletics in Yale to scholarship. The general result is that the athletes fall slightly behind the non-athletes in scholarship, but not so much as to demand a suppression of those exercises. In some branches of athletic exercises the students who engage in the sports are above the average of non-athletes in scholarship.

Five Indians recently appeared as witnesses in a band case at Los Angeles, Cal., one of whom, Juan Sabera, claimed to be one hundred and twenty years old, and said he was twelve years of age when the San Gabriel Mission was founded. Another one of the quintet was Juan Calmita, whose years numbered one hundred and fifteen. The other members of the group were Francisco Apache, one hundred and five; Ramon Largo, one hundred and four; and Harabijo Cabojon, who was a mere boy of eighty.

Said a lieutenant on board the British warship Buzzard: "Were I in charge of a battery when engaged with either the Boston or the Atlanta, I would make a target out of the afterdeck and destroy the steering gear. The ship losing this would then be unmanageable and at the mercy of her antagonist." It is said that the confidential photograph books of nearly every British cruiser contain plates of every ship in the United States service. Many of these photographs were taken by the instantaneous process while the ships were under way.

An Englishman contributes to a recent issue of the St. James Gazette an extraordinary article on the lack of fighting qualities of the American. He declares that there was no real fighting in our Civil War, and that at any time during the first two years a well equipped division of 10,000 disciplined troops could have flung out either side within three months. But when he gets down to the probable results of a war between the United States and a European power, says the San Francisco Chronicle, he is most amazing. "He figures out that if a war did not result in the South seizing the opportunity to secede again, then the cowboys and Indians of the West, both of whom hate the grangers and detest the Government, would unite and devastate the country. The picture of a granger and the cowboy is a bit of old-fashioned humor which throws a shade on the best efforts of the nation's wits."

THE RAIN SPIRIT.

See! The night without is very lonely, Moon and stars and all their luminous train have fled; Darkness reaps the earth, and darkness only; Rain-drops fall like tears and darken the day; Yet in many voices Comes a sweet refrain, The utterance of a spirit sad but tender— The Spirit of the Rain.

THE TIPTON CELEBRATION.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

There was a good deal of head-shaking indulged in when Philip Bruce and Mehtabel Hale were married. Old Mrs. Pierce, who lived next to the Bruce homestead (it was Philip's now—he was the last surviving Bruce), stated the cause for disapproval with much impatience to little Miss Gardner, the dressmaker.

She said so with a sharpness equaling his own. "Well," said Phil, bending over his hanks again, "all I know is that I ain't no time to spend traipsing over to Tipton or anywhere else. I can't go—that's all!"

"It don't make any difference, my wanting to go!" cried Hitty. "You don't care for me." She pressed a corner of her apron to her eyes, sobbingly, and ran into the house. Old Mrs. Pierce witnessed the proceeding from behind her blinds, and recounted it to Miss Gardner next day. "I thought to myself that something was wrong," she declared. "So last night I just stopped in a minute with my mending; and, sure enough, it was just as plain as day that there'd be a some sort of a fuss between 'em. Hitty didn't say two words to Phil the hull time; and Phil he took his lantern, 'long about eight o'clock, and went off to the barn, and he hadn't come in when I come home. I told you how 'twould be, didn't I?"

"Well, well!" said Miss Gardner, sadly convinced. "You hain't changed your mind about going to Tipton, I s'pose?" said Hitty, stopping Phil somewhat timidly, as he was leaving the breakfast-table the next morning.

"No, I hain't," said Phil, rather shortly—he had not expected a revival of the subject. "If you're so set on it, you can go; but you'll have to leave me to home!" Hitty frowned. She had intended to give it all up peacefully—she had meant to tell him so; but his sharpness scattered her good resolves to the winds.

"I was thinking," she said, with equal coolness—she had thought of it only that instant—"that I might go with the Patches if you ain't going. I guess they'd take me along."

"She was sorry the moment she had said it, for Phil looked hurt and astonished. But he recovered himself promptly and angrily. "I presume they would," he said, turning toward the door. "I hain't the least doubt of it."

He strode away rapidly. "I'll leave your dinner right in the cupboard," Hitty called after him, "and I'll be home before supper!" Half an hour later she was closing the front gate behind her, and hurrying down the road toward the Patches', looking very pretty in her new brown silk—her wedding dress.

She was trying to make herself believe that she was in extremely good spirits; but the task was rather difficult. It seemed strange to be going on and leaving Phil in that way. But then he might have gone. Apples and potatoes! as though he couldn't have left them for a day. Certainly he couldn't have expected her to stay at home on account of them; she had been quite right not to.

The Patches' sleek white horse, harnessed to their big, dusty old carriage, was nibbling the grass at the gate. The Patches themselves, a pleasant-faced old couple, were just coming out of the house in their Sunday clothes. They looked inquiringly at Hitty.

"I'm going to beg a ride to Tipton," said the girl, smiling. They were old friends, and she was sure of a welcome. The old couple looked puzzled. Mrs. Patches frankly expressed her wonder. "Why, where's Phil?" she said.

"He ain't going," Hitty responded, hesitatingly. "He—he—he said he had too much to do."

"Well, well, git right in," said the old man, pleasantly. "We'll be glad to have you along." His wife echoed the invitation, and Hitty climbed in. But if each had said in so many words, "Why are you going there?" their thought could hardly have been plainer, and her heart sank a little.

Nor did the pretty drive serve to lighten it. She tried to shake off her discomfort—she was sure it was unreasonable; but she was feeling rather doleful at the end of the fourth mile. "Guess there'll be considerable many there," said Mr. Patches, as they rattled along. Indeed, they were in the midst of a long line of vehicles, all bound for Tipton. Everybody had a word for them as they passed or were overtaken.

"Why, Hitty Bruce?" cried Amanda Black—one of Hitty's best friends—turning to shake a finger at her. "A pretty state of affairs! Where's Phil?" Hitty reddened painfully. Everybody was saying the same thing. Had she been wrong to come?

"Well, I s'pose!" said bluff Sam Crosby, looking backward quizzically over the grapes on his wife's bonnet. "You don't mean to say you've left him already, Hitty? I declare for't!"

on, the growing twinge confirmed her fear. Hitty looked about helplessly. There was a neat white house near by; and as she stood dubiously regarding it, a woman in a calico dress and apron came out of it.

"I seen you from the window!" she called out, cheerfully. "Hurt your foot, hain't you? Jest wait till I git you. She gave her arm to lean on, and they got into the house, rather lowly. Hitty told her, as they went, as much of the story as seemed necessary.

"Well," said the woman, hospitably, "all you've got to do is jest to wait here till somebody comes along back and takes you in—that won't be till afternoon, 'tain't likely. We hain't no team, or I'd take you myself. No, I hain't going to Tipton. Don't care a cent about your doings, whatever they be. Oh, I can keep you just as well as not—you needn't say a word!"

"You're awful good!" said Hitty, gratefully. But she was in the lowest possible spirits. She was thinking of Phil—Phil, working away, all alone, in the orchard or the potato-field, firm in the belief that she was in Tipton, enjoying herself. She half forgot her ankle, though it forced itself upon her sharply now and then; she worried about Phil.

Nobody could have been kinder than her impromptu hostess. She pulled the big rocker close to the fire and put Hitty into it, and hustled about in the kitchen over the dinner, coming in frequently to speak a friendly word to her guest. A lank man in a working-bouse came in at dinner-time, and added his powers of entertainment to those of his wife.

Hitty said yes and no, and laughed when occasion required; but a vision of Phil, eating his cold beef and potatoes, lonesomely, from the cupboard shelf, kept rising before her, dampening her enjoyment and spoiling her appetite.

"Well, now," said her hostess, encouragingly, as she put away the last dinner-dish and brought her chair and her knitting to the fire, "I guess it won't be a great while till somebody comes along. You want to have your foot tended to jest as soon as you git home. I know what a sprained ankle is; guess you won't be able to help your ma much for one while. Married? Well, I declare! I shouldn't 'a' thought it—a little slip like you!"

She talked on pleasantly, turning now and then to look out of the window for a home-bound vehicle. Hitty watched, too, anxiously. "There!" she cried at last, interrupting her entertainer in an account of the remarkable symptoms and sudden death of her husband's sister-in-law by his first wife.

She got up and limped hastily to the window, and gave a little gasp of astonishment and delight. "Why, it's Phil!" she said. The driver, catching sight of her, stopped his horse and stared at her.

"She's sprained her ankle," said her hostess, speaking loudly over her shoulder; "and she'd take it as a great favor if you'd jest give her a lift home. No, no," she interrupted Hitty's thanks, good-naturedly—"I hain't done nothing to speak of, child! When you get out this way, I hope you'll drop in and—"

She paused abruptly, regarding with astonishment the young driver, who had come up the walk with long strides, seized the girl in his arms as she started to limp down the steps, and carried her out to his buggy.

Hitty clung to Phil's arm with tender closeness, as they drove away, and poured her unhappy little history into his eager ears. "I was hurrying just as fast as I could," she said, vehemently. "It was a mean, bad thing to go at all, when you couldn't—poor old boy! I never will do such a horrid thing again."

"There! I ain't going to have you take all the blame," Phil interrupted. "You hain't asked how I happened out here? Well, I got to thinking that maybe I'd be a crosser—I needed to be about it. So I just hatched up and pointed for Tipton; any when I couldn't find you anywhere, nor the Patches either, in all the rumpus, I come back home feeling pretty blue, I tell you. No, sir; it didn't pay, that little disagreement there. We won't have no more, Hitty—that's all."

Old Mrs. Pierce standing at her window saw them drive in at their gate, laughing and chatting in unrestrained gaiety. "I suppose I must 'a' been mistaken about that little fiff o' their's," she said to Miss Gardner, some time afterward. "I guess they didn't hev none; I s'pose my old eyes and ears must 'a' 'a' played me a trick. They seem to git along wonderful well together. They're doin' the peacefullest couple I ever did see. Black eyes and red hair don't seem to make no difference—for once."

Value of the Once-Despised Cotton Seed. There is an astounding statement printed to the effect that—"The hulls of the cotton seed of the cotton States will produce more beef, butter, milk and cheese, more wool and mutton than all the clover and blue grass of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio."

And yet it appears to be true. An Atlanta firm fattened 5300 hives last year on cotton seed hulls at a profit of \$20,000. Two train loads of these beehives were shipped from Atlanta to Philadelphia and sold there in competition with Chicago beef. This same firm will fatten 10,000 bees next winter.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, an authority on fox hounds, bees and Jerseys, is feeding his herd on cotton seed hulls, and says the result in milk, butter and beef is amazing. In the Southern Farm Mr. W. M. Towers, of Rome, writes of a test between corn, cotton seed meal and cotton seed hulls, in which the latter produced vastly better results.

And yet until a year ago cotton seed hulls were used as fuel for engines or cast away as worthless. Of all the plants that grow cotton is the miracle, and its wonders are not yet tried. Its little black wrinkled seed is full of meaning as an old Hebrew verb.—Atlanta Constitution.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CONCERNING MOTHS.

"The damage by moths is done when the millers begin to fly," explains the Upholstery Trade Review, "as their very presence indicates the absence of the worm." Carpets are seldom troubled with moth worms except where hatched in a dark, unprotected space, and where it is moderately warm. Nearly all the trouble from moths emanates from the furniture, the burlap inside the outer covering being their best field for work, where they can be free from annoyance and find plenty to eat. Many furniture dealers realize their danger, and cleanse the burlap used with naphtha. The authority quoted says: "Cleansing carpets by the naphtha process is regarded as the surest and most satisfactory where is the slightest suspicion of moth eggs or worms. It is especially adapted to pile carpets. Caution should be exercised as to the purity and clearness of the naphtha used and the thorough extraction of the grease, else the dirt adheres more easily than before. Where carpets are to remain in storage some time the odor can be left in the carpet. A more thorough cleansing can be assured by having the carpe beaten first. A surface application of naphtha will drive the impurities through the article to be absorbed by that which is under it."

SOME PRETTY SCREENS.

The frame for an ordinary three-panel screen, five or six feet in height, can be made of pine for about two dollars. A smooth covering of gray or ecru batiste joined and overlapped along the center of the edges by a row of small tacks with round brass heads, makes a neat and serviceable screen for dining-room or hall. The panels may have a design of nasturtium vine with crimson and yellow flowers trailing from the top, painted on the panels so as to seem a continuous growth and interlacing. This for one side; the other can have a painted border at the top of the panels, five inches deep, of mottled ground, nasturtium-leaf green and crimson, with many lines of gold touched along, and a line of gold below to finish the border. Discs and half-circles in groups of three interlaced can be powdered over the panels. Outline them with gold after the background, the same as the border has been painted. Some of the single crescents need only be outlined in gold, as the idea of heaviness must be avoided. Small lines of gold—Japanese sky-lines as they are called—may be streaked across above the border at the bottom. One must try the effect of their colors and combinations on a bit of the linen or batiste, and introduce these sketchy effects with judgment and discretion.—Housewife.

TO KNIT A PATCH INTO A STOCKING.

When the knees of a child's stocking becomes much darned it is almost useless, as it constantly breaks into holes again, and is always ugly. The following plan of mending will be found very much superior to a darn, and is quite imperceptible. Decide what size patch will be required. Cut the stocking carefully across the top and bottom of the patch, taking care to cut along one row of the knitting. As the stocking is knit from the top it will be necessary, if ribbed, to begin at the top of the patch. Rip a row or two till all the stitches are clear of broken threads. Do not break off the threads at each side, but cut them in the center. Pick up all the stitches along the top of the patch. Now clear the stitches at the bottom of the patch. You will have to cut the thread sometimes to get it free of the stitches if the stocking is ribbed, but always leave threads at each at least an inch long. Now cut out the patch, keeping it about one-half an inch narrower on each side than the piece you intend to knit in. Ravel out this one-half an inch on each side, leaving the ends as they are. Be sure to stop raveling so that the sides of the patch will be quite even. Now knit backward and forward as many rows as you have taken away. Turn the stocking wrong side out and lay the stitches you have just knit beside the stitches you picked up at the bottom of the patch and knit them together, as in the heel of a stocking. Sew up each side of the patch, keeping the rows perfectly even, and keeping all the loose threads on the wrong side; take a darning needle and run each thread to the right or left of the patch. If the stocking is knitted plain, you can begin at the bottom of the patch and knit up, which is, of course, neater as the join is out of sight, being near the top of the stocking.—Yankee Blade.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Lemons will keep best in a jar of cold water. Vinegar and sugar mixed will cure hicoughs. Carriage varnish is an excellent cement for china.

Castor oil beans dropped in mole holes will drive away the moles. A marble dropped in a kettle will prevent the contents boiling over.

A bag of sulphur kept in drawers or presses will exterminate roach ants. A good cement for mending broken pottery can be made of starch, plaster of Paris and glycerine.

Whole cloves sprinkled among woolen goods and furs will preserve them from the depredations of moths. To mend small holes in plastering, take one part of plaster of Paris and three parts of fine sand, and mix with cold water.

A plaster of common soap and brown sugar applied to a wound made by a pin or other poisonous articles will draw out the soreness. A thick mixture of glycerine, yolk of an egg and starch, is an effectual remedy for a burn. Common baking soda, spread on it, is also good.

Mustard plasters made with white of an egg will not blister the skin. If mixed with molasses, mustard plasters will remain moist a long time.

ON AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

A RIDE ON AN INDIAN POTENTATE'S BEST STEED.

Monkeys, Apes and Wild Camels Along the Roads—Big Crocodiles—A Camel Driver's Trick.

I visited the Rajah's stables and took a look at his horses, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Jeypore, in Northwest India. There was a court for exercise which covered, I judge, something like ten acres, and around this was built an arcade of stalls roofed over with a thick heavy roof to keep off the sun. There were about a half a mile of these stalls, and each of them was occupied by a fine-blooded steed. There were horses from Arabia, from Europe, America and India, and the tying of each was different from anything I have ever seen. There was a strap from their halters, which was fastened to rings just above their heads, and each of their four feet had a separate rope, which was stretched out towards the four corners in front and behind them and tied at a distance of perhaps six feet away to a post. The ropes were loose enough to permit them to move their legs up and down, but they could not kick nor stand on their hind legs.

I next visited the elephant stables and took a look at the twelve great elephants which the Rajah owns. Some of them are as big as was Junno. They have great brass chains about their necks. Their tusks are cut off about half way up, and they are bound with heavy brass rings. One of them has a sort of tattoo work on its great ears and forehead, and they are altogether bigger than any elephants I saw in Siam or Burmah. At the invitation of the Rajah's secretary I took a ride yesterday afternoon upon one of them. I wanted to visit the ruins of the old palace and city of Amber, which is located in the hills about four miles from the palace to the foot of the hills in the morning, and when I arrived shortly after noon I found it waiting for me. It was the biggest of the Rajah's elephants, the one which had great brass-bound tusks and the cashmere-shawl pattern ears and forehead, and upon its head there sat a Hindoo elephant driver in a bright turban and gown. He held a prod-like steel hook in his hand, and his bare, brown legs clasped the elephant's neck just back of the ears. He made the elephant kneel as our carriage drove up, and a second servant took a step-ladder from his side, and, leaning this against the beast, we mounted up the wall-like side of the kneeling elephant and took our seat on the cushioned saddle upon its top. Cautioning me to hold on, the driver then gave the elephant a thrust with his prod, and the great beast climbed to his feet and started off in a swinging walk up the mountain. The motion was a swaying one, and we went along at a round pace, seated as high up in the air as though we were on the roof of a village house. The servants who trotted along on the road below, seemed very far down, and the motion at first was a half seasick one. After a half mile I got used to it, however, and began to enjoy the strange ride.

From the top of the elephant I could see the walls of the old city of Amber, climbing the hillsides, and away up the mountains stood the deserted ruins of a fort covering many acres and apparently in as good condition now as when it was built ages ago. Below this was the mighty palace of Amber, overlooking a beautiful lake and surpassing in beauty any of the ruins of the Rhine or the Danube. All along the road were the wild country scenes of native India. Here the monkeys jumped from tree to tree and at one time a great long-tailed ape hopped across the road just in front of the elephant so that the beast swerved, almost throwing me from my seat. In some of the fields and woods I saw wild peacocks spreading their gorgeous tails out in the rays of the sun, and along the slopes of the mountains below the great palace I saw wild hogs. The road was lined with hedges of cactus twelve feet high in some places and at the lake, at the foot of the hill on which the palace is built, I saw a half dozen great, black crocodiles sleeping in the sun.

The travel along the road was as curious as the wild animals of the country, and we passed camel after camel, ridden by men, boys and women. I shall not soon forget the shabby trick which one camel driver served us. The flies were very bad. They swarmed about the elephant by thousands and persisted in attacking my eyes and face when my hands were both occupied, one in holding on and the other in trying to keep off the rays of the sun with an umbrella. This camel driver was badly afflicted with the flies as I was, but upon nearing the elephant he whipped up his camel and then pulling his long, white turban over his head he swept both sides of his camel as he passed us. The flies left his camel and came to the elephant, and his laugh rung out on the air as he trotted ahead. After a ride of several miles up the hills we reached the great palace of Amber, which is one of the most magnificent ruins of India, and which is now occupied at times by the Rajah and his court. It was at one time the centre of a great city, but now a village of Hindoo fakirs is all that is left. I attended the sacrifice of a goat within it, and then remounting the elephant rode back to Jeypore.

British Building Societies.

The number of building societies in England and Wales is, according to a recent report, about 944, having a membership of over 320,000 and a share capital of \$94,311,690. The receipts for one year were over \$80,000,000, and the societies held securities valued at \$150,000,000. In Scotland the societies are reported to have a membership of over 11,000, with a share capital valued at over \$4,043,000, while they held securities to the value of \$8,354,105. In Ireland such societies have made less progress, and a membership of only 658 is reported.—New York Sun.

SHE TALKED.

She talked of Cosmos and of Causas, And wove green elephants in gauze, And while she frescoed earthen jugs, Her tongue would never pause; On sagas wise and esoteric, And bards from Wendell Holmes to Her-rick— Thro' times' proud Pantheon she walked, And talked and talked and talked and talked!

And while she talked, she would crochet, And make all kinds of macramé, Or print green bobolinks upon Her mother's earthen tray; She'd decorate a smelling bottle, While she conversed on Aristotle; While fame's proud favorites round her floored, She talked and talked and talked and talked!

She talked and made embroidered rugs, She talked and painted lasses jugs, And worked five sea green turtle doves On papa's shaving mug; With Emerson or Epictetus, Plato or Kant, she used to greet us; She talked until we all were shocked, And talked and talked and talked and talked!

She had a lover, and he told The story that is never old, While she her father's bootjack worked A lovely green and gold. She switched off on Theocritus; And talked about Democritus; While she his ardent passion talked, And talked and talked and talked and talked!

He begged her to become his own; She talked of ether and ozone, And painted yellow puddles on Her brother's razor house; Then talked of Noah and Nebuchadnezzar, And Timon and Tighath-pileser— While he at her heart ports knocked, She talked and talked and talked and talked!

He bent in love's tempestuous gale, She talked of strata and of shale, And worked magnetic poppies on Her mother's water pail; And while he talked of passion's power, She amplified on Schopenhauer— A pistal flashed; he'd talk; unshocked, She talked and talked and talked and talked!

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The finest parlor suite—A pretty girl. An accurate weather report—The thunder clap. Would it be proper to speak of a henery as an egg plant? It is said that mermaids tie up their hair with a marine band. There is danger in crossing the equator. The equator might get mad.

Domestic squabblers are usually formed of the bones of contention.—Boston Courier. It is very natural for an officer to be a little peppy when he musters his men.—Baltimore American. The Ichthyosaurus lived of yore In the region of Timbuctoo, When his motor was 12880, And the air was 720E.

Smart Aleck—"See here, boy! Where did you catch that big string of us?" Small Boy—"I ketchef all of these by their gills." Two lovers at parting.—He—"Shall you remain true to me, my love, till I return?" She—"Yes; but come back soon!"—H. Carlin. Magistrate—"I hear you are a pauper." Prisoner (proudly)—"No, sir, I am not. I have three cents in my pocket and a postage stamp."—Egbert.

If you wish for mournful numbers In a gloomy epitaph, Drop some early spring cucumbers In the gutless photograph.—Philadelphia Press. A success.—Tim—"What do you think of my little boy, Tagg?" Tagg (who has heard the little boy's voice)—"Oh, I think he's a roaring success."—Yankee Blade.

The Salesman Model—"Why shouldn't I be paid more money than you? My position is the showiest!" The Fitting-room Model—"Yes, but mine is the most trying." The best of reasons.—Balkley—"What's the matter, dear boy? Why don't you sit down?" Calkley—"Cawn't, you know. Got on a standing collar."—Clothes and Fashioner.

"Talk of the scarcity of husbands!" exclaimed Miss Longtube, throwing down the paper in vexation: "I rather think the real trouble is the scarcity of single gentlemen." Duke—"Why is it that every clown has such a stupid face? Is he obliged to look stupid?" Clown—"Certainly. If I had your face my salary would be doubled at once."—Yankee Siftings.

Friend—"Say you have a broad band of crepe on your hat. For whom do you wear it?" Mr. Slabby Gentle—"On account of the miserable condition of the hat itself."—Yankee Siftings. "Make way here, gentlemen," said the officious policeman, clashing the crowd right and left. "We've got to have more room. There's an Englishman coming with a pair of new trousers on."—Chicago Tribune.

Had Had He! Had Wanted (solicitously)—"Grindstone, stop a moment. That's a fearful cold you have. Are you taking anything for it?" (Hurrying on)—"Not in the shape of advice, Kildoran."—Chicago Tribune.

Robbie brought home a mud turtle the other day, and his father jokingly told him that he could make some turtle soup. "What, beat him with the shell on?" asked Robbie. "How could the we get out?"—Somerville Journal.

Rich Youth (to father, who execrates your daughter and with whom you will marry her December 1st)—"All right, my boy, I'll do it or to help."—Yankee Siftings.

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