

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1.00 One Square, one inch, one month... 8.00

Queensland, Australia, lays claim to the richest gold mine in the world. Its output last year was \$6,000,000.

According to the Congressional Record the places of worship in Washington, D. C., are as follows: Baptist 10, Catholic 13, Christian 1, Congregational 3, Friends 2, German Reformed 2, Hebrew 2, Lutheran 11, Methodist Episcopal 20, Methodist Episcopal South 1, Methodist Protestant 1, New Jerusalem 1, Presbyterian 16, Protestant Episcopal 21, Unitarian 1, Universalist 1.

A Boston journalist has been investigating the statistics of the public schools of that city and finds a startling proportion of bad boys who persistently play truant, greatly to the detriment of their intellects and their reputations for veracity.

Four range-finders of Lieutenant Fiske's invention are about to be put on the new cruiser Baltimore. The instruments will indicate the distance of a ship or other object several miles away to within a few feet.

Every one likes his cup of breakfast coffee or his cup of dinner coffee, but it is doubtful if any one would feel particularly pleased if he knew that stones had been ground up with berries.

Last year there was an increase of only one savings bank in Massachusetts, while there was an increase of twenty-seven co-operative banks, a gain of more than forty per cent over the total number in existence the year before.

A society of disappointed lovers has been organized at Baltimore and a branch established at Wilmington, Del. The prime conditions of membership is that the applicant shall be a man, shall have been engaged to be married by a woman and failed and shall be willing to openly avow the fact and state his experience.

Now that the proposed international agreement about Samoa has been submitted to the Senate, the full text is made public. By its terms the United States, Germany and Great Britain declare the Samoan Islands neutral territory; recognize Malietoa Tanumafili as the rightful King; recognize the independence and autonomy of the Samoan people; and agree that neither of the three signatory powers shall exercise any separate control over the islands or the government thereof.

The czar seems to be extremely nervous just at present, and this, the Commercial Advertiser thinks, is not to be wondered at, seeing that the Nihilists have of late got so near to his sacred person as to endanger his life through the poisoning of the very clothing he wears.

The Austrian Emperor has succeeded beyond all anticipation in averting a danger that at one time threatened the very existence of the Empire. The Czechs have long been lions of the Home Rule of Hungary, and have demanded the same for Bohemia.

THE EASY ROAD.

By the road of "By-and-by" Stretching on forever, One who travels comes at last To the house of "Never".

THE LOST LETTER.

BY ANNA TIERPONT SVETTER.

"Jimmy," called Frank Hepburn, the handsome young bookkeeper for Wade Brothers.

Jimmy the office-boy for the same firm, as is usual in such cases, did not hear. It is a singular fact, not yet explained, that dressiness is more prevalent among office-boys than among any other class of wage-earners.

Frank Hepburn called more sharply this time, and Jimmy relinquished his favorite occupation of drawing cats with red ink on the firm's notecards, and slowly approached Mr. Hepburn's stool.

"Take this letter to the postoffice, and drop it into the box marked 'City,' and be quick, please."

Jimmy took the letter, placed it carefully between his teeth while he put on his hat and coat; he then surveyed the envelope closely, and asked:

"What's that mark in the corner for, Mr. Hepburn?"

"Clear out, you rascal!" laughed the young man, slightly coloring. "It's a secret-society sign. Now go!"

As the boy passed from the office, Weaver, the cashier, looked up and yawned. "Well, it's my lunch-time," and a minute later he was hurrying after the leisurely Jimmy.

"I'm going past the postoffice, Jim," he remarked, as he overtook that youth; "give me Hepburn's letter and I'll drop it in for you."

Jimmy, glad of an opportunity to engage in an interesting game of marbles he saw being played round the corner, willingly gave up the letter, and Weaver passed down the street.

"Ah, that's the way the wind blows, is it?" he thought, glancing at the address. "Miss Bertha Willey, 219 Madison avenue." I thought that that engagement was entirely broken off.

This doesn't look like it, but I mean to know for certain."

Weaver had long been Hepburn's most persistent rival. The lady in the case was a prize well worth any man's earnest efforts to win, and when Frank Hepburn's engagement to her was announced, none of her admirers felt half the chagrin that seized Weaver.

He had felt almost certain of winning her himself at one time, and in the expectation of handling her snug fortune had incurred certain debts which, according to the rude fashion of debts, were now "staring him in the face."

Great, then, had been his satisfaction when a report reached him of the broken engagement, and he immediately called on Miss Willey. She received him cordially, and in the two succeeding weeks he frequently repeated the call.

"I will strike while the iron is hot," he said to himself, and on this very evening had determined to know his fate, when the sight of Hepburn's letter upset his plans.

"I will know what is in it," he thought, despatchly. "I can open it—it's very carefully sealed. Hepburn can't come between us again, if I can help it."

He hurried home, and holding the envelope over a steaming kettle in his mother's kitchen, soon had its coveted contents in his hand. It ran thus:

"DEAR MISS WILLEY: I was wrong, and you were right. Can I come and be forgiven? I have a fine business offer from a house in St. Paul; if I do not get a favorable reply from you to-morrow, I will accept it, and go immediately. Life without you is unendurable here. FRANK."

"You will get no answer to-morrow," Weaver muttered; "and once safe in the West, my coat is clear. What an idiot, to intrust all his happiness to a letter! But then, he's so terribly proud; he thought it would hurt his dignity less to write a note than seek an interview."

Yes, Weaver was right; Frank was proud, and so was Bertha. A trivial lovers' quarrel had come between them, and Bertha, feeling sure Frank must see in time he was wrong, did not try to right herself. She would gladly meet him half-way in any effort at reconciliation, but farther than that her womanly self-respect would not let her go.

Mean-time her evenings were lonely, and when Mr. Weaver called, he found her very ready to be entertained.

On the day after Weaver obtained this letter, he watched Hepburn narrowly, and saw he was restless and nervous, and by night that he was pale and weak. The next day he did not appear at the office, and word came that he was sick.

"Packing up for St. Paul," Weaver sneered to himself. "It's just an excuse."

But Frank Hepburn's was no assumed illness. It had been of brain-fever, the doctor said, and so was Bertha. A trivial professional interest on the young man lying before him. His brown eyes were wide open, and restlessly flying from one face to another, as if in search of one that never came, while his parched tongue constantly formed the word "Bertha," gently and pleadingly spoken as long as his strength permitted him to utter it.

Then, as he became weaker, only a half-

articulate murmur greeted the ears of the anxious watchers who bent above him. "Who is Bertha?" the physician at last asked the weeping, gray-haired mother who had come from a distant city to care for her only son. "We must find her. I have done all I can for his body, but only her coming can relieve his mind."

And, he added, softly, "she must come soon." "If I only knew," the mother answered, "how I would fly to her! It is breaking my heart to face those eager, longing eyes; but I do not know. Among my boy's papers are several notes signed 'Bertha,' but no other name is given, and all are dated 'Home.' Oh, doctor, it is hard to know a woman holds my beautiful boy's life in her hands, and I cannot even plead with her for it!"

And with a passionate gesture she turned away.

At the office, things went on as usual. Weaver noticed Frank's desk remained vacant, but said to himself, when the clerks spoke of his illness:

"Men don't die of broken hearts, and he will recover, cured of his fancy."

He could not, however, bring himself to destroy the stolen letter, but when alone, constantly took it from his pocket and glanced at it.

One day, while doing so, Mr. Wade suddenly entered the room. Hastily slipping it under a pile of bills, Weaver looked up.

"Mr. Weaver," his employer said, "let me come to your desk. I want to glance over Frank's papers. I am afraid the poor boy himself will never do that again. Sad, isn't it?" And Mr. Wade's kindly voice grew husky.

"Is it so bad as that, sir?" Weaver murmured, while a deadly faintness seized him.

"So bad as that, I fear," Mr. Wade answered, mechanically taking up a pile of papers and running over them. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"What's this?—a letter written by Frank himself, and never sent!"

The pity that a moment ago had filled Weaver suddenly vanished, and a fierce desire to escape detection had taken its place.

"Why, yes," he said; "I remember Frank intended to invite Miss Willey to the opera for Thursday, but changed his mind, and I suppose did not send the letter. However, I am going down to inquire after him at noon, and if you will give me the letter, I'll leave it with his mother."

"Yes, yes," assented Mr. Wade, "that's a good idea."

But he still held it in his hand, while Weaver could hardly retain his desire to snatch it away.

"If I get the cursed thing in my own hand once," he thought, "it will never be seen again."

Just then Jimmy entered. Catching sight of the letter in Mr. Wade's hand, he exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Weaver, you didn't mail that letter that day?"

Weaver turned pale.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said, as Mr. Wade glanced up inquiringly.

"Yes, I do," Jimmy persisted; "that's the letter Mr. Hepburn gave me to mail the day before he got sick. Do you remember his saying that little cross was a secret society sign?"

"Why didn't you mail it, Jimmy?" Mr. Wade interrupted, sternly.

"Why, sir, on my way to the office, Mr. Weaver took it from me, and said he'd mail it himself."

Jimmy had taken the letter from Mr. Wade's hand, and turning it over, exclaimed:

"It's opened now!"

"There was no need to question Weaver; the look of bitter hatred he turned on Jimmy told his guilt more eloquently than any words."

"Mr. Weaver, I am sorry for this," Mr. Wade said, simply, and left the room.

His heart was very tender toward the poor boy he had seen that morning staring restlessly from side to side, and still trying to murmur "Bertha."

"The name is the same," he commented. "I'll take her the note and explain its delay. There may be a connection between this and his brain-fever. God grant there is."

Hurriedly calling a cab, he drove to the address on the envelope, and was soon greeted by a young lady who responded to his inquiry for "Miss Bertha Willey."

She was a very beautiful girl, but there was none of the gay brightness one would look for in a creature so young.

"You must be very quiet," he said, gently, though the charge seemed unnecessary in greeting the almost stony figure that awaited him. "Sleep must come within an hour, or death or hopeless insanity will result; but go to him, look and speak quietly and naturally, and if it is you he is dying for (a shudder ran through the girl) we may save him yet."

The girl rose and went to the glass. "Look and speak naturally." Even in that hour of anguish she wondered if the face there was hers. He would not know those pinched cheeks, those staring eyes and bloodless lips. She stood a moment biting her lips, rubbed her cheeks and then smiled at the glass. That wonderful thing, a woman's love, had triumphed over nature, and with a smiling face she could meet Death himself, if smiles would help her in her desperate endeavor to rescue her beloved from his grasp.

The doctor led the way to the sick-room, opened the door and stood aside as she entered. Bertha averted her face for an instant as she caught sight of the pitiful, wasted form extended before her; but again Love triumphed, and swiftly advancing to his bedside, she bent above the wistful eyes and said, clearly and softly:

"Love, did you call me?"

For a moment the face looking into hers retained the eager, searching look it had worn for days; then it died away, and one of perfect content filled its place.

"Bertha!" the pinched lips tried to say.

"Yes, Bertha," she cooed, softly laying her cool lips on his; "and now, darling, shut your eyes. I will put my cheek against yours, and we will rest."

Like a tired child, he obeyed her, nestling his head on the cool, soft arm she slipped under it, while the pencil check that lay on his seemed to possess an almost magic power.

"He is saved!" the doctor murmured to the happy, bewildered mother; and so it proved, for Frank Hepburn awoke—very weak, indeed, but rational, "ready to drink a gallon of beef-tea, and he married that very afternoon," he whispered, faintly.

When Mr. Wade returned to the office, he found Weaver had drawn his pay and left.

"He knew I wouldn't keep him an hour," Mr. Wade said, while relating the circumstance for the hundredth time, at the Hepburn-Willey wedding, two months later. "What kind of a heart must it be that would try to separate such a couple as that!"

And he glanced with almost fatherly pride at the handsome pair who were standing under a floral arch, receiving the congratulations their friends were showering upon them.

"Bless my heart!" he added, softly; "surely the angels themselves must smile on such wonderful love as theirs."—Popular Monthly.

The Sobering Machine.

There is some talk here, says a Doylestown (Penn.) correspondent of the New York Times, about reviving the "sobering machine." Forty years ago it was a familiar piece of mechanism. Simple in construction, durable in use, it served its purpose well and effectively.

In those days a drunken man was a rare sight. A few citizens of this place remember it well. "Jack" Reynolds was one of the men who manned the machine, and he recollects when it did yeoman service. But the persons who fell victims to it are too modest to recall its purifying effects.

It was devised because it was necessary, and it consisted of the running gear of an ordinary wagon with the hind wheels taken off and a box fastened to the axle.

Society was the watchword of the half dozen men who ran it. Whenever a drunken man or woman was seen on the street the machine was brought out. The victim was placed on the broad of his back in the box. Then the command was given and the occupant was run out of town.

It was seldom that a man got the second dose of the "sobering machine." The traps soon got to dread the ride of a mile or so, and they never returned after the first experience. The wife beater fared the same, and its influence had a salutary effect on this class of people.

The old inhabitants say that the "sobering machine" of nearly a half century ago was much more effective than the threats and violence of the White Caps of the present day.

King of the Gypsies.

A modest brick house, standing a little way back from the street, in a suburb of the city of Dayton, Ohio, is the property and for a part of the year the home of a gypsy of wide repute, the heir apparent to a throne in Little Egypt; and here, and hereabouts, is the rendezvous of a numerous band or tribe.

This settlement is widely known as the home of some of the richest and most influential families of gypsies, among them the Stanleys, of which the present head, Levi, is called the King. This Levi Stanley is a short, thick-set man of something over seventy years; he is still strong and active, with a ruddy cheek and bright eye.

Much of his time is passed with the traveling parties, while his eldest son, Levi, Jr., a stalwart, handsome man of fifty, assumes much of the active direction of affairs, looking after property, etc.

Lying scattered about to the north of Dayton are many fine farms owned by the gypsies. At present most of the farms are in the hands of tenants, for however near the gypsy may be to the primal man, he has not yet developed a strong liking for the labor of the primal occupation.

The traveling and camping parties are the most interesting and picturesque features of the gypsy life. These usually consist of a single family, the term family meaning the whole blood connection. It may comprise one or a dozen wagons and from three to four to nearly half a hundred people.

They make long and short journeys, as directed by the King, stopping at each place as long as the state of the horse and palmistry trade warrants.—Chicago Herald.

THE TEA PLANT OF JAPAN.

HOW IT IS CULTIVATED AND PREPARED FOR MARKET.

Three Harvests are Gathered Each Year, the First Being Best—Curing the Leaves.

The tea plant does not begin to furnish tea until the fourth year of its age. The yield increases up to the tenth year, then gradually decreases for five years more, when the garden must be renewed. The bushes are about three feet apart in each direction. By trimming they are kept little more than a table in height. The soil is kept well worked, free from weeds, and fertilized often four times a year, the largest supply being given in the spring, when the new growth begins. The first harvest begins about the middle of May, the second after the rains, about two months later. A third picking of leaves yields only older and coarser leaves for home use, or for the production of brick tea—this, less pressed into the form of bricks and exported to Siberian Russia, where it is used as a nourishing food, as well as beverage.

The tea gardens of U-j, noted for their fine product, are roofed over before the first harvest by matting supported on bamboo framework, the object being to protect from dew and keep the heat received by day from wasting by radiation in the night. The modified light lengthens the young shoots and makes the leaves more tender. It is this region also which furnishes the very finest Japan tea used in the ceremonious tea parties called "cha-no-yu." Such teas are often sold as high as twenty-five yen (equal to nearly \$20) per pound.

The native tea as cured by the native tea gardeners will keep good in Japan for a year if packed in stone jars, but in that form it will not bear exportation, as it contains about twelve per cent of moisture, and it is to rid the tea of this moisture that the tea firing goes down in instituted. First the native tea, which comes in wooden cases from the country, each containing one picul (equal to about 130 pounds), is emptied into bins about ten feet square by five feet high, with movable sides. When full, one of the sides is taken down and with a rake the contents are carefully mixed to insure uniformity in color and size. The tea in this condition has no odor which reminds one of tea as we know it, at all.

In a very large and lofty one-story building are arranged brick furnaces in ranks of eight. Over the small fire pit of each is a rather deep, rounded iron pan capable of holding about twenty gallons. The building contains about 800 of these pans, the whole premises about 1200 of them. The pans are generally worked by Japanese women, a certain number of them having an overseer, generally a Chinese. At a given signal about five pounds of the native tea is put into each pan and the attendants at once commence working it round and round with their hands, never ceasing an instant until the temperature of the tea rises to about 110. At first it grows soft, but finally, at the end of fifty minutes, assumes a lighter color, has shrunk, and becomes dry to the touch, developing a peculiar pyro-oleo odor allied to that of tea as we know it in America. In short, it is a sort of toasting process, and develops an artificial character allied to the development of the aroma of coffee by roasting it.

Of course the experience of the degree of heat, the time of manipulation, and the finished condition. During the busy season, May and June, this house keeps 1500 people busy from morning till night at this toasting of tea. It is one babel of noise, and the heat from the fire pits in the summer is stifling. The fumes of the charcoal used in the furnaces, which have no chimney, the vapor from the tea and more or less dust from it make a tea firing go down anything but a paradise. After firing the tea is placed on cooling floors, made uniform by repeated siftings, and immediately placed in chests as we see it in America. These hold from eight to twenty pounds. Each chest is lined with thin sheets of lead, over which is a thin coating of tin toward the tea side. This lead lining is backed by strong paper and the top sealed hermetically by means of solder before the chest is placed upon it. The chest is then tapered and large facings of colored labels, the full size of one end of the chest, pasted on it. A great variety of these paste labels are made in the factory by Japanese artists, who make their own designs, sometimes requiring four colors, out the blocks and do the printing themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

Petting a Sick Child.

The mother at the sick bed of her young child is a being quite often as difficult to manage as her child, all the instinctive maternity is up in arms. Deep in the heart of many mothers there is an unconfessed and half-smothered sense of wrath at the attack which sickness has made on her dear one. Then nothing is so much to be given; no sacrifice of herself or others too great to grant or demand. The irritability and feebleness of convalescence make claims upon her love of self-sacrifice, and her prodigality of tenderness as positive, and yet more beneficial.

That in most cases she may and does go too far, and loses for her child what is hard to recover in health, is a thing likely enough, yet to talk to her at such a time of the wrong she does the child is almost to insult her. Nevertheless, the unwisdom of a course of reckless yielding to a child's whims is plain enough, for if the little one be long ill or weak, it learns with sad swiftness to exact more and more, and to yield less and less, so that it becomes increasingly hard to do for it the many little unpleasant things which sickness demands.

Character comes strongly out in the maladies of the child, as it does even less distinctly in the sickness of the adult. The spoiled, over-indulged child is a doubly unmanageable invalid, and when in illness the foolish petting of the mother continues, the doctor, at least, is to be pitied.—Doctor and Patient.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BAKED CUSTARD.

Boiled custard requires patience and care. If the eggs reach the boiling point, they will break, and yet if they do not reach it within one or two degrees, the custard will not thicken, and will taste raw, and lack the exquisite thick smoothness of well-made custard. To produce this, yet avoid curdling, therefore, patience, and proceed as follows: Stir the mixture over a moderate fire. When you see from the end of the spoon that it begins to thicken at the bottom draw it to a cooler spot where it will not boil, stir half a minute, then return to the hotter spot. Do this several times, checking the approach to boiling point each time there is danger, until the whole of the mixture has reached that point which may be known by it being rich, thick and perfectly opaque.—American Cultivator.

PREPARING BREAKFAST.

A good breakfast to be prepared easily, must be planned and provided for, beforehand, and over night. This is one of the trite maxims of good housekeeping, but it is often forgotten, and breakfast-getting thereby becomes a dread and a burden. In every case where early breakfasts are imperative, or where the housekeeper is fond of morning naps, all possible preparations should be made the night before. Of course, kindlings will be made ready, and of course the teakettle and coffee-pot are at hand and clean. Besides these, the table should be set, the coffee measured, potatoes pared, and sliced for warming or chopped for hash, oatmeal cooked tender to be heated again, and bread sliced for toasting, if toast is planned. With varying tastes and appetites, the morning bill of fare even for households in kindred circumstances, and whose members follow the same occupations, will differ widely. Each family must be law unto itself.—Prairie Farmer.

THE BORDER MOULD.

A blanquette of veal or white or brown fricassee of chicken is more appetizing and far more attractive in appearance served in a rice border than in other ways. A French border is quite expensive and it is difficult to get a mould which will fit inside the rim of an ordinary meat platter. The best way is to cut out of stiff paper a mould of the right proportions and sew the parts together so as to represent the shape of the mould perfectly. Such a model may be handed to any tin-smith, who can readily duplicate it in tin. It is best to be exact, as the average tin-smith never saw a border mould and will not understand the order unless he has such a model as described. Rice can be prepared in two ways for a border. By the first method it should be cooked fifteen or twenty minutes longer than for ordinary serving. After greasing the mould thoroughly the rice should be pressed in and allowed to cool for fifteen minutes. It can then be turned out around the platter and the fricassee or other dish of meat heaped in the centre. The second method is to cook a cup of rice in water for one hour, then drain, add a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of salt and mash the whole well, adding two eggs and beating them thoroughly in with the rice. Press this mixture firmly into a buttered border mould, and in fifteen minutes after it has stood in the heating closet of the stove turn it out. A border mould should be about two inches high and two inches wide. It can be utilized for aspic jelly borders, which are served around boned turkeys, for meat salads and for other cold meat dishes. It may also be used for a mashed potato border, to be used around curries, blanquettes of simple kinds, and stews.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge-cake the lighter the cake will be.

A small piece of sulphur placed in the cupboard or drawer will drive away ants.

The flesh of fresh fish should be firm, the gills should be light red and the scales silvery.

In making a mustard plaster for a patient with a delicate skin use white of egg instead of water.

Hard soap lasts much longer if dried for several weeks before using it. It is also less hurtful to the skin.

Wash mirrors in warm suds, then dust with whiting from a muslin bag and polish with chamois skin.

When eggs are scarce cornstarch is a good substitute, one tablespoonful of the starch is equal to one egg.

Brooms dipped for a few minutes in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise would.

Rub your lamp-chimneys after washing with dry salt, and you will be surprised at the new brilliancy of your lights.

To prevent the smell of cabbage permeating the house while boiling, place on the stove a dish containing vinegar.

If a cucumber is cut into strips and the pieces put into places where ants are found it will surely drive them away.

In boiling meat for soup use cold water to extract the juices, but if the meat is wanted for itself alone put into boiling water.

To remove paint from silk goods saturate the goods with equal parts of turpentine and ammonia, then wash in soap and let dry between blotting-paper under a heavy weight.

Alum water will restore almost all faded colors. Brush the faded article thoroughly to free it from dust, cover it with a lather of castile soap, rinse with clear water and then alum water and the color will usually be much brighter than before.

Take a pair of shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable, by constant wear in them and apply a coat of vasoline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather becomes as soft and pliable as when it is taken from the shelves of the shoe dealer.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

His face had the grim look of granite, As wrinkled and browned with the sun As the coat on his narrow shoulders— And his hands showed the work he had done

For his wife and the babe on her bosom; Yet he smiled through his pallor and tan In patient, sad way, as if saying: "I'm only the average man."

"I can't be a hero or poet, Nor a General, decked with a crown; I'm only a badly-paid servant For whom set above me. I'm down, An' it's no use complaining, I'll go along best way I can— But one o' those days 'll come mornin' An' hope 'r the average man."

As I looked on this wistful-eyed toiler A fire flashed in my brain, And I cried from my heart's deepest corner Above the wild roar of the train: "I have seen the hero of battles, I have looked on the hand for the plan— The mightiest force of the world is The arm of the average man!"

"He wages all battles and wins them, He builds all towers that soar From the heart and the heat of the city; He's hand sets the ship from the shore. Without him the General is helpless, The earth but a place for a plan, He moves all, and builds all and feeds all, This sat-smiling, average man!"

Then I lifted my hand in a promise, With teeth hard-set and my breath Held close in my throat, as I uttered In a vow that shall outlive death: "I swear that the builder no longer To me shall be less than the plan; Henceforth I give honor and glory— Being just to the average man."

—Huntley Garland, in Exchange.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Making lots of money—The mints. Everything goes—Except the Sunday night caller.

True charity—Raising the wind for cyclone sufferers.—Courier-Journal.

You can sometimes get a square meal, but boarding-house steak is mostly round.—Time.

Suggested new reading of an old saying.—A green winter makes a fat doctor.—Buffalo Express.

The railroad engineer may not have much style about him, but wealth and fashion follow in his train.

A young lady has had a pair of turrits made from the skin of a pet cat, and she is permitted to wear them.

"Aren't you going to divide your jumble with your little sister, Willie?" "Yes, I gave her the hole five minutes ago."—Money's Weekly.

She—"I think cigarette smoking is something vile. What do you smoke mostly in Chicago?" He—(of the Lake City)—"Hans."—Time.

A contemporary asks: "Shall the coming woman propose?" If she doesn't intend to she may as well be notified first as last that she needn't come.—Time.

"Yes," said the poet to the boy, as he stepped into the elevator, "I am going up. I want to feel on your my life that I'm a rising poet."—New York News.

Age was never so painful a subject to