

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	3.00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	8.00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	15.00
Two Squares, one year.....	25.00
Quarter Column, one year.....	10.00
Half Column, one year.....	20.00
One Column, one year.....	35.00

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

According to the Philadelphia Record, colonial furniture is turned out by the ton in that city.

The Boston Herald opines that "the newspaper of the future will have a Congressman or two upon its staff."

It has been decided to establish a university in British Columbia; and the necessary act has been passed by the provisional legislature.

The Chicago Herald emits a growl over the discovery that of the books taken out of the public library by public school teachers for themselves and their pupils, nearly one hundred per cent. consist of the trashiest and most rancid sort of fiction.

The number of men in the field in the late South American war would not have made a small army corps, and the losses were scarcely more than the killed in a lively skirmish during the Civil War. They had one great advantage, however, remarks the Detroit Free Press. They had one general for every forty soldiers.

According to the Detroit Free Press, a New York chemist is out with the good news that beef at eight cents a pound is just as nutritious as beef at twenty cents. It is harder to masticate, and there is more danger of being choked to death, but after it is once in the stomach it is all right and begins to put fat on the ribs.

At a recent pharmaceutical conference in England it was stated that the patent medicines have paid to the British Government, so far, in 1890, the enormous sum of \$1,110,000 in the shape of duties, and it is estimated that before the end of the year \$7,500,000 will have been expended by the owners of the nostrums.

The Prairie Farmer believes that "few people who live at a distance from the great lakes have an adequate conception of the magnitude of lake commerce. It will surprise them, perhaps, to learn that during 234 days of navigation last year tonnage passed through the Detroit River to the amount of 10,000,000 tons more than that of any other waterway and clearances of all the seaports in the United States, and 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London."

A leading iron journal states that improvements in the new navy are bringing young men to the front in all departments, not the least of which is steam engineering. In the modern ships, in addition to the great triple expansion main engines, with all their complicated parts, there are dynamos, blowers, steam steering and auxiliary engines of all kinds and sizes, scattered in widely separated parts of the vessel, and with the small number of engineers carried, a large and intelligent force of machinists is a pressing necessity.

A significant fact in the history of inventions is that many of the most valuable devices now in use have been the work of mechanics. There is a growing tendency on the part of employers to encourage their workmen in this line. One of the mechanics of the Pennsylvania lines is working on a device by which coal will be fed to the fire-box of a locomotive in the same manner that a base-burner is fed. It is claimed that if the device is perfected it will greatly increase the heat in the fire-box, as no cold air will rush in, as in the case when the door to the fire-box is opened to throw in coal.

Professor William D. Marks, Supervising Engineer of the Edison Electric Light Company, of Philadelphia, an electrical expert, says he is willing to stake his reputation as an electrical engineer on his ability to construct an electric motor that could take a train of cars from Philadelphia to New York in thirty-six minutes. The Professor might have made it even thirty-five minutes, observes the New York World, but as he has placed his reputation at stake in the matter, he may wish to be entirely on the safe side. One hundred and fifty miles an hour is the speed Professor Marks's motor would have to make.

Says the San Francisco Chronicle, Matches are a great modern convenience, but they bring many evils in their train. It is estimated that at least twenty per cent. of the fires in large cities may be traced to their use. A recent report of the Fire Marshal of Boston discusses the subject at great length and seriously recommends legislation to compel the adoption of safety matches which will only ignite under certain conditions. The losses entailed are great enough to be appalling, but very few persons, even when they are fully aware of the dangers of a cheap match, will take the trouble to insure themselves by buying the better and dearest article.

TROT, MY GOOD STEED, TROT.

Where my true love abideth  
I make my way to-night—  
Lo, waiting, she  
Repleth me  
And calleth in delight:  
"I see his steed a-ear  
Come trotting with my deer—  
Oh, idle not, good steed, but trot  
Trot thou my lover here!"

Alone I cast the bridle  
And ply the whip and spur,  
And gaily I  
Speed this reply  
While faring on to her:  
"Oh, true love, fear thou not—  
I seek our trying spot—  
And double feed be yours, my steed,  
If thou more swiftly trot!"

I vault from out the saddle  
And make my good steed fast;  
Then to my breast  
My love is pressed—  
At last, true heart! at last!  
The garden drowsing lies,  
The stars fold down their eyes—  
In this dear spot, my steed, neigh not,  
Nor stamp in restless wise!

Oh, passing sweet communion  
Of young hearts, warm and true!  
To these belong  
The old, old songs  
Love finds forever new!  
We sing those songs, and then  
Cometh the moment when  
"Trot, trot, my good steed, trot—  
Trot, trot me home again!"  
—Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.

THE BIG CHEESE.

BY ESTHER SELLE KENNETH.

The Saltons were as poor as people could be, and live comfortably and respectably. Mrs. Salton said it was owing to her husband's industry and energy that they got along at all—wages were so low, and market prices so high; while Mr. Salton declared that their coziness was entirely the result of his wife's good management. They were very united in their affections, and they had three good children.

But, to Mrs. Salton's regret, they were all boys. She would have liked a daughter to grow up in the house, and assist her. So pressed was she sometimes for a little maid to sew up a seam, or wash the dishes, that she told Joe Sheppard, the overcooler of the parlorhouse, that he might send her an orphan girl, if he had a bright and docile one, and she would try her, and perhaps keep her till she was eighteen.

"Well now, Mr. Salton, I reckon I'm lucky enough to have just what you want," said Joe Sheppard. "It's Sophy Niles. She's above the generality of parlorhouse girls. Come to us because she was left with an old grandmother, and she had to come. Sophy could have earned her own living, she was but twelve, but she couldn't support her grandmother, so the 'oversers' brought em both. Sophy ain't so chirk some as the old lady did, but she's a good girl, an' a good-mannered girl. Never has to be spoke to twice."

Mrs. Salton agreed to take Sophy Niles. "I think I'll have to, Nathan," she said to her husband. "I feel lazy this spring; I suppose it is because the baby is cutting his teeth so hard, and breaks me of my rest so."

"There isn't a lazy bone in your body. With the family, the cow, the pigs, the hens and the baby to take care of, you have too much to do. I only wish you could have a good strong woman—"

"O, nonsense! I only want a little lift now and then. I'm glad you didn't think it extravagant for me to take Sophy. She will do."

Mr. Salton was a farmer, but he did not own a farm. He worked for a rich man named Arthurson, who owned a very superior farm, and kept a great deal of help. He had to work regularly every day under Mr. Arthurson's orders. At certain seasons of the year, however, he would be unemployed. He was subject to rheumatic fevers, which incurred expense. He had lost two children, and he had other misfortunes which kept him poor. But just now he was struggling very hard to pay up the mortgage on his little home. He counted every cent with this object in view. He had been a little surprised that Lizzy, who was one with him in all his plans, should wish to take another mouth to feed. Still, he supposed his wife knew best. She knew how she felt. If she needed the girl's help she should have it, if they did not pay the mortgage for another year.

Sophy came just at the right time. She was a quiet, colorless girl of thirteen, doing just as she was bid, and she seemed to have a knack with the baby, so Mrs. Salton said she made a good beginning.

Two days after she arrived, Mr. Arthurson came riding down to the little house on horseback. A terrible thing had happened—a dog, supposed to be mad, had bitten his dairyman's wife; and the husband had gone off in great haste to get a famous doctor, and might not be back for two days. Mr. Arthurson's cows had been just driven up for milking, and there was no one to milk them. Would Salton and his wife, who understood the business also, come and milk them? They might have most of the milk, in payment, until the dairyman came back, and other arrangements could be made.

For three nights, Mr. and Mrs. Salton went to the villa, and milked Mr. Arthurson's numerous cows; and then they had a barrel of milk.

"What would we better do with it, Lizzy?" asked Nathan Salton.

"I used to have good luck making cheese when I was a girl at home," said Mrs. Salton. "I would like to make a cheese."

This was finally decided upon. But they had no press; so Nathan contrived one with part of a hoghead, with heavy rocks for pressure. It took a good deal of time and trouble, but the cheese seemed to be a success. It worked very nice, and was immensely large.

"It will bring a good price if I have

any kind of good luck," said Nathan, "and will go a long way toward paying off the mortgage."

All the family stood around and admired it—it was so big, and promised so much. Sophy led the baby, who was learning to walk, around it several times. The two boys wanted it cut; but their mother told them nothing would be so nice as to sell it, and to pay for their house, so that nobody could take their home away. They went to bed then, and one and all dreamed of the big cheese.

The next morning the children's father said: "I am going to town." And his wife said: "I will go with you, and get a little stuff to make jackets for the boys."

"Will you take the baby?"

"No, I will leave him with Sophy. He is a very good with her."

They were delayed a little by two old farmers coming in to look at the big cheese, but at length they got off. Lizzy started off with an unusual sense of comfort and security.

"Sophy is a very good girl," she said. "I only wish she were brighter and better favored. I don't like a girl to be so plain as quiet."

"Oh, handsome is as handsome does," replied Nathan.

Yes, Sophy seemed a little dull, and with her pale hair, pale eyes, and her pale cheeks, was not at all pretty; but she washed the dishes, and coaxed the baby into being contented, and made happy pudding for the boys' dinner very faithfully. She was as sober and steady as a little old woman. But she smiled on the baby, and nursed the ailing chicks, and always looked out that the cat was fed. She seemed to have a fellow feeling for all dependent creatures; so one could see her quietness was not unreason.

Nothing went wrong in the little house until afternoon. Then a shaly old wagon drove into the yard, and two dark, ill-kempt men got out. Sophy went to the door, and they begged for something to eat. While she hesitated, listening to the whisper of little Hiram behind her, "them's gypsies, Sophy," one of the men thrust his elbow against the door.

"Let's see what you have in here," he said.

Both of the men pushed in, and the children were forced to yield.

The former looked about them. The kitchen was neat and cool. One began looking from the various windows; the other went into the buttery, where he found a dried apple pie, which he commenced to eat. Then the man at the window looked at the children, and they looked gravely back at him.

"I say," said he, and his listeners certainly gave him all needed attention.

"Where's th' big cheese?"

"Hold on a minute, Jim!" called the big black fellow in the buttery. "Sure all's clear!"

"Yes. There's nothing in sight."

"There's no hurry, then. I'm hungry."

"Oh, dash the catin'!" returned the other. But, he too, went into the buttery to have a look about. For an instant the three children standing wide-eyed, in the centre of the big kitchen, were unobserved.

"Go out th' side door—still now," whispered Sophy to Hiram. "Crap through the bushes up behind Arthurson's—don't let 'em see you—an' bring some one quick!"

As the boy disappeared, the men came out of the buttery.

"Look here, girl! Where's the big cheese?"

Sophy did not speak. The men began to frown.

"None o' that! You'll have to tell, ye know," said one.

Little Sammy began to cry.

"Let th' young ones alone," said the other man. "It's in the house, of course. Where does this door go to? Where does that one go?"

"The baby's there," said Sophy quickly. "He's asleep—don't disturb him."

The men pushed their way into a shed-room. Sophy turned instantly, and pulled Sammy into the other, which was bare, shaded, and almost empty. But there was the baby, asleep upon an old settee, and there, upon the floor, was the big cheese! There was little else. Mrs. Salton had been in the habit, during the summer, of placing the child here, away from the light and flies for his afternoon nap.

Catching up the baby, Sophy flung the blanket and pillow on the cheese, and laying the little fellow down on them again, placed Sammy upon one side and sat down on the other, hushing and talking to the child, who sat up on his strange couch and began crying vigorously. The men, who had been searching through the house, came back.

"Say, now, said one, "that cheese is neither in the house or barn. Where is it?"

"It's too heavy for th' old wagon, I 'leve, anyway," said the other.

Sophy got up, and taking off the long apron in which she was enveloped, spread it over the baby's lap so that it covered a spot where she could see the cheese's edge.

"Can't you speak, you girl! How much does it weigh, anyway?"

"The girl's a fool," said the other.

Sophy sat closer on the edge of the big cheese and speeched louder and louder until the men, who had been searching through the house, taking her by the arm, "Look here," he added, shaking her, "you know enough! Where did Salton put that cheese?"

Sophy trembled, but did not stir, and Sammy began to whimper.

"Hold on," said the more pacific rascal. "Don't raise a row with the pacific ones, an' I'll tell you a better job, Jim. That ere baby—see?"

The men exchanged glances. Sophy looked up at them.

"Poh! Salton's poor!" said one

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Artificial musk is a recent chemical achievement.

Glue from whale refuse is a new article of commerce in Russia.

Electricians are beginning to look about for a substitute metal for copper.

A stenographic instrument used by the Italian Parliament is capable of recording 250 words a minute.

A rich deposit of mercury has been found three feet below the surface at Mantchee, near Wipacha, Austria.

A lighthouse built of masonry or concrete is said to be the only thing that can stand the terrific force of the seas on Hattens Shoals.

Silk from paper pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk, and is about two-thirds as strong.

According to Dr. Chaille, woman's average life is longer than man's, and in most parts of the United States her expectation of life is greater.

Dr. Koch of Berlin, who claims to be able to cure consumption by inoculation, is about to begin experiments on human patients who are afflicted with tuberculosis.

Professor Mendenhall, the new chief of the United States Coast Survey, is about to attempt to locate anew the magnetic pole of the northern hemisphere.

Blacking the nose and cheeks under the eyes has been found an effectual preventive of snow blindness or the injurious effect of the glare from illuminated snow to eyes unaccustomed to it.

It is proposed securing knife blades to the stern bearings of steam launches for the purpose of cutting the weeds as the vessel steams along, with a view of preventing the screw from fouling.

Natural gas has become so scarce at Pittsburg, Penn., that many of the leading iron works cannot run full time, and the probability is that they will be obliged to return to the use of coal.

A new material called rubber velvet is made by sprinkling powdered felt of any color over rubber cloth while the latter is hot and soft. The result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, waterproof and exceedingly light.

Manufacture of Rubber Goods.

England is the country where the mackintoshes and silk gossamers are manufactured. Those used in European countries are all imported from London and Manchester. The first gossamers were manufactured in this country in the early seventies at Boston. They were made in the beginning under a patent, and the sum of \$10 was then charged for a gossamer that can now be bought for \$1. This cheapening of the article is altogether due to the fact that the patent has expired. The English goods sold here are the rubber and cloth of the finer makes. Ordinary rubber clothing is not imported, but is entirely the result of American industry. The rubber manufacturing centers of the United States are Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, but Massachusetts leads them all in the importance of the traffic and quality of the output. The workers in these rubber goods are a well-paid lot of people. Rubber is bought in bulk, in chunks and barrels from Para, Brazil. Chicago spends every year fully \$1,000,000 for its rubber goods.—Chicago Post.

Cost of Running European Steamers.

Reliable data concerning the cost of running the fast European steamers have hitherto been difficult to obtain. Some statistics of the voyage of the Normanna, the magnificent addition to the Hamburg-American line, have been collected, and as the figures apply practically to a run of the City of Paris from New York to Liverpool, they are interesting. When the Normanna starts on an eastward voyage she carries nearly 3000 tons of coal in her bunkers, and it costs about \$0.50 a ton. The stokers daily shovel into her furnaces between 250 and 300 tons. The expenditure for coal approximates \$1000 a day, or \$8000 for the voyage. All expenses included, it may be said that one trip of the Normanna costs its owners not less than \$25,000. The receipts from all classes of passengers on a good midsummer trip are over \$20,000. Usually the Normanna carries 800 tons of freight, which, at the transportation rate of about \$10 a ton, amounts to \$8000.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Diamonds to Be Found in America.

Major Powell, of the Geological Survey, says that diamond fields are likely to be developed in the United States. He says that diamonds of fine water have already been found near Atlanta, Ga., and in Russell County, Ky. He believes that systematic investigation would lead to valuable discoveries of precious stones. Garnets, some of them worth \$70 and \$80 each, have been shipped East to the amount of hundreds of pounds by the Navajo Indians, and some exceptionally fine specimens have been found in Virginia. Opals of great value have been found in Oregon. Turquoise mining is rapidly developing in Colorado. It has been pursued with more or less success in New Mexico for some time. The Virginia garnets are said to be superior in luster to the fine products of Ceylon.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mirrors of Wood.

In Germany wood with a mirror polish is coming into use for ornamental purposes in place of metal. The wood is first submitted to a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days at a temperature of about 175 degrees Fahrenheit, then dipped in hydrochlorate of calcium for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, after which a concentrated solution of sulphuric acid is added. After another dip in an acetate of lead solution at about 100 degrees, a shining metallic surface is given by polishing when dry with lead, tin or zinc.—New York Telegram.

COUNTRY LIFE IN CHILL.

PRIMITIVE WAYS OF LIVING NEAR THE ANDES.

Plain Food and Clothing of the Natives—A Profusion of Water-melons—The Imitative "Peones."

Agricultural Chill is a pleasant and interesting country to visit. The scenery, suggesting memories alternately of California, Switzerland and Northern Italy, is both grand and charming. Nothing can be seen more majestic and impressive than the main ridge of the Andes, with the volcanic peaks white with snow, while occasionally toward the south some crater shoots up volumes of smoke and lava, as Villa Rica did about the time that I was at Triguera. Nothing can be more charming than the scenery along the Rio Bio-Bio, whose sinuous banks the railway follows between San Rosendo and Concepcion. In parts this river, the longest and broadest in the Republic, having a course of 222 miles, reminds one of the Loire, except that it flows continuously between sloping and often wooded hills. Like the Loire, it is full of shifting sand banks, some of clean, yellow sand, others of black volcanic sand; and these, as the water varies in depth, give to the surface a moire of violet and yellowish green. As for the population, and the incidents of life along the road, they offer plenty of material for the painter, and food for reflection to the student of manners.

Here indeed is primitive civilization, needing no house furniture, no comfort, very elementary clothing, and only the simplest forms of ceramic ware. What plainer food could be found than bread, beans and onion pie? What more natural drinking vessel than a calabash? What less complex vestment than the "poncho"? What shoe more easily made than a bit of cowhide tied on with thongs? What more refreshing and obvious combination of food and drink than the familiar watermelon, which would seem to be the chief and only nourishment taken by many of the poorer Chilianos. In the stations you see whole trains loaded with watermelons. In the towns watermelons are sold in every shop, and piles of them are stacked in the streets wherever there is an open-air breakfast stall. On the steamers that ply between the ports of the Pacific the decks are encumbered with the inevitable melons, and the water in the harbors is covered with the floating rinds of empty ones. In no other country have I seen such universal consumption of watermelons except along the banks of the Danube, where the peasants are no better lodged and no better fed than those of Chill. All this I say not in disparage of the Chilian "peones." On the contrary, I am convinced that they are fine fellows in their way and splendid workers, especially by the piece. No Europeans can surpass them in strength and endurance. Above all, no Europeans could exist in the same conditions of alimentation and habitation. In Chill the "peones" live literally like pigs, both in the country and in the towns, regardless of hygiene or even the most ordinary sanitary precautions. The consequence is that infant mortality is great; the infants die like flies, and those who survive are only the strongest and the fittest. This rural and urban working population is ignorant, though not unintelligent. The "peones" can rarely read or write, but they have a natural talent for imitation, and when once they have been shown how to do a thing they will go on doing it; thus they learn in a few lessons to manage agricultural machinery, and when they have once learned they do not forget. As for morality, it is to be feared that they have but little. They are not afraid of death themselves, and have not much respect for the life of others, and both men and women alike appear to have inherited a fair dose of superstition and many queer beliefs from their Indian ancestors, together with a number of silly remedies. The women, when they have a headache, paste rounds of paper on their temples, or the plop of a watermelon. If they feel anything the matter with their eyes they will plaster their cheeks over with leaves. Indeed, you rarely see a woman who has not something struck on her face. All these defects, all these superstitions, and all this neglect of the laws of hygiene President Balmaceda hopes to eradicate by education, and therefore, we see, not without surprise, in rustic townships like Triguera, fine school-houses being built, at a cost of \$90,000, before there is yet a single brick house within the district. This policy of building schools and promoting education is being action is carried on throughout Chill. Whenever you go you see fine school being built, and at no great distance from it an equally fine new prison, and the chances are that the cells of the latter will be filled sooner than the classrooms of the former. However, the education of the masses has been one of the great cards of modern republicanism in Europe and in the United States, and it is therefore not astonishing to find imitative Chill following in the wake, perhaps a little hastily and a little blindly.—Harper's Magazine.

The Destroying Sand Wave.

Born of the wind and the sea, on the sandy beaches of Capes Hattens and Henlopen is a curious natural phenomenon. A mammoth wave of sand, that towers aloft like a sea wave, even curling over in places like a huge breaker, is rolling inland irresistibly, and lacking only the element of speed in its career to carry such terror to the hearts of the inhabitants as is inspired by sea waves that follow an earthquake, for the destructiveness of the sand wave is limited only by its scope. Though similar in origin, substance and motive power, there is yet so much difference between the two waves in form, extent and speed of travel, and in the actual destruction of property, that each is a study in itself. Especially noticeable is the difference in the devastation wrought, for while one is laying waste a forest of small value, the other is burying luxuriously a hundred lowly homes.—Scraper.

THE ROSE OF DAWN.

How mockingly the morning dawns for me,  
Since thou art gone, where no pursuing  
speech,  
No prayer, no farthest-sounding cry can  
reach!  
I call and wait the answer to my plea—  
But only hear the stern, dividing sea  
(That pauses not, however I beseech)  
Breaking, and breaking on the distant  
beach  
Of that far land whereto thy soul did  
flee.

Do happy suns shine on thee where thou  
art?  
And kind stars light with friendly ray  
thy night?  
And strange birds wake with music  
strange thy morn?  
This beggared world, where thou no more  
hast part,  
Misapprehends the morning's young  
delight.  
And the old grief makes the new day  
forlorn.  
—Louise Chandler Moulton, in Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A magazine article—Gunpowder.  
A finger wring—The thumb-screw.  
Fowls share at least one attribute of  
mankind—The good die young.  
Summer brings leave of absence, but  
autumn brings absence of leaves.  
It looks funny, but a sinking fund is  
the means of raising a debt.—Boston  
Gazette.  
The mosquito is a desperately wicked  
creature. It never rests till it gets "be-  
hind the bars."—Puck.  
Why is Pennsylvania like a good soldier?  
Because it is well drilled, of course.  
—Boston Commercial Bulletin.  
Never call a man another unless you  
know what you are talking about, and  
be careful then.—New York World.

If you'd have me  
And I'd have you  
Why, you'd be you  
And I'd be you  
—New York Herald.  
Lady (to applicant for place)—"Are  
you a plain cook?" Applicant—"Well,  
I s'pose I could be purtier."—Binghamton  
Leader.  
A mountain side makes the best pas-  
ture for young cows, because climbing  
tends to strengthen the calves.—Boston  
Journal.  
When a fly alights on your hand you  
can't tell whether he is sitting or stand-  
ing. But it is a different thing with a  
bee.—Stetman.

He (reading)—"Then their lips met,  
and—" She (interrupting)—"Was it  
a protracted meeting, I wonder!"—Bur-  
lington Free Press.  
Magistrate—"Were you present when  
the assault was committed on you?" Wit-  
ness—"May it please the Court, I had  
just got there."—Harper's Bazar.  
Edwin—"And you'll always be true  
to me, Angelina?" Angelina—"Why do  
you doubt me, Edwin?" Edwin—"Oh,  
you're too good to be true."—Life.

Cobwigger—"Why does a woman have  
her pocket where it's so hard to get at  
it?" Merritt—"So that she can stick  
her friend for the car fare."—Epoch.  
Billy—"So you have returned from  
your bridal trip. What did you see on  
your trip that pleased you most?"  
John—"My wife."—Toronto Enquirer.  
Although she's fast, and smokes all day,  
Men look on her with proud emotion;  
Admired by all she makes her way—  
The steamer called "The Queen of Ocean."  
—Puck.  
When a man is caught he owns up and  
says the woman did it. When a woman  
is caught she swears it is not so, and  
cries to corroborate her oath.—National  
Weekly.

"What are your potatoes, Mr. Scales?"  
"Thirty-five cents a peck." "They are  
only thirty at Mr. Bush's." "Why  
don't you buy some there?" "He hasn't  
any."—New York Sun.  
"Left your purse at home, eh? Well,  
I can't lend you ten dollars, but I can put  
you in the way of getting it at once.  
Here's a nickel. Take a car home and  
get your purse."—Chatter.  
Simmons—"That is a rather peculiar  
stone you are wearing, Timmons. Must  
be something rare, is it not?" Timmons  
—"Very rare stone, indeed, my boy.  
That is an 1890 peach stone."—Indian-  
apolis Journal.

Stage Manager—"Mr. Heavy, you will  
take the part of Alonzo." Mr. Heavy—"I  
have never seen this play. Do you  
think I can please the audience in that  
part?" Stage Manager—"Immensely.  
You die in the first act."—New York  
Weekly.  
"What a queer name you have, Miss  
Booglespeagle!" he said, after he had  
asked her once or twice to pronounce it  
for him. "Well," she responded, with  
just the sweetest smile, "you know what  
you can do with that name, Mr. Smith."  
—Washington Star.  
"How human that instrument is!" re-  
marked Gale at the amateur musicale.  
"Do you notice how it throbs and sighs  
its strains?"—"You're right, it does,"  
assented Jack Pott, as he watched a  
muscular young woman pound the keys  
out of shape. "It's a wonder to me it  
doesn't burst a blood-vessel!"—Dry  
Goods Chronicle.

Old Lady (at Tampa Bay)—"My  
daughters want to go sailing. Can you  
swim?" Yacht Skipper—"No, ma'am."  
Old Lady—"My goodness! What  
could you do if anything should happen?"  
Yacht Skipper—"Please, ma'am, when  
the man was doing the sailing can't swim  
he's mighty fearful not to let anything  
happen."—Good News.  
A dog was barking at the moon when  
a sage inquired why he did so, adding  
that he could not possibly affect the great  
lunary one way or the other, and that  
it seemed a useless waste of energy. "Oh,  
it isn't that it makes any difference with  
the moon," replied the canine; "but I  
want the other dogs in this neighborhood  
to know that I am not dumb."—Moral.  
We never knew that some men have been  
buried until we mist their names.—De-  
troit Free Press.