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According to the Chicago News, the leading newspapers in Havana, Cuba, advocate reciprocity with the United States.

Italy has ordered the study of English to be added to the curriculum of all Italian universities, and has endowed the necessary professorships for the purpose.

It is estimated that the railroads of the United States lose \$2,000,000 yearly by landslides, \$5,000,000 by floods, \$1,000,000 by fire, and \$9,000,000 by collisions.

At a banquet in Sheffield, England, the other day, Lord Wolseley, in addressing the yeomanry cavalry, advised them to make themselves good shots and efficient to fight on foot, because the days of fighting on horseback in England were past and gone.

It seems to be a fact, states the New Orleans Times-Democrat, that as the urban population increases, marriage decreases. The increase in the urban population of the United States during this century has been from four to twenty-two per cent.

"The romance of diamond mining is all gone," laments the St. Louis Star-Sayings. "It is now a matter of excavating vast beds of blue clay by machinery, washing it and sifting out the diamonds, which, after being roughly sorted for size, are sold in bulk by weight."

The number of tramps has decreased seventy-five per cent. in the last five years, and it is the laws passed by the different States which have done it, opines the Detroit Free Press. When you make tramp a crime you oblige a tramp to go to work and make an honest living.

Statistics show that there are some two million people in this country dependent upon the railroads for support. The number of employed is put at 704,743. In case of a general strike, remarks the Boston Cultivator, the number of people to suffer direct loss is thus shown to be very large.

The salary list of the staff of the great World's Fair is interesting. It is as follows: Genl. Agent, \$6,000; Bryan, Vice-President, \$12,000; Butterworth, Secretary, \$10,000; Seeburger, Treasurer, \$5,000; Palmer, National President, \$12,000; Davis, Director General, \$15,000; Dickinson, Secretary, \$10,000. This makes an snug total of \$70,000.

An institution has been founded in Paris, which is likely to prove a blessing to foreigners who may become ill while sojourning in the gay capital. A Danish lady, Frokr Neilson, is the originator of this plan to supply for the sick trained nurses speaking the principal languages. These nurses will be sent to all parts of France and even to other countries when desired. In connection with the institution is a school for the training of nurses.

The following figures are published in a German publication that stands high as an authority on railroad matters. The table gives a summary of the world's railroad mileage last year as compared with the figures of four years ago:

Table with 3 columns: Continent, Miles, 1886, 1887, 1888. Americas: 149,000, 190,000, 218,000. Europe: 138,000, 148,000, 158,000. Asia: 13,300, 17,800, 22,300. Africa: 4,900, 5,800, 6,700. Australia: 7,600, 10,500, 13,400. Total: 303,000, 357,400, 407,700.

In San Francisco the sewing girls have to compete with Chinese labor, asserts the New Orleans Picayune, and their wages amount to \$4.50 a week. In New York the American girls have been driven out of the clothing shops altogether by the Polish, Hungarian and Russian women, who work ten hours a day, seven days in the week, for \$4. The average wages paid the factory girls by suit, cap, cloak, feather, flower and underwear manufacturers is \$3.70. Perhaps 300 forewomen get \$25 a week, and a number are able to earn \$45 after ten years' service, but there are thousands of little girls and young women who begin on \$1 and are raised at the rate of seventy-five cents a year.

There is a prejudice in the rural districts of this State against bachelors, says the Portland Oregonian. People in every out-laying settlement are opposed to bachelors taking up claims in their vicinity. An exchange says: "There are some splendid claims on Deadwood Creek not yet taken, as good as any on the coast. The citizens want men with families to settle on them. Three of these claims were taken by bachelors last fall. The ladies of Deadwood passed a resolution placing a three years' limit on celibacy in that district, and providing all bachelors not married at the end of that time be run out of the settlement or hanged." Five bachelors moved out, one got married and two have gone into the sparring business.

THE PATHWAY THROUGH THE WOODS.

'Twas only a little pathway, Bordered with marigolds sweet, With the green leaves overarching The marks of unrequited feet. The golden tints of the autumn Brought on me my saddest moods, As I took that lonely pathway Through the solemn, silent woods.

Chirp, chirp, said the wee brown songster, As he hopped from limb to limb, Stealing one look at the stranger, Then seeking the shadows dim, Anon, a sound that was sweeter With fairy like interludes Came over my soul like ether And charmed that path through the woods.

Thereafter there came a vision As bright as a fabled fay, A maiden of wondrous beauty Shod right in my narrow way, She blushed, and twilight grew rosy Down through the soft solitudes, I had met my fate, and knew it, In the pathway through the woods.

GABE HARDESTY'S "HANT."

BY HENRY C. WOOD.

In Taylor's Cove, one bleak March night, the scene presented a striking combination of dreariness and cheer. The mountain-sides were snow-clad and desolate—the lonely pines huddled together in little groups, with bowed heads, as if trying to ward off the wintry blasts, while snugly built within the sheltered cove a comfortable log-cabin nestled close to the overhanging rocks like a swallow's nest under the eaves.

From the two small windows in the cabin's front the bright glare of a general fire within shone forth, and now and then, as the door opened, a broader pathway of light streamed out across the dreary waste of snow and made a gigantic jack-o-lantern amid the dense shadows of the surrounding hills.

On a nearer approach the sound of revelry might have been heard within the cabin—the see-saw of a squeaky fiddle—the patting of hands in rhythmic accompaniment and the noise of dancing feet mingled with gay voices.

It was a fitting time for merriment and goodly cheer, for Sam Taylor's pretty daughter, Mollie, was to wed Gabe Hardesty, one of the tallest, sturdiest lads to be found among the hills.

The most of the company had already gathered to witness the happy event, and only the groom and a friend or two were yet to arrive.

"I loved ez Gabe would a been hangin' round afore sundown 'most," observed the bride's aunt, a withered, wiry dame, who assisted in an inner room where her niece awaited the belated groom.

"A body haint been able ter stir 'round hyer for th' past month fer stumblin' over 'im," she added in her high-pitched voice, "an' now when he's wanted he haint ter be foun'."

"I'm noways skeered but what he'll be on 'an' wha th' weddin' comes off," said the bride, with a sniff of affected indifference.

"If he haint, ye kin take Milt Spurlock," one of Mollie's young companions remarked, with a meaning frown. "He's in 't'other room yonder now, tryin' ter look ez chidy an' neat ez if he wouldn't give his right han' th' very minut ter stan' in Gabe's boots."

"Well, ez I didn't take 'm when that war two ter pick from, I 'low I won't break my neck ter choose 'im now, even if it is my las' chance ter ketch a man, which I don't cacklerite hit is," replied Miss Mollie, with a simper. "I'm glad ter know, though, that Milt don't bear me no ill grudge, an' 'somsome ter see me married, even ef hit's ter a rival o' hisn'."

"That's some more new comers," said her aunt, partly opening the door leading into the larger room and peering curiously beyond. "I 'low ez Gabe hev come now."

As she spoke there was a confused murmur of voices, among them being that of Link McCord, who was to be Gabe's best man, while a chorus seemed to be inquiring concerning the tardy groom.

Link's voice suddenly dropped to a lower key, and some one, near the partly opened door, called out warningly to Mollie's aunt: "Shet th' door! don't let her hear."

erlong an' let yer all know 'bout his bad luck an' why he couldn't come hise'f."

While his fate under ordinary circumstances would have been a matter of comparative indifference, it was now a thing of the utmost moment to him, and the young mountaineer was beset with harassing fears.

This anxiety of mind lasted him throughout the slow, tedious journey down to the valley lands, and through the imprisonment which followed, until the slow process of the law had fixed his punishment at two years in the State prison.

Two years of captivity to him who had been as free as the bird and beast of his native hills, yet even he failed at first to realize how many weary days could be crowded into two long years of waiting.

If he could have bidden his sweetheart good-bye, and whispered into her ear how lasting was his love, and entreated her to be of good cheer until he came back, fate would have not seemed so cruel, but to be thus dragged away on his very bridal night, that was, indeed, a trying ordeal.

From this moment the tortures of jealousy were added to his already unhappy lot.

He had so nearly gained the coveted prize, that until this moment, he had never once doubted her constancy or love; but now a thousand horrible fears lashed him with their relentless scourging.

He grew hollow eyed and thin, while his customary lethargy gave place to a fierce restlessness, like some captive animal pining for its native jungles.

His very dreams were filled with unhappiness and unrest.

Again and again the fair vision of the pretty mountain girl disturbed his slumbers, yet now it was ever marred by the dark shadow of Milt Spurlock, which seemed to hover always near.

Once he dreamed that his marriage was taking place in the cabin by the hillside, yet after the ceremony was over he saw, all at once, that the groom was not himself, but that Milt Spurlock had usurped his place, and he awoke in a dazed tremor.

Oh! how slowly the days and nights wore away. They seemed to grow longer and longer. Poor Gabe!

And what of the pretty bride-elect during all these unhappy days?

For many weeks Mollie refused to be comforted and was most miserable, while her friends and neighbors, and even her discarded lover, Milt Spurlock, did all that they could to cheer her and make her less fearful.

At last there came vague rumors of Gabe's trial and imprisonment, and one day Milt Spurlock confirmed them, after he came back from a trip to the valley country, whence he had gone to sell various products of these hills, such as medicinal barks and herbs.

While on this journey he had met with one who knew of Gabe's trial and imprisonment, which was for a term of ten long years, he said—only think of it—the very best part of one's life to be spent within prison walls, for when one came forth from ten long years of confinement, there was little of youth or hope left in one's bosom.

All this Milt Spurlock managed to impress most deeply upon his eager listener, and after this fresher grief had worn away, he began to renew the pledges of his own love and fidelity, and though, at first, she turned a deaf ear to his pleadings, there came a time when she was less unwilling to listen to his wooing, while gossips began to wag their tongues and say that the once fabled lover would yet win the pretty bride he had come so near losing a year before.

a fierce, wild glare, which the witnesses of the scene never forgot, and oftimes spoke of afterward in awed and impressive tones.

Before anyone could stretch out a hand, or divine the purpose of this strange apparition, it had glided to where Milt Spurlock cowered in abject terror.

His arm raised swiftly and something bright glittered for a moment, and then was sheathed in the bridegroom's bosom.

As he staggered back and fell, almost without a groan, the ghastly figure turned and silently vanished into the darkness, and no one present that night ever saw this strange counterpart of Gabe Hardesty again.

There were strange rumors afterward that the Governor, hearing the story of Gabe's arrest on the eve of his marriage, and learning of his subsequent good conduct in the prison, had pardoned him before the expiration of his sentence, and that it was Gabe himself who had come back on this eventful night and meted out such swift vengeance to his betrayer.

There were few, however, who did not shake their heads incredulously at these rumors, and say they knew a thing of flesh and blood from one that come out of the darkness and the grave, for did not several who were present at the merry-making stoutly aver that they had often clutched at this vanishing figure after the fatal deed was accomplished and their fingers had closed on the thin air—Drake's Magazine.

The Inventress of Lace.

In the churchyard of Annaberg, near an old lime tree, there is carved in relief upon a chaste marble tombstone an angel placing a crown upon a woman's head, while beneath is inscribed:

Here lies BARBARA UTTMAN, died: 14th of January, 1875, whose invention: of lace in the year 1861 made her the: benefactress of the Hartz Mountains: An active mind, a skillful hand: Brings blessings down on the Father-: land.

This Barbara Uttman, who introduced pillow lace into Germany, was born in the year 1814 in the small town of Eitersheim, which derives its name from her family. Her parents, burghers of Nuremberg, had removed to the Saxon Hartz Mountains for the purpose of working some mines. Here Barbara Etterdun married a rich master miner named Christopher Uttman, of Annaberg. The Protestant tradition says that Barbara Uttman "learned" lace making from a native of Brabant, whom the cruelties of the Duke of Alva had driven from his country. But as the Duke of Alva did not go to the Netherlands until 1567, and as Barbara Uttman was teaching lace at her school in 1861, this report must be taken out of the domain of fact. At all events while we know that Barbara Uttman did not invent lace, since it antedates any record we have, and is as old as the hills, one might say, to her we must give the honor of not only introducing pillow lace into Germany but of improving, renewing and fashioning new stitches and making new combinations—uniting with a fresh beauty the composite lace of other countries.—New York Herald.

Military Utility of Swimming Cavalry.

An important feature of the recent cavalry manoeuvres in England was swimming cavalry horses the Thames. Twenty officers of the Guards determined to solve the problem for themselves. Dashing into the river with great excitement, several succeeded in reaching the opposite bank in safety, while three riders fell off and had to be rescued by boats.

It is held that the trial proves the utility of attempting to swim cavalry horses across a stream in a body. Whatever, however, may be the ultimatum in regard to the swimming of cavalry horses, there is no doubt that swimming, as a part of the drilled soldier's, is likely to be brought largely into requisition. The officers in attendance with the Emperor William at the Russian military manoeuvres are said to have been surprised at nothing so much as at the swimming exploits of the Russian soldiery. "Boots off!" exclaimed the Colonel, when his battalion reached the river bank. Then, making the sign of the cross, he plunged in himself, and the whole force followed him, swimming to the other side. "Though swimming, as a part of military drill, has not been heard of in this country, the facts that the ancient Greeks understood its value is shown by the fact that so few of them perished in the naval fight with Xerxes at Salamis.—Courier-Journal.

A Camel's Reservoir.

Admiral D. D. Porter, who once went to North Africa to secure camels for introduction into America, gives some interesting points about the value of these ugly but useful animals. He says: "In their campaigns against Algiers the French were surprised to see their camels although reduced to skeletons, making forced marches with their loads. Mules in their condition could not have carried even their saddles.

"A camel's flesh is as good as beef. You can hardly tell one meat from the other. Camel's milk is very good, as I can testify, because I used it in my coffee.

"A camel generally drinks once in three days, and, besides his four stomachs, he carries a sort of reservoir in which he stores water. I have been told that even ten days after the death of a camel this reservoir can be opened and yields fifteen pints of clear, drinkable water taken from it."

Diphtheritic Birds.

Diphtheria, which has been lurking about Paris ever since the influenza epidemic has attacked the birds. The discovery seems to have been made at the Jardin des Plantes. The men of science are said to have satisfied themselves that these birds do not communicate the disease to mankind. It has prevailed amongst pigeons, and some pigeons in the markets were proved to have suffered from it; but in no case did the disease spread to persons who came in contact with the infected birds.—Commercial Advertiser.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The first electrical railway in Sweden has been completed.

The astronomers on Mount Wilson, Cal., report a snowstorm on the planet Mars.

An analysis of the steel made in Chattanooga, Tenn., showed it to be of good quality.

A surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons.

The State Geologist of New Jersey declares that the State is sinking at the rate of at least two feet in a century.

A plant has been established at Portage, Ohio, for manufacturing a substitute for lumber from rice straw, an abundant and burdensome product.

Charles D. Young, a Denver (Col.) boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 235 pounds.

The submarine boat, introduced into Italy recently, which is spherical in shape has thus far given greater promise of success than anything that has been experimented with.

Miss Flora Grace, of Iowa, is the inventor of a cooking thermometer which marks the boiling point for meat, the gently simmering altitude and the varying baking points for meats, bread, cake and pies.

A recent contract provides for street lighting in Paris on a novel plan. Power is distributed by the compressed air system to a great number of small motors, each of which supplies current for a small number of lamps.

Crushed steel—made by crushing in a stamp-mill high-carbon steel quenched in cold water on an excessively high temperature—is being used for cutting stone. It is very hard, and cheaper and more effective than emery.

Incandescent lamps placed near the ceiling will cause it to blacken, contrary to general belief. The blackening is not due to unconsumed carbon, but to a current of hot air which deposits black particles on contact with a cold surface.

The aeroplane is a new invention from Germany of great importance in textile factories, and is being introduced into the factories of England as well as Germany. It is an apparatus to diffuse moisture necessary for spinning without injury to health or machinery.

Tests of aluminum bronze have been commenced at the Watertown Arsenal, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Government. The tensile strength was shown to be over 90,000 pounds to the square inch, and the transverse strength 66,000 pounds on a one inch square bar.

The projected new way up the Matterhorn, in Switzerland, is interesting engineers. The rails will cease at the base of the "sugarloaf" and the ascent is to be accomplished by a succession of elevators from one point to another. It is supposed that the work of construction will occupy about four years.

An important innovation has been introduced in the shape of a machine for preparing molds for casting. The machine is designed to produce a complete mold at one operation, and thus to replace skilled hand labor in making molds from pattern plates. It is claimed that a lad can operate the machine with the assistance of a laborer, and is able to run and mold as many as 1000 boxes per day.

By means of an electric wire at Domene, France, the power of a waterfall is transmitted three and a quarter miles from its source, to a paper mill, and there utilized to the extent of two hundred horse-power. In the winter, when the deep snow for about two months prevents any but electric communication between the generating works and the mill, the power is sent as usual, and the machinery of the paper mill is kept in motion.

The Largest Rose Bush.

The largest rose bush in the world is probably that which adorns the residence of Dr. E. B. Matthews, of Mobile, Ala. It was planted in 1813 by the doctor's father when a young man and is green and flourishing after its eighty-seven years of summer's heat and winter's snow. Its branches have entirely covered the house and extended to the surrounding trees, so that when it is in bloom it forms a perfect bower of roses.

Its trunk for upward of five feet from the ground is nearly a foot in circumference, and it has been estimated that if growing as one continuous vine its branches would extend a mile in length.

During the past spring three and a half bushels of roses were gathered from it in one week, while when shedding petals in the autumn the ground about it is white with its fragrant snow. It is of the variety known as the cluster musk rose. It is said that this vine several times saved the residence from being burned during the late war, the doctor having been a surgeon in the Union army.—Philadelphia Times.

A Chance Friend Made His Fortune.

The Boston Evening Gazette tells a pleasant story about the son of a very prominent man. When he was a student at Harvard he took a trip West on one of his vacations. He was greatly interested in railroad affairs, and happened to fall into conversation with an elderly man who also seemed to know a little about this subject. On the way to Chicago they talked about railroads a good deal, and the young man acquit himself very creditably. His new friend had introduced himself simply as Mr. Smith, let us say. Mr. Smith and the young college man exchanged personal cards before the trip was ended. Shortly afterwards he was graduated the young man received a flattering offer from a big railroad company, through its President, the same Mr. Smith, called him again. This was several years ago. That young man to-day is a rising railroad man, who has already climbed many rounds of the railroad ladder.

A BIG ENGINEERING FEAT.

GREATEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD TO SPAN THE HUDSON.

A Forty Million Dollar Steel Structure Will Connect Jersey City and New York.

The greatest cantilever bridge in the world is to span the Hudson River from New York to New Jersey, says a letter from New York to the Chicago Herald. It will be bigger and longer than the enormous structure in Scotland which crosses the Firth of Forth and is the most extensive structure in existence based on the cantilever principle. It will be one-third longer and much wider than the suspension bridge which unites New York and Brooklyn, and will cross the water at a greater elevation by twenty feet than does the East River bridge. Its cost will be about \$40,000,000 and five years will be required to construct the work. As the new aqueduct is the marvel of the nineteenth century in hydraulic engineering, so in bridge construction will the proposed structure be the wonder of the age.

The engineers, Thomas C. Clarke and Charles B. Brush, have practically determined upon the location of the approaches on the opposite shores, but of course they decline to make that knowledge public as yet.

The law says that the bridge must land in the metropolis between Tenth and 18th streets, on private property, to be acquired under the right of eminent domain. In New Jersey it will probably start from the lower part of Palisade Ridge in Jersey City, where the ground is 100 feet above the level of the Hudson, and a natural grade to the approaches of the bridge would be secured without the building of an elevated viaduct. If this proves to be the site selected the most reasonable assumption would be that the New York terminus will be in the region of Broadway and Forty-second street. Thus passengers from the South and West will be whirled into one grand union station. Into this will also run the trains of the Long Island Railroad, which will cross the East River by a tunnel that will be continued under Forty-second street to the Grand Central and also to the great union station, similar to that of the Northwest Railway in London.

Being built upon the cantilever principle there will be but a single span over the river, with a tower on either shore. Grain storehouses will be under the bridge and also under the tracks along the Palisades. The freight cars will be unloosed by chutes extending to the tops of these warehouses. The bridge will be of steel, and 2400 feet from span to span.

It will have six railroad tracks, its bottom will be 150 feet above the river's surface and its top will be fifty feet still higher. After the granite piers and approaches are constructed the bridge will be put together section by section, the steel being brought to the spot on floats from the mills as needed. The latter part of the stupendous undertaking will be the easiest of accomplishment.

When the Herald correspondent called at the office of the bridge commissioners he found as Judge George W. Green, the father of the bridge project, with Secretary Swan both busily engaged in the examination of a mass of plans and estimates. Judge Green said: "The cost of the bridge itself will be about \$15,000,000 and the total cost including approaches and stations about \$40,000,000. Of this sum \$10,000,000 will be raised by sale of stock and \$30,000,000 by the issue of bonds. The passenger stations will be built of steel, and large enough to admit all trains that now enter New York, New Jersey and Brooklyn. It will have twenty tracks, side by side, and be 1300 feet in length. The grade in and out of the city over the bridge will be forty feet to the mile. The roads accommodated by the bridge are the Pennsylvania; Central Railroad of New Jersey; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; New York and Erie; New York and Greenwood Lake; New York, Susquehanna and Western; New York, Ontario and Western, and the West Shore, with the smaller roads operated by or having connection with these corporations. The roads enumerated reach every section South and West. Their passenger traffic is about sixty millions a year, and the freight reaches the enormous sum of 80,000,000 tons yearly. When this bridge is constructed the discomfort and delay passengers now experience in crossing to New York on ferryboats will be at an end, and the cost of transportation of baggage and transshipment of freight will no longer exist."

"It is evident that New York is reaching the limit of its resident population. While the latter can extend north and to Long Island, it will also naturally extend to the west of the Hudson, where is an inviting field for residence. While this territory in New Jersey will grow in population it will not take from New York any of its population which it can more favorably accommodate. There will have to be provided a system of rapid transit over the bridge to accommodate those living within a short distance of the metropolis. Within twenty years the beautiful region all about the Palisades will contain the homes of thousands of those who will seek this quarter to avoid the high rents and excessive cost of living in this city. In every aspect the bridge will be a blessing to the metropolis and to the commercial interests of the nation."

A Ball of "Daddy Long Legs."

A curious natural phenomenon was seen at Plainfield, N. J., a few days ago. A gentleman walking through his garden saw a living ball of "daddy long legs" as they are commonly called. There were hundreds of the insects in the lump, which was fully half a foot in circumference. Their long legs were tangled in a seemingly inextricable mass. The animal warmth of their tiny bodies probably induced the insects to huddle closely together.—New York Herald.

INSPIRATION.

Narrow and steep the pathway we must tread, And even then the crown may be of thorn, Which all the years thereafter must be borne.

Till silence numbers us among the dead; Hard must we toil to win this bitter bread, And through the clear flash of the radiant morn.

Oh see the clouds, with edges tempest torn, Rise in dense gloom, by disappointment led. Yet is not all this strife a better gift Than aimless wanderings through sunlit days?

Does not each upward struggle serve to lift The soul to where God's clearer radiance plays, Till through some stern and rock-obscured rift, We reach at last life's firm and level ways?—Thomas S. Collier, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A convict never hurries. He just takes his time.—Lawrence American.

Enough may be as good as a feast, but a feast is good enough for most of us.—Yennoise's News.

Why doesn't an English syndicate buy Canada's debt? There's millions in it.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Ladies, never powder a dimpled cheek. It can do execution well enough without being loaded.—Pick.

Unless a man is agreeable to all the women he meets they go around pitying his wife.—Athens Globe.

U.—"What makes Smith so straight?" I.—"I don't know, unless it is his circumstances."—Texas Siftings.

Austin has a very precise business man who never pays a visit without demanding a receipt for it.—Texas Siftings.

Marriage is not a lottery; it is a raffle. One man gets the prize, while the others get the shake.—Indianapolis Journal.

Book Agent—I have just the kind of work you want." Chippie—"But my dear fellow, I don't want work of any kind."—Indianapolis Journal.

First Girl (proudly)—"Our baby can say pa and ma." Second Girl—"Dat's nuffin. My cousin, wot's rich, 'us got er wax one wot kin do dat."—Life.

Of all the queer men of the times And under every name the nearest. The man who asks you questions 's Undoubtedly the queerest.—Munsey's Weekly.

Mrs. Dobbins (reading)—"Countess Maria von Kinsky, of Bohemia, has bagged 188 hares in one day." Dobbins—"Her husband will soon be baldheaded at that rate."—Epoch.

"Kitty," said the lover, as they sat in the dark corner of the piazza—"Kitty, close your eyes." "Why so, George?" "If you don't 'sperdybody will be able to see us."—Harper's Bazar.

An exchange says there are 250,000 women married annually in London. The average Seattle woman thinks herself lucky if she is married four times in a lifetime.—Seattle Times.

"Dream on, dream on," the singer cried, And roused him from his slumber. "Oh, how I wish that you," he sighed, "Would give me half a chance."—Washington Post.

A Canadian doctor has just been testified that a murdered man's heart stopped "bright in the middle of a beat." That's nothing; policemen often do the same thing.—Utica Herald.

She—"There goes poor Miss Price with her fiancé. Why, the man is old enough to be her father and ugly enough to be her brother!" He—"Oh, but he is rich enough to be her husband."—Life.

A student who acted as a waiter at a White Mountain hotel the past summer is about to marry the daughter of a family at whose table he served. All things come to him who waits.—Boston Post.

Silver and gold bands for the hair are very popular among fashionable ladies, but the brass band makes more noise in the world—especially if it contains a bass drum and a bassoon.—Jeweler's Circular.

He's surely a difficult person to kill, His frame seems of adamant; He's dying each day, but remains with us still, The "oldest inhabitant."—Boston Courier.

Miss Passeo (examining the medal of a recent graduate)—"I have a medal, too." Young Friend—"You have! Why on earth don't you wear it?" Miss Passeo (with a sigh)—"I would, but I can't get the date off of it."—Harper's Bazar.

He—"Shall we marry in October or April?" She (carelessly)—"Really, I don't know. Let's toss up and see." He (feeling in his pockets)—"By Jove, I haven't a penny." She (frigidly)—"Ah! It isn't necessary to toss."—New York World.

Smithers (who had just proposed)—"Why do you smile? Is my proposition so utterly ridiculous that—" Lizette—"Not at all, Mr. Smithers. I am only looking pleased. I bet Mr. Hicks a box of candy I'd have the refusal of you within a week."—New York Sun.