

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	5 cts
One Square, one inch, one month	1.50
One Square, one inch, three months	4.00
One Square, one inch, one year	12.00
Two Squares, one year	18.00
Quarter Column, one year	25.00
Half Column, one year	35.00
One Column, one year	50.00

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

The Sioux of South Dakota are dying rapidly of consumption and other throat and chest diseases.

Statistics show, alleges the Atlanta Constitution, that 5,000,000 young men in this country never enter a church.

General Greeley, the head of the United States Signal Service, says that over eighty per cent. of the predictions of the weather bureau are verified.

The Japanese delegations that have visited Europe have picked up so much valuable knowledge of manufactures that the Japanese are now competing with the Germans in China with remarkable success.

In answer to inquiries from Governor Ross, of Texas, over 100 county judges have given their observations in regard to crime in their counties. There is a unanimous concurrence, states the Atlanta Constitution, that felonies and misdemeanors are on the decrease, the general average showing a decrease of at least forty per cent.

A jury at Syracuse, N. Y., a few days ago found a verdict for the defendant, but the foreman blunderingly announced a verdict for the plaintiff, and the Court confirmed the same and gave judgment accordingly. When the mistake was discovered after the jury's discharge the judge said he could not change the record. The case furnishes a riddle for the lawyers.

The Chicago Herald recalls the fact that not many years ago the abandoned timber lands in Aroostook County, Maine, away up near the British province, were almost worthless for agricultural purposes. Later on Sweden and other industrious foreigners moved in, and now, declares the Herald, Aroostook County is the greatest potato-growing county in New England.

The Detroit Free Press has noticed that every executioner who has ever talked or written on the subject, is agreed that no murderer ever gives up hope to the last second. He hopes for a reprieve, or a respite, or that the machinery of the gallows won't work, or that something will occur to save him, because he has almost made himself believe that he is innocent and a martyr.

The Chicago Post indulges in this grisly speculation: "Did you ever think of how much space the people who die every year require for decent burial? If one could be content with a grave two by six feet, 3630 bodies could be interred in one acre of ground, allowing nothing for walks, monuments, roads, etc. On this crowded plain London's annual dead, numbering about 81,000 would fill a cemetery of about twenty-three acres.

The New Orleans Picayune has discovered that the only State that has been absolutely uniform in its congressional representation is Rhode Island. It had two members under the first census and the same number ever since. It is bound to remain in the same category another ten years. Its population in 1880 was 276,581, and it is now 328,000. This is a variation which precludes change, whatever basis of representation may be adopted. Delaware has always had just one, except that under the third census it had two. These are the only constant quantities in the entire category.

"Many New Yorkers, doubtless, have been puzzled to account for the fact that we have an East and a North River, instead of an East and a West River," observes the New York Tribune. "The explanation is found in the circumstance that the Hudson was originally called the North River to distinguish it from the Delaware, which was popularly known as the 'South River' among the early colonists. While the latter designation has become obsolete, the former is still in current use, although there is no reason why this should be so. It is no harder to say 'Hydon' than 'North,' and it is certainly more beautiful and appropriate."

Two more heroic women propose to devote their lives to work among the lepers. Miss Kate Marsden, an English woman, and her friend, a Mrs. Deane, intend to make a tour through the leper colonies of Europe preparatory to building a leper hospital. They will go first through the Scandinavian Peninsula, then to France, Italy, the Crimea, the Holy Land, Russia, Egypt, and last of all to Robben Island. Miss Marsden bears a letter of introduction to the Empress of Russia from the Princess of Wales, and has already gained permission to visit the principal leper hospitals in Russia. Both women are thoroughly aware of the danger and difficulty of the mission, but each is an enthusiast in the cause, and Mrs. Deane possesses a large fortune, much of which she will devote to the work they have undertaken.

THANKSGIVING.

The daylight hours grow brief and dim,  
And quickly merge themselves in night,  
The sharp wind sings its mournful hymn,  
The signs in heaven and earth are right;  
I hear the wild geese chant their wail,  
From the cold fields of upper air,  
Drifting along the northern gale  
To sunny lakes and islands fair.  
The signs are right. The shivering sheep  
Stand huddled by the sheltering wall;  
The birds have sought their wintry sleep,  
And lowing cattle wait the stall.  
The dead leaves dance their mystic round,  
Whirled by the wind-gusts fierce and wild;  
And dry stalks flutter o'er the ground,  
Where late the yellow harvest smiled.  
The signs are right. We hear the roar,  
Borne inward from the ocean deep,  
And mad waves break along the shore,  
And dash against the rocky steep;  
But household fires burn clear and bright,  
And rest comes after summer toil,  
And well-filled garner gives delight,  
Treasures of "corn and wine and oil."  
It comes, our fathers' festival day,  
A link in that long, golden chain  
Which stretches on its shining way  
To bring old memories back again;  
In all our conflicts and our fears,  
When days were dark, and days were bright,  
This day, through our historic years,  
Runs like a magic thread of light.  
There rises now before mine eye,  
In pictured beauty soft and clear,  
A vision of the days gone by,  
When life was young and joy was near;  
A weary tramp among the hills;  
A piercing wind with blinding dust;  
A hope that seemed these outer hills,  
And looked beyond in boundless trust;  
A farm-house with its ponderous frame;  
A grandeur with its silvery hair,  
Sitting before the generous flame,  
In his antique and ample chair;  
A chimney-corner large and warm,  
Where a dear mother sat of old;  
Here was a refuge from the storm,  
A shelter from the biting cold.  
And all around are signs of cheer,  
Pure incense and an odor sweet,  
And kindred hearts are gathered here,  
And joy that comes where kindred meet.  
Now let the hovering storm-clouds lower;  
Let winds blow east or winds blow west;  
They cannot mar this charmed hour,  
They cannot hurt this household nest.  
Then keep the good old festival day,  
Sing the old songs the fathers sung,  
Around your altars kneel to pray,  
Let praises rise from joyful tongue.  
God moves in all the rolling year,  
In cloud and tempest, sun and rain;  
He bids the tender grass appear,  
And loads the autumn fields with grain.  
—Increase N. Turbox.

HETTY'S THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING day dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—for, as yet, Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.  
Great were the preparations among the house-wives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes not to mention its long row of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—wherewith the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.  
But it is not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim looking brick mansion, situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two story house, containing on each story one room on either side of the front door, making of course, four in all.  
If we go in, we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason, in the present misty state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there are six high backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture, that from romping children, unceremonious kittens, and unbelieved-in trusters generally, this room is most sacredly guarded.  
Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where we will find the owner and occupant of this prim looking residence.  
Miss Hetty Henderson is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in a sober looking dress of irreproachable neatness but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which likewise, she is proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, on the income of which she lived comfortably.  
Somehow Miss Hetty had never married, though such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance

brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life as an old maid.  
Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined, attended and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relief if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well swept carpet, but such was never the case.  
On this particular day—this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for, though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquiesced if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.  
This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the oven to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think to the clicking of her knitting needles.  
"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brothers and sisters, what a merry time we used to have around the table. But they are all dead, and I—I alone am left."  
Miss Hetty sighed, but after awhile the recollections of these old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not go at her bidding, and she thought to be another there, "There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear is dead."  
Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been con-

ditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still, it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led her to suspect—that at the end of the years probation, she informed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.  
To his vehement assertions, promises and protestations, she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and at the close of the interview, he left her, quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection.  
That night his clothing was packed up and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and was intimated in a slight note penciled and left on the table in his room, never to return again.  
While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.  
"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveler at length, pausing at the head of the gravelled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.  
Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloth for dinner, a knock sounded through the house.  
"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, flustered, "who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"  
Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.  
"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."  
Miss Hetty could see that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open, and bade them enter.  
Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glances cast by the little girl toward the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.



principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and before forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular but in my then state of mind I cared not whether I went. One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By and by a daughter was born. True to my old love, I named her Hetty, and pleased myself with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property. Then came yearnings for my native soil. I have returned, as you see, not as I departed, but poor and careworn."  
While Nicholas was speaking, Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said:  
"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But, at least, I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall come and live with me."  
"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.  
"And what is that?"  
"That you will become my wife."  
A vivid flush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the wedding day.  
The house does not look so prim as it used to. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.  
"Hetty," said a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"  
"Never mind, mother, it was only Kitty did it."  
"Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of Miss Henderson's Thanksgiving day. —Yankee Blade.

THANKSGIVING.  
I counted up my little store,  
Why was to others given most?  
While mine had labor's hard earned bread?  
A weary, hopeless task seemed living.  
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.  
There came a poor man to my door;  
I shared with him my scanty store.  
When, by my sense of want had flown,  
And rarest riches were my own!  
So sweet is Love's divided bread,  
I seemed with Heaven's own manna fed.  
What blessed joy there was in living!  
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

What is known as Dutch gold is a combination of copper and zinc.  
Nearsightedness is overruling the French people as much as the Germans.  
Dr. Hammond says that thin soles are the worst propagators of disease among women.  
Sawdust is being compressed and used for gun wads in England, and seems to enhance penetration and pattern.  
A large number of the carriages in cities are now supplied with rubber tires to prevent jolting and deafening clatter.  
Uranium was unknown a century ago, but a lode has been found in a mine in Cornwall, England. It sells for \$12,000 a ton.  
It is said that a solution of chloral hydrate of a strength of five grains to the ounce of water will clear the hair of dandruff.  
About 550 species of birds are now known to make North America their home, and representatives of eighty-two additional species find their way to this continent from other countries.  
"A good many people spoil the effect of a good night's rest by the ridiculously heavy bedclothes they use," says the London Hospital. "Bed clothes should be like body clothing, light and warm."  
The are about 1300 paper-mills in Europe, and of these 300 were built last year. The daily product of pulp and paper is almost 7500 tons, and the chief material used is wood, although jute is in demand.  
Cordite containing fifty per cent of gun cotton, forty-eight per cent of nitro-glycerine and two per cent of castor oil has shown very satisfactory results at the Springfield (Mass.) Army for use with small arms.  
The United States Navy Department is collecting samples of nickel ore from all sources of supply from this and other countries, and with the design of using the material for armor plate will invite proposals from all mine owners.  
An electrical company of Antwerp has despatched by the last steamer which sailed for the Congo, in Africa, all the material necessary for the installation of the first telephone line which is to be placed along the Congo railway.  
A novel leech jar has been brought out in Germany, the innovation consisting of a vertical partition dividing the vessel into two equal compartments, to be filled respectively with pure water and with moist peat, so that the inhabitants may change their abode at pleasure.  
The cracking of the knot at the end of a whip is simply the conclusion of the air produced by its rapid movement. The effect differs with the material used for the whip-lash, because some textures present a much greater resistance to the air than others.  
William J. Chamberlain, an inventor of Norwich, Conn., has patented an air gun with a pressure behind the projectile of 1500 to 2000 pounds. It also explodes hydrogen to give a pressure of hundreds of atmospheres. It sends a shot faster and further. Mr. Chamberlain says, than any other weapon.  
It is said a good cement for joining parts of apparatus, etc., permanently solid and water-proof, and which resists heat, oils and acids is made by mixing concentrated sirupous glycerine with finely powdered litharge to a thick, viscid paste, which is applied like gypsum. Glass, metal and wood can be cemented together by it.

The Cranberry Industry.

A prominent New Jersey cranberry grower says that the New Jersey berries this year are unusually fine, and will bring \$4 per bushel. Jersey berries can be kept in good condition from now until May or June of next year, with little or no shrinkage and no loss to the owner. Cranberries are grown in the poorest lands of the county, but yield a large profit. The culture of cranberries is rapidly becoming the chief industry in the lower counties of the State, particularly Atlantic County. The swamps and marshy lands are hardly fit for any other use, but make excellent bogs. The people are beginning to realize that the barren lands which have hitherto been only an expense can be utilized, and large sums of money made from a very small investment. A grower who has had long experience in making and managing bogs said recently that a first-class bog can be made for from \$600 to \$800 an acre, according to the quality of the bog.—New York Tribune.

Removal of the Human Liver.

In the course of a long series of carefully conducted investigations, Professor Vonck, of Breslau, has made the important discovery that a large part of the liver—even as much as three-fourths—may be removed without serious disturbance of the animal functions. Surgeons have long known or regarded it as a fact that the whole of the liver is not absolutely essential to health, but have hardly supposed that the sudden destruction of a considerable part of it would not be serious in the extreme—the discovery to the contrary now enabling operations to be performed which have hitherto been considered alike beyond surgical skill and human endurance. Professor Vonck's remarkable investigations in this line prove that the liver has a wonderful power of reproduction—in some cases, he states, a portion equal to two-thirds having been replaced by a new growth within a few weeks.—New York Tribune.

The Great Carpet City.

The Philadelphia Press says the textile industry is the greatest of all industries in Philadelphia, and the largest branch of that industry is carpets. The trade has been in a flourishing condition, and in one ward in the city more carpets are made than in all England combined, the former home of the industry. There are at least one hundred and fifty mills in the city producing goods worth probably \$40,000,000 a year, employing fully six hundred thousand persons.

TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS.

LIFE HAS MANY DISADVANTAGES THERE.

Some Inconveniences Which an American Will Encounter in Mexico and Central America.  
The visitor to the tropics, who has been accustomed to the comfort and enjoyment of the luxuries of life in the United States must resolve to undergo many inconveniences, not to say privations, while the incongruities in the life of the people will awake his surprise.  
In Mexico, for instance, the cooking will strike him as being insufferably bad. Garlic is invariably used in the cooking of meat, and to the uneducated taste of an American is most unpleasant. Chile, which is as pleasing to an American's palate as hot coals would be, enters largely into the preparation of food. The bread is usually coarse, dark in color and rather sour in taste. Mexican fruit, especially peaches and oranges, is generally tasteless and far inferior to that grown in the United States. To an American who has been accustomed to reading the news of the world each morning in his favorite daily paper at home the transition to the quality and quantity of foreign news printed in a Mexican daily paper will be both startling and painful except when some crime of importance is committed in the United States. These circumstances are given at length, for it is a fact that the majority of Mexican newspapers take particular care to publish any piece of news which tends to the discredit of our country, while more pleasing news of far greater importance is dismissed with the briefest possible mention, if published at all. This course on the part of many Mexican newspapers is largely due to a feeling of jealousy and dislike toward Americans. Under these circumstances the American resident or traveler in Mexico will find himself in ignorance of affairs which occur in his own country daily until the arrival of newspapers from home. Even that is a matter of uncertainty, for a more villainous inefficient and unsatisfactory postal service does not exist in any civilized country than that of Mexico. A delay of a week or ten days in the delivery of letters is a matter of common occurrence, as well as the forwarding of letters to postoffices hundreds of miles distant instead of their proper destination, thus causing great inconvenience. Americans who have resided in Mexico, and who are not prejudiced in favor of the Government of the country, hoping to further their personal ends, will bear me out in these statements.  
In 1889 there was but one elevator, either freight or passenger, in the entire republic. This was in the Hotel Irtubide, in the City of Mexico. Intelligent looking Mexicans would come in and make of this mysterious machine which ascended and descended apparently at the will of one man, who stood inside. This is not to be taken as a reflection upon the intelligence of the people generally, but rather illustrates the surprise which the presence of such a modern convenience excites, while the comparatively lowness of the houses throughout the country precludes the necessity for their general adoption.  
In the Plaza de la Reforma, in the City of Mexico, the stranger will see the wealth and fashion of the city gather on Sunday afternoon. The magnificent boulevard, which would be a credit even to Chicago, bears the same relation to the City of Mexico that Michigan avenue does to the former city, in that it is the fashionable thoroughfare for pedestrians and vehicles. But here the incongruity of the native taste again makes itself apparent. A magnificent private carriage, drawn by a splendid team of matched horses, with the harness and other appointments strictly correct, and which would attract favorable notice in Chicago, will be driven by a coachman wearing an immense sombrero and a common street suit. If he smokes a cigarette while driving it creates a commotion.  
Tropical Central America has its disadvantages as well as Mexico. Taking the United States of Colombia, for instance, one can find more filth and nastiness in the streets of Panama and Aspinwall than in any Spanish American city I have ever visited. In the former place there is absolutely no system of sewerage whatever, the street gutters being utilized as sewers. Were it not for the buzzards the death rate in Panama would be much greater than is now the case, but these unclean and repulsive-looking birds supporting the places of human scavengers, subsisting off the garbage thrown into the streets.  
The new comer on the Isthmus of Panama is always immediately warned by the residents that he must stringently comply with certain rules if he wishes to preserve his health, at least, and very often his life. The stranger will be cautioned not to venture out in the night air more than is absolutely necessary, for with the going down of the sun a deadly humidity and miasma enters into the atmosphere, and although the nights seem so beautiful and balmy, yet death is lurking in the air, and Chagras fever, or what the natives term the dangerous and swift "Fiebra" (or knock-you-down) fever, is always looking for victims, not to mention yellow fever, which is also frequent enough. The new arrival on the isthmus will also be cautioned never to venture out in the open air in the morning without first having fortified his system with a cup of coffee and a roll; for breakfast is seldom served before eleven o'clock in the tropics. The additional caution will be given not to expose oneself to the rays of the sun if it can possibly be avoided, but to carry the regulation umbrella, lined with green material, which residents of the tropics generally use. Great care must also be taken not to get caught unprotected in the tremendous rainstorms which came up at the briefest possible notice in certain seasons of the year, for a thorough wetting of the body will very frequently bring on a fever which ends in death, and that very quickly.—Chicago Herald.

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

There is not a sound or a breath to-night,  
The streets lay broad and still,  
From the breeze has taken flight,  
The town is hushed in the silvery light.  
That the down-turned moon doth spill!  
In yonder house the dancing feet  
Have ceased to beat the floor;  
Hushed are the notes of the violin sweet,  
The music and mirth that reign'd complete—  
The song and dance are o'er!  
In its mother's arms a new life sleeps  
Down in the heart of the city;  
In another house a woman weeps,  
Watching a couch to which death creeps,  
That death which knows no pity.  
'Tis a woman dying; her passionate life  
Is slowly ebbing away.  
It may be an ending to sin and strife—  
So months and years, with reckless rife,  
She has lived through her latter day.  
So a baby sleeps and a woman dies;  
Vain now is her beauty's might,  
What can avail her lovers' sighs,  
Quenched is the light of her beautiful eyes—  
Death calls her his own to-night.  
One soul comes in through life's broad gate  
While another is doing fast  
To that goal of souls, which early or late,  
Be they young or old, whatever their state,  
All souls must reach at last!  
And the world moves on and the moon shines  
Down  
With the same old silvery light;  
Mirth sleeps, but there's birth and death in  
The town  
And darkness no light of the morn can  
Drown,  
In the star-lit hours of night!  
—Kate A. Carrington, in the Pioneeer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A race on the Thames—The English.  
—Life.  
The kernel commanding in Kansas—  
Corn.—Pittsburg Telegraph.  
"Shot down." The fellow who killed a young duck.—Danzville News.  
Never cast pearls before swine. Pearls are not fattening.—Boston Transcript.  
"I believe in taking things quietly," remarked the philosophical sneak thief.  
—Life.  
"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.  
Never knew what struck him—The humorist who could not remember yesterday's idea.  
It is no sign because a man is an "old salt," that he wasn't fresh when he was a boy.—Life.  
A man of flighty disposition should never be made the cashier of a bank.—Pittsburg Dispatch.  
A woman who makes a practice of borrowing a quart of milk generally makes a pint of returning it.  
"Do you keep a horse?" "I tried to once, but the officers tracked me and I had to give it up."  
Fame is a glorious thing to achieve, but a small salary is more negotiable.—Binghamton Leader.  
Husband—"At what age did you commit the most foolish act of your life?" Wife—"At my marriage."  
"This hot smells dreadfully of onions." "Yes, madam," said the captain, "she is a very lucky craft."  
Ted—"I'm going to run him a race for Dolly's hand." Ned—"Then it will be a sack race for one of you."  
It is a peculiar fact that "the more a man gets the more he wants," and the more he wants the less he gets.—Epoch.  
The newly made bride may be witty.  
Or stupid, "the small matter which,"  
The maiden inquires if she's pretty.  
The youth wants to know if she's rich.  
—Boston Courier.  
Emma—"Does my dress hang all right, dear?" Lucile—"It certainly deserves to. The style is positively criminal."  
—New York Herald.  
"Johnny, you shouldn't run out in the rain without your hat on." "Mamma, my head can't get wet, I've had it shingled."  
—New York Herald.  
Mrs. Stagger—"We are to have dear mother for dinner, James?" Mr. Stagger—"All right; see that she is thoroughly cooked."  
—Pick-Me-Up.  
Teacher—"Can you tell me what a secret is?" Little Girl—"Yes, ma. It is something somebody tells everybody else in a whisper."  
—Chicago Post.  
She'll set aside the tanning soap  
To comfort her poor mother;  
But let appear as kind as she can,  
How quick she'll set the other.  
—Boston Transcript.  
"I never realized what was meant by fingers of scorn," said a young Washington man, "until I proposed to a deaf-mute and was rejected."  
—Washington Post.  
Crawford—"Why did you get up and go out so suddenly in the middle of the concert last night?" McDowd—"Because I couldn't face the music."  
—Light.  
"And so Jimmie read his poem to you yesterday? How did you endure it?" "I just fixed my glass eye on him, and went to sleep with the other!"  
—Toon Oriole.  
Growler, when asked what he considered the saddest thing in life, said he was always reminded when he had a big appetite and nothing to eat, and suffered terribly when he had plenty to eat and no appetite.  
—Elmira Gazette.  
The conversation had turned on gossiping servants. "As for me," remarked Jones, who was present, "my dream is to have only two, one of whom should be deaf and the other dumb. The deaf rascal wouldn't be able to hear anything, and the dumb one couldn't repeat what he happened to hear."  
—Judge.  
The notorious Albanian bandit, Radji Piliiman, before he was led to execution, expressed a last wish to make a meal of carried out. But as the Turkish cook did not understand how to prepare the dish, the culprit pushed back his plate, saying: "If I ate any of that stuff I should have the dyspepsia for a week at the very least."  
—Eider Nachrichten.