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In one California county (Inyo) there were 1800 red to 600 white skins.

Captain Meade, of the United States Navy, says that in peace times we do not get the best natives in the navy, and that no wages, however high, will bring us the best.

Englishmen are to have "an automatic railway library," which means a case of books fitted into railway carriages. The books will consist of short novels and stories by good writers, and any books likely to tempt the weary traveler into putting the all-important coin "into the slot."

The Commercial Advertiser thinks that the Argentine Republic has done a good stroke of business by abolishing on the ground of economy, its embassy at Switzerland. Buenos Ayres needs a minister plenipotentiary at Bern about as much as Constantinople needs an envoy extraordinary in Iceland.

According to the Detroit Free Press, a firm in New York can make you a great big fire and burglar-proof safe, with a nice landscape and your name on the door, for \$18. It is a dummy, made out of sheet iron, and is for the use of people who want to set up offices and make a spread of themselves. They give outsiders a feeling of confidence.

Poor ministers in England have a source of revenue which the Springfield (Mass.) Union charitably hopes will not be accorded to their brethren in this country. Instead of salting down their old sermons in barrels they send them to a London dealer who sells them in lots at this price, ranging from a large, bold, red more.

Wade Hampton, the victorious rival of General Sherman, will be among a remarkably large number of men under fifty years of age in the next Senate. Senator Hampton is only thirty-six. Delegate Hampton is only thirty-five. Other Senators fifty years of age or over are: Walcott, forty-two; Higgins, fifty; Spooner, even; Aldrich, forty-nine; Pettibone, forty-two; Daniel, forty-eight; Paulkner, forty-three; Kenas, forty-two.

Very few people realize how much the dentist has done for mankind. To mention one thing only, the perfection to which the manufacture of false teeth has been carried has practically abolished old age—that is, old age in the sense that I used to know it, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. You see none of the helpless, mumbling old men and women that you formerly did. This is not because people do not attain the age their parents and grandparents reached, but because the dentist has prevented some of the most unpleasant consequences of advancing years. Men of seventy no longer either look or feel old, because they are not deprived of nourishing food at the time when they need it most. Estimates have been made showing that the average length of life has been increased from four to six years by the general use of false teeth, and this does not appear in the least extravagant when one thinks of the difference in the nutriment accessible to one with a fine set of molars and one condemned to gnaw it through his declining years.

At a recent meeting in Berlin of the Geographical Society, Chief Forest Master Kesler called attention to the extravagant waste of timber in the United States. Among other interesting details Mr. Kesler spoke of the tremendous destruction of forests in the United States during recent decades of years. Quoting from the tenth census, he stated that in 1880 the 23,708 saw mills then in operation converted \$120,000,000 worth of raw timber stock into various kinds of lumber, and he asserted that at the same rate there would be no good-sized timber left in forty years. He spoke of the enormous waste of wood through forest fires, which are the result, for the most part, of carelessness or a desire to clear land for cultivation, and declared that the planting of new forests, which has of late years received some attention in the Eastern States, cannot begin to offset the waste of forests. He said that there is every reason to fear that America will soon be a country impoverished for tree property. Mr. Kesler made the striking comparison that, while the United States had but eleven per cent. of its area covered by forests, the empire of Germany has twenty-six per cent. of its entire area so covered. Mr. Kesler said that the reckless destruction of forest trees in America and the indifference manifested by Americans in the restoration of forests is a menace, not alone to the timber supply, but to the very life of the nation.

THE PORT OF PLEASANT DREAMS.

I sailed in the good bark Fancy Down the still, deep river of sleep From the lands of deep December To sport that the sunbeams keep; While the glad winds followed after, And sang with a happy zest, And I heard them croon o'er the infant moon, As it lay on the night's broad breast. And the port of the good bark Fancy, A port that the sunbeams keep, Is called Pleasant Dreams; like an opal it gleams. O'er the strange, dark river of sleep, There, flushed with the wine of laughter, The voyager stings queer sons, And, borne in a car of the sunset, Rides off with the elfin throng, Up, up through the rosy cloudland, Where the round little mistletoe stay, To the stars above in the cool, soft glow Of gardens far away. There are none too poor for a voyage To this port that is centuries old; Where hunger o'er finds a banquet, And poverty revels in gold; Where, robed in the garb of morning, The earth in new beauty glows, And the annulet of the summer Is worn on the heart of the rose. Off from the fields of sorrow, To the brink of the river of sleep, With toilers calm, and restful, Till clear through the gates of sundown The past, like a beacon beams, And love, sweet mariner, anchors In the port of Pleasant Dreams. —Ingram Crockett, in Frank Leslie's.

THE PIONEER'S FAMILY.

I was a boy only eight years old when my father moved into the hill country of Western Minnesota. He was known to all the pioneers about as "Big Dave," and to the Indians as the "Iron Man." He was six feet tall, weighed 210 pounds, and, at forty years of age, was perhaps the strongest man in the United States, and certainly one of the most fearless of men. Mother was above the average in height, and weight, and, if she lacked father's strength, was not behind him in nerve and courage. She could shoot a rifle, skin a deer, set a bear trap, or paddle a canoe, and, as a family, we were able to take care of ourselves. We had been settled about six months when father set a trap for a bear which had been prowling around. I went out with him next day to visit the spot, and we found the bear had been caught, but that the Indians had killed him, and taken both the carcass and the trap. All along the border at that time there was peace, but the red man was jealous and talky, and whenever he could harass or damage a settler he was pretty apt to do so. Many of them knew my father, but none of them knew anything about father except that he was a big man. There was an Indian village four miles away, and the fellows who got the bear showed their contempt for father by dragging the body over the snow and leaving a plain trail for him to follow. Father was justly indignant, and went once took up the trail for the village. I had a light shotgun, while he had a rifle, hatchet and hunting knife. We followed the trail right into the village, and there found the meat being cut up, while the pelts and traps were near by. "Where is the thief who stole my bear?" shouted father, as we came to a halt within four feet of the crowd around the meat. "No one answered." "I say he is a thief!" continued father, "and if you will point him out to me, I will pull his ears! Let that meat alone! It belongs to me!" A dozen of the bucks began to growl and murmur, and father handed me his rifle, threw down his knife and hatchet and cried out: "There was more than one thief! I saw by the tracks in the snow that there were four. Are they squares or men? If they are men let them lay aside their knives and come out here. I will take the four at once!" This declaration was hailed with a shout, and in less than a minute the four who had stolen the bear came to the front. They were all stout and supple young men, and every Indian in the village gathered around to see the fun. It was fully expected that he would get a good drubbing, and the four advanced with mischief in their eyes. "You just keep out of the way and don't get frightened," said father to me, and just then the four rushed in on him from four sides. For an instant he was hidden from sight and there was a great hurrahing, but the next thing we saw was the body of an Indian sailing in the air, and a second rolling over and over backward, and then father gave the crowd an exhibition of his strength. He grasped an Indian in each hand and played with them as easily as you can handle broomsticks. He circled them about, bumped them together, and finally gave them a fling, which rolled both of them into the ice-cold waters of the creek. "Have you six men here?" demanded my father, as he turned to the chief. "If so, let them come forward and seek to put me down. If they can accomplish it I will go home and say no more." There was a general flutter of excitement, and as the chief named six of his best men each stepped forward with a whoop. Father was smiling and confident as he spat on his hands, and he told me that I need have no fears. At a given signal the six Indians made a rush. They got hold of arms and legs and body, but with a mighty wrench father shook them off and then took the aggressive. There was neither striking nor kicking in the struggle, but the way he did twist those redskins about made the crowd dizzy. In two minutes he was victor, and the chief came forward and shook his hand, and then there gave him the title of "The Man of Iron." Ever since that day the Indians held him in the highest respect, and any one of

ly honored. I got a title at the same time father did. If I was scared while in the village I was at least determined not to betray the fact, and so it happened that they dubbed me "The Boy-Who-Stood-Fast."

In April of the next year I cut my foot while chopping and was laid up for several weeks. This was during the sugar-making season, and father and mother were necessarily in the bush a good share of the time. Our cabin had but one room below, and my bed was in a far corner. The path from the sugar bush came up at the rear of the house. One warm, pleasant day about the end of the month, and about mid-afternoon, I was aroused from a light sleep by hearing some one open the door. I lay fastidiously, and I saw a strange white man enter and look around. He was a rough, evil-looking man, and I knew that he was a stranger in the neighborhood. I suppose that he believed us all in the bush, for he leaned his rifle against the logs and walked over to a chest in which father kept his papers and which was the storehouse for articles of personal wear which we never used. A report had got abroad that father had brought money into the country to buy land. While this was untrue, it had found believers, and this desperado had come to rob us. I had not yet been out of bed. Father had his rifle at the sugar camp, while my shotgun hung on its hooks ten feet away. I could do nothing to drive the man away, and if I betrayed my presence he might kill me. I therefore lay quiet, hoping that something might bring father up. The chest had a spring lock, and the key was hanging on the chimney. The stranger did not even look for it, but set about breaking open the chest with his hunting knife. In his efforts he broke the blade square off about two inches back from the point. He was cursing and growling and still at work when I heard mother's footsteps outside. I was close to the logs, and in turning the corner of the house the path led over a rocky surface. I knew she'd walk right in on the man, and I realized that he might kill her, but I suddenly became so weak that I could not lift a finger nor raise my voice. The door was a bit ajar, and mother pushed it open and walked in. She had come up to dress my foot. A she entered the man rose up with a curse, and for twenty seconds the two stood looking each other in the face. Then mother suspected what sort of a fellow he was and what he was there for, and she sprang at him. He had the broken hunting knife in his hand, and I saw him lunge at her. As he did so she struck him with her open hand fair on the nose—a woman's awkward blow, but a powerful one—and he yelled right out as he went down. She had one hand in his hair and the other clutching his throat in a noose, and then came bump! bump! as she knocked his head on the parsonage floor. It wasn't over three minutes from the time she entered the door until she had him tied hand and foot, and it was only after that operation that she looked over to me and asked: "Harry, are you awake?" Well, we had the fellow snug and fast. The blow mother gave him almost smashed his nose, and he bled like a stuck hog. She choked him until he was black in the face, and it was about ten minutes before he fully recovered his senses. Then how he did go on! He writhed and twisted, raved and cursed, and mother had to threaten to put coils to his flesh to calm him down. She carried me to a chair, got a rest for my foot, and then left me to watch while she went after father. I sat there with my shotgun in my hands, and three different times I cocked it and made ready to fire on the fellow, who was determined not to be held. When father came up the man changed his tactics, and became as humble as a dog. He tried to make us believe that he thought our cabin the home of his uncle, and that he was after a deed which his uncle was illegally holding. Every border neighborhood made its own laws in those days. Father called in a couple of neighbors to consult over the case, and as a result the fellow was taken out, tied to a tree and then switched on the bare back until his cries for mercy could be heard a mile away. His weapons were retained and he was set free to take the trail for a settlement fifteen miles away. It was expected that he would return some day for revenge, but he never did. In those early days the country was full of game, and wolves, bears, panthers and wild cats were numerous. The panthers were our greatest foe, as they sought to kill everything in the line of live stock, and we lost several head by them. On one occasion when our pony was running loose in the woods with a bell on his neck, I went to look him up. I found him two miles from home. Guided by the bell, I discovered him on the further side of a glade or opening, about ten rods across. I had just come to the edge of the glade, and had opened my mouth to call the pony when a panther sprang on his back from the limb of a tree. His spring almost knocked the pony down, but he was a stout little fellow, and he got his feet and came dashing straight at me. The panther was fairly on his back, but the motion gave him enough to do to hang on. The pony dashed for a big beech with low spreading limbs, and at two jumps he was relieved of his burden and the panther rolled to the ground within four feet of me, screaming out in a way to lift my heels off the ground. I expected to be attacked, and on this occasion had no weapon with me. The bear had got more than enough, however. One of his eyes were put out, his shoulder broken, and he must have been badly bruised up. He rolled around for a while, screaming in pain and anger, and then slunk off without having seen me. It was in connection with a panther that I saw my father perform a feat which is recorded in pioneer histories. One day in October he and I were out

some wild grapes, and coming to a spring on a hillside, father knelt down to quench his thirst. He was hardly down when a large male panther sprang on him from a limb about ten feet above the ground. The yells of surprise father gave reached my ears, and I hastened my footsteps. I came up to find him battling bared-headed with the beast. I had my gun, but, for fear of killing father, was obliged to stand by as a spectator. Father had leaned his rifle against a tree, but, owing to the activity of the panther, could not reach it. He had a hunting knife in his belt, but declared afterward that he totally forgot its presence. The panther snarled and father shouted, and they seemed to be whirling in a circle most of the time. The real situation was this: The panther aimed to spring and maul father down, but father dodged and dodged, and every opportunity got in a kick or a blow. Had the best remained quiet three seconds I could have put a bullet into him, but he was moving about like grassed lightning. Once father caught him by the tail and flung him ten feet away, but he gathered himself up and was back before I could fire. My presence was known, and pretty soon father called out: "Don't fire! Get my gun and stand off a bit and be ready for this fellow's mate when she comes!" I carried out this order, and therefore did not see the finish of the fight. Father got the panther by the back of the neck and the tail, and carrying her to a rock thirty feet away he beat her on the stone until she was dead. The mate did not show up. The combat lasted fully twenty minutes, and father's homespun suit was cut to pieces, as if with a knife. He had thirty-eight claw marks on his body, each of which drew blood, but none of them was serious, and he was not laid up for even a day. —New York Sun.

GOLD AND SILVER GOODS.

HOW JEWELERS MERCHANDISE IS MADE BY THE TRADE.

Valuable Sweepings—Making the Alloys—Wonderful Little Saw—How Rings Are Made. "I get sixty dollars a barrel for the sweepings of my floor," said a manufacturing jeweler to a Washington Star reporter. "There is no question of poking the dust over before it is bought. The people who purchase it are glad enough to take it at that rate—unsifted, as the boys say. I sell the stuff to the refiners, who make a business of buying refuse that has precious metals in it and separating it. The gold and silver they get in this way are sold by them to jewelers in town. "I buy from the refiners or from the assay office the gold and silver that I use, getting it always perfectly pure—that is to say, twenty-four carats. Then I make my alloys for myself, putting the desired proportions of gold, silver and copper into one of these little three-cornered earthen pots and melting them all up together with fire. The copper I use is like what I have here in this box. You see it somewhat resembles shot of different sizes. The copper is chemically pure and when being prepared is poured from the melting pot held at some height into a receptacle full of cold water, which is kept stirred rapidly. Upon striking the water the metal takes the form of these globules. It is much more convenient in this shape, because we can weigh it out readily in any proportion desired. "The silver and gold as we get it is melted up with the copper in proper proportions for the alloys and cast in iron molds. Thus prepared the ingots are flattened out under a powerful roller to the thickness desired. From these slabs the pieces, of sizes needed for one purpose or another, are cut off with a big machine-knife. Of every new design that is brought into a manufacturing jeweler's shop a pattern is made of zinc or copper, so that when something of the same kind is ordered all the workman has to do is to lay the pattern upon the little slab of gold, trace its outlines on the metal and afterward saw out the article. Such sawing is done with what is called a "piece saw," which has a blade like a fine wire and no thicker, with little teeth. These saws are cheap, costing only eighty cents a gross, but the work they do is wonderful in the hands of a skilled operator. "If a ring is to be made a strip of gold of the proper width is bent around by a contrivance specially adapted to the purpose and joined with gold solder so artfully that the place of juncture cannot possibly be discovered. Supposing that a watch chain is to be produced the melted gold is first made into a square bar of the length wished for and then pulled through a round hole. Still it is too large, and so it is drawn through successive round holes, each one smaller than that preceding, until it is a wire of required diameter. Then it only remains to cut off, bend, solder, and connect the links in order, and complete the chain. The chief part of our business consists in doing 'stock work' for the jewelers. They send us all sorts of things to make. For example, they want six rings, each with one-carat diamond. In conveying the order the dealer includes the six one-carat diamonds in a piece of paper folded up, written on the outside the brief directions that there are to be half a dozen rings, each with a single stone. My business thereupon is to make the rings, set the stones and deliver the goods as ordered. I should never think of advertising myself to the public, because people might be disposed to come to me directly for work, and although I might be paid more for an individual job, I should lose the custom of the jewelers, upon whose patronage I am obliged to depend. Jewelers recently have taken to selling hair brushes and other articles which compose toilet sets, with backs of sterling silver richly chased. People generally are not aware how this chasing is done. The ignorant imagine that the designs in silver on the backs of the combed brushes are stamped on with dies, but as a matter of fact they are always made by hammering with blunt tools from the wrong side of the silver, so as to fetch out in relief the patterns. This process requires the greatest skill, and it is for this reason, rather than for the value of the metal that goods of this sort cost so much."

Physical Peculiarities Induced by Various Occupations.

A carpenter's right shoulder is almost invariably higher than his left, in consequence of his using his right arm all the time in planing and hammering. With every shaving his shoulder rises with a jerk, and it finally becomes natural to him to hold himself in that way. The right arm of a blacksmith, for the same reason, is almost hypertrophied, while the left arm, from disuse, becomes atrophied. A shoemaker is almost always round shouldered from continually bending over the last between the knees as he sews and hammers. The head of a bricklayers' laborer is held out to a haughty, self-reliant air from his habit of carrying a hod on his shoulder and looking above him as he climbs up the scaffolding. All good orators have most abnormally wide mouths. This is the direct consequence of their habit of using sonorous words and speaking with deliberation and correct pronunciation. If one practices this before the glass one can see that the muscles in the cheeks are stretched more than ordinarily, and the mouth is extended a great deal more than in everyday conversation. Then, too, nature has something to do with it. A large mouth, like a prominent nose, is a sign of power. But all men with big mouths are not orators. Thank heaven for that! Cowboys and cavalrmen are usually bowlegged. But all bowlegged people are not cowboys—for which they should be grateful. —Detroit Free Press.

Sonoma's Seven Moons.

There have been many explanations offered in times past as to why the name of Sonoma was given to this valley by the native tribe of Indians, who, upon the advent of the white man over 100 years ago, peopled this section of the country by thousands. Of course we all know that Sonoma valley in aboriginal times was "Valley of the Moon," but just why that name was bestowed upon it is another question, and one, too, which we believe has never been satisfactorily answered. Recently, in talking to an aged Indian who has resided on the old Nick Carrigan ranch for many years, and who was an old man when General Vallejo settled in Sonoma fifty years ago, and must now be something over 100 years of age, he stated the reason the valley was called Sonoma was because it had "heep muchee moon," (translated into good English, many moons). Further inquiry developed the fact that before the advent of the white man the Bella Vista vineyards, a distance of four or five miles, the moon, when it is full, can be seen by the traveler to rise seven times in succession over the mountains in the east, owing to their peculiar formation. This phenomenon has been witnessed by many old residents in the early evening of the rising of the full moon. This, no doubt, has been observed by the Indians, and hence the name, "Valley of the Moon." —Sonoma (Cal.) Index-Tribune.

Between the North and South.

The Mason and Dixon line runs along the parallel of latitude thirty-nine degrees and forty-three minutes, twenty-six degrees and three minutes, separating Pennsylvania from Maryland. It was drawn by two distinguished English surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, who began their work in 1763 and finished it in 1767. The line is marked by stones set at intervals of five miles, each having the arms of Lord Baltimore engraved upon one side and those of the Penn family upon the other. Besides these large stones set to mark each fifth mile, smaller stones were set at the end of each mile, these having a letter P engraved upon one side and a letter M on the other; these intended as initial letters of Pennsylvania and Maryland. All of these stones were engraved in England. The Mason and Dixon line was not the line separating the free and the slave States. The line settled on in the compromise of 1820 was thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes. The Mason and Dixon line as shown above, ran along the parallel of thirty-nine degrees, forty-three minutes. —St. Louis Republic.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

German makes hollow cast-iron bricks.

Twenty-one electrical clocks are running at Marshalltown, Iowa. Small drills can be tempered by heating over a small gas jet, then dipping in water or oil. There are now 15,000 electric motors in use in the United States distributed among 200 industries. An Italian savant claims that injecting a current of electricity through milk delays its souring for several days. Utilizing scrap steel rod by welding it and drawing it into fence wire is one of the recent successes of electric welding. Those lands, which in Continental Europe are devoted to the grape and produce the best and most costly wine are remarkable for the great amount of phosphoric acid they contain. The most astonishing novelty in Paris is a calculating machine, invented by M. Bille, of Le Mans. By simply turning a wheel it adds, multiplies or divides any number of figures up to lines of fifteen, and with amazing rapidity. Chief Engineer Inch of the United States Navy, has recently made a valuable discovery in the shape of a composition that will prevent the adherence of corals, barnacles, or other destructive fauna or flora to sea-going vessels. An Italian claims to have invented a life-saving belt that a traveler can wear continuously on shipboard, and which will instantly expand if the person falls into the water, and will hold him upon the water's surface for forty-eight hours. Some practical improvements have recently been made in diving apparatus. Instead of the heavy electric hand lamp hitherto used, light but powerful glow lamps are now affixed to the top of the helmet, leaving the hands of the diver free. A traveling testing room, or ambulance laboratory, has been in successful use for several months for repairing the cables of one of the electric lighting companies of Paris. It is fitted with a battery and testing instruments, and carries two persons. In North America the phalangide, variously known as harvest spiders, harvest men, daddy-long-legs, etc., includes but twenty-two known species. France has a list of fifty-nine of this family, and those of other European countries are proportionately large. France is said to be the only country which has made careful experiments with carrier pigeons on war vessels. It now has a pigeon service connecting the fleet and the shore, while Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain and Portugal each has a military pigeon service. In a car wheel foundry in Detroit, Mich., a very ingenious system for handling the molten metal from the cupolas to the flasks, and carrying the wheels to and from the soaking pits has been introduced. The work is done by machinery entirely, a series of overhead trolleys moved by a wire rope connection, carrying the ladles, flasks and wheels. The foundry has a capacity of 400 car wheels per day, and about 150 tons of metal can be handled in six hours by the new system. Six Hundred Feet of Frost! For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and after working on it for three years, gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Sciences, who sent men to take charge of the digging operation at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but at last abandoned it when a depth of 382 feet was reached, with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding 600 feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the pole of the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of a century geologists have come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up era of the glacial epoch. —St. Louis Republic.

Obesity Cure.

Never eat more than one dish at a meal, no matter what that dish may be, and a person may consume as much as the stomach may bear, and satisfy the appetite without the least reserve. Nevertheless, nothing but the one dish should be taken; no condiments, no soups, nor supplementary desserts should be allowed. This system was recommended by the author of the note to a lady who was slightly obese, and who put it into practice with the best results. The lady observed that she suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet, and the result obtained by several others was well understood, as she found by her own experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish or vegetables, brought on a sense of satiety much sooner than if she had partaken of a variety of dishes, whence the effect of a relative abstinence. —Pharmaceutical Gazette.

Definition of Ingrain.

Ingrain is a term used in connection with textiles dyed before being woven. The advantage of such textiles is that they can be washed without thereby discharging their colors. The cotton cloth called Turkey red and the red marking cotton are what is called ingrains. There are also dyes and tincture ply ingrains carpets. —Boston Cultivator.

Breath through nose instead of mouth.

Specialty when going from warm room to open air.

WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF.

He was a youth, and she, a maid, Both happy young and gay, They loved—and life to them was fair As one continuous May. The croakers saw this happiness, And said, "Ah, love is blind; You're happy now, but care will come, When the new wears off, you'll find."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Give no quarter—Men who don't tip. Always worn out—Rubber overhoes. A suit for damages—The small boy's. "What do you do for a living?" "Breathe!"—Life. A young man shouldn't strike his mustache when it's down. If a courting match is not declared off it must end in a tie.—Piscayne. "Tis a painful affliction, I fear, When farmers have corn in the ear. —Judge. Married people, it is said, live longer than single ones. It seems longer, any way, to many.—Boston Traveller. It is always good to look on the best side of things; but if you are buying them it is safer to look on both sides. Don't hear coals of fire on your enemy's head. Remember that coal is \$5 per ton. Economy is wealth.—Troy Press. As down the wall the cornet slid, When for freedom made a break, He murmured—in the shadow hid—"Excuse the liberty I take!" Patient—"Jehoshaphat! You've drawn the wrong tooth." Dentist—"Well, it will cost you only two dollars for an artificial one."—Munsey's Weekly. For all the doctors long have tried Not one of them has found a yet The point of death exact and true— But what about the bayonet? —Philadelphia Times. "Just see that trombone player. His face is red as a beet from blowing hard." "Yes; he certainly ought to know what is meant by strains of music."—Boston Herald. "Did you tip the waiter?" asked a diner in the House restaurant of a new comer. "No; but I felt as if I'd like to tip him over and then step on him."—Washington Post.

The Finishing Touches.

He went o'er his speech Some two hours after, And put in parentheses (Hear!) (Cheers) and (laughter), Ordinarily we are not in favor of lynch law, but in this case a chap who has produced an instrument which looks like a piano, but hidden away in the inside are six violins, two cellos and a couple of violas. —Pittsburgh Chronicle. Mrs. A.—"How do you like our new neighbor?" Mrs. B.—"I never met such an ignorant woman as she is. She can't talk about anything but paintings, books and music. She doesn't know a word of gossip about anybody."—Manhattan. "Wicher (in geography class) "Pop! many inhabitants has Alaska?" "Pop! 'About 35,000." "What proportion these are white?" "About one-seventh." "Of what color are the remainder (After some hesitation) "Daddy! They never wash."—Chicago Tribune. A Western man who was to through the East, in passing a me he heard the driver say: "Abandon that word progression to the straight track, and devote by incline to abundant dextragression into a di tridence." It was an amateur farmer saying, "Gee, Buck," to his of oxen.—Farm, Field and Stockman. Miss Wellalong—"What a spiteful thing that Miss Youngly did! would you believe it, Mr. Candor, told me the other day that I was being nice to look old. Now, you don't say one would take me for being old, you Mr. Candor?" Mr. Candor—"W one might just for a moment, but tainly not after he had heard you talk." —Boston Courier.

A Pet Wasp.

We have heard of training almost everything, but we were surprised when we read in the Christian at Worcester time ago of a lady taming a wasp. She found one on her window which appeared to be dead, but it was so chilled by the frost, and when she took it upon a piece of paper and put it by the fire, as soon as it became warm flew to the window again, where it stayed all day. The next morning was again chilled, so it could not fly, and she put it near the fire, where it did as it had done before. So she continued the morning for some days. At last she was surprised to find that on her shoulder instead of going to the window she put her finger head and it crawled upon it. Time she began to feed it with apple, pear, and after that it flew to the lady many times during the day, and the two became great friends. —Chicago Ledger.

A Large Clock.

One of the largest clocks in the world is the great Westminster clock in London. The dial is 22 diameters. The depth of the weights is 174 feet. Weigh minute hand, two ewls, length feet; glass used in dial, twenty feet; large bell—dial ten small ones four.