

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion..... 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month..... 5 00
One Square, one inch, three months..... 15 00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 50 00
Two Squares, one year..... 80 00
Quarter Column, one year..... 20 00
Half Column, one year..... 40 00
One Column, one year..... 100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

The tramp is a product of our civilization, asserts the New York World. There are about 2,000,000 of them in this country.

India and Ceylon are increasing their production of tea to such an extent that it is expected that they will furnish seventy-five per cent. of the amount consumed in Great Britain this year. China is a great sufferer from this change.

A cynical Italian journalist has been telling his countrymen how to make their fortunes. All they have to do, he says, is to go to America, work as laborers until they have saved \$400 or \$500, and then return to Italy, buy a title and again go to America and marry an heiress!

The Minister of Instruction in Bavaria is giving much consideration to the mode of writing adopted by the students in the schools. Instantaneous photography has been used to obtain illustrations of different methods, and Von Muller, the Minister, has taken a course in writing in order to correctly inform himself.

A correspondent writing to the Atlanta Constitution from Pensacola, Fla., says that the yearly consumption of timber is something appalling. There is little left on the water courses, and logging railroads are pushed into the interior to supply the demand. Old lumbermen say that in twenty years there will not be a tree left.

All accounts from British India concur in stating, notes the Philadelphia Record, that the rapid extension of railroads and telegraphs is working prodigious social changes in that country. At last the Hindoos are shaking off their superstitious, their sloth and their inveterate system of caste, and are preparing to enter on a new civilization.

Some idea of the immense transportation facilities of the United States can be gained by the fact that the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia turned out on an average three locomotives per day during last year. These engines are worth \$18,000 each, and represent the output of but one among a score of prominent shops, a very small percentage of the machinery manufactured going to foreign countries.

There is a man in New York, alleges the Commercial Advertiser, who has the magazine fever in its worst stage. His idea—which he is going to carry out, he says—is to start a local magazine in each of the large cities of America, with local writings by local authors, and a corps of editors at each post. "I shall have twenty magazines in all," said he recently. He will certainly have his hands full. One magazine is about a very comfortable plenty for any ordinary man.

To marry in haste and repent at leisure has been a common fault in most faults in most communities. It is satisfactory to find that it is becoming less common in England. The proof of this, which is found in the registrar-general's annual report, is about the most welcome piece of news the document contains. There has been a steady rise, it appears, in the average age at which men and women take upon themselves the responsibility of contracting matrimony ever since

"When I see," says a retired physician New York Tribune, "that more than 1,000 medical students have graduated physicians in the United States during the last two years, I am inclined to rejoice at the fact that I am no longer practicing. The extraordinary increase in the number of doctors, the evolution of the patent medicines from absurd quackery to scientific remedies, and the growth of the prescribing habit among druggists make it hard work for the doctor to earn a living. Of course, the specialist makes a big income, but there are many really clever physicians to-day who find it hard work to make both ends meet."

What the world needs to-day is not more medicine, but less of it. Not new methods of shutting out sunlight and the only true elixir of life, but more pure air to breathe, pure water to drink, pure food to eat, less overwork and overworry, more rational methods of labor with many tools with brain and hand, more whole-some exercise and a calmer, more cheerful frame of mind. Tens of thousands die before their time through consuming fear of unseen and purely imaginary foes, and other tens of thousands through false teaching, the influence of false ideas, and, in consequence, of senseless violation of nature's plainest laws. Instead of losing our grip on life, we of this generation ought to be getting a firmer hold. Our boastful modern ways are pitifully weak and unreliable, asserts the Philadelphia Telegraph. It will take a hundred Kochs to lift us above the ever-swelling tide that is sweeping mankind so helplessly along toward the end of all things hu-

"ONCE ON A TIME."

"Once on a time,"—
How fondly falls that phrase
Upon our fancy, like a far-off chime
Of half-heard bells in some forgotten clime,
Fled from the kingdom of dead yesterdays,
"Once on a time,"—
The tale we loved always
Began just so, and every fairy rhyme
Our mothers crooned commenced: "Once on a time,"
"Once on a time,"—
And ended with a burst of childish praise,
As one who, in a lonely twilight laud,
Is startled by the wraith of some loved voice
Long since that joined the silence sublime,
So, I amidst the shadows where I stand,
Ring'd with dim dreams of unreturning joys,
Awaken at the words: "Once on a time."
—James Newton Matthews.

ROMANCE OF A HAT.

BY MAURICE BELINGY.

Socially speaking, the little hat factory of Enos Badger was a hive of industry, and scores of the prettiest girls in Epping and the surrounding country might have been found within its four walls during the busy season, which usually consumed eight out of the twelve calendar months.

During these eight months the factory presented a bustling and attractive scene, with so much beauty, freshness and vivacity concentrated under one roof. Indeed, these lovely and sprightly creatures, decked out in showy calicoes and muslins, were the busy little bees that made honey all the day, metaphorically speaking, for their straight-laced and somewhat parsimonious employer. The upper floor was occupied by the sewers, and the ground floor by pressers, liners, trimmers and packers—thus turning out the hats in readiness for the trade, from the commencement of the process to its completion.

Fannie Wilbur, the prettiest girl in the whole of Enos Badger's establishment, if not the most intellectual, worked on the lower floor, among the miscellaneous crowd of employes we have alluded to. Her part was to line the hat after it left the hands of the presser. Three or four more were employed at the same work besides Fannie, all of them fresh, healthy and attractive young ladies.

Anabel Drew, a very talkative but pretty young woman, had been telling a romantic story of an acquaintance during the war, who had secured a good husband under the following romantic circumstances: It was at a time when ladies throughout almost every town and village in the land were making and sending their little donations to the soldiers.

Miss Drew's friend contributed some trifling articles of her own handiwork, and accompanied them with her full address. The package fell to the share of an orderly sergeant, whom the changing fortunes of war subsequently elevated to the rank of colonel. The result was, in his lonely and unoccupied hours, he wrote to the young lady and begged her to enter into a correspondence with him.

"This, at one step," said Miss Drew, "from a poor girl she became a rich lady."

"Heigho! I wonder if any such good luck ever happen to us!" queried Fannie Wilbur.

"Perhaps," replied Miss Drew, "if we could only contrive to make ourselves known to some romantic young man of means."

Fannie paused for a moment in a brown study. Suddenly she looked up smiling.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, triumphantly; and taking one of her hat linings, she hurried to the desk, and wrote, in a delicate, fine hand, "Frances Wilbur, spinster," giving the name of the town and State.

"Then she sewed it in the lining, laughing all the while at her own cleverness."

"There, now, I wonder if I shall be as lucky as the girl you were telling of?"

"I hope so," responded Miss Drew, but she didn't mean it.

In due time that identical hat filled its legitimate niche in the great world of trade, and was purchased by a wealthy young fellow in the city of New York.

On the evening of the day it came into his possession Walter Leslie, the young gentleman in question, was seated, in company with a friend, in his own suite of apartments at the Windsor. Each had his feet elevated on the back of a chair, and each was drawing consolation from a cigar of a choice brand. Indeed, Walter Leslie was rich enough to indulge in the best the market afforded. He had already dipped so deeply into the fashionable follies of society as to have become a little blue at the age of five-and-twenty. But we will listen to the brief dialogue between the two, and let the reader draw his own inference.

"What! if the work of some restless, tantalizing young lady!" Leslie persisted, and the subject was dropped. He returned to it again, however, after the departure of his friend. He studied the choreography carefully, grew more and more interested, and finally, after some little reflection, and a few more minutes' cogitation, to break what he considered the dull monotony of his existence, through his life had been one continual whirl of excitement since he had come into the unrestrained control of a fortune, he determined to write to her. He had no other purpose in writing but to beguile the tedium of an idle hour, and quiz this unknown Frances Wilbur, spinster.

The subjoined letter, which reached Epping on the following evening, was the legitimate result of this resolve:

New York, June 30, 1880.

"Miss FRANCES WILBUR, spinster—I discovered your address on the lining of a hat I recently purchased, and have conceived a romantic desire to open a correspondence with you in view of a near and more intimate acquaintance. My object in doing this is strictly honorable and commendable, and if you grant me a hearing, I shall treat you with the respect that is due a lady from a gentleman. I am twenty-five years of age, and generally esteemed good-looking. I am in moderate circumstances, but like all other young men, I am hopeful of the future. If you should deign to answer this letter, and would be kind enough to send me a photograph, I will cheerfully inclose mine in my next. Very respectfully and interestingly yours,
"WALTER LESLIE."

Fannie Wilbur received this epistle, and perused it with an electrical thrill of pleasure. She hurried to Miss Drew, whom she accepted as her sole confidante, read it to her privately and asked her advice as to what reply she should make.

"Answer it, of course, and enclose your picture," said Miss Drew, decidedly.

"You take splendidly. He will fall in love with it, I am sure. You are in luck, Fan, and I almost envy you"—which was the truth—"for you can tell by the writing that he must be a scholar and a gentleman."

"This advice was exactly what Fannie wished and expected. She had no picture of herself that exactly suited her, so she went to Mr. Badger next morning and asked leave of absence to have one taken. She arranged her toilet for the occasion with exquisite care and taste, and hurried to the village artist to have her glowing impression taken; and beautiful as she was, she had never looked more beautiful than on that day. The artist was successful beyond his most sanguine hopes, and in about a week he turned out a photograph that he felt proud of, and that Fanny felt no ashamed to forward to her gallant New York correspondent.

She sat down and indited the following letter, which Leslie received by return post:

EPING, June 30, 1880.

"MR. LESLIE—Dear Sir—I received your very acceptable letter of the 23rd of the week ago. When I wrote my name on the lining of the hat you allude to I had no expectation that it would be the means of procuring me so agreeable a correspondent. "I was pleased with the tone of your letter, and should be happy to hear from you your own terms. I send you my photograph, agreeable to your request, though my friends tell me it does not do me justice. I think, however, it is a very fair picture. I shall expect yours at your earliest convenience."

"I will mention, in conclusion, that I am an only child. My father is dead, but my mother is still living. My father was a clergyman, and was settled in this village prior to my birth, which was eighteen years ago the fourth day of May last. I had a good education, for it was my father's special provision to see to that while living, and he has been dead only a trifle over three years."

"Our circumstances are humble, and I know work in a hat factory for the joint support of another and self. Hoping to hear from you again soon, I remain, your interested correspondent,
"FANNIE WILBUR."

"Noble girl!" exclaimed our hero, as he finished the perusal of this letter; "she is working for the support of herself and mother, while I, an able-bodied man, am frittering away my existence in idle pleasures and useless pursuits."

He had examined the photograph carefully and critically before perusing Fannie's letter, and he could not deny what was evident to him at a glance, that the picture represented a very intelligent and lovely girl. He again picked it up, and examined it with increasing interest.

"There is not a girl among my fashionable acquaintances that will compare with her in points of beauty, setting aside

their vanity and selfishness, and their lack of moral culture. It is evident that this girl is good and pure, unless her very much better her—such a girl, in fact, as any man might safely trust with his purse or his honor. The tone of her letter is modest, and evinces a considerable degree of culture, much more than I should have expected from one condemned by circumstances to a life of toil; but her being the daughter of a clergyman—and doubtless a very worthy and conscientious one—will explain that. I will have my photograph taken at once, and send it to her, with my warmest thanks. I will dress in a very modest and tasteful manner, so as not to shock her sense of propriety. I feel more and more anxious every minute to make the first impression as favorable as possible."

Agreeably to Fannie's request, he wrote a warm—and had almost said lovable—reply to her letter, inclosing the much looked for picture. Leslie was a very handsome man, and would have looked well in any garb, no matter how commonplace.

"What! if the work of some restless, tantalizing young lady!" Leslie persisted, and the subject was dropped. He returned to it again, however, after the departure of his friend. He studied the choreography carefully, grew more and more interested, and finally, after some little reflection, and a few more minutes' cogitation, to break what he considered the dull monotony of his existence, through his life had been one continual whirl of excitement since he had come into the unrestrained control of a fortune, he determined to write to her. He had no other purpose in writing but to beguile the tedium of an idle hour, and quiz this unknown Frances Wilbur, spinster.

General Berdan has proposed a novel solution of the silver coinage problem. His scheme is to make a dollar of gold and silver, mechanically combined, by first making a silver coin worth twenty-five cents, with a hole in the center, and then pressing into the center a plug of gold worth seventy-five cents. On the face of it, this seems a good idea, as it would do away with the objection raised by all to the size and weight of the silver dollar, and the minuteness of the gold dollar. In other words it is an average—a concentration of advantages. But the point of the matter lies in the "mechanically combined" detail, which is more important than at first sight would appear. It is a delicate and difficult task to so join the gold and silver parts as to enable the coin to stand the wear and tear to which metallic legal tender is subjected.

As usual, electricity, goddess of power and progress, can lend her aid and assist to practicability the germ of a good idea. If, instead of "mechanically combined," we substitute the words "electrically welded," the scheme becomes more practical and the coin more beautiful and cheaper to produce. By electrically welding gold and silver together and then subjecting the composite piece to the impression of a die, a coin with slight concave surfaces could be produced with the great advantage that the welded joint would be the strongest portion. Concealing the faces of the coin would throw the maximum wear on the outer ring of silver. Such a scheme brought to perfection would be bimetalism with a vengeance.

As a design for the obverse of this new coin we would suggest an ideal representation of the Goddess of Electricity. Columbia would thus be given a well-earned rest, and the coming power would be symbolized and immortalized, although such actions might offend the pretty Philadelphia girl who posed for the prototype of Columbia.—New York Electrical Review.

Hill Tribes Deserting the Caucasus.

The mountain tribes of the Caucasus are emigrating in large numbers to Turkey. Russian settlers are not slow to take possession of their lands. The Government has been petitioned by such settlers to divide the lands that were vacated by the Caucasians into regular settlements and to establish proper judiciary circuits there. But the Governor of the Kobukh district has informed the petitioners that their demands cannot be fulfilled—that their land has not come yet for the central Government to take into possession and to dispose of the lands of the aborigines.—Chicago Herald.

A Big Crop From One Barley-Head.

Four years ago Miss Lena Woodard, living on Thorn Creek, Washington, sowed the seed from one head of barley. She harvested the crop with a pair of shears and sowed the amount received the next year, again harvesting it with her shears. The third crop her father cut with a grass scythe, getting enough barley from this crop to sow forty acres last spring, which averaged forty bushels to the acre when threshed, making a total yield of 1600 bushels from one head of barley in four years.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Curious Writing Habit.

One curious habit of the venerable Jules Simon is that he does most of his writing in bed. For many years he has pursued this practice; he lies flat on his back, holds a tablet of paper above him and does his writing thereon—seemingly an impossible thing. Yet the old gentleman's chronology is a marvel of neatness and exactness; it is as printed and tidy as a schoolmarm's.—Chicago News.

MAKING BIG ARMY GUNS

THE ARSENAL AT WATERVILLE AND ITS HEAVY WORK.

Making a Gun Thirty-Five Feet Long That Will Throw a 1000-Pound Projectile Fifteen Miles.

The big army gun factory at Waterville Arsenal, says an Albany (N. Y.) letter to the New York World, has passed safely through the experimental period, and is now fairly established as one of the two extensive ordnance producing plants of the Government. Rapid firing field-guns and eight-inch and ten-inch steel rifles have already been made here, and there is now in process of completion a twelve-inch rifle—the largest gun yet attempted by the Government.

There is only one step more to be taken, the manufacture of the sixteen-inch guns, and this will not be attempted until the south wing of the new gun factory has been built.

The new 12-inch rifle has passed safely through the trials of the shrinking pit and the first of the boring process, and now rests flawless in all the majesty of its fifty-two tons of cold steel upon a lathe in the old shop. It is an imposing-looking affair, but does not bear a very close resemblance to a cannon from a layman's point of view. It is thirty-five feet long and about three feet across at the breech, and looks like an exaggerated lamppost lying upon its side. It is not yet ready for its breech mechanism, so if any one has a mind to climb up on the lathe he can look through the gun. This giant is the biggest piece of ordnance ever attempted by Uncle Sam's gunmakers, and the officers in charge of its construction watch every movement of the workman and inspect every tool used upon it with the greatest care. Thus far every gun that has gone out from Waterville has withstood the Government tests most successfully, and they do not intend that the 12-inch rifle shall prove an exception.

This gun when completed is expected to throw a 1000-pound projectile with an initial muzzle velocity of 2000 feet per second, a distance of fifteen miles with a charge of about four hundred pounds of powder.

All the guns made at the Waterville foundry are known as "built up" guns, and are made by shrinking a series of bands of rings upon a steel tube.

The most delicate part of the work is yet to be done upon the gun. That is the rifling. It will have seventy-four grooves, each .06 of an inch deep. The cutting of these is a very particular piece of work, as a single erratic movement of the cutter will ruin the piece. As soon as the boring of the gun is completed it will be once more adjusted on the lathe, and the calculation made to determine just the proper twist for the grooves.

On the lathe, next to the 12-inch gun, is the 10-inch rifle would gun, a cheaper arm and an experiment. On a central tube is wound square steel wire at a tension of about two hundred and fifty pounds, and over this is forced, without heating, a steel jacket. This is just in the winding stage at present.

In the central section of the new gun factory is the shrinking pit where the guns receive their jackets. This pit goes down fifty feet into the solid rock, and will accommodate any gun that will be made at Waterville. When a gun is ready to receive its jacket it is placed in the pit in a vertical position. The jacket is placed upon an iron car and run into a big oven made especially for heating jackets. When the workman in charge of the heating thinks that the proper degree of expansion has been reached, the doors are opened and he makes a test. In testing he uses a stick with steel points which are set at the required measurement. This stick is fastened crosswise to the end of a long pole. If the steel points on the end of the cross-piece will pass inside the diameter of the jacket, the proper degree has been reached. If not the heating must be continued. When sufficiently hot, the car is run out, the jacket hoisted upon a crane and swung over the gun. Then it is carefully lowered into position. Great care is taken to prevent excessive heating, as that causes the metal to scale, yet it is necessary to heat it enough or it cannot be fitted upon the gun.

Outside of the gun factory proper probably the most interesting point within the arsenal yard is the projectile foundry and finishing shop. It looks very much like an ordinary foundry, save that the imposing array of cranes suggests heavy work and work of 11 and 12-inch projectiles indicate the kind of work. The 12-inch projectiles weigh 1000 pounds, and standing up and reaching about to the middle of the thigh of an ordinary tall man. It takes a day to cast one, the pouring being made in the forenoon and the sand shaken out of the flask in the afternoon. The metal used is a mixture of cast iron, wrought iron and steel, combined in a proportion that makes it very heavy and tough. From the moulding shop the projectiles are taken to the finishing shop, where they are turned down smooth, and have a copper band set into their circumference to receive the rifling from the grooves in the caisson.

Needle Worms Monstrosities.

In the garrets of old country mansions are great flat trunks that hold the relics of the past. Examining the contents, one can see what hideous monstrosities grew beneath the fingers of the ladies of the day, says the Dallas. What crude horrors in "cross-stitch," what flat, wily-washy "flower paintings," what alarming baskets of wax fruit, what queer shell grotesques. The fashionable girls of this generation are artistic even in their "fancy work." They understand the principles of decoration, they have systems of color, and where the "study art" and learn music thoroughly. Women are educated to-day; then they were "accomplished." Is not the present system better? I think so.—Boston Transcript.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new machine makes paper boxes. Tough paper is made by mixing choloride of zinc with the pulp.

It has recently been found that certain fungoid growths have the power of removing gold from water containing it in suspension.

Contracts for the new Cunard steamships of the Atlantic service stipulate that they must make not less than twenty-two knots an hour.

It is stated that as a result of the recent experiments several Italian war ships are to be altered to enable them to burn petroleum in their furnaces instead of coal.

Celluloid in solution is now being extensively used as a lacquer for all kinds of fine metal work and as a wood varnish with results that are said to be superior to the old methods.

A new invention is a simple apparatus by which the street car trolley may be guided without disturbing the connection in cases where changes are necessary. The object is to keep the cars lighted during the operation.

Observations seem to show that a decrease in the earth's latitude is in progress, implying an alteration in the direction of the earth's axis. The fluctuation is thought to be due to a minute oscillation caused by some changes in internal mass of the earth.

In the electric groscope for use in correcting the error of a compass neither rolling nor pitching need be feared. It is said to be adapted to correct the compass with certainty, as its axis of rotation remains fixed as long as it is necessary to prolong the observation.

A new method of testing the hardness of metals consists in conducting an electric current through the test piece until it melts, and then comparing the strength of current required with the current necessary for the fusion of a standard piece of metal of known hardness.

Professor Thurston says: "The assumption seems fair that the locomotive engine will have been superseded, when we double our speed, and that we must find ways to utilize the weights of the cars themselves for adhesion, and to make each to carry its own motor."

One of the greatest problems of the future is thought to be the transformation of carbon energy into light upon the same principle that the glow worm and firefly give their light, and when a single pound of combustible material will furnish as much light as is now obtained from a ton of coal.

An American inventor has brought out a process for making soap from the resinous matter in the needles of the pine tree. The resin is extracted by means of alkali, and the woody fibre is removed from the product, which, in addition of fat, yields an ordinary soap containing resinous and fatty acids.

M. Camille Gonzy, proprietor of farms in the commune of Millas (Western Pyrenees) to the extent of 1500 acres, has utilized the power of a neighboring waterfall to generate electricity, not only to light his property, but to work a wine press and to pump water for irrigating the vines. Some sixty-two miles of telephone wires are required to connect all the apparatus.

The pulsometer is now used for filling the tenders of locomotives with water. The pulsometer itself is of the ordinary pattern, connected with the steam tanks and fed valves by flexible piping, and when not in use is carried on the tender. When about to be brought into requisition it is simply lowered into a convenient stream or lake by suitable means, and its application to this purpose is said to be extremely satisfactory.

Chocolate Nuts or Beans.

Chocolate nuts or beans from which the chocolate of commerce is made are the seeds or fruit of a small tree, native of tropical America, but not widely distributed and cultivated in most tropical countries. The trees are of small size, rarely more than twenty feet high, but with broad, thin, pointed leaves. The flowers are small and produced on the old wood, and are succeeded by a pod like fruit six to ten inches in length, each containing fifty or more seeds. When the fruit is ripe the seeds, which are covered with a thick mucilage, are removed from the pods and placed in heaps, where they undergo a slight fermentation, after which they are spread out in the sun to dry. When thoroughly dry they are packed in sacks and become the chocolate bean of commerce. Upon being roasted the beans split open, as seen in the common coffee bean, and when ground to powder and made into paste and pressed into cakes it is called chocolate, which is generally flavored with sugar and vanilla. As for the healthful properties of chocolate, much depends upon the person who uses it. With some persons it appears to agree, but with others not, for it is an old adage that "what is one man's food is another man's poison." Chocolate, however, is considered a very nutritious beverage by the medical faculty.—New York Sun.

A Strange Feathered Monster.

A strange feathered monster, supposed to be a gigantic pelican from some tropical land, was killed in Livingston parish recently by August Heiss. The bird was snow-white in color, except the wing tips, which were black. Its body was as large as that of a full-grown sheep, its flesh was blood-red, its bill two feet in length, with an enormous sack or pouch attached with the capacity of a small dip net.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Something New in Flower Beds.

The largest advertisement in the world is that of the Glasgow News, cut in the shape of flower beds on the side of a hill back of Arden, Scotland; the words "Glasgow News" can be seen and plainly read a distance of four miles; the length of each letter is forty feet; the total length of the line 325 feet; the area covered by the letters 14,845 feet.

A NEW CATECHISM.

—Ho—
What is it makes this life worth living.
Tell me, when all has been said and done?
—Sb—
It is the rapture of forgiving.
When you yourself are the guilty one.

—Ho—
What makes us all so prone to dying,
When so much of heaven we all have heard?
—Sb—
Because when we're dead there's no replying,
And woman must have the final word.
—Ho—
What is your own idea of heaven—
Of heaven on earth, perhaps I mean?
—Sb—
A place where the men are all twenty-seven
And I am the only girl, just eighteen.
—Ho—
What's your idea of a perfect poet.
To one whom all should bow the knee?
—Sb—
How absurd you are! Well, if you must know it,
The poet who writes of love and me.
—Somerville Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hush money is what the young husband parts with for soothing syrups, etc.—Mercury.

Stealing a march is not larceny any more than firing a peddler is arson.—Pittsburg Post.

"What do you think of Harkins as a talker?" "He is brilliantly dull."—Chicago News.

The man who is always finding fault will always assure you that he is never looking for it.—Somerville Journal.

Accounting Trustee—"Figures can't lie, you know, sir." Disappointed Bondholder—"No, but Mrs can figure."—Texas Siftings.

A mule would rather hear himself bray than to listen to anybody else's music. A good many people are built like him.—Rum's Horn.

"I'll just take off my overcoat," is what the young chick said as it broke the shell and first saw the light of day.—Yonkers Statesman.

"He is a great traveler." "Don't believe he was ever out of the city!" "But then, see how he wanders in his mind."—Philadelphia Times.

Miss Highminded—"What did you think of Sig. Travello?" Miss Giddy-giddy—"Oh, I thought his mustache was simply stunning."—Chicago News.

She went to Anna's wedding,
For to wed was Anna fate,
She had a lovely time of course,
For then 'twas Anna's mate.

Woman can't throw a stone straight to save her soul, but she can sit in an easy chair and enchant a man so that he will go and throw it for her.—Somerville Journal.

Blimbers—"My barber is really a very talented person." Bijones—"Indeed!" Blimbers—"Oh, yes; he often illustrates the stories he tells me with cuts."—Boston Post.

Common to New Yorkers: First Stranger (in Boston)—"Is this Boston Common?" Second Stranger—"Very. But you ought to see New York."—America Gleaner.

The Visitor (viewing the new baby)—"Don't you think he is going to resemble his father?" The Mother—"It shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up every night."—New York Sun.

Prof. Blumptions—"It has been truthfully remarked that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'" Sophomore (sotto voice)—"Wonder if professor realizes the peril he's in!"—Boston Courier.

Amateur Actor—"Well, what did you think of my modest effort?" Friend—"Superb! Simply superb." A. A.—"Thank you." Friend—"Considered as an effort."—Indianapolis Journal.

"We had some mind-reading at our party last evening. Johnny had a pin and the new minister tried to find it."
"And did he succeed?" "Oh, yes—he found it when he sat down."—Chicago News.

"But, Mr. Finkelstein, why applaud the play so vigorously when it is so execrably bad?" "That makes no difference to me, my dear fellow. I lent the author \$20 this morning."—Excelsior Blotter.

The Government is going to pay \$300,000 for a rain, remarked the snake editor. "The nation ought to have a fine relief agent who would do this much," replied the agricultural editor.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Globetrotter—"Did you ever travel on a personally conducted tour?" Mr. Meeker—"Often." Globetrotter—"Whom did you have for manager usually?" Mr. Meeker—"My wife."—New York Weekly.

Husband—"What are you so much interested in that paper?" Wife—"I was reading one of those articles on how to get up a cheap dinner." Husband—"Do you want to ruin me?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cholly's father was a Baron in the jolly old of Italy.
And the girl he sought to marry had a father rich in wool;
Said her father, "Let us hasten, and the Yankee girl said right,
And then she was as Barton when they found he paid his debts."
—Chicago News.

A—"I am in a hideous pickle." B—"How so?" A—"I have not got anything to eat, and the only thing I've got to paw is my false teeth, and if I paw them and buy something to eat, then I can't eat it. I never was in such a hideous fix in all my life."—Texas Siftings.

Had Bay (telling in a busy blow)—"There, take that!" Good Bay (folding his arms with a meek expression)—"No, Tommy, I will not hit you back because I promised mother that I would never strike a playmate, but (licking him in the stomach) how do you like this?"—New York News.