

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 1 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 2 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00

The New York Herald, in a column on investments in Western mortgages, shows that the people of the State of New York have over \$3,250,000 in them.

The press and land owners of Portugal are becoming alarmed at the dearth of cultivators, and demand that the Government shall put a stop to emigration, as husbandry is suffering.

According to the Street Railroad Gazette, the proportion of fatal accidents on the basis of numbers carried is very greatly in favor of the electric and cable roads and against the horse car lines.

The little King of Spain very much dislikes being sent upon the throne at State ceremonies. He tries to climb down, and on one occasion declared, with tears, that he would rather sit on his mother's lap.

"The Utopia, which recently went down with 600 passengers on board, was quite as well equipped with life-saving apparatus," significantly observes the Washington Star, "as are the leading passenger lines going out of New York, the individual steamers of which often carry from 600 to 1200 passengers in the summer season."

Says the Washington Post: "The careless and apparently indiscriminate manner with which the courts of to-day destroy the wills of rich men, documents that embody the purpose and object of a lifetime of toil, has become one of the notable and notorious abuses of the day, and against this evil there is rising a vigorous demand for rectification and reform."

It is said that Mrs. Kyle, wife of the Alliance Senator from South Dakota, felt overpowering confidence during the canvass that her husband would be elected, and whenever he talked of declining the nomination she insisted that he would yield and win. This, confesses the Boston Transcript, brings woman's intuition into play in politics in a new and admirable way.

The Statesman's Year Book for 1891 estimates the world's inhabitants last year, exclusive of the Polar regions, to have been 1,467,000,000 and the land surface they occupy in whole or in part at 46,250,000 square miles, of which 28,269,000 square miles are fertile, 13,901,000 steppe and 4,180,000 desert. The Polar regions are put down at 4,888,800 square miles, with a population of only about 300,000.

A London Board of Trade return, just issued, shows the large decrease in the hours of labor during the past ten years, which is bringing the eight-hour limit nearer and nearer. Bakers who, a decade ago, worked seventy-two hours a week now work fifty-four hours; miners, formerly sixty hours, now thirty-eight and forty-eight hours. Workmen of all trades now average fifty-four hours weekly, or nine hours a day.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: First-class type-written copy is hailed with pleasure in newspapers and magazine offices, but very little of it is first class. It is a positive relief to get a manuscript legibly written on white paper in good black ink, with a pen that makes a broad stroke. The trouble with many writers is that they use a pen with a fine point, and write a hair-line scrawl that is hard to read. It is possible to make written copy as plain as print, and this is what every writer should do.

Spain is busily preparing for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America. The Society of Americanists, which has devoted itself to the study of everything relating to America, will hold a Congress on October 12, 1892, at the convent of La Rabida, where Columbus found shelter while he was planning his expedition. Spain's methods of celebrating the anniversary may not appeal so much to the popular taste as might have a great Exposition, but in their scientific and historic aspect they will be in keeping with an event so far-reaching in its effects on civilization.

A profound sensation has been created in Italy by the report that a French house sent 100,000 Remington cartridges to King Moulouk, of Abyssinia, by way of Obok. As Italy considers Moulouk to be under Italian protection, this is regarded as an interference with Italian rights, and has not served to hasten the revival of friendly relations between France and Italy. A good share of the Italians, however, would like to give up African adventures altogether, one of the Roman newspapers saying that "when the whole truth is known, the necessity of abandoning the entire enterprise will be seen, and there will be only one more research necessary, namely, to find some one yet more foolish than ourselves who will take the charge upon their shoulders."

SONG OF CHANCES. I sang in the sun the whole day long, I sang in the sun a merry song, I would not believe in grief or wrong; I sang in the sun the whole day long.

I sat in the dark and moaned all night; I had lost my faith in truth and right, And I had no hope of coming light; I sat in the dark and moaned all night.

And yet at dawn in my heart I heard Once more the voice of a singing bird, But the memory faded it with a word, So my lips never echoed what I heard.

And now I am neither sad nor gay; I have learned at last that night and day, Sunshine and sorrow, pass away; So now I am neither sad nor gay.

—E. C. White, in Lippincott's.

THE LITTLE GOLD NUGGET.

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

It was given to Effie to take care of. It was not a great prize, for it weighed only seven ounces; but it represented the only result of a strong man's toil for many weeks, and as nuggets go, it was considered by no means a bad "find."

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own. There were thieves and lawless men at this new gold rush, and all new gold rushes, and they would probably try to annex it. They would search all sorts of cunning hiding-places in the neighborhood of his tent; they might even creep into the hut at night, to feel under his pillow and among his rough bedding for the yellow earth that folk take each other for. If he caught the thief he would shoot him, but better not to run the risk of losing his treasure. And so he gave it to Effie to put in her old work box. Thieves of the T— diggings would be too cunning to think of examining such an improbable hiding-place.

"You must take great care of it, darling," said John Archer. "It is for your mother." And Effie covered the little nugget away in a corner of the old work box—which had been her mother's—under the cotton and the socks she was darning for her father. She felt duly weighed with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother, who was very delicate, with some friends in Brisbane, had come a long, weary way to find it, and she had seen his sorrow, his despair, as day after day he had eagerly worked with pick and spade, without finding what he sought.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the hut to look round and see if any one was near who might have seen her. No. No one was near who might have seen her—only Billy the black—King Billy, the Aboriginal monarch, who loved rum and tobacco, and who was chopping some firewood for her. King Billy evidently had not seen, for he was wielding the axe with quiet expectation; and if Billy had seen it wouldn't have mattered very much, for Effie trusted.

This little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange, and is worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

But Effie was only twelve. As the child stood in the broad light, her tumbled hair-bred hair kissed and illumined by the bold rays of the sun, and her round, trustful blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands, watching King Billy at his work, a flock of laughing jackasses lighted in a neighboring gum-tree and set up a demoniac cackling. What maddest ill-omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain; but their amusement was huge and sardonic.

"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie, and the obedient king dropped his axe and threw a faggot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merry-makers.

"Billy tired now," said the black, grinning, "too much work—pleanty wood," and he pointed to the result of his labor.

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you. You're a good boy. I'll give you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty."

"Then you shall have some tea."

To remain still for a few minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effie felt this, and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat, and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily-timbered hills. About fifty yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high moss-grown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran—looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her absence—to bathe her face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face in her apron, and shaking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come; but King Billy was now awake, and was slouching lazily off toward the bush. Effie laughed as she saw him—his great head bent forward, and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness, and that he should look so tired after such a very little wood-chopping.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old work-box to take another peep at the yellow treasure, and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slowly that the laugh died from the pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly, because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible—when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget—saw nothing. Then horror and grief fell upon her like the blue eyes, and pale gray crept over the childish face and made it old, and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating.

Effie said nothing, and made no cry; but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment, and looked in the box again. No, it was no illusion; the little nugget was not there—the first gold her father had found, which had been intrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother—it was gone. She put down the box, quite quietly, and walked out into the day; but the sun was shining very strangely and mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black; and the trees seemed to move weirdly; and the locusts had ceased humming from fear; but the strange bird was somewhere near, shrieking brokenly, "What will father say? What will father say?"

But as the child stood there despairingly, her sight grew clearer, and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves. Then only she remembered, and she knew who had done this cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him. Effie suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and dusky eyes still peered through the leaves. And the laughing jackasses flew down to the old tree again, and laughed more madly than before—laughed at Effie's trust—at Billy's gratitude.

It was ten o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gully a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices, mixed in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally have been faintly heard from the hut. But Archer, who had seen his wild ways, was a true worker; and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built the hut away from the noisy camp.

Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper, and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent providence would restore the nugget during the darkness, and save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overladen and too cruelly active to allow; when dreams cease realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small, and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet, having closed her eyes, she opened them again, it was still there hovering about in the darkness—less bright now, and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away; it was a cruel, mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain, which divided her corner of the hut from her father's, moved near the ground—began to slightly tremble? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm, and slowly, cautiously, after the arm a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched the face—I think they kissed it, though it was black, for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the first dream.

It was all so real, so certain, that the child lay still, scarce daring to breathe, lest the vision should melt away; and when in her dream came the voice of her father, with the words, "Speak, or I'll fire," her lips refused to open.

But it was no dream when the shot came, and the Black King rolled over on the earth, dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death-agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree, startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and bitterly, at Billy's honesty; but there was madness in their merriment, for their master, the devil had been cheated of the soul of a Black King.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which, an hour or two before a clock runs down, the word "wind" will appear at an opening in the dial.

WISE WORDS.

Sometimes the weakest doubt shatters the strongest faith.

The less sense a fool has the more sense it takes to manage him.

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

People generally despise where they fatter, and cringe to those they would overtop.

If idleness does not produce vice or malvolence, it commonly produces melancholy.

Strange how much more pride a man takes in having lived long than in having lived well!

There is a sixth sense; it is the sense to let well enough alone and was given only to women.

The vulgar rejoice in the vices of the great. Here at least they have something in common.

When one is tempted to give up all for love, it is wise to retain a remnant for him to live upon.

The fewer secrets a girl has when she is young, the fewer wrinkles she will have when she is old.

Some women's faces are, in their brightness, a prophecy, and some, in their sadness, a history.

If it showed every time a man was bored, what a perforated-looking thing the average man would be!

It is not looking others squarely in the face that proves a man's courage; it is the strength to look himself in the face.

The exactions of selfish people have a single merit; they prevent the cultivation of a similar vice in other people around them.

Time is indeed the theatre and seat of illusions; nothing is so ductile. The mind stretches an hour to a century, and dwarfs an age to an hour.

Carlyle, in a letter written to a young man who had asked counsel of him, said: "Be wise, be steadfast, modest, diligent; you will infallibly arrive at something good—and if it be a quiet thing instead of a noisy, think yourself the luckier."

COUNTRY ROADS.

There is not a rural town within boarding distance of a great city which could not at slight expense assure itself all the city comforts that it could accommodate by the simple process of systematically and intelligently improving and beautifying its roads. If it were to appoint a Town Committee with power to employ architects, to obtain expert advice, and to carry out the suggestions thus obtained in road improvement, the mere public advertisement of that proceeding would attract boarders from all directions. The expense would not be great. In nearly every case the gravel or cracked stone necessary for the construction of a serviceable, well-drained road can be obtained within moderate distance. There is, for example, in some parts of Orange County, in New York State, a kind of soft red sandstone to be found in great abundance, which, crushed readily under the wheels and makes a hard, firm roadbed, which is never dusty and never muddy, which is yielding to the horses' feet and most agreeable to ride over. Ordinary gravel can be used with almost equally good results. The main thing is to secure something like scientific knowledge in the construction of the road and in the mixture of materials. The vicious idea that anybody can make a road by shoveling dirt into the middle of it from the gutter, or, what is the same thing in a wholesale form, hauling it there by means of a "scraper," must be abandoned at the outset, and not only abandoned but prohibited. Until that is done no reform will be possible.—Century Magazine.

How the Spider Undresses.

Did you ever see a spider change his skin? It is an interesting sight, one that will well repay any one for the time lost in waiting for the novel event to take place, says a writer who knows.

When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days and makes his preliminary arrangements by fastening himself by a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare; this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First the skin cracks all around the thorax, being held only by the fore part. Next the abdomen is uncovered, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to appear limp and lifeless for some time after it is finished. Gradually he comes back to life, brighter and more beautiful than before the trying ordeal was begun.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Travelling Workshop.

A novel mode of preparing ships for service on their stations is about to be inaugurated by the British admiralty. A torpedo depot ship is now being fitted out with all the appliances of a large workshop. When ready she will proceed on a voyage around the world, visiting all the foreign stations and making good all defects in torpedo arrangements of vessels connected therewith. It is said that this vessel can carry Whitehead torpedoes sufficient to equip every ship in the navy in time of war.—Courier Journal.

Tattoo Marks Won't Come Out.

It has often been claimed that tattoo marks may be removed by pricking over them goat's milk. This is a mistaken idea. Chemists and others have for years experimented with various preparations in the hope of discovering some agent to wholly remove India ink marks from the human skin. Nothing, however, has as yet been found that will remove a portion even of the objectionable marks, unless, possibly, the attempt be made immediately following the tattooing process.—Boston Bulletin.

CHILEAN NITRATE MINES.

GREATEST NATURAL CURIOSITY ON THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT.

Interesting Facts Concerning This Very Valuable Commodity—The Supply Inexhaustible.

When we first saw Iquique (pronounced E-kee-kee), little more than half a year ago, writes Fannie B. Ward, it was one of the most peaceful and prosperous cities of Chile—a seaport second only to Valparaiso in population and commercial importance, in wide contrast to the barren and battered ruin the rebels made of it on their recent raid. It has long been the great shipping point of the world for nitrate of soda—a vast business, practically controlled by English capital; and therefore in the eyes of Englishmen Iquique is of more consequence than all the rest of Chile put together.

For more than a year past the nitrate people have been doing little profitable business, principally on account of the Government troubles and consequent strikes among the laborers, and also because the English market is overstocked with the commodity, and therefore its price is correspondingly low. From this nitrate industry alone the Chilean Government has been collecting a revenue of about \$20,000,000 per annum in export duties.

Perhaps the greatest natural curiosity on the Southern Continent is this inexhaustible deposit of nitrate of soda. Beds of it are strewn along the western coast for five hundred miles; and throughout all that distance the physical aspect of the country is the same—everywhere a range of hills from four to six thousand feet high, rising abruptly out of the Pacific, backed by a desert pampa (plain) from fifty to one hundred miles wide, which gradually ascends to the foot of the snowy Cordillera. Nowhere else in the world except in this particular pampa are nitrates found in quantities worth mentioning.

The pampa above Iquique derives its name from the tamarugal bushes with which it is sparsely covered. Further north, above Tarapaca, the bold features of the Cordillera and some beauty to the landscape; while inside from Antofagasta, in the great desert of Anacama, there is not a distant mountain to be seen—nothing but brown sand as far as the eye can reach. There is no cloud on the burnished sky to temper the rays of the vertical sun; the hot air distinctly vibrates, and blue mirage lakes tantalize the thirsty traveler. One can scarcely bear to touch the scorching sand, at 130 degrees, and a light south wind continually raises whirlwinds of dust in every direction. Neither bird, beast nor plant of the lowest type can live in these barren wastes; and yet their hidden wealth has led to the creation of several villages, whose every necessary of life is brought from a long distance.

A few years ago water sold on the Atacama desert for \$20 the arroba, or about \$2.50 per gallon, and a drink for a mule cost fifteen shillings, or \$3.75. Finally, at a place in the desert called Carmen Alto, a sun condenser with 50,000 square feet of glass was employed to distil fresh water from that of the sea. This was afterward wrecked by a whirlwind, but a smaller apparatus on the same principle is now being worked at Sierra Gordo, and realizes a handsome profit, though the water sells for only thirty cents the arroba.

Most of the coast towns and inland factories are now supplied by means of condensed steam, some of the condensers producing no less than twenty-five tons of good water for every ton of coal burned in the boilers. More recent schemes have been started for supplying the coast towns with water by means of pipes running across the desert from springs at the foot of the mountains. Iquique, Taltal, Antofagasta and Mollendo are supplied in this manner, and other similar aqueducts are being constructed.

The portion of the pampa in which English-speaking people are most interested is that lying between Iquique and Pisagua—the celebrated "Tamarugal Pampa," where lie the Tarapaca beds and where a colony of Northern "Nitrate Kings" have accumulated their millions. A high, chilly upland, about twenty miles across, separates the outer Sierra of Huastaco from the higher range of the Cordillera; and then the Andes slope sharply down to the plateau of Bolivia, 12,000 feet above the sea.

The surface of the desert is not sharp sand, but dry earth mixed with a certain proportion of sandy particles, and irrigation would turn every rod of it into a fertile plain. Wherever wells have been sunk, alternate layers of gravel, sand and mud are disclosed, each series of layers representing the sequence of a single flood in former ages; hence it follows that in times long past the pampa must have been subject to periodical inundations. Water may be found almost anywhere, at the depth of from fifty to 150 feet; but no place has yet been discovered where the conditions necessary for artesian wells are fulfilled.—Philadelphia Record.

A Clever Little Boy.

The gopher only remains a few seconds in his hole, when he feels an irresistible desire to come out again and look about him. Taking advantage of a knowledge of this habit of theirs, a little boy, eight years old, who was lost for ten days in the prairies of Assiniboia, 150 miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad line, in 1888, was able to save his life. The boy wore lace boots with leather laces, and used to spread a noose made with a goat lace over a hole when he had seen a gopher go in; he would then lie down and wait for him to come out again.

When the gopher, according to his wont, lifted his head out to see the world, the little boy pulled the string, caught him by the neck and ate him. As there was plenty of rain water in the holes about the boy got along very well in this way till a search party rescued him.—Blackwood.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paris has a steam platoon.

A paper bottle factory is to be started at Glassboro, N. J.

Electric soldering irons are being used with success in some of the great Eastern tanneries.

Nearly all the winter and summer resort hotels of first-class pretensions are appointed with steam heating apparatus.

When cast and malleable iron are used in the same structure a galvanic action is set up between them and the malleable iron is corroded.

The English estimate that in establishing an arc lighting plant the first fifty lights cost \$250,000, with a very small fraction added for an increased capacity.

The new war ship of the English navy, the Royal Sovereign, was constructed in seventeen months, which is said to be the best time on record for such work.

The materials used in the manufacture of the different substances used on ceilings and walls for decorative purposes consist of the residuum of candle distilling, wood, flour and common paraffine oils.

Black being a color which absorbs heat rays, some tank-steamers are being painted gray, the idea being to minimize the risk of explosion on board these ships through the oil becoming heated by the sun's rays.

The best idea of the value of the Bessemer invention may be formed from the simple fact that when Bessemer began experimenting steel sold in England at from \$250 to \$300 a gross ton. He soon made a better steel at \$80 a ton.

For stopping the freezing of exhaust pipes of engines or pumps a pump-boy in Michigan suggested the introduction of a small jet of cold water to play into the exhaust. The plan was acted upon, and it is said to work admirably.

It is proposed to substitute locust for oak in the manufacture of insular pines. The first named wood possesses many superior characteristics, not the least of which is durability. It will last from fifteen to twenty-five times longer than oak.

Many explosions in flouring mills are said to have been caused by electricity generated by belts. Even ordinary belts are found to generate sufficiently strong currents to perform the common experiments for which electric machines are used.

A new centrifugal machine recently invented is called the hematocrit, and it is employed for determining the volume of corpuscles present in blood. Its usefulness lies in the ability which the doctors will now have of comparing the blood of different individuals.

At Sydney, New South Wales, naval works, comprising naval and victualling stores, engines and ship-repairing factory, deep water wharf, with shears to lift the heaviest guns and extensive magazines for naval ordnance stores, are being carried out at the expense of the Colonial Government.

An ingenious electrical balance was recently exhibited in Paris. The object to be weighed was placed in the pan, by which act an electrical circuit was closed and a motor put in operation which moved the weight out on the beam of the balance. When the equipage was established the circuit was broken. Upon emptying the pan the weight returned.

A Fetish Man.

From "Fetichism in Congo Land," by one of Stanley's pioneer officers, printed in the Century, we quote as follows: The fetish man under any name is the authority on all matters connected with the relations of man to the unseen. He is the exorciser of spirits, the maker of charms and the prescriber and regulator of all ceremonial rites. He can discover who "ate the heart" of the chief who died but yesterday, who it was who caused the canoe to upset, and give three lives to the crocodile and the dark waters of the Congo, or even who blighted the palm trees of a village and dried up their sap, causing the supply of mahu, or palm wine, to cease, or drove away the rain from a district and withered its fields of nguba (ground nuts). All this is within the ken of the Ngunza Nkisi, and he is appealed to on all these occasions to discover the culprit, by his insight into the spirit world, and hand him or her to the just chastisement of an outraged community. This is the only substitute for religion that the African savage possesses; its tenets are vague and unformulated, for with every tribe and every district belief varies and rites and ceremonies are as diverse as the fancies of the fetish men who prescribe them.

Electric Lights and Eyesight.

Dr. John H. Payne, a Boston oculist, says: "Most persons who use the incandescent electric light like a new lamp because the light is whiter and more brilliant than after the lamp has been in use for two or three weeks. This is wrong. It is this dazzling white light that harms the eye. An old lamp is the best, for in this the light has become changed to a pale yellow, which is the ideal color. Just as in noonday brightness human sight is not so clear and far-reaching as at the yellow sunset, so a new incandescent burner is not so good for the eye as an old one. An old burner so adjusted and shaded that the light from it does not shine in the face, is the ideal artificial light. An argand gas burner comes next. The use of the arc light should be confined to street lamps. Some storekeepers still use them, but they are terribly hurtful to the eye. This is because the intensity of the light is constantly changing, and this jumping of the blaze is much worse for the eye than the flicker of the gaslight. I have had occasion to treat a great many people for inflammation of the retina caused by working by the light of arc lamps."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seattle, Washington, and St. Paul, Minn., are now connected by rail road.

GIRLS' NAMES.

- Frances is "unattained and free;" Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;" Clara, "clear as the crystal sea;" Lucy, a star of radiant "light;" Catharine is "pure" as the mountain air; Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star;" Felicia, "happy girl;" Matilda is a "daisy tree;" Margaret is shining "pearl;" Rebecca, "with the faithful few;" Susan is a "lily white;" Jane has the willow's curve and "grace;" Cecelia, dear, "is dim of sight;" Sophia shows "wisdom on her face;" Constance is firm and "resolute;" Grace, delicious "favor sweet;" Charlotte, "noble, good repute;" Harriet, a fine "odor sweet;" Isabella is a "lily rare;" Lucretia, "constant as the day;" Maria means, "a starry fair;" Abigail, "joyful" as a May; Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;" Adella, "twice princess proud;" Agatha, "is truly good and just;" Letitia, "is dim of sight;" Junonia, "a soft soul in the air;" Cora, "a sweet spirit hued;" Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;" Selma, "a sweet nightingale;" Lydia, "a refreshing well;" Judith, "a song of sacred praise;" Julia, "a jewel none excel;" Priscilla, "ancient of days."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Comes high, but we must have it—The sun.—Life.

A dead heat must be the kind that is used in a crematory.—Buffalo Express.

A woman can say more with a few tears than a man can express in a book.—Dan's Horn.

"Was Byron a club man?" "Not all through. He had a club foot only."—Munsey's Weekly.

People are like base drums, the thinner their heads the more noise they make.—Washington Star.

When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath.—New Orleans Picayune.

Every one admires a man of push, but nobody wants to be the person pushed aside by the man.—St. Joseph News.

Up goes the price of horses' board. Every bit that goes into your horse's mouth must be paid for.—Boston Transcript.

De Jones—"Say, Van Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?" Van Brown—"Oh, just luck."—Boston Gazette.

Professor—"Gentlemen, the air is a substance which we cannot see, but it is by no means so simple a substance as it looks."—Pittsburg Herald.

Head of Firm (angrily)—"Who is that smoking in the office?" Bookkeeper—"The office-boy, sir." Head of Firm—"Oh, all right. I thought it was one of the clerks."—Brooklyn Life.

From a speech: "Gentlemen, we have great cause for rejoicing that this stone which has so long weighed upon our hearts has been finally removed from our necks."—Pittsburg Herald.

Ross (on the divan)—"I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore." Dolly—"But it's so much easier to love men than to respect them."—Life.

"Mr. Leipap," said the landlady to the new boarder, "do you wish to have your eggs for breakfast in any particular way?" "Yes, madam," he replied; "I prefer them fresh."—Judge.

Miss Physics—"Dear Mr. Physiology, you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in its upper story." Mr. Physiology—"You occupy my upper story, my dear Miss Physics."—Rockester Tattler.

A household journal says: "The toothsome mince pie has quite a pedigree." We knew there was something in it mighty hard to digest, but never once suspected it was a pedigree.—Norristown Herald.

"Amelia, darling," "Yes, Arthur." "You know we are soon to be married." "Yes." "And we should learn to be economical in small things." "Yes." "Hastn't you better turn down the gas?"—Spare Moments.

"I have always taken pleasure in your presence," she said, as they were parting as friends and nothing more. "I beg your pardon," he said, reflectively, "but would you mind spelling that last word?"—Washington Post.

"What's this report about Smithers sending an infernal machine to you, Bronson?" "It's perfectly true. He didn't send it to me, though. He sent it to my boy. It is a music box that plays 'White Wings.'"—New York Herald.

With trembling voice, though ardent look, He faintly asked her could she cool. He owned she could, and, lo! her nose grew. He