

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

One square, one inch, one insertion	100
One square, one inch, one month	1000
One square, one inch, three months	2500
One square, one inch, one year	10000
Two squares, one year	15000
Quarter column, one year	3000
Half column, one year	6000
One column, one year	10000

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

Emperor William, of Germany, expressed himself in a recent speech before the students of the University of Bonn as being in favor of dueling.

Large beds of phosphate have been discovered in Brooks County, Ga., and reports are that there is plenty of it in that section. Preparations are being made to utilize the discovery. The Georgians are determined, remarks the *New Orleans Delta*, that Florida shall not have a monopoly of that business.

Experiments are being made in European navies with captive balloons as points of observation. From one sent up from a French ironclad, ships and the details of the neighboring coast could be seen, in clear weather, for twenty or twenty-five miles. With silk as the material of the cable by which it is held, the balloon could rise in calm weather to a height of four hundred yards. The subject has attracted the attention of the naval authorities in Germany and England.

The German Emperor, who expressed at the conclusion of the recent school conference at Berlin his dissatisfaction with the manner in which Prussian history is taught, has, according to the report of German papers, commissioned Professor Steigler, of the Cadet School, at Litchfeld, to write a new history of Prussia under the Hohenzollerns. The work will serve, in the first instance, as a text-book for military schools, but is expected to be used in time at the high schools of Prussia.

"An institution peculiar to New York, which has been recently established," alleges the *Atlanta Constitution*, "is a civil marriage contract bureau. If you want to get married very quietly, without even the newspapers finding it out, you go to this bureau with your girl, pay your fee, which is \$25, and a civil marriage contract is prepared for you to sign, and the affair is guaranteed to be kept quiet. No record of these marriages are made, and they are not, strictly speaking, legal, but a lawyer who was consulted, said the courts would not doubt legalize them, if any legal question ever arose to make it necessary to test their validity in the courts."

The Latin-American department of the World's Columbian Exposition is very anxious to obtain information concerning a copy of a little quarto published in Rome in 1493, containing the important bull of Pope Alexander VI, by which he divided the New World between Portugal and Spain. Only two copies of this pamphlet are in existence, so far as can be ascertained. One is in the Royal Library at Munich. The other was sold in London at auction by Puttick & Simpson, auctioneers, on the 24th of May, 1854, and was bought by Obadiah Rich for four pounds eight shillings, for some private library in the United States which he declined to name. It has certainly disappeared from the knowledge of bibliophiles, and no trace of it can be found. Any person having knowledge of the whereabouts of this historical treasure will be kind enough to notify the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

The *Scientific American* declares that "the need of fast war vessels was well illustrated by the recent incident in the harbor of San Diego, Cal., when a Chilean cruiser belonging to the insurgents entered the bay, anchored, took on board recruits, supplies of provisions, ammunition, and then sailed away. This ship, under the laws of nations, was in fact a piratical vessel, and as such was seized by the Government authorities at San Diego, and a United States vessel placed on board and in possession. But the Chilean rebels paid no attention to the laws of the United States; they may be said to have captured the place. When they had obtained all the supplies they wanted to assist them in carrying on war against a friendly nation, they appeared and steamed away, carrying off as a prisoner the official representative of the great republic. This was a small ship called the *Itata*, carrying four guns. There is nothing to prevent the Chilean rebels from sending in other boats to capture or bombard San Diego or other towns along the coast. Indeed, while the *Itata* was taking on supplies at San Diego, other vessels of the rebels were hovering outside the harbor. We have no navy worthy of the name, and nearly all our seaports are without proper defenses. Like San Diego, they are at the mercy of any single piratical boat that chooses to enter. This is a very humiliating position for a country like ours to be placed in. All told, we have a pair of small torpedo boats, half a dozen or so of small cruisers, and an equal number of larger vessels. There should be fifty ships where now there are one. Every harbor in the country should be guarded by efficient sentinels consisting of vessels of high speed, ready for instant action, to maintain and enforce the authority of the republic."

### O DEAR TO-DAY.

You are mine, all mine, O dear, to-day,  
From the earliest gleam of your golden dawn,  
Till the twilight takes you forever away,  
And if the stars that you promised me now  
Are gone.  
Oh, what shall I do with you, dear, to-day—  
Shall I hold you close, and never share  
The bliss that comes with your sunny light  
To my seeing eyes with the blind man  
there?  
Oh, what shall I ask of you, dear, to-day—  
More blessings still for my poorly store—  
The gift of a hundred happy thoughts,  
Or the love and the trust of one heart  
more?  
Oh, what shall I say to you, dear, to-day,  
As you glide so softly and silently by—  
That I'm glad, so glad, that you came to me,  
And I'm sorry, so sorry, to see you die?  
Oh, what shall I be to you, dear, to-day,  
When the cold, dark night shall bid you  
sleep,  
And the hours of another morning stand  
Relentless and stern 'twixt you and me?  
Oh, what shall I make of you, dear, to-day—  
In the chain of my life another link,  
That shall glow with other radiant ones  
My path to the beautiful River's brink?  
—*Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.*

### UNCLE EBEN'S MINERALS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.  
"Alix! Alix! where are you?"  
Alix Ames stood like some avenging  
Fate in the middle of the square room at  
Amesford Farm. She had pulled up  
every tack in the well-worn ingrain carpet—  
the one "store carpet"—and had flung  
it bodily out of the window, where  
it had descended with crushing weight  
in the flower-blossoms of a monster  
"burning bush."  
She had opened every casement wide,  
so that the yellow light of the glorious  
May morning streamed in, a flood of  
crystal glory.  
She had tied her auburn hair up in an  
old towel, and stood on a wooden chair,  
brushing cobwebs from the ceiling  
with an ancient broom, like the proverbial  
"old woman" of the nursery  
rhyme.  
At the sound of her sister's voice she  
stopped abruptly.  
"I'm here," said she.  
"What are you doing, Alix?"  
"I'm trying to civilize things a little."  
"All alone by yourself, Alix?"  
"There's no one to help me!"  
"Can't you wait until Bridget Reir-  
don comes to-morrow?"  
Alix shook her tumbled head.  
"This is one of the caves," said she,  
"where patience has ceased to be a virtue."  
No, I can't wait a day longer."  
Ellen looked anxiously around the  
room.  
"Why, what have you done with  
everything?" said she.  
"Cleared them all out. If we are go-  
ing to have summer boarders, we must  
get ready for them. Uncle Eben occu-  
pies our best bedroom, and is likely to  
be for some time; consequently this must  
be fitted up for boarders."  
Ellen sighed deeply.  
"I wish we weren't so poor," said she.  
"I wish we could live without  
filling our house every summer with a  
crowd of noisy strangers."  
"Why don't you wish for Aladdin's  
lamp, or the Kohinoor diamond while  
you are about it?" said Alix, scornfully.  
"Alix, why have you grown so bitter  
of late?" pleaded the gentler of the  
sisters.  
"Am I bitter?" Alix stood still and  
hesitated for an instant or so. "Well,  
perhaps I am. But is it not enough to  
make any one bitter, this constant cur-  
rent of disappointment?"  
"I don't know that we have any more  
to bear than others, Alix."  
"You do, too!" cried Alix, springing  
down from her wooden chair, with  
burning cheeks and eyes afloat. "You  
know you do, Ellen Ames! Here you  
are engaged to Henry Lucas and can't  
marry until he can give you a home;  
here we are weighed to the very earth  
with poverty and care, and this old  
uncle of ours, coming back from a life-  
time of shiftlessness in New Mexico, to  
place an additional burden on our  
shoulders."  
"He is old and poor, Alix."  
"Very well, I'm young and poor.  
Where's the difference? Of the two, I  
maintain that he is the better off."  
Ellen looked at her stormy-tempered  
sister with troubled eyes.  
Evidently she thought it best not to  
continue the subject.  
"What have you done with the little  
case of butterflies and birds' nests?"  
said she; "and the cabinet of minerals and  
the paper box of stones?"  
"I flung them all back of the goose-  
berry bushes," said Alix. "I can't have  
the room cluttered with all the trash he  
brought back in that wooden chest of  
his."  
"Couldn't you have stored them away  
in the old chest itself?"  
"Nonsense! Such stuff as that! And,  
besides, it would have been quite impos-  
sible, for I've had Billy chop the old ark  
up into kindling wood. He'll never  
know!"  
"Oh, Alix!"  
"I don't care!" flashed out Alix, with  
a reckless toss of her head. "It's too  
bad! Everything goes wrong with us,  
and mother is utterly overworked, and  
I'm clear discouraged, and—"  
All of a sudden her factitious courage  
broke down. She sank in a little heap  
on the floor, her head on the wooden  
chair-seat, and her masses of auburn hair  
escaping wildly from the towel, while  
her whole frame shook with sobs and  
bright tears trickled down her cheeks.  
At the same moment Mrs Ames's soft,  
tremulous voice was heard, calling:  
"Ellen! Alix! Where are you, girls?  
Your uncle is looking dreadful bad! Run,  
one of you, for the doctor! And other  
one, come and help me lift him!"  
Ellen flew to her mother's assistance,  
and Alix mechanically tore the towel

### WISE WORDS.

The more important an animal is to be  
the lower is its start. Man, the noblest,  
is born the lowest.  
Without seeking, truth cannot be  
known at all; and seeking it can be dis-  
covered by the simplest.  
Grief is not to be measured by the tears  
shed, nor does the loudest mourner de-  
serve the largest bequest.  
Every incomplete work is a monument  
to human folly. Whatever is worth be-  
ginning is worth ending.  
She was regal, she was haughty, she  
was highborn and distinguished; and like  
the rest of us, she was clay.  
In things pertaining to enthusiasm no  
man is sane who does not know how to  
be insane on proper occasions.  
It is the crushed grape that gives out  
the blood red wine; it is the suffering  
soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.  
Each man can learn something from  
his neighbor; at least he can learn this—  
to have patience with his neighbor, to  
live and let live.  
Think you that judgment waits till  
the doors of the grave are opened? It  
waits at the doors of your houses, it waits  
at the corners of your streets.  
"Nature has fashioned some for am-  
bition and dominion, and it has formed  
others for obedience and submission. The  
leopard follows his nature as the lamb.  
Good thoughts are blessed guests, and  
should be heartily welcomed, well fed  
and much sought after. Like rose leaves,  
they give out a sweet smell if laid up in  
the jar of memory.  
Life is not made up of great sacrifices  
or duties, but of little things, in which  
smaller and smaller obligations  
given habitually are what preserve the  
heart and secure comfort.  
To be full of goodness, full of cheer-  
fulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful  
fulness, causes a man to attract blessings  
of which he is himself as unconscious as a  
lamp is of its own shining.  
Nothing can lessen the dignity and  
value of humanity so long as the religion  
of love, of unselfishness and devotion  
endures; and none can destroy the altars  
of this faith for so long as we feel  
ourselves still capable of love.  
**Fine Points in Cannibalism.**  
It was formerly supposed that the  
relish with which certain savage tribes  
ate their enemies arose from the gratifi-  
cation of the passion of revenge. With-  
in the last few years, however, it has  
been clearly shown that some of the bar-  
barian man-eaters are really fond of  
human flesh for its own sake—that they  
enjoy it as a civilized epicure enjoys  
turkey or roasted ortolans. Your  
Fiji islander thinks the greatest praise  
he can bestow upon any edible is to say  
that it is "as tender as a dead man."  
The Fijians have plenty of provisions,  
but they consider "long pig"—their  
pleasant name for human flesh—much  
finer than pork, beef or mutton.  
The New Zealanders, on the other  
hand, do not consider man's flesh as a  
delicacy, but eat dead heroes and "wise  
men" (whether they imbibe the valor and in-  
tellectual qualities of the deceased dur-  
ing the process.  
The "noble savage" of Terra del  
Fuogo never eats any of his own people,  
except when other meat is remarkably  
scarce, although always ready to "take  
in" the shipwrecked stranger. In several  
winters, if we are to believe the story of  
a British admiral (Fitzroy), the Terra-  
del-Fuogians, "when they can obtain no  
other food, hold the oldest woman of  
their party, hold her head over a thick  
smoke, made by burning green wood,  
and, pinching her throat, choke her,"  
after which she is served up to her  
friends. The barbarians, on being asked  
why they did not eat their dogs instead  
of their old ladies, naively answered that  
their dogs caught others, but that their  
venerable grandmothers and aunts did  
not.  
Probably the majority of even the  
lower order of savages prefer fish and  
yams to human flesh, but it is neverthe-  
less true that there are several tribes in  
Australia, Africa and the South Sea  
Islands that actually hanker after it.  
There is some consolation, however,  
in the assurance given us by travelers  
that most of these anthropophagous  
colored persons to Caucasians as table  
luxuries. This fact is certainly encourag-  
ing to the missionary interest.—*New  
York Ledger.*  
**Ancient Inks.**  
The ink first used probably was some  
natural animal pigment, such as the  
black fluid obtained from various species  
of cuttlefish; but the limited supply of this  
material soon led to the use of a chemical  
mixture of water, gum and lamblack,  
and the characters were painted rather  
than written, by means of a broad-  
pointed reed.  
As ink of this simple nature was easily  
removed from the surface of the parch-  
ment by the mere application of moisture,  
it was early found necessary to contrive  
some means of forming a more durable  
ink, and for this purpose the expedient  
was adopted of treating the mixture with  
some substance such as vinegar, of the  
nature of a mordant, which would pen-  
etrate the parchment written upon, and  
form an ink not liable to fade.  
A chemical dye, consisting of an in-  
fusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was  
afterward used, as from its vitrious ac-  
tion it hit into the medium employed;  
but a compound vegetable ink, contain-  
ing a good deal of carbon pigment, was  
subsequently adopted, and was very  
generally employed down to the middle  
ages.  
With ink of this sort the best and most  
ancient manuscripts which have been pre-  
served to us were written, and the sep-  
arate leaves, after being allowed to dry  
slowly, were bound together in vol-  
umes.  
Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other  
writers, give receipts for the manufac-  
ture of inks.—*Chickens's Journal.*

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

England has an electrical launch.  
Wool is made from wood tree fibre.  
Vermont claims the first electric  
motor.  
Detroit undertakers must wear rub-  
ber coats when they handle diphtheria  
corpses.  
The manufacture of starch from ar-  
row-root is a new and thriving industry  
in Florida.  
At least one person in three between  
the ages of ten and forty years is subject  
to partial deafness.  
The most elaborate dental apparatus  
known belongs to the sea-urchin, whose  
jaws are composed of forty pieces, moved  
by forty separate muscles.  
Certain peculiarities in the spectrum  
of the sun are thought to indicate that  
much of its matter is still in ele-  
mentary forms owing to its intense heat.  
The steel works at Hordde, Germany,  
have introduced a new process for de-  
sulphurizing pig iron, and it is said that  
many of the large works are applying for  
licences to use the process.  
A new mineral has been discovered to  
which the name Sanguinita has been  
given. It is bronze red in color by  
reflected light, and upon analysis is  
found to contain silver, arsenic and  
sulphur.  
It has been discovered that platinum  
at a white heat will consume tobacco  
smoke and keep the atmosphere of a  
smoking-room perfectly clear. Lamps  
with a little ring of platinum over the  
flame are used for this purpose.  
Some English manufacturers are  
bleaching paper, without impairing its  
strength by an electrical process. A  
solution of magnesia chloride is used,  
which is decomposed by a powerful cur-  
rent, with the evolution of chlorine and  
oxygen.  
Inquiry into the subject of explosions  
in mines being caused by dry coal dust  
has led to some very valuable experi-  
ments and plans for clearing the galleries  
of foul air. One of these consists in  
moving open water butts through the  
affected places. The coal dust collect-  
ed in the water, and the air is thereby  
cleared before the danger limit is  
reached.  
A new apparatus for water has ap-  
peared in the form of a still, which is de-  
scribed as consisting of "a series of large  
flat disks of metal, placed upright and  
in position by pipes running hori-  
zontally on the top and bottom. Water  
is boiled in a vessel and the steam is con-  
ducted from the same to the disk through  
a pipe. The steam runs a zig zag from  
the water and the water is collected in  
the bottom pipe." The size of still de-  
signed for family use has eight disks and  
is said to distil a gallon of water in an  
hour.  
Professor R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., of the  
Texas Geological Survey, says the finest  
clays suitable for the manufacture of  
fire brick, earthenware, and even fine  
china ware, are to be found abundantly  
in East Texas. Two companies are now  
engaged making pottery at Athens in  
Henderson County. The articles man-  
ufactured are fine brick, tiles, sewer pipes,  
light etc. The clay at this point is of a  
light gray color, becoming almost white  
when dry. Equally fine clays abound  
near Jefferson, in Marion County, and  
near Ruskin, in Cherokee County. It is  
thought good openings are offered over  
there for manufacturing the finest of  
wares.  
**Snakes Attack a Span of Horses.**  
While Frank Oldham, a young farmer  
living southeast of Pendleton, Ind., was  
harrowing a piece of new ground he  
aroused from slumber two ugly and enor-  
mous black snakes, measuring about  
twelve feet, and immediately showed  
fight. They first made a rush at the  
young man and tried to coil themselves  
around his legs, but he escaped from their  
slimy embrace and made for the fence at  
a rapid rate, closely pursued by the  
serpent. When the snakes saw that Frank  
was out of their reach on the fence, they  
returned to the horses, which had been  
left standing, still attached to the har-  
row. Soon the horses were noticed to  
be rearing and kicking and performing  
acrobatic feats that would surpass Bar-  
nani's trained equines.  
The man, musingly with his courage,  
armed himself with a fence rail and  
hastened to the relief of his team. He  
found one reptile coiled around the fore-  
leg of one horse, and the other snake  
around one of the hind legs of the other  
horse. The serpents struck the defence-  
less animals repeatedly, while the air  
resounded with a peculiar hissing noise.  
After a struggle of about thirty minutes  
the farmer succeeded in beating off the  
snakes and releasing the scared team.  
He then mounted the harrow and a chase  
commenced, the horses at full speed  
dragging the harrow and Frank with the  
snakes in close pursuit. The fleeing  
team raised a cloud of dust, and when it  
reached the opposite side of the field the  
snakes were lost to view. A party with  
guns and clubs was quickly organized to  
search for the snakes, but was unable to  
find them.—*Indianapolis Journal.*  
**Weighing Machines.**  
Weighing machines and scales of some  
kind were in use 1800 B. C.; for it is  
said that Abraham at that time weighed  
out 400 shekels of silver, current money,  
with the merchant to Ephron, the Hit-  
tite, as payment for a piece of land, in-  
cluding the cave and all the standing  
timber "in the field and in the fence."  
This is said to be the earliest transfer of  
land of which any record survives, and  
that the payment was made in the pres-  
ence of witnesses. The original form of  
the weighing scale was probably a bar  
suspended from the middle, with a board  
or shell suspended from each end, one to  
contain the weight, the other to contain  
the matter to be weighed. The steel-  
yard was probably so called from the ma-  
terial of which it was made, and from its  
former length. It is also known as the  
Roman balance, and is of great antiquity.  
—*St. Louis Republic.*

### DOG FOOD AND MEDICINE.

**A UNIQUE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE METROPOLIS.**  
**Preparing Food for Aristocratic Canines—Curious Looking Machines—Patent Physic for the Dogs.**  
The manufacturing of food and patent medicines for the aristocratic dog is one of the few industries not as yet over-crowded. The dog's "Delmonico's," as it may very appropriately be called, has done business at the same stand for a much longer time than its more dignified prototype. Its glaring sign, more attractive than artistic, covers the front of a four-story brick building in an upper East side street.  
For nearly a quarter of a century Spratt's factory has had a monopoly of the making of dog food. Everything that is made by the establishment is most amply protected by patents. But so great is the fear that some one will discover the secrets of the establishment, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that an outsider obtains a view of the interior. The business is now conducted by a limited stock company. From twenty-five to fifty men are employed four-days in the week. Monday and Tuesday of each week are devoted to sorting the stock on hand.  
It is really far from being a prepos-  
sessing place. An odor, anything but pleasant, greets the nostrils of the visitor entering on the ground floor. This is the receiving room of the materials used in the manufactured products. One is hardly surprised to learn that thousands of pounds of butchers' scraps are brought here in the course of a month. Oatmeal in wholesale quantities and tons of herbs are used. The old-fashioned dog-bone, bonest, catnip and beet root under various scientific names, find a use here either as food or as medicine.  
The second floor is occupied by four curious-looking machines having great cylinder attachments. After some of the men have carefully sorted the fat and the meat it is ground up separately in these machines into disagreeable masses. After that it is placed into great wooden tubs, where various mixtures are added. The cooks in this establishment are very chary of telling you just what they put in these tubs. The next process seems so much like the ordinary bakers' work that one is quite disposed to taste things, and when the round and square cakes have been placed in the brick oven and taken out a tempting brown, one is really in sympathy with the aristocratic dog. Having been properly cooled the biscuits are taken to the next floor, where several "hands" are employed to do nothing but pack them in neat paste-board boxes.  
According to size these boxes are labelled for pet dogs, for greyhounds, for St. Bernards. Then there are specially prepared dishes for cats. The poor animal that has been the subject of so much derision has been specially con- sidered, and sufficient of a specially prepared food to keep her for two days may be obtained for fifty cents.  
But it costs a pretty penny to keep a dog. A large dog must have six or eight cakes, besides a quantity of meat. The meat will probably cost ten cents, the cakes four cents apiece. That makes \$3 a week. There is the dog tax, and the dog must have a collar, which will cost anywhere from \$1.50 to \$3.00. There is a crate to send him to the dog show, \$1; a brush and comb, \$4; a waterproof blanket, \$6.50; a mangle-patterned slip, \$10; a brass show-chain, \$2.50; a yard chain, \$1. Then the dog must be housed, an amount of about \$100 to begin with, and \$3 and \$4 a week afterward, will keep an ordinary "400" dog in New York.  
The most important department of all is that of the patent medicines. Away up at the very top of the building, reached from the various odors, is the office of the company. All day long the secretary keeps the books and sends out circulars to every one who has registered a license for a dog.  
Right back of the office, unreach-  
ed by the prying outsider save through the office, is the medicine department. The mixtures of herbs and chemicals are boiled in great kettles and the liquid brought up to this floor to be put in bottles of various sizes and labelled cur or mange, another a liniment for sprains, another to prevent baldness, or rather a stimulant for the hair, which is the same thing. It is quite astonishing to learn that sure cures for seventeen diseases are made. The wonder grows greater when you remember all the dogs one has known that were never treated for anything. When they were sick they went away and lay down in a cool place, having eaten of some herb known to dogs, and slept the illness off. But then, of course, there were no aristocratic dogs. They may have successfully herded sheep or churned the butter but they never would have taken the prize in the dog show.  
Not only does this curious establish-  
ment make liquid medicines, but pills, and as a recent addition to the business it makes dog collars and dog soap and crates for carrying or shipping dogs, dog brushes and combs, mangle-pattern waterproofs, with hoods, for greyhounds, and blankets.  
For its out-of-town trade it makes food which makes hens lay in dull seasons, foods for pigeons and such for washing the latter.—*New York News.*  
**Asbestos Deposit.**  
The Industrial Review calls attention to the wonderful deposit of asbestos which has been found near Hamilton, in Ruzit County, Wash., and has been un- covered for a distance of seventy-five feet, and at the cropping is said to eight feet in width. The asbestos is of ex- cellent quality, the fibers, fine as silk, being in some instances as much as eighteen inches in length.  
The coast line of Alaska exceeds in length by 3029 miles that of all the rest of the United States.

### LOVE'S SHADOW.

My lady sighs. Her thought is stirred  
By something that she deeply feels,  
But cannot tell. The mating bird  
In whifery of song reveals  
A sympathy. Sha, too, could sing,  
Did she but fully comprehend  
The meaning of those notes that ring,  
And with the joy of living blend.  
My lady loves. Across her path,  
Unknown to her, a shadow lies,  
All life its perfect fulness hath  
In bird and bud and cloudless skies.  
Yet, ebbing the songster's bliss,  
She sighs before the song is done,  
She does not know love's shadow is  
Far brighter than the noonday sun.  
—*Eliza Scott Bates, in Harper's Weekly.*  
**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**  
Knowledge may be power; but it  
won't run shafting.  
The cautious man is a very consider-  
able person.—*Washington Post.*  
The single thought that joins two souls  
must be a sort of mental hyphen.—*Puck.*  
It takes stickiness to succeed in  
the human fly business.—*Elmira Ga-  
zette.*  
A Literary Pirate—Something much  
more romantic than the real one.—  
*Puck.*  
Small favors are thankfully received;  
but they are often unthankfully remem-  
bered.  
The frog does not wear life suspen-  
ders too tight, but he looks like it.—  
*Dallas News.*  
When a woman begins to clean house  
the first thing to go is her husband.—  
*Statenman.*  
"That lecturer is a host in himself."  
"Yes. He would make a fine population  
for a desert island."  
What a comfort it would be to a  
housewife to own a hen that could lay  
a carpet.—*Boston Bulletin.*  
The high jumper may practice pa-  
tiently, but his cherished object is to  
win success at a bound.—*Puck.*  
Greene—"Your wife seems to be fond  
of dress!" White—"Yes; every day is  
Decoration Day with her."—*New York  
Herald.*  
The man who invented "the English  
crease" in trousers is quite well off. Are  
we to understand that his fortune is in-  
creasing.—*Statenman.*  
"Do you believe the bad copper al-  
ways turns up?" "Yes—after the fight-  
ing is done and his services are not  
needed."—*Brooklyn Life.*  
Cunso—"Doctors seem to be a  
good deal as a class." Banks—"Yes,  
but they can hardly help it. They have  
to treat people all the time, you know."  
—*Continued.*  
Mrs. Van Millon—"But, Mr. Marigold,  
if you marry my daughter, how do you  
and she propose to live without money?"  
Jack Marigold—"Do you mean to say  
that you would allow your son-in-law to  
starve?"—*Murray's Weekly.*  
There was a man in our town,  
Who was so wondrous wise  
That when his business slumped way down  
He got no advertisement.  
And when the public saw his spread,  
With all their might and main  
Unto his place they straight away sped  
And set him up again.—*New York Herald.*  
Jones—"Why didn't you give Whip-  
pleton satisfaction when he challenged  
you?" Robinson—"According to the  
code, I could not fight him unless I re-  
tracted the insult." Jones—"And what  
did he do, finally, pray?" Robinson—"I  
told him he was not my equal."—*Kate  
Field's Weekly.*  
May—"Helle Von Leer would have  
been a martyr in the dark ages." Stella  
—"What makes you think so?" May  
—"Why, you know, when she found that  
George Hood had lost all his money she  
said: 'If I marry him people will say I  
am a philanthropist, and I cannot and  
will not be ostentatious.' So I shall give  
him up, though it break my heart."—  
*New York Herald.*  
**A Rose Question.**  
In one of the pretty home gardens at  
Bay St. Louis, where the roses grow and  
blow unobscured by fashion and the  
new-fangled names that fashion invents  
for them, there is in bloom a rose tree  
with eccentric flowers. It is a sweet-  
scented damask rose, next in kin prob-  
ably to the new, imperious "American  
Beauty." The tree is covered with  
large, lovely roses in full bloom, and  
from the heart of each rose, growing up  
above the petals on a single stalk, is a  
cluster of three or four little immaturely  
formed roses. Every rose on the tree is  
thus sprouting this most curious freak of  
nature. The second growth of roses  
does not come to perfect flowers, but the  
wizzen, weak, ill-formed flowers growing  
from the heart of the mother rose are  
singularly sweet in perfume. Can any  
of our florists explain the eccentric  
motherhood of this damask rose?—*New  
Orleans Picayune.*  
There were 34,000 cattle bought in  
Chicago during the month of March for  
export to Europe.