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The price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent., owing to its increased use for electrical purposes.

The cheapest railway fare in the world will be that on the Central London Railroad, on which there will be three workmen's trains daily, the fare for six miles being but two cents.

It appears that the Wyoming Legislature, which recently imposed a tax of \$2 on bachelors, was elected by woman's suffrage. "This is significant," observes the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A cycling corps has been added to the equipment of the Salvation Army, announces the New York Commercial Advertiser. Fifty young men have been requested to volunteer to travel for three years on wheels.

The tunnel that will connect Butler Valley, Penn., with the bottom of the mammoth Eberleva vein will be, thinks the New York Times, one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It will open an almost inexhaustible supply of coal, and will serve as a drain for all the colliers in that vicinity.

A good illustration of the expansion of the world's trade during the last thirty years is afforded by the production of petroleum in the United States. In 1859, 84,000 gallons were produced in the Pennsylvania and New York oil fields, and in 1890, 689,029,956 gallons were exported from the various States which now produce the oil.

If the Swiss keep on making railroads everywhere, exclaims the New York Independent, the diligence will soon be a thing of the past. Their latest achievement is the construction of a railway from Viegto to Zermatt, through Stalden and St. Nicholas. The next step will be to make one up the Riffelberg, and then there will be no excuse for any traveler who fails to look upon the precipices of the Matterhorn.

A new kind of stamps will soon be introduced in the postal telegraph service of Russia with a view to securing the inviolability of the privacy of letters. The new stamp is printed on very thin paper, and cannot be used again if it is once put upon a letter. When used wet and taken off the envelope it leaves an indelible impression upon the spot where it was attached, so that if a new stamp is put upon the same spot the impression of the first stamp can be seen through it.

So great is the demand for silver dimes, that they are turned out now at the rate of 100,000 a day. No less than \$3,176,477 in silver dimes have been struck off in the past three years. For this purpose, states the Detroit Free Press, all the uncurrent silver coin is being reworked, notably the silver half-dollar, which is a clumsy pocket-piece and very unpopular. The novelty banks which the dime savings institutions are sending out is supposed to be answerable for the sudden demand. The three mints of Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco are kept busy supplying the wants of the people in this line.

There is no doubt, states the Detroit Free Press, that the world's fair will be somewhat influenced by European politics. With Germany and England in close friendship and Russia allied with France to offset the power of the dread-bund, there is very sensitive and jealous feeling in all quarters, and our commissioners will need to use infinite tact in order to bring all these countries to the point of making generous exhibitions at Chicago. Of England we are certain, and probably of Germany; but France seems coy, and it is not unlikely that Russia will need a degree of persuasion to induce her to do justice either to herself or to the fair.

John Lickenheim, of Riley County, Kansas, who was a scout and fought in Kansas as early as 1855, and built the first log cabin in Riley County when in Kansas City, Mo., a few years ago, gave in his reminiscences, some idea of the rapidity with which that city has replaced nature. "I never thought," he said, "such things could be possible on the ground I used to camp on. When I was here last, some twenty-five years ago, this was all unbroken sod about here. Why, I used to camp a few years before that down in the hollow in the center of the city, and I have watered my horse lots of times at a spring on Troost avenue. Dozens of times I have fought the Indians or the forces of General Price along Kansas City's river front. On one occasion Price with his 40,000 men threatened to drive us blue-coats into the Missouri and the Kaw at this point, but we were reinforced and he had to beat a retreat. In 1860 the old Missouri had its arms spread all over the ground where the Union Depot now stands, and I used to sit down there."

DO RIGHT.

Do right! And let the fools laugh on. To-day they're here—tomorrow gone; While you with folded arms survey, Tread duty's path and clear the way, Be brave; though long and dark the night, Morn' always brings the glorious light; Look up, and fair emotions flame; Shall light you on to wealth and fame. Fight on; the world shall know your name. Do right! Do right! And bear proud folly's scorn, Then laurels crown you, such as they Will feed the torch of cold decay. When grateful thousands bless They'll feel cold want and sore distress So battle bravely; fight to win! Fear not the strife; heed not the din; Bear well the cross the crown to win; Do right! —B. J. McDermott, in New York News.

A CHIP.

Jo Tallafarro's father was poor, his father had been poor before him, and his grandfather back of him again. It was in his great-grandfather's days, and through his great-grandfather's hands, that the money had slipped away from the family. Since then no one had had the energy to replace it. "It was too much trouble," said the Tallafarros, who pronounced their name "Tollyvay."

Jo's father did make a half-hearted effort. He wandered from his home in Alabama up North somehow, and ran away with old Snyder B. Simes's daughter and only child. Snyder B. Simes, lumber merchant, was a Maine man who had made his pile himself and meant to keep it. He burned his daughter's letters unopened and made a new will. "If my money's to be spent in riotous living, I mean to spend it myself," he said, buttoning up his pockets.

Mrs. Tallafarro burst into tears when she first saw her new Southern home; then she got up and put on an apron and began to clean the house. This she continued to do until the day of her death. She never learned to adjust herself to her surroundings, nor that it is sometimes a good woman's duty to ignore dirt. She washed and scrubbed and cleaned, and was finally swept out of this world on a sea of soap-suds—another martyr to the great god of cleanliness.

She left one little boy behind her, named Jo, to the care—more properly speaking, to the neglect—of his father. "Do you see that man?" said the superintendent of the great Brookville glass works, which Northern capital had lately planted in Brookville County, Alabama, "do you see that man?"—he was pointing out Jo's father. "Well you will never see him doing any more than he is now. Nobody ever saw him work. He eats, drinks, clothes himself, has a roof over his head, and a cent in his pocket. Now, how does he do it? And there are a dozen like him about here. I tell you, the mysteries of Paris are nothing to the mysteries of Brookville. And as we can never permit our minds to dwell on a subject without hearing from it again within twenty-four hours, that same day the superintendent received a letter from Jo.

The spelling was dubious and the handwriting shaky, but there was nothing dubious or shaky in the spirit of the composition. "Mister Superintendent: I wud like a Place in yer employ. Jo Tollyvay. P. S.—Tallafarro is to long and quar." The superintendent laughed as he tossed this evident result of anxious labor in the scrap basket. The next week he received a fac-simile of that letter minus the postscript, to which he accorded a similar treatment, but when he saw those same straggling characters on an envelope in his mail the third week he opened it with an amused curiosity.

"Mister Superintendent: I wud like to 2 Letters and hav no ansar. I wot like to be in yer employ but I knat wait I mus git a job. Please sir ansar and oblige. Jo Tollyvay." The superintendent's hand with the paper in it hovered over the scrap basket. Then he drew it back. At his call a weak kneed young man came in from the outer office.

"Have you room for another boy out there?" the superintendent asked. "You have. Well, then, write to this applicant and tell him he may come on trial." For the first few weeks Jo Tolly was like a new born puppy out in the world with his eyes shut. "You must look about you, Tolly," said the head clerk. "Now, I started out with no money, no education, no backing, and here I am, all by keeping my eyes peeled."

RIGHTS OF THE COMPANY IN WHOSE SERVICE HE WAS.

The boy looked so puzzled that he mumbled somewhat. "You don't understand me." "No, sir," said Jo. "I thought I owed the land." "So you do," said the superintendent, reassuringly, feeling now on sure ground; "but not for all purposes." "If I wanted to," said Jo, in a depressed voice. The superintendent's hair almost stood on end. A grog-shop in the midst of his works! He could hardly conceal his dismay. "Tolly," he said sternly, "you must choose between the office and your shop. No man can serve two masters."

"Yes, sir. You are very kind, sir," said Jo, looking gratefully at him. "I was thinking my clerk wasn't doing as well as he might if I had my eye more on him." "And I assure you, gentlemen," said the superintendent, reporting to the board of directors, "when that boy left my office I did not whether it was as a fool or as having made a fool of me." "Call the lad in," suggested one of the directors. "Let us see if we can make anything of him." Jo came in at once on being summoned. He did not even tarry to take off the apron which he wore in his shop, or to brush the flour from his coat.

These adjuncts helped to heighten the ruddy innocence of his appearance as he entered. He faced the curious eyes of the board of directors, when that boy left my office I did not whether it was as a fool or as having made a fool of me. "Did you want me, sir," he asked of the superintendent, and the slow motion of his lips was almost foolish. "But had those lips only been formal to say 'ten thousand' they could not have repeated it more persistently when the question of barter was opened. His slow-moving blue eyes looked with open, childish appeal into the assembled faces. "I do think it's worth that to me, sir, don't you?" he asked of the most urgent speaker; and that gentleman suddenly coughed.

There was one director who took no part in the controversy. He sat in his chair rubbing his hands together and watching the scene from his keen, spare eyes. Every now and then his spare frame was shaken with silent laughter. As the door closed on Jo's retreating figure he gave way to spasms of alternate laughter and coughing. "Oh, dear, dear!" he chuckled, wiping his eyes, "to have that fool look on the outside of his head and all that horse sense on the inside!" "Then, sir, you think him playing a game, do you?" asked the superintendent. "Playing? He's played it! Hasn't he caught us in just the trap he started out to?"

The old man went off in another paroxysm of laughter. "What did you say the lad's name was," he gasped as he recovered. "Jo Tolly," answered the disgruntled superintendent, "or, rather, that's what he calls himself. His real name is T-a-l-l-a-f-a-r-r-o." "Tallafarro—Joseph Tallafarro. What was his father's name?" "Joseph, also, I believe." "It's him. As sure as my name is Snyder B. Simes it's him!" cried the old man, rising to his feet excitedly. "Where's he gone? Where's he gone?" He rushed from the room, his thin legs wavering under him, followed by the bewildered superintendent. When they returned, Jo Tolly, divested of the flour and apron now, was with them.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Snyder B. Simes, "allow me to present my grandson to you, formerly of the firm of 'Jo Tolly,' now full-fledged partner of the lumber firm of Snyder B. Simes & Grandson." The Tolly store is closed, gentlemen. We—that is, my partner—has decided that it is more advantageous for our present business to be on agreeable terms with this Brookville Glass Works Company." Here Mr. Simes, shaking with laughter, broke down again. "Oh, boys, ain't he a chip of the old block?" he cried.—Frank Leslie's.

HOW A KING KEEPS COOL.

Although one may not keep cool, it is some satisfaction to read how others manage it. There is the King of Siam, for instance. He is said to have in one of his country palaces a wonderful pavilion. It was built by a Chinese engineer as a refuge for the King during the extreme heat of summer. The walls, ceiling and floors are formed of pieces of plate glass an inch thick. They are so perfectly fitted together with a transparent cement that the joints are invisible and no fluid can penetrate. The pavilion is twenty-eight feet long and seventeen wide, and stands in the middle of a huge basin made of beautiful colored marbles.

When the King enters the pavilion the single door is closed and cemented. Then the sluice gates are opened and the basin is filled with water. Higher and higher it rises, until the pavilion is covered and only the ventilators at the top connect it with the open air. When the heat of the sun is so great that the water almost boils on the surface of the freshest fountains this pavilion is deliciously cool. And this is the way the King of Siam cools himself off in hot weather. It sounds very delightful. A Giant Sunflower. There is growing on East Walnut street, near Jefferson, a sunflower that has attracted much attention on account of its great size and beauty. The stalk has now attained the height of fourteen feet, and the plant is crowded with forty-five separate and perfect blossoms. As this magnificent bunch of flowers leans toward the rising sun from its dewy bath, the giant plant testifies eloquently to the fertility of the soil of the Ozarks. Kansas should send to Springfield for her floral emblem.—Springfield (Mo.) Democrat.

PIGS FOUND THE WEALTH.

HOW A CELEBRATED COPPER MINE WAS DISCOVERED. A Michigan Boarding-House Keeper Found the Animals Rooting and Squealing in Fine Ore. "How was the Calumet and Hecla discovered you ask. Here, Captain Duncan, you tell this man what he wants to know."

They appealed to the broad-shouldered, smiling faced man whose spirit pervades the great copper mine, stepped up to the little grog waiting for dinner in the hotel at Calumet. "It was pigs," he said. "Pigs!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Pigs, and no mistake," returned the captain. Back in 1863 an exploring party came here to try to find copper. They built a shanty to live in, and of course, they brought some pigs. One night the pigs were lost. The boarding-house keeper started out to find them. After a long search he heard the pigs rooting and squealing, but he could not see them. The noises seemed to come from down in the earth. Next morning a party of men went back to the place whence the noises came, and after a search they found a pit ten or fifteen feet deep. The mouth was covered with bushes, and the growth of the trees about the sides gave every evidence that it had not been used for centuries. There the pigs were contentedly rooting among broken pieces of rock.

"A rude stone hammer and some charred sticks give evidence of earlier explorers who had evidently gone away unsuccessful. The hammer was of the same kind as the other implements, which had been traced back to the days of the predecessors of the Indians whom the French found in possession of the lands—the Indians who built the mounds and who overran the whole country from Mexico to Lake Superior, where they got copper for their implements and utensils. The mound-builders, like the explorers who had discovered the ancient pit, looked for copper only in masses, as it had been deposited in fissure veins and in the lava flows. The huge chunks of virgin copper weighing many tons and the smaller masses hanging in the rocks like metal icicles were the only kind known to the ancients, and the moderns had been assured by the learned geologists that copper could be found only in rocks formed from lava.

"But the pigs had turned over pieces of rock formed by the action of the water—aqueous rocks—and in these conglomerates there certain was copper. This seemed a find indeed. But when the matter was reported science scoffed at the explorers, saying that the copper conglomerates found were simply a freak of nature and that money would be wasted if an attempt should be made to work them. So Mr. Hulbur, who owned the lands, continued to give his attention to the Huron mine, which was working the lava flows. For the money he borrowed for the Huron he gave to Quincy Shaw, of Boston, the lands on which the conglomerates were found. Mr. Shaw soon began to work these rocks, and from these beginnings the richest, the most staple and the best promising copper mine in the world has been built up.

The Calumet and Hecla is a mysterious corporation. Owing the greatest mining plant in the world and spending money lavishly in experiments, improvements and elaborate machinery, the company allows none but its own employees under ground and guards the details of all its affairs with a jealousy that puzzles curiosity. The company owns thousands of acres of land from which it takes the wood—considerably over one hundred cords a day—which in summer feeds its extensive battery of boilers, coal being used only in winter. As the residual wood cracks in the fierce heat it gives off a pungent odor. No lands are sold, but the employees of the company lease the surface right of their lots and can sell out to the company at a fair valuation for improvements and lease.

The company has built an enormous school house, and the towns of Calumet and Red Jacket enjoy a good degree of civilization. The very large number of educated men employed in the various mines makes an excellent society, which has close connections with New York and Boston, where the mines have their financial headquarters. Saturday, July 18, was pay day, and the various mines disbursed in cash \$290,000—an enormous amount of money to flow into the little town about Portage Lake. The people in Houghton and Hancock buy Calumet and Hecla stock as they would make a deposit of money in the savings bank. At the present rate of output President Agassiz reports there is work in sight for seventy years to come. The company is increasing its capacity so as to about double its present output, or to work out the ore in sight in about thirty-five years.

The machinery for the Red Jacket shaft now being put in place will cost the company \$1,500,000. Like all the other machinery operated by the Calumet and Hecla, it is built to stand for ages. The granite on which it rests comes from Massachusetts and the castings from Philadelphia. The great engine in the central power house has a greater power than the two Corliss engines which were the wonder of the Centennial. From a depth of 4200 feet it hauls trains of ore and dumps them on cars to be taken to the great mills on Lake Linden, where the ore is crushed and the rock portions are washed away by successive washings until copper particles as fine as flour are deposited on the washing tables.

A new pumping engine, with a capacity of 50,000,000 gallons a day, has just been put in place, and after the water has been used it is again elevated by huge wheels having a diameter of fifty-two feet, and is allowed to flow into Lake Linden. Six days in the week and twenty-four hour in the day the operations of this great mine are carried on.—Detroit Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Troy (N. Y.) electric car cost \$10,000. Water power runs the Dover (N. H.) electric plant. Harvard College is having constructed the largest and finest photographic telescope in the world. The electric light plant at the palace of Vienna is to be extended so as to make a total of 4000 incandescent lamps.

A resident of Ewart, Mich., has invented a device whereby brakes applied to a locomotive will operate every brake on the train. A new Swedish glass is claimed to have important advantages for microscopes and other fine lenses, giving greatly increased power. A chair propelled by electricity from a storage battery placed beneath the seat is the latest luxury for the invalid. One charging will last for fifty miles of travel.

The telephone between Paris and London having been so successful it is proposed to connect Brussels and London. For that purpose a cable will be laid between Ostend and Dover. A Frenchman has invented an improved method of telegraphing so that it is practicable to transmit 150 words per minute on a single wire. The message when delivered from the machine is typewritten. Artificial grindstones, which outwear by years any natural stone known, are made of a mixture of pulverized quartz, powdered flint, powdered emery or corundum and rubber dissolved by a suitable solvent.

Owing to the rapid destruction of the pianos, the running of armatures at 1000 or more revolutions per minute is being done away with. Slow speed motors, with a normal speed of 400, are now considered the best practice. The longest shaft in the world in one piece, or in any number of pieces, is in the Washington Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. It is 34 inches square, 460 feet long, and transmits power to traveling cranes. It runs at 160 revolutions per minute. It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about thirty pounds of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about \$12 per ton, and there being 10,000,000 tons of coal annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,229 tons of sulphate of the money value of \$1,607,148, are produced.

The question why a piece of solid iron floats on molten iron has been satisfactorily answered by Dr. Anderson and Mr. Wrightson. The cold metal is really heavier than the molten, and when first placed in the latter it sinks by virtue of its weight; but growing warmer it expands, and thereby becoming specifically lighter it rises to the surface. After a time, however, it again shrinks and melts into the fluid mass around it. Some of the most prominent iron founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings, the method in question consisting in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of thin plates for the ovens of cooking stoves, it being found that a sheet of thin iron in the center of a quarter-inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

History of Lighthouses.

The history of the lighthouse goes back to the time when your neighbors didn't fling things into your back yard. It is claimed that Virgil had knowledge of a lighthouse, and that he stated that one was placed on a tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, the light of which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. It is even said that the colossus of Rhodes, erected 300 years before the birth of Christ, showed from his uplifted hand a signal light. But the famous Pharos of Alexandria, built 255 B. C., is the first light of undoubted record. Other lights were shown from towers at Ostia, Ravenna, Apamea, but the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest sea town. This was built in the reign of Trojan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers built by their Roman conquerors, which were used as light-houses, and they are to-day marvels in the art of masonry.—Chicago Herald.

Preserving Iron From Rust.

The beautiful ironwork so much in vogue nowadays, is generally finished, on account of its susceptibility to rust, with a coating of black lacquer, or some other preparation, which is not only inappropriate but gives to the metal an unnatural appearance. A clever Frenchman, who was an expert in metal work, showed us such a simple and effective way of preserving it from rust, that it is worth remembering. The only material required is a cow's horn (the toy trumpets sold in the shops will answer the purpose). Heat the iron and rub the edge of the horn over it—that is all. If the horn smokes a little as you rub it on you will know that the iron is hot enough. This will cause the horn to melt, and an imperceptible coating will be left upon the iron that will afford complete protection from the damp for a year or more on outdoor work. On outdoor ironwork it will last indefinitely.—New York Tribune.

A Foot-Measuring Machine.

A Baltimore man has recently taken out patents for a machine that takes the measure of a foot just as the familiar apparatus used by the hat-makers and draws a diagram of a man's head. This principle of the machine is the same as a series of movable pins conforming to the outline of the foot and registering the shape thus indicated. It is rather a coincidence to note in this connection that the diagram made by a hat-measuring machine invariably resembles an old shoe.—New York Journal.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

There's gold in the miser's chest; Back locked with a golden key; And a gold mine in a woman's hair; And gold in the sands at sea; There's a tawny gold on the wheat's little length; Where it's brown-tooled billows nod, But never a gold so full and free, Ah, me—None, none like the golden-rod.

There's gold on the maple's branch That gleams on an autumn leaf; And a golden crown when the sun dies down; While the shadows turn and flee; There's a wealth of gold in the pointed leaves; Where the willow strokes the soil, But no such feathery flag, Ah, me—None, none like the golden-rod.

There's gold in the daffodil's faint streaks That glint on the poplar tree; There's gold in the mine, and in less of wine; And gold on the tumble-wee; But by the plumes of its brightly crest, Where the wild wind rides rough-shod, There is never a gold so fair to see, Ah, me—None, none like the golden-rod. —Ernest McElroy, in Artemus Traveller.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A work of art—Selling a picture.—Puck. The demonstration of canine joy begins at the end.—Boston Courier. An ice bill may be cool, but it is not always collected.—Washington Star. No man can be a hero to his valet; Heroes have no use for such attendants.—Puck. An ardent swain goes to court prepared to plead his own cause.—Detroit Free Press. If life really were a poem, it is doubtful if any one would be averse to it.—Detroit Free Press.

Belle.—"This mirror is simply perfect." Bea.—"Ah, I see. It flatters you."—Yankee Blade. The spoon craze pervades the watering places. It takes only two to make a full set.—Boston Herald. When a firm winds up its business it is only reasonable to suppose that it has been running down.—Detroit Tribune. Querulous.—"What is Mrs. Moneybags's position in society?" Cynicus.—"Why, it's capital."—Washington Star. She.—"Why do you shudder and shut your eyes when you see a hammock?" He.—"Because I've been there."—Morning Journal. Ever since Rebecca went to the well watering-places have been great resorts for ladies with matrimonial aspirations.—Chicago News. There is no affliction without its compensating benefit. The deaf mute is a stranger to the trials of the telephone.—Boston Transcript.

A distinctive feature of this season's hats for the ladies is an exceptionally low crown. Not so the price. It is as high as ever.—Detroit Free Press. Theatre Manager (to departing spectator)—"Beg pardon, sir, but there are two more acts." "Yes, I know it. That's why I'm going."—Philadelphia Blast. "The Eastern sage believes that there is a sign on each man's forehead that the angels may read," he whispered softly. "What is yours?" she answered. "To let!"—New York Herald. Philanthropist.—"You say your brother treated you with unkind disrespect? In what way?" Tramp (wiping his eyes)—"Went to work in my presence."—New York Herald.

At supper the other evening Fellewite rather brusquely bade the table girl give him some sauce. He got what he asked for, but, somehow, did not seem to relish it.—Detroit Free Press. "I say, waiter," exclaimed an impatient customer, "I've been here a full hour!" "I've been here since seven this morning," answered the waiter. "Tiresome, ain't it?"—Philadelphia Record. The Maiden.—"I hope you noticed, Mr. Rimer, that it was your book that I brought out here to read." Mr. Rimer.—"Yes. I also noticed that you fell fast asleep over it."—Mansey's Weekly. "We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicier." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—Indianapolis Journal. "You couldn't get steaks as rare as you liked them at your late boarding house, eh?" said the old boarder to the new. "Well, I'll be rare enough you'll get them here, let me tell you!"—Detroit Free Press. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the world the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American Continent with a point lace cloth. "Did any one ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"—Life. One occasionally reads of the discovery of the petrified remains of human beings. Is this to be taken as indicating that there may have been those in days of yore who succeeded in making themselves solid!—Detroit Free Press.

A Jefferson avenue young man who has money enough to do the summer resorts and conscience enough to flirt with every girl he meets, went into a Wood ward avenue jewelry store last week where he knew one of the clerks. "I want three rings, lady's size," he said. "Ah," smiled the clerk, cunningly, "going to have a circus, are you?"—Detroit Free Press. "How are you getting on with the piano?" asked Alphonsus of his best beloved Matilda. "Oh, very well; I can see the great progress in my work." "How is that?" "Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practice. The next people stayed a month, the next ten weeks and the family there now have remained near by six months."—Yankee Blade.