

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$15.00; Two Squares, one year, \$25.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$10.00; Half Column, one year, \$15.00; One Column, one year, \$20.00; 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.

Mrs. Mary Lease says that the prairies of Kansas are dotted with the graves of women who died of "mortgage on the farm."

An observant woman is authority for the statement that the evolution of man in the matter of domestic science has taken a mighty stride of late. In proof of this, she cites the Boston Transcript, where King Humbert of Italy proudly dabbled in amateur cooking.

The United States Senate is a great place for clams, avers the Chicago News-Record. Buck and Allison were such a pair, as were Don Cameron and Butler, Vest and Plumb, Edmunds and Thurman. Another notable case of congressional Damon and Pythias is that of Tom Reed and Bourke Cockran in the House.

In 1825 there was but one lone representative of homopathy in this country. To-day 25,000 physicians are enrolled under the banner of Hahnemann. In 1836 the first homopathic college in the world was incorporated, issuing diplomas to sixteen physicians in six years. Now, says the New Orleans Picayune, there are sixteen such colleges graduating annually 500 students.

That the Norsemen discovered America centuries before Columbus did receives emphasis from Professor Horsford, of Harvard, who says that they landed on the Charles River at Cambridge. The professor petitions the municipal authorities to protect certain ridges of grass-covered earth, which he claims are the foundations of Leif Erickson's house and date from the year 1000.

While farmers in the South are complaining that the last year's cotton crop of nearly 9,000,000 bales—the largest ever raised—will leave them scarcely a dollar of profit, and bring thousands of them in debt," exclaims the St. Louis Republic, "the Illinois State Board of Agriculture reports that seven of the ten corn crops of that State between 1882 and 1891 were raised at a loss of \$80,000,000."

New York is the first city in the country to start an effort to provide artistic street decorations for a public celebration. In order to secure worthy results, Perry Belmont, Chairman of the Art Committee for the Columbus celebration on October 12, has called to his aid as advisers the leading painters, sculptors, designers and architects of the city. This is a distinct and important advance in civilization, declares the Boston Transcript. The popular taste has been too long at the mercy of mere contractors.

John Burns, the eminent English labor authority, says that no man's services are worth more than \$2000 a year. The St. James Gazette notes that an exception will have to be made in the case of opera tenors, as Jean de Reszke earns that much in a week. Recently he contributed one night's salary to the Erving Thomas memorial fund in the shape of a check for \$800. At three performances a week that amounts to the neat sum of \$125,000 a year, more than the most fashionable physician or the most successful lawyer can hope to clear. For the last two generations, says the Gazette, famous singers have been paid the most enormous rates, yet none of them have transmitted any amount of money to the next generation. It is easy come, easy go.

An interesting contribution to the discussion of American country roads comes from Professor Richard T. Ely, who affirms that "poor roads cost this country on the average over \$20 a horse." He is sustained by Professor Jenks, of Knox College, who thinks "\$15 a horse is a low estimate for this loss." The Board of Trade, of Knoxville, Tenn., has also made the suggestive computation that bad dirt roads cost the people of that one commonwealth more than \$7,000,000 a year. From tables made upon other statistics it is also declared that on a gravel road a horse will draw nearly one and a half times the load, and on macadam over three times the load he can draw on the common dirt road. The losses from time consumed, from wear on beast and vehicle and from repairs in indirect ways fall principally, of course, upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits. The average cost which produce carriers bear in hauling to the Knoxville market from the surrounding farming region is estimated at \$7.50 a load. This average, it is authoritatively stated, could be reduced one-half upon good dirt roads and five-sixths upon good macadam roads. That is to say, one of the chief expenses borne by farmers is doubled through the extravagant economy which perpetuates poor roads. It is, comparatively speaking, a saving of cents and a spending of dollars. The amount of money annually lost in this country from coast to coast through badly kept highways can only be guessed at, but it is something enormous.

AFTER THE COWS.

The pasture reached to the bleak uplands where the sugar maples stood. Firmly brook amid the rocks, at the edge of the green pine woods. The brook from the spring in the forest leaped downward in clouds of spray. And the tall ferns drooped and nodded their heads above the bowlders gray. The hush of the summer evening fell, restful and cool and damp. The firefly in the butterfly meadows lighted his ghostly lamp. And high in the flare of the sunset climbed up the dome of the blue. As three little children went after the cows, barefooted through the dew. The whippoorwill sang in the alders that fringed the bank of the stream; and, like the mystical music one hears in a beautiful dream, the tinkles of cow-bells blended with the rippling waters below. And the full red moon in the shadowy east on the horizon hung low. Theirs was sweet with the clover bloom from the banqueting-grounds of the bees, and the woody scent of the mosses that hid in the shade of the trees; The cow-path wound through the hemlocks and round the high ledges curled, Where, gazing out through the distance, we saw to the ends of the world! We called the cows through the gloaming—Ruby, and Bessie, and Floss, Cherry, and Mally, and Dimple, and Bounce—"Co, boss! co, boss! co, boss!" And down the path through the clearing they thundered, and tramped, and roared, with their bellows hoarsely borne high aloft as they galloped to reach the ford. Knee-deep in the gurgling water they crowded and pushed as they drank; They reared and hopped at each other as they climbed the slippery bank; They plunged their heads in the elements as it hung in its tangled net, and tossed on their horns the wet grass, so snaky and green and wet. Three little children followed them close, all fearless and happy and free. Holding the tassels by the hands of each child—three little children, three, Through the soft cool damp of the shadows and under the light of the stars, Driving the cows with their tinkling bells home to the barnyard bars.—Clara Augusta, in Wide Awake.

A TALE OF TEZCUCO.

O back with me in fancy, dear reader, to a time almost six centuries ago. Turn southward to the royal city of Tezcucoc, on the eastern border of the great Mexican lake, that powerful neighbor and ally of the Aztecs, which for several centuries flourished a part of what is now the Republic of Mexico. Stretching away from the impetuous city toward the mountains were fields of yellow maize, that glittered in the sunlight like seas of gold. Mingled with and beyond these were plantations of the maize or aloe, one of the most important and useful products of the country. Farther in the distance, and from hence extending to the mountains themselves, were vast forests of the rich and variegated flora of the then semitropical region. One evening, as the sun was casting his last bright beams on the valley, shedding a refulgent glory over the landscape, there stood at the edge of the forest two men engaged in earnest conversation. One of these, although young, was clad in the garb of a high warrior, or "lord of the realm," with a short tunic over which was a cuirass made of thin plates of gold and silver. A magnificent cloak of many-hued feathers and a silver helmet, from the top of which waved a panache of variegated plumes, sprinkled with precious stones, completed the attire of the Prince, for such he was. His companion was a man whose hair was white with age, yet his eyes flashed with energy and his step was still firm. This was Huitzil, priest of the terrible war god, Huitzilopochtli. "The younger man was speaking. 'And thinkest thou not, good Father Huitzil, that my father, the King, will decree to save the maiden, that she may become my wife?'" "Nay, Prince Nezahualcoyotl, that may not be. For who would oppose the commands of the great and awe-inspiring Huitzilopochtli, the god of gods? And has he not spoken through me, his servant, that the maiden must die? Nay, my son, lift not thy hand against the appointed of the gods! Thou shalt find others as worthy of thy favor as Tula. The world is wide and Huitzilopochtli is its ruler. He who taketh one can give another. He advised, my son, and let not thy hand be guided by the rashness of the unbeliever."

"My father, thou art wise, but thou art old. It is naught to thee that the fierce passion rages in my bosom. Thou art like yonder mountain, rearing its snow-clad summit toward the sun. I am like the fire mountain, the flames roar in my bosom. What knowest thou of youth or the love of youth? I tell thee that I love the beautiful Tula, and she shall be my bride, or another shall sit on the throne of Tezcucoc in the stead of my father. I have said it."

The visage of the old priest was stern as he replied to this impetuous outbreak. "My son speaks truth and falsehood. He is young, and has the flames of the fire mountains within his bosom, yet is the wisdom of the gods withheld from him. Huitzilopochtli has opened my eyes, and I see into the future. The old King sits upon his throne in peace. He dreams not of danger, yet the enemy is at his gates. One comes from the north, and the old King is slain. I see the

Prince Nezahualcoyotl driven like the best from cave to tree. But at last he is the victor. He sits on the throne of Tezcucoc, and a maiden sits by his side. The face of the maiden is not the face of Tula. At the old priest continued he fell into a rhytmical chant. He stretched his arms toward the setting sun, and as he ceased speaking the last ray of the orb of day fell askant his upturned countenance, lighting it with an almost divine radiance, until the listening prince stood awestruck and wondering. The ray of light faded away, and still they remained silent, wrapped in thought. At length the priest continued: "My son, I have spoken truth. Thou shalt see it. Go!" The young man stood irresolute for a moment only, then turned toward the city, while the priest entered the forest.

The judgment hall of the royal city was of such splendor and magnificence that it would indeed seem strange in our day, when the temples of justice scattered over our land are usually plain and unembellished by ornament of any description. On the walls hung tapestry, made of the hair of different wild animals, of rich and varied hue, festooned by gold rings and embroidered with figures of birds and flowers. At one end of the hall was a throne of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones, above which was a canopy of variegated plumage, gleaming with gold and jewels. On a stool in front was placed a human skull, crowned with an immense emerald of a pyramidal form, and surmounted by a signet ring of brilliant plumes and precious stones. On the day following the young Prince's interview with Huitzil the priest, just as the sun reached the meridian, the sound of the tomtom was heard, calling the lords to the hall of judgment. They entered the outer or lesser hall, where they arranged themselves in the order of their rank. They were a noble looking band of men, fourteen in number, all wearing the gold and silver curacas, the cloak of rich featherwork and the silver helmet which proclaimed them to be the great lords of the realm, the highest in rank in the court of the Tezcucoc monarch. When all had assembled the King, Nezahualcoyotl, was announced by a messenger, and presently the monarch entered, clothed in his robes of state, and preceded by a band of thirteen priests. Leading the way into the judgment hall, the King took his seat on the throne, placed a golden crown, encrusted with precious stones, upon his head, and took in his right hand as a scepter a golden arrow. From the grave faces of the lords it was evident that the case on which sentence was to be given was one of importance. Silence was over the assembly until Huitzil stepped forward from among the priests. Placing his right hand over his heart, he made a low bow to the King and then spoke: "Most noble and illustrious Nezahualcoyotl, thou who rulest over all Anahuac, know that under the forces of thy arm and the terror of thy might there is no Nation left to withstand thee. The captives are few, and the terrible Huitzilopochtli is a-hungered. Already is his face clouded when he looks upon Tezcucoc. His feasts are no longer red with the blood of many captives, and his anger has arisen. But, O King, the terrible and mighty war god spake to me, and he said: 'Thou shalt offer one little sacrifice will his anger be banished. The god of gods, Huitzilopochtli, great and terrible, commands that the most favored maiden of Tezcucoc be offered on the altar of sacrifice on the tenth day hence, and the lot has fallen upon Tula. Thus shall his wrath pass over the head of the King and be kindled against his enemies. The prophet of the gods has spoken.'

The priest retired, and from the ranks of the nobles came the youngest of all, the Prince Nezahualcoyotl. With a profound bow he advanced to where the priest had stood, and waiting in silence until the monarch commanded. "Speak!" Then, amid the most respectful silence, the prince began: "Most noble sire, thou who art in very truth my father, many days ago thy son, the prince, hunted in the forest. There found I the maiden Tula in the hands of three enemies, the robbers of Tepanaco, who would have borne her away to their haunts. I rescued her, and I carried her back to her home in the royal city. And I loved the maiden, and we pledged our troth when the moon was high over the fire mountain. And now, O my father, would the priest of the terrible god take the maiden Tula as a sacrifice. Other maidens there are, fair to see, and highly favored; their breath as the zephyr of the south, their skin white as the lily of the lake, their countenance of Quetzalcoatl. O my father, is there none who may be offered but Tula?" With faltering steps the young man retired, overcome with emotion. On the faces of the nobles was written pity and sympathy, but the priests looked haughty and triumphant, feeling confident that the monarch would not oppose the will of the gods. In silence they awaited the decision of the King. The law of Tezcucoc allowed a plea and counterplea only within the hall of judgment, all other evidence or argument having been heard previously in another place. The moments passed, and the King spoke not. The silence remained unbroken. The face of the monarch was a study; the conflict that raged in his breast between love for his son and fear of the gods was long and severe, but at length the latter gained the victory. Suddenly he arose and advanced toward the stool where rested the skull. With the golden arrow in his right hand he drew a line across the emblem—and the deed was done. The maiden Tula was doomed. Silently they left the hall as they had

THE CANARY-BIRD TRADE.

A HOUSE INDUSTRY OF NEEDY GERMAN PEASANTS.

Poor Families Raise the Feathered Singers in Their Homes—This Country Buys the Most Canaries. FOR more than a century the business of raising canaries has rendered bare existence a possibility to many poor people in Germany. Fifty years ago it had already grown to such dimensions that it became necessary to seek a foreign outlet for the trade. About 1850 the German dealers began making shipments to New York, and finally they turned their attention chiefly to the United States, the demand from this side of the water having become very great. During the last year canary birds were third in money value among the articles exported to the United States from Hanover. The breeding of canary birds in Germany is mainly a house industry of poor and needy people. Their profit is, of course, small; but to the poor, who can hardly earn daily bread, their bird cages are like little savings banks, from which they can draw at regular intervals a trifle to add to their other earnings, enables them to make ends meet. The canary bird industry, without making any serious claim upon the peasant's time or care, cheers his home and brings him a modest profit. Having in the summer raised a brood of young birds, he awaits with anxiety the visit of the dealer in the autumn, which will place in his hands money to help him through the winter. The principal seat of the industry was formerly the Harz Mountains, where the poor mountaineers, engaged chiefly in mining and lumbering, were in great need. Almost every family had in the sitting-room, in the bed-room, or in a garret a breeding place for birds. In the summer the food necessary for the birds was easily obtainable, and before the winter came the dealer had purchased them. After the Harz Mountains became more frequented by visitors desirous of improving their health in the pure air, the poverty of the mountaineers was diminished, and the canary bird industry fell off more and more. At present only fine singers are bred in the Harz, and for these the dealer must pay a high price. The industry was then transferred to Eichsfelde, in the province of Hanover, where there are many poor weavers. Nearly all of these are now engaged in the breeding of the cheaper varieties of canary birds. The industry exists also in the poorer districts of Hesse, in the great Luncenburg Moor, in parts of Westphalia, and among the Suetlic Mountains in Saxony. About 250,000 canary birds are raised every year in Germany.

First in importance is the market of the United States, which takes in round numbers 100,000 birds per annum. Next is the English market, which takes about 50,000 per annum. Then come Brazil, Chile, the Argentine Republic and Australia. To these countries seamen are sent with canary birds every year. The rest, especially the finer Harz birds, are sold in Germany, where more weight is given to fineness of song and where higher prices can be obtained than anywhere else. The average price for ordinary canary birds is from sixty to eighty cents for males. Hence the canary bird industry adds about 1,000,000 marks per year to Germany's National wealth, and this amount goes chiefly into the hands of the poorest class. The growth of this industry is due to two causes: The German bird dealer has always been very enterprising, and the canary birds raised in Germany are said to sing better than any others. While very beautiful birds are raised in England, in song they are surpassed by the German canaries. German dealers claim that canary birds bred from imported parents in the United States are poor singers, owing to the warmth of our climate. About two-thirds of the 100,000 canary birds exported annually from Germany to the United States are imported by a German resident of New York. At Braunschweig, in the Harz, this man has a factory which is capable of turning out every day the material for one thousand bird cages. The material is given out to the peasants, who make the cages at home. The birds are shipped to New York, via Bremen, accompanied by attendants. Each attendant has under his care about 1000 birds, each in its wooden cage. As a bird must be fed and cared for regularly, the attendants are kept busily employed. One of these attendants has already crossed the ocean more than a hundred times in charge of birds. There are thirty such employes. The New York house disposes of these birds—the finest among them being the Andreasberg Harz canaries—in New Orleans, Charleston, San Francisco, and other American cities, as well as in Canada. Moreover, buyers are sent throughout the United States to obtain American birds and animals, and also to Mexico and Cuba for parrots. These are brought to Germany by the canary attendants upon their return. In this manner this same person annually imports into Germany from the United States about 5000 Virginia cardinal birds, 3000 nonparrots, 2000 indigo birds, and 500 mocking birds.—Boston Transcript.

How to Store Table Silver. Silversmiths now counsel their patrons to keep fine table silver in Canton flannel rather than in wool. The explanation is that the woolen flannels breathe commonly employed for this purpose are treated, in the course of their production, with sulphur, and enough of the latter clings to the flannel to tarnish the metal when it is kept in damsel bags.—Boston Transcript.

A Warbling Girl.

A lady writing in the British Medical Journal says that she recently heard a young girl of fourteen years "whistle," as her people called it, but "warble" it really was, for she kept her mouth slightly open, and the lips merely trembled, the notes being formed in the throat, the centre of it working as a bird's does when singing, and the sounds produced were exactly like those of blackbirds and thrushes. She warbled several airs to pianoforte accompaniments faultlessly and most beautifully modulated, and so powerful were the notes that her grandmother, who was excessively deaf, could catch every one without the slightest effort in another room, a little distance off. In the same room some notes were deafening when she poured them out at the forte parts. She had been self-taught, entirely from "whistling" to her dog and sitting in the window to "warble" to the birds.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Pure butter may contain ten per cent. of water.

A lead mine which yields almost pure lead has been discovered at Turner, Me. Morgan County, Missouri, it is said, furnishes the best fire-brick clay in the world. Professor Calvin, of the State University has been chosen as Iowa's State Geologist to conduct a new survey. Tests recently made at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., show that alumina has no very marked influence upon the magnetic conductivity of cast iron, but slightly decreases its permeability. The strawberry plant seems to possess an amount of intelligence. It will invariably run its shoots in the direction of ground which contains a maximum amount of nutriment, and will never grow its runners towards a barren or sandy spot. There are in southwestern Missouri many openings in the earth, which are called "blow holes" and "cold caves," from which issues a cold blast of air. A local theory is that the temperature of these places is reduced by the enormous deposit of ammonia, caused by the presence of bats. Pieces of iron which can be set up in the form of a rudimentary steam engine were recently found, together with a Latin treatise on steam as a force, in an iron chest, dug up near Holsingsfort. This extraordinary archeological find is supposed to date from the first half of the twelfth century. Shooting-stars are small bodies consisting at most a few pounds and weighing mainly of iron and carbon. They traverse space in swarms and also revolve around the sun in long elliptical courses like comets. Their brightness is due to heat engendered by the energy of their motion. Their speed is enormous, being nearly twice as great as the speed of the earth on its orbit. The installation of a 4000-ton hydraulic press in the St. Jacques iron works at Montlucon, France, serves to mark the progress of an innovation in forging works. The substitution of hydraulic presses for powerful steam hammers of the forging of large masses of steel has for some time been steadily on the increase. It is found that the work of the press is more regular, homogeneous and rapid, and that the press costs much less to install than the steam hammer.

It is said that ravens often reach the age of a hundred years. Ducks and cuckoos are likewise very long lived. Magpies, which live to a very advanced age at liberty, do not exceed twenty-five years in the confinement of a cage. It is not rare to see domestic cocks of fifteen years; and with care they reach twenty. The limit of the existence of pigeons is ten years; the smallest species live from eight to eighteen years. Nightingales will not endure more than ten years of captivity. Canaries reared in a cage live twelve or fifteen years, but in their native islands they reach an age of several dozen years. Richest Jewel in the British Crown. India, as a part of the British Empire, forms the richest jewel in the crown of Queen Victoria. The dazzling beauty of the Koh-i-Nur diamond well represents the glory of the Indian Empire. Excluding Burma, it covers a territory of 1,378,044 square miles, with a population of 285,000,000. Of this territory over 500,000 square miles are under native rulers subject to the English as the paramount power. The larger native States or territories are nine in number: Rajputana, Central India, the Malhatta States, Mysore, Travancore, Nepal, Kashmir and the Mohammedan States of the Panjab and Sind. The various native States, including the minor principalities, number nearly 500. Some of these chiefs wield great political influence. The Nizam of Hyderabad controls 11,000,000 of people and maintains an army of 50,000 men. The Raja of Gwalior governs 3,000,000 and has an army of 22,000 soldiers. The Raja Holkar controls half a million people, having an army of 8500 men.—Chicago Graphic.

Oddities About the River Nile.

The Nile has but a fall of six inches to the thousand miles! The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-four to twenty-six feet above low-water mark, and flowing through the "Valley of Egypt" in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last thousand years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned. After the waters recede each year the exhalations from the mud are simply intolerable to all except natives. This mud deposit adds about eight inches to the soil every century, and throws a muddy embankment from twelve to sixteen feet into the sea every year. This being the case it is plain that the mouth of the river is thousands of feet further north now than it was in the time of the Ptolemies, and it is only a question of time when the sediment will make a dam entirely across the Mediterranean Sea.

An Electric Bath Cabinet.

An electric bath-cabinet made by a Western manufacturer is of the usual size of vapor baths, with a lid enclosing the body completely, except the head, which is exposed. Electric lamps are distributed around the body of the patient, being arranged in groups of fourteen and operated by a separate switch for each group. About sixty lamps of sixteen-candle power are used in the bath. The sides of the interior of the cabinet are lined with polished nickel to give reflective power. The effect of the strong light is to brown the skin as if it had been exposed to the sun. The combined effects of the electric and vapor bath are said to be without the usual depressing effects of the vapor bath alone, in fact, having an opposite effect.—New York Post.

A SONG OF NEED.

When you shall dwell in Tranquil land, Where sweet the summers be, Lean in the light and kiss your hand, And kiss your hand to me. For I, who dwell in Lonely land, By that sweet sign shall see That Love to you is kind and grand— So kiss your hand to me. When you shall dwell in Midnight land, Where tears and moanings lie, Fold on your heart the unkind hand And sigh your soul to me. And I, though lost in Lonely land, Will send an answer true, And groping blindly for your hand, Creep in the dark to you! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Hard lines," said Mr. Plonker, when he couldn't translate a passage in Homer.—Yale Record. "Hallo, Bronson! You look hot. How did you get in that condition?" "Opening a car window to cool off."—Harper's Bazar. Jason says it is strange nobody ever finds out what the wild waves are saying although ever so many go to sea.—Elmira Gazette. "Miss Budd is a very sharp girl." "Yes, indeed. I guess that is why she cuts so many of her acquaintances."—The Club. There is never so much excitement when a man begins to smell a rat as when a woman first sees a mouse.—Philadelphia Times. "I felt so cheap during the ceremony," confessed the bride to her dearest friend. "Why, my dear?" "Because pa gave me away."—Detroit Free Press. "Do you believe all you see, Hicks?" "No, I see you whenever we meet, but I don't believe you more than a tenth of the time."—Brooklyn Life.

A woman will fight her relatives any time for her lover, and when he becomes her husband will work him any day for her relatives.—Arlington Globe. He treated me coldly last night, and yet I'm not sure I should seem, For his treatment I hailed with delight— He brought me six plates of ice-cream! —Boston News. Said the lecturer—"The roads"—these mountains are too steep and so far even a monkey to climb; therefore, did not attempt the ascent."—Boston Transcript. "Any—'Has he ever loved any other girl before?' Mabel—"No; that doesn't worry me. What I want to know is if he will love any other girl in the future."—Harper's Bazar. "What! Do you dine in that fourth-rate place?" "Only when I am not hungry. What is the use of wasting good food on a poor appetite?"—Indianapolis Journal. "Do you know Widdiken's widow?" "Oh, yes." "I hear she is going to contest the old man's will." "I don't wonder at all. She always did when he was alive!"—Chicago News. "Do you think that truth is stranger than fiction?" "I don't know," replied the cautious man; "when some people that I know get through with it, generally seems to be."—Washington Star. She—"How did you and Tom Hillow happen to get married, Blanche?" Blanche—"We were both single, you know?" "Yes!" "Well, we married to get even."—Smith & Gray's Monthly. She (to Cousin George, who has just returned from the tropics)—"Oh, George, dear, how kind of you to bring me this dear little monkey! How thoughtful you are! But—but—it's just like you!"—Fanny Folks. First Student—"How did you get on in your examination?" Second Student—"Badly! And to add insult to injury one of the professors was hard of hearing, so that I had to repeat in a very loud tone everything I did not know."—Fliegende Blaetter. "Do you kill the germs in the hydrant water, ma'am?" queried the family physician. "Yes, I try to, doctor." "You boil the water, I suppose." "Not now, doctor; it's so thick we bake it!"—Chicago News-Record. Wells—"I hear that stingy old Grab-gold has really married a shop girl." Griggs—"Yes, but everybody knows that he never would have fallen in love with her if he hadn't found her at the five-cent counter."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Miss Irene Keramith, (in raptures)—"O, she plays that Beethoven symphony so beautifully!" Little Johnny Keramith—"Is it a hard piece to play?" "Hush, Johnny! Yes; it's very difficult." "Is that why she's makin' all them ugly faces at it?"—Chicago Tribune. A comedy scene followed the third act of a tragedy at a theatre in an English provincial town. The villain had met his death, and the curtain was lowered, but hung three feet above the stage. All efforts to lower it proved unavailing until the corpse arose from the stage and said, in sepulchral tones, as he dragged down the curtain, "No rest, even in the grave!"—Le Petit Parisien. A highly humorous legend is appended to a magnificent drawing by Raetz. It was during the last war in Italy; a group of French Grenadiers are camping round a fire that is being put out by the rain, which falls in torrents. An old Sergeant, with an air of grim satisfaction, rubs his hands and exclaims: "Won't those Austrians come in for a drenching!"—Le Petit Parisien. Ellice—"Did George play football while he was at college?" Maud—"No, I don't think he did." Ellice—"Did he row on the crew?" Maud—"I never heard anything about it." Ellice—"Then he must have played baseball." Maud—"He never said anything about it. I'm pretty sure he didn't, though." Ellice—"That's very queer." Maud—"Why?" Ellice—"Because I heard he was graduated with honors."—Harvard Lampoon.