

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 5.00; One Square, one inch, three months, 12.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 40.00; Two Squares, one year, 80.00; Quarter Column, one year, 20.00; Half Column, one year, 40.00; One Column, one year, 100.00.

Twenty-seven of the States and Territories have compulsory education laws.

It is estimated that fully two-thirds of the whole amount of public money held by the London banks does not bear interest.

Myhrber Hoffmeyr, one of the most astute politicians in South Africa, has commenced a fierce agitation against English control at the Cape.

According to the latest census bulletin the native population increased twenty-three per cent. between 1880 and 1890, the foreign thirty-eight per cent. and the colored fifteen per cent.

The English of our day is considered by a high authority almost perfect, alike for the purpose of the orator, the philosopher, the lecturer and the poet.

The Austrian Emperor, in order to acknowledge a singular display of loyalty, accepted the sum of five florins, equal to about two dollars, which had been bequeathed to his majesty by a poor peasant, recently deceased in the Austrian province of Carniola.

The Boston Herald would like to have the European custom, of selling fish alive in the markets, introduced into this country.

The rapid growth of the habit of sobriety and temperance is, in the estimation of the Chicago Herald, one of the characteristics of the American railway service, the use of intoxicants becoming more and more the exception, although it is said to be the rule in the English service.

Henry M. Stanley, in one of his speeches while standing for a seat in the British Parliament, said: "Though of British birth and parentage, I have spent the greater part of my life in travel and exploration in foreign lands, and when I returned two years ago to live in England I was a naturalized citizen of the United States, but in all my wanderings I have seen no power so great and so beneficent as the British Empire, and I feel that my birthright of English citizenship was a privilege which I could no longer forego."

Widespread public interest is being aroused on the subject of improving the public highways of our country. Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, has given a great impetus to the question by publishing in pamphlet form "A Memorial to Congress on the Subject of a Comprehensive Exhibit of Roads, Their Construction and Maintenance at the World's Columbian Exposition."

The editor of a New York weekly paper has offered to pay Professor Schiaparelli's expenses to this country and back in order to give the distinguished scientist an opportunity to peep at Mars through the great Lick telescope in California.

THE HAYING TIME.

Click, click, click! goes the mowing machine. With its shields of iron and falchions keen, As over the plain it speeds, Like a proud triumphal car, Like a chariot of war. With foaming, panting steeds. The field with a thrill of fear is stirred. The startled bobolink has heard. The warning and goes in quest Of his mate; together they fly, Now circling low, now high Above their rush-hidden nest. But the iron oppressor's work is wrought With a swift career that spareth naught, And the tall grass, purple-crowned, And the flowers in fragrant bloom Go down in common doom And lie withered on the ground. Thus the sons of toil their tasks fulfill, Lightened by man's inventive skill; But a spirit of sweetness hush flows, That haunts the green highways Of the old time haying days, Ere the iron-wrought mower was known. When the summer days with song were blithe, And the sturdy mower whet his scythe, And the best man, never loth, Led the haying crew with pride Through the light's sweet-scented tide, Turning the double swath. Close followed by boys, bare-foot and brown, Joyously springing the winrows down; Thus the toilers from early morn Cheerily filled each hour Ever watchful for a sign of shower, Till the sound of the dinner horn. Then the bobolink might safely rest; For a shield of grass to mark its nest. By the mower was kindly spared, And he stays his brawny arm, For some nestling suffer harm, Let his friendship shared. We will honor with song our modern ways, But a dearer, tenderer, strain of praise Is echoed in memory's chime Of the days so glad and long, When the hopes of youth were strong, In the sweet old haying time. -St. Louis Republic.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

S Captain Sprowl threw his hat on the bed and sat down in his easy chair in the cabin he looked ruefully at a neat package that lay on the table. "What a fool I was to buy that," he thought. "Old sextant was plenty good enough, though I had it nine years. Bought it in Liverpool when I was second mate of the Julia A. Smith. And now I have put out a month's earnings for a new one. What possessed me I don't know." And so the captain went on. Now, Captain Sprowl was not, as you might think from the name, a bald-headed old man with bushy whiskers. No; names are very misleading. Instead, he was tall and slender, with a sandy mustache, and had not a gray hair in his head. He came from Maine, and although but thirty years old, he had been for six years captain or the Edna Dunn, now lying at Constitution wharf, in Boston, discharging her cargo of sugar. "Well," puffed the captain, "nothing to do now but to get out of the old sextant. I should go ashore next time if I had two sextants to navigate by. Must work the old off on some landlubber or somebody." The package was lying on an old newspaper which he had read through and through on his last trip out. "The very thing!" said he. "I'll put a notice in the paper—'Sextant for sale, cheap,' and if somebody don't bite at it, I miss my guess." The next morning the only thing the captain could see in the paper was this: "Sextant for sale by a ship captain; new; saw and in perfect order; will be sold cheap. Address O. 41 Globe office." And now my story's begun. Etta Bourne had been at work in a millinery store in Boston for nearly two years. She and her older sister Annie had learned the trade with the village milliner down in Kennebunk. But Annie, who had long been the belle of the village, got married, and Etta concluded to try her fortune in Boston. She was full of ambition. So it fell that in her two years in the millinery store she studied shorthand and typewriting, with the intention of fitting herself to be a confidential clerk. On Sunday she saw this advertisement: For Sale—Jones's Premier Typewriter at half price; been used less than a month; in perfect order. Address O. 47 Globe office. Etta Bourne, being a Maine Yankee, knew a bargain when she saw it. She wanted to own a typewriter, and so she wrote a brief note addressed to "O. 47 Globe Office," asking where the machine could be seen, and dropped it into the letter box as she went to work Monday morning. Now, I said at the beginning that the strange thing about it is that Schiaparelli has been able to see more with a telescope of a certain size than others have distinguished with larger instruments. This will be popularly explained by saying that he has very bright eyes. The professor himself says that he has been observing that one planet for many years, and that one's eyes derive greater distinguishing power by becoming accustomed to the light of a particular star. Whichever theory is true, if Schiaparelli comes to look through the Lick telescope he ought to be able, under favorable conditions, to tell us something new about the surface of Mars.

man, and it was late that afternoon before he went to the office to gather in the replies from people who were anxious to buy a sextant. But the sextant market was apparently rather dull, for all the clerk could give him was one solitary letter. The captain tore the envelope open and tossed it aside. "I saw your advertisement in the Globe," read the captain. "I wish to buy a good second-hand machine of standard make, and if the one you offer is in perfect repair and the price is satisfactory, perhaps we can trade. But I cannot give more than \$50, and if you ask more you need not reply to this. Send your address, stating where machine can be seen, to H. E. Bourne, 450 Winter street."

"Well," soliloquized the captain, "I've got one answer, anyhow. But what does a woman want of a sextant—for this is certainly a woman's writing! She seems to be in earnest though. 'And \$50! Conscience! I never expected to get more than \$25. Well, she'll have to come on board, I suppose, so I'll send her my address.' And standing at the public desk he wrote:

H. E. Bourne—Dear Miss: Yours in reply to my advertisement in the Globe is at hand. Please call on me aboard the bark Edna Dunn, Constitution wharf, between 2 and 3. EDWIN R. SPROWL, Captain.

The next afternoon about 4 o'clock a trim little figure walked rapidly over the rough planks of Constitution wharf. "It's a queer place to find a second-hand typewriter," thought Etta Bourne, "but I suppose the captain got tired of it, or couldn't use it because the vessel pitched so, or something like that." She saw the girl letters. "Edna Dunn." A fat, bald-headed man with a little gingham apron on looked out the door of a box-like house in the middle of the vessel.

A broad plank extended from the wharf across the bulwarks. The man in the apron came forward. "I wish to see Captain Sprowl," said she.

"Yes, mim. Come right aboard, mim, on that there plank, mim. The captain is down in his cabin, mim."

Etta Bourne stepped hastily along the plank, and the stout cook, putting his broad palms under her elbows, lifted her lightly to the deck. "This way, mim, and he led her around to the after-companionway. They went down the brass-railed stairs, and as the cook knocked at the door Etta noticed how spick and span everything looked.

As a matter of fact the captain, in view of the lady's visit, had kept the cook scouring the wood and brasswork all the forenoon.

"Captain, sir, a lady wishes to see ye."

The captain, with half an hour's work in his four-in-hand, bowed respectfully.

"I am Miss Bourne," began Etta. "I came in response to your advertisement in the Globe about a—"

"Yes, ma'am," said the captain, "this is the place. Will you take a seat?"

As Etta sank into an easy chair she glanced about her in astonishment. She had no idea that these little low houses on ship's deck was so comfortable as this.

Here was a dainty little sitting room, with a rich, soft carpet, a hanging lamp of elaborate design, huge plush easy chairs and sofa, a pretty rattan rocker and a table strewn with the latest magazines.

"I beg your pardon," said the tall captain, who had been looking curiously at her; "but are you not related to Miss Annie Bourne, of Kennebunk?"

"Why, yes, indeed; she is my own sister," answered Etta, with animation.

"I used to go to school with her in the old Berwick Academy, years ago; but I didn't know she had a sister."

"Oh, yes, I went to the academy myself, but it was after she was graduated."

"And was old Brown principal when you were there?"

"From this they went on for ten minutes, and each knew so many that the other did that they soon became old acquaintances."

The captain at once noticed that she was a remarkably neat and pleasant little woman, and Etta Bourne thought the captain a fine-looking man, tall and strong.

"Well, Captain Sprowl," said she, finally, "I mustn't forget what I came for. I believe you have a machine that you wish to sell?"

a Maine Yankee, and in less than ten seconds she had guessed how the mistake occurred.

"Well, now," said the captain. "I thought it was awful funny that a woman should want to buy a sextant. Now you have disappointed me, I don't see how I am going to sell it, unless I leave it at the instrument maker's and let him get what he can for it."

Oddly enough, from that point this story runs along so naturally that you can tell it yourself.

The tall captain escorted Miss Bourne up-town, called on her two or three times while he was in port, corresponded with her when he was away, and in less than a year this notice appeared:

Yearly-Bourne—in Kennebunk, Me., May 8, at the residence of the bride's parents, Capt. Edwin R. Sprowl and Henrietta E. Bourne.

And now my story is done.—Boston Globe.

The Sullen Hamster. As the squirrel was said by the old Norsemen to bring to the nose of the animals to Thor, because he was the merriest and most sociable of beasts, so in the talk of the Russian peasants the hamster is the synonym for all that is sullen, avaricious, solitary and morose.

Even in color he is unlike any other animal, being light above and dark below. This gives the hamster somewhat the same incongruous appearance that a pair of black trousers and a light coat lead to a man; in other respects he is like a large, shaggy guinea pig, with very large teeth and puffy cheeks, into which he can cram a vast quantity of rye or beans for transport.

Each hamster lives in a large, rocky burrow all by himself, in defense of which he will fight like a badger against any other hamster who may try to enter. Family life he wholly avoids, never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance and making her find her own living for herself and family. The last burden is, however, not a serious one, for by the time the young ones are three weeks old each discovers that family life is a great mistake and sets off to make a bachelor burrow for itself and save up beans for the winter.

For, in addition to its other amiable qualities, the hamster has that of avarice in a marked degree, and hoards up treasures of corn, rye and horse beans far in excess of his own private wants for the winter. His favorite plan is to dig a number of treasure chambers, all communicating with a central guard room, in which the owner eats and grows fat until the hardest frosts begin, when he curls himself up to sleep until the spring.

But this life of leisure does not begin until the harvest has been gathered. While the crops are ripening, the hamsters work incessantly to increase their hoards, and as much as three hundred weight of grain and beans have been taken from a hamster's burrow. After harvest the peasants often search with probes for the treasure chambers of the robbers, and during the present scarcity in Central Europe they will no doubt exact a heavy tribute from the hamsters' stores.—Spectator.

The Power of Lightning.

On August 1, 1846, St. George's Church, Leicester, England, which was a new building, was entirely destroyed during a thunder storm.

The steeple having been burst asunder, parts of it were blown to a distance of thirty feet in every direction, while the rane rod and top part of the spire fell perpendicularly down, carrying with them every floor in the tower, the bells and the works of the clock. The falling mass was not arrested until it arrived on the ground, under which was a strong brick arch, and this also was broken by the blow. The gutters and ridge covering were torn up, and the pipes used to convey the water from the roof were blown to pieces. Mr. Highton calculated the power developed in the discharge of the lightning which destroyed this church with some known mechanical force.

It is estimated that a hundred tons of stone were blown down a distance of thirty feet in three seconds, and consequently a 12,220 horse power engine would have been required to resist the efforts of this single flash.—Scientific American.

Apricot Paste.

Apricot paste, known as Kamar el Dine, is, together with dried apricots, one of the principal exports from Damascus. The fruit, when gathered, is crushed in a kind of large iron wire sieve, and the thick juice which results from this operation is collected in earthen vats, and then spread on planks covered with a layer of oil, where it is allowed to remain two days exposed to the sun. At the expiration of this time the paste is removed and turned. On the fourth day the paste is again removed, and it then has the appearance of a band of leather, very thin, and of a reddish-brown color, about a yard and a half long and half a yard wide. This is the finest quality of paste. The same operation is repeated once or twice to obtain a second and third quality, each time a little water being added to the residuum of the former operation. The bands of paste are then folded so as to form bundles of about five pounds weight, which are sold according to quality.—Scientific American.

Microscopic Picture of the President.

A microscopic pen picture of President Harrison by M. Diamond, an artist of New York, which is a marvel of ingenuity, has been received at the Executive Mansion from the artist. The picture is about twenty-four by eighteen inches, and is an excellent likeness of the President. The face is surrounded by the American flag pendant on either side. The features, even to the nose, the lips, the body and the buttons on the coat are all filled in with extracts from speeches made by General Harrison during his long public career. Those speeches contain 11,909 words, and the artist fittingly characterizes them "a life history of General Harrison."—Washington Star.

A Hen's Quer Freak.

Hop Whitney, of Monroe, Ga., tells a strange story of animal life. A cat selected the fiddler loft as the house for her kittens. A sitting hen was near her neighbor, and had the misfortune to be broken up. She at once ousted the cat from her bed and appropriated her three kittens. When Hop went into the loft, he was surprised to see the mamma cat lying without her kittens, and when he attempted to take the kittens from the hen he found he had a considerable row on his hands.—Atlanta Constitution.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average man has 2,304,000 pores in his skin. About eight species of whale are known on the California coast.

An opal weighing one pound and a quarter has recently been taken out of an Idaho mine.

The Krupp works in Essen, Germany, contain 2544 furnaces. These consume 1665 tons of coal and coke daily.

A horse will eat in a year nine times his own weight, a cow nine times, and an ox six times and a sheep six times.

In speaking of the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

San Francisco, Cal., has an earthquake-proof hotel. It is constructed of iron and in the form of two hollow squares, one within the other, arranged so as to brace each other.

It is said that a natural deposit of a material capable of use as a polishing powder for metals has been discovered near Walcha, New South Wales, and that it is being introduced on the market.

Not earthworms but ants are the soil-tillers of parts of Southern Africa. Ant hills exist by millions, each covered by soil so fertile that a common saying is that an ox can be pastured on an ant hill.

Sleeping in the light of the moon when it is near the full is said to be injurious, especially near the tropics. It has no effect where the direct rays do not fall on the head or eyes of the sleeper.

Among birds that have the power of imitation the parrot is the best; but, as a matter of fact, its voice is decidedly inferior to that of the mynah, a species of starling. Curiously enough, the male bird speaks in a high, clear tone, like that of a child, while the female has a gruff voice.

An English scientist has made a calculation about the time it will take to fill the world with all the people it will hold. The present population of the globe is supposed to be about 1,467,000,000, and he estimates that the maximum of the inhabitants that can be sustained on the entire land surface of the earth is 5,944,000,000, and that this figure will be reached A. D. 2372.

The cableway at the Deer Park group of mines near Descanso, Cal., was broken in a singular manner recently. It has a single span of 4450 feet. The tension is twenty tons, and the loads are 120-pound sacks of ore from the mines on the mountain side to the mills below. Just after an extra hard shake in the series of earthquakes there it parted. It is supposed that the vibrations, coming from each end of the line, met in the centre and caused the break.

Newsboy Sympathy.

A paralyzed newsboy sells papers from a wheel chair at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, writes the New York correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. Visitors from the West may have noticed him, for he is a pathetic object and attracts much attention. His helplessness has aroused all the latent paths in hearts that beat beneath ragged jackets in that neighborhood. A local writer tells a pleasing anecdote concerning him, which I reproduce.

The newsboys all sympathize with him. They help him fold and arrange his papers. On warm days they take turns fanning him, carry his little folding table and assist him in various ways. One day during the late hot spell a ragged urchin, with a bundle of papers under his arm, dirt-begrimed and carrying in a tin pail in his hand, walked up to the cashier's window in a store not far from where the cripple sits. Rapping on the window he attracted the attention of the cashier, and as he stood on his tiptoe he handed in his pail, while a smile bewitching as any society belle is capable of, encircled his dirty face, displaying a set of teeth pearly white and as beautiful as nature could form them. His large, lustrous, sparkling black eyes caught hold of the cashier, and he said: "Say, mister, dar lame blokey what sells papers in de wagon on der 'corner wants a drink of ice-water."

As the man who handles the cash passed out the pail of water the juvenile remarked: "Thanks, mister; you know der kid's awful lame and can't walk." The New York newsboy is a rough, slangy, harum-scurum, devil-may-care and often mischievous individual, but a generally his heart is in the right place.

Vanderbilt's Way.

A writer in the Figaro throws an interesting light upon Mrs. Vanderbilt's method of buying pictures. The millionaire, it seems, went once to Meissonier and asked him which of his works was, in his own opinion, his chief d'oeuvre. Meissonier answered: "The Chess Players." "Whom does it belong to?" was Mrs. Vanderbilt's next question. "To Herr Meyer, of Dresden," was the answer. That very night Mr. Vanderbilt dispatched a secretary to Dresden, who went straight to Herr Meyer and demanded to know his price. "\$850,000," replied the owner, thinking that he had effectually frightened his interrogator. "I take it," said the secretary to the great astonishment of Herr Meyer, and take it he did.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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WONDERS OF HYPNOTISM.

MARVELLOUS EFFECTS OF A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIMENTS. Pain Entirely Subdued by the Force of Will Power—Active and Passive Patients.

In a very interesting paper on "Hypnotism and Mental Suggestion," in the Arena, Mr. B. O. Flower says: "Dr. Hamilton Osgood related to me many instances where extraordinary cures have followed positive suggestion made to the patient when in a perfectly normal condition. As a rule, however, far more can be accomplished after the patient has been thrown into the hypnotic sleep, and it is this phenomenon and the result attending the same, which, if the reader will now follow me, I will describe as I personally witnessed it, some few weeks since, at the Home for Incurables, in the beautiful suburban town of Ashmont.

During this visit Dr. Osgood hypnotized twelve patients. In each instance the experiment proved completely successful. In many cases the patient yielded readily to the doctor's suggestion; in others it required a few moments to bring the invalid's will entirely under the domination of the physician's will, although it must be remembered that in all instances the patients were hypnotized at their express desire. To me there was something thrilling, startling, and terrible in this spectacle of a human mind instantly yielding to a will more royal than his own; becoming a willing vassal, with ears attuned to no voice save the regal master whose slightest wish becomes absolute law.

The general appearance of a subject in the hypnotic trance is that of a natural sleep, although, sometimes, when in a profound slumber, one is reminded of a patient under the influence of ether. There are present, however, these peculiarities in the hypnotic trance: The subject, if in a profound sleep, is absolutely at the command of the operator; at a suggestion from him the entire body is as insensible to pain as if perfectly etherized; at his command the body instantly becomes as rigid as if all life had departed; at his suggestion the patient sees visions of the operator's creating and hears, perchance, the ravishing strains of celestial melody. In this realm of dreams he banquet and revels, while perhaps a limb is being amputated. And yet at the voice of the intelligent operator he instantly returns to a normal condition, provided the operator himself never for a moment doubts his ability to awaken the subject.

As I noted before, some patients yield much more readily than others. It was indeed interesting and curious to witness the subtle and inherent traits of different patients, even in the moment when the patient's will-power was momentarily yielding more and more to the hypnotizer. Thus the first subject hypnotized by Dr. Osgood had expressed his desire to be so treated, and has described at length the trouble from which he was suffering. I really saw that he was one of those numerous individuals who derive their greatest joy from fault-finding and complaining—New chronic objector—and I observed with considerable curiosity the doctor's method of putting him to sleep. As I had anticipated, he involuntarily resisted the physician's suggestions for a minute or two. For example, after he had been partially hypnotized, Dr. O. said: "Your eyes are heavy. It is difficult for you to raise your lids." He, with an effort, kept his eyes open for a moment, and later, when the doctor said, "You cannot open your eyes," he strove to do so and a gleam of triumph lit his countenance when he succeeded, though the heavy lids fell back almost instantly; and when the affirmation was repeated he made no further effort, being already in a deep sleep.

The next subject was a passive, mild-mannered man. The doctor did not even look him in the eye, but simply suggested sleep most positively to him, after which he lightly touched his brow between the eyes, and he was in a deep slumber, from which he did not awake until a half hour later, when the doctor loosened the bands by a single word.

In another ward a lady called by her hypnotized; her stomach was causing her considerable pain. She had been hypnotized several times before, deriving great benefit from this treatment. Dr. Osgood requested her to look him in the eyes for a moment. He then positively commanded her to go to sleep; to keep her mind passive; to think only of sleep, and go to sleep. In half a minute she was in a profound slumber.

He took a sharp instrument in his hand and pricked her face and hands several times with it, but there was nothing to indicate that she felt in the least degree any sensation whatever. The doctor then suggested that her stomach would be entirely relieved, on her waking; and placing his hand over her stomach's for a moment, he added: "You are now experiencing a warm sensation; the blood is now called to the stomach, and when you wake all pain will have disappeared. Now sleep on until I call you." He then passed into some other wards, where some other women were hypnotized, two of whom remained sleeping only a few minutes after the doctor left.

As all persons who are acquainted with hypnotism know, there are different stages. In some cases, the doctor informs me, he may hypnotize a person and keep them entirely under hypnotic influence as long as present, but as soon as he leaves they begin to awake. In other cases a profound sleep follows suggestion, and the patient does not arouse until the doctor breaks the spell by a word.

The Salvation Army are about to build a headquarters for Ireland at Belfast, to cost \$40,000.

Clusters of clover, if hung in a room and left to dry and shed their perfume through the air, will drive away flies.

OLD JOHN HENRY.

Old John's jaw made of the commonest stuff— Old John Henry. He's tough, I reckon, but none too tough— "Too much," though, 's better than not enough."

He does his best and when his best's had, He don't fret none, nor he don't get sad— He simply 'lows it's the best he naid— Old John Henry.

His doctern's jes' of the plainest brand— Old John Henry. "A smilin' face and a hearty hand 'S a religion' at all folks understand," Says Old John Henry. He's stov' up some with the rheumatiz, And they hain't no shine on them shoes of his, And his hair ain't cut, but his eye teeth is— Old John Henry.

He feel hisself when the stock's all fed— Old John Henry. And "sleeps like a babe" when he goes to bed, "And dreams o' heaven and home-made bread," Says Old John Henry. He ain't ruffled as heart to be, To fit the statues of poetry, Nor his clothes don't fit him, but he fits me— Old John Henry. —James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The barber is poor indeed who doesn't even have his razors.—Elmira Gazette. Prudence in a plume dropped from the wing of some past folly.—Texas Sittings. Money talks; but it is frequently a trifle deficient in its grammar.—Washington Star. Do not expect to go to the top of the spire in politics unless you are willing to play the weather cock.—Galveston News.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "most of these books are in English; but there are a few volumes by Robert Browning."—Boston Transcript. Mrs. D.—"Just think, Mary, how terrible. The poor man was torn limb from limb." "Lor' bless us, marm, and men so scarce!"—New York Mercury. The bell boy tagged at the traveler's trunk; He puffed till he nearly exploded; Then said as his pride very visibly shrunk, "I didn't know that it was loaded."—Washington Star.

Schoopentstelt says he knows a woman who is so neat that the greatest trouble of her life is the knowledge that she is made of dust.—Somerville Journal. "The political convention is a great institution," said Kiekins. "It enables the local politician to rest his mind and gives his larynx a chance."—Washington Star. Lost influence returns no more; The thought his soul must bluster; The man who called him "Judge" of yore, Refers to him as "master."—Washington Star.

Sharks won't bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting you'll be all right.—New York Mercury. "So," said Mr. Donegan, "they've been printing the funeral notices a man that wasn't dead yet. It's a nice fix he'd be in if he had been wan' of these people that believe everything in the newspapers."—Washington Star.

Mr. Greatwaddle—"These lawyers are fearfully exorbitant. I had drawn up to-day and he got \$50." Mrs. Greatwaddle—"That's a lot. Just think of what he'll get when he dies."—Detroit Free Press. Yabsley—"See here, Judge, who let you have that five dollars you wasa, ago, you said you wanted it for a little while only." Judge—"Well, I told the truth. I didn't have it in my possession more than half an hour."—Indianapolis Journal.

Husband—"I think young Mrs. Prettyface was green with envy when you came in with your new bonnet." Mrs. Illumor—"Hateful thing. Just did that because she knows that green is becoming to her."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Gaswell—"Goethe once said, 'We ought to look at some picture every day.'" Dukkat's (of miserly proclivities)—"Yes, and there are no finer works of art extant than the steel engravings on the back of national bank notes."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

The Sword Swallower—"I have had notice that they don't want me any longer in the museum." Fat Woman—"Well, who will take your place?" Sword Swallower—"Why, a girl from Boston is going to swallow her words."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Mr. Gingham," said Taper, "I would like a fortnight's absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend." "It must be a very dear friend indeed to make you want that much time. Who is it?" "Why, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."—Jury. "The man down there at that table," said the waiter, glaring at somebody at the other end of the room, "is no gentleman. That's all I've got to say." "What's the matter with him?" asked the cashier. "He's breaking them lemonade straws so we can't use 'em again, doggone him."—Chicago Tribune.

Easy Way to Remove Paint.

It is very seldom now that you see a painter burn off old paint with a spirit lamp or torch, though there are still a few that stick to the old method. The easiest way to clean paint off wood, or even metal, is to mix lime and soda pretty thickly in water and then apply freely with a brush. After a short time the paint can be scraped off without difficulty. Any amateur can use this receipt, only a little care is advisable, as the mixture will remove skin from the hands or face even more rapidly than it will remove paint from wood or metal.—New York Journal.