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Statistics show that trade does not decline in Presidential years.

The United States spend \$125,000,000 a year for public charities and charitable institutions.

Within the borders of the State of Maine are wild lands of a total estimated value of \$32,000,000.

A queer illustration of British backwardness is found by the San Francisco Examiner in the fact that this year sees election returns exhibited to street crowds by the stereopticon for the first time in London.

The English Hackney horse, which is rapidly coming into favor in this country, is in England superseding the Cleveland bay stallion as a sire for carriage horses. The Hackney is a thoroughbred of the hunter type, with more bone, stoutness and action than the Cleveland bay.

In Japan a play called the "Extermination of Christianity" is on the boards. In the slaughter of make-believe missionaries to the shrieks of the orchestra is wildly applauded. However displeasing this circumstance may be, the San Francisco Examiner thinks it is less to be deplored than the more practical method of China, in which real missionaries are used.

In view of the recent complaints about the "injurious action" of tinned goods on the human economy, it is interesting to note in the New York Recorder that recent experiments by Lunge and other well-known German chemists have demonstrated the fact that aluminum is practically unattacked by fruit juices, condensed milk, and the various constituents of preserved meats and vegetables.

There is a patient and industrious man named Rita Kittridge, of Belfast, M., who is putting Mr. Gladstone's great speeches on postal cards, which he sends to the "Grand Old Man." On some of the cards he manages to get 20,000 words. Mr. Gladstone is himself addicted to the postal card habit; but when he gets some of these missives, he must feel that he has the disease in a very mild form.

Mr. George Bird Grinnell, of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, an enthusiastic hunter of wide experience, gives, in Scribner, a graphic narrative of a now extinct sport, and writes with force and feeling respecting the shameless slaughter that has made the title of this article, "The Last of the Buffalo," so appropriate. He says: "Of the millions of buffalo which even in our own time ranged the plains in freedom, none now remain. From the prairies which they used to darken, the wild herds, down to the last straggling bull, have disappeared."

The American hog is still engaged in pushing his nose into other countries, announces the Chicago Sun. Persecution, proscription, libel, infamous slanders, and even bayonets cannot keep him from inserting his snout into a foreign land, and when once he lifts his small, twinkling eyes upon a people they immediately become charmed with his toothsome possibilities and are the willing slaves of his porkship. The latest conquest which the Yankee hog has achieved is that of Mexico. According to a dispatch from Kansas City, Senor Enrique Torres, a Mexican merchant, has been in that city making arrangements for shipping hogs to Mexico for slaughter.

What the New York Post considers a fraud of a peculiarly abominable character has come to light in Germany, where a number of workmen and engineers employed at the great Bochum Association for Mining and Steel Foundry have been arrested on a charge of selling defective rails, wheels, axles, etc., by means of a system of forgery. This material was supplied to the German State Railway, and then some foreign corporations. It appears that the State Railway employed an inspector to stamp such goods as had withstood the regular tests. The incriminated workmen are accused of having made false stamps, with which they marked material which had not been examined, with repairing holes, cracks, and other defects in the rails with a particular cement, and so giving the inferior and useless material the appearance of finished work, for those which the officials had handed over to be stamped as satisfactory, and marking the good rails with the forged stamps. The incentive to the fraud was the fact that workmen are paid a premium on the amount of work passed by the inspector. How long they have been indulging in these dishonest practices, how general the distribution of defective material has been, is still as uncertain as the possible consequences of the rascality.

REST.

Water the roots of a rose when the sun that has scorched each petal. Sink beyond distant hills, a circle of burning gold. Give to the steed a stall when the flight that has proved his mettle. Is past, like the cyclone's breath, or the spell of a tale that's told. Nourish the roots of a life when the hope that lured it diets. Slow beyond hills that rise all darksome, and far, and grim; Give to the soul that flew, more lofty than eagle-winged flight. A rest when the plumes drop tired—a rest in life's twilight dim. —Mary C. Preston, in New York News.

ZULEIKA'S WILD RIDE.

A TALK OF THE DESERT.

HO can the horse-man be who crosses the market-place of Mirouan, sitting erect in his saddle with lance at rest! As soon as he came in sight, the date merchants pointed him out to one another and spoke together in low tones. It is the invincible El-Malek, chieftain of a fierce mountain tribe, who venerate him as a saint. Since he lost his eldest son, two years ago, El-Malek speaks but little and never smiles. His beard has become almost white, but his arm has lost nothing of its power; he handles his deadly lance as if it were a reed, and when he urges his faithful horse Yusuf across the desert terror follows as his shadow. Yusuf, like all the horses of the South, has a strong back, slender legs, and large hoofs; like the five favorite mares of the prophet, he is descended from Solomon's famous stables; his coat is snow white, and his long, flowing tail is soft as silk. Yusuf understands and obeys his master's slightest wish.

Erect in his saddle, El-Malek follows with a keen glance among the motley crowd a man in a gold embroidered burqa, who has just come to Mirouan. The tradesmen, also, point at this man with their finger, but with a scornful air, as though indicating one stricken with the plague. This man is Hassan Bey, the insolent chief of the Ouled-Nayls, who, jealous of his brother Ahmed, killed him with arrows shot from afar; he boasts of this deed, and laughs when he sees the crowd move away from him.

He had built upon the Dj'elefa plateau, in the centre of his tented village, a stone house, which was also a fortress. For many years he had passed his nights watching the Arab girls dance to the sounds of the derboukas; but, one evening, passing near the fountain, he had stopped to look at the young girls filling their copper urns. And now he has come to Mirouan to buy bridal ornaments, for Hassan Bey, chief of the Ouled-Nayls, is to marry the beautiful Zuleika.

Zuleika is only a weaver's daughter, but she is very beautiful. The poor child wept, but she wept in vain, for the weaver is a miser, and the chief of the Ouled-Nayls is not the man to allow himself to be thwarted in his wishes. She must marry Hassan Bey, the fraticide.

Who would prevent it, since God permits it? El-Malek had heard this story only an hour before he reached Mirouan, and he had said to himself: "God will not permit it, for I will prevent it." Zuleika had placed her urn upon the ledge of the fountain, but had not thought of filling it. Her companions, one after the other, had gone away, but she still remained. It was the last time that she would come to the fountain, for to-morrow Hassan Bey would carry her away to his battlemented house, which was sombre as a tomb.

She lifted up her little bronzed hands to heaven imploring that death might be sent to her. But from the leaden sky no consolation came. Instead, Hassan Bey appeared, riding upon his flame-colored horse, and escorted by his warriors. He knew that she was at the fountain, and wished to see her there where he had met her for the first time. She was compelled to hear his lying words. The young girl turned her eyes away, and, as she began to fill her urn, her tears mingled with the water. "Zuleika!"

Who calls? Certainly Hassan Bey cannot have disguised his voice with such a grave and manly tone. Who is this man, with the white beard, sitting erect in his saddle, lance in hand, looking at her so compassionately? "Zuleika!" he called once more, pointing to Hassan Bey, who was approaching. She looked up, and suddenly her eyes flashed with a new light, for she felt that this man had been sent by God. "Save me!" she cried; "save me!" El-Malek held out his hand and aided the young girl to mount before him. Gently holding her frail form, he murmured: "Do not be afraid." Then, as though calling upon a brother, El-Malek said: "Yusuf! The noble animal nudged, and started off like the wind. After Yusuf rushed Hassan Bey, with furious clamor, followed by his warriors. Some of them made as if to draw their bows. "Not!" cried Hassan Bey, "do not shoot. I want them both alive!" Urged on by gentle caresses, Yusuf flew faster and yet more fast. With loud yells Hassan Bey spurred his horse on, riding ahead of his escort. "They shall not escape me!" he cries, trembling with rage and anxiety. "Courage, Yusuf!" murmurs El-Malek, "you are called the wind of the desert. Show that you deserve your name, my beauty!"

The day advanced, the sky seems to be on fire, but Yusuf does not falter. Sulfurated, at first, by his furious flight, Zuleika now began to breathe more freely; so much ground already gained in the direction of El-Malek's mountain tribe added possible deliverance. The child aided her gentle exhortations to El-Malek's encouragements. Hassan Bey's cries seemed to grow more faint. Had he given up the chase? But whence come these clamors that seem to start from the heights above them? Have his followers climbed the rocks and found a shorter way? It is not the chief's escort that utters these cries. They come from a cabin high up in the mountain; the occupants are watching the exciting chase. Will El-Malek find allies among these people, or will he meet new enemies? His tribe is not far away; if he is recognized the fugitives are saved. Arms are raised; they are called!

No, the bows send forth their arrows! Yusuf utters a painful neigh and El-Malek responds with a cry of anguish. An arrow has struck the horse's flank and another has pierced the rider's shoulder. "Faster, Yusuf! Faster!" beseeches El-Malek. With a desperate effort, Yusuf straightens himself out and flies under the whizzing arrows. He bounds like a gazelle that feels that the lion is on her track. "Well done, Yusuf!" Now there are no more arrows to fear; a wall of rocks crowns this height. But death is only staved off—blood is streaming from the side of the noble beast; he begins to slacken his pace. El-Malek plies his spurs in vain and Zuleika wastes her caresses and praise, for the poor animal's hoofs slip in the narrow path and he staggers. El-Malek's arm trembles; he is best with fever; the cool of the falling night does not suffice to refresh his brow; the profile of the violet mountain and the confused shape of the turpentine trees, with their blood-red clusters suspended over the abyss, are mingled before his eyes. He is blinded by vertigo. He cannot stop to drink at the brook which flows in the ravine, though a swallow of water would, perhaps, save him. Hassan Bey has seen traces of blood upon the rocks, and his cries of hate have become cries of joy. "We have them," he cries; "they are ours!" And yet his voice trembles; he fears the final struggle and El-Malek's terrible lance. Night has again passed and the light of morning chases the jackals that have come, scenting their prey from afar. Yusuf still runs, but much more slowly. Two days' journey separates him from the tribe of which his master is chief. Two days! and Yusuf has but a few hours to live! He feels that with his last breath his beloved master, too, will die. The path becomes narrower, Yusuf reaches the ridge, and, reeling, stops. "The end has come!" murmured Zuleika, terrified, and for the hundredth time she besought El-Malek: "Do not remain with me. Your horse can still save you alone. Fly!" "Yusuf can save neither you nor me." "Then kill me." "I have promised to save you!" "God has not willed it to be so. Save me from this man!" "That is what I am going to do. Alight." "Ah, yes; I understand you—death is at the bottom of this abyss. I shall seek it." "You do not understand me. Look!" and, with his hand, El-Malek pointed to the north, to the other slope of the mountains, which could be seen through the hollow of the rocks. "You see," he said, "that mirror that shines down there? It is Lake Zuleira. The mountain on the other side of the lake is the Djebel Sahari. There is the tribe of my fathers, there are camped my people. Hasten with all your strength. Order the first herdsmen you meet to call in my name to his nearest neighbor, so that, from summit to summit, my name may wake my warriors. Cry to all the echoes of the mountains: 'El-Malek shall not die unavenged!' Go!" "But it will take two days, at least." "God be with you!" She kissed the hand of the chief who had saved her life; then she ran down the road as quickly as her failing strength would let her. El-Malek planted his lance in the ground and supported himself against it, erect in his saddle. He talked for a long time to Yusuf, and the animal shook his bleeding head. "Halt!" ordered Hassan Bey. Reaching a turn in the road, he had seen El-Malek planted across the defile, and this new attitude astonished and disturbed him. "Do not be so opposed to me now? Let us wait, and in the meantime breathe a little." The advice was good, and no one gained it. Men and horses sought a spring. Hassan Bey, however, did not take his eyes off the redoubtable man who sat there motionless upon his horse between the two walls of rock. "And now that all have rested enough, forward!" No one stirred. So long as it was a question of pursuing El-Malek, the chief's followers felt brave enough. Now that they were called upon to attack him face to face, the boldest were afraid. Hassan Bey himself trembled. "Let him begin," said one, "let him come on." "Very well," growled the chief. The day declined; the redoubtable sentinel, who had gleamed white in the burning sun, now stood out in black silhouette against the starry sky. Neither horse nor master stirred, and the lance still stood planted in the ground. The moon rose, and it was an awesome sight to see his motionless warrior under the pale light; he watched the enemy with his steady eyes still open like diamonds. "He is covering Zuleika's retreat!" Hassan Bey had said; to himself at the very first. He felt that it would soon be too late to continue the pursuit. And yet he remained in his place, changed into a statue, powerless to conquer the fear that emanated from this grand guardian. After the rosy dawn, the leaden sky after the red twilight, the blue night; still motionless, as well as those whose way he bars. Sometimes the shadow of an eagle moves a fleeting spot on the rocks; then the shadows increase, and great birds come from all corners of the heavens, drawing closer their rapid circles; now it is no longer eagles, but vultures. They almost touch the lance of the cavalier, but he did not appear to see them. One of them perched upon his shoulder. El-Malek did not stir. "He is dead!" cried Hassan Bey, mad with anger and spite; and, turning to ward his men who still hesitated, he gave the order: "Forward!" Neither Hassan Bey nor his men advanced twenty paces. The noise that put their unsteady flight was the gallop of the Bedouin horses that had come from the Djebel-Sahari. The threats that Hassan Bey uttered to keep up his courage were never finished; an arrow pierced his throat, and, falling from his horse, he rolled into the abyss. "Each one for himself!" cried the Ouled-Nayls. And while they rushed down the path at full speed, without daring to look back, Zuleika, sobbing, kissed the icy hand of the chieftain who had protected her in death as in life.—From the French in Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A storm travels at the average rate of fifty miles an hour. In ten years the descendants of two rabbits will number 70,000. A typewriting machine which will print on the leaves of a blank book of any thickness is the latest invention. A French artist has succeeded in photographing a flying insect. The time of exposure was but 1-250th of a second.

A plant for the manufacture of hand grenades has been erected in connection with the National Artillery foundry of Mexico. African travelers tell us that the white rhinoceros frequently dies from eating poisonous plants which have no effect on the black one, probably because the fine scent of the latter tells him it is dangerous.

Aluminum is found combined with 195 other minerals, and therefore constitutes a large part of the crust of the earth, but until recently has been very expensive because of the difficulty in separating it. A company in Louisville is manufacturing watering carts driven by electricity. A long pipe pierced with small holes diffuses the water, and in case of meeting other vehicles the pipe can be swung alongside of the cart.

Observations at thirty-eight stations in the Adriatic, Mediterranean, Atlantic, North and Baltic, have shown, according to Dr. A. Sapan, that all the seas of Europe, contrary to an old hypothesis, are practically the same level. In order to prevent persons understanding telegraphy from reading the messages in offices and hotels, as they are received by the sounder, a secret telegraph receiver has been devised, fitted with a resonator of aluminum of extreme sonority.

A Tennessee inventor has patented a gauge for determining the age of horses. The device consists of a steel plate, having a tapered body portion, one of its longitudinal edges being marked by lines and figures. By applying the scale to the teeth of a horse, its approximate age is said to be determined.

Dr. Dareste has demonstrated that monsters and monstrosities during animal development are not the result of pathological changes in the embryo, as hitherto supposed, but modifications of the processes of organic evolution, such as bring about the difference between individuals and races in mankind.

A new fly trap is run by an electric motor, and consists of a belt of sweetened paper, about fourteen inches long, passing over two pulleys, one of which is covered by a cone containing a brush. The paper moves slowly, and as it passes under the brush the flies are swept into the cone, from which they can find no exit.

Currents of water serve to a vast extent the purpose of distributing seeds. Walnut, butternut and pecan trees are found close to streams, where they drop their nuts into the passing flood, to be carried far away and start other groves perhaps hundreds of miles distant. Tree seeds of many sorts are carried by oceanic currents.

Among marine architects it is beginning to be a serious question if iron is not better than steel for shipbuilding purposes; and the cases of the old Sarah Sands, Great Britain and Great Eastern are quoted as proving that iron-plated ships, with their increased thickness and better riveting are much stronger and more lasting than any steel-constructed vessel yet put to a breaking up test.

The Delaware Indian as an Artist. The Delawares are said to be the skill of the Delaware Indian in all of the many phases of his industry, but I propose only to speak of him as an artist. A love of bright colors was always, and is, a prominent characteristic, and probably the first attempt at personal adornment was the attachment to the person of feathers and small stones of bright hues. Mica and quartz crystals are common in graves. The glitter and glistening of these would be sure to attract. But what of the next step, that of shaking from forms masses of objects that strike the fancy of the wearer? To shape a pebble that it might better meet the needs of a club-head or hatchet called for little skill, and the labor of making an axe has recently been shown to be but slight; but the idea of symmetry was developed and cultivated until a weapon was finally produced that can not be improved upon. The same is true of chipping from flint points for arrow-shafts. A mere splinter of stone, if sharp and narrow, would be as effective as any shape that could be devised; but such simple splinters do not appear to have been used, except directly after the invention of the bow and arrow; and, so far as is now discoverable, a series of artistically designed patterns have been in use for hundreds of years.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Grain Pipe Line. A Chicago woman, Mrs. N. E. Beasley, has invented a scheme for carrying small grains through pipe lines. Her scheme is to lay pipes from Chicago to the Atlantic coast through which grain is to be forced by pneumatic pressure at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The power stations are to be placed twenty-five miles apart. She says that the grain will be subject to no friction, and that the cost of transporting it from Chicago to New York would be under a cent a bushel. A working model of the contrivance is to be erected at Chicago this fall.

Portable Electric Lanterns. In trying to solve the difficulties of searching for the wounded at night after a great battle the experiment has been tried with fair success at Gratz of sending out men armed with portable electric lanterns, which were fed by accumulators contained in their knapsacks.

Matching Teeth. Perhaps the greatest difficulty that dentists meet with is the matching of false teeth with the natural teeth of their customers. The tooth factories supply dentists with rings upon which are strung thin metal bars, each carrying a tooth at its extremity. There are twenty-five of these sample teeth, that run all the way from nearly white to a shade that is almost olive. Some of the twenty-five usually almost matches the patient's teeth, and, at any rate, enables the dentist to match the teeth by application at the factory.

Lamp-lighters to the Queen. The "waxlight" in Queen Victoria's household arranges the candles on the dinner table, for which he draws \$300 a year, but he does not light them. That duty is performed by two lamp-lighters, drawing a salary of \$500 each.

A GREAT NAVAL REVIEW.

PREPARING FOR A BIG GATHERING AT HAMPTON ROADS. The Different Governments That Will Send War Vessels—Grandest Display of Modern Times.

ALREADY the naval authorities are beginning to prepare for the great naval review that is to inaugurate the celebrations in honor of the Columbian year, next April. The appropriation made by Congress (\$50,000) will not cover the expenses of mobilizing the fleet, let alone the expenses of maintaining it for several months, or of coast, so Secretary Tracy will have to draw liberally from the regular naval appropriation for the running expenses of the navy. Invitations have been prepared for all the countries of the world to be represented at the international review. It is expected that all the maritime powers of the Southern Continent will accept.

"Over on the other side" the nations will watch each other. Of course Russia and Germany will send a fleet out of good feeling toward the United States, and if Italy properly honors the memory of her son Columbus she will send some of her ten-thousand-ton battle ships. The English navy, large as it is, is very well divided over the world, so it is not probable that she will send a very large fleet, and upon her action in the matter depends largely the action of France. It is understood that Japan is to send a cruiser, of which she has some fine ones, across the Pacific and around the horn to take part in the first international review held in the country that first visited Japan to secure a mercantile treaty, and that Turkey will unbend from her religious rigor enough to send over one of her fine warships. This vessel will have a distinguishing feature that may be new to many Americans. An article of the Mohammedan religion makes the bell sacred; it cannot be used on board Turkish ships, as it is upon others, for striking the hours and sounding fog signals, and by a special suspension of the navigating rules a drum is used instead.

Of our own warships all the new steel ships will be in the review except the little Petrel, which is out in China, probably to spend the rest of her life there. Several of the ships now under construction will be in commission by that time, but it is doubtful if the big cruiser New York will be finished in time to participate. In case the Cramps do get her completed by March she will probably be Admiral Gherardi's flagship during the review. The Montgomery, Detroit and Machias will be in commission by that time. The other ships taking part will be the Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, Miantonomoh, Concord, Yorktown, Bennington, Vesuvius and Kearsarge. If the regulation fleet formation is contemplated with the sixteen vessels will form a fleet, with Admiral Gherardi as commander-in-chief; then there will be a division of the fleet into two squadrons, with a commodore or rear admiral in command of each; the subdivisions of the squadrons go under technical names of division and are composed of four vessels, then the division is again divided into two sections.

When all the ships anchor in Hampton Roads next April it will be a grand array, and the visiting and dining and the balls, parties and receptions will be something for officers to remember and tell of for years, while the din when all the ships salute some new-comer will dwarf a large-sized bombardment. And an "officer of the deck" on any one of the ships will have to keep his eyes open for commanding officers' pennants, signals and all the routine of a warship if he does not wish to receive the angry "benefiction" of his captain.

After the mobilization of the fleets at Hampton Roads they will proceed in company to New York harbor. In column at cruising distance, 400 yards, fifty ships, which number seems quite probable, will make a parade twelve miles long, and by the time the last one has passed, the leader will be "bull down," only a patch of smoke or a light network of rigging. It is earnestly hoped that the review will be the grandest naval display of modern times, all calculated to increase the friendship of the nations.—Washington Star.

"Sick" Pearls in a Submerged Cage. At the foot of a cliff under the windows of the Castle of Miramare, formerly the residence of the Mexican Emperor Maximilian, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the clear waters of the Adriatic, is a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rock. In that cage are some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belong to the Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time, the gems lost their color and became "sick," and the experts were unanimous in declaring that the only means by which they could be restored to their original brilliancy was by submitting them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea. They have been lying there for a number of years, and are gradually but very slowly regaining their former unrivalled brilliancy.

Statistics on Growth. The year of the greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls, the fourteenth. While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year, they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become superior physically to the seventeenth year, when the tables are again turned and remain so. From November to April children grow very little and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height.—British Medical Monthly.

Mother Goose. Mother Goose was a real character, and was not an imaginary personage, as we used to suppose. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Gosse in 1683, and a few years afterward became a member of the Old South Church. She died in 1757, aged ninety-two years. The first edition of her songs was published in Boston (1716), by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. The house in which a great part of her life was spent was a low, one-story building, with dormer windows and a red tiled roof, looking something like an old English country cottage.

THE NIGHT HATH A THOUSAND EYES.

The night hath a thousand eyes, And the day but one; Yet the light of a bright world dies With the dying sun. The mind has a thousand eyes, And the heart but one; Yet the light of the whole world dies, When love is done. —P. W. Boardman.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Knights of labor—When the baby's teething.—New York News. "Every man has his price." "What is Jobson's?" "He gives himself away." —Puck.

When a grain field has got about all it can hold it is ready for some mowder.—Texas Siftings.

The aeronaut loves his balloon. In fact, he's completely taken up with it.—Binghamton Leader.

"How's trade?" inquired Chumpleigh of his tailor. "Oh, just new sew."—Kate Field's Washington.

After the pickpocket has succeeded in getting his hand in he takes things easily.—Binghamton Leader.

Before marriage: He—"Kiss me, Carrie." After marriage: She—"Kiss me, Harry."—Boston Transcript.

A girl may not want to wear her love on her sleeve, but she usually likes to have her lover there.—Statenman.

There is a fat man down in the Neck who is so close fitted that he even hates to perspire freely.—Philadelphia Record.

Amenities in Wyoming. Bella—"How old is Miss Simpson?" Stella—"Old enough to vote."—Chicago News-Record.

"How are you getting along?" asked the farmer of the miller. "Same old grind," was the latter's reply.—Detroit Free Press.

A late fad is to make ice cream in the shape of billiard balls. The boys are expected to take the cue at once.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Clara—"I want something to match my head to-night. What would you wear?" Maude—"Something light."—Detroit Free Press.

The story that the brewers throughout the country are purchasing grasshoppers to get their hops for making beer is said to be incorrect.—Carlisle Herald.

"Does a man have to be a Christian to get through college, nowadays?" "Not at all, but he must be a musico man, without doubt."—Boston Courier.

"Do you refuse me on account of my age? I am only fifty-five." "That's just it. You may live fifteen, or twenty years yet."—Indianapolis Journal.

He—"Congratulations, I have just resisted a temptation." She—"What was the temptation?" He—"To propose to you."—New York Herald.

The gentleman, so often mentioned in novels, who rivets a people with the gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.—New Moon.

Bella (explaining with difficulty)—"Er—do you follow me?" Maister—"Maister—'Um! I'm after you, Miss Paddy, it that's what you mean?"—Tid Bits.

"Mersey" cried Juliet. "This glove is tight." "It, too, should be intoxicated," rapturously responded he. "were I a glove upon that hand."—Fitzper's Bazar.

The tenor who attempted to whip the editor of the Dramatic Gazette for a sharp criticism, when he got through had no ear for music. The editor had both of them.—New York News.

Mr. Bullion—"You are far too young to marry my daughter. You are only eighteen." Tom—"Yes, sir, but Miss Julia is thirty-four, so the two of us would average about right."—Jester.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court that he thought his whiskers very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."—Tit-Bits.

Mike—"It's like wild times to see you again, Pat. Why did you never write me a letter since last we met?" Pat—"O! didn't know yer address, Moike." Mike—"Thin why in the name o' sine, did ye not write for it?"—Harper's Bazar.

Always pass the fruit to everybody else before helping yourself. Common politeness will induce your company to leave the choicest specimens upon the plate, and when it comes to your turn you can eat them without exciting remark.—Boston Transcript.

Papa—"Well, Tommy, and how did you like it?" Tommy (who has been taken to church for the first time)—"Very much, indeed. Everybody had to keep very quiet, but one man stood up and talked the whole time, and at last we all had to get up and sing to keep him quiet."—Pek-Me-Up.

Mudge—"Judge Billings is a remarkably easy man to get acquainted with, don't you think?" Vabley—"I never noticed it." Mudge—"He is, though. I hadn't known him for over an hour before I borrowed a dollar of him, and inside of the next hour we got so well acquainted that he refused to lend me another one."—Indianapolis Journal.