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Every Northern State west of the Alleghenies has a State university.

London publishers are said not to relish the increasing sale in that city of the American magazines and periodicals.

According to the New York Independent "business is growing more active at nearly every important point, whether in the East, West or South."

A well-informed statistician has stated that more Hebrew synagogues have been set up in this country during the past ten years than in all previous years of American history.

The popular subscription of \$13,000 raised in New York City to provide for sick babies did a great work. Over 115,000 families were visited and over 10,000 sick were prescribed for.

The Boston Transcript laments that whales are getting almost as scarce as sea serpents, and that whalebone is getting to cost so much that dressmakers' bills are just about half "for trimmings."

The Kalmucks have an original method of treating cholera. Whenever one of them is attacked by the epidemic he mounts a horse and gallops as long as he has strength to stay on the animal's back. A Russian journalist tried this remedy recently and is said to have found it effective.

Columbus is everywhere, the New York Journal exclaims, and the very winds seem to shout his name. Even the yacht clubs talk of having lectures on the voyage of Columbus, and before the winter is over some of them may be debating the question "Was Columbus much of a sailor?"

It was lately quoted in British shipping circles as a proof of the depression affecting the shipping trade that a splendid four-masted iron bark of 2000 tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo, and sailed back for the Antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her.

The Azores are to be connected with Europe by cable and European weather prophets are indulging in the hope that the islands so eligibly situated in mid-Atlantic ocean may be utilized as meteorological stations. As most of the European storms come from that quarter the Chicago Herald thinks that a station in the Azores would be of the utmost value in science as well as to the world's commercial marine.

The railroad building of 1892 in the United States is estimated by the New York Independent at a little less than 4000 miles. This 4000 miles will bring the railroad mileage of the country up to an aggregate of 175,000 miles. Only 10,000 miles of railroad were built from 1830 to 1851; during the next five years as many more were built, and then the increase was greater until 1887, when 12,800 miles were built, the largest number of new mileage ever laid in any one year.

Capitalists are preparing to establish a line of steamers between Portland, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands to obtain a share of the trade which San Francisco monopolizes. The islands last year sent to San Francisco firms \$37,000 for sugar and \$465,000 for grain and feed. Portland can supply these staples cheaper than its rival, and in return for them exports to bring bananas, pineapples, mangoes, and other fruits to its own door. As a local merchant puts it: "There is no reason why Portland should pay San Francisco a commission on our fruits, and no reason why the islands should pay San Francisco a commission on Oregon flour and feed. Closer commercial relations must prove profitable both to Portland and the islands, and I see no reason why the enterprise should not be a success."

An Eastern paper appears a lament over the departure of the typical grand-mother. A pretty picture is drawn of the gray-haired old lady that is a memory of childhood, with her sweet and patient face and gentle manners. Then it is affirmed that she is no more. In her place has come a woman who uses rouge and has her children's children call her "Auntie." There would be reasons for lamentation had the grand-mother really vanished, admits the San Francisco Examiner, but she hasn't. The Eastern writer may have been deprived of a friend, and may have seen a specimen of the bogus auntie. But the grand-mother is a fixture. In many a household she is the central object of affection, as sweet and gentle as ever. Manners of living change, and not always for the better, but they have never changed so radically and badly as to annihilate the grand-mother, and when they do the time will have come to write a eulogistic failure.

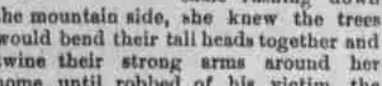
WHERE THE ROUGH ROAD TURNS.

Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet Smiles soft with its balm and bloom, We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet And the nights with their grief and gloom. And the skies will smile and the stars will beam And we'll lay us down in the light to dream. We shall lay us down in the bloom and light With a prayer and a tear for rest, As three children who creep at night To the love of a mother's breast; And for all the grief of the stormy past Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

A SWISS LOVE STORY.

BY ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

IN a pretty chalet that nestled high against the shaggy breast of Mount Obgudin lived the widow Neur and her daughter Marie. A lonely home you would have thought it, but the fir trees that wailed so in your ears whispered good cheer to Marie. When fierce winds came rushing down the mountain side, she knew the trees would bend their tall heads together and twine their strong arms around her home, until, robbed of his victim, the baffled storm rushed by.



When morning broke, the same friends stood erect and stately, drawing aside their leaves and branches, that the seabirds might not linger in their soft embraces, but hasten down to awaken their favorite, Marie. Very lovely was the little Swiss maid, with violet eyes that now danced and sparkled and then grew soft and tender as a little child's. Two rose red lips shut in her peartoothed smile, and when she smiled a tiny dimple danced for a moment on her peachy cheek. Her hair clung in caressing curls around her low white forehead, and fell in ripples of golden sunshine far below her slender waist. And her voice! Ah! that was Marie's greatest charm. Soft and clear, not a discordant note marred its sweet, pure harmony. Sometimes as she sang at her evening devotions the herdsmen far below in the valley, catching faint notes of her song, looked up and crossed themselves, half believing they heard the echo of an angel choir.

But very few knew of Marie's beauty. For when she went with her mother on one of her rare visits to the hamlet below, she brushed her wavy hair straight and smooth back from her forehead, and braided it in long stiff plaits which fell down her back. Her eyelids, with their curtains of long silky lashes, drooped over her dancing eyes, and she looked in vain for a glimpse of her beauty. Her red lips were shut firmly over her peartoothed smile, while the dimple hid itself resolutely away from sight. And her sweet voice, frightened at its own sound so far from home, grew faint and husky, until, in this shrinking, sober damsel, walking so timidly beside the Widow Neur, you would have found it hard to recognize the beautiful Marie of the mountain.

So it happened that only her mother and one other person knew how good and kind and how fair Marie was. This other was a stranger who came from a far away country and spent his summers in a little house on the mountain's very top. The simple villagers called him "the wizard," and told strange tales of how he spent whole nights gazing at the heavens through a long tube; that he could foretell to an hour when the sun would cover itself with darkness; but, strangest of all, he had a little wire stretched for miles over hills and valleys to the great city! This wire talked to him in a queer language which no one else could understand.

"Vick, tick, tickity tick," it said, and it told him things that happened miles and miles away. Marie did not know how wise the wizard was when he came to her home one morning and asked for a drink of water. He followed her to the spring when she went for it and stopped by the way to break open a curious stone. He showed Marie how queerly marked it was, and then told her a story about it. The usually timid maiden was so interested she forgot to be frightened, and thus a strong friendship between the two was begun.

After this the wizard often came to the widow's chalet for rest and refreshment on his long rambles, and Marie unconsciously revealed her charms to him, one by one, until, long before the first summer was ended, the stranger knew that no girl in all the canton could be compared with Marie.

On the other side of the mountain from the Widow Neur's home lived another widow. She, too, had but one child, a son, who was the pride and delight of her life. This was the brave young hunter and guide Gustavus Friel. He was tall, straight, and handsome, with flashing brown eyes, and a laugh as frank as a child's; he was the favorite of the canton, and there was not a girl within its bounds who would not have been proud to plight her troth with him.

Gustavus, however, cared little for the

Obgudin maidens. He would far rather chase the chamotis up the mountainside or guide travelers through its dangerous passes than spend his time with the finest of the maids of the hamlet.

His mother often said, "My son, when wilt thou bring me home a daughter and thyself a wife?" And Gustavus, smiling and and pressing a kiss on her forehead, would answer: "When I find a maid as good as thee, mother; but I want no idle, shrill-voiced wife to disturb our quiet home."

But one day his mother said more sadly and seriously than ever before: "Gustavus, I am growing old and feeble. I can no longer make and mend thy clothes and keep our home. Thou must have a wife. Promise me at the fete next week thou wilt choose one from among the maidens there."

Gustavus reluctantly gave her the desired promise, but it weighed heavily upon him. He could think of nothing else, and the more he pondered the heavier his heart grew.

At last he seized his gun and went out on the mountain, but the perplexing questions followed him, until at last he threw himself on the ground groaning, "Oh, that some wise man would make this choice for me!"

A moment after he looked up and saw, as if in answer to his wish, the wizard approaching him.

"Why," he exclaimed to himself, "did I not think of him before! Surely he, if any one, can help me." Then, with a throbbing heart, Gustavus sprang up to meet him.

The wizard greeted Gustavus warmly, for he felt a strong friendship for the young guide who had taken him safely through many a dangerous mountain excursion.

And now his sympathetic question, "Why, what's troubling you, my boy?" opened the way for Gustavus to pour out all his perplexity, ending his recital with the question:

"Canst thou not help me choose a good wife who will make my life happy? For now I have given my mother my promise to find a wife at the fete next week."

The wizard smiled sympathetically, and then thought in silence a little while before he answered: "If a pure, true heart is united to a true, pure heart, both lives must be happy."

"Alas!" answered Gustavus, "but I know not which maiden among them all has the purest, truest heart!"

"There will be one such heart at the fete," answered the wizard, "but you may fail to recognize it. However, if you will come to me to-morrow I will give you a charm that will show you this heart."

Here was comfort, indeed, and with a light heart Gustavus thanked his friend and bounded forward.

Left alone, the wizard continued down the mountain-side until he came in sight of the Widow Neur's chalet, where he found Marie sitting by the spring. Instead of her usual sunny smile, they tear-drops stood in her eyes, and there was a grievous look about her rosy lips that made him wish to comfort her.

"What is the matter little one!" he asked gently. "Oh, sir," she said, "I want to see the great fete next week, but I have no pretty ornaments to wear, and then—"

The long curtains drooped over her shining eyes and the sweet voice sank almost to a whisper.

"The good mother says none of the young men will care to dance with me." "But why?" asked the wizard in surprise.

"Because I cannot talk and laugh with them as other maidens do. My heart beats fast if they do but glance toward me, and I know not what to say, and so, here I tear myself from under the long eyelashes—"my mother says I had better not go."

"Courage, little one," the wizard answered, "I'll help you. I'll add, suddenly, 'that I am going to lend you a silver belt to wear, and that my knowledge tells me that the bravest, handsomest youth in all the land will dance with you quite joyfully.'"

The happy Marie thanked the wizard as Gustavus had done, and ran off to tell the wonderful news to her mother.

Early next morning Gustavus went for his charm. He found the wizard waiting for him, and taking him into his strange room, the wise man said, smiling, as he had the day before, half quizzically, half sympathetically:

side, and as the hours fled and no youth asked her to dance, her head drooped lower, and she wondered if the wise man had made a mistake.

In the mean time Gustavus danced with one after another of the maids, but though he watched with intense eagerness, not once did he feel the strange thrill for which he waited.

"I have danced with them all," he said at last to himself, "except that shy one over there: surely she is not the girl!"

He asked her name of one of the girls, and then going to her, said simply: "Marie, wilt thou dance with me?" Astonishment and delight made Marie for a moment forget her shyness. The wizard's words had come true.

Ringingly, she said, smiling upon him, and showing her beautiful eyes already dancing with delight, and the dear little dimple in her cheek: "Art thou come?"

"She is not so plain, after all," thought Gustavus, as he answered: "Wast thou looking for me, Marie?" Marie hung her head without answering, and Gustavus, wondering a little at her words, led her to the dance.

As he placed his arm around her his hand touched her shining curls. Instantly a strange thrill ran through them both, and Gustavus' arm seemed to cling to Marie's waist.

"Marie, didst thou feel that?" he asked earnestly. And Marie smilingly answered: "Yes."

So they began dancing, and as they danced it seemed to those watching them that a wonderful transformation came over Marie.

Her hair, shaken loose from its long, stiff braids, hung like a glittering golden veil all around her, and beautiful eyes shone like stars, and the dimpled cheeks and pearly teeth formed a fit hiding-place for the laughing voice that now and then rang sweet and clear from her rosy lips. Not one of the village maidens was half so fair as she!

"Surely," said the amazed villagers, "there was never such a handsome couple."

"But is not Marie under a charm," cried others, "she has suddenly grown so lovely!"

"Love's witchery, if it is true and pure will transform all of us and bring out all that is loveliest and best within us."

As for Gustavus, he thought rightly that he never seen so good and beautiful a creature, and he blessed the wizard for the charm which had led his heart to hers.

Long before the summer ended, Gustavus took home Marie to be his own and his mother's greatest joy and happiness.

When M. le Wizard returned to Paris that winter, he read a scientific paper before the Academy.

In it he detailed many of his wonderful discoveries and his work during the summer. But he did not speak of the most interesting of all—how, by the aid of a little magnet, concealed in a steel belt, and a rude ring, he had brought together two loving human hearts, and by so doing had caught some of the happiness of Paradise and imprisoned it in a chalet on old Obgudin Mountain.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Extinct Monster.

The steamer City of Tokes, which arrived from Alaska ports early the other morning, brought a mammoth skeleton that was the center of attraction to a large number of sight-seers at Pacific wharf, states the Port Townsend (Washington) Leader. The skeleton is that of a rhamporhates, or whale lizard, only the second one known to be in existence. The other, a much smaller specimen than this, was found some years ago near Oxford, England, and is one of the most valuable specimens now on exhibition in the British Museum. J. L. Buck, of Everett, claims the honor of having brought this valuable relic to light, although it was discovered four years ago by a prospector named Frank Willoughby.

The spot where the skeleton was found by Buck, who went north for that purpose, was nearly a mile from where the original location was reported. The skeleton was finally located by Buck and his Indian assistant on top of the celebrated Mt. Glacier, six miles inland and 5000 feet above the sea level, securely imbedded in a large cake of ice, requiring the service of the entire party for two days to dislodge it. At some time during its existence the skeleton was badly shattered, presumably by a fall or by being crushed, and was somewhat damaged when taken out.

The rhamporhates, or whale-lizard, has been extinct for over five centuries, and is described in natural history as the "king of the land and the sea," this organism being undoubtedly based on the fact that it was equally at home in the water, on land or in the air. In the first instance the rate of speed was something terrific, the momentum being produced with the legs, while the enormous wings served to keep the body out of the water, the operation bordering upon the impossible feat of walking on the water. The great size of the whale-lizard can be judged from the fact that a single bone weighed 794 pounds, while the entire skeleton tipped the scales at 2400 pounds.

The bones will be put together by Buck at his home in Everett, and after being exhibited will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution. The specimen is valued at \$30,000.

The lace bark tree grows in the West Indies. It is a lofty tree, with ovate, entire smooth leaves and white flowers. It is remarkable for the tenacity of its linn bark and the readiness with which the inner bark may be separated after maceration in water into layers resembling lace.

Two land grants, said to bear the signatures of John Adams and Martin Van Buren, were recently found in a lot of waste paper at the paper mill in Palmyra, Mich.

THE SAVAGES OF BRAZIL.

CURIOUS TRIBES OF INDIANS WHICH INHABIT THE COUNTRY.

Habits of the Botocudos—Pleasant People Who Make Parlor Ornaments of Their Enemies' Heads.

OF the 12,000,000 people now occupying Brazil not quite one-third, says Fannie B. Ward in the Washington Star, are "Caucasians," and in the majority of individual cases they are so largely "mixed" as hardly to deserve the name. Another third are negroes; less than one-tenth are Indians, and the rest come under the general head of Metis, or mixed beyond classification. The first, the educated, generally Portuguese, Brazilians, Spanish-Brazilians and Saxons-Brazilians, whether planters, politicians, merchants or gentlemen of leisure, are naturally the ruling class; as in all Nations of mixed races the whitest, though in ever so small a minority, are the controlling element. To these should be added the soldiers, for though the rank and file shone from black and tan to ebony they are offered by white men of commanding talent and influence. It was they who wrought the recent revolution which overthrew an Empire (really against the wishes of the majority of Brazilians outside the capital), who ousted the first President in the beginning of his term, and are capable at any time of any sort of political overturning.

Brazilian Indians are said to be about the ugliest human beings on the face of the earth, not excepting the "Diggers" of lower California and the tribes of Tierra del Fuego. The Botocudos, who are most noted, have advanced far enough to till small patches of land, live in huts, raise cattle and weave mats for sale. The Portuguese gave them their singular name from the word potogue, meaning a barrel bung—from their habit of wearing large round disks of wood in their ears and under lips. This fashion used to go so far that in middle life many of them had stiff under lips projecting five or six inches, holding a plug as big as the top of a coffee cup. Of late years the custom is mostly discontinued. The men varnish themselves all over with bright yellow paint made from the bark and gum of a species of palm; and the women "dress up" as some civilized ladies do, by applying a few streaks of white and red to their faces and arms.

Though many of the Botocudos are now partially civilized, we are assured that those of the far interior are yet cannibals to the extent of eating their captives taken in war. Like the Greeks of the Homeric age, they consider it the greatest of evils to lie unburied after death; so they delight in making flutes and trumpets of their enemies' bows. I have the questionable pleasure of owning one of these ghastly trophies, which has five holes, and is ornamented with tufts of red and yellow feathers attached to the bows by strings; but it requires somebody more courageous than your correspondent to test its value as a musical instrument by personal experiment.

There is another Brazilian tribe, whose name I do not remember, who are an almost exact counterpart of the Pueblos of Mexico and Arizona—simple, peaceful and industrious. They live near the coast and are doubtless descendants of those Pinzon and other early voyagers first encountered. But unfortunately they are few in number and rapidly dying out, for among their fierce neighbors "turn up" to him the other cheek also" principle is disastrous to life and property. I here are many scattered tribes of unacclimated savages, most of whom are wandering cannibals and all implacably hostile. Perhaps the most interesting among these (at a safe distance) are the Mundrucus or "Beheaders," who, with their allies, are said to number between twenty and thirty thousand. They live up the Madeira Tapajos, Rio Negro and other tributaries of the Amazon, in palm leaf huts set around a central malocca; the latter not the dwelling of a chief, as might be supposed, but rather a grand council chamber, fortress, arsenal and general pow-wow room. In it are deposited those horrible trophies, the preserved heads of their enemies, which have given to the Mundrucus their title of "Beheaders." Unlike the Jiveros of South-eastern Ecuador, they do not extract the skull, but by some savage process of embalming keep the cranial relic as nearly entire as possible, inserting false eyes (made of bits of shell or polished quartz), the long hair combed carefully out and decorated with strings of rock-wood and macaw feathers, feather earrings in the ears and dyed strings passed through the tongue by which to suspend it to the rafters. In peaceful times hundreds of these are ranged around the walls of the malocca or set in rows around the mandioca fields to keep the ghosts away that might otherwise injure the growing food, and on warlike and festive occasions they are trotted out on the points of the warriors' spears. Strange to say the Dyaks of Borneo have a similar custom of preserving their enemies' heads, and are provided with blowguns, almost identical with those of South Americans.

Like most other Amazonian Indians, the Mundrucus cultivate a little mandioca, corn and plantains. They know how to prepare farinha meal from the mandioca, and also to brew a sort of intoxicating resembling chicha. They have gourd vessels, some of them quaintly carved, rude pots of baked clay and utensils of wood and stone. Their canoes are hollowed tree trunks, and besides the blowguns for killing birds, they have bamboo spears with poisoned points and arrows tipped with the deadly curare. By the way, the latter is now generally conceded to be neither a vegetable poison nor the venom of serpents, as was formerly supposed, but the putrid matter from decayed human bodies, the arrows being stuck into a festering corpse and left until soaked full of the deadliest poison known.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A door-closer is operated by gravity. A machine is made for grooving horse-shoes. Ploving by electricity is in contemplation for a large property in Spain. At the present time the average height of the tides the world over is only about three feet.

An incredible metal, which is likewise very hard, is made by amalgamating nickel with steel. A French chemist has succeeded in making imitation diamonds that cost more than the genuine. It is believed that diphtheria is sometimes contracted by little children while playing near the sewers when the latter are open for repairs or other purposes.

The use of minute quantities of chromium in steel to give it exceptional hardness was probably first carried out on a commercial scale by Julius Bauer, of New York. The life of a locomotive crank pin, which is almost the first thing about an engine to wear out, is 60,000 miles, and the life of a thirty-three-inch wheel is 66,733 miles.

A California company makes a splendid article of toilet soap from the froth skimmed from a boiling compound. It is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and mineral oil. At Baku, Russia, there is an immense oil well that "ebbs and flows" with the same regularity as do the ocean tides. It is believed to have some mysterious connection with the sea.

The lower grade of molasses sells for such a poor price (two cents a gallon), that some of the Louisiana sugar houses use it for fuel. Several of the Cuban sugar houses thus use it. Sir John Lubbock, who probably knows more about bees than any other man in the world, living or dead, says that there is strong evidence that the queen bee has the power of controlling the sex of the egg.

It appears that a colored or dark pigment in the olfactory region is essential to perfect smell. In cases where animals are pure white they are usually totally devoid of both smell and taste, and some, the white cat for instance, are almost invariably deaf.

A Boston dentist advocated hypnosis as a local anesthetic in a paper read before the New England Dental Society and hypnotized a patient there and then. Through lessons in the practice, performing a dental cutting without eliciting from the patient any manifestation of feeling. The paper was unaccompanied by drawings.

The gall of a gall-fly produced on an oak attracts, states Dr. Rathay, by their viscous secretion, a number of small ants, which he believes to be advantageous to the tree in killing quantities of caterpillars and other insects which are its natural enemies. He illustrates the value of this protection by the statement that the inhabitants of a single ant's nest may destroy in a single day upward of 100,000 insects.

It is found that masonry may be rendered impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with that element, by the application of coal tar. The latter is employed in a boiling state, in one or more layers, or it may be made to flame up before being used, the first being suitable for surfaces exposed to the air, while the second is appropriate in the case of parts intended to be covered up. This method of treating foundations is declared to be of special utility in all public buildings, particularly those designed for the preservation of works of art, preventing as it does exudations of water charged with lime salts from the mortar.

Mosaic of Thirteen Furs. A rug, ten by fifteen feet, made up of the fur of thirteen wild animals is now in the possession of W. H. Wallenbar, who has an office on Dearborn street. Mr. Wallenbar keeps his rug, which cost him \$1500, locked up in the vault in his office and takes it out only occasionally to exhibit it to particular friends.

The rug was made in Moscow and took one man two years to put the pieces together. Finished the rug has the appearance of a rich mosaic, the deep yellow of the tiger woven into the coal black of the South sea seal in diamond-shaped blocks. The center is made up of three rings of a diameter of twenty inches, the patch-like diamond pieces radiating from a circular tuft of monkey skin and bordered by a rim of otter. The ground work of the entire piece is in monkey skin. Outside the large center pieces are two rows of circles. The outside contains fourteen circles, six inches in diameter, made of mink, angora and otter. The inner rows contain sixteen circles of Russia sable and monkey skin. At either end and on the sides is a six-inch selvage of Russian silver fox hide and twenty silver-gray fox tails adorn the ends. In the make-up pieces of the fur from the Russia sable, Persian lamb, Angora goat, China goat, mink, otter, South sea seals, monkey, Thibet lamb, musk rat, weasel, leopard and the Russia silver-gray fox are used.—Chicago News Record.

English Fruit Markets. There is a prevalent notion that our markets are richer in fruits and vegetables than those of England, yet a woman writing home of the great Covent Garden market in London says: "Of the loveliness and variety of fruits here exposed Americans have no adequate idea. I saw scores of varieties of English and foreign grapes, peaches as large as cricket balls, glossy nectarines, sweet and brown, downy apricots, flecked by the sun, monster pines, luscious green pears, Orleans plums and awans' eggs, glowing magnam bonans, pears from the Channel Islands and the south of France, mulberries, melons, the ambergis, and late strawberries big as eggs, in tempting bouquets, bringing from temperance to a shilling apiece."—New York Post.

THE ORIGIN OF SIN.

He talked about the origin Of sin, But present sin, I must confess, He never tried to render less, But used to add, so people talk, His share into the general stock— But grieved about the origin Of sin.

He mourned about the origin Of sin, But never struggled very long To rout contemptuous wrong, And never lost his sleep, they say, About the evils of to-day— But wept about the origin Of sin.

He sighed about the origin Of sin; But showed no fear you could detect About its ultimate effect; He deemed it best to use no force, But let it run its natural course— But mourned about the origin Of sin.

—Sam W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Of course a young woman expects to be killing when she puts on a kilt—Fun. It takes a master stroke to smooth down a rebellious schoolboy.—Texas Siftings.

About all some people want with religion is to make them feel good.—Ram's Horn. When the head of a mortal gets turned it is always turned the wrong way.—Galveston News.

Many a wise man has picked up a good suggestion where some fool dropped it.—Galveston News. Figures won't lie, but they are as clay to the potter in the hands of an expert.—Boston Transcript.

"She's a very upright young lady." "Yes, but she's bent on matrimony."—Philadelphia Record. A man who lives fast cannot expect that enjoyment will keep up with him.—Linghamton Republican.

"Was the pug dog mad that the policeman shot?" "Gee, what no; but the woman that owned him was."—Inter-Ocean. Forrester—"How time does fly." Lancaster—"I don't blame it. Think how many people there are trying to kill it."—Brooklyn Life.

At Home: Jack Dashing (angrily)—"Pen, I have found you out!" Penelope Peachbloom (yawning)—"I really wish you had, Jack."—New York Herald. When on his hobby once he mounts, He'll chatter by the hour, His eloquence is not what counts; It is his staying power."—Washington Star.

As a rule, a man who has a moustache he can twist, or whiskers he can stroke, is three times as long making up his mind as one who hasn't.—Athens Globe. "Was your son graduated at the head of his class?" "No, indeed. He was in a much more responsible position—at the very foundation of it."—Black and White.

Walking is said to be the best exercise for brain workers, and it is worthy of note that brain workers can seldom afford to do anything else.—Boston Globe. "Why is it that Mr. Hardy proved such a flat failure in society?" "That's easy enough to answer. He talked sense when out at social functions."—Chicago News Record.

He—"A woman can't conceal her feelings." She—"Can't, eh? She can kiss a woman she hates." He—"Yes, but she doesn't fool the woman any."—Brandon Bauner. "Do you think it is a symptom of insanity for a man to talk to himself?" "Not necessarily. It may be merely a good-natured toleration of poor society."—Washington Star.

Wife (excitedly)—"If you go on like this I shall certainly lose my temper." Husband—"No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost."—Commercial Bulletin. It does not follow that a man is superior to the fowls because he makes an impression in society. The dull razor is most successful in making its presence known.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you see double?" asked the oculist who was examining Farmer Fodder's eyes. "Of course I do," replied the farmer. "I have two eyes, haven't I?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph. Van Arden—"She told me it was her first year out." Maid Marian—"Why, she's been out four seasons." Van A.—"Ah, well, she counts four seasons the year, I suppose."—Kato Field's Washington.

A Jersey City official who is in the coal business, and has been underselling his neighbors, has been put under arrest for selling light tons, and is now likely to learn something about the famous weight of the transgressor.—Philadelphia Ledger. Jimmy—"Can you talk, Mr. Fypp?" Mr. Fypp—"Yes, of course I can. Why did you ask?" Jimmie—"Why, 'cause I heard mamma say that your voice was drowned last night at the concert, and that she was just awful glad of it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Goodluck—"I don't believe I ever missed any one as I do Mrs. Hiltone." Mrs. Dasher—"I didn't know that you were acquainted with her." Mrs. Goodluck—"I wasn't exactly, but we had the same washerwoman and we have been exchanging handkerchiefs for a long time."—Inter-Ocean.