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Job work—cash on delivery.

Only two per cent. of the Siberian runaways escape with their lives.

There are now 7000 loan associations in this country, with a membership of 2,000,000 persons.

It is said that Christian missionaries in foreign countries have more trouble to convert Mohammedans than any other class of people.

The Chicago Herald believes "it is safe to say that almost every five miles of main public road in Great Britain is better than almost any five miles of public road in our country."

The fire loss for 1892 for the United States and Canada foots up $133,704,700; a large sum of money to be completely wiped out of existence in twelve months, observes the New York Independent.

A correspondent of the Chattanooga Times, writing from Glen Mary of the abandonment of sheep raising on account of the raids made by dogs, says that there is not a farmer in that small section but losses twenty-five per cent. or more of his sheep through the work of worthless curs. The dog question is a lively one in Tennessee just at this time.

Dr. Parker, of the London City Temple, not long ago held a service for the unemployed, and invited each of his hearers into the vestry after service and presented him with a small sum of money. One of the recipients, with cynical candor, said to some one as he came away: "I've not done a day's work for seven-and-twenty years and I don't mean to!"

Reports lately made concerning the oyster fisheries of Louisiana lead to the belief, says the Chicago Herald, that a large share of this country's supply of oysters will come from that quarter in the future. It is reported that the beds are of enormous proportions, possess every natural advantage for the growth of the shellfish, and in many cases are hardly touched by the rake.

Scientific distinction by women is so seldom acquired, even when deserved, that of special interest is the recent action of the Academy of Science in Bavaria in electing a woman to full membership. This honor has been conferred upon the Princess Theresa, sister of the Prince Regent, the only woman whose scientific works have been considered worthy such recognition.

In round numbers, there are 50,000 convicts in the penitentiaries and 20,000 able-bodied men confined in jails, making a total army of 70,000 men available for employment in road improvement in the United States. Why not employ them in this work? suggests the Farm, Field and Fireside. Many of them are lying in idleness, fed at the people's expense, while the labor of others in the penitentiaries is let by contract to manufacturers and employed in direct competition with honest labor.

A man recently offered to carry the mails between Boonsborough and Keedysville, Maryland, daily, except Sunday, free of charge. The distance between the two towns is about three miles, and the bidder thought that he had low enough to secure the contract. It was not awarded to him, however, for another man offered to do the work for an annual compensation of one cent, and to him the contract was awarded. The man who offered to deliver the mail free of charge is now wondering why he was not permitted to do so.

It looks to the New York Sun as though the cave-dwelling race, which once lived in Arizona and the regions thereabout, had been discovered as far north as Alaska, or upon a small island off the Alaskan coast which was recently visited by the United States cruiser Bear. The Bear's officers, while exploring the upper surface of the rock known as King's Island, which rises above the waters of the Bering Strait, found an aboriginal tribe of cave dwellers, who seem to possess some of the characteristics of the curious people which in old times existed far to the southward. From the account given of the dwellings we infer that, in construction and in grouping, they resemble those of the cliff dwellers of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. Some of their implements are similar to those that were made by the cave and cliff people elsewhere; but their food is not like that which was used by their southern kin, who had no opportunity of fattening upon whale blubber or walrus meat. It is hardly worth while, however, to speculate about these Alaskan cave dwellers until we have fuller information concerning them. That the island had some inhabitants was known before it was visited by the Captain of the Bear, whose report is likely to be of interest to American archæologists.

THE SNOW-WEAVER'S SONG.

Back and forth the shuttles go,
Fashioning the cloth of snow,
And the weaver you may hear
At the wind loom singing clear:

"Slumber, little flowers, and dream
Of the silver throated stream,
Shining through the April day
As it were a music ray
Bearing melody along
From the mellow sun of song.
Slumber, little fragrant faces,
Dreaming in your quiet places;
Soon the dreams shall pass—and then
You and spring shall wake again!"

Thus the weaver at his loom
Sings away the winter's gloom,
While he weaves the coverlet
For the dreamers who forget:

"Slumber, little flowers, and dream
Of the April's golden beam
Which shall come and fill your eyes
With the sunlight of surprise;
Waking, you shall hear once more
Song birds at the daybreak's door.
Slumber, little fragrant faces,
Dreaming in your quiet places,
Soon the dreams shall pass—and then
You and spring shall wake again!"

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

NINETTE'S CAREER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

IT was snowing still, sharp prickles of whiteness in the gloomy December dusk, when Ninette Beauvoir was driven up to her cousin's house. The air was intensely cold, the houses on either side of the street loomed up like huge phantoms, and the gas-jets seemed to thrill and shiver in the wind. And the welcome of Mrs. Berry, her cousin's housekeeper, was a dead match for the weather and the wind.

"I am expected, I suppose?" said Ninette, wondering why the woman did not open the door a little wider.

"What name?" cautiously inquired Mrs. Berry.

"Miss Beauvoir, from Atlanta, Georgia."

"I have heard nothing of it," said Mrs. Berry, without opening the door a fraction of an inch farther.

"Mr. Trebleton is at home, I suppose?"

"No, Miss, he's not," still frigidly.

"I will come in," said Ninette, trying to swallow the suffocating sensation in her throat. "I will wait for him. It is so cold, and I—I am half frozen."

Mrs. Berry hesitated a moment, then opened the door, ungraciously enough.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you can wait in the study until he comes."

She showed Ninette into the red-curtained, cozy little room, lined with books, lighted by the soft ring of flame that streamed from a shaded gas-jet, warmed with the glow of a coral-red fire upon the hearth. And here, surreptitiously turning the keys in the secretary-drawers and writing-table and taking them out, Mrs. Berry left her.

"There are the paper-weight," said Mrs. Berry to herself, "and the ivory paper-cutters and the inkstand with the stag's head in bronze; but I don't believe she'd take them!"

While Ninette, left alone, crouched down in the low chair before the fire and burst into tears.

"Is all the North as cruel, as hard, as frozen cold as this?" she asked herself, with a convulsive shudder. "Oh, it would have been better to have died of starvation in my own sunny, golden South! If a stray dog, there, had crept in out of the storm at night, they would, at least, have given him a bone and a kind word. But for me there is no such welcome!"

When Mr. Trebleton came in at nine o'clock, he found Ninette still looking at the fire through eyes that swan like tears.

"I am Ninette Beauvoir, your cousin's child," said she, rising with varying color.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, I am sure," said Mr. Trebleton, apparently so busy in removing his gloves that he never noticed her offered hand. "What can I do for you, Miss Beauvoir?"

Ninette looked at him with large, grave eyes.

"Papa said, before he died," she faltered, "that you would give me a home with your daughters. I have no longer a home of my own. Papa's illness was expensive and took all our means."

"Quite out of the question; quite out of the question," said Mr. Trebleton, hurriedly, as he took up a poker and began beating the topmost lumps of coal on the fire. "Perhaps you are not aware Miss Beauvoir, that I have a large and expensive family of my own, and I couldn't think of undertaking any additional expenses."

Ninette listened, apparently incredulous of her own senses.

"But what am I to do?" she asked.

"What do other girls do who are thrown on their own resources?" rather curtly demanded Mr. Trebleton, secretly wishing that the interview was over.

"I don't know," said Ninette, simply. "I am only an ignorant Southern girl. No one ever told me. I supposed, of course, that I could come and live with you!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Trebleton. "They teach; they take in sewing; they go into stores, shops, factories. They strive for independence."

"Cousin Trebleton," said Ninette, with a quivering lip, "if I could see your wife—your daughters—they are women like me; they—"

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Trebleton, stonily, "but they are out of town. There, there; don't cry. If there's anything I hate, it is to see a woman make a scene. Of course, you can stay here to-night. My housekeeper, Mrs. Berry, will take care of you. In the morning you will be better able to look things in the face."

Mrs. Berry, still, stiff and silent, conducted Ninette to an arctic-cold bedroom at the top of the house, where the very candle seemed to shiver.

"What's the matter now?" said Mrs. Berry. "Why are you crying?"

"I am so hungry," sobbed Ninette, in whose nature starvation had completely overcome the heroic element. "I have had nothing to eat since eight o'clock this morning."

Mrs. Berry bit her lip impatiently.

"And the kitchen fire gone down," said she, "and not a drop of milk left! Well, I'll go down and see what I can find."

But when she came back, poor little Ninette, who had crept into bed to get warm, was sound asleep. And the niggardly sandwich and slice of withered cake were too late.

Mr. Trebleton took Ninette to a genteel intelligence bureau the next day.

"This lady," he said to her, indicating a stout female in black-silk behind a tall desk, "will procure decent lodgings for you, and put you in the way to employment. And, if I can be of any further service to you, pray let me know."

And he had given her hand a fish-like pressure and was gone, before she fairly comprehended that this was his way of getting rid of her.

Poor Ninette! Poor little tropical child of the South, how infinitely lonely she felt at that moment.

But the stout female took up a pen, opened a big book and began to ask questions with bewildering brusqueness and rapidity, and Ninette soon caught the infection of her energy.

The rest of the week was like the shifting scenes which Ninette remembered to have seen at a pantomime, years and years ago. She was hurried from place to place in the great, noisy bedlam of a city. Nobody wanted a nursery governess; the school lists were crowded to overflowing; from the stores Ninette shrank with trembling horror, after she had seen the smooth, nice, oily-faced superintendents of one or two.

"I can do nothing more for you," said the stout female at length, "unless, indeed, they can give you employment at the Decoration Rooms. It won't cost anything for you to go and see!"

To the Rooms of Decorative Art Ninette accordingly went. The directress was engaged. She would see the young person presently. Let her be shown into the workroom.

A great, bright, well-ventilated apartment filled with busy workers, some at frames, some at tables, some standing before easels; and one pale, middle-aged women was drawing a design for wall-paper on a huge sheet of coarse paper—daisies, corn-flowers, trailing vines, all tangled together.

"That is not right!" exclaimed Ninette, involuntarily, as she watched the slow, uncertain progress of the pencil. "Let me show you how to bring that vine out!"

The woman stared, but Ninette had caught the pencil from her hand, and, with two or three bold strokes, altered the whole character of the design. From mediocre it became original; from stiffness it took on a wild, woodland grace.

"How did you do that?" asked the stupid, middle-aged woman in bewilderment.

"I don't know," confessed Ninette, crimsoning. "But don't you see—can't you comprehend? It couldn't be otherwise! It must come out so!"

A hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and turning around she found herself looking into the calm, amused eyes of the directress.

"You are right, my child," said she, "it could not be otherwise. But it is not one in a thousand who would know it. Come here, I must talk with you!"

That half-hour in the work-room of the Decoration Society was the turning-point of Ninette Beauvoir's life. She had found her niche in life's temple.

She could scarcely reckon up within her own mind the number of years that had passed when she sat alone in the little private parlor of the Decoration Rooms in the soft dusk of a March evening, with the red gleam of the fire filling the room with dreamy softness. She had grown from an impulsive child into a tall, beautiful, self-poised woman, who presided over the ramifications of the great society with queenly dignity and well-balanced judgment. And Ninette was happy now in having discovered her true career.

The girl entered with lights. Miss Beauvoir glanced up.

"I shall not need the light, Gretchen," she said. "I am going home as soon as the carriage comes for me."

"There is an old gentleman, Miss Beauvoir, to see you," said the girl, apologetically. "I told him it was past hours, but he said he had walked a long distance to see you, and seemed so old and feeble that I didn't like to refuse him. He has a portfolio under his arm."

"Where is he, Gretchen? In the reception room?" interrupted Miss Beauvoir. "I will go to him."

A tall, stooping old man, with scanty locks, threadbare clothes and gloves mended until they resembled a piece of mosaic, turned as she entered.

"Do I speak," he asked, "to the head of the establishment?"

Miss Beauvoir inclined her head. In the dark silk dress and mantle edged with fur she looked even older, more dignified than her years.

"I am very poor," he said. "I have met with reverses in business and am quite dependent on the exertions of my daughters. They have been brought up ladies, and, consequently, are comparatively helpless; but they have done a little needlework, for which they would be glad to obtain a fair price, and—"

"Mr. Trebleton!" cried out Ninette, holding out both her hands.

He flushed deeply.

"That is my name," he said, "but I was not aware—"

"Have you forgotten me?" she interrupted. "Little Ninette Beauvoir! Don't you remember that we are cousins? My circumstances are good," she added, coloring a little. "I receive an excellent salary here and have money laid up. Do you think I can allow my father's cousin to want? I have a comfortable home; it shall be yours, and my cousins' also. My carriage is at the door now. Let us go together to your home."

And Ninette, in her enthusiasm, overruled poor Mr. Trebleton's feeble objections.

"A comfortable home" she had called it, but to the poverty-stricken inhabitants of a tenement-house on Grand street the little brown-stone dwelling seemed a palace, with its bright open fires, its sweetness of hot-house flowers, its moss-soft carpets, dark oiled boards and walls tinted with the softest of colors.

Mr. Trebleton sat feebly down in the big velvet arm-chair; his pale, sickly daughters stood beside him, embarrassed, yet happy in their young cousin's warm Southern welcome.

"Do you mean," he faltered, "that we are to live here—always?"

"What else could I possibly mean?" said Ninette, kneeling to arrange the coffee and fruit on the table at his side. "Are you not my cousins? Where should your home be but with me?"

Mr. Trebleton brushed something from his eyelashes.

"Ninette," said he, faintly, "I do not deserve this. I—I didn't treat you so, when you came a solitary orphan to my house!"

"Let all that be forgotten," said Ninette, gently. "Remember, only, that you are welcome, more than welcome to my hearth and home!"

So Stephens Trebleton and his daughters stayed on, always, in the sunny little brown-stone house. And Ninette was happy, for she had it in her power to bestow happiness.

"Of what use is money, if not to help others with?" said sweet Ninette. "And they are my cousins, too!"

But Mr. Trebleton had not argued thus on that snowy December night when Ninette Beauvoir came, homeless and solitary, to him.

"Lord be merciful to me, a sinner," he breathed. "But I never knew, until I saw it in the uncompromising light of the past, what a miserable, selfish brute I was."—The Ledger.

She Remembers Her Newsboy Friend.

"There is a young man in Mobile, Ala.," said Colonel Robert McEachin, of Winchester, Va., "who has cause to remember Amelie Rives, the writer, twice a year. When the now distinguished lady was a little girl and lived in that city, she became fondly attached to a newsboy who cried out his papers every morning in the neighborhood in which she lived. They met one day and a friendship sprang up between them that has lasted to the present time. After the boy's stock of papers were sold in the morning he would call for the pretty little blue-eyed miss and they would take long strolls down Froscute road, plucking the orange blossoms and the magnolia blooms. They soon got to be familiar figures on Government street, as they would walk along that busy thoroughfare with the young girl's head garlanded with wreaths of beautiful flowers and the little boy's arms filled with vines and evergreens. Then Miss Rives moved far away into Virginia, but she never forgot her newsboy friend, for it was her custom almost daily to write him, telling how sadly she missed the walks and strolls, his joyous, sunny face and the music of his boyish laughter. I doubt if Mrs. Chanler, as she now is, ever wrote lovelier or more poetic or passionate sentences than those she used to send in her letters to her newsboy sweetheart. The boy met with a misfortune some years ago which crippled him for life. He is poor, but his purse is twice a year replenished by a postoffice order from Mrs. Chanler. One of these arrives in Mobile on his birthday, which is in June, and the other on Christmas Day."—St. Louis Republic.

Surgical Progress Illustrated.

In one of the best known restaurants in this city a few weeks ago there was seated at a table enjoying a hearty lunch a well known physician and a well known lawyer. When the feast was about ended the physician, rubbing the region of his stomach covered by the lower part of his vest, said: "I'm out of order down here. I believe I'll go to Dr. — (naming a well known young surgeon of this city, who has a reputation for skill and rapidity in the use of the knife), and have my stomach cut open to see what's the matter." The lawyer was amazed, and unwilling to take the doctor at his word, asked him what he really meant. "Why," said the doctor, "I mean what I say. The right way to treat the stomach is by opening it and finding out what's the matter. That's what surgery is coming to. It will be the regular practice in a few years—indeed, it is frequently done now. They used to think it was certain death to expose the bowels, but they've got over that. I am in medicine, but not in surgery, but I know what the surgeons are doing, and even now they take out a man's bowels, fix them up again, and put them back all right."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Paris Dotes on Horseflesh.

One of the most properous industries in Paris is the sale and disposal of horseflesh for food. There are in the city of Paris 180 shops for the sale of horseflesh, and in the course of this year more than 21,000 horses, sixty-one mules and 275 donkeys have been killed and eaten by the Parisians. The most singular point about this traffic is that the price of the flesh is equal to that of good beef, 20 cents a pound. It is only fair, however, to add that two-thirds of this meat has been converted into sausages, so that it is more than possible that the consumers are ignorant of the source of their toothsome dish. It is now easy to understand how it is that good horses are so scarce in the Paris fiacres; at 20 cents a pound a fat horse would be worth more when he was dead than alive.—Chicago News Record.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Wood pavements cause opthalmania.

A diamond for cutting glass lasts about three months.

Psycologists say that people do their dreaming, or most of it, after 4 a. m.

A German savant has discovered what he thinks is a sure means of disinfecting rivers.

Physicians are now able to wash out the system through the natural channels of circulation by means of injected fluid.

The copper plating of sheet zinc has been successfully accomplished and the process is recommended where wear takes place.

Pittsburg now claims the largest glass flattening oven in the world. This new oven will take a sheet seventy-five inches by 111 inches, or in narrow glass one of thirty inches by 131 inches.

The most valuable bit of ore ever melted in the world, so far as is known, was a lot containing 200 pounds of quartz-holding gold at the rate of $50,000 per ton, and was found in a mine at Ishpeming, Mich.

It is said that one of the new armored cruisers will have smokestacks 100 feet high. These high funnels will be unsightly, but appearances are to be sacrificed to utility. The increase in height will give additional draft in ordinary steaming.

Recent studies of cancer not only indicate that it is an organic growth, but almost certainly prove that it is itself liable to the attack of another parasite. Better acquaintance with the relations of these parasites may possibly bring the long-sought method of arresting cancer.

There are two fixed rules for proportioning the human form; just two. They are that eight heads (that is, skull lengths) make the total height of the figure and that the invariable center of the total length of the whole figure should be the front termination of the lowest part of the pelvis.

By placing two iron bars at seven or eight yards distance from each other and putting them in communication on one side by an insulated wire and on the other side with a telephone, it is said that a storm can be predicted twelve hours ahead through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.

Sneezing is averted by pressing the upper lip, because by doing so we deaden the impression made on a certain branch of the fifth nerve, sneezing being a reflex action excited by some slight impression on that nerve. Sneezing does not take place when the fifth nerve is paralyzed, even though the sense of smell is retained.

Paper tough as wood is said to be made by mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of the concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making gas pipes, boxes, combs, for roofing and even, it is added, for making boats.

Still another use for aluminum has been found in the construction of slate pencils. It was accidently discovered that aluminum would give a stroke on a slate, and a German forthwith set about manufacturing pencils of the new metal. They are five millimeters thick and fourteen millimeters long. They are said to need no pointing, and are practically inexhaustible and unbreakable. The writing, which can be erased with a wet sponge, is as clear as that of the ordinary pencil, only requiring a little more pressure.

The Tale of the Telephone.

The first telephone that was ever used was not electrical, nor was it a scientific instrument in any sense of the term. A little more than fifty years ago the employes of a large manufactory beguiled their leisure hours by kite flying. Kites large and small went up daily, and the strife was to see who could get the largest. The twine which held them was the thread spun and twisted by the ladies of the village.

One day to the tail of the largest kite was attached a kitten, sewed in a canvas bag, with a netting over the mouth to give it air. When the kite was at its greatest height, some 200 feet or more, the mewing of the kitten could be distinctly heard by those holding the string. To the clearness of the atmosphere was attributed the hearing of the kitten's voice. This is the first account we remember of speaking along a line.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Some Curious Punishments.

During the time of Richard I., and by the advice and consent of that monarch, the British Parliament promulgated some strikingly original codes for the maintenance of order on his Majesty's fleet. Thus, if any seaman killed another on shipboard he was to be bound face to face with his victim by means of stout thongs "of not less than three-ply," the living and dead bundle to be thrown overboard together. Any man who maimed another, the same having been done with malice intent, was ordered to be served in like manner as his victim. One section of this law read as follows: "He who draws bloude from another by wilful blow struck, he that blow struck with a weapon or with hee's hand only, must lose the hand with which the wound was inflicted; a hand blow that causes no bloude to flow must be punished by ducking the offender thrice."—St. Louis Republic.

Cougars Abound in Washington.

Complaints are made in eastern parts of the State of Washington that cougars are entirely too plentiful for comfort to the settlers. Several of the animals have lately visited stock pens and farms in Spokane County, and one was seen calmly trotting along the main road just outside Spangle. This latter beast was not at all frightened at the approach of men, but ambled off into the woods at a leisurely gait.

YARNS SPUN BY WHALERS.

QUEER STORIES TOLD BY ARCTIC BLUBBER HUNTERS.

Singular Effect of the Moon on a Whale's Eyes—The Crew Usually Humanity's Odds and Ends.

STORIES of the sea always have a fascination for the landsman, and so it was that a group of Arctic blubber hunters had a lot of interested auditors.

"How would you like to have eight or ten thousand dollars on a string?" asked one of them, knocking his pipe on the edge of the stringer and addressing the group of landsmen collectively.

"Well, I've had that much many a time," he went on without waiting for a reply, "and it makes a fellow rather nervous guessing whether he's going to land his fish or whether he'll get flipped overboard. I've been to sea now thirty-four years and I expect I've struck about as many whales as the next one, but it's pretty exciting business yet. Why, last season one of our boats struck a big sperm whale and he started down. Our ship had five boats and each boat carries 280 fathoms of line. That whale took down the whole five of 'em—1400 fathoms in all. It began to look as we had lost the whole thing, but he was too tired, and when he came up we feathered into him."

"You wouldn't believe that fish—at least spouting fish—are influenced by the moon?" said another of the group. "Well, they are. I've seen it time and again, and I've called other people's attention to it, too, but I never found any one else who had noticed it. Sometimes when you are at sea and whales are to be seen frequently—it may be at the full moon or at new moon—well, all at once they will disappear and you won't see one for two weeks. Then just as suddenly the water will be full of them. I've compared notes with other vessels. Maybe they were sixty miles or more away at the time and the whales there would be numerous just at the same time they appeared near our vessel. Oh, you fellows needn't laugh. There is something in it.

"And then I've noticed another thing about this same class of fish. When you catch them you will always find that they have the pupil of the eye the same shape as the moon at that time. If the moon is full the pupil will be round, and if it is a half or a quarter the sight will be like a crescent."

The Captain stopped to light a fresh pipe and another one of the whalers spoke up.

"I've had some experience myself," said he, "but two years ago I came the nearest taking after Jonah that a man ever did. We had made a strike all right and the whale went down, not very far, but when he came up he had his mouth open, and some how or other he came up with one jaw on the port and the other on the lee side of our boat. Surprised? Well, that whale looked very much as if he was ready to receive company, but I wasn't invited, so I made a streak for another boat."

"You would be surprised," said the first speaker, changing the direction of the talk, "what queer mixtures there are in a whaler's crew sometimes. Why I've had lawyers and doctors and any number of young men with a degree of some kind. And once I shipped a fellow that turned out to be a preacher, and I wish I could get him again, for we got eight whales that season. I believe he was a mascot. One poor fellow who went overboard in a gale, had in his trunk a physician's diploma, and any number of letters with high recommendations, but I guess he had gone wrong some how, and wanted to get out of the way for a while. He succeeded better than he intended. I guess they won't think of looking for him at the bottom of the Arctic.

"We get lots of men for a season's cruise that way. If a fellows wants to hide himself for a while I don't know of any place he could do it better than on board a whaler. Nobody would think of looking for such a man in this business, and then they couldn't look much if they wanted to. That kind of a seaman never makes you any trouble. It's the shiftless fellow you pick up here on the wharf that you've got to handle pretty roughly before he learns how to keep a decent tongue in his head."

"On one of my cruises I had a big, black West Indian in the crew," said the first speaker. "One day for some reason he jumped overboard. The sea was a little rough and it was quite a while before we got the boats lowered, and we lost sight of him. But we pulled back a little way and I soon saw him, swimming with all his might, but in the opposite direction from the boat. I yelled to him, and when he saw he was discovered he made no further effort to get away. And where he was going is more than I know, for it all happened in mid ocean. We hauled him into the boat, and made for the ship. It was four months before we made port and yet in all that time, Sandy, for that was his name, never spoke a word. No one on board could get a sound from him. Some times he would lie down on the deck and seem to be asleep and some of the crew would slip up and stick him with a pin. At first he would twitch a little and then would not move at all. We made a bed for him down below and kept him away from a knife or other weapon. You could tell him to take the wheel and he would steer right enough, but if you asked him what course the ship was making he was silent as the grave. And when we made the first port he went ashore and I never saw him again. But some of the crew said he regained his tongue on land and thought he had been 'playing' us all the time. But it was a strange case."—San Francisco Examiner.

Only 2369 sea-otter skins were imported to England by the Alaska Commercial Company and other traders in 1891. They were sold at an average price of $285 apiece.

THE OLD BACK STAIR.

Of all the sports of childhood,
I know of none so rare
As sliding down the banisters
Of
the
old
back
stair.

I remember well the circus,
And the fun it used to bring,
While watching fearless riders
A-dashing 'roun' the ring.
But this jolly old attraction
Could never near compare
With sliding down the banisters
Of
the
old
back
stair.

Then I recollect the barn loft,
Chucked full of clover hay;
Mother used to send us there
To pass a rainy day.
But I often stole away from that
And while mother wasn't there,
Be sliding down the banisters
Of
the
old
back
stair.

I have grown into manhood now,
And often wander home
The old folks always welcome me—
They're glad to have me come;
But while they're not looking
I'm tempted, I declare
To slide down the banisters
Of
the
old
back
stair.

—C. E. Edwards, in Kansas City Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bouncing baby—The rubber doll.

Fair and square—The angular blonde girl.

Settled out of court—The confirmed bachelor.

Gossip will very soon die without proper ventilation.

Fighting tooth and nail—The dentist and the chiropodist.

The barbed wire fence is the thing that can give you points.

A bird that can't sing and will sing ought to be made into a pot-pie.

When a bad example is set it is apt to hatch mischief.—Kate Field's Washington.

Many a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.—Texas Siftings.

Sleep is not the period of consciousness; it is only the coma, so to speak.—Boston Courier.

It takes years for a wise man to mature, but a fool can get ripe in a minute.—Washington Star.

The diamond that poets praise,
Though still a favored jewel,
Will be outranked ere many days,
By carbon used as fuel.
—Washington Star.

This would be a much happier world if we couldn't borrow trouble without collateral security.—Puck.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," as the poor skater remarked as he picked himself up.—Puck.

"This is a first-class sugar loaf," said the candy merchant as he retired from business.—Washington Star.

When some people get on the roll of honor they must roll it up and take it off with them.—Galveston News.

The height of impudence—Taking shelter in an umbrella shop till the shower is over.—Le Monde Comique

It has been demonstrated oft
A man ne'er reaches fame,
Until the world familiarly
Makes use of his first name.
—Washington Star.

Photographer—"Now, madame, a pleasant expression, please." Son-in-law (in the back ground)—"Whew! I must not miss that!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"I am not afraid to say what I think," exclaimed Hiladd. "I always express my views." "They are too heavy to go by mail, I suppose," replied Larimer.—

She—"Dudes haven't more than half sense." Mr. Sappy—"Aw, Miss Mawy, are there no exceptions?" "O, yes, Mr. Sappy; some haven't any."—Brooklyn Life.

"Poor Mr. Mills is so sympathetic, I think." Dolly—"What did he do?" "To-day he sat with his eyes closed on the car rather than see the ladies stand up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What have you got all those pictures out on the window sill for?" asked a friend of an amateur photographer. "I am simply airing my views," was the response.—Yonkers Statesman.

Oh, novelist, a little light
We humbly beg of you.
Why are the clocks of which you write
All made of ormolu?
—Washington Star.

"Hello, Dinwiddie!" exclaimed Shingiss, when the two met on Fifth avenue, "I haven't seen you in an age. What do you do for a living now?" "I breathe," replied Dinwiddie, languidly.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Neighbor's Boy (looking through the fence)—"My father's a heap bigger man than your'n!" New Boy (with cold disdain)—"Size ain't nothin'! When my father coughs you can hear him half a mile!"—Chicago Tribune.

Elderly Maiden (out rowing with a possible suitor and a little sister who is frightened by the waves)—"Theodora! If you are so nervous now, what will you be at my age?" Little Sister (meekly)—"Thirty-seven, I suppose."—Tid-Bits.

Stranger—"I notice you called your friend Professer. Is he really a professor?" Boweryite—"I should say so. Why, dat feller swallers a sword eighteen inches, stands on his ear and eats glass out of a churn. Professor! Well, I should just smile."—New York Herald.