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We spend \$80,000,000 a year on our fences. The Chinese propose trying to dislodge the Russians from the Pamir, or that part of it to which China lays claim.

Our navy will rank as the fifth in the world when our new ships are afloat, being surpassed only by England, France, Russia and Italy.

The Chicago Herald alleges that "our language is phonetically so difficult to foreigners that to lecture before an English-speaking audience in the English tongue gives them an acute pain in the jaws."

The statement that a woman could be implicated in every case of bomb throwing which has taken place in Paris has been proved. The New York World facetiously asserts that women are employed almost exclusively in the dynamite factories of France, and are equal upon provocation to blowing men up.

A Chicago paper recently gathered the statistics for several years of murders, legal hangings and lynchings. In 1887 the murders were 2335; in 1889, 3567; in 1890, 4290; in 1891, 5906, and in 1892, 6792. There were 123 legal hangings in 1891, or 1 legal hanging to 48 murders, and 107 legal hangings in 1892, or 1 to 63 murders.

Science makes slow progress in aerial navigation, exclaims the Brooklyn Citizen. The balloon of to-day is scarcely an improvement in any sense on the Montgolfier affair of a hundred years ago, and the flying machines, though more complicated, are no better guarded against abrupt descent toward the center of gravity than that of the Scotchman who announced about a century since that he was going to fly out of Edinburgh on a pair of big wings, and broke his leg at the first attempt.

In the latter part of October a good roads congress will be held under the auspices of the Agricultural Department of the Columbian Exposition Road machinery, taxation, legislation, tolls, free roads, repairs, and material for construction will be discussed. The object is to advance the cause of good roads in America, and to develop a more practical system of improving our highways, best methods of construction, and to encourage the public and private support for the same. The congress will be held in the permanent Memorial Art Palace in the Lake Front Park. T. Butterworth, of Chicago, is Chairman of the committee.

The labor troubles in Lancashire, England, which ended by a compromise, take rank as the greatest struggle between capital and labor which the world has seen. The campaign lasted twenty weeks, involved directly and indirectly 125,000 employes, and cost in loss of wages alone \$10,000,000. Each side was equally willing at the outset to engage in a test of strength, and at last they were just as glad to call a truce with the honors even. Great sacrifices have been endured, with no result, save that both parties to the conflict have had all desire for light taken out of them, and the advantages of mutual compromise are for the time being fully conceded. The operatives have in the terms of peace conceded just a shade more than the masters, but there has been really no victory for either side. The plans agreed upon for settling future disputes seem to be the best ever devised thus far. They assure the necessary stability in the cotton market by limiting all future contracts to five per cent. at intervals of not less than one year.

The New York Financial Indicator says that railway construction will soon be in full swing again, and prints a table showing 164 new lines in thirty-five States and Territories, with over 4800 miles of proposed mileage, on which some work has been done or is about to be begun. At the close of last year, or at the present time, we find the following new lines and mileage credited to the South:

Table with 3 columns: State, Miles, Miles. Alabama 6 93; Arkansas 6 293; Florida 5 274; Georgia 7 269; Louisiana 2 41; Mississippi 2 41; Tennessee 4 129; Texas 4 264; Virginia 6 91; West Virginia 13 237; Total 61 1,730.

Other lines will doubtless be projected or started during the year, adds the Atlanta Constitution, and the outlook is certainly full of promise. The figures quoted show that railway construction is fairly active in the South, and they indicate a more prosperous state of affairs than has been supposed to exist. If it be true that money talks, the millions invested in these big enterprises should be regarded as positive testimony of the most encouraging nature.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

O, mothers, worn and weary With cares which never cease, With never time for pleasure, With days that have no peace, With little hands to hinder And feeble steps to guard, With tasks that are unfinished, Deem not your lot too hard. I know a house where childish things Are hidden out of sight; Where never sound of little feet Is heard from morn till night; No tiny hands that fast undo, That pull things all awry, No baby hurts to pity, As the quiet days go by. The house is all in order And free from threemane noise, No moments of confusion, No scattered, broken toys; And the children's little garments Are never soiled or torn, But are laid away forever Just as they last were worn. And she, the sad-eyed mother— What would she give to-day To feel your cares and burdens, To walk your weary way! Ah! hapless on all this earth, Could she again but see The rooms all strewn with playthings And the children round her knee! —Alma Pendexter Hayden.

MISS MILLY'S ROMANCE.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

MISS REDWYN is behind again this week," said Miss Duluth. "What again?" said Miss Milly. "Miss Milly was seated at her desk, the big account-book open before her, and a pen between her fingers. Miss Duluth had been a beauty in her day. She was not unpleasantly so, but she was not particularly so. Her blue eyes were as blue as ever, there was not a gray hair in her nut-brown tresses, and a fresh color still glowed in her cheeks. Miss Martha, the elder sister, was tall and gaunt, with a Roman nose and a projecting chin; but that signified little. Miss Duluth made no pretensions at all. Milly had always been the family authority, even when the old Judge was living, and they owned the pretty place on Lake Pontchartrain, and now that they were "reduced" and earned their living by letting rooms, she was the authority still.

"That won't do," said Miss Milly. "No," meekly acquiesced Miss Duluth. "It won't." "If she can't pay her rent," severely observed Miss Milly, "what was she doing with that surah silk dress? Only a typewriter, at that!" "Well, she's young," said Miss Duluth. "Young folks like to dress." Miss Milly compressed her lips. "Young folks ought to like to pay their debts," said she. "Tell her she must go."

"But, Milly—" Miss Milly closed the big book. "Tell her," said she, in a very soft voice, "she must go."

Miss Duluth came nearer to the table. "Sister," said she, "perhaps you haven't observed that Professor Mellen takes a good deal of notice of Miss Redwyn."

Miss Milly colored. "No," said she, "I hadn't." "He's not so very young," said Miss Duluth. "But he's very handsome still. And then he's so talented. And when he has published that learned volume on 'The Languages of Christendom,' he'll be a very famous man. And he occupies the whole of our first floor. Sitting room, bedroom and bath room furnished beautifully. Think what it would be for Mary Redwyn—only a typewriter, who has the cold hall bedroom on the third floor, and gets her breakfast over a kerosene stove—to marry the professor!"

"I didn't know you were such a matchmaker, Martha." "I'm not, sister. A bar of scarlet came out on Miss Duluth's high cheekbones. "But don't you think it would be a good thing?" "They can do as they like," said Miss Milly. "But if you send her away, you destroy all her chances."

Miss Milly tapped her foot impatiently on the floor. "Business is business, and she owes us a month's rent," said she. Miss Duluth said no more. It was rarely that she ventured to dispute her sister's reign. Late in the afternoon Miss Milly went up to see about a leak in the roof that had been reported to her, but she got no further than the little hall bedroom on the third floor. There, on her shabby little bed, lay Miss Redwyn, the typewriter, shaking with suppressed sobs. "Why, what's the matter?" Miss Milly asked, pausing on the threshold. "I've been discharged!" said Miss Redwyn, defiantly, sitting up and looking angrily at her questioner. "Isn't that matter enough?" But Miss Redwyn was very pretty, indeed, with abundance of fantastically crimped red-gold hair, a complexion all snow and carmine, and hazel eyes, fringed with curly lashes. "Just the sort of face and figure that would become an actress," thought Miss Milly, with a sort of resentment. "I wonder what Professor Mellen can see to like in her?" But there was a great deal of the womanly in Miss Milly's nature, and she spoke kindly to the despairing girl, in such serene strains. "Don't cry, Mary!" said she, stroking

the red-golden hair, which had fallen down from its imitation shell pins. (Mary Redwyn was one of those girls who indulge a good deal in imitation.) "Why did they discharge you?" "Oh, I don't know! Old Poxall has been grumbling this long time!" sighed Mary. "And to-day, just because I happened to spell a word wrong— But I don't care! I wouldn't work another day for him, not if he'd pay me a thousand dollars! I'd rather starve! And, for all I can see, I'm going to starve, too. You're going to turn me out."

"No, I am not," said Miss Milly, melted by the utter childishness of the girl's despair. "You can stay here until you get another situation. Only don't fret!" Mary lifted her big hazel eyes in a sudden revulsion of joy to Miss Milly's face. "Will you be so good?" she cried. "Oh, I thought you were so old, you wouldn't sympathize with a girl like me!"

Miss Milly winced. It was nonsense to notice a trifle like that, but she felt now that she liked Mary Redwyn less than ever. "And now," added the Titianesque beauty, "I'll look out for another place at once. I wonder if old Mellen don't want a stenographer?" "Again Miss Milly froze. "You mean the professor?" "Well, he is old, isn't he?" giggled Mary. "He writes a lot, I know, and he's very polite when he meets me on the stairs. Would you ask him for me, Miss Milly?"

The elder lady drew herself up. "I never have exchanged a word with him since he has been in the house," said she. "My sister and I do not mingle with our lodgers. Hannah acts as our agent." "You're so queer!" said she. "However, it don't matter; I'd as soon ask him myself. I wonder what salary he would pay?"

The tears were dried on her carmine cheeks now, her eyes sparkled, and her enchanting lips were wreathed in smiles. Miss Milly eyed her curiously. Yes, that was the face, those were the melting glances, that could not but fascinate any man alive! Did the professor really care for this beautiful, soulless Urdine—the professor, who had been Millicent's beau ideal, her chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, when he and she were young, on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain? Yes, this was Miss Milly's secret—the one romance of her almost forgotten youth.

Professor Mellen had been studying at Heidelberg when her stepfather, Doctor Maurand, had died and left herself and Martha poor. They had counted their small possessions, considered every side of the question, and finally decided on coming North to invest their little all in a lodging house. They had dropped the name of their mother's second husband and became the Misses Duluth again in the new life which they faced so boldly.

And when, by one of those strange coincidences which happen as often in real life as in novels, Professor Mellen engaged the first floor suit of rooms at 19 Murray Place, because it was sufficiently near to the Astor Library to enable him to prosecute his literary work to good advantage, he never knew who his real landlady was. Milly he never saw. Martha wore spectacles, and looked ten years older than her actual age. "I don't care!" said Miss Milly to herself. "Let Mary Redwyn have him if she can win him!"

That very evening, however, Miss Redwyn came home from the advertising bureau, where she had been to register her name, with a severe headache and a high fever. "I'm glad now we didn't let her go," said Miss Milly. "The child has no one belonging to her."

"Who is to take care of her?" asked Miss Duluth, wringing her hands. "I will," Miss Milly answered. "It was in the early spring. The June roses were in blossom when Miss Milly herself, having been also ill, first sat up in her big cushioned chair and viewed herself in a looking-glass. "How funny I look," said she, "with my face so white and all my hair out of curl! Oh, I must have been very sick!" "You almost died," said Miss Redwyn. "And I was so glad when I got well enough to take care of you, because I knew you had risked your life for me." "And the lodgers?" Miss Milly roused herself once more to active interest in the affairs of the outside world. "They're all gone," said Miss Duluth. "Of course you couldn't expect them to stay in a house where typhoid fever was raging." "Except Professor Mellen," said Miss Redwyn, with a toss of the red gold rings which were beginning to grow out where they had cut away her splendid curls and waves of hair. "He's a perfect hero! Not afraid of anything! Look, Miss Milly, he sent these roses!" Miss Milly glanced up at her sister. "Yes," said Martha, answering the look, "he has discovered who we were. I never saw a man so astonished as he was." "And, oh," cried Miss Redwyn, "I've such a secret to tell you! I'm engaged—" Just then the doctor came in; but Miss Milly caught a moment to press Mary's velvet-soft hand and whisper to her: "I congratulate you, dear!" Later in the day there came a gentle tap at the door. "May I come in?" said the professor. Miss Milly smiled and held out her hand, while he gently reproached her for hiding herself away from him so long. "Why did you do it, Millicent?" said he. "Could you not trust me?" "You were in Heidelberg," said she, coloring. "And we wanted to leave all

IMMIGRANTS WITH MONEY.

A PROSPEROUS CLASS IS NOW COMING TO AMERICA.

How the Fresh Arrivals Hide Their Cash—Some Queer Receipts for Worldly Wealth. AFTER a long stoppage the stream of immigrants is again flowing into America through Uncle Sam's patent valve at Ellis Island. A strange feature of the renewal of immigration after the quarantine embargo is that the newcomers bring more money with them on the average than they ever did before. Their cash comes from queer hiding places. Although gold is the standard of currency, yet the incoming wanderers prefer the big silver dollars of the United States to either gold or paper. Ten or twelve occasions each day Francis J. Scully, the expert of exchange at Ellis Island, has gold turned back, with the request in some jargon unknown to any but the initiated, from some rough shod, unkempt immigrant, with a shake of the head and a suggestive gesture toward a shining heap of "cart wheels." This means that the man wants the American dollar. Gold doesn't please him. In every instance his wish is gratified, and he goes away a happier but a heavier weighted man.

Immigrants are always superstitious. Many of those who have money say they have plenty of it. The Italian immigrant is the most deceptive. With his loaf of bread under one arm, a bottle of sweet oil and a bunch of garlic hanging over his shoulder he is prepared to go out into the world. He seldom has baggage. The only clothes he brings are those on his back, and in nine out of ten cases he could not sell these as old rags. Every Italian carries a long tin tube in which his money and passport are kept. The popular coins of the Nation are lire; equal to nineteen cents American money. Sometimes one immigrant has as many as 500 lire, and on other occasions 1000 immigrants from that country will not exchange more than 500.

English, German and French immigrants carry the most money. Colonel Weber, several months ago, was standing in the registration department, where he noticed a Frenchman clothed almost in rags. The Colonel had some doubts as to whether the man would be able to support himself, and was anxiously waiting for his turn to go and be registered, as he wanted to hear what was said. The half-dozen immigrants who were in front passed through, and the greasy Frenchman presented himself. "Have you any money?" the man was asked. The immigrant looked up, smiled a smile of contentment, unwound a dirty neckcloth and brought to view a pocketbook that looked as though it had gone through a threshing mill. From it he took a bag containing \$5000 in gold. To show that he was rich in the world's goods, the greasy old immigrant showed a letter of credit for \$7000. He was allowed to land.

Usually the giddy Frenchman carries his money in a short, brass tube. If he is rich, the money is in Napoleons, or twenty franc gold pieces. If he is poor, his money is "five franc" silver pieces. When he gets change, he wants good American silver dollars, which fit into his coin tube and are always worth their weight in gold. An immigrant, more than usually intelligent, who presented himself at the money counter one day, asked for silver dollars. After giving them to him, Scully inquired why it was that Frenchmen always wanted silver. The immigrant said that a tub full of silver was pretty heavy, and when a man put it into his pocket he could always feel its weight and know it was safe.

English and Irish immigrants are seldom very heavily weighted with wealth on arriving here. The arrangement they use for carrying their money is a sort of watch-shaped affair, which is made to hold twenty sovereigns. The Irishman, probably from native prejudice, changes what English money he has for that of the United States. But the Englishman has a pride in holding on to his sovereigns and 45 notes. He usually travels, and for all that he likes his money, and if he has some with him it reminds him of "home." It is not unusual for him to buy food at the landing bureau and to hand in payment a coin of Her Britannic Majesty's realm.

Arabs carry very little money. Sometimes they have a sovereign or a napoleon. They have room, though, for the wealth of Golconda in the capacious belts which they carry about their person. When a son of the desert has money to exchange he does so in a way which would make one who could only hear the rattle and not see the transfer of the coin believe that he had a million dollars. He seldom has a thousand cents, and for that reason he makes as much show as possible. In getting his change he wants pennies, for five dollars worth of pennies makes quite a big bag full of coppers, which is the way the Arab seems to judge the amount of wealth.

Sweden use pocketbooks, while the Germans and Hungarians carry leather pouches or linen bags. The krona, valued at twenty-six cents American money, is the money used by the Swedes. Sometimes he has from ten to fifty pieces. The Hungarian comes here to work in the mines, and changes very little money, knowing that as soon as he goes to labor he can use the money he makes to purchase his necessities of life. —New York Press.

Dew and Colors. Dew is a great respecter of colors. To prove this take pieces of glass or boards and paint them red, yellow, green and black. Expose them at night, and you will find that the yellow will be covered with moisture, that the green will be damp, but that the red and the black will be left perfectly dry. —Chicago Times.

Uncle Sam's salary list calls for the annual payment of about \$90,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. A valuable discovery of a luecitic-bearing rock has been made at Harden, New South Wales.

The least distance determined for the fixed stars from the earth runs into billions of miles. The molten metal in a Bessemer converter is 5000 times faster than the light of the sun. Sound, traveling in air, from sun to earth, would require about fourteen years to accomplish the journey. Platinum can now be drawn into wire strands so fine that twenty-seven twisted together can be inserted into the hollow of a hair.

A new arc lamp has a pair of carbons which meet at a point like the strokes of the letter V. It is at this point that the light is produced. A mixture of two parts of pounded ice and one of common salt will reduce the temperature of a body surrounded by it to fifty degrees to 0 degrees. Professor L. H. Bailey, in his report to the Cornell University, formally establishes the commercial value of electro culture for certain winter crops, and especially for lettuce.

An interesting invention is that of an incandescent lamp in which the plug carrying the leading-in wire is made up of a composition which unites with the glass to make an air-tight joint. Light, proceeding with 10,000 times the velocity of the earth in its orbit, gives us some idea of distance, when we learn that its flight from the sun to our globe occupies rather more than eight minutes. An excellent method for waterproofing the surface of a wall is to cover it with solution of soap. After twenty-four hours a coat of lime solution is applied. This process is repeated several times, and is claimed to make the wall perfectly water-tight.

Sea serpents, flying dragons, birds with teeth, connecting links between birds, fishes and reptiles, animals so large and clumsy that a second brain, located near their tail, was necessary to properly direct their movements, all these have existed in past times, and have left the traces of their bodies in the rocks for our instruction in these latter days. The water spider, which spends most of its time under water, carries a bubble of air for breathing on the under side of its body; and when this air is exhausted, it comes to the surface for more. It is enabled to carry the air bubble because the under side of its body is covered with tiny hairs set so close together that the surface film of the water does not pass them.

It is not land vegetation merely that is large in the Northwest, but the plant life of the sea. Among the shoals of the British Columbia coast the algae and kelp, which on the Atlantic side of the continent seldom grow to be more than six feet long, are found thirty feet in length, and at the ebb and flow of the tide their long, leathery leaves are often seen in parallels along the surface, like exaggerated lily pads.

A Unique Industry. One of the unique industries of Key West, Fla., is the catching and curing of sponges, and there is not anything about this queer animal that one of the gray haired old colored sponge fishers cannot tell. The sponges grow in beds on the coral reefs from a nucleus very much as coral does, and the complete growth occupies but seven or eight months. The sponge fishing fleet of a score or more of small sloops go out over the beds and drag for the sponges with an iron claw at the end of a line. Then from the brown mass of oozy, sandy sponges the different kinds are sorted out and laid on racks in the sun to dry. Then the sand and coral and shell are worked out and the "trimmer" with a pair of shears trims the edges and irregularities off, after which the sponges are ready for shipment, unless they are to be bleached for bath sponges, for which purpose only a comparatively small number are used, for it is to the various arts and trades that most of them go. The coarsest grade is the rough brown "grass sponge," then comes a close fibred, tough variety called a "glove sponge," but the fine soft variety that make a man in a bath tub smile is the "lamb's wool," and it is this kind that is bleached to a snowy whiteness and sent to the druggist trade. —Washington Star.

A Trick of the Eye. By cutting three strips of white paper of the same length exactly, with one of them half as wide as the others, one of the neat tricks of optical illusion can be produced. If these of the same width are laid crosswise, the narrow strip placed in the center, it will invariably seem as if the broad strips were considerably shorter than the narrow one. The illusion is enhanced by laying the pieces of paper on a black surface. By placing the three strips in the form of an inverted "N," and using the narrow strip for the diagonal line, the latter in turn will appear much shorter than the other two. To an unpracticed eye the illusion will seem very remarkable indeed when it is demonstrated that all the strips are of the same length. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

American Coal is Cheap Abroad. Within the past few years American coal has almost entirely replaced the English fuel used on the island of Martinique, West Indies. The average consumption there amounts to about 5000 tons a month, nearly all of which goes from Philadelphia. The price delivered is \$5.00 per ton, against \$5.35 for English coal. Within the last year or two quite a large trade in soft coal for West India points has been built up at this port, and it keeps on increasing at a very satisfactory rate. —Philadelphia Record.

Green Goggles for Cows. The practical value of green goggles for cows to prevent snow blindness is well understood on the American and Russian plains. The work of opticians for other animals is a more recent development. We now have short sighted horses and dogs which wear spectacles and appreciate highly the advantage of thus being enabled to recognize friends and surroundings which were formerly indistinct. The owner of a near sighted horse which has spectacles fastened on the headstall says the animal objects even to going out to pasture without his glasses. The horse was a little startled when they were first put on, but clearly manifested his delight when he fully realized their benefit. If turned out to graze without them he will stay near the barn and whinny plaintively till the stable man brings his spectacles. —Chicago Herald.

WAITING.

As those who on some lonely mountain, bright, Watching through all the weary hours of night, Await the pale roe of the morning light, I wait for thee. As one who, waking on a bed of pain, And helpless in his agony, is fain To wait the sweet return of sleep again, I wait for thee. As he who, in some vast cathedral, dim With shadows, silent waits, on benedict limb, The music of the Eucharistic hymn, I wait for thee.

As deaf men crave for song, and blind for sight, As weary sons of toil long for the night, And as the fettered spirit longs for flight, I long for thee. —Arthur T. Froggatt, in The Spectator.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Coming to time.—The promissory note. An eve-dropper.—The convict who escapes by way of the roof. The greatest circulating medium is the drummer.—Galveston News. A distinction without a difference.—A unanimous nomination.—Puck. Dead men tell no tales, but the ones who write their obituaries often do.—Texas Sittings. The difference between tack and tact is that the tack has the big head.—Westfield Standard. Artistic cookery turns the plain grub into the butterfly of gastronomic beauty.—Puck.

Making love is a game that two can play at. When there are three it is work.—Sittings. When a thing is whispered it travels faster than when it is shouted from the house tops.—New York Sun. The man who doesn't yell at a runaway team has missed a great opportunity.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Speaking of forcing an issue, that's just what the newboys are trying to do when they are yelling an extra.

The sore head is a fellow who gets jammed between his own ideas and public sentiment.—Westfield Standard. "I wonder why he always has lady stenographers?" "He probably believes in woman's writes."—Detroit Tribune. "Yes," said Mrs. Beaconsforte, "my father made his fortune by the perspiration of his forehead."—Harvard Lampoon. "What made Carter try dialect writing?" "Because he has never been able to spell anything correctly."—New York Mercury.

The sawmill sometimes impresses the operator with the fact that it has an "off hand" way of doing things.—Boston Courier. Father (coming home)—"Is Carrie out?" "Hopedul"—"No but the lamp is. That Spikins feller's here again."—Boston Transcript. Jason says, speaking of school discipline, the hardest thing to keep in order at a cooking school is your stomach.—Elmira Gazette.

When the crinoline comes there will still be plenty of room at the top. But men, unfortunately, can not walk on the ceiling.—Puck. Chappy—"You needn't try to put me in the soup." Maud—"I shouldn't think of it; noodles go in the gravy."—Kate Field's Washington. "I haven't any of the liquid quality that musicians talk about," said the bass drum, "but I can draw out the rest of the band, just the same."

"If a person is talented I can always tell it from his face." "So can I; one glance at Miss Solano's face would prove to me that she's a truth." A number of students at Yale have been found guilty of cribbing at examinations. The faculty should have put a Yale lock on the crib.—Philadelphia Record. "Remember that you have promised solemnly to be a sister to me." She—"Yes; but you mustn't act as if you thought you were the only relative of that kind I have in the world."—Boston Beacon.

"It is conducive to health to keep the mouth closed, is it not, doctor?" "Generally speaking, yes. In fact, when one gets out in Arizona, it is the only sure way to avoid sudden death."—Indianapolis Journal. Jasper—"Highland is a strange man for a philosopher." Jumpup—"Indeed!" Jasper—"Yes. He said that all men are merely animals, and yet got angry when I called him an ass."—Buffalo Express. "What is the difference between humor and nonsense?" said the inquisitive man. "Humor," replied the candid man, "is represented by the joke you make yourself; nonsense is represented by the joke some other fellow makes."—Washington Star.

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