

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates for various ad types and durations, including a note on legal advertisements.

Georgia ranks as our first State in the production of watermelons, second in that of rice and third in that of cotton.

United States Consul Newson, at Malaga, reports that it is possible for a very poor man to live there on five cents a day, while a very respectable dinner may be had for a dime.

The salary of the Mayor of Ahlene, Kan., is a dollar a year. For this reason it is thought by the New York Tribune that next year the office will seek the woman, since there is nothing in it for a man.

The London Times calls Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States Navy, "the most distinguished living writer on naval strategy and the originator and first exponent of what may be called the philosophy of naval history."

The Duke of Argyll has been making a special study of the "seven centuries of English merriment" in Ireland, and has just completed a work in which are to be brought to light many new and unnoted facts bearing on this subject. The work is to be called "Irish Nationalism; An Appeal to History."

Railways never would have been permitted to exist in England, writes William M. Acworth, had they been as reckless of human life and as careless of the inconvenience they inflicted on individuals as American railways have been and to a great extent still are.

In 1892 the total number of persons employed in and about all the mines of the United Kingdom was 721,808, of whom 6099 were females, working above ground. There were 862 accidents during the year, occasioning 1084 deaths; one death for every 679 persons employed, as against one for every 668 in the preceding year.

The sibilants in the language of the Northwestern tribes cannot fail to be noticed by the traveler in Washington and British Columbia, although their speech is described as "a choke and a splutter." The Indian names of places that are still preserved there are full of hisses and s's. Examples: Squallyamah, Spatum, Spuzum, Scuzzy, Suohomiah, Similkameen, Sumass, Swelicha, Skomekan, Hsokwahaloo, Squim, Swinomish, Skagit, Samannah, Snoquaimic and Suokomish.

The Bankers' Monthly avers that our banks on the frontiers of Canada, have, at times, it is said, paid out, or technically, put in circulation the bills of Canada banks that float over for border purchases and expenses of travel, etc. On these they are liable to pay ten per cent. tax to the Federal Government. The only way our banks can get rid of them and avoid the tax is to ship them to Canada, and have remittance made to New York for account of the American bank.

The New York Herald thinks that the danger of contracting disease from microbe-laden bank notes is very much underestimated in this country. It suggests that, as most people who are taken with contagious diseases are not able to tell how they are contracted; perhaps in many cases, the malady has been contracted by handling microbe-laden currency. It may be so, comments the New Orleans Picayune, but so long as this same currency is a legal tender, and one cannot refuse it without forfeiting his claim to payment, what is a poor fellow to do? It is a case of neck or nothing.

The New Orleans Picayune maintains that "American cotton mills, and more particularly Southern mills, having the supply of raw material close at hand, and being equipped with the most perfect machinery, should be able to undersell Lancashire in all the world's markets. We can raise cheaper cotton than any other cotton-producing country, and, with the looms and spindles located in close proximity to the cotton fields, we ought to be able to furnish the world with cheaper cotton than any other country. It is, therefore, very evident that the near future must witness a wonderful development of our cotton goods exports.

Says the New York Press: The obstacle to the general substitution of aluminum for iron and steel in the arts has been the high cost of extracting it from the native clay. This has been partially overcome by progressive improvements in the process of manufacture, but still aluminum remains too costly to be thought of as a substitute for the lesser metals, notwithstanding its advantages in other respects. The reported discovery of extraordinarily rich deposits of aluminum clay in Alabama and Georgia indicates a long step forward for the white metal. Six counties in these two States are said to be underlain with hauxite ore, some of which has yielded as high as forty-eight per cent. of pure aluminum. If the reports from these counties are reliable, aluminum is approaching.

Chicago's mortality statistics show that a surprisingly large number of residents of the lake city live to be over ninety.

A capital of \$25,000,000 is invested in the nursery interest in 172,000 acres of land. In all horticultural pursuits the entire capital is estimated at over \$1,000,000,000 by the census of the Agricultural Department.

The New York Herald notes that the instalment plan of selling bicycles, which all the leading manufacturers have adopted, has vastly increased the number of devotees of the silent steed and to the same extent the advocates of good roads.

Frances Willard, temperance advocate, has somewhat astonished English people by suggesting in all seriousness that the "grill" behind which all women except peacocks have had to conceal themselves to listen to the debates in the House of Commons, be placed in the British Museum as a relic.

A Mr. Smeatbag, of Washington, D. C., has recovered from the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of that city \$443 as a recompense for the loss of the services of his wife, through an injury that she received in 1888 on the cars of that company. He is said to be a wealthy gentleman from Wisconsin, and his wife did the family washing. Of course her services were very valuable.

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That versatile and industrious statistician, Edward Atkinson, has made a calculation as regards the "bill for our Civil War." He figures up, as the expenditure for war purposes and reconstruction, some \$4,000,000,000; and as to the probable cost of war, in money, to the South, of \$2,200,000,000. To these he adds the pension roll at \$1,800,000,000, and the estimated cost of future pensions, according to life tables, at about \$2,000,000,000 more. This, together with the interest allowance of about \$2,000,000,000, swells the total cost of the Civil War to the sum of \$12,000,000,000.

An examination of the statistics of horses, horned cattle, sheep and swine of the country shows some surprising things to the American Dairymen. Placing our population at 65,000,000 we find that there is but one horse for every four and a small fraction of our per capita. That there are but a trifle over three-fourths of horned cattle for every unit of population, while there are about two-thirds of a sheep for every person of the population. From this we can gather the importance of the labor of the farmer. Without his crops we should soon be on the verge of starvation. With this condition confronting us, civilization would soon disappear and man become a barbarian if he did not descend still lower in the scale of life. This should teach us the importance and dignity of the farmer's calling and our absolute dependence on his labor.

County names in New England and middle Atlantic States are almost exclusively of English or Indian origin. In the border States of the South they are chiefly English; in the Gulf States English and Indian, with French in Louisiana and traces of Spanish origin in Florida and Texas. In the Mississippi Valley they are again of English and Indian origin, with some French names coming down from the Jesuit explorers. In the Rocky Mountain States they are again English and Indian, with a larger proportion of the latter than elsewhere, and on the Pacific coast of Spanish County names again crop out. Texas has a Deaf Smith County, about the only instance of a nickname having been fixed upon an important political division. The Chicago Herald thinks a pretty fair history of the political and social influence at work in the early development of a State could be written from a study of county names.

WHAT IS BEYOND.

The blue sky and the blue lake
Meet together
In sunny weather,
But what, oh! what is beyond?
I know this side the horizon line,
With its purple hillsides, broad and fine;
But the country beyond, has it lakes like
ours,
And trees of grandeur, and fruits and flowers?

What, oh! what is beyond?
The gray sky and the gray lake
Meet together
In sombre weather,
But what, oh! what is beyond?
I know these homes, with their loves and
woes,
Their buried hopes from which patience
grows;
Are these broken affections united there?
Are hopes fruition, and answered prayer?
What, oh! what is beyond?

The black sky and the black lake
Meet together
In stormy weather,
But what, oh! what is beyond?
I know the currents that thrill the earth,
And flash the sky at the thunder's birth;
But what of the circuit for souls between?
And the central power in the Great Unseen?
What, oh! what is beyond?
—Sarah K. Bolton, in New York Independent.

THE COWBOYS' COLLECTION

It was Sunday. The little church bell had summoned the congregation to morning service, though a few late comers were still hurrying toward the consecrated spot. The Sabbath was observed and respected by all the residents of the town, excepting Jan Smeatbag. This citizen, despite the pleadings and persuasions of the little parson and different members of the church, refused to close his saloon on Sunday, for upon this day he usually realized his biggest profits.

Many laborers from the surrounding ranches, farms and mines spent their Sabbath and week's wages at Gebhardt's tavern, and the passing traveler was sure to rest there over night if he arrived on Sunday, and this was, of course, another source of revenue for the proprietor. This morning Jan was standing at the door, placidly smoking his pipe and looking away toward the mountains with a self-satisfied expression. The beauty of the landscape before him might have awakened the soul of a poet or an artist, but Jan was not of a sensitive, emotional disposition. The scene presented to his phlegmatic mind simply earth, vegetation and air, and while in the clear, propitious weather he discerned alone the promise of extended patronage.

As he stood thus, wrapped in pleasant anticipations, he heard a faint, low, steady rumbling as if of distant thunder. He looked up quickly. There were no clouds in the sky. What could it mean? It was gradually becoming louder and more distinct, and seemed to issue from a large gulch or pass to the west. Jan took the pipe from his mouth and listened. Suddenly a shout, accompanied by the report of a number of revolvers, startled the echoes far and near, and there issued from the gulch a black mass which shortly resolved itself into a body of horsemen, bearing in their hands the town. Jan watched them lazily, thinking of the money he would be able to realize from them.

Nearer and nearer sounded the clattering of the horses' hoofs, until Jan could almost hear each separate hoof-fall, and presently they slowed and stopped outside his door. Smiling and ducking his head, he wished the visitors good morning and invited them in. They accepted his invitation, and were soon standing and sitting about the bar room, while the occupation Jan served them with drink. One of them, a burly fellow, asked him for a certain kind of liquor, and after the keeper of the tavern had taken it from the shelf and turned about, his smile was suddenly transformed to a look of horror, for he found several revolvers leveled at him.

"Mein chenselmen, that you going to do?" cried the frightened man.

"Dutchey," said the burly fellow, "don't you know yer desecratin' the best day in the week by yer saloon open?"

"Well, how can I help it, chenselmen? It's the pest day for peesness."

"Business or no business, old man, you've got to reform. We're the Salvation Army, we are, and don't you forget it."

"Chenselmen, chenselmen, don't do noddings to me," cried Jan, wringing his hands in anguish, as he looked down the bright barrels of half a dozen revolvers.

"Fetch down them bottles from that shelf," shouted the cowboy.

The trembling Jan obeyed. "Now, then," said this strange avenging angel, "set 'em up across the room; every one a bull's eye."

Jan hesitated, but the revolvers compelled obedience. Before the cavalcade moved on he had been obliged to see the destruction of a large part of his wares, and the unfortunate man was left standing amid a confusion of broken kegs, neckless bottles and pools of wine and liquor, wringing his hands and calling down maledictions upon his persecutors, who were now continuing their mad career, down the street.

The cowboys soon came in sight of the little church, standing in a lot surrounded by a rough picket fence, while a few small poplar trees seemed endeavoring to cast a little shade about the building. The sweet melody of one of the old hymns floated out to them, and they unconsciously paused and listened, and when it ceased rode on to the gateway.

"Now for some fun, boys," said Billy, a graceful, little young man with mischievous brown eyes, as he reigned up his horse; "you fellows just follow Spot and we'll see something interesting."

Spot, who had been spoken of at the saloon, urged his horse forward and they slowly rode into the yard and to the door of the church.

The congregation were kneeling in prayer, while the pastor, standing in the center of the platform, his arms uplifted, his face wreathing in the most ludicrous contortions, was moving his body up and down, keeping time with the shouts he emitted, which were supposed to be the prayers for the salvation of the souls of his sinful brethren—at least so Billy surmised, as he watched him with an amused smile.

As the pastor was gathering for the culmination of his prayer, the leader turned to his companions, and said in an undertone, "Now, then," and their horses' hoofs resounded on the wooden floor of the church. The startled congregation, rising with one accord, beheld Spot, the cowboy, riding solemnly up the aisle, followed by his companions.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies 'n' gentlemen. We're only come to join in the services, an' I'll trouble you 't sit still fer 'em over," said Spot, with a smile manufactured for the occasion, as the people seemed inclined to depart rather precipitously. Seeing themselves thus at the mercy of the cowboys, they were obliged to resume their seats, almost overcome by fear and apprehension.

"An' as fer you, parson," said Spot, pointing his revolver at the trembling man, "don't stand there sivelin'. You're a purty kind o' shepherd! I'll bet there ain't one in th' flock as big a coward as you, 'n' yet you think you kin buy off th' Lord by shoutin' 'n' pretendin' 'ave souls a loasp better 'n' yours. I'll give you sompin' 't do in earnest. I ain't had no one to pray fer me since I was a little kid at my mammy's knee. You jes' git down on yer knees 'n' pray fer me now."

The parson hesitated, threw up his hands, and rolled up his eyes in deprecation.

"There, parson, don't take on like a fool about it, but git down 't business, or I'll give you a lift 't a better land, a service 't'd no doin' thank me fer."

The little man did not seem quite ready to depart for a better land, so covered by Spot's revolver, he was obliged to sink on his knees and begin his prayer.

"Lord," he prayed, in a quivering voice, "O Lord—forgive and protect—this poor sinner—"

"See here, now I don't want you givin' th' Lord no mistaken impression 'bout me. You tell Him about th' benefit I am 't this yer world." And again the revolver figured as a persuader, and the little parson changed the nature of his prayer.

"He's givin' Spot quite a 'send off,'" said Billy in an undertone to one of his companions, "we're not in it."

The parson prayed for some time, then prepared to arise.

"That ain't enough," shouted Spot, flourishing the revolver; "I'll be hang'd if I'm not got 't have enough prayin' 't last me a week, and then here's all these boys ain't been prayed for yet."

So the parson resumed his prayer. Several times he attempted to finish and arise, but every time Spot commanded him to return to his prayer. At last, when he was out of breath, stiff in every joint and sick with fright, Spot condescendingly said: "There, little 'un, that's enough. And now we're goin' 't take up a kerlecktion. Boys, take yer hats 'roun, 'n' don't let any guilty man escape."

Two of the boys, each holding a hat in one hand, a revolver in the other, passed about the church compelling every member of the terrified congregation to give some contribution. Those who had no money were obliged to give a watch or a ring, or some other jewel or trinket they might have about them, and finally it was all brought to Spot, who turned the collection over to Billy.

"An' frien'," said Spot, "we're much obliged 't you fer all this yer stuff, 'n' the parson fer his prayers. We only want ask one thing more of you. We ain't no low down thieves. We ain't takin' up this yer money 'n' givin' it ourselves. We're going 't good with 'em. Now we'll trouble you 't tell us who's th' most deservin' charity in this yer town."

"The widow!" said several voices in chorus.

"And who might be the widow?" There ken be more'n one widder in a town. What's yer widder's name?"

Nobody seemed to know, but he was told where she lived, and the cavalcade of cowboys turned their horses around, and passed from the church into the bright sunlight.

They waded their way down the road, laughing boisterously over their recent escapade, and soon found themselves in the little lane leading to the widow.

The horses had been trotting briskly, but upon nearing the little, half decayed shanty standing alone among the sage brush and wild flowers, their pace slackened, and they finally came to a standstill before the broken gate.

"Whose goin' 't take the money 'n' stuff 'n' th' widder?" asked one of the boys. They all looked at each other in some perplexity.

"Pears 't Spot our'n," said another, "he's bin headin' th' gang all day."

"It was Billy got up th' fun," said Spot, "so 'cordin' 't my ain' be outer be th' one 't do th' charity act. Sides, he's a lady's man, an' a talker from way back."

Billy made some remonstrances, but was finally prevailed upon to undertake the commission, and, lunging his six shooter and belt on the fence, he knocked at the door. A feeble voice

said: "Come in." Pushing the door open, he stood irresolute upon the threshold. The light in the room was dim, and he could indistinctly see a figure stretched on a low couch in the farther corner.

"Will you come in, sir?" said the same feeble, gentle voice; then as Billy stepped in with some embarrassment she continued, "What is your errand, sir?"

He tried to think of a means by which he could delicately and acceptably deliver his message of charity, but finding none he was obliged to make known his errand as simply as possible, trusting to the inspiration of the moment to help him out.

"You are a widow, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, raising herself hastily on one elbow as he spoke.

"You must forgive a stranger, madam, for coming to you with so little ceremony and asking such a question, but the truth is, I—"

"Tell me, sir," she interrupted, "do you live in this part of the country? Are you a cowboy from one of the ranches? Excuse me, I am partly blind."

"Yes," he said, "I live here and I am a cowboy."

"How long have you been following this occupation? How long have you been in Colorado? You were not born in the West, I know, for you have neither the speech nor manners of the people. Where did you come from? Tell me, I implore you."

Billy looked at the form dimly outlined before him in blank astonishment.

"Why, madam, I'm perfectly willing to tell you. My home was in New Haven, Conn., God bless it, and I came West eight years ago. Since then I have met with many varied experiences. I've tasted the sweetness of prosperity and the bitterness of adversity. About a year ago I had a comfortable sum of money and was preparing to return to the East, when by an unhappy speculation I lost it all; then I drifted into my present situation. But I mean to accomplish something before I go home again to my dear old mother."

There was a charming youthful ring of hopefulness in his voice which his eight years of trying experiences had failed to obliterate.

The widow dropped back on her couch and was perfectly still.

"But I am forgetting my errand," continued Billy. "My friends and I have brought you a little offering, which I hope will be acceptable. It should be, for it is a present from the good church-members of the village, who beg you will accept it with their compliments."

He advanced to the side of the couch and bent down to place the contents of his hat in her lap. As he did so a ray of light shone through the half-closed blinds and fell upon the widow's face, and she saw the faces of her companions.

"My God!" He started back pale as his companion, while the hat dropped heavily to the floor. The next moment he was kneeling beside the couch clasping the wasted form in his strong young arms, his frame shaken by violent sobs.

"Willis, dear Willis, I have been seeking you all over the West for the last five years. Thank God, oh, thank Him a thousand times that I have found you at last."

In the meantime his companions outside were becoming impatient.

"Wonder what's keepin' th' feller so long," said one of them; "he could a gave the widder th' money a hundred times over during th' time he's been in there."

"I should think he could. Tell you what. I'll just creep aroun' 't th' window 'n' see what he's up 't," said Spot, smiting the action to the words. Dropping on his knees, he cautiously peered through the half-closed blinds. The next moment he had fallen backward, and was soon fastening to his comrades with a curious expression on his face.

"Well, what's up, Spot?" he was asked.

"I 'dn' know," replied Spot, scratching his head; "pears like Billy's gone and got messed 'n' th' widder. He's down on his knees 'fore th' bed-a-holdin' 'er in his arms."

A hearty laugh went round the crowd. At that moment Billy appeared at the door with his sombrero pulled down over his eyes.

"Boys," he stammered, and the strong man's lips quivered—"boys there's an old lady under who wants to know my friends. Come in. It's my mother."—The Californian.

England's Plowed Land Diminished.

During the last twenty years the area of land in England under the plow has diminished by very nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over fourteen per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished twenty-one per cent. in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary, it has increased by 78,000 acres. This difference is partly explained by the relatively large areas of land in Scotland retained under clover and rough grasses, more than one-third of the whole cultivated area. In England the proportion of cultivated land so occupied is little more than one-tenth of the whole.—Chicago Herald.

To Locate Metals in Flesh.

An electrical instrument has recently been invented which is sufficiently delicate to detect the presence of one-eighth of an inch of steel or iron wire at a distance of six inches from itself. It is intended for use in locating small pieces of magnetizable metal, such as needles, tacks, steel and iron chips, etc., that may have entered the human body unawares and hidden themselves in the skin or deeper tissues. It will probably prove to be of great service where the ordinary methods of detecting the presence of foreign metallic substances are ineffective and unreliable.—American Farmer.

FERRETS IN NEW YORK.

OVER A THOUSAND OF THEM IN USE IN THE CITY.

They Drive Away Rats—Harmless as Kittens When They Are Not Hungry—Their Habits.

FERRETS are becoming popular as pets in many of the big business houses of New York. It is not necessarily the ferocious little animal, which is supposed to be when it is brought up amid quiet surroundings and is fed regularly every day. Its fighting qualities, however, when attacked by the big rats that are brought to this port from South America, are shown to great advantage. There is no pluckier little fighter in the animal kingdom.

It is estimated that over 1000 ferrets are owned or hired by the proprietors of big buildings in New York and Brooklyn that have been infested with rats. These animals, which have been trained carefully to do their work, will answer a call or a whistle the same as a faithful dog, and will not leave a building in which they have been placed until taken away. They are affectionate little animals and appreciate good treatment.

The ferret's original home was in Africa, and some come from Kentucky, but many of the ferrets now in New York have a pedigree that runs back to the importation of ferrets from Ireland nearly a quarter of a century ago, and have been raised not far from New York. They breed twice a year, from one to ten at a time. The mother rears the handling of her young. If one of them is touched when it is only a few days old, she will at once devour it.

From seven to ten years is the ordinary life of the ferret, but after five years' existence it becomes stupid, passing most of the time in sleep, and is no longer useful or interesting.

In order to be valuable in driving a building of rats the ferret is trained not to catch the rats, but only to drive them away. The ferret's presence is soon detected by the rats, and unless the latter are particularly large and vicious they will scamper off in short order. The use of ferrets to chase rabbits out of holes is well known, although it is against the law in this State. Many ferrets, however, are sold from Thanksgiving to Christmas, and after the ferret has routed out the rabbit from a hole a fox terrier outside does the rest. If a ferret, in the course of training, persists in biting rats it becomes necessary to muzzle it or cut its teeth. The reason is that ferrets do their best work on a comparatively empty stomach and if one of them ate a rat it would make it so sluggish it wouldn't do any work for three days. Trained ferrets bring \$7.50 a piece, and untrained ones \$2.50.

"The details of the training of ferrets," said B. Isaacson, who has been training these little animals for a generation, "are, in a measure, a business secret, and no two persons train them in precisely the same way. But I will tell you about one good method. Put some rats in a cage in a room and then turn the ferret loose in the room and don't give him anything to eat until he finds the rats. He will soon learn on what his meals depend. These ferrets here answer as I call their names, and are glad to see me. The best of the three, the dark one with brown eyes and very bushy tail, and the two lighter colored ones with pink eyes, are as gentle as pet cats or rabbits, and any child may play with them without the slightest danger, especially after they have been fed. If they have not eaten anything for a number of hours predatory to setting out on a ratting expedition, they may snap a stranger's fingers placed near them, but they do not give a poisonous or painful bite. If the teeth closed on a finger, they would let go at once on pinching the bottom of one of their feet, which are very sensitive."

Ferrets are quite blind in the daytime, but are guided swiftly and accurately by their keen sense of smell. When they are attacked by the big sewer rats they quickly get a fatal head and exhaust the life blood of their assailants. Then they will eat the brains of the rats if not called off. On one occasion, Mr. Isaacson used six ferrets to rid a vessel of a large colony of rats, some of which ranged from a pound to a pound and a half in weight, and were big enough to look like small rabbits. About 100 rats showed fight against the six ferrets, who pluckily kept their ground for a time and killed at least a dozen rats, but they would have been overpowered if reinforcements had not come to their rescue. After the rats were scattered, the ferrets succeeded in driving them from the ship.—New York News.

American Students in France.

There are from 1500 to 2000 American students in France. Some of these are working to perfect themselves in the language, some are studying vocal music, some architecture and a few sculpture, but the majority are working at the easel. The schools and studios of Paris are open to the whole world, and, with a few exceptions, even the prizes of the grand Salon are accessible to foreign students. The art student may connect himself with a private school, or, if his drawings are satisfactory, he may obtain admission to l'École des Beaux Arts. In the Julian schools a work-room is furnished in which the student can work for a certain number of hours each day, and can have the best of artistic criticism twice a week for about five dollars a month.—Public Opinion.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, is the oldest Hospital in the United States. It was built in 1755.

"HOW DID YOU REST LAST NIGHT?"

"How did you rest last night?"
I've heard my gran'pap say
Them words a thousand times—that's
right—
Jes' them words thatsway!
As punctilious-like as mornin' dist
To ever leave in sight.
Gran'pap 'ud allow last to ast—
"How did you rest last night?"
Us young-uns used to grin
At breakfast, on the sly,
And mock the wobble of his chin
And eyebrows held so high
And kind. "How did you rest last night?"
We'd mumble an' let on
Our voices trembled, and our sight
Was dim, and hearin' gone.
.....
Bad as I used to be,
All I'm a-wantin' is
As pure and calm a sleep fer me
And sweet a sleep as his!
And so I pray, on Judgment Day
To wake, and with his light
See his face dawn, and hear him say—
"How did you rest last night?"
—J. Whitecomb Riley, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Small talk—"Yes" and "No."
A lump sum—Damages for a club-bing.
Whatever one's lot in life, he should have good deeds to show for it.—Philadelphia Times.
We never knew a man so good that his wife didn't often say: "Oh, pa!"
—Acheson Globe.
When a man finds a woman that there is nothing too good for, he wants her to take him.—Galveston News.
It wasn't until woman started in to improve her mathematics that she began to count for much.—Troy Press.
I said the best thoughts expressed
In slang will not be so.
But it must be confessed,
I am laying for you.
—Washington Star.

"I will now write something in a light and airy vein," said the clerk who makes out gas bills.—Washington Star.
Don't offer to bet with an elevator boy unless you mean business. He has a way of taking you up.—Buffalo Courier.
He—"No, they don't pay me more than I am worth." She—"How in the world do you manage to live on it?"
—Funny Folks.
Singers must be particular about their diet. This is owing to the close relation between their board and their timber.—Banghamton Leader.
Life is real, life is earnest.
If a man were not kept busy
Doing mischief all the time,
—Washington Star.

Treebag—"Did Joblots have any last request?" Humplate—"Yes; he wanted the funeral procession to drive around by the way of the ball grounds."
—P. & S. Bulletin.
Nervous Passenger—"Are you sure there is no danger?" Officer—"Not a bit. The Captain's just gone to take a nap, because it's too foggy to see anything."
—P. & S. Bulletin.

Probably the first cooking school product on record is the famous pig whose four and twenty black birds were so done that they began to sing as soon as it was opened.—Washington Star.
Burling—"It's my opinion that Brown hasn't half the brains he thinks he has." Waggle—"Probably not; but did you ever think how nicely he could get along with even less than that?"—Detroit Tribune.
Nervous Passenger (on New Haven steamer)—"There's a very peculiar noise in the water to-night. Do you notice it, Captain?" Captain—"Yes, madame; that's the regular Long Island Sound."
—New York Mercury.
If in search of a name that's bound to be the best, please to call the Ken-tucky.
For 'tis sure that her cons would do terrible slaughter,
And though that full of holiness would never take water.
—Chicago Record.

Cumso (to Throble)—"Not counting you, how many clerics are there in this store who can't tell the truth?" Throble (highly indignant)—"Sir!" Cumso—"Oh, well, don't be cross about it. How many are there; counting you, how many?"
A Perennian: A young countrywoman in Burgundy, writing to the parents of a little girl whom she has in charge, would put in a letter in this affectionate strain: "I remain, with respect, most sincere and madame, your wet nurse for life."—Le Phare du Nord.
In a Picture Gallery: A—"That's a newly married couple." B—"How do you know?" A—"He is always stepping on her dress." B—"What does that prove?" A—"After he has been married some time and found out what a dress costs, he will be more careful."
—Flegende Blaetter.

She—"Do you love me as much as when we first became engaged?" He—"As much? Why, my darling, I love you a thousand times more." She (anxiously)—"I don't know, George, I wish I were sure of that." He—"You can be, dear. Just think of all I have invested in you."—Brooklyn Life.
Live Chamelions for Ornaments.
The importation of live chamelions from Florida is becoming quite the fashionable thing with returning tourists. A gentleman who reached New York last week after a two months' sojourn in Florida, says that almost all of the women coming home from the winter resorts in that State bring with them from two to a dozen of the little creatures with variegated colors. In some cases the chamelions are attached to tiny gold chains and worn as personal ornaments.—New York Times.