

One Square, one inch, one insertion	10
One Square, one inch, one month	25
One Square, one inch, three months	60
One Square, one inch, one year	100
Two Squares, one inch, one insertion	15
Two Squares, one inch, one month	30
Two Squares, one inch, three months	75
Two Squares, one inch, one year	120
One Column, one inch, one insertion	5
One Column, one inch, one month	10
One Column, one inch, three months	25
One Column, one inch, one year	40

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices gratis.  
All bills for year's advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

Washington has come to be quite a honeymoon city.

Each of the four British Australian colonies has a Scotchman at the head of its government.

Statistics are said to show that the introduction of machinery into manufacturing has decreased the number of the unemployed.

Our foreign visitors, now so numerous among us, are pleased to say that we have better and cheaper restaurants than even Paris affords.

More factories for the making of handles for implements have been established in the South during the past year than in any five previous years.

With no drunkenness, no crime, no fires and no disturbances of any sort during the past year the Boston Herald admits that "Brattleboro, Vt., may fairly lay claim to being the Utopia of America."

By a simple invention, just adopted, every lighthouse on the coast is to identify itself hereafter by flashing out its number. This will relieve mariners from the necessity of remembering many combinations of colors and also from uncertainty in ascertaining whether a light seen dimly through the fog is white or red. The wonder is, observes the New Orleans Picayune, that such a useful and simple device was not adopted long ago.

Says the New York Independent: If the United States of America has no name, neither has it a definite National air. Of course the National air called "America" is English and identical with "God Save the Queen." "The Star Spangled Banner" possibly should be considered our National air and sung as such at the Chicago Exhibition. At Trinity College, Dublin, when the American candidates came forward to receive their doctorates the band played "Yankee Doodle" and set the Americans in a titter.

The late Doctor Agnew, of Philadelphia, said that catarrhal affections were almost unknown among the Quakeresses whom he attended, and he ascribed it to the fact that the Quaker bonnet protects the back of the head and the nape of the neck from cold air. He might have gone further and added that the Quaker women have come nearer than any others of their sex to discovering the perpetual bloom of youth. One meets in and about Philadelphia scores of Quakeresses who retain in old age fresh, uncrinkled faces, clear eyes, and erect figures. The peace and health of their spirits seem to conform face and figure.

In the great momentum of the woman movement, which gains new recruits every day, the Chicago Herald protests that one is inclined to overlook the fact that woman was a power morally, socially and intellectually in the Fifteenth Century as well as the nineteenth; that the doors of universities were open to her not only to study but to teach within their sacred precincts. In the University of Salamanca she has had a place, and when Isabella of Spain desired to acquire the Latin tongue it was to a woman she turned for a tutor. In Italy, even in the Thirteenth Century, a noble Florentine lady won the palm of oratory in a public contest in Florence with learned doctors from all over the world.

It is said that the Austrian authorities are very much concerned about the constant heavy immigration from their territories, and are doing all they can to check it by publishing harrowing accounts of the miseries undergone by their emigrants in foreign countries. They have lately published a statement to the effect that Austrian emigrants in Brazil have appealed to their consul at Rio de Janeiro to request the Brazilian Government to give them work or assistance. As the result of this intervention, up to the first harvest, they were provided with fifteen days' work per month, at nominal daily wages of two florins eighty-four kreutzers, or about \$1.18. This, however, explains the New Orleans Picayune, was not paid in ready money, but in paper, which shopkeepers would only accept at such a heavy discount that the unfortunate laborers were barely able to secure the necessities of life. The present Brazilian Government, moreover, have not kept the promise made by their predecessors to assign land to settlers and advance money for its cultivation. Consequently, the immigrants have been reduced to destitution through the increase in the price of provisions, the bad harvest, the cessation of work on the roads and stoppage of cultivation.

### MY QUEST.

When Time and I set forth together  
In April weather,  
Thy tender was the lilies' morning  
For winter dead;  
Green tassels, maple-tops adorning,  
Tossed high o'erhead,  
And underneath a blue and sparkling sky  
We journeyed joyously, young Time and I.  
I could not tell you how it happened so,  
But this I know,  
That some time 'twixt bright day and dark-  
some night,  
Time slipped away,  
Vanished—this airy winged spirit  
Who will not stay  
The kings by subtle art strive to unchain,  
And left me only hope—"We meet again."  
What should I do? Send cries through the  
town  
To hunt him down?  
Or should I pray the clocks, "When next ye  
chime  
Some passing hour,  
With both hands seize this transient, Time!  
Once in my power  
I'd slip his wings, he could not fly so fast.  
Ere'd his golden summer is o'erpast?"  
At length we met, both gray and bent and  
old,  
With greetings cold,  
The snowflakes fell from out the leaden sky,  
And in my ears  
The wind's sad spirit seemed to sigh,  
"Alas, the years!  
Where are the deeds thou promised in thy  
prime,  
Who now art old, but in thy youth lost  
Time?"  
—Nancy Mann Waddle, in the Independent.

### A GRAND JUROR.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

HE day Mary Hammond accepted Joyce, her mother handed her a thousand-dollar bond, her share of her father's life insurance. She thought of pretty gowns—to be worn as a bride. Then she sobered up. David would think her silly, he was so practical. She was sorry for David.

About a month after the engagement John Alroy was made postmaster of Garrett. He was young, quick and clever, and handsome. Joyce was busy at the store, so Mary often went to social gatherings without him, he calling for her later on in the evening. He did not dance; Alroy did. It gradually dawned upon him that Mary danced a good deal with the postmaster. He also found that the postmaster often met Mary by chance when she took errands.

In April he made his usual spring trip to his goods. He had been away a week when he received a letter from Mary. She asked to be absolved from her engagement with him. The calmness with which Mary met him told him his doom. "It is Alroy, of course?" he said. "It may seem to you that I treat you badly," she returned, "but I never knew what love was till I met him," and Joyce went away.

Throughout the summer he saw little of the happy pair, invented business excuses taking him much from home. Winter came, and the store claimed him. April loomed up—the anniversary of his shattered hopes—and he heard that Mary would be married in June. In June the marriage was put off till autumn.

This was the reason. The postoffice at Garrett was third-class. Out of his salary the postmaster was expected to defray all office expenses. In a second-class office, clerk hire and other liabilities were met by the Government, while the salary of the master was considerably increased. Alroy proposed to raise his office to second class, so as to be in a position to marry. To do this he must prove that the business of his office had increased for a year to such an extent that it equalled existing second-class offices. Late in the summer he said that this was so. In September an expert discovered that while the sale of stamps for a year equalled that of an office of the higher grade, it did not represent a corresponding increase in mailed matter. Alroy was accused of fraud.

In January Joyce was summoned to act as grand juror on the 20th of February, in the city, more than a hundred miles away. The afternoon of the 18th brought Garrett a blinding snow-storm: the streets were deserted, business was at a standstill. About four o'clock and nearly dark, a lady entered Joyce's private room at the store. It was Mary Hammond. "I have heard," she said at once, "that you are a grand juror in the February term. The postmaster's case comes up before you. Joyce's heart gave a bound. He had not thought of that. "The grand jury, I am informed," she went on, "decide if there is sufficient ground to make out a case to go before the court. You will have voice in deciding whether or not there is a case against the postmaster. Joyce's eyes were like coals of fire. "If it were in your power, you would convict the postmaster," she said. Joyce found his voice. "If I knew him to be guilty, yes," he said.

"He is guilty," she went on. "The stamps were bought by me, with the thousand dollars of my father's insurance. I proposed the fraud. Love for him made me do as I have done; love for me made him do the rest." Without another word she went from the room out into the snow-storm. Joyce trembled in every limb. The insult drove him wild. She knew that he still loved her, and she called upon that love to save Alroy even at the cost of honor. The outrage of it! Alroy

was guilty, and there was but one thing to do. Love and honor contended—hopeless love, inalienable honor. There could be no question as to which would win.

The following day, the outrage—the insult—gnawing at him, he went on the hundred-mile journey. On the morning of the 20th he took oath that he would do his duty as a good and loyal man in the matters to be placed before the grand jury. In a few minutes more he was sitting with twenty-three other men round a long table listening to detectives and others testifying against unseen people.

How many cases were disposed of he hardly knew, when he heard the name he had waited for. Joyce raised his head. Now would come the revenge for all the pain he had silently suffered; and yet his revenge would be only his honest duty. His face grew hard and grim.

A postoffice expert testified among other things, that Alroy had openly boasted that he would raise his office to second grade so that the increase of salary would warrant his marriage. Two other witnesses testified as to the facts already known.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman of the jury. "I move that a true bill be found," cried a juror.

"I second the motion," said another. "All in favor of a true bill signify their assent by saying 'Aye.'" Several "Ayes."

"Contra 'No.'" Several "Nos." The foreman and an officer of the court looked round the table.

"He may, or may not, have thought the sales legitimate," said one. "Oughtn't he to have the benefit of the doubt?" asked another. "It is getting very easy to accuse men in office of dishonesty."

"An official like a postmaster," said a third, "should be above suspicion." "Rather unfair to make his wish to be married the cause for his rascality," said the youngest jurymen.

"And to blame him for his ambition in trying to raise his office," said a kind voice. "Gentlemen," said the court officer, "a majority of one is sufficient to make out a true bill, and a like majority of one may ignore a bill. Those in favor of a true bill will please rise."

The man next to Joyce sprang up to his feet. Another got up. Joyce counted three, four, five.

"If he knew the bare sale of the stamps did not substantiate his claim, that would make a true bill against him," said a juror. Another man stood up, still a seaver.

"Only seven. Ah, eight, nine, ten, eleven."

The juror on the other side of Joyce rose. "Twelve."

Joyce with a feeling of exultation that his revenge was to be even greater than he had hoped—when he could give the casting vote to decide the case against Alroy—straightened his knees to rise and form the majority of one. At that moment he heard a low, tremulous voice: "I proposed the fraud. Love for him made me do as I have done; love for me made him do the rest." He glanced fearfully around, almost expecting to see the owner of that voice—the woman he loved—the woman who had treated him so badly—the woman who had gauged his honor and his love.

"Your duty as a good and loyal man—"

"No majority," sang out the court officer, "tie. Let me try again another way. Those in favor of ignoring the bill please to rise."

"Your duty as a good and loyal man—"

Twelve men were standing up. "How is this gentlemen," said the court officer, "still a tie."

"I proposed the fraud," came that low, tremulous voice. "Love for him made me do as I have done."

Love. Did Joyce know what love was? Did he know the power Mary's love must have exercised over the man she loved—the man she had ruined? Did he know her suffering now that she realized what she done? And did he think of Alroy's love for her; of his striving after happiness with her even at the price of that which men hold to be the first principle of manhood—honor? Was there not yet a chance for retrieving, a chance for their peace, made purer by mistake and suffering? Was there nothing higher than mere duty? Was it duty to irretrievably ruin two lives which might yet be made better? Mary would never be sure of the part her discarded lover played in this case, despite her guessing, and—oh, his honor, his honor! and oh, his pain—his hopeless love!

"Still a tie," impatiently said the court officer.

Oh, his honor! and oh, his pain—his hopeless love! But oh, Mary's happiness!

Joyce, the thirteenth juror, suddenly shot up on his feet, making the majority of one.

"Majority!" proclaimed the court officer. "The bill is ignored."

The thirteenth juror fell in a heap to the floor.—New York Stories.

### Queer Matrimonial Methods.

A convenient way they have in Holland and Batavia of tying the matrimonial knot when the lady is in one country and the gentleman in the other. For the Hollanders are such a thrifty industrious people that they like not to lose time even over the most solemn services. The marriage is affected by protraction. The watches of the two parties—the one say in Amsterdam and the other in Batavia—are regulated to accord, or the difference in longitude allowed for. Then at the same instant of time the marriage ceremony is performed in both places, and the thing is done.

### THE PICTURESQUE COWBOY

HE IS RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY IN THE FAR WEST.

Rapid Decline of the Range Business  
The Cause of His Disappearance  
—What He Was in His Prime.

THE rapid decline of the range business of Wyoming began six years ago. Before that it had been of a character to tempt even the rich. At one time men paid two per cent. a month for money, and made 100 per cent. profits a year. That was when cows came up from Texas at a cost of \$7 each, sold in two years for \$22, and in three years for \$40 and more, when the ranges were not overstocked, the pasturage was good, and all the conditions, including "boom" prices at the stockyards, were favorable. The men who did the best pushed into new territory as fast as the Indians were crowded off, and kept finding new grass and plenty of it. But the risks soon came, and multiplied. If one man was careful not to overstock a range, he could not be sure that another cow outfit would not do so precisely where he had put his cattle. Prices fell, fences cut up the ranges and shut off the water, winter losses became heavier and heavier, and the "good old days" of the inhuman, devil-may-care, primitive, and clumsy business came to an end. The cowboys of picture and story existed in the brilliant days. At first they had come from Texas, but in the zenith of their romantic glory they came from everywhere and from every class. They included young Englishmen, college graduates from the East, well-born Americans—all sorts who did not "strike luck" at anything else, and who were full of vim and love of adventure. They got \$40 a month and good keep during the greater part of each year. They rode good horses, that had as much of the devil in them as the "boys" themselves. They bought hand-stamped Cheyenne saddles and California bits that were as ornate as jewelry, and stuck their feet in grand tapaderos, or hooded stirrups, richly ornamented, padded with lamb's wool, and each as big as a fire-bat. Their spurs were fit for grandees, their big broad felt sombreros cost more than the Prince of Wales ever paid for a pot-hat.

And then, alas! the cow-men began to economize in men, food, wages—everything. The best of the old kind of cowboys, who had not become owners or foremen, saloon-keepers or gamblers, or had not been shot, drifted away. Some of the smartest among them became "rustlers"—those cattle-thieves whose depredations resulted in what almost came to be a war in Wyoming last year. They insisted that they had to do it to live.

From the cowboy standpoint it was time for the business to languish. Towns were springing up every here and there, each with its ordinance that cowboys must take off their side-arms before they entered the villages; wages were low down; men had to cart hay and dump it around for winter food; settlers fenced in the streams, and others stood guard over them with guns; it was time such a business languished. From the stand-point of Nineteenth Century civilization the same conclusion was reached—the range business was an obstruction to civilization, a bar to the development of the State, a thing only to be tolerated in a new and wild country. And now I am assured that there is not an intelligent cow-man who does not know that the business is doomed in Wyoming, and that the last free-roving herds must move on. There is not one who does not know that small bunches of cattle, held in connection with agriculture, must take the places of the range cattle, because better grades of cattle can be bred, better meat can be produced, all risks will nearly disappear, and the expenses of the care of the cattle will not be a tithe of those of the old plan.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

### A Papier-Mache Hospital.

Papier-mache, which can be compressed almost to the solidity of iron, promises to come into vogue as a building material. A portable hospital large enough to accommodate twenty beds has been made of compressed paper. Every part of the building is numbered, and the whole can be packed up in such a way as to be carried by three transference trucks. These trucks are so planned as to form the bases of the hospital, T-shaped joists of iron keeping the foundation steadily in place. Over this comes a flooring of compressed and varnished paper boards, which adapt themselves admirably to cleanliness. The walls and ceiling are of the same material, while the beams, composed of thin galvanized iron wire, connect the parallel walls. Holes are bored between the walls and the ceiling for purposes of ventilation, and the windows are made of wire gauze with a transparent coating. Such a building would be of great service in tropical countries, especially if in addition to its lightness and strength it can be made fireproof.—New York Telegram.

### Can Telegraph to China.

One can now telegraph from New Orleans to any of the principal cities of China direct, if he wants to, and is willing to pay the charges. The Chinese land system has made connections with the Russian system and the Celestial empire is now no further away than across the street. The charge for telegraphing to China is said to be \$2 a word, plus the cable rates across the ocean, and the service is rapid and satisfactory. Kuansh is the only province of China that is not reached by telegraph. It remains indomitably opposed to all foreign innovations.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Two Mammoth Apple Trees.

The two largest apple trees in the State of New York are both near the town of Wilson. The largest was planted in 1815, and thirty-three full barrels of apples were once picked from its branches in a single season. The other is on the farm of J. G. O. Brown, and yielded twenty barrels of "choicest" fruit and five barrels of "culs" in the season of 1891.—St. Louis Republic.

### WISE WORDS.

Superstition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty.

To love to preach is one thing; to love those to whom we preach, quite another.

Poets are the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.

The strokes of the pen need deliberation as much as those of the sword need swiftness.

From the body of one guilty deed a thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed.

Every burden has two handles—one smooth and easy to grasp, one rough and hard to hold.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses and by which he is loved and blessed.

He that honors his neighbor on account of his money will in the end part company with him in disgrace.

Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his life very often labors in vain.

The world is seldom what it seems. To man, who dimly sees, realities appear as dreams, and dreams realities.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions that we suffer more to be lost than to be saved.

Offer to the world a large, generous, true, sympathetic nature, and rich or poor, you will have friends, and will never be friendless, no matter what catastrophes may befall you.

### A Strange Charity.

Of the many strange ways of bestowing charity which owe their origin to the eccentric whims of wealthy testators there are few more peculiar than that which takes place at the Priory Church, West Smithfield, every Good Friday. This is the Money Dole. On that day twenty-one widows might have been seen picking up sixpences from a tombstone. This singular custom has been observed for so many years that the actual date of its inception is forgotten. Even the name of the benefactor is unknown.

It is stated that a sum of money was originally left by a lady to provide masses each year for the repose of her soul, but when the Reformation dawned the trustees were puzzled how to carry out the bequest without incurring hostile criticism. Eventually they resolved to distribute the interest which accrued each year from the fund to a certain number of poor widows, who should be obliged to kneel over the tomb, and pick up the money from the stone which covered it. In this way it was hoped that the recipients would involuntarily offer a prayer for the welfare of her soul.

Another difficulty, however, arose in the fact that the nave of the church in which the lady had been buried had been demolished, and the site converted into a graveyard. Utterly unable to decide where the lady actually was buried, the trustees selected a rude, unlettered gravestone in the churchyard, and upon this slab the money was placed for the women entitled to receive it. About the end of the last century the fund which supported the charity was diverted, and since that time the custom has been maintained by the generous donations of wealthy people who are unwilling that such a quaint charity should be discontinued.—The Million.

### Frightful Slaughter of Game Birds.

A clipping from a Texas paper announces that an official of one of the Panhandle counties that State has made a contract with a Kansas City firm to deliver 30,000 dozen prairie chickens within the next five months. These birds, it is said, are to be sent to Chicago to fill a contract made with parties in that city, so that Chicago may have a supply of these hens during the whole time of the World's Fair. It is hard to imagine that 360,000 prairie chickens could be delivered by any one contractor, but it is certainly worth the while of the authorities of Texas to investigate this matter and to endeavor to protect the birds that still exist in the Lone Star State.

The game of Texas, like that of other plains States, has been ruthlessly slaughtered, and to-day there is little of it left in comparison with what there used to be. This little should be preserved by every legitimate means.

The destruction of the prairie chicken over so large a portion of the territory where it is still fresh in the public mind. This is one of the birds whose extermination over a vast territory has been complete, and unless measures for its preservation are soon taken in sections where it still exists, it seems likely that in the course of a few years it will stand in the same position now occupied by its relative, the heath hen of Nausauk; that is, may exist only in little colonies which are always growing fewer in numbers and are speedily to die out.—Forest and Stream.

### How to Secure Confidence.

This from an authority: "Don't ask questions, don't mention names, listen occasionally, and you will find yourself a society favorite." The first "don't" seems to have been most correctly placed. There is nothing which creates a pleasanter impression, and which really leads to the most complete confidence than the fact which listens sympathetically to all a companion will say, but never probes deeper by an impulsive interrogation. One learns to trust such an acquaintance, and feels in her company a peculiar sense of security that is very satisfying.—Brooklyn Citizen.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An electric railroad is one of the sights of Siam.

The Greenwich clock was electrically connected with several London railway clocks in 1860.

Scientists affirm that ice frozen at zero temperature is more durable than that which forms when the mercury is above that point.

The Lancet says that Egypt as regards sanitation is now about on a level with what England was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the mortality of London was forty-five per 1000.

It has been determined that the temperature of an electric arc light remains constant at about 3500 degrees. This temperature cannot be increased or diminished by changing the size or amperage of the arc.

It has long been known to architects that the perpendicularity of monuments is affected by the rays of the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side upon which the sun's rays fall.

A remarkable increase in the use of oil as a fuel on Russian railroads is shown by recent statistics. In 1881 there were used 1914 tons of naphtha, while in 1890 there were used 291,307 tons of naphtha and naphtha residues.

A French novelty in the way of a timepiece is a floral clock, the long hands of which sweep above twelve flower beds, each bed being different from all the others in color and variety of flower. The hands are moved by subterranean mechanism.

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter. This drilling apparatus, which was the invention of one John Wennstrom, is designed to make 22,000 revolutions per minute and is used in boring sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other gems.

It is estimated that the Mississippi River annually discharges into the Gulf of Mexico 19,500,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. Of this prodigious quantity the 1-300th part will be sediment. Thus the Mississippi River annually deposits alone into the Gulf of Mexico sufficient mud to cover a square mile of surface to a height of 24 feet.

It is a well-known fact that heavenly bodies invisible to the human eye, even when assisted by the most powerful telescopes, may be detected by the photographic plate. A practical illustration of the value of photography in this connection is found in the experience of March, when no fewer than eighteen small planets were detected photographically. Twelve of these were discovered by M. Charlois, at Nice.

Dr. E. Hutchinson said, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, at London, that with an electric motor a speed of 1000 miles an hour could be obtained—"though beyond that point they perhaps entered the region of projectiles rather than of locomotives." This remarkable speed is obtainable because of the great advantage of the purely rotary motion of an electrical motor over the reciprocal motion of the piston and connecting rod of the steam locomotive.

Something wonderful in the clock line has been constructed by a mechanic in Warsaw, Poland. It represents a railway station with a clock tower giving the time in four countries. Trains run into or depart from the station every fifteen minutes. Station agents, telegraphers, ticket sellers, with lines of passengers, are seen in action, and the usual bustle and tumult of a station are heard and seen, bells ringing, whistles blowing, etc.

### The Garden Way.

In a little village in Sussex, England, there is a veritable milky way of lilies, where thousands of white blossoms shed their perfume and where women gardeners tend and pack and ship the fragrant products. Twenty-five years ago a single lily bulb was given to Mrs. Bates, a farmer's daughter, who tended the gift with the care women bestow on flowers, and when sixteen bulbs had resulted from the original one, and Mrs. Bates, finding that her children, as she called them, had outgrown the sunny window where they grew, she planted them in the corner of the garden. Ten years ago a daughter of Mrs. Bates, inspired by the enterprise of the time, and some blossoms to the London market, and now, in association with her sisters, has made the Bates lilies famous for their beauty and perfection. The daughters are keen business women, interviewing their buyers at the six o'clock market, selling without interference of agents to private customers, florists and commission merchants. The average product is 600 dozens a week, which are packed by women in the gardens. Women are taking up floriculture to a considerable extent in England, and at the Horticultural College landscape and kitchen gardening are taught by lectures, demonstrations and practical work. It is an interesting fact that applications are received at the college faster than the women can be trained.—Prairie Farmer.

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### THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

A wealthy man endeavored once to show. That Fortune comes to those who advertise. A poor man said, "Twas money thrown away."

And seemed the other's logic to despise. They argued long, till each to his own view, Unknowing, had the other one converted. The rich man hastened to withdraw his ads, The poor man rushed to have an ad inserted.

A year ago or more is it, I know, Since those two men thus argued and contended.

Oh rich, one poor, they still exist to-day— But Fortune their positions have reversed. —Yankee Blade.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Headquarters—Hats.—Puck. A rakish craft—The gardener's. Slight of hand—A refusal to marry.

An open secret—The combination to your safe.—Truth.

Cupid beats all Congress as an introducer of house bills.—Puck.

Like unto a woman, the beauty of a cheek is seen in its face and figure.—Life.

The matrimonial race is often begun at a rattling gate.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"He's an ideal ladies' man." "But he never says a word." "Precisely." —Detroit Tribune.

It is a strong border who can eat three plates of hash without turning a hair.—Boston Courier.

Few men are driven to drink in comparison to those who walk there voluntarily.—Troy Press.

Millions are striving for wealth, thousands for fame, a dozen to be good.—Chicago Tribune.

Originality is the ability to present old things in a new form that meets popular approval.—Puck.

At the Midway Plaisance a man can have a fight in forty languages.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

Life is no joke, but we refuse to give it up, even when it becomes the oldest kind of a chestnut.—Truth.

In the household the children usually find that "pa" is the most martial and "ma" the most partial.—Boston Courier.

People who "would give the world for" something seem to forget that the desired object is a part of that world they give up.—Truth.

Mis Grottesque—"Do you know—te-he-no man has ever kissed me." Callow—"Most men are cowards." —New York Herald.

Rose—"Does Mr. Verdull know anything?" Lillian—"Know anything?" He doesn't even suspect anything.—Life's Calendar.

What wondering eyes on him will turn? What'er may be his track! He is the borrower who gives His neighbor's pencil back. —Washington Star.

"Miss Billion looked as if she felt awfully cheap when she was introduced to Savenny." "She knew how to appear attractive to him." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sympathizing Friend—"You ought to seek old Skindint to keep one thing in mind"—Discouraged Debtor—"He'd charge me for storage." —Detroit Tribune.

There are said by statisticians to be about 320,000,000 Christians in the world. Nevertheless, it isn't safe to lose sight of your umbrella even for a moment.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Merchant (to applicant)—"Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office?" Boy—"Know enough? Why, I left my last place because the boss said I knew more than he did." —Society Journal.

Son (who is studying bookkeeping)—"What is double entry?" Absent-minded Father (who has had experience)—"