

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, one year...

Nearly nine hundred thousand grown English people can neither read nor write.

Assuming the working age to be from twenty to sixty years, and counting only male workers, 440 persons in this country live on the labor of every 100 workers.

Naltkenhoff, of Geneva, Switzerland, says there are 311,000 blind persons in Europe, mostly from fever, and that seventy-five per cent. would have kept their sight had they been properly treated.

The value of farming lands in this country is greatest in New Jersey. In 1888 it averaged: New Jersey, \$65; Massachusetts, \$50; Ohio, \$46; New York, \$44; Vermont, \$38; Maryland, \$32; Wisconsin, \$23, and in some Western States less than \$5 per acre.

Some one has ingeniously made and placed on exhibition at the World's Fair a large ear of corn, over twenty inches in length, by glueing large grains of corn on a wooden cob, the whole being very deceptive in appearance. To hear the farmers discuss the merits and demerits of this large ear of corn and its smaller brothers, as well as to observe the efforts made by those who understand the secret, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Chinese Government appears to be awakening to the fact that the rapid increase in the sale of Indian teas in Europe may be due in part to causes for which the Chinese growers are responsible. The Likin authorities have issued a proclamation against the manufacture of what is significantly known as 'lie tea.' The document points out that this scandalous practice has done much to bring about the lamented decline in the tea trade, and declares that the authorities are determined to put a stop to it.

Says the New York Sun: "There is evidently a great deal for woman to learn in the domestic arts and sciences at the Chicago Exposition outside of the beautiful building dedicated to her special honor and instruction. There is a variety of cooking exhibitions, and one of them is especially to be commended. This is the exhibit devoted to the illustration of all the uses to which the products of maize, or corn as it is universally called in this country, can be profitably and palatably put in the economy of the household. Although the queens of the American kitchen have been supposed to be well acquainted with corn meal, it appears that there are many grades and modifications of the familiar yellow flour, and the ingenuity of a celebrated demonstrator of the culinary art has evolved some forty savory products with such queer names as 'plinkots,' 'jolly boys,' 'nu-ki-li-we' and 'kia-mu-ia-li-we.' It is to be hoped that these articles all taste as sweet under any other name. This exhibit ought to prove of further use as showing to foreign visitors the value and desirability of corn flours for human food. The use of American corn before it has been transformed into pork for the table is little known abroad. It was not known at all until a special commissioner, Mr. Murphy, was sent to Europe by Secretary Rank of the Department of Agriculture to give lectures and demonstrations of how palatable and nutritious dishes could be made from a grain which, on that side of the Atlantic, fed the lower animals alone. As a result of his efforts the knowledge of corn flour has become quite usual among the culinary experts of Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and as soon as the peasantry of Europe have become acquainted with the foreign market for our corn will be appreciably enlarged. It is to be hoped that the appetizing exhibit of johnny-cake and its fanciful derivatives at Chicago may lend added fragrance to every breakfast table in the United States, as well as make all Europe acquainted with a wholesome, nutritious, cheap and palatable article of food."

There is a predominance of females over males in Spain, the number of the former being 8,943,000 and of the latter 8,607,000.

Though tennis is much more popular in the North than in the South, fully 15,000,000 pairs of tennis shoes are sold below Mason and Dixon's line every year, the people preferring them as a foot wear to other shoes.

The high price of horses in Great Britain has increased the numbers bred in England and Scotland 4035 head. Increased attention is given to horse breeding by the farmers, and the quality is materially improving for the useful draught horse—the Shires and Clydes.

The Atlanta Constitution suggested the day after the collapse of Ford's Theatre at Washington that the spot should be marked by a monument, as an accursed piece of ground not fit to be utilized for building purposes. The Washington Evening News now makes a similar suggestion. It proposes that the spot shall be devoted to a memorial of the dead.

The San Francisco Chronicle notes that Japan is reaching out for new fields to colonize. The success of the recent experiments in Hawaii has stimulated the Mikado's Government to endeavor to repeat this work in Mexico and Australia. On the coffee and sugar plantations of Mexico great difficulty is experienced in securing good reliable labor and in the Australian colonies every device has been tried unsuccessfully to fill the demand for hands on remote ranches. The Japanese are not ideal laborers, but they are far superior to the South Sea Islanders that have been tried in Queensland and other colonies at the Antipodes. We do not care how many of the Japanese swarm into Mexico and Australia, but we are not anxious to see them enter our ports for their immigration encouraged it would result in the same evils that have followed the influx of the Chinese.

In the Century George Kennan replies to the recently published defense of Russia made by the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington. Mr. Kennan presents a large array of facts to controvert the assertions of Mr. Botkin. "A striking proof of the impoverishment of the Russian peasantry is furnished," he says, "by the official statistics with regard to the number of farm animals in the Empire, and particularly the number of horses. Every American farmer knows that he would find it extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to work his land without the aid of a horse; and that the complete absence of horses on a farm is an unmistakable evidence of extreme poverty and destitution. What is the condition of the Russian peasant when tried by this test? In the year 1882 there were in the village communities of European Russia 9,079,924 peasant households. Of this number 2,487,555 households, representing a population of perhaps 14,000,000, and constituting twenty-seven per cent. of the whole agricultural class, did not own a single horse. Of course those 14,000,000 people had not always been without horses. They had lost them, partly through contagious diseases, which they knew not how to combat, partly in forced settlement of debts to money-lenders, which they were unable to pay, and partly as the result of the ruthless and short-sighted policy of a Government that sells the last horse of a poor peasant farmer for taxes, and thus renders it almost impossible for him ever to pay taxes again. Mr. Botkin refers in his article to the recent famine in Russia as a calamity that gave the American people an opportunity to show their sympathy with the people of Russia. I wonder whether it ever occurred to him that the calamity to which he refers was permitted, if not caused, by the 'beneficent sovereign' whom he defends; and that the distress which called forth our sympathy was the work, in large part, of the very Government that he describes as 'natural and satisfactory.' The famine of 1891-92 was not one of the sudden, unforeseen, and unforeseeable catastrophes that are described in bills of lading and insurance policies as 'acts of God'; neither was it due solely to the unfavorable meteorological conditions which brought about a failure of the harvest. It was the result, in large part, of the oppression and maladministration to which the people had been subjected, and was merely the culmination of a long-threatened crisis. The economic condition of the peasants in the famine-stricken provinces, and particularly in the provinces lying along the Volga River and its tributaries, was almost hopeless before the harvest failed."

A FIVE O'CLOCK POEM.

The shadows lie across the road In long, cool streaks; The sunbeams touches tenderly The green hill peaks.

The air is clear as clear can be, The sky, soft blue; And all the earth seems fair and sweet, The heavens, too.

And by the walk before the gate, The evening breeze Makes all the leaves to bend and wave Upon the trees.

The sun is low above the hill Out toward the west; The quiet air brings happily A hint of rest.

The cow goes slowly 'long the fence; And in the field, The men amid the hay, their sayings Have ceased to wail.

So sweet and bright and fair has been This afternoon That one might wish the whole round year Could be all June.

But best of all the summer ere Is this I see A cheery man comes up the path— 'Tis John, to tea.

—Ironton Register.

A NIGHT WITH KIT CARSON.

BY W. THOMSON.

HILE crossing the plains en route to California in the summer of 1850 we had entered the northeastern edge of Arizona. One forenoon we were plodding slowly along when ahead of the trail we saw a single horseman riding swiftly towards us. "A white man, by thunder! and alone, boys," exclaimed our guide, Sam Lount. "A mighty risky trick for these parts. We're on the stamping ground of the Apaches and they're always on the warpath, ravening for scalps. We'll likely hear some news, boys. That man's got business on hand. That kind of a fellow don't hurry for nothing."

By this time the lone rider had reached the head of our line, and saluted him. "You had better bring your wagons close together, and be ready to form a corral at a moment's notice," he said, including us all.

"There's a big band of Apaches, led by that young villain, Geronimo, laying for you behind Baby Range, about eight miles further on. They intend to stay there until you get into the pass, but may change their minds and attack in the open."

"Much obliged, stranger," said our guide. "My name is Sam Lount; might I ask yours and how you got clear of the reds yourself?"

"Well," smilingly responded the man, "my Sunday name is Christopher, but I'm generally called Kit—Kit Carson, at your service."

"Kit Carson! Kit Carson!" the familiar name ran down our extended ranks like a cheer. We all hurried to the front to shake hands with the famous scout.

Carson was at this time in the prime of life—about forty years old, I think. A casual observer, noting his rather under-sized form, peaceful appearance and modest, unassuming manners, would never have dreamed of selecting him from out a crowd as the most daring, fearless explorer and successful Indian fighter known to Western fame.

Carson went on to answer the guide's question: "I had no trouble to keep clear of the redskins, because, though I was often much nearer, none caught sight of me at a less distance than sixty rods, and they know Lightfoot" (his celebrated thoroughbred mare) "too well to waste time in a chase."

"We got men and horses camped down on the Little Colorado," he went on, "but I have been riding alone for a week trying to select the shortest and easiest wagon route through this part of the country. Three days ago I ran on Geronimo's warriors just after they'd wiped out a party of emigrants. The remains of four wagons were still smoking, and, as nearly as I could judge, sixteen bodies had been piled up with them. Eight miles lay dead around. Looking down on their camp yesterday I discovered they had five American horses and men," he added slowly; "they've got a young white woman prisoner."

"There were 106 Indians in the band. There are 99 now. Most are armed with bows and arrows, tomahawks, lances and knives. About thirty carry old smooth bore flint lock guns."

"And you think they know that we're coming?" asked Lount.

"I'm sure of it," answered Carson. "They have scouts out. You haven't seen them, but they've counted you over and over again."

"But they must know that you'd warn us?" I observed.

Carson managed so that we arrived, seemingly in the ordinary course of travel, at the appointed spot shortly after the sun had disappeared behind the range. In order to avoid all chances of his dread presence being described by the Indians he had dismounted when within a mile of the mountain, placed his famous horse in the rear among our led animals and concealed himself in one of the covered wagons.

Everything in the vicinity was quiet as the grave, but the redoubted scout assured us that, lying behind the frowning heights, were five score savages, and that probably one or two were looking down upon us.

We formed corral in the leisurely manner of men unconscious of danger. Night came on with a cloudless sky. By the light of a full moon objects would be quite distinctly seen, while a strong wind blowing from the west, i. e., directly from the enemy's position to ours, effectually drowned the noise of any movements we might make.

After supper Carson gathered us around him and said in his peculiarly soft low voice: "Near the south end of this little range there is, as your guide knows, a deep, ragged ravine winding around to the west and finally running out on the open plain quite close to the trail."

"Geronimo's men won't make a move while this wind is blowing to carry a sound to us, but they know that it will die away just before daybreak. They propose then to steal through the pass, form up on this side, make a dash and take you by surprise; if they could do that, not a man of you would escape."

"Now, I propose about midnight, when the horses will all be in the corral, to take twenty men, ride straight down the east side to the ravine, pass through it like shadows and come out on the trail in their rear. Here the real trouble will begin, as we shall then have to sneak down wind, over a mile of open ground."

"Under ordinary circumstances attempting to surprise a band of Indians in this way would be childish, but these fellows are gorged with stolen food, are intent upon wiping out this party, will never dream of being attacked from the west, and if they keep watch at all it will be only for a short time and in this direction."

"But remember, men, whether we rescue a live woman or a mutilated corpse depends entirely upon the exactness with which you who are left in camp follow instructions."

"If our surprise is perfect the reds will all rush forward to meet our attack. They will not, must not have time to think of their prisoner, else they'll murder her at once."

"One hour after we leave here ten of you must silently saddle and mount your horses. The instant you hear our first volley dash like lightning through the pass."

"You'll see the woman tied up close to the rocks on the left of the pass as you go out. Two of you, appointed beforehand, must snatch her up and fly back while the other eight join in the fight. It won't last ten minutes, for there's not a band of Indians on the plains that will stand that long when unexpectedly attacked at night on both sides at once. And now," concluded the intrepid and experienced Carson, "we may rest for a few hours in absolute security."

At midnight Carson and his selected party left so stealthily that some of us who were dozing did not notice their departure.

Precisely at 1, Lount having previously let us draw lots to determine who should accompany him, directed the mount. Both young Alec Fraser and myself were of this number. The whole ten of us, silent as statues, sat motionless for some time in our saddles.

We were armed with percussion lock muzzle loaders. Each man carried, besides his belt knife, a heavy Colt's revolver.

"At last, when nearly a half hour had gone by, the old guide whispered: 'All goes well, boys. If the redskins have no dogs along, Carson'll surprise them.'"

He had hardly spoken when out upon the night air rang a volley of rifle shots, and simultaneously from the Indian camp rose a pandemonium of yells and shrieks.

"Ride, men! ride!" cried Lount. The corral keepers whirled one of the encamping wagons aside, and we flew into the pass five abreast.

As we thundered headlong over its 200 yards of length Lount hurriedly addressed us: "You two, Prescott and Adams, seize the prisoner. You others follow me, and, boys, don't throw a bullet away!"

The next instant we flashed out upon the Apaches' camping ground and immediately caught sight of the captive. She was sitting with her back to us, bound to a spear shaft driven into the earth. Never drawing rein we dashed past her, leaving Prescott and Adams. We spurred on where a fight was raging a hundred yards to the west.

The savages, ready to fly when a score of warriors failed to rise after the rifle volley, had now correctly estimated the number of their assailants and were rallying. Most were on foot, but some had scrambled to their ponies' bareback. Just as we came out upon them I saw two mounted braces charge furiously down with leveled lances on Carson. Before either came within striking distance the unerring marksman had fired twice, lightning like, and both fell.

They never noted our approach, and when we fired upon their rear the whole body broke and fled. Then Carson's ringing out trumpeted and low, but sharp, tones again until the middle of the afternoon. The plan is to reach Baby Range just before sundown and camp a little this side."

brought them down, so that among the rush of flying savages there was not now a single mounted man.

It was a wild race. We did not intend a second ambuscade to be set for us. It took us only ten seconds to recharge our rifles, then we dashed off—Carson, who carried two magnificent revolvers, joining us and leaving his party to reload.

The sixty-five Apaches were straining every nerve to reach the shelter of the dark ravine, and as they had but one mile to cover it seemed possible that we might not overtake them.

Carson, Lount and Scott, superbly mounted, gained on them and came within half rifle shot, while the other six of us were still 300 yards in the rear. Suddenly, seeing only three were close upon them, a dozen warriors turned and delivered their fire. Scott fell, and his trained horse came to a dead stop. In the hope of securing at least one scalp, the bravest rushed up with tomahawks and knives. As we pressed forward we could see in the brilliant moonlight, close on each side of the riderless horse, Carson on the right and Lount on the left—the two veteran plainsmen sitting calmly in their saddles awaiting the onset. We did not dare to discharge our rifles for fear of hitting our leaders.

Carson had said calmly: "Their pieces are empty, Sam. Wait till they almost touch us."

The Apaches, finding the whites did not fire, evidently supposed that their "shoot-all-day little guns" were not loaded. With exultant yells they came recklessly on. They had reached within fifteen feet of the impassive horsemen, when six shots, so rapidly discharged that the report of one overlapped the other, blazed out and as many braves went down.

Then, before the remaining six could turn and run, Carson, giving way to a fit of rage, drove the spurs into his horse's flanks, and, with an appalling shout, fairly rode two of the miscreants down and the others skurried away, but our rifles finished them.

The twenty men who had been left behind to reload rejoined us here for the pursuit, but Carson put up his revolvers. "That will do, boys. The reds have got their lesson."

All this, which has taken so long to tell, occupied scarce a minute in the doing. We found Scott with but a scratch wound, and we set off back to the Indian camp a jolly party.

Scattered over the ground we found blankets, buffalo robes, deer skins, prairie wolf pelts, war clubs, bows and arrows and spears. Twenty sets of these weapons still lay by the warriors slain by the opening rifle volley. Near at hand were tethered more than a hundred ponies.

Then we set out for the corral. The approach, the attack, the rescue, the skirmish, the pursuit, the destruction of the camp had been crowded into less than three hours.

This was only one among the daring necessary deeds which made Kit Carson's name a household word throughout the length and breadth of his native land.

In after years when, at his own home in Taos, I came to know Christopher Carson well, he assured me—and his history bears him out in this—that never once in his long career of battle had he needlessly killed a single red man, though in those times among the pioneers of the Western plains the life of an Indian was considered of no more account than that of a noxious beast.

When the "jubilation" had quieted down Carson inquired for the prisoner.

"Safe here, but utterly worn out and nearly starved," replied Prescott. "The Indians would offer her nothing but horseflesh. We gave her a good supper, with plenty of hot tea, and she is asleep in Scott's wagon, fast asleep if not awakened by our noise."—New York Press.

A Gruesome Occupation.

The machabee men, or fighers of dead bodies, of Paris, France, who ply their doleful trade on the Seine between the Auteuil viaduct and the Billancourt bridge, threaten to go on strike owing to the slowness with which their money premiums are paid.

For Joseph, the senior member of the profession, has been fishing for machabees or dead bodies for the past twenty-five years, but he and his companions are now idle as he has not been paid for the last batch of corpses sent to the morgue. Joseph sent forty-two machabees to the city dead house last year and was paid three dollars each for them, his total gains being about one hundred and twenty-six dollars. This year the trade seemed to be improving; the morgue literally overflowing with bodies taken out of the river, and in one day he made twelve dollars.

However, he has not yet received, although it has been due for a fortnight, and hence he has laid down his ropes and grappling iron until the city officials, whose duty it is to remunerate him and his companions for their services, shall be more expeditious in their paying.—New York Mercury.

Swedish Honesty.

A point which soon attracts the attention of travelers in Sweden is the punctilious honesty and truthfulness of the inhabitants. This is best seen in the many little incidents of daily life. When asking for places at a theatre, for instance, the ticket clerk never fails to inform the applicant if, owing to the crowded state of the house, a better position would be secured with a cheaper ticket than the one asked for. Again, when parcels are taken out by steamer from Stockholm to country places in the neighborhood, they are just thrust out on to the quay, where they frequently remain half the day without being claimed. It never seems to any one that they could possibly be taken by anybody but their rightful owners. On a canal trip of any length a little book lies in the saloon of the steamer, in which each passenger keeps his own account of the number of meals, etc., he may take during the journey.—New York Dispatch.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

In the Isle of Man it was formerly the law that to take away an ox or a horse was not a felony but a trespass, because of the difficulty in that little territory of conveying or carrying them off. But to steal a pig or a fowl, which is easily done, was a capital crime.—New York World.

Metalizing Cloth.

An interesting announcement is made in the French papers of the discovery of a process for metalizing textile fabrics, by which, it is claimed, the latter are rendered proof against the attack of insects. The materials, such as wool, flannel, calico, etc., are for this purpose immersed in a boiling bath composed of 21 pounds of sulphate of copper, one pound of sulphuric acid and sixty-two gallons of water, the fabric being calendered and dried after its removal from the fluid. The French obtained by this process will, it is said, bear two or three washings before it is again necessary to subject the cloth to a repetition of the operation.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is a scientific fact that Chinamen are remarkably long lived.

Neison says that for every death during the year two persons are constantly sick.

A new glass for thermometers is unaffected by a heat of 1000 degrees, the ordinary glass being unreliable above 750 degrees on account of its tendency to soften.

Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4000 eyes. The common fly has 8000 eyes, and certain butterflies 25,000.

A salt mine near Sprenenberg, Germany, is over 4194 feet deep. It is sixteen feet in diameter for 1200 feet, the boring below that having been made with a thirteen-inch auger bit.

Edison is working on a magnetic ore separator. The only obstacle in the way of its success at present is the necessity of crushing the ore to a very fine powder before the separating process.

The smokes of Paris have been mapped by M. Foubert. The principal factory chimneys have been set down, with circles of various sizes and tints to represent the emission of smoke from each.

A new device in the driving gear of a locomotive which equalizes the steam pressure and prevents the pounding in the cylinder has been invented and patented by David S. Patterson, of North Platte, Neb., who has been blind all his life.

The human heart is the most powerful pumping-machine for its size ever made. It throws into the arteries seven and three-fourth tons of blood per day. Its exertion is equivalent to that required to raise a weight of 122 tons one foot in twenty-four hours.

The telephone is now used by deep-water divers. A receiver and transmitter combined is affixed to the inside of the helmet near the diver's ear. By a slight turn of his head he can speak into it 'phone, and he can hear readily from it at all times. Its value in deep-sea work, for reporting progress or receiving instructions, is clear. Formerly the only communication was by a system of pulls at a cord.

Iridescent clouds were recorded at Christiana from 1871 to 1892 by H. Mohr. The phenomenon is rare, such clouds having been visible only on forty-two days and not at all in the five years ending with 1880. They occur mostly in midwinter, range in height from fourteen to over eighty miles (the lowest twice as high as any other clouds), and seem to be connected with storm in the North Atlantic.

An Australian inventor has just perfected a method of plowing with the help of dynamite. The explosive is used in very small quantities, and there is an apparatus for touching it off underground. The result of this is to thoroughly disintegrate the soil. It is asserted that there is no possibility of a serious explosion, and that owing to the small quantity of dynamite used the cost is very little, while the resulting benefit is enormous.

Curious Spoil From Dahomey.

It is said that General Dodds, who recently returned to Paris from the conquest of Dahomey, brought back with him a large collection of curious objects, which will soon be placed in the various museums of Paris for the delectation of admiring Parisians. Among the articles are three large figures, sculptured or carved in wood, representing Behanzin; his father, Gie-Gie, and his grandfather, Gie-Gio, who was also called Kini-Kini, or Lion, has, in his counterfeit presentment in wood, the head and features of a monarch of the desert, while Behanzin, the still living but deposed Dahomeyan chief, has a shark's head in token of his nom de guerre, as it may be called, Le Requien. The general has also in his possession the banner given to Behanzin by some Portuguese traders on the west coast of Africa. It is inscribed with the words Rei (or king) Behanzin, underneath being the Dahomeyan arms, consisting of a shark, an egg, and two palm trees. Two Krupp guns taken from the Dahomeyans, were buried at sea in a field after the capture of Abomey, have been unshipped at Toulon, and will soon be placed in the museum of the Hotel des Invalides.—Picaune.

"I don't you think you could love me just a little?" She—"Oh, yes; I can love you just as little as you like."—Somerville Journal.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a woman to go through a ferry-boat without glancing in the mirror.—Puck.

"What's the name of your new boat?" "I named it 'Bridget,' after the cook, because it makes such heavy rolls."—Journal of Education.

You perhaps wouldn't think so to look at it, but almost any musician will tell you that the stick beats the drum all hollow.—Troy Press.

Miss Chicago—"Is your neuralgia any better, dear?" Miss Boston—"Better? How could it be? It was never good."—Detroit Free Press.

A great deal has been said as to the slowness of the turtle's movements, but all we can say is that he generally arrives in time for soup.—Drake's Magazine.

Even after people have struggled to reach the top of the hill of success they find the apex swarming with mosquitoes and other nuisances.—Truth.

Hotel Clerk (Chicago)—"Sir, you are leaving without your board bill!" Guest—"Of course I am! Don't take me for a freight train, do you?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Bob (trying to grow a mustache)—"I say, Tom, does it show at all?" Tom (seriously)—"Well, yes, a little; but never mind. I don't think anybody will notice it."—Washington News.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Clang clang, clang clang! Went the blacksmith's hammer, While his brazen voice outrang High o'er all the clamor. In his forge from break of day, When he poised his roundelay, So fierce he seemed, the neighbors ran Quaked with terror at the sound.

Loudly ring, my anvil true, I'll have no'er a brake but you; In my black shade, thy beat Than a love song is more sweet: La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Clang clang, clang clang! Softly rang the hammer; Roger's heart instead went bang, With a violent clamor.

He the pretty Rose had seen, Flower half blown of sweet fifteen, Put on gloves, was wed full soon, Changed was then the blacksmith's tune: Soft, my anvil, ring to-day In the march of love I pray, Softly, softly sound the blows, Not to drown the voice of Rose, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Clang clang, clang clang! Rose was very trying; Three blows, back a slap outrang, Into alloyed dancing.

Ah, poor Rose, sure all is o'er! Came the watch and burst the door, Lo, the man of noise and strife On his knees before his wife!

Rose, in love's dear name I pray, Beat me, beat me all the day, For thy pretty hand will be Soft as satin still to me. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. —From the French of G. Lemoine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The 'lyn' of society—Not at home, Showing the queer—Incarcerating inmates.

The baby in the cradle strikes the bed-rock of happiness. The police justice should always be prepared to see a fine point.

When a man begins to say "Every thing goes!" it usually does.—Puck.

The less attention you pay to your neighbors the more you interest them. Two for five—a couple of traps trying to pick up a nickel.—New York Journal.

An escaping prisoner seldom begs pardon for the liberty he takes.—Troy Press.

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

Yale wanted the "rock," but what to do with a granite quarry is a puzzle.—Meriden Republican.

Knowledge is power except in the case of the man who knows he is lickered.—Indianapolis Journal.

One way of providing for a rainy day is to make preparations to go to a picnic.—Philadelphia Times.

It is hard to live within one's salary, but there is one consolation—it is harder to live without it.—Truth.

The bare-faced lie naturally does not meet with the same respect as the ancient humbug with whiskers.—Puck.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," but there are many souls who don't appear to realize their own gall.—Ram's Horn.

The modern landlord doesn't get frightened when he sees the handwriting on the wall. He just gets mad.—Buffalo Courier.

If cholera prevails in years when there are few flies, the indications for a healthy summer are very favorable.—Buffalo Express.

A Camden minister who was given a match sealed in an envelope for a wedding fee made light of the imposition.—Philadelphia Record.

"I don't you think you could love me just a little?" She—"Oh, yes; I can love you just as little as you like."—Somerville Journal.

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