

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion.	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.	5 00
One Square, one inch, three months.	12 00
One Square, one inch, one year.	30 00
Two Squares, one year.	50 00
Quarter Column, one year.	20 00
Half Column, one year.	30 00
One Column, one year.	50 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.	

Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Artistic coffee are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

Among the industries of the United States that of paper making now holds fifth place.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since the close of the Franco-Prussian war Europe has doubled her military strength.

Although worth \$35,000,000 at the time of his death, Leland Stanford borrowed money all his life, and said that he could have profitably used more.

A remarkable discovery has been made at Carrog, near Llangollen, Wales. While a number of workmen were carting stones from the bed of the river Dee, they discovered the remains of an ancient church, which was washed down by a heavy flood 300 years ago.

The scientific investigators at Munich claim to have discovered that "Asiatic cholera" is essentially a poisoning with nitric acid generated by Koch's comma bacilli. This is interesting. If we can't kill the bacilli, perhaps something can be devised to neutralize the poisonous acid.

The largest use of placards on record was prior to the Presidential election in 1889. General Boulanger had 15,000 bill-stickers, who put up 45,000 daily, in all 900,000. In some places, when they were torn down after the election, there were found sixty layers of bills alternating with those of Boulanger's rival.

The collection of postage stamps has brought into existence a professional stamp repairer, who, for a small fee, dexterously repairs mutilated stamps. His specialty is restoring the margin to envelope stamps that have been cut to shape, and have thus lost much of their philatelic value.

Mr. Dobbins writes to the Pittsburgh Dispatch that the very objectionable bit of slang, "the wind blew through his whiskers," is not American at all. In fact, it was first used by an Englishman, one Dan Chaucer, who wrote the "Canterbury Tales." In the tale of "The Shipman" occurs this remarkable line, "With many a tempest had his beard been shaken."

The Central Peruvian Railway across the Andes starts from sea level at Callao. It crosses the Andes range to Oroya, 136 miles from the coast. At the seventh mile it is 700 feet above the level of the sea. At the fiftieth mile the elevation is about 6000 feet and the ascent is steady and rapid until it reaches its highest point at the 106th mile, when the height is 15,665 feet.

The originator of the Concord grape is still living in Concord, Mass. He is Ephraim W. Bull, now eighty-seven years old, and one of the prominent men of the historic town. He was a friend of Emerson and Alcott, and has been greatly honored by distinguished visitors to Concord, and by horticulturists at home and abroad. In his garden at Concord he still shows the old mother vine of the Concord grape which he developed from the seed of a native wild grape planted just fifty years ago.

The conservative University of Virginia could not permit a woman to attend its lectures, observes the New York Telegram, but it did suffer Miss Caroline Preston Davis to stand its examinations in mathematics at the close of the year, and as she passed the whole course successfully the faculty bestowed on her the certificate of excellence and made her practically the first female graduate of the university. Dr. Thornton gave to the graduating class the privilege of conveying to her the honorary diploma and the boys did it with a yell.

Says the New York Press: Four distinct invasions of the frozen mysteries of the Arctic region will be under way this year. Lieutenant Peary will endeavor to map the northern coast of Greenland and to investigate the archipelago which lies beyond. If conditions favor he may make a venturesome dash on sledges across the frozen sea toward the pole. The other American explorer, Gilder, will examine the movement of the magnetic pole. Two avowed attempts to reach the North Pole will be made, one by Doctor Nansen, of Norway, who proposes to drift with the ice in a craft especially designed to resist pressure from floes, and another by Mr. Jackson, whose effort to cross the ice on sledges assumes that there is no open Polar Sea, and is supported by the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

Twelve different kinds of theology are preached in four languages in the eight churches at Wahoo, Neb.

Whaling in the Antarctic seas this season is reported to be a failure. Grampuses, seals and sea lions are numerous, it is further stated.

For some unexplained reason, states the New York Tribune, more fires seem to break out on Sunday morning than at any other time of the week.

The success of the three experiment farms in Manitoba, Assiniboia and British Columbia is causing Canadian farmers to urge the Government to establish a larger number.

When people talk about bad times the Baltimore American thinks it would be well for them to remember that there is about seventeen hundred million dollars (\$1,700,000,000) of deposits in American savings banks. Savings banks are pretty good financial thermometers for telling the real condition of the country.

The Cincinnati Times-Star exclaims: Chicago that succeeded in planning and executing an architectural and artistic and a mechanical triumph of which the most imaginative Roman poet in Rome's Augustan age could never have dreamed, will continue to be talked about throughout the world and in places, too, where all other American cities are unknown.

Says the New York Independent: It is the native custom in Tinnevely to marry with a necklace instead of a ring, and the Church of England missionaries there have consented to the change in the marriage service so that it shall read: "With this necklace I thee wed." But with a delicious insularity some of the Anglicans at home are protesting against the crime of the change.

The new invention of M. Turpin, to whom the world is indebted for the discovery of melinite, the most powerful explosive in existence, seems destined, if not to render war impossible, at any rate, to render the artillery now in existence altogether superfluous. It consists of a very light gun and carriage drawn by two horses, and four charges can be fired within the space of fifteen minutes, each of which throws 25,000 bullets over a surface of 20,000 square yards. The range of the gun is about two miles.

Connecticut is now added to the list of States where the practice of medicine is regulated by law. There are now but nine States in the Union where the practice of this profession is absolutely unrestricted by any rules whatever, and the Boston Herald regrets to say, that Massachusetts is one of the delinquent States. The only equipment that is essential for the practice of medicine in Massachusetts is a signboard hung outside the physician's office, and even this is frequently dispensed with. Massachusetts is the irregular practitioner's paradise.

Where has the duster gone? asks the Philadelphia Press. It is still worn in the West. It still appears on longer lines of travel. Its manifest and sensible convenience endears it to middle-aged men. But on a short line like that between this city and New York the duster has disappeared as completely as last winter's snowflakes. The clothing stores keep them on the back shelves. Few are sold. The big wholesale dealers do not sell a dozen where they once disposed of bales. In a few short years this convenient garment has been relegated to the country districts and the provinces. Yet in our climate, with our hot, dry summers, our abundant dust and long railroad journeys the duster ought to have become a permanent article of clothing for all travelers.

"Kyphosis bicycletarum" is apparently known in the West as well as the East. "Why is it," asks the Chicago Journal, "that as soon as a young man learns the useful and graceful art of bicycle riding he must forthwith attempt to undo the work by which he was made in the image of his Maker and seek to transform himself into a hideous mesozoic dinosaur or some other uncanny creeping thing? The head goes down, the back is humped, the arms assume the position of forelegs, and all that is wanting is a croak to pass for a broken-backed frog. There is no excuse for this abomination. An erect attitude gives the rider a much better command of the wheel. It is merely a habit due to too much pernicous and unhealthy "soorhing." Women who ride wheels do not stoop. Out upon this frog-squat, this hump-backed disease, "kyphosis bicycletarum!"

A DREAM.
I dreamt that over the winter world
The winter winds were sighing,
And into the orioles' empty nest
The flakes of snow were flying,
The vines along the garden wall
With crystal ice were gleaming,
And in the garden, dull and bare,
The summer flowers were dreaming.
The snow lay deep over withered grass,
The skies were cold and gray,
And slowly the dreary night came on
To end the weary day.
I woke. High up in the orchard boughs
A hundred birds were singing,
And in the birch-trees' pleasant shade
The orioles' nests were swinging.
Along the river, tall and green
I saw the rushes growing,
And among the grasses blowing,
The flowers held the sunshine bright,
The breezes were at play,
And swiftly the dreamy night came on
To end the happy day.
—Angelina W. Way, in Harper's Bazar.

MIRE AND MATRIMONY.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.

It was "grindin' day" at Thompson's mill in Jim Creek, Lewis County, East Kentucky. The mill was rival of Black-burn's store, two miles above, as a gossip exchange for a large territory. From this distributive point flowed out toward every household the news of deaths, births, scandals, fights, courtships, marriages and other matters of moment. To-day a large crowd had gathered, for a rumor was abroad that Big Tom Latimer and Polly Ann Rollin were about to get married in the face of her father's opposition. The Rollin family was the leading one of the county, old Tom Rollin having a large farm several horses and "cow brats" and, by all odds, the finest breed of cow dogs that ever yelped at a tree in Lewis county. Big Tom and Old Tom were at the mill, and as the latter was a man of hot temper, a fight between the men was hopefully anticipated. Big Tom was a handsome, good-natured fellow, who would fight only when necessity commanded. He was standing fitting a stem into a new cob pipe when Old Tom approached and said: "I hear you an' my gal wuz fixin' ter marry?" "Wain't fixin', ole man," placidly returned Big Tom. "Ye ain't?" hopefully questioned Old Tom. "No; we are already fixed—er haw, haw, haw!" "The ole man's fingers bunched themselves into hard fists, and his eyes glittered like new dirk knives a-whirling in the sunshine.

"Fixed!" hissed old Tom, "fixed! You lazy, good-for-nothin' rascal, I'd like ter know what you got ter marry on?" "I've got my dad's punchion floor ter marry on, ef we can't get ter stand up on yourn!" returned Tim with a loud exasperating laugh.

"You think ye'r terrible smart, don't ye?" said Old Tom, curling his upper lip into a vicious snarl. "Yes, I am smart what the hide's off, as my ole grandad user say—er haw, haw, haw! I've course I'm er smart man, and an well sware 'v it, er I wouldn't have the brass ter try fool conidin' get a gal like youn ter agree ter walk the mitchon er matrimony with him. He must be smart enough ter keep up the family credit. Polly Ann ain't no ham cater, as my ole grandad user say. She's some punkins herself, an' she knows er smart person like me, as soon as her eyes runs over his face. I cum from a smart set of people. One 'v 'em—an uncle—served as road overseer in Magoffin County fer ten years, an' wuz jist on the pint o' bein' 'focted constable, when a gun went off in a patch o' break close to the road, whar he wuz passin' along, an' kill'd him. My great grandad wuz also er smart man. He talked six different wimmen inter the notion o' being his wife. He wuz awful smart! At the age of ninety-six, he was still smart. He wuz peart enough ter set out on the fence, on nice warm days, an' watch his ole woman chop off a hickory bush-log. Oh, I tell ye, ole man, I'm not ter be grinned at by then what has no teeth as my grandad used to say. I'm er smart feller, an' thar'll be no retrigradin' in the stock as long as er any o' the Latimer blood is in er family—er haw, haw, haw, haw!"

"The monumental impudence of Latimer was actually fascinating to old Tom. While the big, good humored fellow went rollicking on in the above style, it was impossible for Old Tom to keep his sober countenance. He tried his utmost to keep looking fierce, but ever and anon he would grin in spite of himself.

At the conclusion of Tim's pedigree he said: "Tim, I ain't got no time ter hear more o' yer foolishness, I—"

"What ye in a hurry about? ye got lots o' time. The ole miller sud awhile ago that we couldn't git our grindin' till erout dark, and (glancing up at the snout) hit ain't more nor two o'clock now. That bein' the case, we'd jist as well put in the time a-gasin' as not. The fact is, ole man, you're a mighty interesting ole feller to talk to. You may not believe me, but I consider you ter be the only man in this kentry, outside o' myself, which knows how ter talk real smart talk—the only man whar traveled an' collected food ter feed the hog in a man's intellectual nater an' make it squeal fer more! I like a man that I kin go to when the stomach 'v mer mind je empty an' all draws up, an' git the ham an' eggs o'

knowledge that'll stuff me out an' send me off pickin' the teeth o' my judgment with the pine splinter 'v good sense! You're jist that sort 'v er ole man, an' its for that reason as much as anything else that has caused me ter conclude ter lay my matrimonial claim in your family, and—"

"I'm er sayin' jenk as fast as I can, ole man. Jist you stan' back a few minutes, an' gimme full swing. As I wuz jist a goin' ter say, I feel that fer me ter marry in your family will be a mighty good jump for both sides—it'll keep the best looks an' finest intellects in the county all bounded together. I know you think you can't bear to lose yer gal, but lemme say, right hur, you shant lose her. She can stay right with you—"

"Oh, hush, Tim!" said the old man, grinning and turning away. "I see I can't get no sense out'er you. But I want to tell ye now before you string out agin, that you can't have my gal. I'll die first. You know when I say anything I mean it. You are a good-natured sort 'v a cuss—in fact too good-natured—but you are not fit ter be a husband, and ye can't never have a gal o' mine."

"Say, ole man, I want you ter jist up an' tell me what you object ter me so strong fer?" "Wal, in the first place, you hain't got no horse!" "Is that all?" "Noap; you hain't got no cow?" "Anythin' else?" "Yes; ye ain't got no good coon dog."

"What else?" "You won't never have none! I won't have a son-in-law that has no horse." "Wal, looke hur, ole man, you've got all o' them things—more than you'll ever need. Jist suppose you give me enough to qualery me ter become yer son-in-law? You've got more stock than you need?" "I'd see you dead first!" spoke the old man fiercely, as he turned away. "I'm goin' ter have Polly Ann an' one of your best horses afore two weeks; I feel it in my bones!" shouted the big, jolly fellow, as the old man started off.

"You won't," shrieked the old man, grinding his teeth, and viciously shaking his fist. "You'll see, ole man. Hit won't do fer such fine stock as the Rollins and Latimerz ter mix up in matrimony—er haw, haw, haw, haw!"

Late in the afternoon, about dark, old Tom's "turn o' corn" was ground and he was just shouldering it up, ready to carry it out to his horse when Tim came up and, smiling, said: "Ole man, let me carry out your turn, an' put it on your boss. It's too heavy for you. I don't want ter see ye kill yourself up, even if I am goin' ter marry yer gal an' inherit yer property!"

"You go to the d—!" viciously spoke the old fellow between his teeth, as he slowly strained the bag to his shoulder. "Wait jist a minite, ole man," spoke Tim, laughing, "my turn will be ready in a minite. I am going your road, and I'm shore you'll want good company! Besides it's an awful lonesome road." But the old man was riding away and he didn't hear Tim's last words.

Confounded that er Tim! the old fellow spoke to himself in amused vexation. "He beats any feller I ever seed. He'd tickle a dog to hear him talk. If he only had a hoss I might give in arter a while, but never, never, ever shall a gal o' mine throw herself away by marrying a feller whar ain't got no hoss."

Darkness was now filling the road and shutting out the view of all things. Suddenly an owl bawled out almost immediately in front at an angle of the road. Simultaneously, the horse, being a spirited animal, leaped for to one side, and then, oh horrors, the old fellow felt the horse sinking rapidly into the ground.

"My!" he shouted, while he attempted to free himself from the animal, he's jumped into that big mucky hole." With these words he made a desperate scramble to get away from the horse, but the frightened animal, sunk now to his body in the slough, gave a foundering surge, fell to its side, catching the old fellow's leg, and rolling the bag of meal off on top of him. Both horse and man were now securely fast, unable to move.

The old fellow was almost delirious with fright. There he was, helplessly fast in the slough. And to add further to his terrors, it was turning colder every minite. Of course, in such a place, it was only a question of a few hours when he must perish. And such a death! A man, in good health, to be taken to die gradually without being able to summon a single human being. His hands and feet must first get numb. Gradually, slowly his blood must go from the surface, until, finally, it turns to ice in his heart!

He began to pray, and the lips that never before had trembled in divine appeal now became fountains of begging exhortation. "Soon he heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs. Then, like a lightning flash, broke on his soul the recollection that Tim Latimer was to follow him on the same road. He stopped praying and began to shout.

"What's the matter?" asked Tim, riding near. "Are ye repentin', ole man? Is that what yer prayin' about—tryin' ter git forgiveness fer the way I've been talkin' ter me? Bully for you, ole man! I knowed you wuz goin' ter stop up all right! Git on yer horse, ole man, I forgive ye. It's too cold to be repentin' down thar! Git up an' do yer prayin' an' shoutin' while we ride along!"

"Ah, God bless ye, Tim!" cried the old fellow, in tones between a groan and a shout. "I'm hur in the ole mucky hole!" "The nation you are!" shouted Tim. "Why, what got ye in the notion ter git down in such er place as that ter pray? Wanted ter be as humble as possible, I reckon? Wal, the Lord likes er humble sinner. But git up, now, ole man, hils er gittin' too cold to stay there."

"Oh, Tim, can't ye understand? My horse is plum ter his breast in the mud. I'm layin' on her back, an' the sack flopped across me!" "Er haw, haw, haw, haw, er wah haw-haw!" roared Tim, "of that don't beat anything as 'v ole grandad user say! Why, ole man, don't you know that's no place ter be a layin' sich er night as this? I'm surprised at a man o' your sense gittin' down thar. You didn't appear so awful drunk when ye left the mill! Hit must er feller ter get awful quick."

"Oh, Tim," desperately spoke the old fellow, "hush yer foolishness now, an' git me out'er here. I'll die here afore much longer." "Of course ye will, ole man, an' that'll jist be ter my hand! I won't have no trouble then erout gittin' yer gal. Whoop! I knowed that wuz some good luck waitin' ter rejuvenate my lovin' soul! Wal, hit's er gittin' too cold fer me ter stay hur enny longer. Good-by, ole man!" "Oh, Tim, Tim!" shouted the old fellow, breaking into a cry, "please, for God's sake, Tim, don't go off an' leave me to die! I'll pay you ennythin' you ax of you'll git me out."

"Will ye give me Polly Ann?" "Yes, yes," eagerly spoke the old fellow. "An' a hoss?" "Sartinly—hurry up, Tim!" "An' er cow?" "Course, course!—hurry, Tim!" "An' er good brood sow an' pigs?" "Oh, Lordy mighty, yas! Hurry an' come, Tim!" "An' er good coon dog?" "Yas, yas, yas! the best one I've got! Hurry!"

"Whoop, whoopee!" screamed Tim, as he leaped from his horse. He ran to a fence near by and got two rails. He soon had the old man pried out of the mud, and then the two released the horse. Tim rode home with the old fellow. On the way he stopped at Parson Ado's and forced the latter to accompany him. An hour later he was the old man's son-in-law.—Yankee Blade.

Can Odors Cause Deafness?
Everyone does not know that aromatic salts and very strong, pungent odors are injurious to the nerves of smell, and often produce serious, if not incurable difficulties.

It is well understood that certain scents start the action of the secretory glands of the nose and throat, and often, in the case of the latter, frequent indulgence in the use of such perfumes will soon overtax the secretory organs and weaken them. Some day the person observes that the hearing is less acute than usual, and the sense of smell seems defective.

This, is, of course, accredited to a cold, and but little is thought of it. After a time, the entire head becomes affected, hearing and smell are almost, if not altogether lacking, and there are throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal illness.

It has taken the medical world a great many years to discover that loss of hearing is almost invariably caused by some disease of the throat or nose, or both.

It is said that the use of smelling salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening the olfactory nerves, and through them the auditory system. All strong or pungent odors should be avoided as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secretory processes, and as the popular expression goes, "make the nose run."—Yankee Blade.

The Rent is a Rose.
An interesting ceremony took place at the Lutheran Church at Manheim, Penn., the other Sunday. It was the payment of the annual rental for the ground on which the church stands, and is locally known as the "feast of roses." In 1772 Baron William Henry Stiaged, the founder of Manheim, donated the ground to the Lutheran congregation, upon which Zion Church now stands. The Baron exacted for his land "five shillings in cash and the annual rental of one red rose in June, when the same shall be lawfully demanded." That clause is in the deed of transfer, and for 120 years the red rose has been paid by the congregation to some descendant of the Baron. At the services Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer, of Harrisburg, a great-granddaughter of Baron Stiaged, was the representative of the landlord. On the altar, in a vase, was a huge red rose. An official of the church council made an address and formally tendered the rose to Mrs. Boyer, who then signed a receipt for a year's rent of the property.—New Orleans Picayune.

Two Matched Brilliants Worth \$500,000.
At the Imperial Institute, London, the Prince of Wales lately inspected the splendid Mylchreest diamonds, a pair of magnificent brilliants which were found in Du Toit's pan mine, Kimberly, South Africa, in 1885, by J. Mylchreest. Originally the weight of the stone was 199 karats, but it was cleft in two and cut regardless of weight, so as to secure the perfection of brilliancy. This work, together with cutting and polishing, was done in London, and the brilliants are said to be the finest pair in existence; for it is the opinion of experts that there is no other pair of brilliants of the same size cut from the same stone. They are a complete match and their value is placed at \$500,000.—Jewelers' Review.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.
Men on an average weigh twenty pounds more than women.
The death rate from apoplexy is highest at Turin, Italy—610 in 10,000.
It is now proposed to make the trolley do the work that mules have been accustomed to do for canal boats.
The English importers of Australian frozen meat advise that the animal head should be allowed to escape before they begin to be frozen.
French ingenuity has contrived an improved stone-cutting saw of remarkable efficiency—a circular saw having its edge set with black diamonds in the same way as the straight blades; but as the strain on the diamond is all in one direction the setting can be made much firmer.
In the Electrical Engineer J. E. Emerson states that once, when twenty-two years of age, he tried, for a freak, how much iron he could handle in a working day. He lifted and piled in heaps four feet high 212 tons of pig-iron in lumps, varying from sixty pounds to 130 pounds.
An electric alarm bell for use on trains, to supersede the unsatisfactory cord communication, has been successfully tried in Scotland. In addition to serving as an alarm, it can be used for starting trains from the guard's van, instead of the present method of whistling and waving of flags.
The Central Society of Agriculture, of Heralut, France, promises that a laboratory for agricultural analysis shall be annexed to the chemical laboratory of the National School of Agriculture at Montpellier in order to deal with chemical manures, the use of which is becoming greater in that department.
The Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris has recently acquired a cameo of large size and finest workmanship, showing a duel on horseback between a Sassanid king and a Roman emperor. M. Babeion, the keeper of the department of coins, recognizes in the subject a traditional representation of the capture of Valerian on the field of battle by Sapur I. (A. D. 250).

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

A few coast lines on the world's surface remain undefined. The longest of these is the outline of the Antarctic continent, which will be surveyed under the auspices of the Australian colonies as soon as money enough can be raised for the purpose; another is the coast line of Greenland, from Cape Washington, in eighty-three degrees thirty minutes, to Cape Bismarok, in about seventy-six degrees north latitude. This stretch of coast has defied the examination of voyagers from the fact that the whole east coast of Greenland is clothed in perennial ice and swept by unceasing northeast gales.

A Muscular Magistrate.
Judge Coleman, of Butte, may not be a very large man, says the Butte (Montana) Bystander, but when it comes to upholding the supreme power of the law he looks as large as an elephant. At least so thinks Mr. Reski, a Hungarian who is reported to have killed a man or two before coming to America, and after spending eleven years in the penal institution of Hungary, left his native country for his country's good.
Mr. Reski's aesthetic taste not being suited by the cooking of the partner, Mr. Vago, he attempted to kill him. A warrant was sworn out, but the officer failed to find Mr. Reski. Vago informed Judge Coleman that Reski was gambling in the Combination. No officer being present at the time the judge concluded to make the arrest himself. Vago went out with him and pointed out the man wanted and then skipped out.
The judge called Reski outside and told him he had a warrant for his arrest. In response the Hungarian pulled out a pistol, but before he could use it he received a "habes corpus" under the ear, was disarmed and marched up to court in double-quick time. As they were going up the stairs which led to the court Reski pulled another pistol, a forty-four Colt's saying, "Me kill you now," attempted to shoot, but again the judge was too quick for him, and knocking him down, took the second gun away from him, and besides giving him a good thumping, read him a lecture on the evils of attempting to obstruct the course of justice, after which he was escorted to the courtroom, his case set for trial and then marched down to the city jail. Upon being searched a belt of cartridges and an eight-inch dirt were taken from him, in addition to the two pistols secured by the judge.
If any State in the Union has a merrier lawyer than Judge Coleman we would like to hear from it. The judge can be found in his office at all hours of the day or night.

Horses for the Army Abroad.
In Prussia, France and Austria cavalry and other horses for the army are bred in stables owned by the Government. Every stallion must pass the severest veterinary examination. They are allowed to serve approved mares belonging to farmers and breeders. If his colts from these mares come up to the required standard, then the Government buys them to educate them for cavalry horses.—New York World.

THE BELLS OF LIBERTY.
Ring out, O bells of liberty!
Ring out with joy and mirth,
And send the rapture of your chiming
Around the listening earth;
Ring loud and clear that all may hear—
The fettered and the free—
The voice that stirred our fathers' souls,
The voice of liberty.
Ring out, O bells! ring once again,
A purer, holier chiming,
And send the echoes of your strain
Far up the hills of Time;
Ring, ring with clear, prophetic voice
The bliss that yet shall be—
Say to the earth, "Rejoice, rejoice!
For love is liberty!"
Ring, tuneful bells, ring sweet and clear
A hymn of prayer and praise
That God will guide us year by year
Through His appointed way.
Ring, ring harmonious to His will—
For only those are free
Who in the love of God fulfill
His law of liberty.
—Ida W. Benham, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Old as the hills—The dales.
Made to order—The waitress.
Two wrongs make lawyers write.
Alive and kicking—The disappointed office-seeker.
The buzz-saw is always ready to take a hand in.
A burning question—Was there any insurance?—New York Journal.
Little wonder that one of the billiard-balls is so red. It is often kicked.
Upon the gay excursion boat
That sails by town and thicket
They say that Cupid always has
A commutation ticket.
—Washington Star.

The law's delays are not manifested in the presentation of lawyers' bills.—Puck.
Smugglers are eccentric people; they avoid the regular customs.—Truth.
Every man is a great baby if he can find the right one to cry to.—Athenion Globe.
"Well, I do declare!" said Thomas Jefferson, as he signed the Declaration of Independence.—Puck.
"I will now get into my coat of mail," remarked the letter when it saw the stamped envelope.—Washington Star.

"Of what are you thinking?" "Of nothing," said she. "Oh, thank you," said Cholly, "for thinking of me."—Washington Star.
Patient—"Doctor, in there any sure cure for baldness?" Doctor—"Yes, cultivate a bald head."—Detroit Free Press.
While the elevator man gives many a fellow a lift, he doesn't hesitate to run a chap down.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you think this dress makes me look older?" Clerk—"I don't see how it could; mad'am."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.
There is nothing a man hates worse than to have his wife call him into her room and say she wants to have a private talk with him.—Athenion Globe.
He saw many sights at the Fair
That others had failed to take in,
For he planted his head by mistake
On a piece of soft green skin.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Teacher—"Do please grow on vines or on bushes?" Pupil (whose father keeps a summer boarding-house)—"They comes in cans."—Boston Transcript.
The Blonde—"Of course he thinks her an angel, wings and all." The Brunette—"I guess he does. She told me he wanted her to fly with him."—Troy Press.
"Move on, there!" said the facetious policeman to a longer man as Western "State's prison; "The Sheriff's the only man who is allowed to hang about here."—Statesman.

Dicksmith—"How do you account for Miss Muchness never having married?" Kajones—"Easy enough. She's too blamed stiffer even to entertain a proposal."—Buffalo Courier.
"If money does talk," observed Snobbs, the other night, "I would like to ask the girl on the silver dollar why she so persistently and successfully shuns me."—Philadelphia Record.

"Van's not looking at all well for a man who's just back from a health resort." "No. They call it a health resort because one leaves one's health there."—Kate Field's Washington.
In a French School: Teacher—"What is the matter, boys? You are all covered with mud." Pupils—"Oh, sir, we've only been playing the Panama Canal game."—Journal Amuseant.

Jinks—"Do you approve of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?" Binks—"Certainly I do." Jinks—"And why, may I ask?" Binks—"Because of the saving in mothers-in-law."—Funny Folks.
"What I want, father," said the young man with the college medal, "is a wide field." "Good!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I always said you had horse sense, John; take the blind mule and ten acres."—Detroit Free Press.

No Consideration For His Loss.
The prisoner, a tough-looking citizen with a prognathous cast of countenance and a bad eye, had been found guilty of beating his horse to death.
"I wish it were in my power to punish your brutality as it deserves by sending you to the penitentiary," said the magistrate, with strong indignation. "But I shall fine you \$100 and you will stand committed till the fine and costs are paid."
"Can't you make it a little tighter, squire?" pleaded the prisoner, drawing the back of a grimy hand across his eyes. "That's purty hard on a man that's jist lost a good hoss!"—Chicago Tribune.