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The way to stop the grade-crossing slaughter is to make the railroads pay for killing people.

Over \$1,000,000,000 of the securities of the United States, such as railroad, State, municipal and United States bonds, are held in Europe.

The Atlanta Constitution thinks pepper mint must be a profitable crop. It is stated that a Michigan farmer made \$41,000 out of it this year.

The Chicago Times figures it out that all civilized countries are suffering because of a rebound from extravagance, speculation, overproduction and wild dissipation.

The new pastor of the Duryen Presbyterian Mission in Brooklyn, N. Y., has tried, unsuccessfully, the experiment of having young lady ushers in the church in order to get young men to attend.

In the United States 9,000,000 farm hands raised half as much grain as 66,000,000 in Europe. Thus the use of proper machinery makes one farm laborer in this country worth three in Europe.

A physician maintains in the Medical Journal that it is not poverty of diet so much as monotony of diet that exercises an unhealthy influence on the poor. As a matter of fact they eat "stronger" food than the rich, more bread, meat and simple vegetables, but their cooking is rude, and they eat the same things the whole year through. People who are well to do, or who are better cooks, get more variety with fewer things, and always have something to tempt the appetite. Soup can be made to resemble greasy dish water, or it can be made a really savory and nutritious thing, and there are a hundred different ways of serving potatoes. The physician thinks that free cooking schools would be a first rate thing in the tenement districts.

Says D. Brock, in the British Fortnightly Review: "The American people are now the most comfortably housed, the best clothed and the best fed people in the world. This wonderful progress has never been more marked than it is at present. In the field of science there is an active research and investigation, producing results that are a constant surprise. Inventive genius is continually developing new and better methods and appliances by which labor is lightened. There is wonderful activity in all lines of industry, which turns out finer products in greater abundance from the looms, the mills and the factories, and at lower price than ever before. The opportunities for education by schools, colleges and free libraries have been constantly increased. Never before has religious and philanthropic thought been more awakened and generous efforts more freely exerted to relieve the suffering, to provide for the needy and minister to the unfortunate. All of these facts indicate a great advance on right lines to a higher, better and purer civilization than has ever before existed in the world's history."

Experiments that are now being made with the palmetto in Florida point to the growth of a new and profitable industry from the prolific scrub growth of the Florida forests and fields. It has been proved that the leaf of the saw palmetto can be ground into a pulp which makes an excellent article of hollow-ware for domestic and other uses, and the present experiments are expected to prove the adaptability of this material to the making of all kinds of paper. For some time past the peculiar cabbage-like substance in the top of the cabbage palmetto has been used with the tender tops as well, as a fibre in the manufacture of parchment. It is now proposed to obtain cheap paper fibre from the ordinary scrub plant. Some of this pulp has been successfully worked up by a manufacturing concern in Boston into pails, tubs, basins and other hollow-ware. The supply of saw palmetto is practically inexhaustible in Florida. Millions of acres are covered with it, and when cut down to the ground it grows up again two or three times a year. The Florida Times-Union, commenting on its projected use, says that for a plant that grows without cultivation, and in such inexhaustible quantities, the saw palmetto bids fair to have "more money in it than most of the cultivated crops of Florida," and adds: "A fibre made from the leaf can be used profitably by upholsterers wherever curled hair, moss, or excelsior is used; the root can be turned into brushes of almost endless forms and innumerable uses; and the popular and other wood pulp of commerce are now likely to find a dangerous rival in palmetto pulp."

BUTTERCUPS.

Jennie was watching the cows home, Down by the meadow bars alone, And her eyes were as blue as her bonnet— Jennie was only a farmer's lass, And she led the down the bars so the cows could pass. Out of the waving, blue-eyed grass, With buttercups sprinkled upon it, Jennie was watching young Farmer Payne Plucking buttercup out of the lane; Stephen was strong and merry, "Jennie!" she heard her mother call, But there at her side stood the farmer tall, And her cheeks grew as red as a cherry. "I'm coming, mother!" she turned to go, But Stephen stood at the path below, And there went Daisy and Boss and Flo over into the clover, His arms were strong as her waist was slim, "I'll keep you till every cow gets in, Or tell me the name of your lover." "Jennie, Jennie!" 'tis getting late, Came mother's voice from the farmhouse gate, But Jennie was slender and could not mate With the tender strength of a lover. And who could do a single thing With a yellow buttercup under their chin, But nuzzle the great strong arms within And grow as red as the clover. "Maybe 'tis Ben," then she blushed again, "And maybe 'tis only Stephen Payne!" Then the dark crept over the meadow lane And buttercups a-sprinkle. Not a single sound in the dusky dell Save the tinkler of Daisy's silver bell, "For a tink-a-ink-a-tinkle!" "For a tink-a-ink-a-tinkle!" "For a tink-a-ink-a-tinkle!" "For a tink-a-ink-a-tinkle!"

HOW DOLLY PROVIDED.

THIS house does seem mightily changed since Dolly came," said Miss Martha to her neighbor, Mrs. Staples, as the two sat knitting in the cool entry, with the front-door open and looking on the street. "I don't feel nigh as lonesome as I did when I had no company but Pinky and that Clarke girl; and the land knows I'm glad to get rid of her! Dolly's only six years and five months next Tuesday; but she's got more sense than a dozen Sairy Clarkes, and she's such company!" "Well, I'm glad to hear you say so; for seems to me you weren't over anxious to have her at first." "Well, mumble not. You see, I've never been used to children, and I thought she'd be such an everlasting trouble, and keep the house turned just inside out. But I couldn't refuse Cousin Emily Jane when she wrote to beg me to take care of Dolly while she went to nurse her sick mother. She offered to pay board; but I wouldn't dream of taking board for Dolly. She pays for herself in good company; and then she's such a provider." "Provider? Why, what can Dolly provide?" "Oh, pretty nigh everything that she thinks is worth it. Why, she has been here three days when she wanted to know why I hadn't vines trained over the porch, like her mother; and when I said I didn't know where to get any, off she went and got a couple of sprouts of Madeira vine from Capt'n Winston. There they are, you see, set out in the yard, and growing like possessed. Then, 't'other day, when I was bothered with nice eating my spice cake, I said Pinky was growing too old and lazy to hunt for mice, and that same evening in comes Dolly with a white kitten, and says she, 'Aunt Martha—you know she calls me aunt—this little cat will be grown up by the time Pinky dies, and then she'll catch mice for you.'" "The two ladies joined in a laugh over Dolly's 'cuteness,' and Mrs. Staples, craning her neck as she looked out of the front door, said: "Why, there's the child now, a-setting in old Capt'n Winston's porch, alongside of him. Poor man! he's been terrible lonesome since his sister Nancy married and went away. I declare, I feel downright sorry for him." "Oh, he don't seem to hanker after company! He's got his business place down at the wharf, and when he comes home he just goes to work in his bit of garden, or sets in his porch playing with the dogs and children. Dolly's powerful fond of him, and loves to hear tell about how he was shipwrecked once, and all about the strange places he's been to when he was capt'n of the Nancy." "Pity he ain't married. But Dan'l says he's about the most backward man on yearth where there's wimmen concerned. You know, when Nancy went away he tried Miss Swellin's boarding-house, where the Wilder Tomlin was living, and them two wimmen set their caps so p'intedly at him that he got skeered, and went back to his own house and got that old colored woman, Chloe, to come every day and cook and clean up for him. And such cookin'! Everything burnt or overdone, and the risen bread like so much putty. It's a wonder he ain't dead of dyspepsy before this?" "Dear, dear!" said Miss Martha, pityingly. Mrs. Staples commenced rolling up her knitting. "Talkin' of cooking, reminds me

I've got supper to get, and the sun no higher than a beanpole; so I must be going." And reaching her calico sun bonnet from a peg, she bustled off, stopping to kiss Dolly, who was just entering the front gate. Dolly accompanied Miss Martha as she went into the garden to get a few radishes for supper. It was a poorly cultivated garden, for it was not always possible to get a man to work it properly. But there was a big cherry tree on which the fruit was just ripening, and as they came in sight of this they saw that the ground beneath was strewn with torn leaves, white prints of bare feet led to a loose board in the fence. "Oh, them boys!" Miss Martha exclaimed. "They've begun, a'ready, just as they do every year, and now I'll have no rest nor peace until the fruit's all gone. Last summer I could hardly save enough to make three jars of preserves." "Can't you do something to keep 'em away, Aunt Marty?" said Dolly, sympathizing. "No, deary—there's nothing could keep 'em away but a dog, and I haven't got one. I'm afraid to keep a dog; he might bite me some time." "He hunted up some rusty nails, and with an axe tried to fasten up the loose board, but it was of no avail. "She was a small, neat, delicately-formed woman of forty, with a pleasant, comely face, which now became flushed as she toiled at her unwanted task. "The whole fence wants mending," she said at length, despairingly, "and I'd be as likely to knock it all down as make it whole. Run over to old Chloe's, Dolly, dear, and see if her husband can't come and help me. If this board ain't fastened up at once, Miss Curry's pigs will get in and root up the whole garden." Dolly skipped away as light as a fairy, but in three minutes was back again, accompanied, not by the old colored man, but by Capt'n Winston, bearing in his hand a heavy hammer and a box of new nails. "Aunt, old Uncle Jake wasn't at home, so I brought Cap'n Winston." "Oh, Dolly—" "Be pleased to do anything for you, ma'am," said the captain, lifting his hat politely. "Took the liberty of bringing these things, thinking possibly you mightn't have 'em handy." He handled the heavy boards as if they had been shingles, and securely fastened up half a dozen which were hanging loosely by their rusted nails. Dolly looking on admiringly. "Anything more I can do for you, ma'am?" he inquired, when the last heavy blow had been struck. "Oh, yes!" Dolly cried, eagerly. "We want a dog to scare away those bad boys—a good dog that won't bite, 'cause Aunt Martha's 'fraid of dogs. You'll lend us Pilot, cap'n?" "Why, Dolly, I'm surprised at you," remonstrated Miss Martha. "But the captain laughed. "That's a fast-rate idea, Dolly," he said, patting her curly hair. "Pilot never bites; he's too good-natured for that. But he makes noise enough to scare away a band of robbers. So if you're agreeable, ma'am, I'll just fetch him over at night and anchor him to this tree till mornin', and you may depend he'll do his duty." So thenceforth every evening until the fruit was all ripe and gathered, Pilot was tied at the foot of the cherry tree, and in the morning unloosed by Miss Martha and allowed to go home. The result was that besides having plenty of fruit to send around to her neighbors, she made preserves enough to fill a dozen jars—one of which she presented to Dolly to take home with her as her very own. By this time there was a very good acquaintance established between Miss Martha and her bachelor neighbor, the captain. Whenever he brought over Pilot, there would be a little chat in the garden; and he more than once insisted upon doing her some little service, such as pruning her grape vines and mending the back doorpost, to which Dolly was afraid to intrust her small strength. And once, when the captain was sick and Dolly reported that he wouldn't eat the breakfast which Chloe prepared, Miss Martha sent over a dainty tray of her own delicious waffles and broiled chicken, which the child reported gleefully the captain ate "every bit, and said 'was the very nicest cooking he ever saw.'" It was about this time that Dolly began to look reflectively at her relative as the latter would sit knitting in her low rocking chair in the entry, and would say a sigh which seemed to come despite herself: "Because, deary, nobody ever asked me." "Why not? Ma'ma said you was pretty and good." "Mebbe I was too quiet for folks to notice me," answered the old maid, dreamily. And then her thoughts seemed to go away from Dolly—away into the past, perhaps in speculations of what might have been; and she never noticed that the child slipped quietly away and ran stealthily across the street to the little cottage of her friend, Capt'n Winston. The captain was seated in his little back porch, sewing a button on his

coat; and Dolly sat and watched him for awhile; then she said, solemnly: "Men can't sew. My mamma always sews on my papa's buttons. Why don't you get married and have somebody to sew for you?" He looked up and laughed. "Why, Dolly, you've got a wise little head on them young shoulders," shaking his own head gravely; "but I don't know of any real nice, good woman who would have an old fellow like me." "My Aunt Martha is good and nice," said Dolly. "But she wouldn't have me, Dolly." "I guess she would. She thinks you're real nice. And she ought to have a dog and a man to take care of her and the garden." The captain laughed until his jolly face was red and his blue eyes full of tears. Dolly was offended; and she slipped down from the bench on which she was seated and ran home, without saying a word of good-by. But the next day the little girl was sick. She had taken cold; and for a whole week the captain saw nothing of her. His conscience smote him that he had, however unintentionally, hurt the feelings of his little friend; so one evening he stopped at the door with a pretty box of candies in his hand, which he intended to leave as a peace offering. "Good-day, ma'am! How is the little one to-day?" he inquired of Miss Martha, who came to the door in answer to his modest knock. But Dolly heard him, and as she was almost well and sitting up now, she insisted upon his coming in, and they had what she called "a fine time" examining and sorting the contents of the box. "I am sorry I ever offended you, Dolly," said the visitor, at length, as he rose to go. "You must forgive me and come to see me again soon as you are well enough." "Why, I never heard of Dolly's being offended!" Miss Martha said. "What was it about?" The captain colored; but Dolly said, frankly: "I wasn't mad sure enough, Aunt Martha. I wanted him to take care of you, 'cause you ought to have somebody to—" "Dolly, you'll get sick again staying in this cold room. Go and sit by the kitchen fire." The child obeyed, taking her precious box with her; but the captain hesitated and lingered. "Maybe," he said, a little shyly—"maybe, Miss Martha, since the little one's mentioned it, we might as well talk the matter over now. It ain't the first time I've been thinking over it." What they said nobody ever knew; but that night, when Dolly had said her prayers, Miss Martha took her on her lap and into her arms, and kissed her with unwonted tenderness, while the child was sure she saw tears in her eyes. "Are you sorry for anything, Aunt Martha?" she inquired, anxiously. "No, deary; I'm glad." And as the child sank to sleep, rocked in her arms, the little lonely old maid looked down at the fair face with a smile through her tears, and murmured: "Bless the child!" Dolly was such a provider.—Saturday Night.

A Dentist Talks.

"I'd rather have three women patients than one man," said a well-known practitioner in dentistry. "They show without doubt a far greater amount of courage and patience under the often execrable tortures of the drill and forceps than men."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Tidal waves will often acquire a velocity of one thousand miles a minute. Herbert Spencer has invented a little car-machine by which he can slither out all sounds. A steam jet casts but a slight shadow, but if it is given a charge of electricity it takes an orange-brown hue and its shadow is very dark. To the residents on other planets, that is, of course, providing there are such beings, our earth is a bright blue—this on account of the cerulean hue of our atmosphere. A Frenchman declares that vegetation can be aided by electricity. Potatoes planted in the path of the electric current grew enormously, and electrified tomatoes became ripe eight days before the others. The snake worm is the name of a small creature which, when alone, has almost no power of locomotion. Large numbers of them, by forming a close rope-like procession, move with ease from place to place. A remarkable discovery has been made by Professor Emmerich. He finds that the blood of an animal which has recovered from an infectious disease can cure another animal suffering from the same disease, and the discovery is likely to prove of the greatest importance. Lieutenant Apostolov, of the Russian navy, recently exhibited to some naval officers in Odessa a new style of ship, without screw or paddle, but which had instead "a kind of running electrical gear round the vessel's hull under the waterline, and a revolving mechanism, which, he says, will propel a ship from Liverpool to New York in twenty-eight hours." An ingenious contrivance for recording sunshine is the recent invention of Professor Marvin. The professor describes the instrument as consisting in principle of a Leslie differential air thermometer—mercury, however, being used to separate the air in the two bulbs, and the whole thermometer is designed in the form of a straight tube, having a bulb at each end. Experiments have been made with aluminum for horseshoes by a Pennsylvania manufacturer within the last few months. Methods and machines used with steel had to be modified a little first. The shoes are light, of course, but they wear rapidly, not lasting over a week or ten days on a dirt road and breaking easily. The experimenter thinks that possibly an aluminum alloy might be more serviceable. Insects that spend most of their lives in a torpid or semi-torpid condition are not always killed by being frozen. Instances are numerous of travelers in the Rocky Mountains finding butterflies above the snow-line frozen stiff. When carried to a warmer climate or into a cabin they often completely revive. Their normal vital power is so low that a degree of cold that would prove fatal to other creatures does not kill them. The decorations of walls prove to have a very important influence upon gas bills. From recent figures it has been calculated that with the different decorations a room would be equally lighted by the following candle powers: Black cloth, 100; dark brown paper, eighty-seven; blue paper, seventy-two; clean yellow paint, sixty; clean wood, sixty; dirty wood, eighty; carriage paper, twenty; whitewash, 15. Only about one-sixth as much illumination is necessary for the white-washed room as for the same room papered in dark brown. A Queer Horned Snake. Some time during the first or second week of June of the present year, the children of Mr. Sol Benson (a well known farmer who lives seven miles north of Knoxville, Iowa, and whose postoffice address is at the above named place) came home from school and made the startling announcement that their teacher had killed a snake with a forked tail. Sol does not claim to be "up in 'snakeology,'" but he says it struck him that this particular ophidian must be "enriously and wonderously formed" to say the least, yet he did not take sufficient interest in the matter to walk over to where the plucky "school marm" had dispatched the monstrosity to make an examination of its hind caudal termination. The next morning, however, he was riding past the place with one of his sons who was present when the creature had met the school teacher and the ax, and concluded to take a lesson in deformed herpetology. Arriving at the place he found to his great surprise a snake four feet eight inches in length with a perfectly formed horn on the end of its tail. Closer examination disclosed the remarkable fact that this horn was split from base to point, and that it would open like the beak of a bird! It had probably been open when the children examined it the day before, which caused them to infer it was a fork-tailed snake.—St. Louis Republic. Six Generations. Phillis Jones, now nearly 100 years old, but active and in full possession of her faculties, lives near Greensboro, Ala. She says, and in threading a needle has no need of glasses. Phillis is the mother of twenty children, her descendants number over 200 now, and she is probably the only great-great-grandmother in the United States. Phillis was born on White Oak River, North Carolina, exactly when is not recalled. There are those who doubt the story, but the proof lies in the representations of each of the six generations of her descendants, who are to be seen to-day, and whose connection with Phillis is perfectly clear.—New York Advertiser.

DOGS HITCHED TO CARTS.

WHERE MAN'S CANINE FRIENDS DO THE WORK OF HORSES. Their Use as Draught Animals in Belgium Described by a United States Consul. LIEGE, Belgium, writes United States Consul Nicholas Smith, is a city of large wealth and great industrial activity, possessing the largest manufactory of machines and machinery in the world, and employing as many horses as any other town of its size in Europe, and yet for every horse at least two dogs are to be seen in harness on its streets. They are to be met at all hours of the day, but in the early morning the boulevard are literally alive with them. Traffickers (mostly women) with gaily painted carts drawn by well-fed dogs are then seen striving to be first in the market place. A pretty, bare-headed Walloon peasant girl, moving briskly at the side of a flower cart drawn by a stalwart mastiff, is a pleasing vision to the early riser. But not only the gardener, but the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the porter, the expressman—common carriers of all kinds, indeed—engage his services. His step is so much quicker than that of the horse that he will in an hour cover twice the distance and carry with him a greater burden in proportion to his size. Six hundred pounds is the usual draft of an ordinary dog, though a mastiff is often taxed with as much again. They are driven single, double and sometimes three and four abreast, and are hitched differently, in front of, beneath, or behind the cart or wagon. When the vehicle is loaded, the driver walks, directing its course and in emergencies laying his shoulder to the wheel; but when the load has been discharged, he often mounts the box and rushes like Jehu through the streets. It will not surprise those who know that the steam engine was familiar to the Romans as a toy to be told that the hollow revolving cylinder used in squirrel cases has been turned to account here in the movement of light machinery by enlarging its scale and substituting "Fido" for "Bunny." I have also seen him treading an endless belt in the service of a wood-sawyer. A gentleman of Liege, retaining his fondness for lounging upon the boulevard after losing the use of his legs, had a perambulator so constructed that a Danish hound which had been his companion for years could be hitched and almost concealed between the wheels and now appears as regularly in his old haunts as any of his friends. The hound is not only as happy as when he loitered at his master's heels, but is manifestly proud of the service he renders him. Let it not be forgotten that the Belgians are among the most refined and cultivated people on earth, and that this new use of the dog is one of the latest and most approved developments of their civilization. Thirty years ago, I have no doubt, a dog in harness would have excited as much remark in this city as he would to-day in Louisville or Memphis, though he is now as well recognized an institution of the people as the mule is in either of those cities. Rigorous discipline and the long habit of wearing muzzles seems to have subdued the belligerent instincts of these dogs, for they now meet strangers at the crossings without those supercilious inspections and hostile demonstrations which characterize both men and dogs till they have received the last touches of civilization. There remains, however, a rudimentary love of the chase, of which the artful driver often avails himself to quicken their speed; though, as Lord Chesterfield in his excessive refinement is said to have laughed without exclamation, they have learned to hunt without barking. But a more interesting incident of their labor is the complete extinction of the sheep-killing propensity. Gentlemen bred in the country assure me that this offense against pastoral mortality is no longer known in Belgium—a reformation which would in itself justify the harnessing of all the dogs in America. The expense of feeding them where a number are kept, or when placed, like horses, at a livery is from five to six cents per day, horsefeed and black bread forming the staple of their food; though here, as elsewhere, the maintenance of one or two in a family is practically without cost. The expense of shoeing, no small item to the keeper of horses, is also saved. All the experiments of breeding which have from time to time been tried for the improvement of horses are now being made to produce a dog of special fitness for harness. Newfoundland and rough-coated St. Bernards are ruled out on account of their long hair. The mastiff has been found too long in the back and legs, and it is thought a desideratum to graft the splendid chest and breathing capacity of the bulldog upon this stalwart stock. Markets are established, where they are bought and sold like their equine co-laborers at Tattersall's, and it is no unusual thing for a compactly-built and well-broken dog to sell for \$20 or \$25. This is Fishing. Frank Vinton and others caught a 200 pound sturgeon last week and made the line fast to a young tree standing on the shore. Later, when they went to draw the big fish to land, they found it had escaped by pulling the tree up by the roots and taking over eighty feet of three rope along. The fishermen had three other big fish tied up at different places along the stream.—Anonin (Washington) Sentinel.

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty, There are husbands who are witty, There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the morn; There are husbands who are healthy, There are famous ones and wealthy, But the real, angelic husband, well—he's never yet been born. Some for strength of love are noted, Who are really so devoted That when their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn; And while now and then you'll find one Who's a fairly good and kind one, Yet the real, angelic husband—oh, he's never yet been born. So the woman who is mated To a man who may be rated As "pretty fair," should cherish him for ever And a day. For the real angelic creature, Perfect, quite, in every feature— He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Copper bottomed.—The National Currency. The Cherokee strip was formerly a scalp.—Dallas News. Imitation is a flattery that woman doesn't relish in matters of dress. It ain't pride that makes a man in an attic look down on his neighbors. "That just fills the bill," said the robin as he seized a fat worm.—Lowell Courier. Kicking a man when he is down is sometimes the only way to make him get up.—Puck. Hitch your wagon to a star if you will, but look to the strength of the harness.—Puck. The street paver isn't far wrong in characterizing his work as beneath him.—Buffalo Courier. "I allus wonder if the fish feels as big as he looked to the fellow who lost him."—World's Fair Puck. A gentle maiden, young and fair Of loveliness a dream, And she just dotes on—Was, no, no, ma, But carmel and cork.—New York Herald. There's a married man's scheme to abolish seal fishing altogether. No seals, no acquies.—Meridian Republican. Contentment is better than riches, but it takes about the same amount of money for one as the other.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Horsedealer—"I always pick my customers." Friend—"Do you? I was told that you skinned them?"—Brooklyn Life. Thieves may break through and steal, but they can never rob the telephone girl of her rings.—People's Home Journal. It is interesting to see how sorry the man who went to the country for a vacation and the man who stayed home are for each other.—Washington Star. To love in a cottage she didn't desire, Her taste quite fancied her to that; The only occasion for worry to her Was the prospect of love in a flat.—Washington Star. A curious thing about politicians is that just as soon as they have a finger in the pie they begin to talk of getting there with both feet.—Philadelphia Times. The first year after a girl graduates she makes the same disheartening struggle to live up to her ideals that she makes after marriage.—Atchison Globe. Miss Wheeler—"Do you consider it a sign of weakness in man to weep, Mr. Factor?" Mr. Factor—"That depends on who is playing the piano."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "We hear a great deal about the seven ages of man, but no one ever alludes to the seven ages of woman—what is the reason?" "Gallantry: my boy, gallantry."—Boston Gazette. "It must have been a love match, for she knew he was poor." "No, he told her he had only a remnant of his fortune left, and she, of course, thought she'd get a bargain."—Inter-Ocean. Miss Sweetly—"I thought one of the veils that are so thickly dotted I can scarcely see, and I look like a fright in it, don't I?" Miss Tarty—"No, it almost conceals your face."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. A gentleman having noticed that his wife, instead of wearing her wedding ring on her finger, kept it concealed in her purse, took her to task about it. The lady replied: "What would you have? That is its proper place; you didn't marry me, but my purse!"—Fleegende Blatter. "I am hunting for a piece to eat," said the hungry man with the lunch basket. "You can look at all the places you please, sir," replied the Columbian Guard, stiffly, "but you can't eat any of them unless you get a concealer." But the hungry man had pulled his hat down over his eyes and trundled on.—Chicago Tribune. Sounding the Deep Sea. A method of sounding the deep sea without a line has been devised by John Mauro. It consists in dropping a lead containing a cartridge which explodes on striking the bottom. The sound of the explosion is received by a submerged microphone apparatus communicating with the ship. The depth is estimated by the time occupied by the lead in sinking to the bottom. A very ingenious method of accomplishing the same end was employed in Sir William Siemens's bathythermometer. This instrument was intended to sound the deep sea without a line through the varying attraction of gravity on a mercury column produced by the different depths of water underneath it. The bathythermometer consisted of a cable ship, but given up as it was too sensitive to the surface waves.—Chicago Record.