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Job work—cash on delivery.

Wandering bicycle riders have lately caused a vast increase in the business of wayside inns.

The Forestry Department of India is successfully naturalizing the mahogany tree in Bangalore.

Labrador, a country which we always associate with Arctic snowdrifts, icebergs, etc., has 900 species of flowering plants, fifty-nine ferns and over 250 species of mosses and lichens.

Handkerchiefs were first made for the market at Paisley, Scotland, in 1743, and sold for about $1 each. Last year it is computed that 80,000,000 dozen were sold in the United States.

Many Germans are leaving Kansas and settling in Maryland. The great West has been over-boomed, and thousands of people want to get away, says the Atlanta Constitution in explanation.

An English woman of great wealth claims that the clergy pay so much attention to the poor that she could not get one to attend her husband when he needed spiritual consolation. She admits a great deal, is the comment of the Atlanta Journal.

Venice is in hopes of reviving her ancient maritime prosperity. Important harbor-works have been going on for the last twenty years to form the "Lido Port," which probably will be ready for vessels next year, although the works will not be concluded till 1895.

Once in St. Paul, Minn., a $1.50-a-day laborer had lung trouble. He went to Southern California and began keeping bees. Last year he sold $40,000 worth of honey. Bees do well in Southern California, for flowers bloom at all seasons, and they keep on laying up honey for the winter that never comes. Great joke on the bees, isn't it?

The Western Tobacco Journal adduces figures to show that the annual per-capita consumption of manufactured tobacco in this country, on a basis of 65,000,000 population, is five and one-third pounds, costing not less than $5 at retail. No other country approaches the United States in the amount and value of tobacco consumed per capita.

The wheat outturn will not exceed 443,000,000 bushels, according to the American Agriculturist's own reports, and of its interpretations of Government returns, compared to 614,000,000 as the average for the last two seasons and 400,000,000 bushels in 1890. Nearly 2,500,000 less acres were devoted to wheat than last year, and the bulk of this decrease was in the surplus States, which bid fair to have 78,000,000 fewer bushels than last year, and 125,000,000 bushels under the surplus States' product of 1891.

Prince Bismarck made a suggestive statement in his address to an organization of schoolmasters. He drew a comparison between the French and the German systems of education, showing the bearing of the latter in the unity and strength of the Nation. He dislikes the French system because it inculcates "National vanity and ignorance of the geography and history of other Nations." No Nation excels Germany in its educational system, and the ex-Chancellor well knows the advantage of making the German school "a specific institute, like a corps of officers."

Great excitement prevails in France owing to the discovery that, of the twenty-eight companies which own the various submarine cables which encircle the globe as with an iron net, no less than nineteen are English, and that during the recent troubles in connection with Siam the dispatches addressed to the French Government from the far east were read and known at the English Foreign Office several hours before their delivery in Paris. France is, in fact, entirely dependent upon English companies for cable communication with her various colonial dependencies, including even Tunis, and actually goes so far as to grant a State subsidy of $60,000 per annum to the English "African Direct Telegraph Company," whose lines she is obliged to use in order to reach her possessions on the west coast of Africa. Of the twenty-eight cable companies only two are French, one Danish, three North American and three South American. Indeed, of the 125,000 miles of submarine cable which constitute the submarine telegraphic system of the world, more than three-quarters are in the hands of the English, who are placed thereby in a singularly advantageous position with respect to other nationalities.

From Chicago comes a loud protest against street parades, which are characterized as a nuisance.

Old English silverware is much in demand in the United States just now, and genuine pieces, especially those of historic interest, fetch high prices.

Weather forecasts in Great Britain grow more accurate every year, and the meteorological council announce with pride that eighty-four per cent. of those given last year were successful. Three years ago nearly seventeen per cent. of the storm warnings were not fulfilled, but now the rate has fallen to seven per cent.

The park policemen of San Francisco use the lariat to stop runaway horses, and all are experts with the rope. The Captain of the Golden Gate Park squad says his men "can stop a horse within a distance of fifty yards without the slightest danger to themselves," and he implies, though he doesn't distinctly say so, without danger to the runaway or its rider.

The Chinese are the most lightly taxed people in the world. They have no Chancellor of the Exchequer worried over budget-making. All the land there belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about $5 per head yearly.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to $100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

The beauty of the elm is more than skin deep, says the New York Post, and a high light of forestry gives it the first rank as a shade tree, both for streets and parks, because it is likewise strong, vigorous, and can be grown in so many places. The leaves are so tough that dust has little effect on them. Certain kinds of maples also have a good standing for shade, beauty, and rapid growth, though the soft maple is useless for heavy shade. Oak trees, the English and the Turkish, though rarely seen as shade trees in our streets, take high rank for that use.

Says the New York Tribune: "It may not be flattering to our vanity, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Europe does not take nearly as much interest in America as America takes in Europe. This has long been indicated by the paucity of American news in the European press; and it is now forcibly brought to our attention by the indifference of Europe to the greatest Exposition that has ever been held. The average European classes the United States with Australia, Madagascar, South Africa and other out-of-the-way countries, whose doings can have no possible interest for him. This being so, the wonder is not that there have been so few European visitors to the Fair, but that any one in this country should have expected them to come."

As a result of his investigations, Professor McCook estimates the army of tramps in the United States at 45,845. Practically all of them are in the prime of life and in good health, with nothing to prevent them from earning a livelihood, three-fifths of them having trades by which to support themselves, and nine-tenths able to read and write. And yet they are loafers and non-producers, refusing to assume the obligations of citizenship, and are a mere burden to society. At a conservative estimate, their maintenance costs the public $3.50 a week, eighty-four cents of which is spent for spirits and tobacco; and if to this is added police and hospital charges, the expense is increased to $4.40 a week, as much as it costs to support the most dangerous criminal. The aggregate sum thus required to keep the tramp army in motion is $9,169,000 a year, a sum double the cost of the Indian bureau, and more than one-quarter of the annual interest of the public debt. Worse than this, the army is a constant menace to public morals and public health, the greater that it is always in motion, in that of those who are ill by far the larger proportion suffer from exceedingly loathsome and contagious diseases. The tramp evil is thus a most pressing one, not only because of its demoralizing effects upon industry, but because of the moral and physical dangers to which it exposes the working population.

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW.

Swing high and swing low, while the breezes
they blow—
It's off for a sailor thy father would go:
And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the
sea,
He hath left his woe babe with my song
and with me:
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow!"

Swing high and swing low, while the breezes
they blow—
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth
me when
I sing my song over and over again:
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low"—the sea singeth
so,
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the
sea,
Nor recketh he ever of mine or of me!
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow—
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"

—Eugene Field, in Chicago Herald.

A LOVE LETTER.

BY S. A. WEISS.

QUIRE MADDOX sat at breakfast, reading the leading county newspaper, and choking with toast and indignation at a fierce editorial attack upon his own political party.

"Confounded nonsense and idiocy!" he exclaimed, at length, as he contemptuously tossed aside the paper. "Here, Eva, child, another cup of coffee!"

As his daughter received the empty cup, he noticed something of an expression of sadness on her usually bright face, and his conscience reproached him as being the cause of it.

Since the death of his wife, whom he had tenderly loved, his daughter had been dearer to him than anything on earth, and he did not like to see her looking unhappy.

"What is the day's programme, Evie?" he asked, quite mildly. "Hadn't you better drive down with me to Chester and see the Lyne girls while I call on my lawyer?"

"No, thank you, papa. The Lyne girls are coming here to tea and croquet this afternoon."

"Ah! And who have you to meet them?"

Eva's hand was a little unsteady as she poured out the coffee, and her aunt, Miss Maddox, quietly answered for her:

"Young Mr. Moffit and his sister, and the Harmon girls and Jack Riverton, and Mr. Patton will bring a friend with him."

The squire's brow darkened.

"Wasn't Jack Riverton here yesterday?"

"No, not yesterday."

"Well, the day before then. Seems to me he is always here. Pity his father don't keep him more closely to his desk in his office, or that he can't find some other place than my house in which to pass his superabundant leisure. And I don't see," he added, irritably—"I don't see why he should have been invited here, when I have already expressed my objection to him."

"He is not particularly invited," his sister answered. "It is only the second meeting of our little croquet club—all that we can find to amuse us in this dull country neighborhood. And, of course, you can't blame him for coming with the rest."

Eva's soft, dark eyes had filled with tears.

"Papa," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "why do you object to Mr. Riverton? Everybody likes him but you."

The squire hesitated a full half minute, as he make a pretense of carefully buttering his egg.

"I have nothing against the young man's character," he said at length, still more impatiently, "but I don't like him personally—that is, his ways. I wish to hear and see no more of him if possible. I object decidedly, Eva, to your accepting the attention which he has recently been paying you, and I must request you, Matilda, not to encourage his visits here."

"I am sure I don't encourage him," Miss Matilda replied, bristling a little, well aware in her own mind that Mr. Riverton needed no encouragement from her. "But I can't understand, brother, what you can find to object to in Jack Riverton's manners. Every one says they are delightful, and you never found fault with him until lately."

"That is just it. His manners have entirely changed of late. When a man comes courting my daughter"—this in a very positive tone of voice—"I like him to appear as a man, and a man of sense and business. He should come to me in the first place and say frankly that he wishes my consent to his addressing my daughter as he—er—finds that he—er—has a regard for her, or something plain and simple of that kind. But Riverton is a spoony, and is making a fool of himself. If there is anything that I thoroughly despise, it is to see a tall young fellow like that languishing around a woman, making sheep's eyes at her on all occasions—even in church—and dawdling about for hours in the moonlight, repeating poetry and calling her darling and dearest, and other such baby names. It's disgusting!"

Here Eva, whose cheeks had been gradually assuming the hue of the damask rose which was pinned at her throat, suddenly leaned back in her chair and burst into tears.

She knew now that papa must have overheard that talk between herself and Jack, when they sat in the moonlight under the drooping roses right beneath his open window.

And she had never dreamed that papa could be mean enough—no, she would not say that—but unfeeling enough to listen.

As she softly cried, with her dainty handkerchief pressed to her eyes, she heard her father's concluding words:

"When you find a man making love in this idiotic way, you may be positive of one thing—that the love is only skin-deep, and that he will make an indifferent, if not a bad husband. For this reason I object to Mr. Jack Riverton courting my daughter."

That evening, in the quiet twilight interval between tea and croquet, Eva took occasion to convey to Mr. Riverton a warning hint of what her father expected of them in the future.

Jack knew—as did most of the squire's acquaintances—that despite a "good heart at bottom," the old gentleman was apt to take up absurd and unreasonable prejudices, and to stick to them with tenacious obstinacy—especially when he found himself opposed. But on this occasion the young man's spirit rose in high rebellion, and it took all Eva's influence to pacify him.

"No, Jack," she said, with a gentle firmness, in reply to his excited remarks, "you must not speak to papa at present. It would only make matters worse while he is in this mood. We can do nothing but wait and see if in time he won't yield to more reasonable impressions."

"In time!" repeated Jack, impatiently. "Why, Evie, he don't change his views on any subject within five years' time."

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose we shall have to wait, even if it is as long as that."

One day the squire, returning from his morning ride, found his daughter and his sister seated in the pleasant little sitting-room opening upon the garden.

Eva's white fingers were deftly fashioning some rose-colored ribbons into dainty knots and loops.

"What are those for?" her father inquired, as he seated himself in his own big arm-chair and unfolded his paper while glancing admiringly at the silken stuff.

"To wear at the lawn party this evening, papa. And you will go with us, of course?"

"A lawn party? Ah, I had forgotten! Well, where is it to be—at the Lyens'?"

"At the Rivertons'," Miss Maddox said.

He scowled as he roughly shook out his paper.

"I don't wish to interfere with your pleasures or enjoyments, Eva," he said, "but I would rather that you should not go to this party at the Rivertons'."

She knew that when her father expressed a wish, it was intended as a command, and her hands dropped listlessly into her lap, crushing the crisp ribbons. Tears forced themselves between the long lashes, and she presently rose and quietly left the room.

Then Miss Maddock looked up from her own work, and there was something unusual in her expression.

"Archibald," she said, gravely, "I have something to say to you. I would warn you not to carry this matter too far, nor to be too hard upon Eva and Jack Riverton, lest you drive her into open disobedience and even an elopement."

"An elopement!"

His sister took from the little work-box which Eva had left on the table a folded letter.

"I found this here, just where you see that she keeps it. Perhaps I ought not to have read it, seeing that it is a love letter; but, under the circumstances, I consider it my duty to let you know the contents. Will you read it, or shall I do so?"

The squire replied with a sort of inarticulate grunt, which his sister interpreted in her own way, and accordingly commenced reading, aloud:

"'My own precious angel, Eva—'"

"Bah!" said the squire, with an expression of unutterable disgust.

"'since a cruel and relentless fate at present forbids our meeting, I can but take this unsatisfactory method of communicating with you, and telling you, my own dearest darling, of how unspeakably and unutterably dear you are to me.'"

"The fool!" muttered the squire.

"'Oh, my soul's beloved—'"

"For heaven's sake, Matilda, spare me any more of that sickening and idiotic stuff! Why, it's worse even that I would have thought Jack Riverton capable of. What were you saying about an elopement?"

"It is this," answered his sister, glancing down the page:

"'I find that I cannot exist apart from you, and since your unfeeling father—'"

"Humph!"

"'—will not consent to our union, we must take our fortunes into our own hands and defy any earthly power to keep us asunder.'"

"The rascal!" cried the squire, starting erect in his chair.

But his sister put out her hand, deprecatingly.

"Hear the rest, Archibald!"

"Not another word! The idea of a rascal and idiot like that presuming to court my daughter—"

"But at least hear the last lines:

"'Good-night, my soul's beloved! May angels fan you to slumber with their fragrance-laden wings! and in your dreams think of your own devoted

"'ARCHIBALD MADDOX.'"

There was a blank, bewildered pause.

"What does this mean, Matilda? What letter is that?"

His sister quietly handed it to him.

"It is one which you wrote over twenty years ago to the woman whom you loved and married—Eva Chesney. Your daughter found it a few days ago among some old letters and papers in the attic closet."

The squire looked over the faded and torn sheet as one in a dream.

"I would not have believed that I could ever have written in a style such as this," he said, in a strangely subdued voice.

"And yet you were a devoted husband and made your wife a happy woman."

He read the letter through, and a moisture gathered in his eyes.

"We are apt to forget—apt to forget!" he muttered, as he refolded it.

Just then Eva entered the room.

"I must put away my work," she said, apologetically, and there were traces of tears in her eyes.

Her father put out his hand, and drew her gently to her former seat.

"Sit down, dear, and finish your ribbons. I will take you over to the Rivertons' this evening."

And Eva never knew until after her marriage to Jack Riverton what had caused so sudden a change in her father's views and sentiments in regard to that subject.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average woman lives longer than the average man.

All medical authorities hold that fruits are essential to prolongation of life.

Attempts have been made to counterfeit meteorites, because they are so valuable, but without success.

According to the tracks found in a stone quarry in Connecticut, a bird with a foot eleven inches in length inhabited those parts.

Dr. Brown-Sequard says that pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, especially in front of the right one, will stop a fit of coughing.

The hydrographic office at Washington is disposed to attribute the heat and drought in Europe this season to the scarcity of icebergs in the North Atlantic.

The Chicago Common Council has empowered the Mayor of the city to negotiate for the erection of garbage crematories of a capacity of 100,000 tons a day.

Criminals are usually of weak physical organization. In 1885 sixty-seven per cent. of the men in French prisons and sixty per cent. of the women were sent to the hospital at some time during the period of incarceration.

The narrowest part of the Strait of Florida, through which the Gulf Stream flows at the rate of five knots an hour, is fifty miles wide, and has a mean depth of 350 fathoms. If this were stopped up the climate of this country in winter would be totally changed.

A recently constructed submarine boat, destined for the French Navy, is moved by electricity, carries a crew of twelve men, and can remain under water for two hours. It is planned to lodge under an enemy's vessel a torpedo powerful enough to break a big steamer in two.

A. D. Risteen, in a recently published paper in the Astronomical Journal on a new method for determining the direction of the sun's motion through space, concludes that he has obtained results which not only show the reality of such motion, but that its rate is 10.9 miles per second.

After two years' trial with pine, oak and greenheart in the Suez Canal Company's arsenal basin at Port Said, it has been found that while the pine and oak are almost entirely destroyed by the "taret," or borer worm, the greenheart has suffered no injury whatever. This wood is a native of British Guiana.

Experiments with a bicycle fitted out with a small chemical tank and fire axe are being made by a South Boston fire company. The bicycle has cushion tires and with its whole outfit weighs about sixty pounds. The tank holds about two gallons of chemical, which amounts as an extinguisher to about twelve pails of water.

It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning is in some way caused by the flash. Meteorologists have proven that this is not the case, and that, exactly to the contrary, it is not only possible but highly probable that the sudden increased precipitation is the real cause of the flash.

A Curious Indian Relic.

Not long ago there was dug up in Ashland a curious stone with some dim and crude inscription upon it. It being shown to an old Oregon pioneer he pronounced it a temanewas stone, worn as a breastplate by the ancient Indian priests.

It has holes in the upper corners by which it may be hung upon the priest's neck. It carries upon it a picture of the sacred wigwam, and at one end of the wigwam stands the totem pole, on the top of which a little flag was hung that warned the evil spirits off while the priest performed his divine functions in the sacred house or wigwam.

This temanewas may coincide with the breastplate of the Ephod, worn by the ancient Hebrew priests, so that the picture of the wigwam on this stone may represent the primary ancestor of all the temples ever dedicated in the world, and all flags and liberty poles of all ages and countries may possibly be the lineal descendants of the original totem represented on the stone. Probably this Ashland stone is the only one of the kind now in existence.—Ashland (Oregon) Tidings.

Of the 206,000,000 natives of India but 2,000,000 can speak English, the language of the rulers.

HUNTING FOR BIG GAME.

THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Laws for the Protection of Elephants—The Heaviest Tusk in the World at the Fair.

THE heaviest elephant tusk in the world, so far as known, is at the World's Fair in the Cape Colony exhibit. It is seven and a half feet long and weighs 158 pounds. At the thickest part it is about six inches through. The mate to it, which is a little lighter, is in the museum at Cape Town. There is an elephant tusk larger than this, belonging to the King of Siam, but it is not so heavy.

The elephant who carried these monstrous tusks — more than 800 pounds of ivory, or twice the weight of an average man—was killed in the Zambesi country, South Africa, some years ago. He was about fourteen feet high and was a genuine king of the forest who would have dwarfed Jumbo himself.

Elephant hunting is the first of all sports with the gun, but the slaughter of these great animals has been so prodigious since the Arabs and other traders have sold breach-loading rifles to the tribes throughout Africa, that many fear their speedy extermination. However, Robert Lee, who is one of the men in charge of the Cape Colony exhibit, and who has traveled much in the elephant country, thinks that the great beast will hold on for many generations yet. Africa is so vast, many regions are so difficult of access, and the elephant is so tenacious of life, he says, that man cannot kill all his tribe as he has slaughtered the buffalo in America.

"Elephant hunting is extremely dangerous," said Mr. Lee. "I know of no other sport in which the hunter is so liable to become the hunted. I am not a sportsman myself, and I have never tried to kill an elephant, but I was once with others who thought they would accomplish such a feat.

"In 1887 I accompanied Colonel Carrington's expedition into the country north of the Transvaal. While riding along through an open country we saw a herd of elephants. I think there were about twenty of them. We came close enough for a shot. The Colonel called for his elephant gun and blazed away at the elephants. Instantly the whole herd darted toward us, trumpeting fiercely and really presenting a most terrifying appearance. None of us paused for another shot, but turned our horses and galloped away as fast as we could, the elephants in full chase. So far as we knew, the Colonel's bullet had missed entirely.

"My horse was not an especially good one, and I brought up the rear of that flying column. An elephant, despite his awkward appearance, can run very fast, and I began to think of my sins. My horse stepped into a hole, stumbled, fell and threw me over his head. I wasn't much hurt, and I jumped to my feet instantly and seized the horse's reins. The animal wasn't much hurt, either, and I got him to his feet and was on his back and off again in about fifteen seconds, I think. I don't know how close the elephants were to me when I fell, for I never looked back, I overtook the rest of the party, and when we stopped the elephants were to be seen no longer. People who are fond of a chase with plenty of danger in it should hunt the elephant. I don't care for it myself."

Mr. Lee says he has seen many herds of elephants along the Zambesi River, and they are still more plentiful further north. Though Cape Colony has been settled about as long as the United States, there are still some elephants in a portion of its mountainous region, known as the Knysai country. They are supposed to be about five hundred in number, and protected by the Government.

Elephants are said to grow larger south of the Zambesi than north of it. There are considerable herds in the country of Kahma, King of the Bowlongs. This man is the most advanced of all the South African kings or chiefs. He has provided a set of game laws for his country, and they are rigidly enforced. Hence in the large territory over which he rules the elephants are increasing in numbers rather than diminishing. Khama, naturally a man of good disposition, is largely under the influence of a Presbyterian missionary, a Scotchman, and a very enlightened and a humane man.

"I know Khama very well," said Mr. Lee, "as I accompanied one of the expeditions of the English into his country. He is a remarkable man in appearance, as well as in character. He is at least six feet four inches tall, and enormously fat. He received us kindly and asked us many questions. He was greatly pleased with our clothes, and discarded his African attire in favor of a suit like ours."

Proper Sitting Position.

"A proper sitting position," says somebody, "requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place." Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced at the back of the seat.—New York Times.

Big California Roses.

N. W. Scudder has upon his desk a mammoth rose of the Houcha Concha variety. It measures six inches across, while exactly two feet of tape is required to find the circumference. This extra large specimen was grown upon a bush which has yielded some forty blossoms almost as large as this one.—Petaluma (Cal.) Courier.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Aye love me, sweet, with all thy heart,
Thy mind, thy soul, and all thou art
And hop'st to be—love me with love
That naught beneath the heavens may move;
Yet say not wherefore; say not why
Thou lovest—since in these do lie
The seeds of death to Love, but say,
Thou lovest, and must love alway!

For should'st thou love some witching grace
Of word or manner, form or face—
Should thy heart's worship thus be bought
By any gift that Time hath wrought,
So art thou false to Love's pure creed,
And like to fail in sorest need:
But love for Love's dear sake, I pray,
Then shalt thou love me, sweet, alway!

—Zitella Cocke, in Lippincott's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is thyme that makes the old man sage.

Well done—The farmer who falls in with bunko men.—Philadelphia Call.

The quickest way of smoothing rough characters is to iron them.—Texas Siftings.

Many a fond parent does not get to sleep until after the bawl is over.—Boston Globe.

Even when the acrobat is bending the crab on the front lawn he is, figuratively speaking, on the back stoop.—Detroit Free Press.

Geography Teacher—"Tommy, how is the earth divided?" Tommy—"Er, not at all; cause everybody most wants it all."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Smith's business is going along like clockwork." "Pooh, his place is in the hands of a receiver." "That's it, being wound up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Dinkle—"Funny thing about Notrich and his new piano." Dankle—"Is, eh?" Dinkle—"Yes; plays it by ear and pays for it by note."—Buffalo Courier.

Arrival—"Can I put up at this house?" Clerk—"I suppose so. Got any baggage?" Arrival—"No." Clerk—"How much do you want to put up?"—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Jones—"Is your wife at home, Mr. Wilbur?" Wilbur—"Not certain, but if you'll hold that screen door open half a minute you'll hear from her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Consolation of Matrimony: She—"I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me?" He—"Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have known it."—Life's Calendar.

Prisoner—"But I would rather tell my own story. Don't you think it would be believed?" Lawyer—"Yes, that's the trouble. It would carry conviction with it."—Harlem Life.

"You seem to like the Colonel, Uncle Mose?" "Yes, sah; he's so gentlemanly, sah!" "Gentlemanly, in what way?" "With his money, sah, with his money."—Buffalo Courier.

Tenor—"Sir, this music is a trifle too high for me." Manager—"Let us take it a note lower." Tenor—"Oh, half a note would do." Manager (solemnly)—"Here, sir, we never do things by halves!"—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Baldboy (smiling kindly)—"The waves are using you rudely. Will you permit me to assist you to the shore?" Miss Waterly—"Never mind, thank you. The waves may be rude, but they are not fresh."—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Spiker (in search of a boarding-house)—"There is no limit to the diet, I presume, madam?" Boarding-house Keeper (proudly)—"No limit, sir. During the last year five of my boarders died from over-eating."—Tit-Bits.

"Mr. Meteman," said the young wife with great severity to her butcher, "those last eggs you sent me were all spoiled, and unless you change your old hens for new ones I shall be obliged to trade somewhere else."—Chicago Record.

Random Observer—"Pardon me, but what are you putting down in your note-book?" World's Fair Visitor—"Oh, I'm just putting down the things that have made an indelible impression upon my memory so that I won't forget them."—Chicago Record.

Freshleigh (to stranger at a reception)—"Gad, this is a funny house! I came here to-night without an invitation." Stranger—"So did I. How did you come here?" Freshleigh—"Just walked in. How did you come here?" Stranger—"Just walked in. It's my house."—Vogue.

He was a small man, the conductor of an electric car, and she was a large, powerful looking woman. "I want you to put me off at Concord street," she said. He viewed her majestic figure for a moment, and replied: "Madam, I will stop the car and let you get off."—New York Press.

"I suppose the panic hasn't struck you yet, Mr. Gotrox?" "It hasn't, eh? Here I've got more'n $40,000 that I can't get people to borrow at all—they're all afraid to go into business any deeper. If these times keeps up a little longer I'll land in the poorhouse in six months."—Indianapolis Journal.

A judge, in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known witty lawyer who was suffering terribly from seasickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—White Mountaineer.

Chollie—"I hate to say anything ill of a dead man, but the doosid lawyers who have been looking over Tipperton's papers have brought to light things that showed him to be no gentlemen." Chappie—"Haw! What did they find?" Chollie—"Evwy time he loaned any money to any of the men in the club he made a memowandum of it."—Indianapolis Journal.