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Only ten per cent. of the sugar we consume is grown in this country.

This is an estimate in the Atlanta Constitution: The wealth of the South in 1880 was \$4,000,000,000, and in 1890 about the same. The war cost the South about \$2,000,000,000. She has just about recuperated.

Tests of modern rifles are being made by using human corpses for targets. 'This sounds brutal,' muses the San Francisco Examiner, 'but it really is less brutal than making the tests on bodies that are not corpses in the beginning.'

M. Gault states that the Russians, since their occupation of the district embraced by the valleys of the Syr Daria and the Zarafshan, have given a very great development to the cultivation of cotton, and have introduced several American varieties of the plant, notably the upland. At first the natives were so prejudiced against the new plants that the experiments failed, but the Russians persevered, and, whereas nine years ago Turkistan produced only 3500 pounds of cotton worth \$1433, the quantity exported in 1890 was about 2,000,000 pounds, of an estimated value of \$7,000,000.

Word has been sent to the courts of Europe that the Shah of Persia intends to visit Berlin, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna next spring. He will start on his journey in May or June, and will remain in Europe several months. The rulers whom he is to honor are in an unhappy state of mind already on account of the proposed visit, alleges the New York Tribune. No living sovereign, in all probability, is a more unwelcome guest than the Shah, but his cousins in Europe are obliged to receive him with all the honors due to his rank. Entertaining him is more expensive than entertaining any other monarch. His retinue is almost a legion.

One of the latest and most popular developments of New York society is the lady lecturer, who talks to an audience exclusively feminine upon the topics of the day. These 'talks,' as they are called, are held only in private drawing-rooms, and are listened to with the most intelligent interest by a score or more of women who have clubbed together to engage some well-informed woman to post them, viva voce, upon all subjects with which they should be conversant. This is a charming way to acquire knowledge, and one which will undoubtedly grow more and more popular among those who either have not the time or the inclination to study for themselves.

That typical Arizona town, Yuma, will probably soon be lifted from Arizona into California, where, it is claimed, it has always rightly belonged. Up to about fifteen years ago the point was often contended between the local authorities both sides the disputed line, but since the arrest, in 1877, by the Arizona authorities, of a San Diego (Cal.) tax collector who tried to collect taxes in Yuma, the question has been dropped. The land office authorities have always evaded the question. Recently William Hykes was indicted by the Federal grand jury for selling liquor to Indians in Yuma. He denies the jurisdiction of the court to try his case, citing the authority of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the recent reports of the international boundary commission to show that Yuma is in California. It is thought out there that Hykes may win his case and that the town will soon be Yuma, California, instead of Yuma, Arizona.

The dismantling of World's Fair structures has in one respect proved a godsend to the poor of Chicago. In Jackson Park there were recently 2000 wagon loads of excellent firewood which the officials were glad to get rid of. The Chicago Relief and Aid Society obtained permission to cart the wood away, and put up the following sign on the park fence near the Sixty-second street gate: 'Free Wood for the Poor.' Any person with a horse and wagon is now admitted to the park and allowed to take away all the wood his wagon will hold, the only condition being that he shall present a permit from the society. The pile of debris through which the wood is scattered has a length of 300 yards, a width of 100 yards and a height of twelve feet. It consists of baskets, boxes and barrels. The man in need of fuel has only to delve in this pile to get as serviceable kindling wood as could be found anywhere. The applicants are foreigners for the most part, and judging from their ragged coats and pinched faces, they could get the means of warmth for their families nowhere else.

A SONG TO THEE.

The springtime hath its winds that kiss The roses, white and red; Nor shall our sweet wind go amiss Where any rose is shed. And summer hath her sigh and song, But I love thee the whole year long!

TWO MOUNTAIN WOLVES.

BY MARY ANNABLE PANTON.

'Tis a wild venture, Nancy girl, out on the prairies ten miles a night like this, with the ground so soft as a sponge and the wind still blowing straight from the south. Why, the road takes you directly under the bluff?' 'Yes, yes, I know,' the girl answered impatiently. 'I know the ground is bad, but the road is safe enough. The last wolf was killed three winters ago. And, in any case, it does not matter, father, for Jack has come for me and his mother is dying. Think of it, father, not a woman to speak a last word of love or comfort, only the doctor and perhaps, the Bishop. She needs me this very moment, and with Jack how could I be afraid?'

Nancy's voice was brave enough, but her eyes were moist as the color deepened in her cheeks. Jack's heart beat quickly with love, the love of a brave man for the woman who trusts him. James Hardwick was a genuine ranchman. He loved the life well. He had brought him health and home, and besides, was not Nancy's mother buried at the foot of the knoll just back of the ranch? True, there was no white stone to tell her name and age to curious strangers, only a clump of red cedars with a rustic bench circling their roots, and in the summer roses and wild camellias in profusion, transforming the grave into a flower bed. Here Nancy had grown from a grave, pretty child to a gentle, beautiful woman, the morning star of her father's life, and until the past six months had thought her life, with its monotonous routine, perfect.

Early in the past summer Jack Du Bois had come from the East with his invalid mother, whose physicians had ordered ranch life in the Far West as the only remedy for weak lungs and failing strength. Jack was to graduate in the spring, but his ambitious parents were put resolutely aside, and his mother's remonstrances met with a tender, reassuring smile. And now she was dying, his efforts had all been vain. The heavy sacrifice had only been the preliminary to a heavier sorrow. When, in the morning, the doctor had rendered his final verdict, Jack's first impulse was for Nancy; he would start at once and bring her back before sunset. But Nancy was away when he reached the ranch, and did not return until the prairies were gray and the last ray of orange light had trailed down the horizon.

Now Nancy was begging earnestly to go with her lover, who was blind to any possibility of danger, knowing so well his own strength and courage. And, above all, far away in the cabin was the loved 'little mater' dying. The time seemed very precious, and, in spite of himself, he shuddered visibly. Nancy read his heart as quickly as change his lips were voicing every change and pleaded with her father until his reluctant consent was won. 'You were always too much for me, little girl,' he said. 'It has always been, 'yes, yes,' where it should have been 'no, no.' You are all I have, Nancy child, and to-night my heart is on the ground (an Indian expression for 'the blues'). All day the wind has moaned in the clump of cedars. I can't shake off the feeling of foreboding it brings me. There, there, no tears. I know you would be wretched not to go. God keep you safe.'

Then he turned abruptly, and, facing the man who had taken so much of his life, said, curtly: 'If aught happen her to-night, Jack Du Bois, remember my life ends with hers, and both are in your keeping.' 'Father! Father!' Nancy cried, throwing her arms about his neck. 'You are breaking my heart. You shall not speak so to Jack. He would give his life for mine.'

The frown that had deepened in Jack's forehead disappeared at Nancy's words. 'Nancy has spoken the truth,' he answered quietly, speaking her name slowly, as if to himself, as though each syllable were a magic rite. In a few minutes the horses were at the door, Hardwick helping Nancy to mount. As she watched him examine every strap and buckle, solicitous as lover for every trifle, she began, for the first time, to comprehend a little of the pain her new happiness had brought him. Regardless of prancing horse and impatient lover, she again threw her arms about her father's neck. Neither of them spoke, but when Hardwick re-entered the ranch his face was wet with tears.

Jack had come over the mountain road in the morning, when much of the moisture had drained off, and he had not thought the lower road could be

so bad. The constant action of the alkaline soil kept the horses irritated beyond words. It was slow work to anxious hearts. Half the distance was past and the shadow of the bluff over them before a word was spoken. Beyond them in every direction to the edge of the horizon the prairies were bathed in a cool, pale gray mist. The wind in the shining, low drooping pines murmured a perpetual requiem. Suddenly Nancy's horse shied, nearly pitching her from the saddle, so unexpected was the lurch. Jack pulled the beast up sharply, astonished as he watched him quiver and tremble. 'What happened him, Nancy?' he quivered. 'There's nothing in sight.' The girl made no response, but grasped the reins tightly. With her body bent forward and her neck stretched out she scarcely seemed to breathe, in her concentrated effort to hear. As Jack would have touched her hands she drew in her breath murmuring, 'Hush, Jack, listen!'

Her lover leaned forward, but rather to be near her than to hear, almost smiling at her in the death-like stillness of the night. But, as he listened, the smile died away. First came the soft, thick sound of a padded footfall on moist ground, then the sharp, crackling noise of broken underbrush. A moment's silence was followed by the shrill, savage yell of hungry beasts. The wolves had scented their prey. In an instant Jack was on the alert. 'Nancy! Nancy!' he cried. 'Don't sit motionless like that. They are almost upon us. Use your whip; strike Modoc square between the eyes. He must die for you to-night, if need be.'

The horses quickly responded to the unaccustomed touch of the whip and broke into a smart gallop, in spite of burning hoofs and quaking ground. At the sound of human voices two ravenous mountain wolves broke through the brush and settled into a steady trot in the horses' trail. The seemingly made no effort to lessen the space between them, following at an even distance, like two mocking, sinister shadows. But the space grew less and less, for the horses were beginning to weaken. The whip, coaxing words, even creases from Nancy's soft little hand were of no avail. The hoarse, oft repeated cries of the wolves affected the horses like agony.

As Jack watched Nancy's face, the deathly pallor, the drawn lines at the corners of the sweet mouth, he knew there was no need to explain the situation to her, but not in the face nor in a single line of the supple, young body was there a trace of cowardly fear. What if she would not listen to him; would not let him save her? 'Nancy! sweetheart! No, no, do not stop,' as she drew her rein at the sound of his voice. 'Give Modoc loose rein and plenty of whip and then, dear, listen to me. Listen with your heart and swear you will do as I say. Nancy, we can't both get out of this alive. Let me live up to your trust in me.' Then, as for an instant, the girl's lips quivered childishly. Jack's voice broke and he put his hand on his throat to choke back a groan. 'Don't, child, don't,' he said, meekly. 'I can save you, oh! so easily. Nancy, if you will only listen and do as I say, Modoc has some strength yet. He is afraid of the whip and will keep up if he only has time—time.' He repeated the word half deliriously, it seemed so unattainable a thing.

'I will manage this way, dear. I will leave my horse, it will stop them for a little and then,' as Nancy shook her head resolutely, 'I can keep up with Modoc for—Nancy, you must, you shall for my sake, for your father's.' So earnestly was Jack pleading he had forgotten how the distance was narrowing at every word. Now, as he jumped lightly to the ground, a yell of ferocious triumph rose up, almost at his very feet. 'Oh, Modoc, oh!' he cried as he snatched the reins from the girl's still hands and struck the horse wildly on the neck and flanks. The frightened beast plunged furiously for a moment, then darted across the prairie, but unincumbered, for Nancy had loosened her dress and dropped from the saddle to her lover's side. The beasts were now advancing in fantastic circles, fawning to the ground and opening wide their mouths with hideous yawning sounds. Jack stood rigid, as one suddenly awakened from heavy slumber. The horror of it all was upon him. If only he were alone it would not be so bad, just the sharp pain, the short struggle and the farewell thought of Nancy and the 'little mater.' But 'Nancy! Nancy!' he moaned her name aloud in his agony.

At the sound Nancy flung herself on his heart. 'Jack! Jack! forgive me! I could not go, darling. Heart of mine, it was worse than death to go. Kiss me, Jack, once. Good bye. I can almost hear them breathe.'

Jack took her close in his arms, pressing her face to his breast. 'Shut your eyes, sweetheart. It was nothing,' as Nancy started. But he covered her face, lest she should see that the horse had gone down before them. Jack stood with his back to the snarling beasts so that to the last moment Nancy might be spared. As he stood facing the south he suddenly realized that on the road, coming rapidly toward him, was a dark shape, too large for a wolf and if a horse, riderless. 'Nancy,' he whispered, 'look up, not back, but straight ahead down the road. Can you see anything moving?' 'Why, Jack, it is a horse and, I think—yes, it is Modoc, coming back to us.'

As Jack, to get a better view, unwittingly stepped aside, Nancy saw, in his hideous completeness, the horror from which she had been shielded. The wolves, half tired of their prey, were looking up with fierce, wild eyes and dripping jaws. The night grew black about her, and earth and sky seemed rolling away together. Then, with a sudden inspiration her mind cleared, and grasping Jack's arm to steady herself, she began to whistle, soft and low, but clear as a bell or the plaintive morning cry of the meadow lark. The wolves listened mutely, but the horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. He had known the call since a pony. As Modoc reared her arms over his foamed-cervical neck, and Jack just heard her words: 'Quick, in the saddle pocket at the right. I had forgotten all about it. There! there! nearer the girth. Oh, Jack, the wolves are moving! Can't you find it, the pistol you gave me in the fall? It is loaded. Quickly, as you love me!' But Nancy's strength was gone, and she lay very still at Modoc's feet.

One of the beasts had already crawled over the prostrate horse, but his temerity cost him dear. The bullet from a clean, straight aim took him squarely between the eyes, and he fell quivering on his prey. At the report his mate sprang high in the air, but her ugly, revengeful cry as she vaulted toward Jack was cut in two by the second bullet: then a third, a fourth, not until the revolver was empty and both wolves motionless did Jack throw aside his weapon and turn to the living.

The doctor grasped Jack by the hand, and with a warning gesture of silence, led him to the sick bed, where to his infinite joy he found his mother alive, and sleeping like a little child. A strong hand on his shoulder, and he heard the Bishop say: 'My son, it is like a miracle. Twice to-day we thought her dying, but now the doctor bids you hope. God has been very merciful this night.'

And Nancy, who had come back to life in the warmth and light, crept to her lover's side as she said 'Amen.'—The Voice.

Great Human Endurance. President Jeremiah Head of the section of mechanical sciences of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in his annual address calls attention, among other things, to the power in man to withstand varying atmospheric pressures. 'Thus, although fitted for an extreme atmospheric pressure of about fifteen pounds per square inch, he has been enabled, as exemplified by Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell in 1862, to ascend to a height of seven miles and breathe air at a pressure of only three and one-half pounds to the square inch and still live. And, on the other hand, divers have been down into the water eighty feet deep, entailing an external pressure of about thirty-six pounds per square inch, and have returned safely. One has even been to a depth of 150 feet, but the resulting pressure of sixty-seven pounds per square inch cost him his life. These are, however, extreme cases. Most men experience great inconveniences at any altitude over two and one-half miles, and few can stand the rarified atmosphere above the three-and-a-half-mile limit in the Andes or Himalayas. So, too, with the increased pressure; few can long withstand the numbing effects of fifty feet below the surface in water, although the knowledge of the cause with which the normal pressure may be again reached lends courage and assurance, very important factors in such cases, to the daring experimenter, while the extreme labor of ascending mountains or the uncertainties of balloon action are deterrent in the other direction.'

Transient Islands in the Pacific. The Western Pacific is a great place for islands that emerge from waves unexpectedly and as suddenly disappear. Sometimes they come up and stay, but more often they have an existence merely temporary. The wonderful skipper misses a familiar land mark, by which he has been accustomed to get his bearings, and perhaps the next day he runs his vessel's nose upon a brand new piece of territory that has sprung up out of the water since he last came that way. The region south of Japan is so given to this sort of eccentricity that ships avoid it. Volcanic action is responsible for such phenomena. Reports of them will be noted on the pilot chart in every case, though they are not always reliable, because backs of sleeping whales and schools of fishes running along the surface are frequently mistaken for islands and shoals.—San Francisco Examiner.

Animals and the Weather. The tortoise is particularly sensitive and fully twenty-four hours before rain falls will look for a convenient shelter. However bright the weather may be, whenever tortoises are observed making for shelter rain is certain to fall shortly afterward. This presentment, which exists in many birds and beasts, is doubtless partly due to the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming. In our own country the robin is said by its peculiar movements to give evidence of an impending change in the weather, while in America the cardinal is notorious for its unerring instinct in giving warning of an approaching thunderstorm. Its method is to sit on the lowest branch of a tree, and utter peculiar notes which it never appears to use except as a storm signal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average man uses twenty-nine pounds of sugar per annum. A scheme has lately been devised to use electricity as a fertilizer of the soil.

The largest meteoric stone was found in Greenland and weighs 50,000 pounds. The purer the water the more active it is in corroding and pitting iron or steel plates.

The water that trickles into the Comstock mine, Nevada, near the bottom of the shaft is heated nearly to the boiling point.

One of the African Steamship Company's vessels recently steamed for sixty miles near Senegal through locusts that thickly covered the surface of the water.

A substance that is expected to excel ivory—in point of cheapness only, of course—is being made out of milk, coagulated, mixed and submitted to tremendous pressure that renders it absolutely solid and durable.

The average quantity of salt in the open water is about 3 1/2 per cent. It has been estimated that the total amount in all the ocean area is equal to \$4,419,300 cubic miles, or fourteen and one-half times the entire mass of the continent of Europe above high-water mark, mountains and all.

A sort of antiseptic apparatus has been invented for preserving pictures. It is a glass tray with solid back, and the picture is put inside and hermetically sealed. The air is then exhausted with an air pump, with the result that in this vacuum the paint will preserve its pristine freshness pretty well forever, unless the thing leaks.

By exposing hen's eggs to the vapors of alcohol for periods ranging from twenty-six to forty-eight hours, M. Ch. Fere has ascertained that their development is much retarded and often results in the production of monstrosities. In some instances alcoholized eggs of nearly a hundred hours were hardly as far developed as normal eggs of twenty hours.

A curious method of resuscitation in vogue among the miners of Scotland in the case of insensibility from exposure to choke-damp, and which is said to be very efficacious, is as follows: The half-suffocated man is placed face downward over a hole freshly dug in the earth and allowed to lie until he showed signs of consciousness. The idea involved in this proceeding is that the fresh earth draws the foul gas out of the lungs.

Trees are felled by electricity in the great forests of Galicia. For cutting comparatively soft wood the tool is in the form of an auger, which is mounted on a carriage and is moved to and fro and revolved at the same time by a small electric motor. As the cut deepens wedges are inserted to prevent the rift from closing, and when the tree is nearly cut through an ax or hand saw is used to finish the work. In this way trees are felled very rapidly and with very little labor.

The Steamship of the Future. Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, the late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, has given the weight of his high reputation to the possibility of constructing a ship for Atlantic navigation which will be 1000 feet long and 300 feet broad, with engines of 60,000 horse power and an ocean speed of fifteen knots. This ship he described as a 'steel island,' which will be incapable of entering any dock, at any rate as at present constructed, having several engines working side by side. He thinks that a draught of twenty-six feet of water need never be exceeded. 'I do firmly believe,' said Sir Nathaniel, 'that we shall get the mastery over the seas, and that we shall live more happily in a marine residence, capable of steaming fifteen knots an hour, than we can ever live in a seaside town.' This project is not, however, intended to shorten the duration of a transatlantic voyage, but to make it more tolerable while it lasts. Most of the efforts hitherto made to deal with the problem of Atlantic navigation have aimed at speed as the first essential, and have left out of account the possibility of making such mechanical provisions against mal de mer that would enable the most squeamish of passengers to contemplate an Atlantic voyage with perfect equanimity. In this direction the achievements of the last half century have been truly marvelous.—Manufacturers' Gazette.

Hygienic Value of Perfumes.

Dr. Anders, of Philadelphia, a few years ago made the interesting discovery that the ozone in the atmosphere, the element which is the great purifier, was mainly supplied from blooming flowers—and for this reason blooming plants were healthful in dwellings and as attractive. Some interesting experiments with the odors of flowers have been made in the old world, and it is found that many species of microbes are easily destroyed by various odors. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy these minute creatures in twenty-five minutes; cinnamon will kill some species in twelve minutes; thyme, in thirty-five. In forty-five minutes the common wild verbena is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers is fifty minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever microbes in twelve minutes, and is regarded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments or elements in sentimental work.—Mechanics Monthly.

UNCLE SAM'S LITTLE ZOO.

A CURIOUS BRANCH OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE SERVICE. How Animals Confiscated for Non-Payment of Duties Are Cared For Until Sold at Auction.

AMONG the many other establishments in this city which Uncle Sam owns, is a boarding-house for animals, or the 'Animal Castle Garden,' as it is known among shipping men. It is not to be inferred from this that our dear old Uncle is fond of pet animals, that he has set up a separate establishment to keep them in. The aim of the place is much more business-like. In fact, it rather disappoints one to hear that the quadrupeds housed here are somewhat tainted with the mark of the outcast, for they are not honest animals, like those seen every day; they are animals which the Custom House officers have seized from those who were about to smuggle them into this country.

'It is only a few days ago,' said one of them, 'that we had a sale here of four French poodles and three English pugs which had been seized on board the steamer Weimar by Custom House Inspectors Hansey and O'Neil. The officers were searching for something else, but stumbled across these seven bow-wows and promptly gathered them in.'

As soon as any animals are confiscated in this manner they are at once forwarded to these stables. The principal work done there is in handling of horses and cattle which are on their way to Europe. When found necessary to have a boarding place for the smaller fry the old animal place was naturally selected as the most convenient one.

When such animals are brought to the stable the United States Live Stock Appraisers inspect them at once and appraise their value. They are kept a week or two and then are disposed of at auction. The owners of the stables charge from thirty to fifty-three cents a day for keeping an animal, and it is necessary for the authorities to get rid of the boarders as soon as possible in order to escape enormous charges. When not sold at once the charges for keeping an animal frequently exceeds the price it brings at the sale, and then there is unpleasant language all around. One dog which was brought to the stable when the animal boarding house was first instituted remained there so long that the charge for his keep amounted to nearly \$100. Meanwhile, from the effects of the long confinement, the canine, a magnificent mastiff, had become bowlegged. Hence, when he was finally put up at auction, he brought just seventy-five cents.

The top floor of the stable is devoted to keeping the animals, and here, in all the hay and straw, they have a very snug nook. The younger dogs are kept in a large cage and, to judge from their appearance and lively actions when taken out, they lack neither food nor comfort. Of course, these quarters are not always available, as when a drove of hogs is brought in by the inspectors. The last time this occurred five large porkers were domiciled in the cellar under the establishment, where they thrived and became wonderfully fat, so fattened that it was with difficulty they could be moved up the stairs.

But dogs and hogs are not the only animals which take up their quarters in this establishment. It would really be impossible to name all the known and unknown creatures which have passed through here. A bright-plumed West Indian parrot hangs in the office, which was bought at a recent auction and taken a fancy for it while keeping it for Uncle Sam. Then there have been cats and sheep and white mice, and everything else imaginable in the quadruped line. But the palm was carried off some two years ago by a monkey, a chattering, nervous, high-strung society lady of a monkey, whose hair was snow-white. This peculiarity was not from old age, either. The Simian was a young one, and the only one of its kind ever seen here. It was claimed by its owner, who paid all the charges and bore her away in triumph.

There is considerable inducement for people to try to smuggle in animals, for the import duty on them is never less than twenty per cent. ad valorem. The sailors are the greatest offenders in this respect, for they see a chance to have a playmate during their long voyage, and, afterward some profit from selling it. It is all right as long as they stick to one, but greed obscures their common sense and they take several on board. Their plea of 'personal property' falls flat with the Custom House officers and the animals are carried away to the boarding-house to be finally disposed of for the benefit of Uncle Sam.

The scene at the stables on an auction day is an unique one. There is always the crowd of hangers-on, who come to every sale simply because it has a sort of fascination for them. Then there are the speculators who make a business of buying and selling animals. Last, but not least, are the people who are interested in the animals about to be sold, generally their former owners, who endeavor to appear as unconcerned as possible. They receive no one but themselves, however, and a good deal of the rough humor of the auctioneer is directed at them.

The boarders most feared by the attendants at the stables are the large apes. They are the hardest animals of all to handle, for they are generally very vicious after the long sea voyage. France's oyster industry is the largest of its kind in Europe.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

'Why do you call your father-in-law "Silence," Markham?' 'Because he gave consent.'—Truth.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.—Boston Courier.

'Pretty as pretty does? In an honest way?' 'But it's one for which the girls do not care a straw.'—Kansas City Journal.

'She is the girl of the period?' 'Well, I thought it was about time for her to come to a full stop.'—Boston Gazette.

'Come to stay?' asked the fish. 'Oh, no,' said the worm. 'Just dropped in for a bite.'—Indianapolis Journal.

A man who unconsciously does much to sour the milk of human kindness, is that fellow who snores in a sleeping car.—Ran's Horn.

'Did you say, Aunt Sarah, that your nephew was studying theology?' 'Yes, he's a bibulous student.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She (reading)—'Bells are now made of steel in this country.' He—'Yes; but the finest ones are made of silk and satin.'—Detroit Free Press.

Sarah—'She's worth a million, and just the right age for you.' Jerry—'Any girl worth a million is the right age for me.'—Detroit Free Press.

Not till twenty-five will women vote or for office run. Why? Because she will not sooner own that she is twenty-one.—Kansas City Journal.

Wibble—'The fellow that invented the pneumatic tire got on a soft thing, didn't he?' Wabble—So do the fellows who use it.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Jobsbers (unhappily mated)—'I wonder if all men who get married lead lives of endless torture?' Enpeck (bitterly)—'Oh, no. Some of them die.'—Chicago Record.

Clara—'Us girls are getting up a secret society.' George—'What's the object?' Clara—'I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated.'—Good News.

Teacher—'Can any of you tell me what is meant by "home industries"?' Billy Bright (promptly)—'Up to our house they're mostly "savin' wood an' carryin' in coal.'"—Buffalo Courier.

'Cholly inherited a good deal of money from his parents.' 'Yes. But not much in the way of brains.' 'That's true. They left him all dollars and no sense.'—Washington Star.

Caller—'Is Miss Sweet at home?' Servant—'No, Sir.' Caller—'Please tell her I called. Don't forget, will you?' Servant—'No, Sir; I'll go and tell her this minute.'—Tid-Bits.

'To me the student mother, Let her children wildly rove, Lest they hear their father talking When he's putting up the stove.'—Atlantic Journal.

Mr. Westerly—'I dreamed about you last night, Miss Wolcott.' Miss Wolcott (laughingly)—'Did you really? Well, I'm glad to hear that you have pleasant dreams.'—Somerville Journal.

House-Owner—'How does your furnace work this weather?' Tenant—'The exercise of raking it keeps me warm enough, but the other members of the family complain.'—New York Weekly.