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There is a movement in the direction of woman's suffrage in France.

About \$200,000,000 worth of registered United States bonds are held by private individuals.

In order to protect an invention all over the world no less than sixty-four patents are required at a cost of about \$17,500.

The railway mileage of Europe, Asia and Africa now aggregates 159,655 miles. The railways of the United States reach 168,507 miles.

New Zealand is bent on preserving her remarkable wild birds and other animals, and has set apart two islands on which all hunting and trapping is forbidden.

Scarcely a stream issues from the lower slopes of the Andes, either to the Amazon on the east or the Pacific on the west, the sands of which are not unfruitful. The amount of gold in the country must be almost fabulous.

Thomas Godbepreised, of England, after the rush and excitement of the World's Fair, sought rest, appropriately enough, observes the St. Louis Republic, in Philadelphia. But one of the live reporters of that city found him out and wrote him up. Of course his name goes back to Round-head days.

A widower's association has been formed in Dresden, Germany. No man can join unless his wife is dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member merely. One of the chief purposes of the association is to help newly-made widowers by looking after their wives' funerals and caring for their children.

Samory, the great Mohammedan chief of interior Africa, is about the last semi-savage of the dark country to yield to civilization and the force of arms. The French have been gradually driving them into closer quarters and now the British are conducting raids against his warriors. Samory is the greatest bandit king in the world.

Metropolitan fashions have long prevailed throughout the country. In no one thing is this more plainly apparent than in the uniforms of policemen. In the smaller cities, and even in small towns, the policeman nowadays wears a uniform like that of his city brother. He may not have the city brother's repose of manner and cool jauntness of bearing, but his clothes are strictly up to date.

The railway companies of the United States have no reasonable cause, asserts the New York News, to complain of their business for the fiscal year. Including all the bankrupt and non-paying lines the aggregate net earnings were more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. This is equivalent to about three and one-half per cent of the capitalization, a very good rate of interest in view of the fact that the roads are generally capitalized at from two to five times their actual cost.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 books of poetry in the National Library at Washington. The rules of the library require the keeping of every copyrighted book, so that the collection must include an enormous amount of trash. The San Francisco Chronicle believes it is safe to say that nine-tenths of this verse represents work which no publisher would issue without advance payment of cost, and which is absolutely worthless. There ought to be some provision for weeding out this trash, which is not worth shell room.

It illustrates the need of a Pacific cable that the news of the two most important events in the Hawaiian episode passed between Washington and Honolulu only after traveling backward round the globe some 21,000 miles in order to compass a direct distance of some 5000 miles. The news of the decision of President Cleveland to attempt the restoration of the Queen reached Hawaii first by steamer from New Zealand, having traveled by telegraph under the North Atlantic and through the whole of Europe, Asia, and Australia to reach the port from which the steamer sailed. Similarly, the first news that the Provisional Government refused to accede to the President's demands reached Washington by steamer from Honolulu to New Zealand, and thence by telegraph back over the same round-about route. A cable 2500 miles long, from Honolulu to San Francisco, would have saved 21,000 miles of telegraphic and stenographic travel, and about two weeks of time in each instance.

Only about four per cent of the sea-going vessels constructed at the present time are of wood.

The development of college sports is indicated, thinks the Chicago Herald, by the fact that Harvard now has a salaried manager.

In Canada positions in the Civil Service are obtainable after examination and are held during good behavior, which, as a rule, means life.

In Japan a man can live like a gentleman for about \$250 a year. This sum will pay the rent of a house, the salaries of two servants and supply plenty of food.

The Hungarian Government has recently passed a law providing for the payment of indemnities to prisoners innocently condemned to penal servitude, and to their families in cases where such prisoners have been found to have suffered capital punishment.

The Argentine Republic is rapidly becoming a prominent competitor in the business of supplying grain to the European markets. Shippers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are taking advantage of the trade and finding employment for their vessels at remunerative rates between the River Plate and Old World ports.

The low price of wheat this year is due, maintains the New York Witness, to the fact that a very large surplus was held over from the big crops of the past two years. The farmers of the world are producing more wheat than the people of the world can buy, though not more than could be consumed if all the people who need it were able to pay for it.

A curious lawsuit has just been concluded at Brussels. A widow named Moens died intestate, leaving a large fortune. A dispute at once began among her relatives and a lawsuit to settle the various claims was instituted. At the trial it was proved that no fewer than 3500 persons were related to the testatrix. Judgment has been pronounced in their favor—that is, in favor of relatives, even twelve degrees removed.

The reclamation of the arid wastes of southwestern desert lands proceeds marvelously apace. Another reclamation company was incorporated at San Bernardino, Cal., a few days ago, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. A dam is to be erected at Victor Narrows, on the Mojave River, in San Bernardino County, fifteen feet in height, which will make a lake nine miles long and about three wide, whose waters will be used to irrigate about 200,000 acres of land on the Mojave Desert, which will then be especially adapted for growing raisin grapes and alfalfa.

According to the Sviat, a St. Petersburg paper, Russia, unlike other European countries, incorporates in the army only one-fourth of the young men who are drafted every year when they reach the legal age for military service. The recruiting in 1892 enlisted 768,672 conscripts, but only 260,290 were actually sent into the ranks. Of these 195,000 were Orthodox, 16,000 Israelites and 9000 Mohammedans; the Russian army is therefore composed of men belonging to the National religion. There were also in the contingent called to service in 1892 193,000 men of pure Russian origin, 17,000 Poles, 4000 Germans, 10,000 Jews, 3680 Bashkires, and a small number of Lithuanians, Tartars, etc., so that the Russian army can be considered as being quite homogeneous in regard to its nationality.

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slung-shot, or a jimmie, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are scarce. Once in a while the police find a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and seeing still about it.

HOW-DE-DO.

Say "how-de-do," an' say "goodby," Most an' shakin, an' then pass by; Ain't no difference twixt the two, Say "goodby," or "how-de-do," "How-de-do," with chilly heart, Ain't no difference, most or part; Jos' a look, an' jes' a bow, Sometimes only jes' a "how," Ain't no difference which they say, "How-de-do" or "other way."

THAT DOG JAGS.

Jags looked up imploringly as a stick flew far into the water. He was willing enough, heaven knows! But when one has had only one fly to eat for twenty-four hours, and had just dragged a heavy squirming body from the water, he may be pardoned for feeling trembly and averse to unnecessary exertion. "Git it!" snarled his master. There was a kick in the eye, Jags went meekly into the turbid water and came trembling all over to lay the stick beside the tyrant. Again it flew out, farther than before. This time Jags was almost swept down the river.

Those hollows were common in Rat Row. It was the river-street of a large city, where squallid men, women and children fought, quarreled, cursed and stole their wretched lives long to keep that inner void just sufficiently filled to ward off the Potter's Field. "Stole," I said. The younger habitants, perhaps, limited their achievements to this. As for their elders—well, if a man with a comfortably filled stomach strayed into their power and would give up his "ticker" and other valuables like a gentleman and evince no disposition to "squel," all right, perhaps; if he rebelled, the river was handy. Then a fresh flow of fire-water, more desperate fighting, cursing and cutting for a day or two. Sometimes a rush of patrol-wagon and armed police, a bleeding body carried away, a living, smitten, horrible one or two to answer for it—it was an old story to the blue-coats of the slams, kicked,uffed and starved, with good points in him that once led an uptown clubman to coax him off the street when Jags inadvertently wandered, foraging, to a respectable quarter. For three days Jags was fed, petted and began to grow handsome. The first hour of liberty found him fawning joyfully at the feet of Blinks, the most brutal of all the Rat Row brutes, whom Jags followed with a worshiping fidelity only found in some women and most dogs. He was ready to starve with his horrible idol rather than desert him for soft treatment and unlimited bones with meat on them.

Here you be, be ye, ye cuss? Thought ye'd moscy, did ye? Been feedin', has ye? Thinkin' ye'd sneak! Take that—ad that—ad that! "That" was a series of brutal kicks that made the poor dog yelp out in piteous agony. When they ceased one of Jags' beautiful, loving brown eyes was gone, knocked out by his bleeding socket by the master for whom he had sacrificed wealth and comfort. That was merely a variation of the tortures that Jags' master habitually put upon him. If it ever occurred to the dog that he had anything to forgive he did so, freely, generously and lovingly, creeping all the more adoringly to the feet that kicked him. If he ever thought, wistfully, that his master might have done a more merciful thing, and relieved him of a real trouble by kicking out his stomach, he never said so.

Just now he dragged his bony length to the side of Blinks, keeping a watchful eye for kicks, and breathed a long, sobbing sigh of relief when he got close to his idol without awakening him. The man was seated on a broken chair outside the tottering tenement house where he and Jags had a kennel. His bloated red face was turned upward to the sun, his breath reeked bad whiskey, the soft summer breeze stirred his lustrous rags. One wonders how even the breeze could touch him. Blinks was happy. He was "full," not of that unnecessary luxury, food, but of vile whiskey. His slumber was soon disturbed by a splash, a chorus of yells from the gamins on the river bank, and with bare, red arms dripping with soap suds, her frowny hair flying in the wind, Betsy O'Riley rushed from her wash-tub. "The babby! The darlint! It's mawrdred he is intirely! Howly Mary! Run, ye murtherin' divil! Save 'im! Hilp!" It would not have created much of a sensation in Rat Row society if a half dozen little "rats" had been swept away altogether by the river. A few dragged women lounged to doors

or windows, two or three bear-eyed men, among whom was Blinks, lurched lazily toward the place where the small, dirty figure had gone under the muddy water, giving it plenty of time to drown in the most leisurely way before their arrival. Only the screeching mother and the dog were really alive to the situation.

Jags was weak from long fasting, but the instinct inherited from a long line of noble ancestors nerved him. In a flash, it seemed, his gaunt body was in the water and out, and Betsy had snatched her soaked "kid," drained the water out of him and administered a ringing slap.

"Ye spalpane? Will yez be kapin' away from the wather—will yez?" The child replied with a vicious squirm and an unchildlike curse. Jags went back to her wash-tub, while Jags crept patiently to the side of his master who, with another, had dropped from sheer exhaustion on the yellow earth. No one thought of praising or thanking Jags. Such small, sweet courtesies were not customary in Rat Row. Only Blinks' companion, who seemed more alive than his surroundings, looked approvingly at the dog.

"Fetch 'n carry?" he said laconically, nodding in Jags' direction. "Like —" drawled his master, with a laziness strangely at variance with the lurid comparison. "Hyar, dawg! Git it!"

Jags looked up imploringly as a stick flew far into the water. He was willing enough, heaven knows! But when one has had only one fly to eat for twenty-four hours, and had just dragged a heavy squirming body from the water, he may be pardoned for feeling trembly and averse to unnecessary exertion. "Git it!" snarled his master. There was a kick in the eye, Jags went meekly into the turbid water and came trembling all over to lay the stick beside the tyrant. Again it flew out, farther than before. This time Jags was almost swept down the river.

"Let up!" said Blinks' companion; "the dawg's nigh croaked." "Lazy, cuss 'im!" drawled Jags' energetic owner. Jags gave a whine of almost human entreaty when the stick was thrown again, but tottered away to almost certain death.

Amicable relations are easily disturbed in Rat Row. Big Andy caught Blinks by that part of his garment where the collar should have been and shook him into a stupid protest. "Blame yer mizzable hide!" he abounded furiously. "Call 'im back or I'll fling ye in arter 'im!" Blinks fell limply to the ground and obeyed. But Jags had already turned to defend his master and bounded back with a growl at his assailant.

"Cussed if the dawg wouldn't fight fer ye now, ye sneakin' hound!" muttered Big Andy with an admiring grin at Jags. He went into his own nest in the tenement house and flung Jags a bone. "Hyar, dawg! Put that down your neck!" Jags snatched it with the fervor of starvation, but his master was filled with a sudden spite against the innocent cause of his shaking, and, looking to see that Big Andy was at a safe distance, he called: "Hyar, ye imp!" The dog came, clinging desperately to the precious food.

The dog came, clinging desperately to the precious food. "Drop it!" The poor animal obeyed, eyeing it wistfully while. "Now, come git it!" Jags bounded joyfully forward to meet a kick that made him howl. Repeating this amusing performance until he was weary, the human brute finally threw the bone into the river. Jags started wearily after it, but obeyed with something like tears in his one pathetic eye when commanded to lie down.

Well, he had been hungry before, and if his master willed this, he must kiss best. It had been seen, long before this, that Jags was an ideal Christian. Hours after this even Rat Row was wrapped in slumber—the heavy sleep of the drunkard or the leaden one of exhaustion and weakness. Blinks, after taking several more drinks from a flat, black bottle, staggered into some corner of the Old Mill, after ordering Jags in language savoring of brimstone to stay out, when the poor dog tried to follow him in. The stars shone as serenely down on the foul smelling city slums as upon the clover-sweet meadows far away. The river murmured and gurgled along the black piers. Sometimes the "chug-chug" of a steamboat came clearly through the night; then its hoarse whistle—one long-drawn, three short, another long—woke the echoes and it puffed past, its high, colored lights and trailing smoke making it look through the darkness like some fiery-eyed demon of the mists. Jags, lying prone on the rickety steps of the Old Mill, moans and cries a little in his sleep as vague realizations of his wretched life and empty stomach visit his dream. Suddenly he starts up, nose in air, and listens. There is nothing unusual, Jags! The river gurgles on softly, the stars twinkle undimmed, there is no variation of sight or sound that human mind can detect. Not human mind, perhaps, but dog instinct. Jags quivers, he sniffs the air and walks through the mists. He stops and whines, tries to push in the barred door and fails. Then he breaks into a long, plaintive howl. Surely that would awaken some one in that narrow street, that crowded house! But there comes no other sound but the rippling river, the roar of the far away, sleepless streets. Again and again he howls. Silence! What is that? A more shadow of a sound, faint, stealthy, as if some one had stepped lightly on a dry twig and snapped it. It rouses Jags to frenzy. Scores of human beings, men, women, little children, sleeping calmly in

hinder-box, that tinder-box on fire and only he, Jags, a dumb, helpless animal, to know and save them! And he—his idolized tyrant, in there! Jags throws himself against the door with a yell of agony. It falls open. A thin puff of smoke waves to meet him. Barking, howling, fairly shrieking, Jags tears straight for the room where he and Blinks have their kennel. He isn't there! Out again, jumping against doors in his frantic search, choked with smoke, rushing through curling tongues of flame, goes the dog. Are they all dead in there! His master, where is he? It is well that Jags is not too drunk to awaken. Big Andy rouses to realize that the dog is making "a fuss," takes in the situation in a flash, and bounds out of the smoke-filled room. "Great God! The house is on fire!" "Fire, fire, fire!"

Somewhere a wire vibrates above the city streets. A great bell tolls out on the night. Clang, clang, clang! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Streams of sparks in the wake of flying engines. Sharp and clear the engine and patrol gongs strike, in time with rattling hoofs and wheels. Over all booms slowly and solemnly, with pauses between the strokes, the great bell.

All this time a dog was flying, with feet scorching now by the heated floor, from room to room, hunting for one object. He finds him at last, in the second story, coiled up in a drunken heap on the floor. He springs upon him, tugs at his clothing, barks, whines and tries to drag him toward the door. At last the man awakes, stupidly, and to a vague terror and abject fright. He bounds to the door. It is a wall of flames. He reaches the window; no thought of the creature who saved him comes to the brute's mind. He raises the sash and leaps out. It falls behind him. Jags is imprisoned in a tomb of fire.

The people have swarmed out, dirty, dazed, half-dressed. The cordon is thrown out, the engines throed and scream. The firemen work quietly, streams of perspiration dripping beneath their helmets. Floods of water glitter like liquid fire in the red flames. The Old Mill is doomed. "Is every one out!" asks the Chief brusquely, gazing up toward the tottering furnace.

As if in answer there is a crash of breaking glass at a second-story window and a living thing appears there, pitiful, pleading, ablaze with little tongues of flame. It whines imploringly. Big Andy has private reasons of his own for preferring to remain incognito in a swarm of policemen. But now into the full blaze of light he dashes forward.

"The dawg, the dawg that saved all our lives! Git 'im, boys; git 'im out! My God! I ain't got no money, boys, but look hyar! They's a reward of \$500 out fer me. I'm Big Andy, the safe-cracker. You know me! I'll give myself up to anybody that'll save that dawg. I mean it, boys!" There was good in Big Andy; he was sobbing aloud. For the credit of human nature be it said, no one ever claimed that reward.

A quiet order through the Chief's trumpet, and a stream of water from the hose drove the crazy window in. The dog sprang to the sill and tottered weakly. A fireman ran lightly up the ladder and carried him down to the cool earth. There he fell, bleeding and scorched. He roused himself to gaze longingly around, dragged his mangled body to where Blinks stood, staring stupidly, and laid his head, with a faint moan, against his master's feet.

"Speak to him!" bawled Big Andy furiously. "Pet 'im, or I'll kill ye!" Perhaps something human stirred in the heart of the lower brute. He stooped and laid a not ungentle hand on the bleeding head. "W'y, w'y, Jags, ole fel!" But with a rapturous look of gratitude from his one loving, beautiful eye, the dog had gone. Where? If there is no dog heaven, what will the Creator do with the faithful, martyr soul of Jags?—The Voice.

A Snake Story.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said John F. Thompson to the corridor man at the Laclede, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one, and would strike the glass wherever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. "One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it, and, after repeated attempts gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Increased Use of Mutton.

It is not altogether the cheapness of mutton that is leading people to use it more freely. They have learned that it is an excellent and healthful meat and the consumption of mutton in the United States is six times as great in 1893 as it was in 1887. We are undoubtedly killing off sheep faster than their natural increase. This must lead to increasing scarcity of fat sheep for mutton, and higher prices for the mutton when marketed. Sheep cannot be increased very rapidly at the best, and if our stock becomes depleted it takes several years to build it up again.—Boston Cultivator.

PROPHETIC GROUNDHOGS.

A CROSS BETWEEN A MOUSE AND A MONKEY.

Their Habits, Home and Food and How They Live Through the Winter—Queerest of Mammals.

WHEN the legendary and prophetic groundhog comes out of its hole and looks around for its shadow, if he sees it, which will naturally be the case if the sun shines, he returns to his underground habitation for another long rest, being convinced that winter is destined to linger in the lap of the forthcoming spring.

This interesting animal is equally well known as the "woodchuck." But it has a great many other names besides. In fact, people would seem to have exhausted ingenuity in devising varied designations for the beast. Linnæus, the famous founder of the modern school of natural history, entitled it "mus mus," which, being interpreted, means a cross between a mouse and a monkey. The Canadian French speak of it as the "siffleur," or "whistler." This is on account of the whistling noise which it sometimes utters when startled. In the great fur-bearing region about Hudson's Bay it answers to the name of the "thickwood badger," while to the westward the hardy inhabitants of Alaska mean woodchuck when they exclaim "tarbagan," and the wild Chippewas likewise when they grunt "kath-hilloo-kooby."

The animal's habits do not vary with the multitude of its titles. He lives in a burrow remarkable for its extent. It is dug in the slope of a hill or by the side of a big stone, making an excavation twenty or thirty feet long, which descends obliquely four or five feet, then gradually rising to a large round chamber, where the groundhog family sleeps and brings up its young. The little ones are born three to eight at a time. When the farmer, with his horses and mowing machine, chances to slump into one of these holes, disappearing from view until excavated by charitable neighbors, he is apt to feel annoyed and to revile the whole woodchuck tribe with discrimination. It is largely on this account that bounties for killing the creature have been offered in New Hampshire and other States, as much as ten cents for each being paid. Hunters will not kill them, for the fur is worthless and the flesh by no means palatable. It is not true that in certain parts of the country farmers have found it necessary to shovel paths through groundhogs in order to reach their barns.

Save in the way just mentioned, the woodchuck does little or no harm to anybody. He is strictly a vegetarian, feeding mostly on clover and grass. Rarely does he enter the garden, preferring the open meadows and rocky hillsides. The first rains that fall copiously after haying is over cause the fresh green grass to spring up anew. This second crop in many places consists largely of red clover, which the groundhog regards as a most delightful delicacy. It eats so much during the latter part of August and the first half of the following month that it becomes exceedingly fat and in the last of the winter the animal is thin and doubtless feels rather seedy, having lived on its own tissues and without subsistence for so long a time.

During the term of hibernation physical waste is reduced to a very low point, the heart's action slackening and the breathing becoming so slight that it can only be detected by delicate instruments. Even when kept in a warm house through the cold season a tame groundhog becomes torpid at the usual date and remains so until the hereditary habit has been carried to the customary term. In this latitude the hibernation of the animal is not so complete as farther north, and a few hundred miles farther south it is interrupted by periods of wakefulness, during which the woodchuck goes abroad and gets its meals. The practice of hibernating is merely a device of nature for enabling the animal to get along without food at times when there is no food to be had. Otherwise it would perish and the species would become extinct.

No use for the groundhog worth mentioning has ever been discovered. It is otherwise with another queer mammal—the porcupine. Porcupines have been used as fuel, for which purpose they are said to be superior to wood. Some time ago at the Wilmet mine in Minnesota the porcupines came to be regarded as such a nuisance, being very numerous, that one day the foreman threw a couple of dead ones into the fireless shaft and set up to eighty pounds in a short time. From that time on the miners were instructed to kill and bring in every porcupine they could catch for use in the furnace. Such, at all events, is the story.—Washington Star.

A SONG OF LOVE'S WAR.

What, sweet mistress, should there be Twixt thy heart and mine this day? There no barrier I see Which Love may not kiss away. Do thou wait one smile to me— Love will find his way to thee!

If a rose should bar his path— Thorny, with a jealous frown, Love such winning favor hath He would quickly kiss it down; Then would sweetly, tenderly Bear it on his breast to thee. Love will come his own to greet, Though no light his day adorns, Through a world of roses, sweet— Through a wilderness of thorns! Do thou wait one smile to me, Love shall find his way to thee! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A backslider—The crab.—Hullo.

A spark of genius—Winning an heir-ess.—Truth.

The man who agrees with us doesn't come around near often enough.—Ran's Horn.

The stock exchange is where hope is exchanged for experience.—Florida Times-Union.

A man with an elastic imagination is too liable to use it for a conscience.—Rochester Democrat.

This is a world of compensations—men who lack long heads generally have long faces.—Truth.

The worst of the rosy colors in which some things are painted is that they are not fast.—Puck.

"How much is this dress worth?" "I really don't know what it's worth—the price is \$3."—Hullo.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it's the uniform that takes young women's eyes.—Judge.

"Johnny, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?" "Colic, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

A dog's tail is not necessarily a "has been" because it always points to the past.—Binghamton Republican.

One reason why some men are so lean is because they have thrown all their fat into the fire.—Dallas News.

Tommy (with pride)—"My pa's a banker." Willie—"An' my pa's receiver for his bank."—Chicago Record.

"The foreign husband is the absorbing idea!" said the American millionaire as he wrote the wedding check.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"He—Do you believe in such a thing as love at first sight?" She—"Certainly. A hasty glance does not discover imperfections."—Boston Transcript.

Hungrily Higgins—"Wot's right nowadays—'ank you, or 'anks?" Weary Watkins—"I guess tanks would hit us about right."—Indianapolis Journal.

The man who is always careful to keep out of debt is seldom so well supplied with the modern conveniences of life as his less considerate fellow.—Puck.

"He—"What would you do if I were to kiss you?" She—"Are you very curious to know?" He—"Very!" She—"Well, you might try—and see!"—Boston Traveler.

"It makes no difference to me," said the old theologian, "whether I came from a tadpole or a monkey. How to get out of the scrape is what bothers me."—Newport News.

In the cannibal islands. Mother—"What is the matter with you, my son? Have you eaten anything that disagreed with you?" Son—"That is why I ate him."—Boston Transcript.

Tommy—"I guess he must be the best dentist in town." Papa—"Didn't he hurt you?" Tommy—"No; I just went up to the door and my tooth stopped hurting."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Did you get anything from that man you just applied to for help?" "Only good advice." "What advice did he give you?" "I said I was cold and he told me to go to blazes."—New York Press.

The scarcity of food in Bage has compelled the besieged troops to resort to canines dished up in various styles. There is a havoc among the dogs of war in that locality.—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Belle—"Then both Herr Schulze and Herr Lehmann had made her an offer of marriage, which was the lucky man?" Second Belle—"Herr Schulze, Herr Lehmann married her."—Oberlander Boter.

"Have you had your new house insured, Mrs. Dwight?" "Yes." "Your husband is afraid of fire, then?" "Mercy, yes; he will leave the house any time before he will make one."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.