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The population of the almshouses of the United States is estimated at 74,000.

The Germans published 23,000 books last year—as many as England, the United States, France and Italy combined.

The Railway Age says that though times are hard, there will be more than 22,000 miles of railroad built in this country during 1894.

The Hessian fly is gradually extending its ravages in Europe, as, in the summer of 1893, it was recorded, according to Nature, as occurring in Norway, and injuring barley.

Russia has few stranded actors. When a manager takes a troupe on the road he must make a deposit with the Government to pay the way home for the members in case they become stranded.

The New York Sun contends that all papers printed and intended for circulation in this country should be in the English language. It says that foreigners in the United States are seriously hampered every way by their ignorance of the vernacular of the country, and that they should set themselves at once to the task of mastering it.

Since the lull in the silver mining business has emphasized hard times in Colorado the New York Recorder avers that the good people of Morrison, in that State, have found their principal industry in the catching or killing of coyotes, which are unusually common around there. The coyote is good enough as a distraction. He isn't good for anything else.

The Russian Government, in its efforts to suppress the Polish national spirit, recently ordered the police of Warsaw to visit all the stores and studios and destroy all the busts of the Polish heroes, Kosciuszko and Powniatowski, which they could find. All sculptors in the city were obliged to send a written communication to the city officials, promising not to make busts or statues of the two men in the future.

The railways that have been established in Australian colonies, and indeed, in practically all new countries, have not, in the estimation of the Railway Review, yielded results as a rule that were sufficiently satisfactory to encourage capital, considered merely at an investment. Take Australia as a case in point. In Victoria the Government railways only return 2.64 per cent. in the form of net revenue on the invested capital; in Queensland the return is 2.65 per cent; in New South Wales 3.67 per cent; while in South Australia the amount rises to 4.85 per cent.

The export of cottonseed oil to the Netherlands for adulteration of butter has rapidly increased. In 1889 we furnished the Dutch butter-makers with 1,739,341 gallons. In 1893 it was 3,736,155 gallons, and during the first eight months of the present fiscal year it was 2,227,631 gallons. Our imports of olive oil from Spain have decreased very rapidly owing to the increased use of cottonseed oil on the tables of the United States—in 1890, 80,202 gallons; in 1891, 11,252 gallons, and in 1893, only 320 gallons. A similar decrease is shown in our imports from Italy. Our exports of cottonseed oil to Italy last year were much smaller than usual, for in 1890 we sent 2,197,311 gallons and took only 448,964 gallons of olive oil. In 1891 we sent 1,159,163 gallons of cottonseed oil and took 326,748 gallons of olive oil. In 1892 we sent 1,004,200 gallons of cottonseed oil and took 431,322 gallons of olive oil.

A St. Louis drummer says that the typewriter has cost him a good many customers in the backwoods districts of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. He tells of a visit that he made in the country some thirty miles from Newport, Ark., to a customer, who had always received him gladly, and entertained him loyally. This time, relates the Atlanta Constitution, the merchant would hardly speak to him, and his wife and daughters turned their backs and walked out of the store when he entered. The situation was soon explained. Said the merchant, tossing a type-written letter toward him: "You think up thar in St. Louis thet me an' my darters can't read 'ritin,' do you? an' so you've gone to havin' my letters printed!" In vain the drummer explained the machine on which the work was done and the universality of its use by business houses, the man would not believe that there was any such machine, and persisted in considering the letter as a printed circular and a personal affront.

The aggregate capital stock of United States railways is $4,863,119,073, with bonded indebtedness amounting to $1,000,000,000 more.

Says the New York Independent: "Reports from the South show Southern advancement such as at Atlanta, a city not only attractive in appearance, but whose trade is growing and has every appearance of solidity."

The wheat crop of 1893 in the United States amounted to 396,131,725 bushels, grown on 34,629,418 acres of land. It yielded about eleven bushels per acre, and was worth at the farm fifty-four cents per bushel, making a gross return of $6.16 per acre. Total value, $213,171,381.

Philadelphia has the name of being almost supernaturally well behaved and quiet, notes the New York Mail and Express, but some statistics recently published in regard to the popular demand for books at one of her big public libraries show that the proportion of novels called for is 107 times greater than that for "spiritual and religious works."

A society which the New York Tribune believes would have a wide field of usefulness in this country would be one of similar to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, of England, which has headquarters in London and agencies scattered all over the United Kingdom. By the payment of seventy-five cents a year a British seaman can enroll himself as a member, securing many advantages for himself and his family in health and material assistance in case of shipwreck or sickness.

A remarkable loss of patronage is reported by the Mercantile Library in Philadelphia, which is one of the largest and best in the United States. It is a pay library, and in 1871 it had 11,786 members and subscribers and circulated 268,277 books. Since that year which saw its "high water mark," its business has gradually ebbed away to a membership (including subscribers) of 3115, and a circulation of 86,563, those being the figures for 1893. This astonishing condition of affairs is hard to explain, admits the New York Mail and Express, as no great free library has been started in Philadelphia to warrant the decrease in the Mercantile's business.

The insect known as the San Jose scale, which for a long time was the pest of the fruit-growers of the Pacific Coast, threatens to become equally destructive in the East. It appeared in Virginia last year, being found on peach trees, and a short time ago was discovered in Charles County, Maryland, and at De Funiak Springs, Fla. The supposition is that the scale was introduced in young trees sent East by the California nurseries. The Black Tartarian cherry is probably the only deciduous tree that escapes the ravages of this sect. L. O. Howard, acting entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, gives the Baltimore Sun the following account of the scale: "The insect itself is a small, flat, round scale, a little lighter in color than the bark of the tree, and will be found most abundantly upon the younger limbs and twigs. It is at this season of the year one-eighth of an inch or less in diameter, and there is in the middle of each scale a small, elevated, shiny, blackish, rounded point. Sometimes the centre of the scale appears yellowish. The wood underneath the scale is apt to be discolored and somewhat purplish. When the insect is abundant, the bark is completely hidden by a close layer of these scales, which are then hardly distinguishable to the naked eye and give the appearance of a slight discoloration or a slight roughening of the bark. No other scale upon apple, pear, peach, cherry or plum trees possess these characteristics, and the insect ought, therefore, to be readily distinguished. The full-grown insect is motionless. The young animals are active crawlers, but even the young would not crawl more than 100 feet in their lifetime. They are, however, carried from orchard to orchard by insects upon which they have crawled, and by birds which fly from tree to tree." The Department has prepared several washes to be used at various stages of the blight caused by the scale. If a tree has become thoroughly incrusted it is recommended that the tree be cut down and burned. Mr. Howard says that if this enemy is not energetically treated at the start it threatens to cripple the entire fruit-growing interests of the United States. The Eastern States have no laws regulating the traffic in diseased nursery stock, and unless laws are speedily enacted to protect fruit-growers, serious consequences may be developed.

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

Under the eaves is the haunt I love!
With the outer world a myth,
With the cloud-sea drowning the stars above,
And the day work over with;
To lean me back with my thoughts in tune,
To feel from my cares aloof,
To hear o'erhead in a soothing runs
The rain on the roof.

'Tis a magic realm, where I am king;
I can live a whole life through
In a transient hour, and my dreamings bring
Delight that is ever new;
And the cries without of the weather wild
Seem all for my sole behoof;
And it makes my heart the heart of a child,
The rain on the roof.

My wonder-book it is nigh at hand,
The drip-drip lulls me to rest;
'Tis a music soft and a spirit bland,
And a comrade whose way is best.
So I see but the fair, smooth face of life,
Forgetting its cloven hoof,
As I lie and list to the wind's wild strife,
The rain on the roof.

For old-time voices and boyhood calls,
Laughter silver and tears,
All float in as the evening falls
And summons the vanished years.
Tho the warp be somber that binds me round,
Yet a sweet and shining woof
Is woven in with that winsome sound,
The rain on the roof.

—Richard Burton, in the Independent.

JUST IN TIME.

"WELL, mother," said Mr. Barton, as he walked excitedly into the pleasant sitting room where his wife sat placidly knitting, "I've got a chance to sell the place for cash, and at pretty fair figures, too, it seems to me."

"Oh, father! but you won't do it?" she said quickly. "The home where we have lived since we were married, and where our children were"—

"Now, wait a minute, mother; just let me tell you about it before you make so many objections, and in the end I'll warrant you'll say I'm right. A Boston man has bought the Carlton farm, and is going to raise small fruit for the city market. He wants our little patch because it kinder cuts a corner out of the big farm. He offers $2000, cash down, and we are to give possession in the middle of April. I'll tell you what, wife, a chance to sell for cash doesn't come along every day; if we can only get some land out West, our fortune's made."

"John, dear," she said, "remember that we are getting to be old people now, and it would be pretty hard to leave the associations of a lifetime. If we were young and able to endure the hardships of a new country, I wouldn't say a word, but"—

"Look here, mother, listen to reason, can't you? We are going out there to get rid of hardships, not to endure more. Here we are, living on this stone patch, barely making a living; taking the doctor's bill, what is due on Frank's monument, and the rest of the debts together, we owe over $200. How can we pay it here? Now, out in Dakota there are plenty of farms to be had for the asking, almost, and why shouldn't we have the benefit of one as well as other people? And then, there's Lizzie," he went on hastily, seeing that his wife was about to speak. "What a splendid chance there'd be for her to teach school! I've heard say that teachers are scarce and wages high. And she's so pretty, and 'cute and smart, I shouldn't wonder if she'd have a chance to do well in other ways—marry a rich man as like as not."

"John Barton," said his wife, indignantly, "I believe this foolish notion has turned your head completely. You know well enough that Lizzie is promised to Will Chester, and it would just break her heart if anything should come between them."

"Well," grumbled Mr. Barton, "I believe they do try to make out that there's some such nonsense going on, but I never took much stock in it. I haven't anything in particular against Will, but he ain't worth any property, and I don't believe he ever will be. As to its breaking Lizzie's heart to give him up, that's nothing but nonsense."

"Now, father," spoke Mrs. Barton with some spirit, "it isn't right for you to talk that way. Will is a good young man, and he loves Lizzie better than his own life. You know that; you haven't forgotten how he saved her life when the town hall burned down. He will always be kind and that's more than money, according to my way of thinking. He's smart and strong, and not afraid of work. I'd rather trust my girl with him than with—why, here she comes now! And it's almost supper time, I declare!"

The good dame bustled away to the kitchen, hoping that when her husband had slept over the matter he would be of a different way of thinking, and give up a project the mere thought of which gave her so much pain.

Her hope was in vain. The Western fever had taken a firm hold of Mr. Barton, and matters were pushed with his usual energy. Acquaintances in Dakota helped him to obtain a tract of Government land, and the next spring found the family established in a rude shanty on the boundless prairie. Mrs. Barton was a wise woman, who always made the best of everything; and though it was with a sinking heart that she at first saw their new home, she was outwardly cheerful, and uttered not a word of complaint.

Pretty Lizzie had not felt so unhappy about their removal as her mother, for her lover had promised to soon follow her, and they parted with many vows of constancy and promises of frequent letters.

Mr. Barton was pleased with the farm and promised his wife that she should have a fine new house in a year or so. He went energetically to work, preparing a portion of the land for the precious grain; and aside from the discomforts which could not be helped, all went well with him; for he had sufficient money to buy the necessary machinery, a serviceable pair of horses and a few cows, besides laying aside a small sum for a rainy day.

But all was not well with Lizzie. As soon as they were settled and she and her mother had, with womanly ingenuity, given a pleasant and homelike appearance to the interior of the rude cabin, she had written a long letter to Will, and intrusting it to her father's care, watched him drive off to the little town of Melton, a dozen miles distant, where was located the nearest postoffice. She hoped for a letter in return, but was disappointed.

"I shall be sure to receive one next week," she thought, and sang about her work, as she helped her mother inside the house, or planted the flower seeds and roots brought from the old home, which, later, made beautiful the outside of the homely cabin.

Another disappointment awaited her, but she thought, "Perhaps my letter did not reach Will. He may not have our correct address; I will write again."

The next time her father went to Melton she walked to meet him on his return; her heart bounded with joy as he handed her a thick white envelope, but sank like lead when she looked at the superscription. It was from a girl friend, a very dear one, but Lizzie felt no desire to read it then.

"Oh, father! Is that all? You must surely have another one!"

"Only some papers, puss."

His voice was a little husky, and he did not look at her.

"How foolish I am!" she said to herself, when the first keenness of the disappointment was over. "A dozen things might have happened to delay the letter. How I wish we could go to the postoffice every day."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Lizzie waited week after week, but no letter came from Will.

"I will write just once more," she said, "only a few lines, that I may be sure that I am not the one to blame."

She gave up all hope when, in early autumn, a letter from a girl friend contained the information that "Will Chester was flirting awfully with a cousin then visiting his father's, and some thought it would be a match."

Lizzie was too proud and also too sensible to let this disappointment spoil her life. She hid her grief from her watchful father and mother, and if her pillow was wet during many a wakeful night, she was busy and cheerful each day.

Summer and autumn passed. The harvest was gathered, necessarily small, for only a little land had been prepared. "It would be very different next summer," said Mr. Barton. Then came the Dakota winter. Oh, that terrible first winter to the Barton family! Not having any idea of how severe the cold would really be, they did not make suitable preparation for it, and endured many hardships.

Winter came, and Lizzie was again installed as teacher in the small school-house, her father driving her there in the morning and coming for her at night.

One cold afternoon in January he was not there as usual when the school was dismissed, and Lizzie, wondering what had happened to detain him, hurried her little flock home, as it was beginning to storm. She waited for half an hour, hoping her father would come, for she had felt ill all day, and was scarcely able to walk a long mile in the face of the storm.

Mr. Barton was in the grip of his old enemy, inflammatory rheumatism, and was almost unable to move. Mrs. Barton was not alarmed on her daughter's account, thinking she could easily walk home when tired of waiting.

"I must go," thought Lizzie. "Father would be here by this time if something had not happened to detain him."

She left the schoolhouse and began the long walk. Presently her steps slackened; a faint feeling stole over her; she strove against it, struggled on a few steps, then sank down in the fast drifting snow.

* * * * * *

That day, when the Eastern train steamed into the little town of Melton, it left one passenger on the platform of the small depot, a good-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow, whose name was William Chester. He had been amazed at not hearing from Lizzie at first, and had written again and again, thinking there must be some mistake. Finally he heard a rumor of her intended marriage. He had been deeply hurt, but resolved that no one should know it. Yet he could not tear her image from his heart.

When he started on his present trip he said sternly to himself that he should make no effort to see her. Yet he watched for Melton, and when the town was reached, could not resist the impulse to leave the train.

"I may as well find out the truth now I am here," he said; "and, after all, it is only neighborly to look them up, even if Lizzie is married."

He went over to the large store which contained the postoffice, hoping to find some means of conveyance to Mr. Burton's farm. A man wearing a shaggy fur overcoat, overheard his request, and immediately said:

"Barton, did you say? Why, I'm his neighbor, and am going home right away. My name is Lincoln. I can set you down within a mile of his place, if you can walk that far."

Young Chester thanked the friendly neighbor heartily, and they were soon wrapped in buffalo robes, speeding away behind two powerful horses. Mr. Lincoln was talkative, and Will soon found that Lizzie was Lizzie Burton still.

"A smart girl," said Lincoln; "she's got grit, I tell you. She's our schoolma'am, and my two youngsters think the world of her."

It was quite dark when they reached the schoolhouse.

"I'll have to let you out here," said Lincoln. "I'm sorry, for it's storming pretty bad, but you see there's nobody at home to do the chores, and"—

Will interrupted him by declaring that he thought nothing of the walk, and was very grateful for the favor received.

"Thar's their light straight ahead, stranger, and if you keep your eye on that you can't miss it."

With an interchange of "good nights," the two men went their separate ways. Will plodded on through the deepening snow for perhaps half the distance, when he stumbled against something nearly buried in a drift. He stopped to see what it was. A woman—and perhaps frozen to death! A sudden fear chilled his heart. He felt for his matches and lit one. He caught only a glimpse of the white face before the blaze was gone, but that was enough.

"Oh, God," he cried, "help me, and grant that she is not dead!"

He raised the senseless girl in his strong arms, his valise lying unheeded where it fell, and pressed on. Could he reach that light in time? Every thought was a prayer for help in this his time of great need. He struggled on, now and again stumbling to his knees, for Lizzie was a dead weight on his arms.

"Had it been any one else," he said afterward, "I think my strength must have failed."

Mrs. Barton, now thoroughly alarmed about her daughter, had started out with a lantern to look for her; she met Will a few rods from the door, and together they bore the unconscious Lizzie into the warm room. How they worked to save her precious life! And when their efforts were at last successful, and she opened her eyes to see Will bending over her—Ah, it's of no use for me to try to describe that scene!

The next morning, when all had been told, and the mystery of the lost letters wondered over, Mr. Barton hobbled to his desk, and unlocking a drawer took therefrom a small package. Giving it to Lizzie, he said:

"There, child, I wont have that on my mind any longer. I suppose you'll always hate your old father, but I thought I was doing it for your good."

"Why, father! My letters—and—and—Will's! Oh, how could? How could you?"

"Hush, Lizzie!" said Will. "It's all right now, and we won't hold any hard feelings. Will you give her to me now, sir?"

"Well," broke in Mrs. Barton, "I think she belongs to you if she does to anybody, for you have saved her life twice, first from fire and now from freezing."

Mr. Barton could not speak. He held out his hand, which Will grasped heartily, while Lizzie threw her arms around his neck.—New York Journal.

Perils of Deep Sea Fish.

An extraordinary danger to which the deep sea fish are liable is pointed out in a very vivid manner, according to Knowledge, in a new book by Dr. Hickson. At the great depths at which these animals live the pressure is enormous—about two and a half tons on the square inch at a depth of 2500 fathoms. It sometimes happens that in the excitement of chasing a prospective meal the unwary fish rises too high above his usual sphere of life, when the gases in the swimming bladder expand, and he is driven by his increasing buoyancy rapidly to the surface. If he has not gone too far when consciousness of his danger grows greater than his eagerness for prey, the muscles of the body may be able to counteract this, but above this limit he will continue to float upwards, the swimming bladder getting more and more inflated as the unfortunate creature rises. Death by internal rupture results during this upward fall, and thus it happens that deep sea fish are at times found dead and floating on the ocean surface, having tumbled up from the abyss.

How Marbles Are Made.

Most of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The refuse only of the marble and agate quarries is employed and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the refuse stone into small cubes, and with their hammers they acquire a marvelous dexterity. The little cubes are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bed-stone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles taken out. The whole process costs the merest trifle. — Philadelphia Record.

Why Manilla Paper is Tough.

The tough paper which comes from China and Japan is made from manilla fiber. The new and fresh fiber is not used, it being too expensive, but after it has served its purpose as rope or cordage and has become old it is carefully picked to pieces into a stringy pulp and manufactured into paper. The paper is singularly strong; when rolled up into a string or cord it is a very good substitute for cotton or flax twine. Its strength is solely due to that of the manilla, which is one of the strongest fibers known to the manufacturer. —Chicago Herald.

EMPLOYES OF UNCLE SAM.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOVERNMENT CLERKS AT WASHINGTON.

Nearly One-Third Are Related to One Another—Hours of Labor and Salaries Paid.

THERE are more than 17,000 clerks in Washington, but nearly one-third of this number are related to one another. Think of it! There are fifty-six hundred people in the departments whose blood flows, more or less, in the same channel, and there are more than one thousand who have two relatives in Uncle Sam's employ. Most of these Government clerks get at least $1000 a year, and at this average $5,000,000 are paid out annually to persons related to one another. There are 279 cases in which clerks have three relatives employed in the departments, ninety-six in which the number of relatives are four, ten in which they number six and two in which there are nine clerks related to one another in the Government service. There are lots of husbands and wives employed in the departments, and there are more than 900 brothers who work for Uncle Sam. The number of sisters is not quite so large, but it runs between six and seven hundred, and there are sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, uncles and nephews and cousins and aunts galore. In the Interior Department alone nearly fifteen hundred of the clerks have relatives in the Government service at Washington, and there are almost thirteen hundred Treasury clerks who have blood relations in that or other Government departments.

The office hours are from 9 until 4. No one comes to the department before 9, and from that time until 12 you are supposed to put in three hours of clerical labor. At 12 you have a half hour for lunch, and you are a very good clerk if you get to doing hard work before 1. At 4 you go out with the rest of the army on to the streets and do not bother yourself again about work until 9 o'clock the next morning. One month out of the year you have to yourself and can go where you please and do what you please, and your pay goes on just the same. If you are sick your wages are not docked, and I know of clerks who get from thirty to sixty days now and then as sick leave. As to wages, there is no question about the salary; that is fixed by the Government and as long as you are in Uncle Sam's employ it cannot be raised or lowered by the officials just above you. Every two weeks you go to the pay office of the department in which you are working and your money is handed over to you in crisp new greenbacks, or sometimes in gold. If you are a good man your job is pretty sure to continue, and a great number of these clerks have been in the service for years; some, indeed, have spent a lifetime there, and there is one old clerk who has been drawing a salary for sixty years from Uncle Sam. There are others who have worked from forty to fifty years, and the number who have been in from one to four years runs well up into the thousands. The number who have been just ten years in the service is more than seven hundred, and there are hundreds more who have been in from twelve to fifteen years. A great many clerks have been twenty years or more in the service, and the tenure of Government office is by no means as uncertain as is generally supposed. The surety of holding a position increases every year, and the civil service rules are being so extended that only the chiefs will finally be dismissed at the close of the administration.

As to salaries, in proportion to the amount of work done and its character, they are as high as those of any laborers of the world. Uncle Sam's factories are run on a big salary basis, and the classified service get, as a rule, from $900 to $1800 a year. The chiefs get $2000 and upward, and there are fat places in nearly every department which command $3000, $4000 and $5000. The Department of Justice, for instance, has three offices which bring between $4000 and $5000, and the Assistant Attorney-Generals each receive as much as a Congressman. In the Department of Agriculture there are a number of good $2000 places, and the government of the district has about twenty offices which run from $2000 to $5000 in salary. The officials who govern Washington City are all appointed by the President, and the salaries are good. The Postoffice Department has many high-salaried places, and there are a number of soft spots connected with the White House. The best positions in point of certainty of tenure are those connected with the State, War and Navy Departments. The clerks of the State Departments are rather aristocrat than otherwise. They generally speak one or two foreign languages, and when it is necessary to shelve them they are sometimes sent to consulships on the other side of the world. The Treasury has numerous changes. It contains over 4000 employes, and of these 1600 are women. —Detroit Free Press.

The Frigate Bird.

Though the petrel is swift, the frigate bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined; but it is certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour. —Atlanta Constitution.

Queen Victoria speaks ten languages.

THE WOMAN ACROSS THE WAY.

My windows open to southward,
And the sun shines in all the day;
Her windows all look northward,
My neighbor's across the way.

My windows are draped with curtains
Of lace, like a filmy spray;
She has only shades of linen,
The lady across the way.

There are diamond rings on my fingers
That over the casement stray;
I have never noticed any
On my neighbor's across the way.

But what cares she for sunlight,
This lady over the way,
When a baby face illumines the place
Like the light of a summer's day.

What need has she for curtains
Of rare and costly lace
When the light shines through a golden mesh
Of curls round a baby's face.

Jewels are plenty for money,
But cold to the light that lies
Reflecting the image of souls that meet
In the heaven of baby's eyes.

And I sit alone in the darkness
When night comes down, and pray
That God will keep her treasure safe
For the woman across the way.

—Frances R. Haswin, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Girls may be a little slower about talking, while infants, than boys, but they make up for it when they once get started.—Hartford Journal.

Tom—"Are you sure you will never forget that it was I who gave you that locket?" Miss Bangles—"Sure! I'm going to note it down in my memorandum book."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Earle—"Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?" Mrs. Lamoyn—"Yes; you should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them."—New York Observer.

Wool—"That was a mean trick Clarklet's rival played on him." Van Pelt—"What?" Wool—"He wrote "Oh, maid of Athens, ere we part," etc., in the girl's album, and the rival changed the "Oh" to "Old."—Harlem Life.

"By Jove!" said Dawson, as he glanced over a copy of the Russian alphabet. "What a terrible thing it must be to be deaf and dumb in Russia! Think of having to make those letters with your fingers!"—Harper's Bazar.

Ragged Richard (insinuatingly)—"Say, mister, have yer got eny suggestions ter make ter a feller w'at ain't able ter raise er dime ter git shaved with?" Grumple (passing on)—"Yes; raise whiskers."—Buffalo Courier.

"You can always depend on the newspapers," remarked the man who was unpleasantly notorious. "What do you mean?" "No matter how naughty you may be, they will never turn your picture to the wall."—Washington Star.

Pegg—"Sometimes the absolute faith my boy has in my wisdom makes me almost ashamed of myself." Potts—"You need not worry. It will average up all right. By the time he is twenty he will think you know nothing at all."—Tid-Bits.

A stranger in Galveston asked an old resident how malarial fever could be distinguished from yellow fever. "As a general thing," was the reply, "you can't tell until you have it. If you ain't alive, then it is most likely yellow fever."—Texas Siftings.

A Woman's Wait: "Wait just half a minute," said the lady to the elevator man, "and I'll ride down in your car." "All right, ma'am," said the sagacious elevator man, as he chucked his lever over and began to sink below. "The elevator will be runing three hours longer."—Chicago Record.

"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the attorney for the defense, "you are on oath!" "There ain't no danger of my furgettin' it," replied the witness, sullenly. "I'm tellin' the truth fur nuthin', when I could have made $4 by lyin' fur your side of the case, an' you know it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Ah," remarked the man who wasn't minding his own business to the man digging a trench in the street, "my friend, you surely earn your living by the sweat of your brow." "I don't know about that," replied the man, as he never stopped his digging, "I git the same pay whether I sweat or not."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Boy—"I stayed in the parlor all last evening when Mr. Squeezem was callin' on sister, just as you told me." Mother—"That's a good boy; and here is the candy I promised you. Did you get tired?" Little Boy—"Oh, no. We played blind man's buff, and it would have been lots of fun, only I was 'it' nearly all the time."—Good News.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the Bridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners. "My friends," said the embarrassed young man, as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—Chicago Tribune.

At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather he said gallantly: "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Blossom, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the lady replied, "the beautiful Miss Blossom to whom you refer is a cousin of mine." "Oh, that's it? Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Dumley.—Tit-Bits.