

**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**

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Marrriages and death notices gratis. All bills for advertising must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The Atlanta Journal calls for an increase of the army.

It is estimated that England exports annually \$15,000,000 on pictures.

Writers on vital statistics state that there are two persons sick for every death during the year.

There are 280 iron and steel manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania, with an invested capital of over \$200,000,000.

The colored element is increasing much less rapidly than the white—not only in the country at large but in the Southern States, avers the Chicago Herald.

The New York Independent exclaims: "One man, Josiah W. Leeds, succeeded in having the wholesome laws so far enforced as to remove from the news stands of Philadelphia the papers which are devoted to illustrations of crime."

A steel rail costs twice as much as an iron one, muses the New York Recorder, but the universal use of the former means millions to the farmers of the West. It has enabled railroads to use larger and heavier cars, and the results are cheaper freights and quicker transportation.

Statistics show that in 1000 marriages, 392 men marry women younger than themselves, 579 marry women of their own age or near it, and eighty-nine marry women older than themselves. The most notable difference in ages brought to the notice of the New York Mail and Express was in Camden, N. J., last year, where the bridegroom was twenty-two and the bride sixty-nine.

An undue importance is given to the bullet-proof armor lately brought out by Howe and others, the New York Recorder thinks. It is intended to protect the vital parts only, and the head, arms and legs are exposed. In a conflict the ratio of wounded to dead combatants is very large, and a wounded man is as harmless as a dead one for offensive purposes. Probably a body of men so equipped would possess a stronger element of courage, and therefore add to its efficiency; but this added daring would only serve to bring the combatants closer together, and thereby largely increase the number of wounded. Would not a protected army lose, in the greater number of wounded that it presumably would gain in courage?

The Contemporary Review says: Englishmen are the milk cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all other nations borrow. For generations they have been rich and saving, until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So secure has the pressure become that latterly the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of undertaking, in all parts of the world, erecting, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow. It is the weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the cupidity of the impetuous. Borrowing has not produced lending, but lending borrowing. Interest has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have dipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self-control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a heroic remedy, but it is the only remedy.

Very significant, indeed, according to the Baltimore Sun, are the figures from the Bureau of Statistics showing the export from the United States in the eleven months ended May 31, 1894. The total was \$834,000,000, against \$782,000,000 in the like period of the preceding year, an increase of \$52,000,000. But more than half of this increase was in exports from the South, showing the decided revival of business activity in that section. The exports from Southern ports aggregated \$285,700,000, or \$27,000,000 more than in eleven months of the year ended May 31, 1893. Baltimore's exports aggregated \$73,963,000; those of Charleston, \$13,028,139; Galveston, \$94,985,000; New Orleans, \$79,373,000; Newport News, \$13,638,000; Norfolk and Portsmouth, \$10,039,000; Pensacola, \$3,694,000; Richmond, \$3,965,000; Savannah, \$24,815,000; Wilmington, \$6,999,000. These totals, as respects some of these ports, are surprising. Baltimore's increase was \$7,400,000; that of Savannah, \$5,900,000; of Newport News, \$6,000,000; of New Orleans, \$5,100,000; of Charleston, \$4,000,000.

A shortage of billions of feet of pine lumber is predicted from the great Northwestern territory.

According to the Catholic Herald there are about 153,000 colored Catholics in the United States.

The chief maritime cities of the United States in their order of importance, are New York, Boston, New Orleans and Baltimore.

The long distance electric railroads are coming rapidly. One is to be built from Columbus, Ohio, to Cincinnati, 120 miles, and is expected to be in operation by December, 1896.

Mr. Murray, the head of the famous London publishing house, holds that novels should not be admitted to public libraries until, by having lived five years, they have proved their permanent value.

Lightning does strike twice in the same place, the New York Mail and Express maintains, and a Honesdale, (Penn.) farmer who was stunned twice during one storm in his barn one day last week lives to certify that an old belief to the contrary is erroneous. When even electricity takes to repeating, the need of reform must be admitted.

One after another, notes the Chicago Herald, the theological seminaries of this country are opening their doors for the admission of women, and especially for such as would fit themselves for labor in the mission field. The Cumberland Presbyterian Seminary at Lebanon, Tenn., is one of the last to fall into line in this great matter.

Colonel Thornton W. Washington, of Washington, D. C., is dead. His death removes one of the direct lineal descendants of General George Washington. He was a great-grandson of Colonel Samuel Washington, the oldest brother of the illustrious first President of the United States, and the fifth generation in descent from Colonel John Washington, the first immigrant of the Washington family in America, who came over in 1659 and settled on the border of Pope's Creek, near its junction with the Potomac River, in what is now Westmoreland County, Virginia. He served in the Confederate army. His wife and seven children survive him.

A report on the unutilized bast fibers of the United States by Charles Richard Dodge, special agent in charge of fiber investigations, has just been issued from the Department of Agriculture. Among the plants described are species found in every section of the United States, from Maine to Florida and from Minnesota to Arizona. Some of them are jute substitutes, while others, if cultivated, would produce a fiber rivaling hemp. Over forty fiber plants are treated in the report, the history of twenty forms being given in full with statements regarding past efforts and experiments toward their utilization. Special chapters are devoted to the asclepias or milkweed fibers, okra, cotton stalk fiber, the common abutilon—known commercially as "China jute," but growing in the fence corners of every Western farm—Colorado River hemp and many others.

The Republican Senators whose terms will expire in March next are: Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming; William Chandler, New Hampshire; S. M. Caldwell, Illinois; N. F. Dixon, Rhode Island; J. N. Dolph, Oregon; William P. Frye, Maine; A. Higgins, Delaware; G. F. Hoar, Massachusetts; C. F. Manderson, Nebraska; J. McMillan, Michigan; R. F. Pettigrew, South Dakota; T. C. Power, Montana; G. S. Shoup, Idaho; W. D. Washburn, Minnesota; J. P. Wilson, Iowa; and E. O. Wolcott, Colorado. The Democrats are: J. H. Berry, Arkansas; M. C. Butler, South Carolina; D. Casey, Louisiana; J. N. Camden, West Virginia; K. Coke, Texas; I. G. Harris, Tennessee; E. H. Huntton, Virginia; W. Lindsay, Kentucky; J. Martin, Kansas; A. J. McLaury, Mississippi; J. B. McPherson, New Jersey; J. T. Morgan, Alabama; M. W. Ransom, North Carolina; and P. Walsh, Georgia. In a number of States, the Atlanta Constitution remarks, the election of Senators has already either been made or has been settled. George Peabody Wetmore will succeed Dixon, of Rhode Island; ex-Governor Gear will take the place of Senator Wilson, of Iowa, and J. S. Maclin will succeed Huntton. Lindsay and Casey have had their seats already voted to them and Morgan's return is assured. Other Senators, including Dolph, Frye and others, will be returned without any great effort.

**THE CLOSING CENTURY.**

As one who, roused from sleep, hears far away  
The closing strokes of some cathedral bell  
Tolling the hour, strives all in vain to tell  
If denser grows the night, or paler the day—  
So we roused to life's brief existence, say  
(We on whose waking falls a century's knell)  
Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fell  
And solemn midnight, or the morning gray?  
We stir, then sleep again—a little sleep!  
(Howbeit undisturbed by another's ring!)  
For though, measured with time, a century  
Is but a vanished hour tolled on the deep,  
Yet what is time itself? 'Tis but a swing  
Of the vast pendulum of eternity.  
—Henry J. Stockard, in the Century.

**LOST AND FOUND.**

**M**RS. VAN ALTINE was sauntering leisurely down one of the boulevards in Paris. It was a lovely spring morning; the air was crisp and ventures fresh and invigorating—just the kind of a day for a stroll, and so the American woman had dismissed her fashionable equipage. She had walked all the way from her neat and artistic temporary abiding place in the American colony to the shopping district, had purchased sundry trifles and looked at thousands of articles she had not bought; had fascinated a number of clerks by her dash and brilliancy until they were ready to display for her especial benefit the wealth of the world in feminine odds and ends, and now she was making her way home, care free, and happily conscious that many covert glances were cast at her stylish figure.

At sixteen she was a charming girl; at twenty-six a beautiful wife and hostess; at well, say thirty—an irascible widow, perfectly satisfied to saunter all by herself along what remained of life's forlorn pathway. With a more than comfortable competence, she regarded the future with complacency and the past with resignation. Not that anything very tragic was interwoven among the yesterdays. Existence had flowed smoothly enough—a broken engagement, a heart wrung for a time, a trip abroad, a wealthy suitor, a fashionable wedding, a pleasing honeymoon, a series of social triumphs, the demise of her better half, a brief period for mourning, and the comfortable present.

She was childless, but she had many friends. It is true that sometimes something like a pang came to her when her mind reverted to children, and she told herself that possibly a little one would not be at all in the way, but, on the contrary, might give sweet solace to the few lonely moments which came to her, who, generally speaking, did not know what loneliness was. As she walked along with superb movement, she observed two pretty girls in charge of a nurse. The children were playing on the grass beneath the shade trees with which the boulevard was lined, while the nurse, who had the expressionless features of a peasant girl, was seated on a bench knitting. Mrs. Van Altine stopped impulsively.

"Oh, you darling," she said, and thereupon in her own peculiarly graceful way began to question the children and soothe them just as if she knew all about the language of childhood. Nearby on another bench was a little boy dressed in sailor's attire, with the word "captain" on his cap. He looked forlorn and disturbed, for his mouth quivered and there were tears in his big, blue eyes.

"What's the matter, my little man?" continued Mrs. Van Altine, in the language of the country.

He only stared at her and rubbed one of his eyes with his dirty fist. She placed her hand on his golden curls in a caressing manner.

"Why don't you play with the other children?" she continued.

For answer he rubbed his other eye with another dirty fist.

"There, now, sailors don't cry," resumed Mrs. Van Altine, as she wiped the grime from his face with a lace handkerchief.

"They go to battle and fight and are brave. Are you my brave little captain?"

"I don't understand," said the boy in English, plunging both fists into his eyes.

"What! you speak English? You are an American boy?"

"Yes."

"And are these your sisters?"

"No."

"And what's your name?"

"Bobby."

"Bobby what?"

"Bobby Steele."

"And where are you from, Bobby?"

"Oh, a big place, much bigger and nicer than this."

"What is it called?"

"Cleveland—ah—hoo—hoo—I want to go home."

"But you can't go back to Cleveland to-night, Bobby. You are thousands of miles from home."

"I don't care—I want to go home."

"Is your mamma with you in Paris?"

"No'm. She's in heaven. She's dead. My mamma died when I was one year old. I'm all my papa's got and now—hoo! hoo!—he hasn't got me. I'm lost and shall never see my papa again."

"You poor child, you mean to say you can't find your papa?"

"No; we went out for a walk and I stopped in a crowd to look in a window. Then my papa went away and left me."

"And you couldn't find him any where?"

"No'm. I shall never see my papa again."

"Nonsense! of course you will. Why, we'll go and find him now."

"Will you? Do you know my papa?"

"I can't say that I do. There are so many Steeles in the world. Is your papa slender, and does he wear a little mustache?"

"No; my papa's big and has a beard."

"Then I guess I don't know him. How long have you been waiting here?"

"Oh, hours!"

"Well, you are my brave little captain, after all. I'll buy you some bonbons."

"Will you? With great show of interest."

"Yes."

"And a candy cane?"

"Yes."

"And a tin soldier I saw?"

"Yes."

"And I saw an elephant I want and two toy lions and—"

"My dear child, you evidently want to start a zoo of your own."

"What is that?"

"Oh, a menagerie."

"I went to a menagerie with my papa here yesterday. We saw them feed the lions."

"Where are you stopping here, my child?"

"I don't know. A big place. Will you take me there?"

"If I will, if I can find it from your indefinite description."

"What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you stopping at a hotel?"

"I guess so."

"Would you remember the name of the hotel?"

"No."

Mrs. Van Altine repeated a number of names.

"I don't know," he said.

"Well," she remarked with a little sigh, "I suppose we had better call a carriage."

"That'll be fine," he said. "I've got a velocipede home."

"Have you? Well, just go and wave your hand at that man with the carriage. Remember you are my gallant little escort, and you must be very polite."

"All right."

In a few moments they were comfortably seated in the carriage.

"How do you like this?" she asked.

"It's great."

"Where to, madam?" interrupted the coachman.

"Yes, where to? That's the question," ruminated Mrs. Van Altine.

"Where shall we go, mon capitaine?"

"Get the tin soldier," said the boy.

"Very well. That will give me time to think. Drive to a toy shop."

As they dashed down the boulevard Mrs. Van Altine drew the child nearer to her.

"You don't feel lost any more, my brave captain?" she asked.

"Not so much so, thank you."

"And if we don't find your papa can I have you?"

The boy's lips quivered.

"Oh, I want my papa."

"Even if I should buy you an elephant and—a real pony to ride in the park?"

The boy hesitated. He was evidently sorely tempted. The real pony weighed against his papa was a perplexing problem, but finally he said stoutly:

"I want my papa."

"And you shall have him," said Mrs. Van Altine.

"But I want you, too."

"I'm afraid you can't always have me."

They drew up in front of a toy shop and Mrs. Van Altine and her charge entered. They purchased an elephant, a tin soldier, a candy cane, and the young man would have ordered half the store if Mrs. Van Altine had not prevented it.

"Where shall I send these, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Where? I don't know. We'll take them. Bobby, carry this elephant."

Bobby was only too willing to do this, and again they entered the carriage.

"To the Hotel St. Petersburg," commanded Mrs. Van Altine. She vaguely remembered that many Americans went to this hotel. In about twenty minutes they dashed up to this establishment and the carriage door was opened by a big porter who looked around for their luggage.

"You can take the elephant and the tin soldier," said Mrs. Van Altine, insistently.

The porter hesitated, his sense of dignity injured, but Bobby settled the matter by declaring:

"No; he can't have them. I'll carry them."

Mrs. Van Altine and the boy entered the parlor there and the handsome American woman said:

"Send the clerk to me."

Bobby set the elephant of the floor and seemed indifferent just then whether he would be found or not by his bereaved parent. The clerk appeared.

"Is Mr. Steele of Cleveland stopping here?"

"He is not madame?"

"Has he been stopping here?"

"No, madame."

"Is he an American and is at some hotel, probably. How can I find him? This is his boy, who is lost."

"I will send you a hotel register, a list of all Americans at the different hotels."

"Thank you. That is what I want. The list was duly forthcoming and Mrs. Van Altine scanned it eagerly.

"Steele—Steele—let messee—Smith, Brown, Jones—no Steele—perhaps it is further down—some common name, there's a plenty of Steeles—Burman, Walker, Melville—luna!—Steele,

Steele—ah, here is a Steele. Bobby, is your father's name Richard?"

"No'm."

"Too bad. How my heart jumped when I saw that name! What if—nonsense! By the way, Bobby, what is your father's name?"

"Dick, ma'am."

"Dick?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't you know that Richard and Dick are the same names?" she asked severely.

"No'm. My uncle Silas calls my pa Dick."

"Well, here is a Richard Steele at one of the hotels. We will call and see. But remember if your papa doesn't want you, Bobby, you are going off come and live with me."

"Do you think my pa don't want me?"

"Bless my little sailor, no. Why, every golden lock must be precious to him. Do you know what I'll do, Bobby, if I had a little boy like you?"

"No, ma'am."

"I'd love him to death."

At the next hotel Mrs. Van Altine was informed that Richard Steele was stopping there; that he had a boy; that the aforesaid boy was lost; that Mr. Steele was nearly frantic and that he had just gone to the prefect of police.

"And where is that?"

"Just across the way, madam."

"Come, Bobby, we will surprise him. He must be nearly crazy."

A handsome American, thirty-five years of age, solid and prosperous looking, was conversing with the official in the magistrate's office.

"I will do what I can, monsieur. The lad will be taken in, and our system of communication is such that the fact will be known at headquarters. I will then at once inform you of the circumstances."

"Your reward shall be a handsome one."

At this moment the clerk looked in.

"A lady to see you, monsieur."

"Say I am engaged," responded the officer.

"I did tell her that."

"Well?"

"She asked if an American gentleman was here. I told her 'yes,' and she said she must come in at once."

Mrs. Van Altine, a vision of glorious womanhood, stood in the doorway with Bobby by her hand.

"Is this your son, sir?" she said.

Richard Steele sprang to his feet. Bobby dropped his elephant and the next moment was folded to his father's breast. Mrs. Van Altine seemed strangely moved as she regarded the scene. Her face was overspread with unusual pallor.

"I was not mistaken," she told Steele.

"There are, truly, many hearts in the world, but it must have been some psychic sense that caused my heart to beat when I heard this name. Let me see, now; it is sixteen years since—and there he stands after so long a time. Time, time, how you level romance! Time, time, how you are stout. He had such a dainty mustache. Now he has a beard. Really, he is much better looking."

These and other thoughts flashed through Mrs. Van Altine's mind at that moment. The American turned.

"Madam, how can I thank you?"

Words failed him. He gazed in growing amazement.

"Fannie!"

"Dick!"

They clasped hands. The years that had passed were bridged by that pressure of hands. Pledged faith, resentment, broken vows, pique, misunderstanding, separation—all vanished, and in the sunlight of the present they gazed gladly into each other's eyes.

"And Bobby is—"

"My boy? Yes."

"She wanted to keep me, pa," said Bobby, with the elephant clasped to his breast.

Dick, who knew all about Mrs. Van Altine's history, bent toward her as he remarked: "There's a way she could do that."

"Dear me, how late it is getting! So glad to have met you, Dick! Charming to see old friends after so many years! Goodbye—no, an revoir, for I trust it is quite a resort. Come and I will introduce you to many clever people—true Parisians."

"Who will bore me?" he said, bluntly.

"The same honest, outspoken Dick!" Then as she entered the carriage, she said:

"You will come?"

"To meet clever people?"

"No, to see me."

"Yes, I will come. I had intended to leave Paris to-night—"

"But now?"

"I shall remain—so as to call on you and thank you more fully for your great service to-day."

"How adorable! You always were charming, Dick."

"Even when—"

"When we quarrelled! Yes, indeed. You were the most delightful man to quarrel with I ever met. If you had not been— But I must be going. Be sure and come—"

"When?"

"As early as you can."

"To-morrow night?"

"At once; to-night. I am all impatient to tell you a hundred things, and—"

"I will come."

"And—bring Bobby, if you want!"

—Detroit Free Press.

The most wonderful cliff dwellings in the United States are those of the Manos, in a Southern Colorado canyon. Some of these caves are 600 to 800 feet from the bottom of the perpendicular sides of the canyon wall, and how their occupants gained ingress is a mystery.

**IN A SUGAR REFINERY.**

**PROCESSES BY WHICH THE RAW SUGAR IS REFINED.**

Terrific Heat Endured by Some of the Workmen—Life in the Drying Rooms—Frightful Toll.

IT is doubtful if there is any other group of buildings in or near New York where the fearful difficulties under which men labor for the bare privilege of living, are so plainly shown as they are in the towering, forbidding, fortress-like structures on the East River front of Brooklyn, owned by the American Sugar Refining Company, better known as the Sugar Trust.

The big buildings cover a space of four blocks on both sides of Kent avenue, from South First to South Fifth streets, and on the west side of the avenue extend to the river front, their grimy, dull-red walls extending seventeen stories above the street level. A close inspection of the heavy machinery necessary to a thorough realization of the immensity of the establishment, and that this group is one of the refining places owned by the trust. It has no equal in size or in the amount of its business in the limits of the Greater New York. The employes of the great concern are disciplined with rules as strict as those which govern an army. If one attempts to get into the refineries he meets the discipline in the shape of a gruff watchman and a club, and a call at the offices reveals it in the shape of a more or less polite negative from the clerks, who will say that they cannot answer his questions. There are about 3000 men employed in the big refineries, and these are divided into day and night shifts. About 5 o'clock in the morning half of the force can be seen fling down into the basement of one of the great buildings. Work is begun immediately, and continued until 5 in the evening, when the men are supplied with checks, showing that they were on hand when work began.

The majority of the workmen are Poles and Hungarians, and the severity of their labors is shown by the fact that they are nearly all thin and stooped, and rarely above middle age, it being a well-known fact that men employed in the refineries rarely live to old age. They are nearly new immigrants when first employed, and before work is given them they must be found perfectly docile and obedient. The rules of the refineries are laid down to the applicant for employment, and he is told that he will receive \$1.12, \$1.25 or \$1.50 as the case may be, for the first year, and then, if his work is satisfactory, he may receive an additional five or ten cents a day. The man is assigned to work in one of the many departments, and if he has received the "tip" from friends of his own nationality before going to work, he trembles lest the olive may condemn him to the "dry room." It is to be that, however, he receives it with characteristic stolidity, and is thankful for an opportunity to earn his miserable pittance, even under such terrible circumstances.

When the raw sugar is dumped from the ship in which it is brought to the refineries it is placed in a great cistern near the river's edge, and is dissolved in hot water. From this vat a sweet, sticky steam constantly arises, and every little while a workman, dressed in overalls and an undershirt, pops out from it, and in a minute or so pops back again, and is lost to sight in the moist cloud. The liquid is pumped up to the top story of the pile, remaining through a wire strainer, which removes any particles of size which may be in it, and is emptied into great copper receptacles heated to 298 or 310 degrees Fahrenheit, known as boilers. The process of boiling requires considerable skill, and the men who have charge of it are paid \$1.00 or \$1.50 a month, the number receiving the latter figure being extremely limited, only one man in a hundred who receives employment in the refineries becoming a boiler, which is the highest ambition of the workmen.

The boiling and bubbling sugar is passed down through funnels to the next floor, where it is emptied into a box, the bottom of which consists of two thicknesses of canvas, one being coarse, the other fine. This thoroughly filters the stuff, and the room is kept at a terrific temperature in order that the liquid sugar may flow freely, and not become cool and thick. On the floor below is another great copper tank, some twenty-five feet deep and nearly filled with bones black. This purifies the sugar, and after being used for a few hours, becomes saturated with foulness, and is sent to the lower floor, where it is burned again. The sugar, which is still kept at a temperature of about 150 degrees, is passed into another receptacle, which is made airtight, and the air and steam are exhausted by means of a pump. As soon as the sugar is granulated, if it is to be soft, it is left off by means of centrifugal mills. If not, it is passed on to the great plates to be dried.

The rooms in which the drying is carried on are veritable infernos. No man can stay in them over ten minutes without falling down utterly prostrated by the terrific heat. No one but an employe is ever allowed within these walls, and no one but an employe would dare to go in them when the heat is on and the sugar is drying. Clothing is discarded, with the exception of a "breath cloth" and shoes, and there is absolutely no ventilation, as the windows are kept tightly closed, and at the windows in other rooms which are open the men may be seen gasping for breath, and with their hair and bodies as wet as if they had been plunged in the East River, in their short respite from their frightful toil.

—New York Tribune.

**A SEA SHELL.**

Sea shell  
Murmurs swell  
To the roaring of the sea,  
When my ear is laid to thee,  
From thy hollow depths  
A stormy strife calls  
With siren's voice to me.

Sea shell  
Fairies dwell  
In thy tiny tinted hall;  
Dainty, footing footsteps fall  
To rhythmic strain  
And sweet refrain,  
Dancing at the sea nymphs' ball.

Sea shell  
Dulcet bell  
In thee I hear it ring,  
While other voices sing  
Charmingly  
Of the sea

To the lute's enchanted string.

Sea shell  
In a cowl  
All the world a prison find  
Far sweeter than them in kind,  
Thy fair portal  
Is to immortal  
Palace of a dreaming mind.

Sea shell  
Tolls a knell,  
While I hear thy whispers sound  
Of the waves unceasing bound,  
To the shore  
"Evermore."

Saying as they sweep the ground.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**

Few of us need a lantern in order to find fault.—Milwaukee Journal.

Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will be blown in by your heirs.—Pack.

Narrow minds go beyond the deed and search for the motive.—Syraese Courier.

Who ever made a dollar by envying anybody better off than himself?—Troy Press.

It never cools a man off when the street sprinkler throws water on him.—Athens Globe.

One thing a woman never can learn—that liquids will leak out of a paste-board lunch box.—Pack.

Take out of some people all the affection and they will have nothing left to live for.—Galveston News.

Oil for troubled waters is nothing compared with water for allying the rampant tendencies of dust.—Pack.

He (passionately)—"You are my life." She (practically)—"Have you got it insured?"—Detroit Free Press.

"With all her faults, I love her still," they heard him sadly say early one morning. "She never will consent to keep that way."  
—Washington Star.

Don't fool with a woman because you think he looks weak and tired; you will find out he's all right in the end.—Lewell Courier.

"That's what I call a good deal of a take off," lamented the carriage horse, tugging to look at its docked tail.—Chicago Tribune.

"Another day," said the Sultan as he saw the head fall off. "It doesn't matter so long as it isn't ours."  
—Princeton Tiger.

Judge—"Then you gave us a wrong age?" Elderly Female—"Not wrong exactly—at least it was all right some years ago."  
—Fleegende Blätter.

If you're worried call me early.  
Ring the bell at the breakfast table at three.  
Nothing matters so I miss our  
Neighbor's singing "Sweet Marie."  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Head of the Firm—"Famph! Book-er off again to-day? What's his excuse this time? A lame one, I'll bet?" Clerkman—"Yes, sir; broke his leg, sir."  
—Buffalo Courier.

Teacher—"The race is not always to the swift. Do you understand the inner meaning of that?" Bright boy—"Sometimes the head feller's tire gets punctured."  
—Good News.

If you are out of work a clean face, blacked shoes, and a nose without a blossom will be a better introduction than a diamond stud or a gold watch chain.  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank. "Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."  
—Indianapolis Journal.

Kittie—"I heard to-day you married your husband to reform him." Sarah—"I did." Kittie—"Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits." Sarah—"He had one—he was a bachelor."  
—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Bimber is very nervous about there being thirteen at the table to-night. "Does she think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes; she has only a dozen knives and forks."  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bob—"Hello! I'm awfully glad to see you? Dick—"I guess there must be some mistake. I don't see you anything and I am not in a condition to place you in a position to owe me anything."  
—Boston Transcript.

Tom—"My friend Swarer's business frequently puts his life in danger, but I've never yet known him to desert his post." Bob—"What's his business?" Tom—"He's an assassin."  
—South Boston News.

Fig—"I've got a good story I want to tell you." Fog—"But let's hear it." Fig—"What is there about you laughing at me?" Fog—"Your story. You say it is a good one; but of course I must have heard it."  
—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Newitt—"I discovered this morning that we need a detergent for the kitchen very badly." Mr. Newitt—"Is there any particular necessity for it?" Mrs. Newitt—"Why, certainly! I've got to have some plan to hide the key when I go out, haven't I?"  
—South Boston News.