

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00  
One Square, one inch, one month, \$8.00  
One Square, one inch, three months, \$22.00  
One Square, one inch, one year, \$75.00  
Two Squares, one year, \$150.00  
Quarter Column, one year, \$75.00  
Half Column, one year, \$150.00  
One Column, one year, \$300.00  
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The New Zealand Maoris own about 10,000,000 acres of land.

The spring and autumn maneuvers of European armies cost annually \$10,000,000.

In twelve months American railroad companies have paid \$293,616,284 an interest on bonds and \$95,337,681 as dividends on stocks.

The Egyptian Government pays interest on \$60,000,000 Nile Canal debt and \$30,000,000 Suez Canal bonds, squeezing the money out of the farmers.

The most unhealthy city in Europe, according to statistics recently issued, is Barcelona, Spain, one of the loveliest places in that part of the continent. One who lives in Barcelona increases considerably his chances of death.

The statement that a child five and a half years of age would not have more than one hundred and fifty words in its vocabulary that it was able to use understandingly, led a careful mother to note for a month the number of words used by her child. All the parts of speech used were recorded, with the result that in this case the child appeared to have a vocabulary of 1528 words.

A young man of Lewiston, Me., who prides himself on his attractiveness for the gentler sex, got on a train the other day and saw a good-looking young lady, who seemed to have nobody with her. He approached her, relates the New Orleans Picayune, and did the masher act. She was responsive, and he was having a very nice time when a man came in and thanked him for having made the task of taking a lunatic to the asylum easier than he dared hope.

An estimate of the charitable bequests in England during 1893 puts the total sum at about \$7,000,000. This is held to be about one-tenth of the estates upon which probate duty has been levied. Among the larger amounts given are the following: Earl of Derby, \$100,000; Richard Vaughan, of Bath, a retired brewer, \$225,000; and Rev. James Spurrell, \$1,300,000; John Horraiman, a tea merchant, \$450,000; Henry Spicer, the well-known paper dealer, \$750,000; Sir William Mackinnon, \$300,000. The largest legacy of all is by Baroness Forrester, \$1,500,000.

N. S. Nesteroff, an attaché of the Russian Department of Agriculture, is in Michigan inspecting methods employed there in cutting and marketing lumber. His object is principally to get information respecting improvements in sawmill machinery. Mr. Nesteroff pronounces the Saginaw Valley mills the finest he has ever seen. He was especially interested in the maple sugar industry in the spring, and spent a month in a New York State sugar camp. This business was entirely new to him, and he will try to introduce it into his native country, which has, he says, an abundance of sugar maples.

The Chinese trade unions can trace their history back for more than 4000 years. The Chinaman does not discuss with his employer what he is to receive for the work he does; he simply takes what he considers a fair and proper remuneration. He levies toll on every transaction according to laws laid down by his trade union, and without for a moment taking into consideration what his employer may consider proper. He is, therefore, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph, generally called a thief; but he is acting under due guarantees, in obedience to laws that are far better observed and more strictly than any the police have been able to impose.

It takes 3200 mail cars to distribute Uncle Sam's mail, and the New York division alone requires 819 railway post clerks to handle it. Last year these clerks handled 1,207,220,577 pieces of mail bound past their division, of which 753,976,835 were letters. To get a clear idea of the immense amount of mail matter in this number of letters, suppose they average four inches in length and are laid end to end. They will stretch over a line 2975 miles long. All railway post clerks must be quick and intelligent and have a thorough knowledge of the whole country. In the second division there are 18,000 postoffices, and the clerks know every one. This system of railway postoffices has proved so valuable, says the writer from whose interesting article in Harper's Young People these facts are drawn, that it is now being operated on the transatlantic steamships.

TELLING STORIES.  
I know of a boy that's sleepy,  
I can tell by the nodding head,  
And the eyes that cannot stay open  
While the good-night prayer is said.  
And the whispered "Tell a 'tory,  
Said in such a drowsy way,  
Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland  
That ring at close of day.  
So you want a story, darling?  
What shall the story be?  
Of Little Blue in the haystack,  
And the sheep he falls to see,  
As they nibble the meadow clover  
While the cows are in the corn?  
O Little Blue, wake up, wake up,  
For the farmer blows his horn!  
Or shall it be the story  
Of Little Bo Peep I tell,  
And the sheep he lost and mourned for.  
As if awful fate befell?  
But there was no need of sorrow  
For the pot that went astray,  
Since, left home, he came back home  
In his own good time and way.  
Oh, the pigs that went to market—  
That's the tale for me to tell!  
The great pig, and the little pig,  
And the wee, wee pig as well.  
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!  
But not his cunning is he  
As this little one of a baby pig  
That can only say "We-we!"  
Just look at the baby, bless him!  
The little rogue's fast asleep,  
I might have stopped telling stories  
When I got to Little Bo Peep.  
Oh, little one, how I love you!  
You are so dear, so fair!  
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—  
God have you in His care!  
—Eben E. Rextford.

OCTAVIA'S CHOICE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARE.



"Tain't right, acordin' to my ideas of what's right an' what's wrong, Octav'!" said Grandma Mookbe, severely. "An' Ishan't give my consent!" added the old lady, winding briskly away on a big ball of clouded red and white yarn.  
Miss Octavia Mookbe, black-eyed and scarlet-lipped, turned sharply around with an impatient frown on her shapely forehead.  
"I haven't asked your consent yet!" she retorted, imperially. "When I do, it will be time enough to refuse!"  
"Then you ain't goin' to marry him after all, Octav'?" cheerfully commented Aunt Adaline, looking up from the sponge pudding she was making for dinner. "I'm so glad! Mr. Fothergill may be respectable, for all we know, an' then ag'in he mayn't. But we know all about Jerome Meadowgaw, an' his folks afore him. Not a shiftless em among 'em."

"An' like as not the t'other one is a wolf in sheep's clothing," sagely commented Miss Martha Phipps, who was spending the day. "It ain't best to take no risks, Octav'."  
"But you hadn't ought to encourage Mr. Fothergill so much, Octavie," admonished Mrs. Mookbe, with a mollified glance at her tall granddaughter. "It ain't right to accept the attentions of any man without your thinkin'—"  
"Now, look here, grandma, and Aunt Adaline—and you, too, Miss Phipps!"  
The black-eyed beauty wheeled around and leveled a whole battery of angry glances at her startled hearers.  
"You may all keep your good advice till it's called for! I don't want it! I'm going to marry Ferdinand Fothergill and live in the city. I shan't tie myself down to a common farmer like Jerome Meadowgaw, and you needn't think it!"  
And the offended Xantippe flounced out of the room, leaving her auditors breathless with astonishment.  
One hour later, sixteen-year-old Margie, coming in from the barn-loft with a flat split-basket of fresh-laid eggs, met Jerome Meadowgaw leaving the house.  
"Oh, Jerome, do stay to dinner!" greeted Margie, cordially. "We're going to have rice waffles and sponge pudding."  
But Jerome gloomily shook his head.  
"I'm going away, Margie," he said gently. "This is the last time I shall see you for a long while—perhaps forever."

Margie's dimpled face clouded over like an April sky.  
"Going away, Jerome? But—but where?" she asked, blankly.  
"I—I don't know yet," hesitated Jerome. "Maybe to Greenland," he added, recklessly. "But good-by, little Margie. Don't forget me, will you? There'll be nobody else to remember me."  
But Margie clung to his hand.  
"Oh, Jerome, mamma and grandma will remember you, and so will I!" she declared, impulsively. "And if Cousin Octavia prefers that little dade of a Ferdinand Fothergill to you, she'll rue it some day, see if she don't."  
"But you'll write to us, won't you, Jerome?" she pleaded, looking at him through a pair of forget-me-not blue eyes fringed with thick, curling lashes.  
"That's if, if you don't get froze up in Greenland," she added, dubiously.  
Jerome laughed in spite of his gloomy prospects, and a ray of warmth seemed to find its way to his chilled heart.  
"I don't think I'll freeze, Margie, and I'll certainly write to you," he promised.  
And releasing the mite of a hand, he strode away, while Margie hurried into the house.  
"I mustn't watch him out of sight, because it would bring bad luck, and us'ly he would never come back,"

she commented, gravely, to herself, as she stowed the eggs away in a stone jar on the pantry shelf. "Ugh! how I would like to go to Greenland!" she reflected, with a shudder at the picture her fancy conjured up.  
How Jerome Meadowgaw had come to fall so desperately in love with Octavia Mookbe was a mystery, seeing there were plenty of other girls—quite as pretty, and with more amiable dispositions around the village of Hilldale.

However, love is proverbially blind to all defects, and though Octavia was as heartless as one of the marble Bacchantes at Forest Park, she was really very attractive-looking, with her red lips and Spanish black eyes.  
And as Jerome Meadowgaw was considered quite an eligible match among the bachelors of Hilldale, the course of his love seemed to drift placidly along, and bid fair to run in a smooth channel for a time—until Ferdinand Fothergill appeared upon the scene. Then everything was changed.  
Mr. Fothergill was an insurance agent, and made plenty of money; at least he spent it plentifully, which amounts to the same thing as far as appearances are concerned.  
He was a dashing young man, with sharp gray eyes, and whiskers cut à la Vandike.  
He wore a seal-ring, a dashing gold watch chain, and the finest of broad-cloth attire. And as Octavia Mookbe was one of those persons who are caught by superficial attractions and outside glitter, she straightway gave Jerome Meadowgaw the cold shoulder. The forty-acre farm, well stocked and timbered, with its snug cottage, Gothic-roofed and covered in spring with clambering hop vines and Virginia creepers, whereof Jerome had hoped to make her the mistress of compared to the prospects offered by the dashing city dude, soon dwindled into insignificance.

And in spite of all opposition, Octavia determinedly took her fate into her own hands and made no secret of the fact that she was "off with the old love, and on with the new."  
Seeing that she was determined to follow her own course, Grandma Mookbe and Aunt Adaline decided to give her a respectable wedding, at least.  
"It's the best we can do for her," sighed the grandmother. "A willful girl must have her own way; but if she lives to repent, it won't be laid to our charge."

And so the wedding drew near, and there was whisking of eggs and baking of cakes, to say nothing of dress-making and hair dressing, within the old Mookbe homestead.  
The prospective bridegroom had gone on a collecting tour which would detain him till the eve of the wedding day, and the morning before the auspicious event arrived.  
Octavia was trying the effect of a pale pink necktie against her creamy complexion; Aunt Adaline was basting the box pleats in a silver gray poplin that was to do duty as a "second-day" dress; and Grandma Mookbe was threading the laces in a French corset, over which the wedding gown was to be tried on.

Margie alone was idle, having refused to lend any assistance whatever toward the coming festivities.  
"I shall not help to injure poor Jerome!" she declared, with a curling lip.  
"Poor Jerome, indeed!" mimicked Octavia, sneeringly.  
She was about to add some stinging remark, when a scream from the dress-maker, Miss Martha Phipps, drew every eye in her direction.  
"Oh, Miss Mookbe—Octavia—look here! I don't understand it. Maybe it don't mean him, though."  
"Dear me, what a fuss you are making! Miss Phipps!" cried Octavia, impatiently. "Can't you tell what the matter is, or have you lost the use of your tongue?"

Miss Phipps resented the caustic speech with a toss of her head.  
"No, I haven't lost the use of my tongue," she responded, spitefully—"nor my eyes, either, or I wouldn't have spied this notice in the Poplar Bluff Gazette! It's the marriage license of Ferdinand Fothergill, Hilldale, and Miss Amy Cotterill, of Poplar Bluff."  
"It's a lie!" shrieked Octavia, evidently verging on hysterics. "I don't believe a word of it!"  
"It's right here in black and white," asserted Miss Phipps, holding up the paper.  
And at that very moment a letter was brought by a special carrier, addressed to Octavia.  
She tore it open and read:

Dear Miss Mookbe—Owing to the hard times and bustle as reversed, I regret to say that I had myself unable to support a wife. Under the circumstances I cannot afford to marry for love alone, and, therefore, I give you back your freedom, and hope you will soon forget that there ever was such a person as—  
—Ferdinand Fothergill.  
"Three years since I went away a bachelor forlorn," laughed Jerome Meadowgaw, as he strode along toward the Mookbe farm and turned his steps toward the old stile at the foot of the lane.  
A tall figure stood in the dusky twilight, faintly outlined against the slowly-fading crimson of the west.  
"Welcome home!" called a soft voice.  
Jerome sprang eagerly forward.  
"Margie!" he cried.  
"No, not Margie!" in pettish tones.  
"It's Octavia. Don't you know me, Jerome?" she asked; then added, in dulcet accents, "I did not know my own heart when I sent you away. Forgive me, Jerome, and—let us bury the past!"  
A soft hand was laid on his arm, and Octavia's liquid eyes looked apparently into his.  
Jerome put the hand coldly aside.  
"The past is buried, so far as I am

THE GLACIAL MILESTONES.

ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THESE ERRATIC BOWLDERS.

The Gulf has been slowly forming Over Them Since the Great Ice Age—Stony Allens.

THE following is an extract from "Some Records of the Ice Age About New York," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in Harper's Magazine: Many of the glacial traces about New York are buried by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings hereabouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for blasting, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are found imbedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shoveled into the carts and carried away with the dirt and gravel. And so one usually sees them rolled off on one side, out of the way, on the bare rock surfaces, until they are freed from soil, when they, too, are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being "made."

If one looks a little closely at these despised bowlders he will find that many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere.

It is curious turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic bowlders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted attention. Some thought that they must have been cast up out of a distant volcano in an earlier time and fell scattered here. For some they were rounded by the wash of Noah's flood, and swept by its fierce torrents into alien regions. Others sauntered in theory—the earth's crust thereabouts for many feet, and—in theory still—let enormous icebergs from some distant arctic region drift over here, and melting, drop their ice-borne freight of rocks. Some would have it that the earth was once surrounded by a separate rock shell which somehow came to grief and left its shattered remains down broadcast. Others still more dramatic, worked up their facts and fancies to the point of assuming collision with a comet. The record, given on the rocks told the true story at last, however, when the people got ready to read it.

These rounded rocks or bowlders—these erratics, wails and aliens—are, as well-known to all, the torn-off and transported fragments of rock masses which the great ice mantle brought down here during the cold weather, so long ago and inconspicuously dropped when the climate changed and the Greenland and the pole. Many of these erratics still bear bruises and scratches testifying to their fierce encounters with the old bed rock along which the relentless ice mass ground them in their journey toward the coast. Here they have lain, these stony aliens, through all the long ages, buried up with other glacial wreckage, covered in by soil later formed, sharing their secrets with the rootlets of vanished generations of plants and trees, until at last another alien, Italian or Celt mayhap, breaks in upon their seclusion with pick and shovel and rolls them ignominiously away. Then, at the starred rock surfaces, the steam-drill pecks viciously, puny successors to the gigantic sulptory of the old ice age, whose records it and its explosive allies soon erase.

How He Saved the Baby.  
Elijah Davis, a motorman on car 121 on the Lake Erie line of the Salt Lake City Railway, some days ago saved the life of a babe which had crawled upon the track between Ninth and Tenth West on Second South.

As the car turned on to the clear stretch in the vicinity of the Fisher Brewing Company's works Davis gave it all the current possible, and the motor was doing its best. The motorman had his eyes fixed ahead, and to his horror saw a little child not over eighteen months old moving in the grass and weeds in the middle of the track. He threw off the current, set his brakes and rang the bell. The track was slippery, and the wheels continued to move. The car was rapidly approaching the babe, and it seemed as though no power could save it.

The continued ringing of the gong and the shouts of the motorman attracted the attention of the child, and it crawled out of the weeds and disappeared upon the rails. Here its position was even more dangerous than the other, for the cruel wheels were sure to grind the little body into small pieces. Seeing that he could not control his car, Davis left his post, jumped to the step, and, clinging to the outside hand rail, reached out ahead of the car. The baby was still on the track, and as the car rushed down upon it the plucky motorman grasped its dress and drew the child out of harm's way.—Salt Lake (Utah) Herald.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A fish swims with its tail, not with its fins.  
India ship-worms ruin a vessel in five months.  
A new species of giraffe has been discovered in Africa.  
Owls without tufts are day owls; those with tufts are night owls.

Recent experiments indicate that the normal eye can discriminate fifteen separate tints in the spectrum.  
The latest German Government reports show that eight persons have died of leprosy (three of them since 1870) in the district of Konigsberg, and that ten persons are now suffering from that disease.  
If it were possible to cut sections out of the side of soap-bubbles, and then by some delicate process handle the pieces, there would be required fifty million films, laid one upon another, to make a pile one inch in height.  
Meteorologists say that the heat of the air is due to six sources: (1) That from the interior of the earth; (2) that from the stars; (3) that from the moon; (4) that from the friction of the winds and tides; (5) that from the meteors; (6) that from the sun.

A novel way of illuminating a tunnel has been devised in Paris. Reflectors throw the light from many electric lamps sixteen feet above the rails to the sides of the tunnel, where it is again reflected by burnished tin. The trains automatically turn the current on and off in entering and leaving the tunnel.  
The apparatus for keeping the eye moist is complex and efficient. It comprises the lacrimal gland, which secretes the tears; the lacrimal caruncle, a small fleshy body at the inner angle of the eye; the puncta lacrimalia, two small openings at the nasal extremity of the eyelids; the lacrimal ducts, which convey the tears into the nose, and the lacrimal sac, a dilatation of the canal.  
Lined-oil increases in weight when exposed to the air in a vessel protected from the dust. So far as its physical qualities are concerned, it undergoes a gradual change, assumes a darker color, becomes more viscous and less inflammable. An experiment made by a Bavarian chemist resulted in 3.5 ounces of pure lined oil increasing 0.31 ounces in weight after the oil had been exposed to the air eighteen months—an increase of about eight per cent.

When electric motors were first applied to cars grave doubts were entertained as to the resultant effects of the extreme jarring on the poles of the field magnets, in the light of the knowledge that a permanent magnet loses its magnetism by jarring. The loss of magnetism seems to abound in nature, since it is now proven that the field magnets, which are not permanent magnets, increase in magnetization by the jarring to which they are subjected.  
An arrangement for heating water by an incandescent electric lamp in the lighting circuit has been devised by M. Leon Pitot, of Paris, by which he utilizes eighty-five per cent. of the heat given out by the lamp. He claims that an eight-candle lamp will maintain the water at a temperature of forty degrees centigrade; while a sixteen-candle lamp will maintain it at boiling point. The receptacle, holding about a pint, affords, within the larger lamp, boiling water in ten minutes.

Fear as a Cause of Disease.

An eminent medical authority makes the statement that a great deal of contagion is due largely to nervous apprehension and fear. Terror causes radical changes in the secretions and nerve cells, and while the possibility is not the direct cause of disease, it certainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malady. It is a well-understood fact that excessive anger infuses a toxic element into the secretions, and the bite of a man in a state of frenzied rage is almost as deadly as that of a mad dog. Fear destroys the resistive capability, and, as it were, lets down the drawbridge and makes way for the enemy. In seasons of epidemics, therefore, it is necessary to cultivate tranquillity and cheerfulness, to learn not to fear and to surround oneself with an atmosphere of personal, mental and physical defiance of dangers. If, in addition to this, due precautions as to dress, diet and rest are taken, one may walk in the midst of the pestilence and dwell in infested regions, and no deadly thing shall harm one.—New York Ledger.

Some Old Statues Found.

Some interesting discoveries are reported in the ancient Roman city of Thamugadis, in Algeria, now known as Timgad. In excavating the capital many fragments of colored statues, at least twenty-eight feet high, have been found. Traces of painting have been discovered on three other statues recently unearthed. It now appears indisputable that the ancients were not content with the mere beauties of form, but painted their beautiful statues in all the colors of life.—New Orleans Picayune.

Bleached Gold Fish.

Mr. Edison, at one of his enjoyable scientific sojourns, had a large globe of gold fish whose anatomy was distinctly outlined and every action of each organ was plainly seen. This "wizard" accomplished by making the fish swallow minute incandescent lamps and by invisible wire conducted the electric current. The fish apparently were not incommoded by their diet of electricity.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

MY SWEETHEART.

'Twas a quaint rhyme scribbled in a spilling-book,  
And handed to me with a bashful look,  
By my beloved sweetheart so fondly true,  
In the dear old school days long years ago—  
"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two."  
That "Sanders' Speller," so tattered and torn,  
Has always a halo of romance worn,  
And never a post with honeyed pen,  
Has written so precious a rhyme since then—  
"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two."  
I've kept it safely for many a year—  
This dog-eared, shabby old spelling-book,  
Dear,  
And now, as I hold it within my hand,  
Again the school-room I seem to stand—  
Reading once more with rapture new—  
"If you love me as I love you."  
How some foolish saying from out the past  
Like a rose branch is over the pathway cast,  
And the time of flowers, we still remember,  
Till mids the blue cold in the bleak December,  
God grant it always may be true—  
"That you love me as I love you."  
—Caroline L. Bacon, in Buffalo Express.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doing time.—The lady who grows younger every year.—Puck.  
It is usually a great big man who insults you.—Acheson Globe.  
The politician's favorite novel—"Put Yourself in His Place."—Puck.  
Many do a heap of hard climbing in search of easy grades.—Chicago Herald.  
Order of the Bath.—Come right out of that water this minute!—Boston Transcript.  
No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.—Acheson Globe.  
Some people are of such happy dispositions that they never amount to much.—Acheson Globe.  
A great deal of the piety of to-day is a thing of great beauty because it is only skin deep.—Puck.  
Never put any confidence in the answers of a man who is afraid to say "I don't know," occasionally.  
Don't think that because a man has done you a favor he is under everlasting obligations to you.—Puck.  
Butter is prime while it's fresh; but a man has long lost his freshness when he reaches his prime.—Puck.  
"Are you certain that you love me?" "I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?"—New York Press.  
The lawyer who worked like a horse was engaged in drawing a conveyance.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.  
May.—"Next to a man, what's the jolliest thing you know of?" "Edelweiss." "Myself, if he's nice."—Brooklyn Life.  
One of the dampers of ambition is the fact that the mantle of greatness has to be worn as a shroud too often.—Puck.  
One's own capacity is a poor standard of measurement; the stars shine, though my near-sighted neighbor deny it.—Puck.  
When a man does not want to do a thing he says "I cannot," when he cannot do it he says "I don't want to."—Piedmont Blatter.  
The average dwarf is at a very serious disadvantage. No matter how large his income he is always sure to be short.—Buffalo Courier.  
When a boy goes out West hunting, and writes home that he killed a deer, he can fool his mother, but he can't fool his father.—Acheson Globe.  
As the express dashes through the station—"O porter, doesn't that train stop here?" "Porter—" "No, mum; it don't even hesitate."—"Tit-Bits."  
To his mate the enterprising said:  
In a tone of earnest, soft and low,  
As they clung to the branch just overhead,  
Get out on the girder in its hammocked groove."  
—Washington Star.  
A man regards his newspaper much as he does his wife—something to find fault with when he feels cross and something he never approves of.—Acheson Globe.  
"I love to listen to the patter of the rain on the roof," said the miserly poet. "I suppose you do," said his wife. "It's a cheap amusement."—Harper's Bazar.  
Dora—"Don't you think my gowns fit better than they used to?" Cora—"Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry."—Harlem Life.  
Mr. Oldstyle—"I don't think that a college education amounts to much." Mr. Sparrow—"Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see."—New York World.  
No woman is such a slouch at mathematics that she can't tell in half a minute how much her husband would save in the course of a year if he shaved himself.—Acheson Globe.  
One of the unexplained mysteries of life is how difficult it is sometimes to get into a comfortable position when you go to bed, and how unusual to find one that isn't comfortable when you have to get up.—Puck.  
Jinks (on the rail)—"I was talking with an eminent physician, the smoker, Mrs. Jinks." "What is his name?" "He didn't mention it, and I didn't like to ask." "Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?" "I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."—Puck.  
Cabman (at library)—"Say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" Librarian—"Yes; that's the one." Cabman—"Well, you can take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em when he got out 'dang his purse to the driver." Now when I want that sort of literature, I'll go to Julia Vase and get it pure.—Chicago Record.