

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Mexico, with 7200 schools, can't quite be called an unprogressive country, maintains the New York Recorder.

Our successful dairy farmers are placing more and more dependence upon the silo, declares the New England Farmer.

After a thorough review of recent experiments the New York Sun's verdict is that "artificial rain making is not a very great success anywhere."

Meat is said to be shipped into Salt Lake City, Utah, more than a thousand miles west of its point of slaughter and in the heart of the range country, and where sheep are at their cheapest.

In an interview in an English weekly paper Ben Davies, the great Welsh tenor, says: "From the musical point of view I must confess that the American people are considerably in advance of us."

Recent experiments in England would seem to the New York World to indicate that in the not distant future each farm house will have its electric lights, the electricity therefor being furnished by a little wind-mill.

Count Ito, Prime Minister of Japan, is described in the Review of Reviews as "one of the best all-round men in Japanese politics, if not in the world. The nearest approach to his type in American history is, perhaps, Alexander Hamilton."

Nothing, in the estimation of the New York Independent, could more conclusively show that the Chinaman is indeed an "outside" barbarian than the fact that in the recent combats in Seoul the Chinese fired upon a Japanese ambulance carrying men who were the Geneva Cross. They killed a doctor and some hospital attendants.

The Worcester (Mass.) Spy has the following: Many Northwestern farmers have become thoroughly tired of enduring the trials to which their uncertain climate subjects them, and are turning their eyes toward the South as the land of promise. A large number of Nevada stock farmers and dairymen are preparing to move to North Carolina and purchase farms in localities suited to their vocations.

The discovery is reported from Central America of an actual kingdom of Lilliput, situated in the wilds of that little-known country. A general of the Guatemalan army announces that he encountered an army of the pygmies on the borders of that country. He describes the little people as a tribe of ferocious savages, armed with spears and blowpipes, with which they discharge poisoned arrows. So far very little is known of this new race of Americans, but now that they have been discovered the Atlanta Constitution is of the opinion that they will probably not long be left unknown.

The New York Tribune observes: "Cromwell died 236 years ago conscious of the renown which awaited him, but probably not foreseeing all its manifestations. If he could have had a forecast that the flag at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., would be set at half-mast 236 years afterward, to commemorate his exequy, it would very likely have lent a spirit of peace to his going forth which the occasion actually lacked, notwithstanding that he carried, as crown of achievement into the still kingdom with him and held his subject realm in the hollow of his hand till the last. It was really a complimentary demonstration in honor of the memory of the great usurper, and whoever engineered it ought to have a medal of hippopotamus hide."

Australian fresh meats are beginning to seek new outlets on the continent of Europe and in provinces of the United Kingdom. That far off island continent has made such rapid progress in the last few years in the export of meats in refrigerators that English dealers begin to fear the home markets will be glutted. For this reason, according to the American Agriculturist, they insist that in order to avoid serious loss new markets must be found for their frozen meat industry. There is more or less prejudice on the part of consumers against frozen meats, and this is another feature with which the trade is obliged to contend, yet the exports from Australia have increased enormously during the last few years. Including beef, mutton and other meats not preserved by being salted, the United Kingdom imported in 1893 a total of 67,800,000 pounds from the country and against 43,800,000 pounds in 1892 and 22,400,000 pounds in 1890.

A SONG OF HAPPY DAYS,

Sing a song o' happy days— Sing it all the time!— Roses twinkle in the wyes— Bells that swing in rhyme— Right or wrong, Still sing the song— For happy singing days! Sing a song o' happy years— Sing it day and night— Let the rain shed all the tears— Let the heart be light!— Right or wrong, Still sing that song— And keep the harp strings bright! Sing a song o' happy lives— Sing it loud and long! Brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, Join the thrilling song— Right or wrong, Still sing that song, Till angels to the chorus throng!— F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MY NEW FOUND COUSIN,

BY ARTHUR JONES.

O begin with, no fellow was ever more fortunate than I in having a host of pretty girl cousins. And what's better, I am always discovering more. I seldom go anywhere without adding a new one to my list. In short, I am no longer surprised at anything in this direction.

Last year I was studying at the School of Fine Art, in Paris, adding the finishing touches to my education in art. I was thoroughly devoted to my work and took little share in the social affairs of the American colony. The few people I cultivated were of the bohemian world, mostly students at the Fine Arts or the University. The novelty of living in this free, outdoor atmosphere was so absorbing that I missed very little the society of the drawing-room.

Late one afternoon the postman brought me a letter, postmarked Paris and addressed in an interesting feminine hand: "Mr. Arthur Jones, Rue de Sevres, No. 163."

"Who can this be from?" I asked myself as I scanned the envelope and address. I tore it open with more ado. "Daisy Tillotson," I read, looking first at the end. "Who on earth is Daisy Tillotson?"

But here is the letter, copied from the original, which is still in my possession: Boulevard Haussmann, No. 72, Paris, April 17, 1893. Mr. Arthur Jones— I will explain at once who I am, and then you will understand why I write you. Your mother is a favorite cousin of my mother's, and Mamma made me promise when I left New York to hunt you up—which I am doing in the best way I know of.

I sincerely hope you are the Mr. Jones, for I don't know your first name. I only know you were studying art in Paris. They gave me your address at the Fine Arts. I shall be here several weeks with my friends, the Paysons, of St. Louis, and I hope I may see you soon. Yours sincerely, Daisy Tillotson.

"Daisy Tillotson, Daisy Tillotson," I repeated to myself. "I don't remember of any Tillotsons in our family. However, she seems to know. That's the trouble with having so many relations. I suppose I'll have to look her up, or Mother will never forgive me. I'll call at once, to-night— I've nothing special on—and get it off my hands. She's probably one of those formal creatures, and I shan't have to call a second time."

So I added a few careless touches to my toilet— for my life among the students had made me affect the extreme negligé style of dress— walked to the Place Chateaux and took a seat on top of an Art Triumphant bus. Ah! what a spectacle that is— to sit perched on the top of a great lumbering, careering, three horse bus and see the world of Paris, from one end to the other, pass in review before you! The lights along the Rue de Rivoli have just been lit. The shops are closed, but the cafes are bustling with post-up expectancy, for Paris is just beginning to wake up for the night. But I must not tarry on the way. Boulevard Haussmann, No. 72. A very respectable apartment house. Mrs. Payne received me. "Oh, yes, you're Miss Tillotson's cousin. She's expecting you. I almost feel as if I knew you myself, Mr. Jones. I've heard Daisy say so ever your pycures. And she shook hands with me with regular Western cordiality. There was a rustle in the next room. A girl appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in red, a warm red. My critical eye at once saw that it just suited her. I thought then I had never seen a prettier girl, and certainly I have not changed my mind since. "Daisy, this is your cousin, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Payne. "Now, you can have a good visit together."

conversant and in sympathy with these subjects. She was herself a student of the piano. So there was enough to talk about.

I looked at my watch. I was after eleven o'clock. How the time had passed! Three hours had slipped away and I hadn't realized it. What better proof that I had found my newly discovered cousin absorbing. It was a new sensation for me— me, who, with my surfeit of fair cousins, had always been inclined to take the society of women at a discount. "Why, I do believe I am actually a little in love with this girl," I soliloquized on the way back to my lodgings. "But it will do no harm. She's my cousin." So interested was I in the subject, however, that at that late hour I set down upon reaching home and wrote a letter to my mother in New York, telling her all about Daisy Tillotson. She was an acquisition to the family, I said.

I had arranged to take my cousin to the Luxembourg gallery the next day. Then we would go to the opera in the evening. This was my plan. I called for her in the morning with a carriage. Think of me riding in a carriage! Why, like a true bohemian, I had always hated anything less plebeian than a public omnibus or a bicycle. But then, "she's my cousin," I argued to myself, "and I must make her stay in Paris memorable. It's all on her account."

Yes, she certainly did look pretty, that fresh, inspiring April morning. She must have studied to look her best. I took this to myself as a compliment. In turn, I had myself given unwonted attention to my toilet and had spent some little time trying to decide which cravat I should wear.

"What a romantic and unconventional situation fate has thrust us into," Miss Tillotson, I remarked, as the carriage rolled off toward the Luxembourg. "Here are two young people who have never known and scarcely heard of each other before, cast suddenly together, far away from home and left to each other without sponsor or chaperon. It sounds too bookish to be a reality."

"Yes, I've been thinking of it," she answered, "but you know we're cousins, and that's different."

"After all," I persisted with the idea of teasing her— for I'm a confirmed tease— "are you perfectly sure of that? You never know me. Jones is a common name. There may be half a dozen painters in Paris by the name of Jones. In fact, I know one myself. You picked me out at random. Perhaps I'm not your cousin at all. Maybe the other Jones is the fortunate one."

"Oh, you're just trying to tease me," she responded, "and I shan't be teased. I know you'd like to get rid of me, but it's quite a privilege to have a cousin in Paris who knows everything, and I'm not going to let you go so easily, Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones, indeed," said I in an injured tone. "If you call me 'Mr. Jones' I am no cousin of yours. My name is Arthur— to my cousins. And I'm going to call you Daisy. May I?" "Miss Tillotson" is so long, you know. "I don't know why you shouldn't," she said, a little coquettishly, "if you're my cousin."

It was a gala day for me. How I enjoyed telling her what I knew about the pictures. And in the evening, how I enjoyed hearing her talk of the opera— it was "Carmen." Music was as familiar ground to her as art was to me. And how often we found that a truth was as applicable to one art as to the other. We had both been progressing in the same field— art in the abstract— and different but parallel paths; and the comparisons of views were interesting and broadening to us both. Ponder the subject well and you will find that there are numerous essential analogies that run through pictorial, musical and literary art.

For two weeks I scarcely touched a brush. During that time the doors of the Fine Arts were closed. My art had been temporarily eclipsed. "Oh, well, a fellow doesn't run across such a cousin every day." I urged to myself in excuse for my neglect of study. I was trying to persuade myself that I was interested in Daisy Tillotson simply because she was my cousin. But I knew better. I began to wish she were not my cousin.

We were very frank with each other. There was no reason to be otherwise. One afternoon we were out at St. Cloud— out under the budding horse chestnuts whose shade Napoleon so loved. I had been reading "Paul and Virginia" to her in French, I remember. "You have no right to be my cousin, Daisy," I said. "What a perversion of circumstances. Here you are the only woman I have ever come across that has forced from me any real affection of the tender sort. And you're my cousin."

Daisy. It read: "Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Do you know him? Is he a relative of yours?" asked Daisy, handing the card to me. "Know him?" said I. "Know Tony Jones? I ought to. He's an artist, too. He's the one I spoke of. We've been up into Normandy sketching together more than once. But he's been in Munich since Christmas. Perhaps he's the cousin you were looking for when you found me, Ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Jones, the other Mr. Jones, entered. Daisy rose to meet him. "Why, how are you, Mr. Jones?" said he, seeing me; "I didn't expect to find you here." "Nor I you," I returned jocosely. "Let me present you to my cousin, Miss Tillotson," I went on. "Miss Tillotson— Mr. Jones, Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Your cousin?" said he inquiringly. "Why, she's my cousin, too, then. I must explain, Miss Tillotson. My mother is a cousin of your mother's, I believe. She has written commanding me to call upon you and make myself known. Fortunately Arthur, here, has relieved me of the awkwardness of introducing myself."

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Jones," she murmured self-command enough to say. "I'm afraid I have made a terrible blunder, though, unless you are both my cousins."

I came to her rescue and explained the situation to the other Mr. Jones. "Why, it's very theatrical," said he, laughing; "it's very much like a comedy. But which of us is in the real, and which the impostor. Or, are we both her cousins, and so ourselves cousins of the tenth degree or thereabouts."

"I don't see any way to decide for the present," said I. "Miss Tillotson, I'm afraid, will have to remain in uncertainty until our credentials can be compared."

Jones, that is the other Jones, was an admirable fellow, and it was not long before we were all laughing and chatting freely over the humor of the situation. Daisy brought Mrs. Payne in and we all had a game of whist together. Whatever our relationship might prove to be, it was a jolly, congenial party, that's certain.

The next day I received a letter from my mother in answer to the one I had written two weeks before. She had no cousin of the name of Tillotson, she said. There were no Tillotsons in the family that she had ever heard of.

"Well, well, what an amusing mistake! I'll go and explain it to Daisy— Miss Tillotson, I mean— at once," thought I. "It's due to her. I'll tease her about it. But it's no more than a good joke anyway, and no harm done."

So I went and told her! What a good laugh we had over it all. "But we're not cousins any longer," said I, suddenly drawing myself up with make believe dignity. "So I suppose I must go back to my painting and leave you to your real cousin, the other Mr. Jones."

"You wouldn't do that, Arthur," she said. "I found you, you know, and I claim you by right of discovery. A friend when once found is too valuable a thing to be thrown away, and I shan't be the one to disclaim our friendship, begun though it was purely by chance."

"Bless you," I said. "I'm glad, after all, that you're not my cousin, and I wouldn't change places with the other Mr. Jones if I had the chance, for now—"

So it was, you see, that Daisy Tillotson became Mrs. Arthur Jones, if you must know. Oftentimes her cousin Tony, the other Mr. Jones, comes to see us, and we have another laugh over the whole affair. If you should happen our way we'd be glad to see you. You can find the address easily enough. Only be sure not to get the wrong Mr. Jones.—The Pathfinder.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By a new process wood is rendered fireproof. Bacteria can exist in all fluids, acids and alkalies.

The electric light has been introduced into the large villages of far-off Afghanistan.

By a new process of electro-photography a person's internal organs may be photographed.

The male of the sea horse carries around the eggs laid by the female and hatches them, while the female wanders where she pleases.

An absolutely safe proof metal is made of three layers of iron, between which is placed alternately two layers of crucible steel, and the whole then welded together.

Dr. Waldo, a London health officer, has found thirteen different kinds of living microbes in a loaf of bread. It is said that the London underground bakehouses are proverbially dirty.

Scientists have determined that more than twenty terrestrial elements exist in the sun's atmosphere. Among these are calcium, manganese, nickel, sodium, magnesium, copper, zinc, cobalt, aluminum and hydrogen.

A vein of natural gas has been struck at a depth of 111 feet on the farm of Henry Mell, near Mowague, Ill. The outflow of gas was no strong that the auger and derrick, weighing 473 pounds, were thrown twenty feet in the air.

Mr. Janssen recently exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences the clockwork that will register the observations of the instruments placed in the observatory on top of Mount Blanc, Switzerland. It requires winding up only once in eight months, and is lubricating with a material that has been exposed to a cold of eighty degrees below zero without freezing.

The aeration of the water of rivers in falling over dams and natural obstructions has been regarded by some as exerting an important influence in purification, but according to an experiment made by Professor Leeds upon the water above and below Niagara Falls, where natural aeration is carried on to the utmost extent possible, no chemical purification is effected during the process.

Izal is the name given to a new substance chemically prepared from certain forms of coal, which checks the development of microbes, although it is powerless to kill the bacilli of typhoid fever. That malady is best arrested by the suppression of milkmen like that one who caused in Montclair, N. J., lately, one hundred cases and many deaths by supplying his milk cans from a well infected by sickness in his family.

The London Medical Journal combats the popular notion of the injurious effects of a cold bath taken when one is overheated by exercise— an idea falsified by the experience of athletes from the days of the Greeks and Romans even until now, who find in this procedure a refreshing and stimulating tonic after the exertion they have recently undergone. Physiologically speaking, too, according to this writer, a cold plunge or douche taken immediately after the physical effort, when the skin is acting freely and there is a sense of heat throughout the body, is as rational as in the experience of the athlete it is beneficial— is paralleled, in fact, by the tonic effect produced by the cold plunge when the skin is actively secreting after a Turkish bath, and finds its rationale doubtless in stimulating the nervous system, in the increase of internal circulation, and also in the general activity to the cutaneous circulation after the momentary contraction of blood vessels due to the cold. The popular belief presumably rests on the injurious effects which may be induced by the bath in one who does not resort to it immediately, but allows time for the effects of fatigue to show themselves on the muscles and nerves and for the surface of the body to get cool; taken then, the bath is more likely to depress than to stimulate; there is less power of reaction and greater inability to internal inflammation— a warm bath rather than a cold one, at such a time, being more suitable and more safe.

Hypnotism in Surgery.

Hypnotism as a substitute for ether, chloroform and other opiates is advocated strongly in the Arena by Dr. James B. Cooke. He believes seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the cases in which such drugs are now used might be treated with hypnotism. The shock to the system would be avoided, as well as the disagreeable after effects. A case is described where prolonged hypnotism was successfully used to reduce the pulse, which was at 130, of a young man suffering from a most painful disease, who was a complete nervous wreck, and could obtain no sleep. In two minutes the pulse fell to 108, and in thirteen minutes he was breathing deeply in sleep, and the body was in a state of repose. Hypnotism was also used in place of chloroform during the harrowing daily treatment of an internal wound, and the patient was thus dragged from the jaws of death. In dental operations also, Dr. Cooke has frequently used hypnotism.—New York Observer.

His Tomb a Miniature Church.

Dr. Woodward, of Sau Prairie, Wis., has ordered a monument for himself at Madison. It is to be a miniature church in granite. It will be erected on private property near the doctor's residence, and he will be buried there when he dies.—Chicago Herald.

COST OF A BATTLE SHIP.

AS MUCH AS \$4,000,000 EXPENDED FOR A SINGLE VESSEL.

What That Immense Sum Really Means—Various Items That Enter Into the Ship's Cost.

IN looking over the appropriations for the support of the Government for a fiscal year probably no item will be found therein which specifies so much money to be expended for so limited an object as one similar to the following: "The President is hereby authorized to have constructed by contract one sea-going, coastline battle ship, designed to carry the heaviest armor and most powerful ordnance, at a cost, exclusive of armament and of any premium that may be paid for increased speed, not exceeding \$4,000,000."

At the first glance it scarcely seems possible that a single ship, that can be tossed around at will by the billows of the ocean, or be destroyed completely in a few hours if cast upon a lee shore, could cost such an enormous amount of money. Four million dollars would build a magnificent fleet of forty full-rigged ships, each capable of carrying 2000 tons of cargo to any port in the world. It would buy every ferryboat plying between New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. It would be sufficient to establish a line of sixteen good-sized steamships, such as run from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., and other domestic ports. A fleet of fifty such crack yachts as the Vigilant could be built and fitted up for one battle ship for the price paid for just one battle ship.

If we make our comparisons with objects on shore, more astonishing facts can be gleaned. Take, for instance, dwelling houses; a good three-story brick house, occupying a lot 25 feet by 100 in an ordinary city, would be worth, on an average, about \$10,000. Four million dollars would build 400 houses of that class, and if these houses were placed in one row, after making due allowance for streets and sidewalks, we would have nearly two miles of dwellings. There are not many towns of 10,000 inhabitants where the entire taxable property is assessed for \$4,000,000. An average mechanic, in good times, will earn about \$500 a year; the money paid for one battleship by the Government would thus support nearly 7000 families, or a city of 35,000 inhabitants, for a whole year.

It will naturally be asked, after reading the above statement, how is it possible to expend this great sum for just one ship? A visit to a large shipbuilding establishment where such vessels are constructed will disclose the fact that the principal item of expense must be the labor. Walk through the draughting room, the boiler shop, and out on the vessel herself, and everywhere you will find men working away hour by hour, at the one aim, to get the money paid for one battleship by the Government would thus support nearly 7000 families, or a city of 35,000 inhabitants, for a whole year.

However, the men we find about the yard are not the only ones who are employed in the construction of the battle ship. In different parts of the country many others are working in the mines, the blast furnaces, and rolling mills to produce the material for the men in the yard to work upon. Altogether it is safe to say that a thousand men are constantly employed for a period of four years in the construction of one of these Leviathans of the sea.

Probably no other creation of man brings into employment a greater variety of artisans than the construction of a war ship. If we glean over the pay roll of a large shipyard we find represented thereon draughtsmen, pattern makers, machinists, riveters, cooper-smiths, plumbers, boiler makers, calkers, pipe fitters, painters, carpenters, joiners, sailmakers, riggers, electricians, bellhangers, decorators, upholsterers, and many other special trades and occupations. It has been estimated that there are thirty-two classes of workmen necessarily employed in the construction of a steamship. As the majority of these men are skilled mechanics who receive from \$12 to \$25 a week, it can be easily seen where the money is expended for this class of construction.

One of the most expensive parts of the whole ship is the armor for the turrets and belts around the sides. The contract price for this material varies between \$500 and \$600 a ton, delivered in the shipyard. This does not include the cost of placing the plates on the vessel, which amounts to a considerable sum. Some of the plates weigh twenty-five tons and are worth nearly \$14,000 apiece. It is probable that when the guns and equipment are supplied and the premiums paid for increased speed, the cost of one of these battle ships will reach a grand total of nearly \$5,000,000.—New York Sun.

A Diminutive Specter.

There has died at his residence, Carmine, near Ballymena, Ireland, one who was reckoned to be the most diminutive man in Ulster. His name was David Yastou, and his stature did not reach beyond the height of three feet. At the time of his death, which occurred on July 25, he had attained the age of about fifty years. He was a married man and leaves a widow and several of a family to mourn his early death. For years past he was well known throughout Ballymena and the district as an evangelistic preacher and carried on the grocery business.—Chicago Herald.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There once was a hermit who lived near a stream.

In a pleasant, commodious cave; Folks gazed on him daily, with wonder supreme, And he lived on the presents they gave.

But one morning he found, with such dreadful dismay, That he could hardly open his lips, A new hermit settled just over the way, And himself in a total eclipse.—F. B. Oppen, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lawyers help those who help themselves.—Puck.

Women are fonder of talking than of conversation.—Boston Transcript. Few people see things as they are. Most mortals see them as they want them.—Galveston News.

The world is full of people who never aspire above pulling something down.—Milwaukee Journal. The clocks and the coals You may air as you will, But the clatter of snapper Will cling to them still.—Chick to Inter-Ocean.

Jasper—"How did Mr. Blublood make his wealth?" Jumppe—"He didn't make it. He inherited it, and it made him."—Puck.

Teacher—"Johnny, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?" Johnny—"At the bottom of the page, mum."—Syracuse Post.

Prospective Purchaser—"What minerals are there in this spring?" Owner—"Plenty of gold and silver, if you advertise it properly."—Truth.

"She is a great favorite with the male sex." "Yes." "Why doesn't she marry?" "Her numerous engagements prevent her."—New York Press. Nell—"Mr. Sillicus is only an apology for a man." Belle—"Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it was offered?"—Philadelphia Record.

"Is not for all the things I want! My pocketbook is all bled." "Alas! I'm poor, because of all the things I do not need."—Puck.

When a girl has a dimple in her cheek she doesn't usually get to be more than seventeen years old before she learns how to work it.—Somerville Journal.

"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why he is not more than twenty years old." "That is so; but his jokes are veterans all the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"I don't see you with Miss Gotrox any more. Have you and she had a misunderstanding?" He—"No; an understanding. She rejected me."—Brooklyn Life.

Client—"I want to sue the railroad company for \$50,000 damages. What is the first thing for me to do?" Attorney—"Give me a retainer for \$500."—Detroit Free Press.

"What! haven't you named the baby yet?" Mamma—"No." "Can't find anything good enough?" Mamma—"N—no; can't find out which uncle is the richest."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What's the matter with Jennings, Harlow?" "Oh, some mental trouble. He suffers from a complete loss of memory." "Suffers? Jove! he's in great luck, considering his past."—Harper's Bazar.

Patient—"Can you tell me, doctor, the cause of baldness?" Physician—"Nothing easier, sir. It is due to the falling out of the hair. Will you pay now, or shall I put it down to your account?"—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—"They builded better than they knew. Do you understand that?" Bright Boy—"Yes'm; they always do." Teacher—"Who always do?" Bright Boy—"The architects, you know. Pop's new \$5000 house cost most \$10,000."—Good News.

Friend—"How did the count propose to you, and you accept, if he could not understand your language nor your his?" American Heiress—"It was very simple. He showed me his family tree and I showed him my bank book."—New York Weekly.

Miss Bellefield—"Mr. Spatters is a good sportsman." Miss Bloomfield—"Is he? He never shoots anything." Miss Bellefield—"That is why I call him good. I think it is real wicked to kill innocent animals and birds."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked he, "Oh, maiden of the Rhine!" She blushed in sweet confusion And softly faltered "Solo." He felt rebuffed and knew not What best to say, and then A sudden thought came to him: He pleaded, "Make it ten."—Detroit Tribune.

He—"Now that we are engaged, I must know if any one ever kissed you before." She—"Oh, George, how can you doubt me? I bring you a heart as fresh and ardent as your own." (George doesn't know whether to be satisfied or not.)—Baltimore Telegram.

When one girl tells you that she always prefers the summer at the shore and another girl tells you that she always prefers to spend the summer at the mountains, you may be pretty sure generally that the first young lady tans and the second young lady freckles.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Smallwort—"I see that a female bank robber has been operating out West and has so far escaped capture." Mrs. Smallwort—"How do they know it is a woman if the robber has not been captured?" Mr. Smallwort—"The combination locks have all been picked with a hair-pin."—Chicago Record.

The present price of beef in Paris is forty cents per pound, mutton being thirty-eight cents, veal thirty-six cents, and the best horse meat sixteen cents per pound.