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Eight million acres of forest land are cleared every year.

The returns of the capital invested in English railways are steadily de-

Some of the direct calamities that have befallen the Old World are traced by the New York Advertiser to the destruction of forests.

A publication issued by a big Eastern thread company says that over 7,-000,000 miles of thread are annually used in the United States.

Observes the Louisville Courier Journal: Conutess Wachtmeister says the future mun will have a sixth sense. It is to be hoped it will be common

London Engineering says that the new magazine gun adopted for the United States Army possesses "all the requisites now universally admitted to be necessary to a perfect magazine

The practice of grasping a loaded gun by the muzzle is still in vogue, laments the San Francisco Examiner. There is never a closed season for the particular sort of a hunter who fails to realize the relative ability of the two ends of his weapon.

Considerable attention has been drawn to the statement by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. Witte, that during the past six years it was frequently the Czar's personal influence that maintained peace; that frequently there were warlike threats which he never answered.

The Japanese scheme of dividing China into three independent kingdoms, each to be ruled by a native prince, is, in the estimation of tha Exiladelphia Ledger, an ingenious one. The attempts of the three princes to do each other up would probably relieve Japan of any further subjugatory offorts in China.

The cotton seed oil mills of England import their cotton seed almost exclusively from Egypt. The oil is used in soap factories, and a considerable quantity of it is shipped to the Mediterr nean where, without doubt, observes the New York Independent, it preference to the really pure oil made in California.

Says the New York Independent: Our dailies show a great lack of reverence in describing the weather. The Tribune spoke of the expected cyclone from the Gulf as coming north at an "easy jog;" the Times said it "seems to have bumped against a Nova Scotia "high" (area of high pressure); the Herald characterized it as "a very slow cyclone," and said it "must put on more steam;" the World told its readers that the great storm is on its way, but "is taking things easier than the weather sharps thought." Thus do our great papers exhibit their genius in making the oldest and commonest of topics interesting.

A good many people appear to think that resistance to a blow is a test of hardness in minerals, whereas it is resistance to erosion. Ignorance of this fact led a man in this city, relates the New York Sun, to experiment on what appeared to be a large and unusually clear garnet of rather light to as much as Selindy does -red color. He took a hammer to it and smashed it to atoms. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world, yet it may be broken by a tap from a hammer, or even a fall on the sidewalk, as it is apt to split along the cleavage lines, which are parallel to its faces. Experts test an undetermined gem first with a file and after with fragments of stone of differing hardness. If it yields to the file it is glass, or something no more durable

That glorious theme of song and story, the old frigate Constitution, apostrophizes the New York Press, is to devote the rest of her days to the training of youth; and that these days may be long is the wish of every true American who remembers her services to her country. She is to be turned over to the Massachusetts naval militin for use as a training ship, and will leave her present refuge at Portsmouth at once. No more fitting career could be imagined for the Constitution than that of an educator, and the youthful Massachusetts sailors are fortunate. There is a history in every plank of the old warrior, a story in every spar. She tells of battles fought and won in such an atmosphere of otion to country, patriots will be as well as sailors.

WE WON'T GIVE IN.

Storms may howl from East to West-Sun bide out by day; Cotton worms do their best-Country short on hay; Btill, we ain't a-going to give in While the world owes all a livin'!

Let the cotton rise an' fall ! Let the corn give out ; Let the strongest borses stall, Piounderin' about ! Ain't a bit o' use to give in While the world owes all a livin't

If the crop is short, the land Still is broad an' tong : Still the hoe is in the hand-Still the mule is strong ! Never goin' to see us give in

What's the use to alt an' pine When the cold wind blows? Takes a lot o' rain an' shine Jest to make a rose! But the world ower folks a livin'!

While the world owes all a livin';

### SELINDA'S SATCHEL.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.



H, Selindy, I wish you could go!" Little Miss Kittredge elevated her seamy forehead in a way that she had when she was worried, until her evebrows reached almost to her "widow's peak." Selinda gave the

-Atlanta Constitution.

finishing touch to the pink waist she was ironing and set the iron down

"It's of no use to talk, mother. I never can go anwhere," she said. "And I do wish you wouldn't call me Selin-

The unironed things went into the clothes basket with a sweep and a toss, and the basket went into the closet with a thump, and Selinda rau up stairs to her own room and buried her head in the pillow. It was only a foolish little seventeen-year-old head although its owner taught the Bend school and sang in the church choir, and was an officer of the Village Improvement Society. Miss Kittredge dropped the boy's blouse she was mending, and folded her little knotty, toil worn hands in her lap; her glasses had grown suddenly so misty that she

"Poor little Selindy-da! It does seem too bad," she murmured. "If is transformed into "pure olive oil," can't bear to say anything—mongst much of which is sent to the United relations, so—and Enoch is terrible there she said it in Selinda's hearing. States and purchased by our people in make him cast a slur upon Amase, his own brother that's dead and gone, because he hadn't more faculty and didn't leave us better off. But then ! Selindy does feel so bad now that the Pritchard girls and Naomi Jenks are going to the World's Fair. And it does seem kind of providential that Enoch will be goin' by here home from market this afternoon.'

The little woman arose, slowly, but with resolution, and took her mending out to the porch. But the mending was neglected, and she peered anxiously through the fluttering hopvine, down the long, dusty road. She actually trembled when a tall, gaunt figure, upon the seat of an open farm wagon, came suddenly into view.

"Enoch, I want to speak to you jest a minute," she called, hurrying out to

Euoch was thin-lipped, and dried like leather. He flecked a fly from his horse's back without looking up, and with a distinctly discouraging air. "It ain't any use talkin' to me about Rufe," he said, before the tittle wo-

man found her breath or her courage to speak. "He's got to make his own way, jest as my boys would, if I had any. I don't care anything about to the Fair.) "Aunt Jemina" and bales of tobacco and hops are like-able silk waist, although she couldn't wise liable to spontaneous combustion.

Scientific American. machinery or 'lectricity, or any of the fol-de-rols that he's got his head full Fowler, with Jonas for an escort." of. I don't expect he'll ever amount

'It's Selindy that I want to speak to you about," said the widow, hastily. "You know I don't like to say anything about it, Enoch, but you said you'd give a little something for takin care of you when you was sick, and now-Selindy she wants so bad to go to the World's Fair. I expect you'll think it's extravagant, but she worked hard keepin' school, and Rufe he's doin' real well in the mill, and seems as if now was just the time if you did think of givin me anything-"

"You want me to give it to Selindy, do you?" The grim mouth relaxed a very little. If Uncle Enoch had a weakness it was for his niece Selinda. whom all Carmel accounted "smart. 'I did think she had more sense than to go galivantin' off to Chicago, a I'm goin' over to B- day after to-morrow, and I'll stop on my

"A little somethin' to help her along" did not sound like enough to anywhere!" pay Selinda's expenses to the Fair, but there was one good thing about Uncle made Selinda come out of the pantry Enoch, he was apt to promise some-Enoch, he was apt to promise something less than he meant to perform; Sclinda's mother remembered had nursed him through those long I can go over to Aunt Jemima's; it a disease analogous to cancer has ap-

harnsomely, M'ria, harnsomely. That was, indeed, after he had suf-fered very severe twinges of rheuma-doing extra work for a long time, and tism, and Rufe had said it would "take" I got Mr. Pritchard to pay me to-day. more than rheumatism to take the And then I sold those jumping jacks fruiting, thus creating seeds for its fu kipks out of Uncle Enoch so they'd that I made, and the little wooden ture propagation. stay out;" nevertheless, Mrs. Kit-wagons-you thought I couldn't, but tredge's worn face was aglow as she I did-and I've saved every cent I similarly afflicted.—Everywhere,

trate and tearful, and told her just enough for mother to go to the World's what a hope Uncle Enoch had held Fair!" Selinda was sanguine also. She

oon as she had wiped the dinner that it would be a real benefit to you dishes to watch for Uncle Enech. He to see!" was late and in a hurry. He handed her out a rather large-sized pasteboard

"There, I sin't one to be small when I make up my mind to go a shoppin'; if you take good care of that 'twill last you till the next World's Fair comes round," with a grim chuckle. "You tin' you go; 'tain't any of my doin'.

I've got other uses for my money." lence in the room for the space of a full minute after the cover was taken off the box; then Mrs. Kittredge said if she had one little pang of tempta-

do; but alss! she flung the pretty which was that her mother should mantelpiece. The box came tum- much as she-Selinda-would. had been wanting some pasteboard to she had it now. make a fan for his winnowing mamenting upon miniature machinery.) The bag stayed up in the closet, and the best of things, and her mother can't be I? took the egg money, with which she was to have bought herself a pair of burning desire to "find out things" pathy, and opened the strawberry preserves, of which Selinda was very

Sometimes when Selinda was away, he would, for keepin' house for him and nursin' him through that rheumatic fever, more'n a year ago. I can't hear to sare a work of the satchel, and said regretfully. "It's a real pretty with a happy face:

"Well, Selindy, you found what I put in the bag for you?" she answered, with a happy face:

"Oh, Unele Enoch, I found the

"You think so much of pretty vases like those the minister's had, and a watch and chain like Mrs. Deacon Palmer had, and a spray of lilae in your bonnet like aunt Jemima! You always liked pretty things and-

Rufe looked up from the tiny wheel that he was scouring with emery paper. a gruff voice, as if he had a lump in be so done as to avoid as much as poshis throat. And he scowled meditatively at her, as Selinda now rememted the influence of the ship's motion. The

"Well, I don't know," was all that their mother said, in a meek, half guilty little voice, and Selinda saw her

fortively wine away a tear. "Aunt Jemima has sent word by Phoebe Bascom that she wants you to when she came home from the dressmaker's the next day. (She was find-

"I'm real glad for Jemimy. They'll have a beautiful time. I guess I will go over and help her fix off, if you think you and Rufe can get along, said Mrs. Kittrodge.

Selinda was at the dressmaker's again the next day when Mrs. Kittredge's nephew, Jonas, came after her. Going to the cupboard for her best handkerchief and her gloves, where she kept them "handy" for Sundays, Mrs. Kittredge caught sight of Selinda's satchel.

"I don't believe Selindy would care a mite if I should take it. She said she never would carry it; and it would look as if I had things like folks," she

"Mother does like so much to go visiting," said Selinda, as Rufus came in that night. She was in the pantry, squanderin' money, but mebbe 1'll kept on talking. "She'd be a regular give her a little somethin' to help her gad about, like Aunt Jemima, if she could." Selinda's tone was slightly aggrieved; she did hate to do house-

> "And she never had a chance to go Rufe's voice was so gruff now that it

weeks of illness, "I'll remember you won't be too late." He drew a roll of peared among them which is depris bills from his pocket and spread them ing thousands of them of life. It is

called to Selinda, who was still pros- could, and at last there's enough-

"For mother to go to the World's dried her eyes, and ripped the skirt of Fair?" echoed Selinds in utter amaze the "changeable" silk that had been ment. She almost laughed, it seemed her mother's wedding dress, to make so ridiculous. And then a sudden rea "stylish" waist to wear with her old vulsion of feeling swept over her. Inblack cashmere skirt. And then she stead of laughter there was a threatcouldn't resist the temptation to run ing of tears—a blessed mist that across the field to Naomi Jenks's to cleared long blinded eyes. "Oh, Rufe, tell her of the joyous prospect. And I never thought! It was only mother! she was really angry with Rufe because And though you're only a boy you did think! Oh, she'll have such a good right on eating huckleberry pie, when she told him of Uncle Enoch's promise. of you, either; and there's the ma-When the day came she ran out as chinery-there are all sorts of things

> Rufe turned his back to her, and swallowed a lump in his throat-a lump that went down hard. But he

raised his head proudly.

"I shall be a man, and make my way, and see things," said he, "But mother never had a chance."

Rufe planned to go over to aunt tell your mother it's ber own resk let-tin' you go; 'tain't any of my doin'. was no need, for bright and early, their cousin Jonas came driving like Selinda carried the box into the mad up to the porch, with Mrs. Kithouse. It was light, but oh, how tredge beaming with delight beside heavy her heart was! And Rufe, who

had been standing behind the great butternut-tree, turned a somersault. Rufe always had provokingly little to grasped. "Just see!" She opened say for himself, and he turned somer- the satchel, and showed a little inner say for nimed, and he turned somer-saults as an expression of his feelings on the most inopportune occasions. new twenty-dollar bills. "I found Selinda thought that even a boy ought | them last night when I was showing to have more sense. There was si- the bag to your aunt Jemima. Now,

with a tearful gasp, "Oh, don't feel so tion no one will ever know it—and bad, Selindy; it's a real pretty satchel."

Selinda had a temper. I wish that she had had it as fully under control door, for there was consin Jonas lisas all but the very bad girls in stories tening-and added her own plan, satchel with all strength, box and all, up into the high cupboard beside the boy, Rufe, who would learn twice as bling down, and the cover followed it, Selinda had been so much in the habit and Rufe carried them off, saying he of having her own way that of course

Little Mrs. Kittredge went off with chine. (Rufe spent his leisure experi- her sister Jemima, and her cronies, half-dazed with delight, almost as uncertain of herself as the little old wo-Selinda sulked and cried, with interman on the King's highway who cried vals of trying to be good and make "O Lawk 'a mercy on me this surely

gloves, and bought a gilt belt for Se-knows what going to the Fair meant linda, and she made a great many to Rufe. As for Selinda, perhaps cream pies in anxious, silent sym- there were moments of misgiving, even tears; but she says she had a good time all alone at home. And when her Uncle Euoch, driving by, called out to her:

"Well, Selindy, you found what I

Uncle Enoch thought he must be getting deaf; he didn't know what things," said Selinds, a little con-temptuously. "Youwanted some pink what a girl meant, anyhow.—Portwife | land Transcript.

### Spontaneous Combustion of Coal,

According to L. Hoepke, it is to a low exidation and to the resulting Selinda looked up, suddenly, as if struck disengagement of heat that must be by a new thought-"you never had attributed the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of coal. The danger is so much the greater in proportion as the surface exposed to the air is wider. It "I wonder if this is the first time is maximum with coal dust. The load-you ever thought of that!" he said in ing and trimming should, therefore, sible the crumbling of the coal under bered she had caught him secwling at smallest vessels are preferable for the carriage of coal.

Mr. Hoepke does not believe in the possibility of the spontaneous com-bustion of cargoes of damp cotton. But it is possible that a spark falling accidentally upon a bale may remain ignited for weeks and afterward set come over and help her get ready to fire to the mass. Greasy cotton, on go to the World's Fair," said Selinda the contrary, very easily takes fire spontaneously. The same is the case with flax, jute and tow. Stacks of hay,

### Barber Lore.

The barber's gift of tongue, which has long been a subject of mirth and an object of dread, is now to be utilized and attached with belting, as one may say, to the machinery of politics. One of the many "Leagues" that are constantly being operated as feeders to the great political parties, has taken means to prepare for the barbers of the country "a reasonable quantity of well-written, knock-down arguments, as the officers express it, which are designed to be communicated to the devoted customers of these knights of razor and shear, when they have them stretched at full length in their chairs under lather and napkin, with escape

It is sad to contemplate that another orror is to be added to the barber's chair, and it is to be hoped that the knock-down arguments referred to may not become boomerangs, and as sume a physical form, when adminis tered to unfortumate customers.-

### Cancers on House-Files,

It is supposed that house-flies are an aid to public health, as they are really scavengers upon wings and remove lit and he breathed quickly, as if he had the by little much matter that might otherwise breed disease. In view of "She's gone, has she?" he said. "But this fact, some people will regret that "I've been fungous growth beginning in the tis

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Mexico has an abundance of iron

It is the iron in clay that gives the ordinary brick its red color Among the crustaceans various

hades of red are the prevailing colors. Astronomers claim that there are ver 17,500,000 comets in the solar

Fruit wrapped in heavy brown pape vill stand fifteen degrees more cold than if not wrapped. The coloring of the deep sea jelly

fishes is said to be unusually deep violet or yellowish red. Of the steam engines now working in the world four-fifths have been constructed the past twenty-five years.

Six years ago the price for a complete equipment of a trolley car was \$4500; now it is between \$1000 and

A Boston naturalist, with a tuning fork, has discovered that crickets chirp in unison, and that their note is E natural. Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist, estimates that five-eighths of all the

solid and liquid food taken are exhaled by the skin. Many springs are intermittent,

probably because the channels leading from the reservoirs to the surface are crooked and constitute natural si-A scientific Frenchman has dis-

covered that potatoes planted near an electric wire grow to be very large, and tomatoes in contact with the same object ripen eight days earlier than The most rapidly moving star known

one-thousandth part of the speed imand by which alone we become aware Green wood hisses and sputters when burning because of the large

amount of water contained in its fibers, which is changed into steam by the heat and bursts off tiny splinters in making its escape.

The great waves, caused by the Kar-katoa earthquake in 1883, which de-stroyed 40,000 lives traveled at the rate of 350 miles an hour. waves were felt more than 7000 miles away from the place of their origin.

Dr. Kingsett, the chemist, recognizing that ozone, the natural purifier of the air, is produced in nature by balsam trees-the pine, fir, larch and eucalyptus-urges that such trees be planted and cherished on farms, and in towns and villages.

Electric melting of metals, notably cast iron and steel, as produced by a new German process, is said to have some very great advantages. In crucible steel the new process shows an economy of fuel of more than half, which, for metal so difficult of fusion, is a favorable result.

The photographers of the Paris Observatory have just finished for the Academy of Science the clearest view ever secured of the moon. They have photographed her surface in sections, which fit, making a great image five feet in diameter. The work is so perfeet that towns, forests and rivers would be preceptible if they existed.

### A Pocrastinating Professor.

They are telling a pretty fair story on "Uncle Phil" Armour, just home from his European trip. The story is in two chapters, with a

period of thirty years elapsing beween the two. Thirty years or more ago P. D.

Armour was a young man attending an academy near Syracuse, N. Y. There was a ladies' seminary near by, and one beautiful moonlight night Phillip slipped away from his dormitory and took a protty seminary girl out for a long buggy ride.

It came to the cars of the dignified faculty and a sentence of expulsion was entered up againt P. D. Armour. Years passed on. Young Armour came to Chicago and became the greatest merchant in the world.

One day an old man with a pair of white side whiskers and a professional beatific smile was ushered into Mr. Armour's private office.

"You remember the —— Academy, Mr. Armour?" his visitor began. "I should say I did. I was expelled

from that institution for taking Susie out buggy riding." "Well, then, perhaps you remember me. I am Professor ——. I was a member of the faculty then, as I am now. And I want to say, Mr. Armour, that I always protested

against your expulsion as being unjust and unwarranted by the facts. By the way, Mr. Armour, the academy is in a financial strait just now and I came to see if you would give us some "Well," replied the millionaire, "if on protested against my expulsion all

have to say is that you have been a ong time letting me know about it But Mr. Armour made out a goo round check, just the same, and sent the old pedagogue on his way rejoic ing.—Chicago Mail.

### A Neat Puzzle.

We should like to know the name of the author of the following puzzle

A — old woman with — latent Put on her — and to market went " —," said she, "give me, I pray, The wherewithal to — this day. Each of the blanks is to be filled

with a word of four letters, and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively, "vilc," "evil," "veil,"
"Levi" and "live." We repeat that we are curious to learn the name of the author of this ingenious anagram puzzle. - Chicago Record.

#### HOW WHALES ARE CAUGHT

MODERN METHODS SUPERSEDED OLD CUSTOMS IN WHALING.

The Harpoon Has Given Way to the Whale Gun-Stripping a Dead Whale-In Winter Quarters.

HALING is not what it used to be," said a grizzly old salt as he sat on the edge of his greasy bunk in the forecastle. ships that go after bowheads now-

adays are much better arranged for the comfort of the men than they were a dozen years ago, but it ain't no picnie yet, you can bet on that, my son, you can bet on that.'

About all that remains of the old customs of the whalers is the lookout at the masthead, who brings every man out of his warm bunk with the call, "Ya-a-ar! She blows!" and with a wave of his hand points out the direction for the wheelsman to steer, The crew jump into their boats and away they go. The old harpoon is obsolete. Instead a whale gun is used, and as the boat approaches the spouting monster a bomb, filled with an explosive equal to about ten pounds of giant powder, is fired into his huge body near the head. The deadly mis-sile explodes as it buries itself into the flesh, and a great hole is blown almost into the vitals of the monster. Death is in most cases instantaneous. A small steam or naphtha launch takes the carcass in tow and it

Sometimes, if the bomb from the gun fails to cause instant death or give a mortal wound, a harpoon with a fiynamite attachment is thrown the same as the old whale-catching weapons were; and as the needle point of the spear sinks into the flesh it explodes the bomb. The second wound will in almost every case cause death, but it not the harpoon clings to the whale, and with the line attached the whalers wait calmly in their boat for the cetacean to rise for another shot at it from the gun, which is by that time reloaded and waiting for it. There is none of that wild excitement of being towed at racehorse speed through the water behind a wounded and infuriated whale while your comrades come gallantly to the rescue to pick you up in case the boat be smashed to atoms by the beast's tail or crushed in the monstrous jaws of the maddened levisthan. All that is gone. The ship's boats sur-round the whale as he spouts. Little chance is left for it to escape, and a bomb from a gun or the auxiliary harpoon is sufficient to end the bat

Then comes the process of taking the bone and blubber from the body. The dead whale is brought alongside the vessel. A stage is rigged over the side and just over the floating carcass. Work is commenced at the head. A cut is made through the deep layer of

ning clear back to the tail, if all the blubber is to be taken. Cross incisions are made every four or five feet and strips of fat encircling the whale are marked out. Tackle is fastened to one end of these strips and men on the stage with long chisel-like tools cut the strip of blubber clear of the body as it is being hoisted on board. Every strip taken off rolls the whale around in the water. The head is cut off as soon as the blubber is taken off it to get at the valuable bone. That is the most difficult task. Axes are used and it takes quite a lot of chopping to get through the mountain of flesh. As soon as it is severed it is hoisted on deck. Then the work goes on of taking off the rest of the fat

from the body. Some of the vessels save only the bone, and when the head is chopped off the rest of the body is cast adrift. The whalers that take only the heads are usually small ones and are not fitted with the necessary apparatus of trying out the oil.

After the blubber is stripped from the careass it is cut up into small pieces, and for several days after-wards the crew is busy trying out the oil and stowing it away in the hold in casks. Smoke and smell are the principal characteristics of the operation, and only an old whaler will go leeward of the great pots when the process is going on.

During the hunt for whales there is very little to break the monotony of the whaler's life. It is the same thine day after day, with an occasional gale and a trip in the ice, but the vessels are now built to stand such weather.

A winter in the Arctic has not the terrors it had a few years ago. Quarters for the crew are built on land in some sheltered spot, and before the winter sets in all the vessels rendezyous there. The 'tween decks of the vessels are cleared and stoves set up Bunks are arranged along the middle of the ships, away from the sides, so that the intense cold will not so quick ly reach the men through the vessels timbers, and as soon as the ice forms around the vessels high banks of snow are piled up around them to brake the force of the piercing winds. A roof is built over the ships, and on that snow is piled several feet thick, and it all is wet and frozen so solid that it will not drift with the fiercest of gales that sweep across the frozen bosom of the ocean when the long night of winter sets in .- Sau Francisco Examiner.

The Agricultural Department is giving attention to the success of deep owing. Professor Whitney, Chief of the Division of Agricultural Soils, is now in Nebraska on a special mission to investigate the effect on the soil of deep plowing on the one hand and of irrigation on the other.

The manuscript of the Old Testa-ment was completed 430 B. C.

#### DAYS.

Want is the message of days, what is the thought they bring-Days that darken to winter, days that

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be

sweeten to spring?

Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed

Day that deepens to night, night that broad-

What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

ience for aye and aye, and the heartbeats never cease

Till toll and life and the day are the night and death and peace, -John Hall Ingham, in Seribner,

# HUMOR OF THE DAY,

Money talks; poverty also has a

Character is what we are in the dark .- Ram's Horn.

This is the next year you expected to much of last year.—Atchison Globe. He-"What do you think is the way to win a woman?" She-"Hers."

Love never turns back because it sees a mountain or hears a lion roar, -Ram's Horn.

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next. -Atchison Globe.

"Thou hast cured my heart of aching, dear,"
Said she,
"I'm a doctor of divinity,"
Quoth he. is hauled alongside the vessel, where the bone and blubber are taken from

A Chicago astronomer thinks he has discovered green on the moon, But perhaps it's all in his eye.—Philadel-Some men would have better wives

if they didn't growl so much whenever they give them a little money .-Clergyman-"Do you take this wo-

man to be your wife?" Politician (absently)—"I authorize the use of my name."—Puck. Blackston-"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymare—
"No; you don't know my wife."—
New York Herald.

Clara-"I'm so fond of music! I want to play the piano awfully." Laura—"Well, you do play it awfully."—New York Herald. "What I tell my wife, goes." "In-deed?" "Yes; she takes it to her

mother right away, and pretty soon it is everywhere."-Puck. "What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" Freddie

-"I think 'twould be awful nice to be an orphan."-Chicago Inter-Ocean. "Bancroft seems all upset and nervous this morning; do you know what's

wrong?" "Yes; he caught the train without running for it."—Inter-Ocean. These be the days that bring to me

A melancholy shock;
The frost is on the pumpkin,
My overcoat in hock,
—Philadelphia Becord. Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it .- Kate Field's Wash-

The importance of doing one thing at a time is illustrated by the fact that no steamship has ever broken the record and her shaft on the same trip.

-Philadelphia Ledger. And now the man of family Bhows worry in his looks, For John and Tom and Sus and Bess Must all have new school books. Kansas City Journal.

Grant Allen has written an article on the decline in wedlock. is an absurdity. If she declines there is no wedlock. And when there is wedlock she hasn't declined. - Brooklyn

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."—Pearson's Weekly.

The soul of the impecanious man
Is filled with a dose of the blues,
For he's trying to figure out how they will When he blackens his tan-colored shoes.

Robbie-"I'm going to be a pirate, like Captain Kidd, when I grow up." Charlie—"I'm going to be a train-robber like Jesse James." Johnnie— "Well, I ain't. I'm going to keep a summer hotel, like Uncle Jake."— Truth.

At the railway ticket office: "How much for my little girl?" "She is free if under four." "But she will occupy a seat all the same." "Makes no difference." "In that case how much discount will you give me on my ticket if I leave her at home?"-Fliegende Blaetter.

"It must be pretty hard work pounding the payement with that great rammer," said the idler. "Shure," said Mr. Grogan, "it is not th' droppin' av th' thing on th' shtones that is th' har-rd wor'rk at all. It is the liftin' av it up."-Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel-"Here is the loveliest house coat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least Clara-"I cau tell you how to make him value it above everything." Ethel-"Oh, how?" Clara - "Tell him that you've gives it away to some poor man."-Boston Post.

## The Earth Man is Made Of.

What is man but a miniature earth, with many diguises in the way of manners, possessions, dissemblances, etc? Yet through all—th: sugh all the work of his hands and all the thoughts of his mind—how surely the ground quality of him, the fundamental hue. whether it be this or that makes itself felt and is alone important .-John Burroughs.