

One Square, one inch, one insertion	10
One Square, one inch, one month	3.00
One Square, one inch, three months	8.00
One Square, one inch, one year	25.00
Two Squares, one year	45.00
Quarter Column, one year	25.00
Half Column, one year	50.00
One Column, one year	100.00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.	
Marriages and death notices gratis.	
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.	
Job work—cash on delivery.	

Spain puts out 3,000,000,000 corbs per year.
Berlin has no slums. Even in the poorest quarters the streets are paved with asphalt, and are kept faultlessly clean.

The holding of Pure Food Exhibitions in all our large cities is doing a great work in calling attention to the immense benefit to mankind conferred by the plucky, sagacious men who have first produced a pure article, and second, made all the world want to buy it.

Evidence is accumulating, states the New York Mail and Express, that Marshal Ney was not shot, as the Bourbons ordered, but that he was really the American schoolmaster who dwelt in the Carolinas after the fall of Napoleon. His alleged preservation is attributed to the connivance of Wellington.

A wide-awake member of the South Australian Legislature has made a profit of \$75,000 on a shipment of onions to the mines in Western Australia. He probably had had some experience of the wants of people on freshly opened gold fields. His example has been followed by a number of other enterprising traders, and according to late advices there is quite a smell of onions about the famous Coolgardie fields.

By the time Alaska is ready for settlement its resources will probably be much improved, which is far better than to have a great wave of immigration to destroy them. The Siberian reindeer taken to Alaska are increasing rapidly, and this domesticated animal will be an invaluable help to settlers. If the waste of fish and game along the coast could be stopped, the Chicago Herald believes, the big Territory would be in excellent shape.

The famous Berlin professor, Virchow, is a most outspoken opponent of the Darwinian theory as applied on the Continent to the descent of man from a lower order of creature. At the International Anthropological Congress at Innsbruck, of which association he is the veteran President, the New York Observer states that he again poured out his vials of wrath and scorn on the advocates of this theory. He claims that Darwin himself originally abstained from applying his theory to the descent of man, and that only later the ape theory was adopted. "Men might as well have invented a theory of the descent of man from a sheep," continued Virchow. He regards the problem involved as one that can never be scientifically solved.

The Board of Supervisors of the Boston Public Schools has reported in favor of vertical, instead of slant, handwriting. The report states that the adoption of vertical handwriting in a number of European schools has proved to be a remedy for various physical defects, and that it has the endorsement of a number of international hygienic congresses. The Board therefore makes these recommendations: "That vertical penmanship be introduced at once into a certain number of schools designated for that purpose, and that it be permitted in all of the schools. That all pupils, in writing, face the desk so that a line joining the shoulders shall be parallel with the front edge of the desk. That all paper used in teaching writing be ruled with a single line, as for ordinary correspondence."

A Vienna scoundrel named Shapira has been working a green goods swindle on the greedy and credulous of that city with great success. He has improved on the American game very decidedly. His scheme is to sell only genuine notes. Of course the buyers had no trouble in working them off, and soon his wares came into great demand, and he received orders by the score. All meetings for the delivery of the goods were arranged to take place at solitary spots on the frontiers. When the orders were for small amounts, Shapira allowed them to go, as baits for more business, but when the sale was large, the transfer would no sooner be consummated than policemen would appear and arrest the swindlers. The police, who were confederates of the swindlers, would then return the money to the office of the firm. Some of the dupes caught on to the scheme, but they were afraid to complain, as they were criminally connected with the transaction. When rumors of his crooked work reached the ears of the authorities, Shapira absconded. He was arrested recently in Rotterdam.

WHICH?

Which are the hands we love the best, Those that are folded between our own, Or those that move to strange unrest By feathery touch that is 'quicker' than? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Hands caressing, or hands caressed?

Which are the eyes we most adore, Those reflecting our own thoughts, Or those whose gleams our hearts inspire, Whose fire will neither be tamed nor taught? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Eyes adoring or eyes adored?

Which is the heart of hearts we prize, That which awakes with a passionate power, Or that which yields us a sacrifice, Gentle and generous, day and hour? Which, ah, which, do we hold above, Hearts most loving or hearts we love?

—The Century.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.



ATE SOMERS, my old schoolmate and dear friend for years after we entered upon our lives as matrons, invited me to spend the summer with her at Star Point, a little sea-coast village, named from a peculiar conformation of jagged rocky points which stretched into the ocean in the shape of a mammoth.

Kate had lost her husband and only child of contagious fever during the winter, and I was alone during the absence of my liege lord upon a pleasure trip to Germany; so we were desirous of avoiding the crowds at gray watering places, and spending a summer in seclusion and comfort.

Star Point, Kate wrote me in June, after she had been there three weeks, was almost a solitude, where we could see, read, write and chat without fear of intrusive visitors, and where sea air could be enjoyed without the necessity of ten or a dozen changes of dress in one day. So one July morning found us sauntering along the little strip of beach between two high rocks, talking quietly. As we stood looking out upon the water, calm and sunny, rolling in with curling waves, there passed us the prettiest trio I have ever seen.

The central figure was an immense dog, black and shaggy, with long curling hair. Upon each side of him was a golden-haired boy, of three years old, dressed up in a close-fitting suit of scarlet flannel, which left the round white arms and legs bare. The little chubby feet pattered by the side of the great dog, the little hands holding fast to his shaggy black sides, till with a merry about the boys plunged into the water, and swam out as little ducks, sporting in the waves, and evidently at home there, but the great dog watched them constantly, ready to catch either, if the curling golden hair should sink for a moment.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" I cried.

"I knew you would say so," Kate answered. "I have seen them every morning. They live in the cottage you see beyond that great rock, with a young mother as pretty as themselves, and an old man, who I presume is their grandfather."

But the occupants of the cottage were nearer than Kate supposed, for she ceased speaking, a suppressed chuckle behind us made us both look round with a start, to face the pretty young mother and the venerable old man, who said respectfully:

"Beg pardon, ladies, for laughing, but, and a broad grin spread over his whole face, 'those are my boys. This is my wife, Margie.'"

Margie blushed and dropped a courtesy.

"John is so proud of the boys," she said, as if apologizing for her husband's tone.

"Well he may be," I said; "they are beautiful children. Are you not afraid when they are in the water?"

"Oh, no; Rover goes with them always, and they were taught to swim as soon as to walk."

The ladies are wondering, Margie, how you are my wife, and not my daughter," said the old man. "You can tell them while I go down to the nets. I'll bring the ladies in, if the ladies will rest after their walk."

Margie half bashfully led the way to the cottage, and gave us each a seat in the nearest sitting-room. When we were near the house we saw that it was a pleasant sized dwelling, made by throwing two little cottages into one, and the furniture and appointments proved that the occupants were in easy circumstances. With true country hospitality, Margie offered us fruit, cake and milk, and Kate, while eating, delicately led the conversation back to the point where John had left it.

"Well," said Margie, blushing prettily, "John seems always to think that it looks odd for me to be his wife, when I am but twenty-four and he has turned seventy; but nobody that knows him can wonder at it. You see, my father lived in the half of this cottage, when it was two houses, and John Martin, that is my husband, lived in the other half. I was but a bit of a girl when my mother died, and I used to go with father and Uncle John, as I called him then, everywhere. They were both fishermen, as all the men are around here, and both made enough money to live on in comfort. But twice a week we took fish to market at M—, where the train stops, four miles inland."

Kate nodded to signify that she knew the locality mentioned, from which point we had been driven in a cab hired at the town, to Star Point.

"You may have noticed," said Margie, "a large brick house on the right

of the road, just after you leave the town?"

We had both noticed it.

"Here father and Uncle John always stopped to leave fresh fish as we went to town, and I was very often invited to stay all day to play with the children, Anna and Frederick Hall. I must tell you here, that my mother was not from this part of the country, but had lived in Philadelphia, and had come to Star Point for her health the summer she met my father and married him. She had a sister living in Philadelphia, and when I was ten years old, my aunt wrote to father to send me to her for a few years, that I might have an education."

When Mr. Hall heard of this, he made arrangements to send Anna also, and for six years we were at boarding-school in the city, my home being at my aunt's during the holidays. She was very kind to me, and I was very happy, but I was very glad to come home again to father, Uncle John and the sea. I can never tell you how I fretted for the sea. But in the six years that I had been away, father had grown very feeble, depending more and more upon Uncle John, and growing weaker every year.

"So it was that I began to carry the fish to M—, and we started a little cart and pony for the journey to and fro. I was young, and when Fred Hall, who was only five years older, began to smile at me, and find excuses for lingering at the cart, began to bring orders to the cottage for particular fish on days that were not market days, nobody found fault. I was but a poor fisherman's daughter, it is true, and his father was a wealthy manufacturer at M—, but we were all equals in position, for this is a primitive place, and I never knew anything about high and low, or money making one better than another, excepting while I was in Philadelphia.

"But though Fred Hall was young and had been to college, though he never cared for his fair whiskers and bright face as I did for Uncle John's white hair and gentle voice. I never thought of love. I only knew that I was happy with Uncle John, and miserable away from home. I was seventeen when, one morning, I went with Uncle John to fish from a rock we call the Camel's Back fisheries. There were but few who fished there, for it is a dangerous point, though the fish are plenty in the hollow beneath it. You see, it was a high arching rock, and hung over the water, which was very deep directly under it. To pull up a net or a line, one must almost hang over the edge of the rock, and below the water's neck the fish down, so that it requires a strong arm to pull them in."

"Uncle John and I, however, often fished there, though he never allowed me to pull the fish in. But upon this particular day Fred Hall joined us as we were going across the sands, and Uncle John kept a little aloof. He thought we were lovers, and never kept very near me when he fancied Fred was courting. And I did not understand then why this vexed me. On the day it nettled me more than ever, and when I felt that I was being pulled in, instead of calling Uncle John to help me, I leaned over the edge of the rock and tried to land my own fish. For a moment I succeeded in holding the line, then there was a sudden strong jerk, and losing my balance, I went over the Camel's Back into the water. I could swim, but in falling I struck my head against a point of the rock, and lost my consciousness."

"Fred stood still and screamed, but dear Uncle John, never thinking of his own danger, ran round the rock, and, at the base, plunged into the deep water after me. I cannot tell how we escaped, but I was dragged ashore by Uncle John, and Fred had swam enough to run to the house for the pony and cart. It was many days before I could go for fish again, but in those days I know that I loved John Martin, that for his sake I could leave all the world, if it would make him happy. But I knew, too, that he looked upon me as a mere child, his old companion's daughter, and I blushed at my own presumption in thinking he would ever love me."

"I did not know then that John Martin had once been a gentleman of wealth and standing, had traveled in Europe, had studied in foreign colleges; but I did know that he was unlike any of the other fishermen at Star Point, even my own father. He first taught me to speak correctly, avoiding all the provincialisms of the people around us, and he would tell me of sights abroad, that I supposed he had read of, instead of having seen them. Once he told me that a false love, a false friend and sudden loss of worldly wealth had first driven him to Star Point, but that he had found rest and peace here, and hoped to die here. I never asked him any more."

"I was getting well of my injuries, when my father was taken suddenly very ill, and for two years I nursed him, through a gradual decline of his whole system, till he died. When he died there came a resolution into my life beyond even my orphanhood."

"I must leave Star Point. My aunt wrote me to come to her, promising me a loving welcome and a home. Fred Hall, in the face of the approaching separation, asked me to be his wife, but John said nothing. Day after day I lingered, keeping with the woman who had attended to our home after my father's illness required all my time. Day after day I saw John, with his pale, sad face, his tender, subdued manner, and he never spoke the words to keep me beside him."

"With a breaking heart I felt that I must go. The stifling city, the routine of fashionable life at my aunt's, the exile from home and the ocean, all pressed upon me, and Fred urged his suit whenever he could."

"Weary and heart-rick, I went one

day to the Camel's Back to bid farewell to the sea, for I had resolved to go away the next day. I was standing on the edge of the rock, when, looking down, I saw John Martin at the base, sitting upon a rock, his head bowed upon his hands, his whole frame convulsed with deep sobs.

"I knew then he loved me. I cannot tell how I knew it, but I was sure then, as I am now, that he was weeping for me. It took me but a moment to skirt round the rock and stand beside John. I never thought about being unmaidenly or bold. I never remembered that he had not spoken one word of love to me. I only knew that the coming separation was breaking his heart as well as mine. I knelt down beside him, and put my arms about his neck.

"Oh, John," I said, "don't let me go! Keep me with you. I can't leave you. 'Margie, little Margie,' he said, 'I would gladly keep you, if I could.'"

"Then he looked in my face, and said: "'No, no. I am an old fool, dreaming, mad! The child cannot love me.' 'But I do love you,' I said, clinging closer to him, 'and you love me. And now nobody can take me away.'"

"But, Margie," he said, very gravely, "there is but one way you can stay. You must be my wife, or I cannot keep you here."

"I know it, John," I said. "Your wife! To cook for you, sew for you, love you?"

"But Fred Hall?"

"Fred Hall!" I said, contemptuously. "He is nothing to me, John. You are all the world."

"Your aunt?"

"You see," said Margie, laughing and blushing, "I was doing all the courting, but there was a look in John's eyes that told me he was pleading against his own heart, and for my sake, he thought it right to send me away."

"He insisted upon my going to Philadelphia for a year, to test my own heart, and then, when I was homesick and wretched, he came to me."

"He knew then I loved him for all my life, and he loved me, dearer even than he had loved the woman who was false to him in his youth. So we were married, and came to Star Point, to the home where I was born, and where I hope to die."

Here the sound of laughing voices reached us, and looking out, we saw the golden-haired twins, all glowing and dripping, coming over the sands, one astride of the black dog's back, the other upon his father's shoulders. The old man was prancing like a horse, the dog barking and trotting beside him, and the twin boys shouting and laughing till the air rang with their merriment.

We rose to go, thanking Margie for her story, and firmly convinced that there was one woman in the world who, for true love's sake alone, is an old man's darling.—New York News.

Four Feet of Snow in Eight Hours.

"I have seen four feet of snow fall in eight hours," said Conductor Cobb, of the Maine Central, Thursday, "and yet it was so light that you could wade through it just as you can through water."

"It was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains—a sort of frost-like snow that falls in the night, burying everything. Twelve feet away from another man you can just see him, with a sort of halo around him as though somewhere the sun was shining through the storm. In these storms it is impossible to tell direction or distance. One is simply lost when only a short distance from camp."

"In the morning we walked down into town. One man went ahead breaking the snow, which came nearly to his empire, as he moved through it. He would tread until tired, when he would drop to the rear and some one else would lead the procession. As we walked into the valley it grew less, and down below in the town there had been no snow and all the time the sun or the stars had shone. Such a snow goes like the dew—disappears, evaporates."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Remarkable Family.

On a pretty little farm high up among the hills of Calhoun County, Alabama, 1000 feet above the sea, lives a most remarkable family. Their name is Sadler. The family consists of a brother and four sisters, and the youngest has already turned her ninetieth year. The oldest is several years more than a century old. None of them has ever married. The Sadlers were born in the Old Dominion State. In 1831 the family moved to Alabama and Calhoun County, about fifteen miles east of Anniston. Two years later they became possessed of the property on which they now live, and there erected a log house, which domicile they have since inhabited constantly. Years ago the father and mother died, the former at the age of ninety-one, the latter at the age of seventy-five.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.

Coins Dies Destroyed.

Sledge-hammer blows, delivered by special employes of the Mint, on Wednesday destroyed the dies in use during the last year. There were 512 in all, and of these 71 were for double eagles, 97 for eagles, 32 for half eagles, 4 for quarter eagles, 12 for dollar pieces, 21 for half-dollar pieces, 50 for quarter-dollar pieces, 36 for ten-cent pieces, 80 for five-cent pieces, and 108 for one-cent pieces. The dies are steel, and to destroy them it becomes necessary to heat them almost to whiteness. Then they were taken from the fire and placed upon an anvil and two blacksmiths with sledge hammers struck them upon the face.—Philadelphia Times.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

There is No New Woman—Etiquette vs. Cynicism—C. O. D.—The Distinction, Etc., Etc.

New woman? Oh, bless you, she isn't new. Though she's called so, at any rate, She shows just the same as the old ones do, And asks if her hat's on straight.

She's as curious as other women are, And a big hat wears at a play, And she always steps off a trolley car With her face turned the other way.

—New York Press.

SUPERSTITION.

Poet (with MS.)—"What floor is the editorial department?"

Elevator Boy—"Thirtieth."

Poet—"Good day."—Puck.

ETIQUETTE VS. CYNICISM.

Novice—"When a man and a woman become engaged, which one is it proper to congratulate?"

Cynic—"Neither."—Chicago Recorder.

HIS ATTENTION DIVIDED.

Mrs. Jones—"John, you didn't keep your eyes on the preacher all the time."

Mr. Jones—"How could I? I had my umbrella with me."—Life.

THE DISTINCTION.

Teacher—"What is the difference between victuals and viands?"

Scholar—"We have victuals on wash days and viands when we have company."—Detroit Free Press.

A FAMILIAR EXPERIENCE.

Flingvish—"Tell you what, old man, if I'd my life to live over again I'd marry money, wouldn't you?"

Especk (decisively)—"No, sir! Money talks!"—Philadelphia Life.

OH, YES! CERTAINLY!

"Now, you will have to ask papa for his consent," said Miss Willing to her accepted suitor.

"Oh, yes! Certainly!" replied Jack Coy. "Of course! Er—has he a telephone at his office?"—Puck.

C. O. D.

Willie—"Marjorie, you have returned my written proposal marked C. O. D. Tell me, what does it mean?"

Marjorie (blushing)—"Why—why, C. O. D. means, Call on Dad."—Truth.

VANITY.

Maude (at the piano)—"I do hate those finger exercises. I think they're just horrid."

Edith—"Why, I think they're lovely. They do show off one's rings to such advantage, you know."—Boston Transcript.

END IT ALL.

Cholly Champlough—"Miss Coldeal, our friendship has lasted a long time. If I should ask you to marry me will you promise to think it over?"

Miss Coldeal (rising)—"Yes, Mr. Champlough, I should think it was 'er, at once."

A WAY THEY HAVE.

Mrs. Hicks—"Dick was sick all night, and, as a consequence, Mr. Hicks is ill in bed from worry and loss of sleep."

Mrs. Dix—"Where is Dick?"

Mrs. Hicks—"I sent him after the doctor."—Puck.

A SUPERIOR ATTRACTION.

First Small Boy—"Come over and play in this mud-puddle."

Second Small Boy—"Nop; you come over and play in this one."

First Small Boy—"I won't. The water's dirtier in this puddle than it is in yours."—Judge.

HIS IGNORANCE.

A five-year-old, who went to school for the first time, came home at noon, and said to his mother, "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much?"

"Why not, my dear?"

"Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi was."—Philadelphia Life.

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

Whimsious—"I always know that thirteen was an unlucky number! Jollions gave an awfully swell dinner at Del's the other night, and there were just thirteen at table."

Flinstuous—"Well, what happened?"

Whimsious—"What happened? Why, I wasn't invited!"—Life.

THE MYSTERY.

First Depositor—"I suppose there's no telling how the bank's money went?"

Second Depositor—"Oh, yes! That has all been cleared up. There's only one thing that isn't clear, now."

First Depositor—"What is that?"

Second Depositor—"How they came to leave any assets."—Puck.

A FLAUNTING EXPLANATION.

"What do you Western people mean by 'rounding up' cattle?" asked the Boston girl.

And the Chicago girl, who would not admit that she didn't know it all, replied: "Oh, that is a sort of slang term for the fattening of them—of course, that makes them round in outline, you know."—Cincinnati Tribune.

White clothing is cool, because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm, because it absorbs both heat and light.

Iron bedsteads are safe during a thunder storm, because, being good conductors, they keep the electricity from the body.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Arterial blood is red because it has just been purified in the lungs.

The eye is not sensitive to cold because it is so well supplied with blood vessels.

The sea-nettle stings its prey to death by means of a poison secreted in its tentacles.

A recent industrial innovation in Switzerland is the manufacture of floor mosaics from wood pulp.

The Board of Health of Tonkaha, Mich., has ordered the dogs and cats killed belonging to families afflicted with diphtheria.

Action of sea water has so loosened the joints of the aluminum torpedo boat recently built for the French Navy that it is in danger of falling to pieces.

The Secretary of the North Carolina Health Board cites many instances of towns which had been almost uninhabitable from malaria becoming all right when pure water was introduced.

Professor Williams, of Edinburgh, after a period of investigation reports that the danger of tuberculosis spreading among human beings is very much greater from the milk than from the flesh of cows.

One of the balloons recently sent up by French scientists with automatically registered thermometers and barometers reached a height of ten miles, when the thermometer registered 110 degrees below zero.

A German scientist says: "The eye should never be rubbed save with the elbow," meaning that it should never be rubbed at all, for the reason that this most delicate organ should always be handled with the utmost gentleness.

The eyelids close involuntarily when the eye is threatened in order that this organ may be protected. If a man had to think to shut his eyes when something was thrown at them he would be too slow to save the eye from injury.

To prevent the spreading of contagious diseases through the telephone the Paris Faculty of Medicine recommends the use of a specially prepared antiseptic paper. Diphtheria is said to be one of the complaints most easily propagated by telephone.

Iron, through its use for electrical purposes, seems to have developed a new quality, magnetic fatigue. In tests made of transformers lately in London to ascertain the open circuit loss, it has been found that the loss increased steadily for the first 200 days until it reached a fairly constant value of forty per cent. more than at starting.

The rapidity with which certain species of insects move is something truly astonishing. The common house fly is known to make 600 strokes per second with his wings, and the dragon fly 1500. In the case of the fly the 600 strokes causes an advance movement of twenty-seven feet. These are figures on ordinary flight, and it is believed that the fly is capable of increasing both the strokes and advance movement seven-fold.

It is now well established, as a result of the studies of Le Conte, Hunt, Spencer, A. Agassiz and others, that the winds and ocean currents very largely determine the position and shape of circular coral islands, or atolls. In the case of plants, besides the action of gravity and of light, their shape is doubtless influenced by currents of air. And these physical causes have also a potent influence in determining the plantlike shape of fixed animals, like sponges, polyps and all animals when symmetry is radiate.

Russia Has Large Cavalry Forces.

A German paper states that the creation of the new Russian army corps in Poland will lead to the concentration of such masses of cavalry as are found in no other army in the world. In the Government of Warsaw there will be three divisions of cavalry, three regiments of Cossacks, and corresponding batteries of horse artillery. This great mass of cavalry will face the German frontier and have its centre at Warsaw, its right resting on Ploetz and its left on Lublin. It is reported that some time ago secret maneuvers were held in the Government of Wilna to test the possibility of handling such masses of cavalry, with the result that the commander-in-chief expressed an opinion that no troops could stand before them. This may be true, says the German critic, but how can such numbers be marched about any country and fed altogether? Handling them would be an easy matter compared with the commissariat officers' work to provide food.—Chicago Herald.

Care of the Ears.

A prominent physician says that more than half of the ear troubles from which people suffer during the cold weather can be traced to the habit of picking at the ears with the fingernails or hairpins or some other delicate instrument. "Picking" the ears should be washed out with warm water and a little good soap, and thoroughly dried after the operation. If the ears are sensitive a little cotton may be put in before going into the open air, though this is apt to make them even more sensitive. In extremely cold weather before venturing out a good way to clean the ears is to wrap the corner of a towel around the finger, and with a little cold cream carefully wipe out the auricle. It will remove every particle of dust and will really protect the ears from the cold, but it can scarcely be recommended for regular use.—New York World.

ANOTHER SPRING.

If I might see another spring I'd not plant summer flowers and wait I'd have my armoire at once, My leafless pink meadows, My chill-valued snowdrops, cholor jet, My white or azure violet, Leaf-nested primrose; anything To blow at once, not late.

If I might see another spring I'd listen to the daylight birds That build their nests and pale and slag, Nor wait for mateless nightingale; I'd listen to the lusty herds, The ewes with lambs as white as snow, I'd find out music in the hall And all the winds that blow.

If I might see another spring— O'g, stifling comment on my part That all my past results in "If"— If I might see another spring I'd laugh to-day-to-day is brief; I would not wait for anything; I'd use to-day that cannot last— Be glad to-day and ensh.

Christina Rossetti

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Gossip puts two and two together and makes whatever sum it desires.

Cobblers report that business with them is mending.—Hartford Journal.

A man's second love is generally worth more money than his first.—Puck.

In striving to get ahead of others look to it that you do not fall over yourself.—Puck.

When Cupid breaks the ice between two people, he never puts up the danger signal.—Puck.

Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.—Dallas News.

The man who "has his price" will be very careful about showing his cost mark.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They sell water in Cairo." "How interesting! And do they have the milk ticket system, too?"—Puck.

The would-be meddler with "green goods" is reminded of his youthful experiences with the sour apple.—Puck.

The difference between a man and a horse is that the latter never goes on a race track until after he's broke.—Statesman.

The older a man is when he gets married the sooner he commences taking his lunch as noon downtown.—Aitchison Globe.

Fred—"Was that a Boston girl you were talking to a minute ago?" Arthur—"Yes. Didn't you hear me sneezing?"—Life.

A drop of ink may command the attention of hundreds. Particularly if it is on your polished shirt front.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

Weary Waggles—"Dero sev'ral courses I'd like to persoo." Tiredy—"Wot er dey like?" Weary Waggles—"Dinner courses."—Syracuse Post.

"Does your daughter sing?" asked Mrs. Jinglegilt. "No," replied Mrs. Oldfan. "We have taken great pains in educating her not to."—Washington Star.

Customer—"What in the world is that unearthly howling overhead?" Clerk—(smiling)—"There is a painless dentistry establishment upstairs, sir."—Statesman.

Tough—"I want a dozen eggs, an' I wants 'em bad, see?" Grocer—"Go to that grocer across the street. Everything he keeps is bad."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Editor—"In writing up the football game why do you say it was hotly contested?" Reporter—"I don't see how it could be otherwise, when it was played on a gridiron."—Norristown Herald.

"Here," said the new missionary, "here are some tracts and sermons, translated into your native language." "Thanks," yawned the King of Ebyw. "By the way, have you a translation of 'Trilby'?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"This may be justice," said the defeated defendant, "but it strikes me as being a pretty daisy world." "That shows that it is justice," retorted the plaintiff. "One of the most conspicuous features of justice is her scales."—Harper's Bazar.

"It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery," remarked Mr. Figg. "I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that is even faster than Tommy can wear them out."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Queen's Curious Ways.

Madagascar's Queen, according to all accounts, has many curious ways and traits of character. She is always dressed in the latest Parisian style. Her private expenses are met by a fund called the "basins," to which all who come into the presence of her Majesty are required to contribute a five-franc piece. It is the duty of the youngest member of the royal family to present a hat, into which the coin is dropped. Moreover, whenever the Queen travels the inhabitants of all the towns and villages she visits are expected to contribute to the same fund either in money or kind. She is very fond of games, particularly of lotto and billiards, and she flatters herself she can fly a kite higher than anyone of her subjects.—Chicago Herald.

Wood Pulp Tubing.

Tubing made from wood pulp is coming into use for underground purposes, owing to its high electrical resistance and its freedom from the action of earth-return currents which seriously injure gas and water pipes in cities where electric cars use the ground to complete their circuits. It is also free from difficulties due to expansion and contraction.—Chicago Herald.