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**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**

One Square, one inch, one insertion	10¢
One Square, one inch, one month	1.50
One Square, one inch, three months	3.50
One Square, one inch, one year	10.00
Two Squares, one year	15.00
Quarter Column, one year	20.00
Half Column, one year	30.00
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.

"Statewomen" is the correct thing to call the female Australian politician.  
The Japs will before long be a formidable factor among the world's naval powers, predicts the St. Louis Star-Bayings.  
In France it is decided that the makers of bicycles are responsible for damages when an accident occurs through a structural fault in a machine.  
During the last two months of 1894 the number of serious crimes reported in Egypt was 234, as compared with 484 during the same period in 1893. This is regarded as very satisfactory.

It is estimated by some that the present average value of gold bullion is about forty per cent. of its market value. The remaining sixty per cent. is the value given it by demand for use in the arts.  
The Secretary of the North Carolina Board of Health cites numerous cases where neighborhoods almost uninhabitable on account of malaria became healthy when artesian water was substituted for that from streams or surface wells.

The Southern States are dotted with gold properties from one end to the other, avers the Atlanta Constitution. The Virginia-Maryland gold runs in a southeasterly direction through the middle sections of those States and continues its course into North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama into Mexico. This belt covers at least twenty counties in Virginia, and quartz veins exist of immense size in Fauquier, Goodland, Louisa and other counties, quartz taken from veins at different sections showing by fire assay from \$10 to \$1000 gold to the ton. Two years ago six hundred pounds of ore were taken from a vein near Montgomery County, Maryland, near the Virginia border, which yielded \$30,000 gold, this being a pocket. The ore of this vein averaged \$50 to the ton at a total expense not exceeding \$5.

The sod houses in Kansas many of the farmers of Western Kansas bray the blizzards are admirably adapted to the purpose. It should also be said that they are the coolest of dwellings during the heated term. The manner of construction is as follows: "The farmer cuts the slabs of sod for building purposes just as sod is cut for transplanting grass. The buffalo grass indigenous to the Western Kansas country grows like a thick mat of tough herbage. The slabs of this sod, about fifteen by twenty-four inches and four inches thick, hold together with the consistency of felt. They are laid in courses like building stone, and pressed closely together, and the roof is made of timbers and frequently thatched. The inside is then smoothed with the native lime, which makes an excellent plaster. This coat of lime is sometimes applied outside also, but usually these sod houses present a natural dun color like the winter prairie. In some cases the floor is made by excavating a few feet and tramping the ground solid with horses; otherwise a regular wood floor is laid. The window and door frames are fitted as in building stone houses. The sod house contains frequently only one room, but some have two and even three rooms." The sod house lasts about five years.

The students of sociology, and particularly that branch which relates to our foreign immigration, will be interested in a table compiled by William E. Curtis, of the Chicago Record, which shows the proportion of foreign-born citizens of the United States who own the homes in which they live, and the percentage of those homes that are free from incumbrance. The following gives the percentages in fifty-eight cities of more than 50,000 population:

Nationality	Percentage of Owners	Percentage of Homes Free from Incumbrance
Gorman	81.87	61.39
Scandinavian	24.69	35.01
Irish	24.49	68.35
Scottish	25.19	62.90
French	24.59	54.51
English and Welsh	22.44	56.79
Austrian and Hunn	21.83	28.87
English Canadian	19.77	34.51
Prussian and Polish	14.97	43.21
Canadian French	14.87	45.73
Italian	6.28	52.85

The average of ownership for the whole population of the fifty-eight cities is 24.88 per cent. and 61.61 per cent. are free of incumbrance. The average home ownership for natives of the United States in these cities is 24.41 per cent., and 61.89 per cent. are free of incumbrance. It will be noted that the Frenchman are least given to mortgages, and that the Italian, although he seldom owns a home, is accustomed to pay for it.

**TREAS MEMORIES.**

The woodlark stretched its arms to me,  
And into his heart I went,  
While by my side invisibly  
Walked musick-eyed Content.  
The woodlark spoke no word to me,  
But, oh! his thoughts were sweet  
Against my spirit like a sea  
I felt the thought-waves beat.  
Before my vision starved and dull  
The wood shapes dropped their gold;  
The young child trees were beautiful—  
More beautiful the old.  
Within their halls of memory  
What heavenly scenes are drawn—  
The stream, the wild birds' company,  
The sky's cool face at dawn.  
The golden lanes of the sun,  
The rain that feeds its way;  
The twilight steps that one by one  
Lead to the moon's white ray.  
The multitude of bright leaf forms  
Engraved on earth and air;  
The black and gold of midnight storms,  
The blue that violets wear.  
These through the greenwood memories,  
Upon this perfumed track  
The thoughts of all the silent trees  
Go wandering back and back.  
This is the charm that cometh last,  
Of all their sweets the sum—  
The feeling of green summers past,  
And fair green springs to come.  
—Rithely Wetherald, in Harper's Weekly.

"You ought not to be poky. Mr. Clegg told papa you know more about law than he does."  
"But law is a poky subject."  
"Papa said it was you who won the Moleford forgery case."  
"I only did the plodding."  
"Papa says it's the plodding that counts."  
"Maybe so. But anybody can do it who is willing to spend the time. My time is not worth much."  
"How very slow it is!"  
"Yes. We have one case that has been going on for thirty years."  
"I shall be very old in thirty years, sha'n't I?"  
"I don't know."  
He could not imagine her being old. He never remembered that he was old except when he was with her. Then he realized that he was thirty-seven, even by the calendar; in reality he must be about a hundred.  
"We won a case last week that Mr. Clegg inherited from his father. All the people interested in it are dead except one. He is in the insane asylum."  
She sat for a moment gloomily silent.  
"I wish I could understand the Messa case."  
"If you could you would be better informed than any one else."  
"Don't you understand it?"  
"No. Neither does Clegg. Nor anybody. I'd better go now, instead of staying here and making you dismal. I'm always being disagreeable."  
"No, you are not. You only tell me the truth."  
"Telling the truth is the most obnoxious way in which a man can make himself disagreeable as a general thing."  
"Will you not stay and dine? You never stay with us now."  
"Thank you, but there will be company and I am dull. People don't want dullness at dinner."  
Elsie shrugged her shoulders, after an expressive but inelegant fashion she had.  
"They usually get it, whether they want it or not."  
She looked after him as he went out, wondering why he never could be like other people. Then she fell to musing upon the criminal inadequacy of the law. It had been evolving for centuries and was still unable to detect the Messa land case in Will's favor. What a fossilized institution it was! No wonder Barclay was dull.

**BARCLAY'S ROMANCE.**

**A** SUMMER afternoon drowsed lazily over the world. A breeze came faintly up from the south and drifted through the window and rustled the papers on Barclay's desk. Then it died away in an expanse of languor.  
Barclay was deep in the intricacies of a will case. The boys said if he had come into the world and not found some kind of a law case ready for him to plunge into, and a poky one at that, he would immediately have left it in disgust. They also held, with that intolerance of dullness that is characteristic of brilliant youth, that it would have been no special disadvantage if he had. "If I must have been born an oyster," said Lance, "I should prefer to be of the edible variety, that I might get rid of myself in some way, were it only by being eaten."  
Elsie came in to see Mr. Clegg. He was an old friend of her father, and she was privileged to come whenever she liked. Now that the Messa land case was on she found it agreeable to come with some frequency. Should the Messa case be lost Will Arden would have to begin the world again with no more money in his pocket and far less hope in his heart than when he started out ten years ago to make his fortune. Then Elsie would go on dancing at charity balls and seaside hops with partners she hated until she had grown too old to dance even at Mrs. Frump's poky "at homes," and then she would settle down as a spinster aunt and devote the rest of her life to hearing her mother's children say the multiplication table and giving them gruel when they were ill. She wondered if she would ever learn to administer gruel otherwise than experimentally with her youngest sister that small rebel had signified her preference for clear water for bathing purposes.  
Sometimes in her moments of most concentrated woe she fancied something went wrong. She might marry Mr. Grumble. Mr. Grumble wore a wig and had rheumatism when it rained. It rained quite often. Mr. Grumble could not walk even when he had not rheumatism. How divinely Will waltzed! The children might grow out of the gruel and multiplication-table stage, but Mr. Grumble would never grow out of rheumatism and wigs.  
When she came in the clerk rose and bowed with what was intended for exceeding grace, and each was glad that he did not snimper as absurdly as his neighbor.  
Barclay looked up. She smiled when she saw him and disappeared beyond the inner door which concealed that vast repository of legal lore, Clegg, from profane view. Smiled on Barclay! Was there ever anything so preposterous?

The summer day drowsed on until it fell asleep. Barclay folded his papers in his methodical way and put them into the fileholder. Lance said if the building should catch fire Barclay would not approach the door until the papers had been folded in their usual creases and put away, earliest date on top, and fastened up. Then he looked the door and went away. Lance had speculated upon the possibility of Clegg's ever being opened or closed again if Barclay should happen to die. Any one watching him—who that no one ever did watch him; what would have been the use, when there were so many more interesting people in the world to look after?—would have thought what a plodding fellow he was. Why he was so devoid of that electric energy which is the only thing that can transform existence into life?

He turned off the main street into a wide avenue bordered by maples and rang the bell of a handsome stone house. When the door opened he entered and passed through a hall which led to a spacious library panelled in oak and filled with that magnetic charm which only the presence of books can give.  
Elsie came out from a curtained window where she had been reading.  
"I am glad you have come," she said.

He looked at her, thinking how like a lily of the valley she was. She had once given him a cluster of the little white bells, fastening it to his buttonhole, laughing at the idea of his wearing a flower.  
He had worn it to the office; whereupon, after the first moment of petrification consequent upon such an apparition, Lance had rushed out and secured the largest sunflower the market afforded and fastened it to his coat, where it abode like a mammoth gold dinner plate. Hal had adorned himself with a cluster of hollyhocks of unexampled magnificence.  
"But you are never glad, so I cannot expect you to be glad to see me. Sit here where the wind comes in fresh and cool. You must get awfully tired in that poky old office."  
"I am a poky fellow; I don't mind it."  
"But you ought not to be poky. Mr. Clegg told papa you know more about law than he does."  
"But law is a poky subject."  
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In the autumn Barclay took a vacation. He also took away the breath of the office. Barclay had not before had a vacation since he was a grammar-school boy.  
"Next thing," said Hal, "Mount Shasta will apply for leave of absence and go off on a yachting excursion in northern seas."  
The autumn rains were falling on the Pacific slope. A pale-green velvet carpet was being woven over the wide plains. The Pacific summer had begun. Ditches which had by courtesy borne the name of rivers had suddenly put forth legitimate claim to the appellation. Bridges were washed away, trains were delayed and ran on each other's time; a telegram went astray. Thus it happened that the Westward-bound passenger crashed into a freight that was lumbering along to the East, and in an instant became a mass of splintered wood and bent metal.  
When Barclay began to realize himself he was crawling out from under two heavy timbers that had so interfered with each other in falling as to avoid crushing him under their weight. He had always thought the advantage of having few wives was that if they happened to be lost it would not take long to pick them up again. He breathed a few times to see if he could, and in a moment was laid at work tearing away the heavy fragments of the wreck, helping to release those less fortunate than he. One after another he carried out, some groaning with pain and more quond still, having passed forever beyond the world of pain.  
He heard a man's voice calling for help. Putting forth all his strength, he lifted away the heavy pieces of wood from the place whence the sounds came. The man crawled out, stood erect, when he was quite free from his prison and gave utterance to a succession of oaths that struck with grim devilry against the appalling awfulness of the scene. Lying at his feet was a dead woman, her face turned up pathetically towards the stars. There was something fascinating about a man who could give way to a tide of profanity in such a place.  
Barclay followed him a few steps.  
"How can you say such horrible words when you have just escaped so awful a death?"  
"The very reason I can," he replied, gruffly. "If I hadn't escaped I couldn't say them."  
Something in his voice rang familiarly upon Barclay's memory. He followed yet further.

**THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.**

**STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**  
**Bread Comes, But Fle Lingers—Used to It—He Envied Them—Man's Impracticability, Etc., Etc.**  
A man may pray for his daily bread. And get it by and by. But he must hustle for himself in case his loaves for give.  
—Cincinnati Tribune.

**A PARADOX.**  
"I lost my head completely. And then I kissed her!"  
"I don't quite see how you managed it!"—Life.

**MAN'S IMPRACTICABILITY.**  
Husband—"I think you'd better save that money for a rainy day."  
Wife—"But on a rainy day I can't go shopping!"—Puck.

**USED TO IT.**  
Tom—"Didn't the encore unnerved Miss Trotter?"  
Jess—"Not a bit; she is used to having the neighbors pound on the floor when she sings."—Truth.

**HE ENVIED THEM.**  
"Scientists say that there are microbes in kisses," said Miss Kittiah to Mr. Hunker.  
"Happy microbes!" exclaimed the young man, ecstatically.—Life.

**GET TO COME.**  
Inspector (looking at his watch)—"It is time to close the polls."  
Judge (of election)—"Wait a bit. Two of the lady voters haven't been back yet to change their ballots."—Judge.

**THE NEW YOUNG MAN.**  
"Young man," said the female physician, "you are in a bad way; I'll continue to call on you."  
The sufferer looked at her tenderly, and said: "I've no objection, but I would advise you first to see papa."  
**PRUDENCE.**  
"Madame, would you kindly subscribe something for the missions in Africa? The money will be used for the conversion of heathen children."  
"Very well; you may have a few children converted, and send the bill to me!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

**HOW TO SAVE TIME.**  
"Are you doing anything for that cold?" asked Raynor.  
And Shyne handed him a card inscribed as follows:  
"I'm taking the advice of every blamed fool that comes along with a remedy. What's yours?"—Chicago Tribune.

**A HOPELESS CASE.**  
"I wonder why Reggie never married."  
Jack—"He had a love affair when quite young and has never gotten over it."  
May—"Who was the object of his affections?"  
Jack—"Himself."—Philadelphia Life.

**MURDER WILL OUT.**  
The Groom (at the first stopping place)—"It's no use, Clara; we can't hide it from people that we are bride and groom."  
The Bride—"What makes you think so, George, dear?"  
The Groom (dejectedly)—"Why, here the waiter has brought us rice pudding!"

**CEPID HAS AN OPTION.**  
"I have come to ask for your hand, Miss Jackson," said Perkins to the Business Girl of the Period.  
"Well, I'm very sorry, Mr. Perkins, but it is already taken. Mr. Wiltonberry called last evening and I gave him the refusal of it for ten days," replied the fair one. "If he decides not to take it permanently, I shall be pleased to have you renew your offer."  
—Harper's Bazar.

**BEFORE HER TIME.**  
A recently published book on railway systems contains this new version of the old story of an aged lady's first journey by rail. As the train was pitched down an embankment, and she crawled from beneath the wreckage, she asked a passenger, "Is this Stamford?"  
"No, madam," replied the man who was pinned down by a piece of timber. "This is not Stamford; it's a catastrophe!"  
"Oh!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter got off here."—Amusing Journal.

**SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.**

A scientist claims to have discovered the microbe of old age.  
With a preparation of sodium tungstate cloth can be made practically fireproof.  
Babies do not hear well because the bones of the ear are too soft to convey the sensation of sound.  
The line of perpetual snow varies both in latitude and in altitude above the sea all over the globe.  
Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various States and Territories.  
In 1893, for the first time in four years, there was a slight excess of births over deaths in France.  
During all the wire cutting indulged in by sympathizers with the Brooklyn trolley strikers not a single man was shocked.  
Seventy-five horses are used in the anti-diphtheritic laboratory in Berlin, and the supply of the remedy will be about 100 quarts a month.  
A "chaser" that is shot from a rocket, and shoots around the heavens for fully ten minutes, has been invented by a man in Victoria, Australia.

An electric furnace for heating iron strips used in making horseshoe nails has been recently installed in Montreal, Canada. Five feet of strip are heated every minute.  
A German has invented a small house capable of holding four or five persons to be used in diving and working in sunken ships or valuable wreckage of other character.  
Cases of infection have been frequently traced to cuts that have been allowed to spend hours in a sick room, and then go to another house where they have been petted.  
Forge made up in the form of bricks is being tried by the French war office. The bricks are made of hay, oats, and bran in cakes as hard as a board, and can be handled easily.  
The velocity of the wind is continually changing. It varies every second, and while the average velocity may be twenty-three miles an hour, in the course of one minute it will be altered several times.  
Dr. Hermann Weber has presented \$10,000 to the Royal College of Physicians on condition that it is to be used as prizes for the discovery of a cure for consumption. The college accepted the gifts with thanks.

The Philadelphia committee recently appointed to investigate the merits of the "chloride electric storage battery" has recommended the award of the John Scott premium and medal to Clement Payen, the inventor.  
The most important steam-dredging ever done under American auspices was the United States Fish Commission's steamer Albatross, under Alex. Agassiz. The animal life of the Pacific was found to compare poorly with that of the Atlantic.  
According to Lord Kelvin's theory all substances are composed of atoms, and atoms themselves are nothing but "vortex rings"—that is to say mere whirls in the ether—theoretical substance so much finer than matter that it is as near as the scientific imagination can get to nothing at all.

**Ingenious Hot-Air Bath.**  
At St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, an ingenious hot-air bath is now in use for the treatment of sprains, inflamed joints due to gout or rheumatism, and similar affections. It consists of a copper cylinder about three feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, which will hold an arm up to the shoulder or a leg up to the middle of the thigh; it stands on an iron frame, and is heated by gas burners placed underneath, so that the temperature can be raised to 300 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The patient is placed in an arm chair at one end of the cylinder, the limb is introduced, and the joint made airtight by a rubber band. No discomfort is felt up to 250 degrees, until perspiration sets in, when the moisture has a scalding effect, which is relieved by opening the further end of the cylinder and letting the moisture evaporate. A sitting usually lasts forty minutes. The immediate effect is a greatly increased circulation in the part treated, profuse local perspiration, and relief from pain.—New York Sun.

**Climate of the Gulf States.**  
"It would be interesting for some one to compile the weather statistics of the climate averages in the Gulf States and how much warmer in the Northern and Middle than it did some years ago," said A. P. Bowman, of the Emery. "The climate is becoming equalized slowly but surely. I remember twenty years ago visiting New Orleans, and I was told that it had not snowed there for thirty years. It now snows every winter. When I was a boy there was zero weather in Ohio over three months, and usually sleighing all winter. Ten degrees below zero was not considered as very cold. Now there are but few days when the thermometer reaches zero, and snow seldom remains on the ground longer than a week at a time. I am satisfied that the climate of the Middle States is warmer and that of the Southern States colder than it was a quarter of a century ago. In other words, the torrid and frigid zones are becoming narrower."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Largest Plow in the World.**  
Richard Gird, of Ohio, Cal., owns the largest plow in the world. It is eighteen feet high, weighs 35,000 pounds, is run by steam, and will plow fifty acres per day, with a consumption of less than two tons of coal.—New York World.

**A LIFE'S EPILOGUE.**

I turn the tiny key and with a care  
My solitary treasure unsholden.  
I tell their tale, those hoarded locks of hair,  
The shaven-black, the silver-gray, the golden.  
What avails I yon singers, lofty-throned,  
Who voice each mood in life's eternal dream?  
No sweeter love than mine their lips have  
meant.  
They sang their songs—but I have lived my poem.  
—Grant Allen, in Ledger.

**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**  
A bookkeeper is one who borrows but never returns.—Life.  
There is more history to be made than ever was written.—Judge.  
The very safest train to take is the one that immediately follows a disaster.—Puck.  
A curious sociological fact—That the Old Girl frequently develops into the New Woman.—Life.  
Some people know a good thing when they see it, and others think it ought to take notice of them.—Puck.  
It is believed that even the old woman who lived in a shoe insisted on having it several sizes too small.—Puck.  
"See here!" said the cup to the coffee, "your account has been standing long enough. It's about time you settled."—Life.  
"The pleasantest way to take cod-liver oil," says an old gourmand, "is to fatten pigeons with it, and then eat the pigeons."—Tit-Bits.

Little Fredrico, in a dark cellar with his uncle, clinging to him in great fear, said "We ain't afraid, are we, Uncle Tom?"—Judge.  
"To-day brown curls are clustering upon her forehead, bless her!"  
Time flies, twelve hours elapse, and they're clustering on her dresser.—Puck.  
Mr. Park Hill—"Were you aware of the fact that the gentleman who sat beside you at supper was a baron?"  
Mr. Harlem Hites—"No, but I judged from his conversation that he was—barren of ideas."—New York Ledger.  
Attorney—"I have no fears of woman filing all the avenues of public life." Lady—"And why not?"  
Lawyer—"Where is the woman who will claim to be the peer of the modern juryman."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You brought all that beautiful china back with you?" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?"  
"Nothing but the customs laws," replied the smiling young lady, who had just returned from Europe.—Chicago Tribune.  
"I understand," said the masculine gossip, "that the Due de Binklesbeau is to marry Miss Millions." "Well," replied the man who is in the publishing business, "that would be the first financial success due to a catchy title."—Washington Star.  
"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie \$15 a month for looking after me?"  
"No, \$16," said mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it."  
"Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for \$10. You'll save \$6 by it."  
—Harper's Young People.  
Chronicle Grumbler—"Look here! There's no meat in this sandwich." Affable Waiter—"Then why do you call it a sandwich? I am surprised that a gentleman of your condition should commit such a solecism in rhetoric."—Boston Transcript.

"What's the use of all this fuss and worry and questioning about what the men are going to do while their wives are at literary clubs developing their minds? If worst comes to worst the men can stay at home and look after the baby, can't they?"—Frasno Republican.  
"Well, Mrs. Parslow, I suppose you are doing as many other ladies do nowadays, taking lessons on the bicycle?"  
"No, Mr. Johnson, I am not. All the lessons I have had so far have been off the bicycle, but I hope soon to take them on it, as you suggest."—Harper's Bazar.

Timid Guest—"I have a delicate wife, and if I stop at your place I want to be sure there is a good doctor nearby." Aspiring Clerk (briskly)—"You needn't be alarmed, sir. We've got a fine man within call. Why, he has just pulled through six of the toughest cases of smallpox I ever heard of."—Brooklyn Life.  
Son-in-law (to Register)—"I just can't see register the death of a mother-in-law." Register—"When did she die?"  
Son-in-law—"Well, the fact is, she's no just died yet; but the doctor says she's gaine fagie us that grief vera same, and I thocht it might be as well too provide against contingencies."—Household Words.

"The other day I was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'That is the first robin,' said he, 'that I have heard this spring.'"  
—Life.

**Early Use of Copper and Gold.**  
Gold, because it was found pure and fairly tractable, was probably the first metal used by man. Copper, it is true, is found as a metal, but only in one comparatively restricted locality. Occasionally gold fish books have been discovered in graves in New Granada. In mining a tunnel in Canea a gold book was found in 1882 fifty feet under the surface of the ground and beneath what must have once been the bed of a river. Copper fish books have been found in many of the ancient burial mounds of Peru.—Chicago Herald.

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**THE NEW YOUNG MAN.**  
"Young man," said the female physician, "you are in a bad way; I'll continue to call on you."  
The sufferer looked at her tenderly, and said: "I've no objection, but I would advise you first to see papa."  
**PRUDENCE.**  
"Madame, would you kindly subscribe something for the missions in Africa? The money will be used for the conversion of heathen children."  
"Very well; you may have a few children converted, and send the bill to me!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

**HOW TO SAVE TIME.**  
"Are you doing anything for that cold?" asked Raynor.  
And Shyne handed him a card inscribed as follows:  
"I'm taking the advice of every blamed fool that comes along with a remedy. What's yours?"—Chicago Tribune.

**A HOPELESS CASE.**  
"I wonder why Reggie never married."  
Jack—"He had a love affair when quite young and has never gotten over it."  
May—"Who was the object of his affections?"  
Jack—"Himself."—Philadelphia Life.

**MURDER WILL OUT.**  
The Groom (at the first stopping place)—"It's no use, Clara; we can't hide it from people that we are bride and groom."  
The Bride—"What makes you think so, George, dear?"  
The Groom (dejectedly)—"Why, here the waiter has brought us rice pudding!"

**CEPID HAS AN OPTION.**  
"I have come to ask for your hand, Miss Jackson," said Perkins to the Business Girl of the Period.  
"Well, I'm very sorry, Mr. Perkins, but it is already taken. Mr. Wiltonberry called last evening and I gave him the refusal of it for ten days," replied the fair one. "If he decides not to take it permanently, I shall be pleased to have you renew your offer."  
—Harper's Bazar.

**BEFORE HER TIME.**  
A recently published book on railway systems contains this new version of the old story of an aged lady's first journey by rail. As the train was pitched down an embankment, and she crawled from beneath the wreckage, she asked a passenger, "Is this Stamford?"  
"No, madam," replied the man who was pinned down by a piece of timber. "This is not Stamford; it's a catastrophe!"  
"Oh!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter got off here."—Amusing Journal.