

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$8.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$28.00; Two Squares, one year, \$50.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$20.00; Half Column, one year, \$35.00; One Column, one year, \$60.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line for each insertion.

Dairy cows bring more per head than horses nowadays in Missouri.

The Government statistics show that the farmers, despite their lack of money, are really better off than any other class.

It is announced that there is to be a "Woman's Bible," translated under the auspices of some of the leading women of the day.

Atlanta, Ga., has more churches than any city in the South, the Chicago Record estimates, and their seating capacity will accommodate 65,000 people.

The Progressive Engineers' Association, of New York, a colored organization, is going to send one of its members out to Liberia to see what, if any, inducements that country offers for colonization.

Emm Pasha's death, it appears, was due solely to the vanity of a petty African chief, who wished to show his neighbors that he was not afraid to kill a white man. He was hanged for it, all the same.

Besides the rather numerous Chinese, there are probably less than 9000 foreigners in all Japan, though the number may recently have risen above that. What progress has been made, then, is clearly due to the Japanese the Japanese themselves, and not to foreign residents.

A farmer named Waldin discovered that a Burlington, Coda Rapids and Northern Railroad bridge, near Burlington, Iowa, had been burned, and, knowing that the regular passenger train was due in a short time, walked two miles down the track and stopped the train by waving a burning brand. The train carried 100 passengers and much valuable express and baggage matter.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: A list of Western Virginians of remarkable longevity is being published, and cases similar in various parts of the United States are cited as evidence of the lengthening of human life. Nothing could be more fallacious, for most so-called very aged people are unlettered and keep no record of birth or death. This is particularly so with the colored population of the Southern States, among whom centenarians are said to be somewhat common.

"Does slavery survive in England?" asked the London Christian World, and this is its answer: "After reading last Saturday's 'special' number of the Scholemaster on the subject of 'Half-timers,' we find it difficult to answer that question in the negative. An inspector writes: 'I examined a child yesterday who rose at 5.30, worked at a mill, and then walked a couple of miles to examination. This should be stopped. It is cruel.' Another girl of eleven 'rose soon after 5 a. m., and walked through the frost and snow nearly two miles to the mill. Work commenced at 6 and continued till 8.30, when there was an interval of breakfast, the child not leaving the mill. At 9 work again till 12.30—six hours in all—and then dinner at the mill. At 1.30 the child trudged off to school.' How many British children are liable to this sort of experience? Not less than 170,000! Shame on us!" Such facts, comments the New York Observer, are a shame, indeed, to any civilized, not to say to any Christian community.

"The Cuban revolt is a continuous and perpetual thing," remarks the Atlanta Constitution. "Since 1834 the native inhabitants of the island have never been perfectly quiet. When not in open warfare they have made it as unpleasant as possible for the Spaniards in the interior. Between 1834 and 1878 official statistics show that it has cost Spain for re-inforcements sent to Cuba \$200,000,000, and a like amount for property destroyed. In that period 8000 Spanish officers have perished and 200,000 private soldiers—all killed in battle or through disease. More than 18,000 Cubans have been killed in war and 43,000 have been taken prisoners and executed. These are startling figures, but there will be no permanent peace in Cuba under existing conditions. The natives are denied all civil, political and religious liberty. They are excluded from all positions of honor, trust and profit, and they are cruelly oppressed and taxed to death. Naturally, Spain suspects that the Americans sympathize with the Cubans, and this explains her continual insults and outrages in dealing with our merchant vessels. We can never feel secure nor count on peace with Spain until Cuba is independent or under our flag.

THE PLACE CALLED EASY STREET.

Oh! what is the way to Easy street—which turning shall I go? For many a day I've sought the way that no one seems to know. How do you turn—do you keep straight on and get there just the same, or is it the case that you find the place by chance and happy luck? Some say this and some say that, for every one I meet, going it blind or searching to find, is looking for Easy street. Easy street! Easy street! The street so hard to find! No sign boards show the route to go save the ways that lie behind, but fortune's shaft is worth the while, so never know defeat. When the very next turn for you may earn the way to Easy street. From little Quer street through Hard Times Court to the Highway of Success, is the nearest way, I've heard some say, and it is true, I guess. So through Poverty Place my way I trace (with Quer street left behind), but in Hard Times Court the way's cut short—'t is an alley blind. In the Lane of Chance I sometimes glance, but the risk seems all too great. To turn and stray down this winding way and blindly follow fate. So, with courage high, I strive and try, seeking with weary tread, my way to Easy street! My way to Easy street! My way to Easy street! Easy street! Easy street! Where happy mortals dwell. Out of the strife of work-day life and the battles of buy and sell. Wearing good clothes, having no foes, with life's good things replete, Oh, happy fate! to dwell in state, at last, on Easy street! We will all of us live on Easy street when things have gone our way, when fortune and fame shall attend our name and leisure comes to stay. Through the dead achieve we've had our minds the long last year or two; giving us rest to finish the rest of the things we are going to do. With the toll of these struggling days forgot, and in our happiness all complete, No trouble or care will bother us there when we live on Easy street! Easy street! Easy street! Where the skies are always blue, and all of the schemes of our well-loved dreams are ever coming true. We'll live at our ease and do as we please and find that life is sweet. When through tollant pain at last we gain our way to Easy street! —Pack.

JEAN'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

HEY all said it could not be done; that is, all but Jean. She insisted that she could, even though Jack ranged himself on the side of those who called her scheme impracticable and foolish. And Jack was the young fellow, a telegraph operator, to whom she was to be married the next week. When marriage was seriously discussed as the end of their long courtship, it had been suggested that they should either live with Jean's father—Jack's folks being in Connecticut—or take a couple of pleasant furnished rooms until they saw their way to go to housekeeping. Then it was that Jean gave the first curious proof of her woman's impracticability. "No," she said, "I want to go to housekeeping as soon as we are married." "So do I," said Jack, "but how are we to manage it? Setting up housekeeping means turning your rooms into a kitchen." "No, I don't mean that sort of makeshift housekeeping," interrupted Jean. "I mean taking a small flat, furnishing it, and beginning life as housekeepers on our own account." Jack laughed rather unceasingly. "It's all very well to talk of furnishing," he said, "but you know very well, Jean, I haven't any money for furnishing a flat, and I'm sure you haven't." "Well, I don't know about that," said Jean. "You keep what little you've got saved up, Jack, and add to it as much as you can, dear. I'll furnish the flat." "Yes," said Jack, "I've got \$100 saved up, and with \$100 I'll furnish a flat of four rooms—parlor, bedroom, dining room and kitchen—and I'll furnish it so nicely that we'll neither of us be ashamed to ask our friends to visit us in it." At this Jack burst out laughing, and thought it was so good a joke that he told the old folks, and they had great sport at Jean's expense. "That's all right," said Jean. "I don't read the newspaper advertisements and look into store windows and visit bargain counters for nothing. I want to tell you folks that right here in New York you can furnish four rooms comfortably, nicely and neatly for \$100." "Yes," said her mother, "with a lot of second-hand stuff." "No," replied Jean, "I mean with all new—good material; and without especially hunting for bargains, either." "Well, now, look here, my girl," said her father, "maybe you're right, maybe you're wrong. Certain it is that things are wonderfully cheap nowadays, but \$100—my, but that's a small sum to do anything with in New York. Now, see here, Jean, I'll tell you what I'll do. You go ahead, pick out your four-room flat with Jack, and then if you furnish it for \$100 so that it looks neither poor nor cheap, why, I'll give you another hundred dollars, just to cultivate home talent, on the presentation of a receipted bill for every article in the apartment." "I'll do it," said Jean, stoutly, "and, more than that, I'll do it in three days, and I won't ask a cent's worth of assistance or advice from any of you—not even of Jack." That was on Sunday. The flat was found by Wednesday afternoon, and they saw very little of Jean for the next three days. She was very quiet and very tired each evening, but her mother took charge of her simple trousseau so as to give her some resting time, and on Saturday evening when they had all sat down to tea Jean said very quietly that she should be very glad if they would go over with her to Fifteenth street to see her house. They said that she was rather nervous, and so spoke of other things as they walked over from Sixth avenue. When they reached the flat house, Jean, who knew the value of effect, asked the janitor if he would light up for her before she took her people up stairs, and the janitor, who had been taken largely into her confidence, and was not a bit like most janitors, willingly ran ahead to attend to the illumination. It had been a week's hard work of finding and fitting for Jean, but she was amply repaid when she saw the look of surprise which the folks wore when they walked into her parlor, grow into one of wonder as they passed into the bedroom, and deepen into one of amazement as they saw the dining room and kitchen. "Well, I must say it beats me," said Jean's mother, while her father pulled hard at his cigar and felt for the check in his vest pocket as he walked from room to room, and Jack gave her a long fight before she fell, and said he always knew she was a wonder. "Now, then, my girl," said her father, when they had made the grand tour, "tell us how you did it all." So Jean took them to the parlor, and while the others sat down she moved around, pointing out each thing, showing man fashion. "Those curtains," she began, "are, of course, imitation Nottingham, but the pattern is copied from the real article and they are good enough to begin with. The two pairs cost \$3, and the poles and rings, which I put up myself from the janitor's step-ladder, cost twenty-five cents a set. This bookcase, oak with movable shelves, cost \$2; the books are mine and the drapery is from an old crepe neckerchief. That table in the centre cost \$2.45, without the work basket, of course, which used to be yours, mother. The smaller two of those three pictures, which are imitation etchings in real white frames, cost thirty-nine cents apiece; while the larger ones, which is a good photograph of a masterpiece, cost sixty-nine cents, polished oak frame and all. The three rollers which you are sitting in, one plush seated, one with a cobbler's seat, and the other a Shaker pattern, cost just \$7, and the draperies are my fiasco. The two-cane bottom chairs cost ninety-eight cents apiece. The ornaments on the cabinet mantlepiece, imitation Venetian glass and imitation Japanese vases, made, I believe, in Birmingham, cost \$1.01. As to the matting table, I will tell you now that it took sixty yards to cover the three rooms and the bath-room, with several scraps left over. In the parlor and bedroom I used a forty-yard roll, which cost me \$3.57, while the dining room took one twenty-yard roll, which cost \$2. The reason why I put the better matting in the dining room is because I knew 'he thin matting would pull up with the rolling of the table and pushing of heavy chairs over it. Besides which, you see, I have covered a good deal of the matting here—which is cotton warp, mind you—with these two Japanese rugs which I got at a bargain at \$1.98, and this heart-thing, which is not the real thing, of course, but which looks real, and cost me just \$1.61. The portieres between the bedroom and parlor cost \$3.25, although I could have got a pair without the fringe for \$2.97. And now, pray what do you think of my parlor?" "Very pretty, fresh looking, and nice," said her mother. "Good enough for me," said her father. "Jack, without so much as by your leave, gave her another lung." "Now, then, the bedroom," said Jean, drawing aside the portieres. "First I thought I would get an oak set, but when I saw there was running water here and that the washstand would not be needed I very gladly changed my mind and bought this white iron bed with brass trimmings for \$5.98, which included the spring mattress. The fire mattress cost \$3.48. The blankets (Saxony) I picked up for 98 cents. The sheets and pillow cases—and see, mother, there are four more of each in the closet here—I bought for \$3.02 for the half dozen of each. My towels, one dozen, cost \$1.10. These two chairs cost 69 cents apiece. The bureau cost \$6.65, and the mirror is good American French plate, with real antique rings to the drawers of the very latest design. These two rugs cost 84 cents, and this table with the sprightly legs cost 69 cents. Oh, the cotterpane cost 95 cents, and you know Aunt Françoise paid me her crazy quilt for 'dross-up.' "My dining room nearly broke my heart," said Jean, leading the way to that apartment. "I thought sure I should have to go beyond my limit. However, by dint of following up certain newspaper leads, running my feet off, and by a happy thought I managed it." The clever young woman had had the table set with a light luncheon, and it was while sitting down to this that the rest of the inventory was gone over. "This table, which has three other leaves to it, I would have you know," said Jean, "cost me \$7.90. The four chairs in which we are seated cost me \$2.10, real Cordova leather from Philadelphia, and all. These tumblers only cost seventy-five cents a dozen, and there are plenty that are cheaper, only I do like a thin glass to drink out of, and I know you all do. I got two damask table cloths for \$1.40, and one dozen napkins, quite fair ones, only they're a little stiff, you know, for ninety-nine cents, one of those cunning prices where you just miss the dollar. Spoons I had. For crockery I bought a very neat porcelain tea set for \$5.46, and I added six dinner plates, six soup plates, two platters and two vegetable dishes for \$4.48. I was in despair over a sideboard till I recollected that there was another cabinet mantlepiece here, so I determined to make that do, together with a plain table, which cost me \$1.25—that one over there with the red cloth on it I mean, the cloth, I should tell you, costing just thirty cents." "By the way, Jean," said Jack, "who laid your matting?" "The janitor and I," said Jean, proudly. "I paid him a dollar for helping me, and gave his wife an old dress to pay for the tacks. My kitchen, as you see, is very simply furnished, and I intend to keep it so. The stove cost \$4, utensils \$5.54, and the table and chair just \$2. Fortunately, there are stationary washtubs, and, as the floor is painted, I don't see any need to cover it, and," concluded Jean, with a whimsical smile, "I don't know that I should have been able to, even if I had wanted to. And so, dad, there's my \$100; now where's yours?" "Well, I must say, my girl," said her father, "you've done wonders. But a bargain's a bargain, you know. Let's see the receipted bills first." "Here they are," said Jean, bringing out a bundle of papers, very much thumbed and very much covered with calculations in irregular pencil figures. So down they sat again, and when the old man had called out each item and Jack had set it down, they made up the following summary: Parlor.....\$23.64 Bedroom.....24.62 Dining room.....39.83 Kitchen.....11.57 Matting and laying.....6.57 Portieres between parlor and bedroom.....9.25 Just as they were about to cast up the addition Jean's mother came in from the kitchen with a look of mischief upon her face. "The landlord has provided wash-tubs, she said, but I don't see that he has put in a refrigerator." "At that Jean turned pale, and she began to tremble a little. "Oh dear, oh dear," she cried. "I do declare I forgot the refrigerator." And when she saw failure before her, and knew she was wrecked in her pit, she laid her head on Jack's shoulder quite distressfully. But her father came bravely to her rescue. "Hold hard a minute," he cried, "you're all right, Jean. You've made a mistake here. You've only spent \$99.99 and I'll sell you our old refrigerator for a cent and be glad to get anything for it." And then he added this item: One refrigerator......51 Total for furnishing four rooms and bath.....\$100.00 "Well for sure," he said, "that \$100 has gone further than any hundred I ever heard of. But the best of it is," he added, "that anybody in New York can do the same thing. Here's your other hundred, Jean."—New York Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Love's Paradox—In a "Quick Lunch" Room—Carried Off—A Doubled Burden, Etc., Etc. He said, "good-by," and kissed me. "Good-by!" the cruel word. Pierced my fond heart as with the thrust Of a two-edged sword! My loving heart, and tender: How could it bear the pain? Yet—he kissed me! Oh! I wish he'd come And say "Good-by" again! —E. J. Mott. A SUPERFLUITY. Mother—"Your pen-wiper has never been used at all." Little Johnny—"Don't need it. My new pants is black."—Good News. A DOUBLED BURDEN. "Hupkepe more than shows his years." "Yes; he has to carry part of his wife's. She still sticks to thirty." CARRIED OFF. Friend—"What have you done with that terrible fierce dog you paid so much for? The one that would tear any one to bits?" Owner—"He was stolen."—Pack. IN A "QUICK LUNCH" ROOM. Waiter—"Did you get everything you ordered?" Patron—"Well, no. I muffed that apple-dumpling."—Detroit Free Press. A REWARD FOR THE GRINDER. "Papa gave me two pennies to put in the plate in church." "Do you know who those pennies were for?" "Course I do; for the organ man. I heard the music."—Life. TRADE SECRET. "Seems to me you have put an unusual amount of smoke in this fire scene," mildly complained the editor. "Had to do it," said the artist. "I hadn't any idea how high the building was, so I had to hide it. See?"—Cincinnati Tribune. WHAT HE ALWAYS MEANS. "There is one satisfaction," said the fin de siècle girl, "in being the recipient of attentions from a titled foreigner." "What is that?" "You know that when he proposes he means business."—Washington Star. A BAD INFIRMITY. O'Brien—"Poor Doherty! He's so short-sighted he's bound to work himself to death." O'Grady—"Phwat has been' short-sighted to do with it?" O'Brien—"Who, he can't see when the boss ain't lookin', an' 's he to keep shovelin' away all the time!—Pack. RESIGNATION. "Maria," said Mr. Meekins, "is my hat on straight?" "Why, Henry! What do you mean?" "Well, I'm just gettin' into trainin'. So long as you're deal set on being the coming woman, I thought I might as well try my hand at being the coming man."—Washington Star. COVERING EVERY POINT. Caller—"Is your sister in, my little man?" Willie Wise—"She said if Mr. Sweet came, tell him she was sick; if Mr. Rush came, to say she was not in, and if it was Mr. Earl to say she was out with Mr. Sweet. She said she'd give me a nickel if I got it right. I don't know which you are, mister, but you bet I'm goin' to get that nickel."—Pittsburg Post. WHY HE HATED. Gas de Smith—"California is a perfect paradise. I'm an enthusiast on the subject of California. I dream of California at nights. I could write poems about its grand scenery." Pete Amsterdam—"Were you ever there?" De Smith—"No, but the girl I am going to marry has most of her money invested in California mining stock."—Texas Sittings. CHANGEMASTER'S VALUE. "Bendible wants to sell his house." "Yes, how much does he want for it?" "He told one inquirer to-day that it was worth \$10,000 at least." "Little enough for it." "Ten minutes later he told another inquirer that its value wasn't more than \$1000 at the outside." "Is Bendible crazy?" "No. The second inquirer was the tax assessor."—Browning's Monthly. ABSENT MINDED. There is an Illinois Congressman who is a trifle absent minded. His friends tell a story about him which exasperates him so that he has threatened to kill the very next person who repeats it. That only proves that it is true, you know. However, this is the story. The Congressman was walking along a Chicago street one day with a friend, when he was stopped by a beggar. The Congressman—you know how tender-hearted Congressmen are—went down into his pocket. He looked at the beggar sympathetically as he handed him a half dollar. "How long have you been dumb?" he asked. "Twenty years," said the beggar. "Dear me, dear me!" murmured the Congressman, as he walked on. "Isn't that dreadful! Dumb twenty years." And then the point dawned on him. —Washington Post.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

England reports fireproof celluloid. Krupp claims to have invented a machine that will roll iron so thin that it takes 1800 sheets to make an inch. M. Bay, a Persian, is the inventor of a new sort of ornamental glass, which closely resembles hoar frost on glass in the feathery forms upon it. The new English torpedo boat recently made a nine-hour trip during which she averaged the remarkable speed of twenty-eight knots an hour. There is talk of disinfecting all the wells in Somerset House, London, because many of them were drawn up and executed in chambers of contagious diseases. Professor Gilbert, the geologist, has come to the conclusion that the huge hole in the ground known as the Diablo Canon, in Arizona, marks the place where a large meteor once struck the ground. According to Nature, the old idea that the wood-pecker transfuses its prey with its sharp-tipped tongue, is again denied by Prevot, who states that the insects adhere to its tongue by the sticky secretion which thickly covers it. Mortuary tables show that the average duration of the life of woman in European countries is something less than that of man. Notwithstanding this fact, of the list of centenarians collected by the British association, a fraction over two-thirds were women. W. D. Dale, of Danmar, Cal., has invented a revolving locomotive headlight that will turn on curves. He attaches his gearing to the front trucks and as they turn on the track the headlight turns. It is expected that the invention will prove very valuable. Dangers of ballooning are to be mitigated by the invention of a Frenchman which provides for the equipment of a cylinder of membrane to the car, so arranged that by the pressure of a button it may be automatically inflated with air in the event of the balloon falling into the sea. Experiments were recently made near Aurillac of the penetration of the Lebel rifle against a bank of snow. Walls from three to six meters thick were built, and from a distance of fifty-five yards the bullet stopped in every case at a penetration of five feet six inches. The striking velocity was 2035 feet per second. Incandescent electric light is the least harmful to the eyes of all artificial lights, says Dr. Trousseau, surgeon of the Paris Quinze Vingt Eye Hospital. Next comes the light given by kerosene lamps, which is good for ordinary purposes. He condemns as injurious the light of oil, and particularly by candles, and considers the gas jet the most hurtful of all. To Pronounce His Name. William A. Jones, editor of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Post, recently addressed a letter to M. Faure, President of France, asking how his name was pronounced in English, as thousands of Americans were desirous of the information. A reply in French has been received from M. Bloure, chief Private Secretary of President Faure, containing the first authoritative pronunciation ever given to the United States. The Post prints a fac-simile of the French letter, a translation of which is as follows: "Presidency of the Republic.—Paris, 19th of February, 1895.—Sir: In response to the desire you express in your letter of the 17th of this month, I have the honor to inform you that the exact pronunciation of the name of the President of the Republic is as follows: "Felix should be pronounced Fel, as in fellow. Ix as in Ixon. "Faure exactly like the word for. "Accept, sir, the expression of my distinguished consideration." Alabaster a Limestone. Alabaster is a fine-grained, whitish limestone. There are two kinds—gypsum alabaster, which is firmer in grain. The latter, which is used for sculpturing large objects, such as columns and chimney-pieces, is sometimes called Oriental alabaster. The name alabaster is now generally given only to the gypsum kind, which is carved into vases, statuettes, boxes and small ornaments. No preparation is necessary when carving alabaster. When first taken from the ground it is so soft that it may be indented with the finger-nail, and it is cut and chiseled with great ease for weeks afterward. It never gets as hard as marble. —New York Dispatch. A Baseball Crank. A prosperous Philadelphia banker was noticed by several friends a few days ago on a suburban train deeply absorbed in a large table of figures in a newspaper. Every now and then the banker made some memoranda in a small note book, a circumstance which led the waiters to believe some important financial deal was in progress. Finally, one more interested than the others approached the financier and begged to be let into the secret of the figures. With a smile the banker handed over the mysterious table, which proved to be the league baseball schedule for the year. —Chicago Times-Herald. A Fad of the East. One of the fads of the East of Russia is the study of electricity. He is intensely interested in everything pertaining to electrical science, and reads eagerly descriptions of the latest experiments and appliances in that line of endeavor. He is said to have made several ingenious contrivances himself in the simpler lines of electrical manipulation. —Detroit Free Press.

ADVICE IS CHEAP.

"Get up, young man," the poet wrote, "And breathe the air so sweet; Put on your light spring overcoat And walk before you out; With lambskins in the early morn, Go sport upon the green!" Next day the poet forlorn Arose at ten-fifteen. It is an easy job to give Advice—we all can teach— But such an awkward thing to live And practice what we preach! Of kindly precept none have lacked So far as I have seen; But words by good example backed Are few and far between. The country stands in need of those Who do as Enoch did, And while their weary jaws repose Walk right side up and did. The mad, discordant, surging throng That treads the pavement bleak— Such men do more to crush out wrong Than one who simply talks. We leave too much of youth to noise, Too great a waste of breath. This life is robbed of half its joys, And talked almost to death; If more would bravely do and dare The land of heavenly bliss Would have a few recruits to spare From those who die in this. —Nehemah State Journal. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Strained relations—Stories long drawn out.—Pack. Do not try to push your rival off the earth.—Galveston News. A great many people are in such a hurry that they have no time to live.—Texas Sittings. We have never met a pessimist to whom the bright side of a dollar seemed dark.—Pack. "Oh, John! the baby's swallowed your lute key!" "Oh, that's all right. I can climb in the window."—Life. As the business men and sedate citizens enter politics the brass band and torchlight procession move out.—Washington Post. A New Albany (Ind.) woman kissed her pug dog in preference to her husband. Some men are born lucky.—Norristown Herald. So many fool schemes are suggested every year that the proper way to remember a legislature is by what it hasn't done.—Boston Globe. Though time writes no wrinkle on the ocean's azure brow it writes scores of wrinkles on every other brow in reach.—Philadelphia Inquirer. The Napoleonic craze has reached the boarding houses, and the laudably nearly always offers her guests the bony part.—Florida Times-Union. Kind words are more than coronets. No doubt of it, and still Gold cash is better than them both. To pay a bill. —Detroit Free Press. Mrs. Brownstone—"I think Mary's music professor has a beautiful touch." Mr. Brownstone—"I should say he had! Seven dollars a lesson."—New York World. When the clergyman remarked that there was a nave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred. Judge (to prisoner)—"Your statement does not agree with the evidence of the last witness." Prisoner—"I don't wonder; he's a bigger liar than I am."—London Tid-Bits. Ho—"That's Mrs. Grimshaw, who lectures on bimetalism. I've heard her. How exasperatingly clever she means to be!" She—"Yes, but how consolingly ugly!"—Punch. The antique Roman, who fell on his sword made a much better historical figure than the modern militiaman who tripped with the same weapon twisted between his legs.—Pack. The perambulator is all right for the baby; but, after the baby stage of existence is passed, one cannot hope for success who depends upon others to push him ahead.—Boston Transcript. Jack—"Madge has beautiful hair, hasn't she?" Nell—"Yes; she gets that from her mother." Jack—"I didn't know her mother had hair of that color." Nell—"Oh, yes! She has all kinds in her store."—Philadelphia Record. "Shakespeare was a great writer," admitted the principal of the Plunkville Commercial College, "but how much better writing he could have done had he taken a course in our department of ornamental penmanship."—Rockland (Me.) Tribune. The older we grow the more suspicious we get. When we are young and the looking-glass says we are pretty we believe it implicitly, but later along we incline to think that the glass is losing its reputation for accuracy.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune. Stopped for Twelve Hours. The Buffalo papers of April 1, 1848, published a wonderful story to the effect that the waters on the American side of Niagara Falls had ceased to flow for an entire day. It was supposed to be a hoax, but was afterward proved correct. The phenomenon was caused by the ice in the river becoming jammed against the islands so that an enormous dam was formed, and the water was held back for more than twelve hours. The fact is attested by many witnesses. A Diamond With Amethyst Setting. A lapidary in London found a tiny amethyst included in the very center of a nine-carat diamond which he had been employed to cut. There is no record of any such thing having previously happened in the history of diamond cutting.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HELMET OF JERUSALEM'S CONQUEROR.

In the Doctor Abbott case of Egyptian antiquities, in the museum of the New York Historical Society, is preserved the iron helmet of Shishak, who took Jerusalem from Rehoboam 900 years B. C.—Chicago Times-Herald.