

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

We pay a million a year for imported potatoes.

They are going to erect a monument in New England to the memory of the man who discovered the Baldwin apple.

New York schoolmasters are urging that children be taught vertical handwriting, as it encourages them to sit up straight while writing.

Michigan people will have a chance to vote on a Constitutional amendment limiting the right of suffrage to those able to read and write.

It is noted in England that Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour and Lord Elgin, as well as Mr. Rhodes, who between them rule the British Empire, are all men under fifty years of age.

The belt line tunnel just opened under Baltimore was undertaken in order to avoid the transferring of trains across the Patapsco River. It is seven and a half miles long, being one of the longest soft earth tunnels ever driven.

Gladstone is a believer in the theory that a man can do better mental work every year to extreme old age if he takes care of his body. He claims that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body loses vitality, and that it is only disease of the latter that can prevent an intellectual progress that will go on to the end. He is certainly a good illustration of his working theory, observes the Argonaut.

The New York State Forestry Commission has recently made provision for a State park of some 30,000 acres in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. It will be situated in a very beautiful region in the vicinity of Slide Mountain, the highest peak of the entire Catskill range. This is a very populous region and may readily be reached by the local railroad. The announcement will doubtless be received with great pleasure by the many thousands who make this region their summer home, thinks the Chicago Times-Herald.

There is great excitement in England over the discovery that Birmingham metal manufacturers have been engaged in making idols for export to the heathen subjects of the Queen of India. No doubt English enterprise and skill can turn out a superior, as well as cheaper, article than native workers in metal can make. But it seems to the Boston Cultivator a strange thing for a professedly Christian Nation to thus aid and abet idolaters in their devotions. Perhaps the fact that money is made thereby will cover the sin. It is money rather than anything else that serves as an idol to millions who little suspect themselves of idolatry.

The use of the bicycle is spreading. The Rev. Henry Fabrik, a missionary of the American Board in Bombay, writes to the New York Independent that his touring has been much facilitated by a bicycle, which he was enabled to purchase through the kindness of friends in America. Whole villages turn out to see the "foot carriage." Some are much astonished at the speed of the machine. Others think he ought to go much faster, and frequently, while going along quietly, men say: "Now, brace up; let us see what you can do." He is frequently asked whether the propelling power comes from his feet or his hands. Wherever he goes he finds plenty of people willing to come and listen to his preaching if they can only catch a glimpse of the horse that needs neither grass nor grain.

The center of our population in 1790 was about twenty-three miles east of Baltimore; in 1810, about forty miles northwest of Washington; in 1820, about sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va.; in 1830, about nineteen miles southwest of Moorefield, W. Va.; in 1840, sixteen miles south of Clarkburg, W. Va.; in 1850, twenty-three miles south of Parkersburg, W. Va.; in 1860, twenty miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio; in 1870, forty-eight miles east of Cincinnati; in 1880, eight miles west of Cincinnati; in 1890, twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this march is the directness of its westerly progress. In the full century it has not varied half a degree from a due west direction or gone north or south of a belt about twenty-five miles broad. Yet in this century it has moved across more than nine meridians, or a distance of 553 miles westward. In comparison with the center of population we may note the center of area, which, excluding Alaska, is in the northern part of Kansas.

A SONG OF LOVETIME.

Here's a song of lovetime,
All the world is light,
There's a ripple on the river,
And sun and stars are bright.
Here's a song of lovetime,
All the world is sweet,
Rainbows round the heavens—
Flowers at your feet!
Here's a song of lovetime,
Sorrow in eclipse;
Little children climbing
To the mother's leaning lip.
Here's a song of lovetime,
Chorus of the birds,
And just the sweetest music
To the sweetest human word!
Here's a song of lovetime—
Ended all the strife,
And a heaven that is beaming
With a sweet, eternal life!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

HE carriage was going at a terrific pace. The horses, unusually excited by the white wine that had been poured over their coats, dashed through the air which whistled past their ears. Their hoofs resounded loudly on the hard frozen road. The two carriage lanterns shone in the night like the glowing eyes of some huge, prehistoric monster.

The mad, furious course in the darkness had something strange about it, and all the more so, perhaps, that it was taking place in the snow-covered terrible year when the Germans were in Alsace.

The carriage, like a vessel in distress on a raging sea, oscillated from left to right and from right to left.

When the vehicle, which had been flying down the slopes of Ottrot, raced through the village, passing like an express train the houses with their little low roofs, on which the moon cast a silvery light, the good women, suddenly frightened, made the sign of the cross with a trembling of the knees and a whispered prayer.

"Mon Dieu! What is going to become of us?" The children crouched terrified against the knees of the older persons. Everywhere there was a sense of depression and evil presentment and—a characteristic sign of general terror—the fires in the huge, white stoves were allowed to sink low and go out, for no one thought of keeping them alive.

The fact was the Prussians, for several weeks past, had been cruelly ravaging the country.

The flying carriage contained some German officers, who were the bearers of secret orders to St. "Faster, faster," they cried, whipping up the poor horses, which were already breathing fire and smoke out of their nostrils. The wretched driver, terrified, obeyed mechanically.

"Tonnerre!" he growled, "my horses will die when they reach their stable if they do not break their necks going round one of these steep curves!" And the strokes of the whip redoubled and the dizzy course became still more reckless.

The trees seemed to fly past. Nature herself protested against the wild, headlong career, for at that moment the moon hid her face behind a cloud, as if she did not wish to be a witness to the scene. And still they flew onward.

That afternoon the enemy had taken possession of the village of Ottrot, and, as their custom was, had installed themselves in the people's houses.

Four superior officers were domiciled with the Mayor. They sat there in the middle of his best drawing room, talking loudly in their guttural jargon and smoking their long pipes of porcelain while they dried their boots at the hot fire blazing in the grate.

Their unwilling host, a tall old man with a white beard, served them with drinks as graciously as he could. His eye passed slyly from one to the other, his venerable head shaking melancholy, as if to say: "It is the right of the strongest, what can one do against a hundred?"

Perhaps his mind was dwelling on the past. Perhaps he was looking forward to revenge. Thinking, it may be, of the time when his countrymen, by one of those spontaneous movements that the French alone are capable of, would be victorious offering mercy to these very officers, his guests.

He raised his white head in a gesture of defiance and his eyes shot fires. He seemed to have grown twenty years younger, and this transfiguration was evidence of his tremendous internal agitation.

He was recalled to the present by a gentle knock at the door and almost immediately afterwards he saw in the porch the tall, powerful frame of Lux, who was the foreman of the Mayor's servants and a modern Hercules. He was as big as a deer and strong as an ox, and could break a man between his fingers as he would break an egg-shell.

The neck of a bull rose out of a flannel shirt, carefully fastened across the throat by a cotton necktie. He was a man terrible in anger, but in repose gentle as a lamb and as docile.

"What is the matter?" another officer wants to quarrel himself upon us here. Shall I strangle him?" These words coming from such lips made one shudder.

bring worse upon us. Let him in; he probably wishes to speak with his colleagues."

Lux did as his master told him, much against his inclination. It would have given him such a huge amount of pleasure to twist one of those German necks with his great sinewy fingers.

The new arrival burst into the drawing room. The four Prussian officers rose at once, in a body, and saluted with great respect the stranger who had come to disturb their peace.

"Be seated and let us talk," said the new arrival in German, and in a voice of command.

"You will set out at once," he said, "and take this sealed message to the Prince of X—, at S—, and draw out of the pocket of his long military cloak, white with snow, a large, white envelope, and handed it to one of the officers.

"To all four of you, and place yourselves at the disposition of the Prince. Further orders will be given to each of you later. You must get horses, and carriage and start at once! Is it understood? Then hasten!"

Then, turning to the host, he said in French: "Please accommodate these gentlemen with a carriage and two fresh horses. General's orders!"

Lux, who had remained standing at the door during this scene, anticipated his master's reply.

"It is well, monsieur l'officier, you shall be accommodated as you desire!" He spoke in a peculiar tone of voice. Only his master, however, noticed it.

A mad thought had been born in his brain, something superhuman, preposterous. Any one who could have read it in his mind would have been shocked, terror-stricken!

While a farm hand harnessed the horses to the carriage Lux put a saddle animal which he loved and cared for himself with his own hands.

He spoke to it as he spoke to a friend, and the noble creature seemed to understand. When Lux mounted into the saddle he was trembling with joy.

A mysterious dialogue seemed to commence between the man and the horse, which, suddenly sending the sparks flying from beneath its four feet, vanished into the darkness like a phantom.

Barka, like some great mythological creature with wings, devoured space. Her fine, nervous legs hardly seemed to touch the earth, and Lux kept her going at her utmost speed.

At length they stopped. Barka was white with foam and Lux covered her with his cloak. He did not feel the cold, for the awful thought in his mind kept his whole body warm and tingling.

"It is yonder," he said to himself in a deep-voiced growl, "it is there that they are to perish."

At this point the road made a sudden turn, and apparently came to an abrupt end. As a matter of fact, however, it did not terminate, but continued in a steep, terrible slope.

On the right was a dark, mysterious wood, and on the left a deep and dizzy precipice such as are often seen by mountaineers.

Children were afraid to pass it by. The Gulf of Death, as it was called, had its legend. The old folk said that it was within its gloomy depths the monsters lived that ravaged the country at night.

"If my calculations are correct," said Lux in a low voice, "they will be here in ten minutes."

He tied Barka to a tree stem on the border of the wood, and a strange smile passed over his lips.

An extraordinary scene might then have been witnessed. Lux knelt down in this solitary, deserted, blasted spot in the night time and turned his face to heaven. It looked like a sinner asking forgiveness for his sin, rather than one planning an awful deed for the satisfaction of his rage and hate.

Not a sound was to be heard in the surrounding country. All seemed dead or asleep. Only a murmur of the wind in the pines.

Lux placed his ear to the ground, as the Indians do in the wilderness, and hearing a faint sound of hoofs in the distance striking the hard road, he raised his head. His face was transfigured!

"At last I shall have my vengeance!" he hissed.

Then he crouched down on his hands and knees and waited. A few seconds more and the carriage with the four German officers would be upon him.

He uttered a terrible cry of "Vive la France!" to which Barka replied with a joyful neigh.

WOMEN TOILING IN IRON.

NEW DEPARTURE IN A PITTSBURGH ROLLING MILL.

An Experiment in Manual Labor That Cuts Out a New Field for the Enterprising Woman.

SIX sturdy women in Pittsburgh, Penn., are cutting out a line of work for the sex that may have interesting effects on the wage-earning opportunities for men. Up to this time when women have boldly entered fields hitherto monopolized by men those lines of work have been chosen that call for comparatively little physical effort. Or, to put it in another way, the ambitions of the new women are intellectual rather than physical. In the iron mills at Pittsburgh intelligent women are doing work which heretofore has been done by men or strong growing young fellows, "boys" they are called.

Mrs. Hattie Williams was the first woman to make the experiment. She is the wife of a hard working Welshman, a tinmaker by trade. She knew something of the work before she began, for she had seen women working in the mills and mines in Wales. Her example was soon followed by five other women.

The labor at which these women spend their time is termed "opening."

Their duties consist in separating the sheets of tin, rolled iron after they leave the rolls and preparing them for the process of tinning or being soaked in molten tin.

In rolling out the iron sheets from which the tin plate is made, the block plate, after being given one pass through the heavy rolls, is doubled and again sent through, when it is once again doubled, this being continued until, when the plate is finished, it is made up of eight sheets.

These sheets are then gradually cooled, or separated or "opened." The work is accomplished by blows from a hammer on an iron instrument, shaped like a chisel. Once this is done the plates go to the tinning department.

This is the only known instance where women have worked right in among the heavy machinery of the sheet mill. To the women themselves the labor is not disagreeable. Mrs. Williams declared that she prefers the work to scrubbing. It is not nearly so hard, she says, and while it may seem rough, it really is not except on the hands.

In handling the thin tin the fingers are often cut or torn by sharp edges or ragged points.

The manager of the Monongahela Tin Plate Company says that he has had considerable trouble with the boys formerly employed. They would go out on strike for some grievance, real or imaginary. Not being able to employ other young fellows to take the place of the boys on strike he hired the women for an experiment. He is satisfied so far.

President M. M. Garland, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, thinks the innovation will not result seriously for men.

"There is," said Mr. Garland to a New York Press representative, "no scale set for the work those women are doing. We do not consider that it comes under the head of skilled work and hence do not cover it in our agreements. I hardly think the employment of women as 'openers' is likely to become general in this country for the reason that there are few women so situated domestically who can find opportunity to do such work.

The work is so really unattractive that it is hardly likely it will find favor."

The dress worn by the women working in the tin mill differs from the ordinary working garb only in the use of a heavy leather apron to save the clothes.

Tortoise Shell.

The tortoise shell is not the bony covering of the turtle, but it is the scales that cover or shield the turtle.

There are thirteen of these scales, eight of which are flat and five are a little curved. Four of the flat ones are large, being sometimes a foot in length and seven inches in width.

The fishers do not kill the turtles, but when they capture them they fasten them and cover their backs with dry leaves, to which they set fire. When the heat makes the scales separate, a large knife is inserted under them and they are carefully lifted from the backs of the turtles.

Many of the poor turtles die under this cruel operation. The coating sometimes grows again on those that live, but when they are again caught it is found that only one scale forms.

Noblesse Oblige.

"Whew!" exclaimed Fellaire—formerly Rusty Rufus—after a lengthened consultation with his lawyer regarding certain investments. "I've done more hard work this morning than I used to do in four years in the good old days. When I think of the summer that's coming and the fat lunch rolls covering two whole States that's waiting for some other fellow to run it, I'm dinged if I don't think that rich old uncle of mine was in mighty poor business when he died! I can't take the road again now—that's certain. Blame it all, a man's got to sacrifice something to his position!"

With a diemal sigh Fellaire went out of doors, climbed into his buggy and drove aimlessly about town, stopping now and then to throw a silver dollar at some greasy vagrant.—Chicago Tribune.

Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2500 B. C. In Babylon, doors of this kind dated from 1500 B. C.

WISE WORDS.

Duty is disagreeable. Silence doesn't give a cent. Like father, like all fathers. The pin is mightier than the pen. Handsome is and handsome knows it. We need sorrow as the flowers need night.

Don't ask a mountaineer's judgment of shell-fish. The poorer the man, the richer his imagination. Our National anthem is the finest song unsung.

Prosperity makes more fools than adversity does. "Youth comes but once," but neither does old age.

"Pot call kettle black" and then kettle call pot down. Be wary in using your influence over yourself, lest you lose your "pull."

Whosoever tells you what is said of you, good or ill, relishes the telling. Dishonesty is constant in its appeal that Justice be tempered with Mercy. When a woman knows she is well dressed it is difficult to ruffle her temper.

Most people who cast their bread upon the waters expect it to return to them as pie.

Women ought to learn that matrimony was never intended as a salvation for men.

Points From the White House Gardener.

The head gardener of the White House, the President's residence in Washington, tells a reporter for one of that city's papers some interesting things about flower pots. He says, to begin with, that for use in the grounds and conservatories of which he is in charge from eight to ten thousand new pots are required every year. They do not wear out, but they get broken, and also decay from moisture gathering. The tiny little pots about two inches in diameter, which are used to put little slips in, are called "thumb pots," and of these 35,000 to 40,000 are needed in the beds about the White House.

Flower pots are made everywhere, and are of two kinds, the machine-made and the hand made. The latter cost more, but last longer. All the potteries have standard sizes, so that whether the pot is made in Boston or Philadelphia or somewhere else the size of each pattern remains the same.

In all sizes the depth of the pot must be just equal to its diameter at the top. Some very large pots are made measuring sixteen inches across the top, with, of course, an equal depth. These are expensive, costing fifty-five cents a piece, and are used for big palms and other large plants. They are a great contrast to the tiny two-inch "baby" pots. Whoever made the first flower pot had a good artistic eye, for the dull red color which they all show is a good tint to go with any plant and never seems to look out of place.—New York Times.

The Cost of Living.

Although the cost of living has been materially reduced in most articles of necessity and wages are much higher than they were thirty years ago, the majority of the people are but little better off financially. The reason is to be found in the higher scale of living which has to be met to retain any social position. Thirty years ago men in moderate circumstances thought themselves well off with living rooms furnished plainly and simply, the chambers with enameled bedsteads and chairs and plain linen and plated silver throughout. This is all changed and the living rooms must copy as closely as possible the appointments and belongings of wealthy families. There is no enameled furniture for sale and where rag carpets were formerly thought good enough for ordinary use there are Brussels carpets, imitations of imported rugs and all sorts of useless bric-a-brac that runs away with many a hardy earned dollar. All classes consume and enjoy a great deal more than they formerly did, and everybody, rich, moderately circumstanced or poor, wants more than he formerly did. All classes travel more frequently and longer distances than they were formerly accustomed to. They have more clothes, more food, more finery, more books and papers than their fathers had, but they do not save as much as they did.—The Engineer.

Story of a Watling-Stick.

Rather a curious story has reached the London correspondent of the Eastern Morning News about club thieves in the West End. A member of a well-known club lost a special stick, which he valued highly and which had his name engraved upon it. Some one saw it in a shop a short time afterward and told him about it. He went to the shop, and there was his stick. "I am just going to take the name off for a customer," said the shopman, when the owner claimed it. The customer was coming back shortly for it. The owner waited; the man turned up—a member of the same club, a man the owner knew. He became confused, was threatened with exposure, and accepted the owner's terms to avoid it—resignation of membership and payment of £250 to a charity. Value of the stick, 8s.

A Famous Tapestry.

A piece of Berlin Gobelin tapestry of the seventeenth century kept in the Hohenzollern Museum has just been repaired and hung in the Royal Palace. It represents the great elector at the siege of Stettin, is fifteen feet by twelve, and is valued at \$75,000. The moth-eaten pieces were replaced by new ones, and the tarnished silver by new. In the Berlin factory.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity is supplanting mules as a motive power in mines. The chances of two finger-prints being alike is not one in 64,000,000.

Herr Nordau treats the mania for collecting useless trifles about one as a species of degeneracy. The National Academy of Sciences has awarded the Barnard gold medal to Lord Rayleigh for his discovery of argon in the atmosphere.

Cast-iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

When a portion of the brain is removed it seems to be renewed, but whether the substance is true brain tissue or not appears to be undetermined.

A National sanitary association is one of the hoped-for outcomes of the Atlanta Exposition. A convention of sanitary men and health officers is to be held there for the purpose.

Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, is said to believe that the time is approaching when posterity will be able to construct machinery that will be operated with heat obtained by the direct action of the sun's rays.

The great Edison incandescent lamp works are no longer turning out lamps with bamboo filament. Bamboo has given way to paper as the basis of the delicate black filament that glows golden when the current passes through it.

The French Government has completed experiments with a new gun which, after having fired 3000 rounds with the heaviest charges of smokeless powder, was found to be in fair condition. It has a bore of six inches and is over twenty-two feet long.

The waters of North America, which means the Gulf of Mexico, the two great oceans and the rivers, creeks and lakes, are stocked with 1800 different varieties of fish. Of the above number 500 are peculiar to the Pacific and about 600 to the rivers, creeks and lakes.

One of Pasteur's pupils, a young Viennese, is said to have discovered the bacillus that causes blood poisoning and inflamed wounds. The antidote, which he also claims to have found, can be used with success in cases of diphtheria too malignant to yield to serum treatment.

The highest death-rate of any town in the civilized world is that of the City of Mexico—forty per thousand. The city is 7000 feet above sea level, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great. Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, explains in a recent article that when the water in Lake Texcoco is high it backs up into the sewers until the soil under the houses and in the streets is saturated with sewage.

An Expert in Criminal Ornithology.

The death of Robert Biron, Q. C., the police magistrate, will be regretted by a large social circle, and far beyond it, for in him the poor will have lost a friend. His character was kind and genial, and those who belonged to his circuit had reason for thinking him an excellent company. As an after-dinner speaker, of the cheerful sort, he had few superiors. His humor, though good-natured, was very keen. I remember an example of it which always tickled me. His expression was not that of one who passed his time in brawling courts and purloins of the law, but was rather contrived than otherwise. This, on one occasion, caused a couple of rogues who drove the common trade of selling sparrows in Regent's Park as "having just flew" over from the Zoological Gardens" to imagine him an easy victim.

"It's a curious bird, sir, and we don't know its value, nor even what kind of a bird it is. Now, what do you think?" "Well," said Biron, looking from one to the other of their thieving faces, "I am not quite sure, but I should think it was a jaybird." The astonished embarrassment they displayed was, he used to say, quite remarkable.—London Illustrated News.

Ruby Mining in Burma.

A large quantity of the world's supply of rubies comes from the Burmah mines, which have been actively worked since the annexation of Burmah by the British Government. The ruby district is about twenty-six miles long and twelve broad, and lies at elevations varying from 4000 feet to 5000 feet above the sea-level. Some of the mines have been worked by the natives from very remote periods; in fact, old workings are found over an area of sixty-six square miles. It is in the lower clay beds of the river alluvia, and in similar deposits formed in gullies in the hill-wash, that the rubies, spinels, and other gems are found. In the alluvia, square pits from two feet to nine feet across, ingeniously timbered with bamboo, are sunk to thirty earth, which is drawn up by bamboo baskets. In the hill-wash long open trenches are cut parallel from the sides of a gully. Burial mines are opened in some places; in others the limestone is quarried.—Detroit Free Press.

The White Ants of India.

"It is a remarkable fact that one never sees wooden telegraph poles in India," said a well-known railroad man yesterday. "The white ants are so numerous in India that they would eat a telegraph pole in one night. On that account stone is used. The stone poles are from six to eight feet high. For ties, inverted iron boxes are used, and, strange to say, they are so tempered that they do not warp in hot weather."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A BIRD CALL.

Bird of the azure wing,
Bird of the silver note,
Come! for it is the spring,
And high the white clouds float.
Come, bluebird, come!

Bird of the crimson breast,
Robin—see me you will;
Robin, we love you best,
Come! for the cowbirds swell,
Come, robin, come!

Bird of the circling flight
'Gainst twilight's poorly skies,
Soft call the winds of night,
Lonely the water cries—
Come, swallow, come!
—Sara M. Chaffield, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Before marriage—Dude. After marriage—Subdued.—Albany Argus.

You never know how fond you are of a boy until you become engaged to his sister.—Tit-Bits.

If you could slip a bolt on Cuba, her revolutions would run the machinery of the world.—Detroit Free Press.

Friction matches were first made in 1820. The other kind originated in Adam and Eve's days.—Hartford Journal.

Man is never so busy but he can spare a few minutes to watch the fellows who post the circus bills.—Washington Post.

Subscriber—"Why is my paper so damp every issue?" Editor—"Because there is so much due on it."—Christian Register.

She—"So you wouldn't take me for twenty. What would you take me for?" He—"For better or worse."—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—"Pop, what is a popular song?" Tommy's Father—"One that everybody gets sick and tired of hearing."—Philadelphia Record.

Billy, the Goat—"That manuscript I just ate has given me an awful pain." Nanny—"Yes, dearest; that's called writers' cramp."—Harper's Bazar.

To now the frolicsome Jap
Puts flowers gloves in his cap,
Reserving one quill
That, with vigorous skill,
He may turn in and edit the map.
—Washington Star.

Mr. D.—"If you get my coat done by Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you." Tailor—"If that is the case, it won't be done."—New York Recorder.

Nell—"If you really liked a young man, what would you do if some day he should kiss you suddenly, against your will?" Belle—"He couldn't."—Somerville Journal.

The Tourist—"You seem to be proud of your family title." The New York Millionaire Abroad (proudly)—"Of course, I am. I paid for it in good hard dollars."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Bellefield—"Mrs. Oakland has a great secret." Mrs. Bloomfield—"O, no! She can't have!" "Why not?" "If she had she would have told it to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Hicks—"How do you like this little theatre to-night? I made it all myself." Hicks—"It isn't very big, is it?" Mrs. Hicks—"No-o-o; I made it out of an old jet bracelet."—New York World.

"I guess," said the sharp-nosed girl, "that I will take the wind out of her sails." "Why," asked the fluffy girl, "don't you be up to date and say take the wind out of her tires?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Nodd—"Our nurse-girl has just had a terrible fit of sickness." Todd—"Yes? What was the matter?" Nodd—"My mistake she took some medicine she was going to give to the baby."—Judge.

"Here's the latest thing in watches," said the dealer; "a warranted waterproof case." "I believe," said Mudge, "that one that could be soaked would be better suited to my needs."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hurrying Stranger (in Squawk-kaw-ket)—"Is there time to catch the train?" Languid Native—"Waal, stranger, ye've got time enough, I reckon, but I'm dead sure ye ain't got the speed!"—Harper's Bazar.