

One Square, one inch, one insertion	1 ct
One Square, one inch, one month	2 1/2
One Square, one inch, three months	5 1/2
One Square, one inch, one year	18 1/2
Two Squares, one year	30 1/2
Quarter Column, one year	20 1/2
Half Column, one year	30 1/2
One Column, one year	50 1/2

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.

In bankruptcy he'll never sink  
Who puts his trust in printers' ink

Native whites born of native parents form fifty-two per cent. of our National voting strength.

The city of Chicago is erecting an electric light plant of its own, and proposes to light itself.

Florida has a smaller valuation than most of the Southern States, being estimated at only \$30,938,309.

Up to the end of last year Philadelphia a new city hall had cost \$15,699,964.67, and it is not quite finished yet.

The trolley reigns in Philadelphia, but with not such murderous sway, apparently, as in Brooklyn. The last horse car in Philadelphia has been retired.

In the Chicago parks no one is obliged to keep off the grass until the grass is worn off the ground. Then people are kept off till it grows back again.

The New York Mail and Express exclaims: "Having harnessed Niagara, Yankee ingenuity may some day use the Rocky Mountains to fill in the Yosemite Valley, preparatory to cutting it up into building lots."

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly thinks that some children lie habitually because they are suffering from disorders of mind or body, or both, "which radically interfere with the transmission of conceptions and perceptions."

An unusual number of agents from Western and Southern States are stationed in New York City this year for the purpose of inducing immigrants to settle in the States which they represent. Even Wisconsin and California are desirous of attracting newcomers.

Great Britain shows an annual decrease in crime, and prisons are being closed accordingly, but in France crimes of all kinds have increased during the last fifty years at a ratio of 130 per cent. The number of criminals from sixteen to twenty-one years of age has increased by 247 per cent.

Singularly enough, misses the Chicago Times-Herald, the editor of the women's department of the women's edition of the St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch heads her column "The Lords of Creation," and there is nothing in her text to show a trace of irony. The name of this droll new woman is Smith—Mrs. F. T. Smith.

Out of ninety-five candidates, who had secured appointments to West Point Military Academy for the coming year, but forty-nine succeeded in passing the mental examination, scarcely more than half; and yet, marvels the New Orleans Picayune, they are talking of raising the standard of the examinations for admission. The present examinations are only in the rudiments of education, but require a very perfect mastery of these.

The last session of the Illinois Legislature so amended the act concerning dependent children that every training school for boys is to get \$10 a month from the county for every boy committed to its charge, whether the County Board has agreed to it or not. As there is a profit for the schools of \$5 on every boy, the training schools have agents out gathering in dependent boys, and as the definition in the act as to what constitutes a "dependent boy" is very vague, they are gathering in a good crop. The county authorities have resolved to take the matter to the courts.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana has decided that a child of tender years cannot be guilty of contributory negligence so as to be in part responsible for any accident or injury that it might suffer. A three-year-old child had been injured by a street car, and a verdict had been given against the railway company in the lower court. The company appealed and pressed the point, raised in the lower court, that the child was in the way of the car by its own negligence and therefore responsible for its own injury. The Supreme Court ruled that such a child could not be negligent and the railway company could not be excused for any lack of care or watchfulness on the part of its employees on that ground. Such employees are bound to use extraordinary care and watchfulness whenever there are incapable persons in the vicinity of the railway, and if they do not the company must suffer. This decision is good sense as well as good law.

### THE SMOKE.

Dove-winged against a tender, turquoise sky  
The white smoke fits, or through the lament air  
Quivers to fading violet spirals fair;  
Or drifts to gray, curled upward heavily,  
It rises in strong, twisted columns high.  
From grimy funnels, fisted with fiftal flues;  
Or through the planks of creaking bridges bare  
It fits a sinuous way to trail and die.  
The still, vast skies are background for its strife;  
'Tis like man's yearning, mounting from man's pain,  
Seeking the tranquil Heavens, waveringly;  
Earth's ceaseless clash and clangor give it life;  
'Tis like man's prayers, that rise from toil and strain,  
Trail, and are lost, in God's immensity.  
—Hannah Parker Kimball, in Scribner.

### THOSE CHARMING FRIENDS.

OUT of a confused medley of voices I heard in a half-stifled whisper:  
"Mother, I look like the sitting-behind you; it's Beggie Clive, I'm positive."  
My curiosity outran my manners. I turned.  
"Miss Endcot!" I exclaimed. "It's not three hours since I arrived in Nice, and my circle of acquaintances being very small, to meet a friend is a pleasant surprise."  
Miss Endcot blushed, prettily, if forcibly.  
"Now, Mr. Clive, your chaffing me. Why, mother and I have not been here a week, yet we have made most charming friends upon the strength of your mutual acquaintance."  
"Indeed!" I replied. "Are they still at Nice?"  
"Oh, yes, but not at this hotel."  
"Their names?"  
"The Comtesse d'Angiero and her friend—Madame Fleuve."  
"The Comtesse d'Angiero!" I repeated. "Of course I met her once or twice in London soon after her marriage to the Comte. A slim woman, with fair hair, aquiline nose and laughing blue eyes. Oh, yes, I remember her well."  
Miss Endcot laughed merrily.  
"Fashions change, Mr. Clive," she said, holding up one finger playfully, "and the color of women's hair and even the shape of women's noses are apt to change with them, aren't they, mother? But let me warn you, Mr. Clive, not to inquire after the Comte d'Angiero. He is dead. The Comtesse makes a most charming widow, don't she, mother?"  
Something in the last sentence exasperated me. The Briton in me resented the allusion to the charms of the widow so directly upon the announcement of the poor Comte's death, and, moreover, it contained an insinuation that within the meshes of those charms I might easily become entangled. Now, it was less than a year since Miss Iris Maypell and her pseudo auntie had so nearly ensnared me into their marriage trap, and women of uncertain social status no longer attracted me. I felt that Mrs. and Miss Endcot, with all the former's Americanisms and all the latter's smartness and banter were more agreeable and eminently safer companions than Mrs. Maypell & Co. So I impressed upon I with that truth that I gallantly stuck to the Endcots all that evening for fear of meeting the Comtesse and being carried off by her.  
The next morning found me in the same mood, though how much the long tete-a-tete I had enjoyed with Bertha Endcot overnight contributed to it I know not. Anyway, I proposed a ramble, and was not dissatisfied to hear that Mrs. Endcot contemplated sitting in the veranda with a novel. Bertha and I thereupon started for a scramble to the heights at the back of the town.  
As we left the hotel a telegram was put into my hand.  
Now, telegrams at home are too common even to destroy your lethargy, but telegrams received in a Continental town within twenty-four hours of your arrival, of which you have apprised nobody, are apt to startle you.  
Bertha saw my surprise and began to chaff me. I opened the telegram and read:  
"I, and A. are at Nice. Beware!"  
I never knew how long it took me to recover myself and laugh at the warning I had received, but I know that Bertha Endcot and I were well out from the town and at least three hundred feet above the sea level.  
I apologized profusely for my absence of mind.  
"Oh, don't apologize," replied Bertha. "If she cannot be with you, she should at least be entitled to occupy your thoughts for an hour or so."  
"You're wrong, Miss Bertha," I returned. "And here's the proof."  
I handed her the telegram.  
"You're as puzzled as I was at first," I added, noting the contraction of her eyebrows. "And as it is no secret, but only a story against myself, I will explain it."  
I thought I heard a sigh of relief as she returned the telegram.  
"This must come from my old friend Bob Pallant," I continued, "since nobody but he—at least, nobody in London—knows my probable whereabouts. I have been wandering now for six months and all on account of the I, and A. he mentions."  
Bertha nodded, but did not interrupt.  
The I, stands for Iris—Miss Iris Maypell—and A. for Auntie. It happened a year ago. Bob Pallant and I were both in love with Iris, who was in London ostensibly for the benefit of the season and in charge of her aunt. Well, she gave the preference

to Bob, who, after actually proposing to her, applied to a private detective agency, asking as to her character and the social position of her people. He got the character, as easy as one as could be painted, and it was settled that he should ask her to marry him. It happened that I called—by invitation—at the flat occupied by Iris and her chaperone, and was shown into the conservatory by the servant. Then came the denouncement. Iris, in ignorance of my presence, came into the conservatory with her chaperone and in a loud voice let me into their secrets, which may be summed up in a few words. Iris was an adventuress in search of a husband. The chaperone was no relation, but employed—paid—by Iris to introduce her to society and a likely husband. The detective to whom Bob had applied for the character was Iris's cousin, Norton Scrubbs; hence the rosiness of the character.  
"And these two women are in this town!" exclaimed Bertha.  
"Bob Pallant's information is usually correct, and I'm not disposed to doubt it. You see, he was so savage at having been done by those people that he vowed vengeance, and as he couldn't attack the woman he swore he would be the undoing of that deceptive agent—Norton Scrubbs, and Bob Pallant's generally equal to his word."  
"Suppose you meet those people here?"  
"I shall ent them, of course."  
"But, but you admitted that—that you loved—Iris—once!"  
My heart gave a great leap of delight. Bertha's words, the suppressed eagerness of her tone, the faltering in her sentence, all pointed to one end. One long tete-a-tete of the previous evening, though it had been chiefly concerned about bygone incidents, the sort which grow clearer as they grow older—had left its mark. I glanced quickly in her direction, but her face was averted, and only a very flushed neck and a very red little ear were visible. They were enough.  
"Miss Bertha," I replied, impressively, "some people grow both old and wise all of a leap. I'm one of them. The love of a foolish boy is how far below the level of that of a sensible man? What relation does the love-sickness of youth bear to the heart-ache of manhood? And even as I stand here I have never been duped to the extent that Iris Maypell duped me, even assuming—"  
I don't know how long I should have talked or Bertha would have listened had she not interrupted me.  
"Look!" she said. "Here come the Comtesse d'Angiero and Madame Fleuve. How jolly! won't they be surprised to see you! Oh, it is fun. I'm so glad you came this way."  
I looked in the direction indicated and saw—  
I could scarcely believe I saw right there, but now, when I recall the scene—the long, wooded avenue with its pink-blossomed rose hedges, the waving palms, the bushy eucalyptus, the clumps of odoriferous orange trees with their pretty white blooms interspersed with golden fruit—it is difficult to realize now that the prim little figure in widow's garb of Parisian daintiness quickly approaching us was Iris Maypell, and the elderly companion was "Auntie" of London fame. But they were.  
I had no time to plan an action. No sooner was I assured that my eyes were still in normal condition than we met and Bertha was saying in an ecstatic tone—  
"My dear Comtesse, see who I have brought you!"  
The Comtesse extended her hand, while the most dubious smile I ever beheld grew on her face. I obeyed my impulse.  
"This is not an unexpected pleasure," I said, politely, "since Miss Bertha has intimated your presence in Nice, Madame la Comtesse." I purposely emphasized the title. "Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to renew an acquaintance here so pleasantly matured in London. M. le Comte, I trust, is well and—"  
It was said with intent. I having started with a lie I meant to set it out. I broke off suddenly, for two reasons. Bertha tugged vigorously at my coat-sleeve, and Iris alias the Comtesse, burst into a most realistic fit of weeping. I expect the excitement of the moment aided her.  
I apologized in tones so contrite that I started myself with my apparent sincerity, and Iris and her chaperone bade us adieu.  
As we returned I listened for Bertha's merited rebuke for having forgotten her warning against the Comte's death, but I listened in vain. In fact, so engrossed was she in thought that it was only when I had thrice asked a question that she replied.  
"To what stage of intimacy have you and the Comtesse reached?" I asked for the third time.  
"Why do you ask?" Bertha replied evasively.  
"Because I am more than anxious to know."  
"Mother and I mother at Monaco."  
"Yes!" I replied encouragingly.  
"I ought not to tell you anything more."  
"Oh, then there is something more to tell? Did you visit the Casino at Monte Carlo?"  
"Once."  
"You resisted the temptation of a second visit?"  
"We obeyed instructions. See here, Mr. Clive, this is in confidence. Father, as you know, was unable to accompany us this trip, but he gave us carte blanche to go whether we liked and to stay where we pleased—with one proviso. He declared if we went fooling around the gaming tables at Monte Carlo he would never lose sight of us again. So it was on condition that we paid but one visit to the Casino that we were allowed this European trip."

"It was a fortunate provision, perhaps, for your mother appears to have imbibed the infatuation for 'methods' and 'systems.'"  
"Yes, that is the Comtesse d'Angiero's doing."  
"The Comtesse gambles?"  
"With the most consistent good luck. She takes mother's money and plays with it. There, I oughtn't to have let on about that, but I know you'll not give me away, Mr. Clive. You see, the Comtesse begged mother to trust her with a pound just to try her luck—for the Comtesse goes to the tables every day—and she won. Then mother trusted her with two pounds, then five, ten and twenty, always winning. Now—"  
"Please go on," I said, as Bertha paused.  
"There can be no harm in telling you the rest, Mr. Clive. Mother has raised every possible penny—pawed her jewels over—and to-morrow the Comtesse is going to play with the lot. I've argued and protested, but where's the use? The Comtesse wins every time."  
She had; but would she win this time? The stake was high. Would she play with it? That was the question. Was the whole thing a scheme—a common confidence trick—to get hold of the American dollars and bolt with them?  
It goes against the grain to expose a woman, however deserving she may be. I concluded to give Iris a chance, and wrote a short letter stating that I would keep her identity a secret if she would return Mrs. Endcot her money and leave Nice early the next morning. Omitting either condition, I declared I would hold her up to ridicule and scorn.  
I left the note with the porter at the hotel where Iris was staying, and then walked away to ponder alone upon fate, coincidences and the like. I found a solitary seat upon a stone boulder, with only the dreariness of some unexplored excavations, which had ended in a failure to greet my eyes or impinge upon my thoughts.  
I sat there and smoked, and mentally surveyed my entire world, from London to Nice, from Bob Pallant to Norton Scrubbs, from Iris to Bertha. Suddenly, without warning, a figure stood beside me and said, inquiringly: "Reggie Clive!"  
The silence of his approach and the aggressiveness of his bearing startled me. However, I admitted my name.  
"You wrote a letter to-day to a friend of mine, the Comtesse d'Angiero," he continued.  
"You are mistaken," I replied.  
"Mere cavilling!" he said, with a sneer. "You wrote, then, to Miss Iris Maypell."  
"If that is more truly her name, yes."  
"You threatened her."  
I stood up. The man's bluntness of speech and scowling brow looked ominous.  
"Call it that, if you will," I replied.  
"I tried to do her a good turn, and to save her from herself."  
"Bah! Mere quibbling! You threatened to expose her if she failed to return certain money to that bumpkins old American woman or to leave Nice in the morning. Isn't that a threat?"  
"Call it so if you like," I returned.  
"Coward!" he yelled.  
"Thank you," I said. "If you will give me your card I shall know better to whom I am indebted to that pseudonym."  
"Hound!" he said. "If you want to know, my name's Norton Scrubbs, which, until your villainous friend, Pallant—who I'll be on level terms with yet—ruined it, was a flourishing name in London. Ah! you shrink, do you? Here's something that'll make you shrink into a still narrower compass."  
He pulled a revolver from his pocket, and cocked it. I showed as bold a face as I could muster.  
"Don't forget that you'll have to answer for this," I said.  
His horse laugh echoed all around, and intensified the utter desolation of the place.  
"Answer!" he said. "To whom shall I answer? To these stones? To the night? To whom, I repeat? There's not a soul within ear shot, and not likely to be this side of morning."  
I realized the truth of his bluster. The day had died suddenly, and the mists were growing uncomfortably dense.  
"Come!" continued Scrubbs, "we'll strike a bargain, you and I. Swear—and mind you stick to it—that you will leave Nice to-night and not return or communicate with any one in this town for three months from this moment! The alternative is—"  
He explained the unfinished sentence with an emphasized movement of the pistol.  
I am not a brave man, yet I am not an abject coward. I had a decided objection at that moment to be hauled sternly and leave Bertha behind. In the few available seconds allowed me for consideration twenty methods of attack and defense presented themselves and were rejected. Then, all at once, my muscles acted involuntarily. I sprang at my opponent and gripped him somewhere in the region of the throat. The attack was sheer folly. He was twice my weight, possessed twice my strength, and learned in every art and trick connected with the free-fight and the knock-down blow. I thought on my foolishness as I lay prone upon the dirt and blinked up timidly at Scrubbs's revolver, which looked right down my throat as I gasped for breath.  
"Now, you hound!" he said, "will you come to terms now or will you take a dose of lead?"  
The reply startled me quite as much as did Scrubbs.  
It was the pop of a pistol, the whir of a shot and the cry of a wounded

man as Scrubbs fell forward right across my legs.  
I disengaged myself and sprang to my feet just as Bertha Endcot sprang from behind a pile of loose stones and stood before me.  
"I winged him, didn't I?" she asked, breathlessly. "The coward! Perhaps the next time he dubs my mother a bumpkins old woman he'll remember that an American girl can shoot."  
Bertha had put a bullet into his leg, and the shot cost her mother a few thousand pounds, for Iris and her chaperone had left Nice—with Mrs. Endcot's money—before we managed to get the wounded man back to his hotel.  
Soon after Bertha consented to be mine.—Illustrated Bits.

### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Just the Thing—What They Get—Detected a Derivative Tone—He Wouldn't Promise, Etc., Etc.

When I proposed she did not blush, And not one word she said;  
The maiden did not tell me yes— She simply shook her head.

She simply shook her head, and yet No man in all the town Could be more pleased than I was, for She shook it up and down. —Life.

#### DETECTED A DERIVATIVE TONE.

Friend (reading)—"So this is one of your jokes, is it? Ha, ha, ha!"  
Humorist (testily)—"Well, what are you laughing at? Ain't it a good one?" —Truth.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In Budapest, Hungary, they have put the trolley wires underground.  
It is proposed to do away with the smoke nuisance in Pittsburgh, Penn., by erecting a mammoth electric plant outside the city.  
California diamonds are found in all the colors, from a brilliant white to a clear black, together with rose, pink, yellow, blue and green.  
A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the oxygen of the air has been started in it.  
A fire was recently started in a Boston store by allowing an incandescent lamp to remain for a few minutes on a pile of cotton cloth in the packing-room.  
Beautiful specimens of the anchorite, or tourmaline, have been found in Maine and elsewhere in New England. This gem is said also to have been found in North Carolina.  
A use for compressed air in the foundry in addition to cranes and hoists, which are being introduced everywhere, is in providing a sand blast for the cleaning of castings.  
A railroad train was recently stopped near Rheims, France, by the number of caterpillars that fell on the railway. The rails grew too pasty and slippery for the wheels to adhere until cinders were thrown on them.  
The German Government has offered a prize of \$750 for a system by which the indications of the compass-needle transmitted to another location in the ship in such a manner that the ship may be steered.  
The recent alarming mortality among the French soldiers in the garrison at Vitre, which was first ascribed to the use of damaged canned fruit from the United States, turned out to be tetanus or cerebro-spinal fever resulting from overworking.  
Professor Max Muller asks for money to photograph the inscriptions of the Kutub Daw, in Barmah, a collection of over seven hundred temples, each containing a white marble slab on which part of the Tripitaka, the great Buddhist Bible, is engraved.  
A nautical bicycle has been invented by a Spaniard. The machine is composed of two cases of steel, which serve as floats and are connected by cross-bars. In the space between the two, and near the stern, is a paddle-wheel operated by pedals something like a bicycle. The speed is about six miles an hour.  
An "Easy Thing" for Th's Solomon.  
The Police Department may be a little shy when it comes to trailing lost goals, but when pigeons are involved there is a member of the force who possesses all the shrewd attributes of Solomon of old. It is like this! On Friday Adolph Greenblatt, No. 1417 California avenue, owned \$100 worth of "homie" pigeons, and the next morning they were not. Officers Wiencke and Henney, of the Atrill street station, were placed on the trail. It led yesterday first to a Chinaman's laundry, and then to the residence of Stephen Spitz, where the birds were found. Mr. Spitz was positive the birds were his. So was Greenblatt.  
"This is the easiest thing I have struck for a long time," said Officer Henney.  
Then he opened the coop, turned the pigeons loose, watched them circle once in the air, and then start off.  
"Now," said this later-day Solomon, turning to Mr. Greenblatt, "if those birds are yours, they will be home before you are."  
And they were. One of the stolen birds has the 750-mile record from a point in Mississippi to Chicago, winning the first prize last year. In all fourteen of the stolen birds have been recovered.—Chicago Tribune.

#### HE WOULDN'T PROMISE.

She—"Can you keep a secret?"  
He—"Well, it depends a 'good deal on how rough the weather's going to be. It's hard to tell what a fellow can keep on board ship." —Truth.

#### GETTING THERE.

"You think Colonel Wigley is likely to succeed as a politician?"  
"Succeeded? Why, man, he's already got to the point where they're burning him in effigy."—Rockland Tribune.

#### ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Tudate—"You ought to get your new building insured, right away."  
Mudanbricks—"It is fireproof."  
Tudate—"Yes, I know; the company I represent insures it against falling down." —Truth.

#### A REMEDY.

Mistress—"I don't know what I'll do. The cat is always jumping on the sofa and I can't keep her off."  
Bridget—"Smear paint on it, ma'am. All cats does hate the smell av paint." —Philadelphia Record.

#### WORTH IT.

Bingo (sternly)—"Bobbie, Mrs. Slimson next door says you tied a cannon cracker for her dog's tail this morning and he hasn't been seen since. Now, sir, I'd like to know what you gain by such conduct?"  
Bobbie—"I gained a dollar bill from her husband." —Life.

#### FACE TO HIS WORD.

Jack Ford—"When I let Frank Ferris have that five dollars, he said he couldn't pay me for a week or ten days."  
Tom De Witt—"And how long ago was that?"  
Jack Ford—"About three months."  
Tom De Witt—"Well, Frank may be hard up, but at all events he's no liar." —Puck.

#### IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

"There, thank goodness, my steamer dress is finished," said Mrs. Cassaway.  
"What, that thing? Those sleeves will be frightfully uncomfortable. They are as big as those on a ball dress."  
"I know; and if the steamer sinks they'll keep me afloat."—Harper's Bazar.

#### JUST TAKING A PECKER.

The last word had been said, congratulations spoken, and the Chicago wedding guests were fawn. Down in the refreshment room the bridegroom Count was drinking healths to himself.  
"Well," said the father of the Count, "the thing appears to be handsomely consummated."  
"Oh, toler'ble," assented the father of the heiress bride.  
The father of the Count flashed haughtily.  
"You do not appear to be impressed with the dignity of the occasion," he said, "the grandeur of the Old World family with which your daughter has affected this alliance."  
Mr. Hagmet shook his head.  
"You see," he said, knocking his cigar ashes on the carpet, "I've been in these something-for-nothing deals before."—Rockland Tribune.

#### A PRECIOUS RECOLLECTION.

A stranger who was walking through Jackson Park the other day and noting the changes that time and the South Park Commissioners are gradually making in that historic locality was observed to stop under one of the trees, glance at the Wooded Island, squint at the statue of the Republic in the distance, and carefully examine the tree itself.  
"Then he slowly nodded his head several times, emitted a sigh, and softly said to a bystander:  
"I shall always look upon this spot where I am standing now as the dearest spot on earth."  
"It was here, perhaps," ventured the other, "that you met the young lady to whom—to whom you were afterward—er—"  
"It was here," said the stranger, dreamily, "that I paid \$4.75 for a bowl of cold soup, a piece of asbestos beefsteak, a slab of baker's bread and four swallows of coffee."—Chicago Tribune.

### AFTER SUNSET.

Pink clouds on palest green  
Are drifted more and more,  
Like rose leaves from a rose garden  
On a clear emerald floor.  
O! is it that through the gloo  
Flung open for an hour  
I see the living rose garden  
Its tresses all in flower?  
Or is it that those are folk,  
Good heavenly folk that go  
In green shoon and rosy slink  
And hair of gold below?  
O, dancing feet of rose!  
O, robe blown back a span!  
Dear angel, ere the good time goes,  
Show me your face!  
—Katharine Tynan.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Don't advertise in the summer or you might get overheated waiting on customers.—Printer's Ink.  
"There are beauties in a kiosk!" Exclaims the sage, suspiciously; But mortals in a case like this Are really deathly.  
—Detroit Free Press.  
"When you go out to carve out your fortune, my son," said the fond father, "don't chisel it from other people."  
He—"Why is it women talk more than they think?" She—"I presume it is because men don't care what woman think."—Detroit Free Press.  
Charlie—"What makes the old cat howl so?" Walter—"I guess you'd make a noise if you were full of fiddle strings inside."—New York Herald.  
The poets crown of sorrow—  
—Remembering my dear child:  
And his soldier, whom he borrows  
Small amounts on what he sings.  
—Detroit Free Press.

It is a Chicago newspaper that suggests that Cubs ought to take a census while the thousands of Spanish troops are quartered on her.—Providence News.

Philadelphia may be slow and poky, but it has retired its last horse car from the public streets, and that is more than Chicago has done.—Kansas City Journal.

Wickwix—"Doesn't your wife belong to the W. C. T. U.?" N. Pock—"If you mean the Women's Continuous Talking Association, she surely is one of 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

He's twenty-one, and holds in secret This vile terrestrial ball; But in two short decades from now He'll want to swap it for a ball.  
—Indianapolis Journal.  
However we may land the wife,  
And think that their condition's best,  
We must admit, if we are wise,  
The ignorant are the happiest.  
—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you get paid for the jokes you write, Groaner?" "Of course! You don't suppose I write them for fun, do you?" "Well, no. I never saw anything in them that would make me think so."  
Mother (arranging for the summer)—  
—"I want the girls to go to some place where the nicest men are, of course." Father—"Then, my dear, you had better let them stay in town." —Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Chophash (who keeps summer boarders)—"Mr. Galldip, you seem to know everything. Can you tell us what makes the Power of Pisa lean?" Galldip—"Been living in a country boarding house, I shouldn't wonder."

It was in an absent-minded sort of way that he read the sign, "Ice cream." "Oh, ah; ice cream," said he. "Did you ever read that there were deadly poisons in ice cream?" "Yes," she said, a little spitefully. "Did you ever read of the microbes in kissing?" On reflection he concluded to compromise on a basis of present cream and future kisses.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### New Device for Catching Fish.

Among the triumphs of inventive genius is a new fish-trap that promises to simplify the operation of fishing and permit the angler to capture his prey by a clever artifice. A small mirror is suspended by a swivel and chain, and before it hangs a squirming, wriggling bait. The fish gets his eye on this, and with a good characteristic of other creatures besides fishes, thinks he will catch the bait before the other fish that he sees in the mirror coming directly toward it can get there, therefore he makes a snip for the bait and swallows it, hook and all, at the same time bumping himself sharply against the surface of the mirror, all of which operation is supposed to facilitate the accurate hooking of the deluded fish. A similar trap is used in India for catching tigers. The savage beast sees another tiger, as he supposes, making for the bait, and immediately hurries to secure it, forgetting in his haste his usual caution and desire to investigate.—New York Ledger.

#### Have the Crows Returned?

Several farmers of Bergen County, New Jersey, report that although the crows last year were very persistent in corn pulling all through the spring, even attacking early sown corn as soon as the ears were large enough for the table, they have scarcely visited a corn field this season, and there have been no complaints of their depredations, although seen flying about and frequenting their ancient rookeries in the wood. What could have caused this sudden change in the moral conduct of the crows is puzzling the farmers, and their only fear is that the apparent reform may not be any more lasting than that among certain wingless bipeds, who sometimes make a special effort to be exceedingly good in order to note the effect on their accusers. If the crows in other parts of New Jersey or elsewhere have shown an inclination to reform we hope it will be duly reported and recorded.—New York Sun.