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General Schofield wants the United States Army increased to 100,000 men.

In some of the Pacific Coast States a horse is not worth so much as a sheep dog.

William Carrol, of Brooklyn, who has 107 years' experience of the world's affairs, says that it is steadily growing better.

With the exception of Belgium, whose debt has been incurred for internal improvements, every European National debt is in great part a war debt.

The New York Mail and Express remarks: "It is a hopeful sign when more than 1,000,000 industrial workers receive an advance of wages averaging about ten per cent., during the first half of the year 1895. And the figures are official."

A prominent physician thinks, it amazing to see so many people traveling for their health with a rapidity that suggests they have been shot out of a gun. He thinks it rather remarkable that so few of them kill themselves in trying to get well.

The first practical attempt to raise journalism to the height of a learned, acknowledged profession in Germany is being made at Heidelberg University, where Professor Adolph Koch, the historian, is delivering a series of lectures on the history of journalism and of the press.

The capital employed in banking in the principal countries is as follows: Great Britain, \$4,020,000,000; United States, \$2,655,000,000; Germany, \$1,425,000,000; France, \$1,025,000,000; Austria, \$833,000,000; Russia, \$775,000,000; Italy, \$455,000,000; Australia, \$125,000,000; Canada, \$175,000,000.

The Atlanta Constitution observes: The new directory of St. Paul gives that city a population of 193,000, whereupon the Minneapolisians exclaim: "Oh, wait till you hear from our directory man. He's not slow. He will rise to the occasion." With these rival cities it is a question of which directory comes out last, or, as Colonel Carter, of Western Texas, used to say: "I like to hear the other fellow lie first. I then know just how far I must go to annihilate him."

How many of the people who use the "pump-handle" handshakes know its origin? asks the Pathfinder. A Westerner hit the idea of its discomfort when he said it was "for all the world like skin' paw over a barbed-wire fence." The truth of the matter is that it was originated by the Prince of Wales when "that august personage" was suffering from a boil under the arm, necessitating the awkward movement. Doesn't Shakespeare say, "New customs, though they be never so ridiculous, may, let them be unmanly, yet are followed."

Speaking of the harvest outlook, the New York Herald says that winter wheat fared very badly, but the loss is considerably repaired by spring wheat, the average condition of which is 102.2, and of all wheat the average condition is 76.2—figures which indicate that the total wheat yield will be over 400,000,000 bushels, from three-fourths to four-fifths of an average harvest. The average condition of corn is 99.3, and the acreage 107.8, as compared with the area planted in 1894. The largest corn crop ever produced in the United States was 2,000,000 bushels, in 1891. But if the present estimates of the Department of Agriculture prove to be correct the corn crop of 1895 will break even this record.

The New York Ledger maintains that the secret of China's downfall is in her insularism, which has lasted for thousands of years, and strongly repelled all exterior influences. She marked time while the West marched past, and her rude awakening has come from Western forces via Japan; that is the exact truth of the situation. Perhaps the agonies she has endured in the late war may be the birth throes of a nobler National existence for China. Certainly, if the rulers were not so blind, there is not a more patient, quiet, enduring man than the Chinaman, and unpopular though it may be to say so, we believe that the last word has not yet been spoken, nor the last gun fired, in the struggle for Asiatic supremacy. The Jap is the Frenchman of Asia; the Chinaman is the German. Germany knew the bitterness of Jena, and saw Napoleon enter Berlin. But she also knew how to wait, and Sedan followed on Berlin. History has always repeated itself. If China really awakes, she will be heard of in an impressive style.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

High up o'er the heads of the people That pass like vague ships on the street, It hangs in its home in the steeple...

AN ANNIVERSARY.

DAIR SELKIRK and I were quietly married in the little church of our native village, and as Adair had already secured employment in a distant town of some importance, we left shortly after the ceremony for our future home.

We secured board in a rural family, and lived in this way until the birth of our baby boy, who came to gladden our hearts ten months before the opening of my story. Soon after this important event we rented a cozy little cottage in the suburbs of town, and after securing the service of my old black "Mammie," settled down in an humble establishment of our own.

In a few minutes she returned, followed by the boy James, and handed me a note which had just been left by a servant from the rectory. On opening it I read as follows: "DEAR FRIEND—Mr. Clarke was taken sick suddenly in the night. Early this morning I called in our physician, who pronounced his case to be more serious than we at first supposed. He will require careful nursing for several days, so it will be impossible for us to be with you tonight. We send our best wishes for a pleasant evening and for many happy returns of this day. Your friend, "ANNIE CLARKE."

Just then the rain came down in a steady pattering, and with a sigh which gave expression to my disappointment, I went over to the window and stood gazing out into the gloomy street. "Come, now, Miss Cressie, honey, don't be a 'dulgin' in no sich sorrowful thoughts. Just turn your mince back for three years, and think up how happy you was dat night as you went er ridin' up to de ch'urch do'." Mrs. 'Dare'll be here presently, and ef'n de company don't come he and de baby'll be here, and we'll 'joy our own selves jist as much as ef'n dey all had been here."

I saw much wisdom in Mammie's remarks, and immediately resolved that I would not allow the disappointment to cast a shadow over the third anniversary of my wedding day, and began a romp with baby, who sat tied in his high chair by the table amusing himself with the big kitchen spoon. This some time passed pleasantly away, when James announced that the table was ready for my inspection. The afternoon was now far advanced, and after changing my dress I seated myself in the little parlor, with baby asleep in my arms, anxiously awaiting my husband's return, as I knew he would make every effort to get off from the office at an earlier hour than usual. Presently the welcome sound of his footsteps greeted my ears, and soon he stood beside me. "Isn't it too bad," I said as I tucked baby away on the sofa, "that we should have such a miserable evening for our first effort at hospitality?"

"It is, indeed, my little wife, but it is just as well so—a greater disappointment is yet in store for you. I have received instructions from Mr. Benedict to meet his partner in the city to-night on important business for the firm. In order to catch the train I must leave you in half an hour. Davenport is to accompany me; therefore you need not expect him or his wife."

I felt on the verge of a flood of tears, and my face must have given expression to my feelings, for my husband drew me close within his arms and said: "Don't give way to those feelings, but listen to me. I have some good news to tell you. The property I owned in Marville has at last found a purchaser, and as real estate has gone up there I received for it \$3000 in cash. The money came to me by express this evening, and as I had no time to go back to the bank, I must trust it to your care for the night."

So saying, he placed the package in my hands. "I shall be in the city only a few hours," he continued, "and will return by the night express, so you may look for me about 2 o'clock in the morning. Don't make up your mind to be miserable while I'm gone, but retire early and sleep well, and dream pleasant dreams about how you will spend some of the money you have there."

He was soon gone, and I watched him until he was out of sight; then turning from the window, I threw myself into a large armchair before the fire, and did just what Adair had told me not to do—burst into a flood of tears. After indulging myself in this feminine weakness for about twenty minutes I felt equal to the task of brooding the news of great disappointment to Mammie. When I had told her of Adair's return and departure, her philosophical turn of mind caused her to remark: "Well, honey, man he poses, and God He desposal! Sholly dey ain't no tellin' what a day'll bring forth! Here we is done been er workin' in all day—fer what? Jist to teach you a lesson in patience! and dat you mustn't set yer heart on nuffin' in dis life! Well! e'n we wants to git these things put away 'fore dark, we'd better git about it. James you kin jist fold up de table linen, and put up de silver, and I'll tend to puttin' up de vittles."

It took us but a short time to undo the work which had occupied us all three since noon and after having paid James and dismissed him, I returned to the parlor where baby still lay sleeping. As the rain was still falling in torrents, I resolved to remain down stairs until Mammie had finished her night's work and would be able to accompany me up stairs. I have never been a timid woman; but that night, as I sat alone listening to the wind whistle about the house corners and driving the rain drops furiously against the shutters, a feeling of great uneasiness took possession of me—a strange foreboding of approaching evil.

In vain did I endeavor to shake it off. When Mammie came in we made a tour of inspection to see that the house was securely fastened, and then we ascended the stairs to my own apartments. Thanks to Mammie, a bright fire was burning in the grate, and when the lamps were lighted baby opened wide his eyes and announced his intention of keeping awake. At any other time I should have been impatient at his obstinate wakefulness, but to-night I gave him all the encouragement he needed. While baby and I engaged in a great romp, Mammie nodded to us from her seat in the corner. It was twelve o'clock and still baby seemed not to grow tired. In leaning forward to place him on the carpet before me, I distinctly heard a noise in the direction of the bed. Turning my eyes that way I espied a foot protruding from under the mosquito bar that fell in folds to the floor.

My breath almost left me. I felt myself grow weak and faint, but summoning all the courage in my nature I went on playing with baby. I thought of the \$3000 which my husband had given me, and I felt sure that if any one had overheard our conversation at the time he gave the money, that person also knew that Adair expected to reach home at 2. It was then nearly 12, and the robber would soon grow impatient with waiting, come out from his place of concealment and demand of me the money, and, perhaps, murder us all. Something must be done, and done quickly. After turning over in my mind many plans of escape from our hidden enemy, I decided upon this scheme: "Mammie," I said, "I hear a noise downstairs at the kitchen window. I believe some one is trying to break into the house. Wake up—get the candle, and I'll frighten them. Here is Adair's pistol; you take baby and give me the candle. I am not afraid. Now follow me—but wait! I have \$3000 about me that Adair left in my keeping, and I must conceal it in this room for fear of accident. I'll just put it on the shelf in the closet here until we return."

So saying I opened the closet door and pretended to hide away the package. Coming out, I closed the door tightly, and, followed by Mammie, went out into the hall, closing my bedroom door behind me. I then hurriedly whispered to Mammie what I had seen, and bade her take the candle and go on down stairs with baby, who still kept up his chatter. I took a stand at the door and listened until I heard the closet door hastily open; stealthily I turned the bolt of the chamber door, rushed toward the closet, slammed and locked the door at the same time calling to Mammie to return. As the closet had been fitted up for the reception of our silver, given to us as wedding presents, I knew the lock was strong; and as the burglar had been surprised, he had about him

no tools that would enable him to effect his escape. Therefore I armed myself with Adair's pistol, and Mammie and baby and I kept watch over my prisoner until we were relieved at 2 o'clock by the arrival of my husband. Going out into the street, he summoned a policeman. The burglar was brought out handcuffed and carried away. I was not at-tempted to recognize the waiter James.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Brought to Light. At a general election in England, a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family, and was a barrister of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two he suddenly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He stumbled through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand.

A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words written in black on the wall confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life, and retired to an English colony where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten. Alexis Piron, the French poet and satirist, sought for many years to obtain a seat among the Forty Immortals in the French Academy. He was recognized among the poets of his day, and was confident of his ultimate admission, when a vile ode, written when he was a boy, was brought to light, and he knew that the door of the Academy was closed in his face forever.

In both of the great political parties of this country there have been instances of men eminent in mental ability, who have failed to receive the high political honors, because of the shadow of some fault or folly of their earlier days. Behind all the happiness of life, behind even God's love, there is such a thing as law. "Who breaks it always pays the penalty." God may forgive him, but the lines on his face, the taint in his soul, remain to tell of the vice of his early days.—Youth's Companion.

Metal Workers of Asia. Among the half civilized peoples of Central Asia are many artistic workers in metals. One of these Nations or tribes, the Burates, is famous for its metal work. The Russians call these workers "Bratskaya Robota." Their art is gold, tin and silver for inlaid work on iron. The art has been practiced by them for thousands of years, and their skill has been recorded in the ancient folk songs of Asia. A writer describing their work says they hammer the silver, gold or tin very thin. Then the part of the object to be inlaid is made rough with a hammer, the surface of which is roughened like a file. Templets of birch bark serve to cut the metal into the proper shape, which is laid upon the heated object and lightly hammered into the rough surface, then heated to a blue color, and the inlaid metal is hammered smooth with a polished hammer.—Scientific American.

Write Cheerful Letters. The popular woman does not write doleful letters; she waits till she is in a better frame of mind before beginning them, for she realizes that there are burdens enough in life without adding to them by inflicting pessimistic epistles on her friends. If she writes a letter of condolence it seems to come from the heart, for if it does not sound that way she will not let its coldness further grieve a bereaved one; and if she sends congratulations to a bride or a mother she makes a point of recollecting, or looking up some rosy good wishes that have the ring of genuine interest.

One woman drops a fragrant flower in a letter, not to a gushing school girl, but to an old lady or a tired mother of an exacting family, and by this bit of sentiment—not sentimental—keeps her memory green in the hearts of her friends.—New York Herald.

The Poison of the Orthorhynchus. The hind feet of the orthorhynchus, "the mole with webbed feet and the bill of a duck" that puzzled zoologists so much for a long time, are provided with a solid spur connected with a gland. Have we here a poison gland? From some apparently trustworthy account that have reached him, Mr. Stewart thinks we have. This gland is at least venomous at a certain season. A dog was wounded by one of these spurs three times, and the symptoms the first time were those of pain and somnolence, but there were no convulsions, titillations or trembling. Upon the two other occasions, the symptoms were less pronounced, and even null, thus indicating habituation. The poison has proved mortal to the dog in four cases, but in man the symptoms disappear without causing death.—Scientific American.

A Primitive Confessional. It was a custom of the Crow Indians that the members of a war party when taking the trail should confess their immoralities to each other. The most solemn oaths of secrecy were taken, and women were never admitted to the secret societies thus established.—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In civilized countries the average age at which women marry is twenty-three and one-half years. What is left of potato pulp after the starch is extracted is used, among other things, in the manufacture of boxes.

M. Tassinari, a Parisian scientist, finds the smoke of tobacco to be one of the most perfect germicides and disinfectants ever used. It has been found, on investigation, that the cucumber has a temperature of one degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. Trunk wires to connect London by telephone with Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin have just been erected by the British postoffice.

A small electric lamp is being used instead of a bell in some of the telephone exchanges in England. The call for connection lights the lamp. Diamond dust was supposed to be poisonous by the early chemists, but it has been settled that there is no poisonous matter in the diamond. Two cases have recently been reported of interference with electric signals on a steam railway by the ground current from an electric trolley line.

One of the most striking of the experiments in a recent lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britain showed frozen soap bubbles floating on liquid air. Schiffen & Kirsch, of Gronstadt, Bavaria, have discovered a new mineral compound which is plastic in water, but becomes extremely hard when dry. They call it apyrite. The concrete footing of St. John's Cathedral, New York City, is made of one part cement, two parts sand and three parts round, smooth pebbles. It is made and mixed by machinery. The Berwind-White Coal Company, of Osceola Mills, Penn., have a new mine turning out 11,000 tons a month, in which no male was ever employed. Electricity does the hauling.

An electric fire alarm now being introduced in Switzerland acts automatically through the expansion of a metallic rod under heat. This makes an electric connection, and it is said that the alarm is so sensitive that it is put in operation by holding a lighted match near it. Bodies do not rise in Lake Geneva, Switzerland, in less than seventeen days, and frequently not at all. There is said to be an underground connection between Lake Geneva and the chain of great lakes, and some people have a theory that bodies are often carried into the larger lakes and never recovered.

Attacked by Whales. Captain Mitchell, of the steamer tug Thomas J. Smith, which arrived here from sea, having in tow the home-land Italian bark, from Buenos Ayres, which she picked up to the southward of Fenwick Island, reports having been attacked by a tremendous school of whales while cruising forty miles southeast of Cape Henlopen. The whales surrounded the tug for a period of four hours, blowing large streams of water into the air, which completely shut out all view of the surroundings. Captain Mitchell says that in thirty years' service at sea on tugboats he never before saw such large whales, nor were they ever known to congregate in such numbers so close to the land. It was a serious time on board the frail tug, and all hands were badly scared, as these monsters seemed infuriated and dashed along the sides of the boat with great force. Captain Mitchell ran the engines full speed and attempted to get clear of the school, but the huge marine animals followed the tug, almost swamping her with the immense volumes of water they threw on board. Finding that any attempt to get away from them was futile, Captain Mitchell loaded up a large horse-pistol he had on board and began firing into them, but the bullets took no effect. One monster he put six shots into, but it only infuriated the animal still more. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the leader of the school headed off shore, and soon the whole number followed and disappeared.—Philadelphia Press.

Drowning Boy Saved by a Dog. A large Newfoundland dog saved a boy's life at Baltimore yesterday. The boy is Howard Connaughton, eight years old, and the dog, formerly a tramp, is now cared for by Edward Lynch. The boy and the dog were romping on the dock in the morning, when the boy accidentally fell overboard. There is twenty feet of water in the dock. The big Newfoundland saw the boy fall, and just as he came to the surface sprang into the dock and swam to the fast-sinking boy. The boy clutched the woolly hair on the dog's neck, which kept him afloat, and then the dog started to swim with his burden to the other side of the dock. A man rushed to the rescue, and when the dog reached the place, jumped into a rowboat and managed to pull both the dog and the boy out of the water. The dog became a hero in the eyes of the people who had been attracted to the scene, and he was given a first-class dinner for his heroism.—Baltimore American.

A Theory About Musical Prodiges. It is believed by some who have examined the histories of so-called musical prodigies that they are developed by making their children discover that the tips of their fingers will produce on a piano the same time and tone they make with the tips of their tongues in their mouths.—New York World.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Dressed That Way—Discouraging—Newsies—Letting the Cat Out of the Bag—Not a Hit, Etc., Etc. "I wish I were a man," she sighed. He quietly raised his head. And looked at her in wild surprise. "I thought you were," he said. —Brooklyn Life.

DISCOURAGING. Clara—"He is so obstinate." Mamma—"In what way?" Clara—"It's the hardest thing in the world to convince him that I am always right."—Puck.

NERVOUS. Uncle Treetop—"We must put in a day on the river; the fish are biting now." Jess (a niece from the city)—"Is their bite poisonous?"—Life.

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG. Principal (to new apprentice)—"Has the bookkeeper told you what you have to do in the afternoon?" Youth—"Yes, sir. I was to waken him when I saw you coming."—Dahlein.

THAT SERVANT GIRL. "No!" She spoke in accents of scorn. "I can not be yours." He turned away despondently and sought another employment Bureau.—Truth.

NOT A HIT. "Have you broken your engagement with Fred?" "Yes." "When did that happen?" "Oh! When I married him."—New York Ledger.

AN UNSURE LIGHT. "I'm very glad I don't live in Rome," remarked Mrs. Bickers. "Why?" asked her husband. "I'm sure I never could learn to read by the light of Roman candles."—Detroit Free Press.

BELIEVED OF A BAD HABIT. First Sportsman—"Does your setter chase rabbits?" Second Sportsman—"Not now." "How did you cure him?" "I've peppered him so full of bird-shot that he couldn't run if he tried."—Chicago Record.

A CHANCE IN THE CITY. Wayside Ways—"Say, Rogers, don't dese calamity howlers make yer tired?" Restful Rogers—"Naw; dey ain't half as bad as der business revival shouters wot's inquisitive 'cause yer ain't at work."—Puck.

HOW HE BROKE THE ICE. Gus—"How did you happen to ask her to marry you the first time you ever met her?" Chollie—"Well—ah—you see I had just been introduced to her, and I—ah—couldn't think of anything else to say."—Harper's Bazar.

ANTICIPATION. New Customer—"Is that your dog?" Barber—"Yes, sir." New Customer—"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair." Barber—"It is not that, sir. Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a gentleman's ear."—Tit-Bits.

THE EVENING PRAYER. Little Pot (on her knees before getting)—"Mamma, may I pray for Mamma?" Mamma—"Y-e-s, if you want to, but why?" Little Pot—"Susie Stuckup didn't invite me to her picnic."—New York Weekly.

EMERGENCY. Miss Mature—"Do you know, people are always making the most absurd mistakes about my age. Why, some men guess me to be no older than some of the chits of silly girls one meets." Miss Smart—"Ah! that's when you talk."—Judge.

THE INEVITABLE CONCLUSION. Freddy—"Mamma, our principal says that his school days were the happiest days of his life. Do you believe that?" Mamma—"Certainly. He wouldn't say so if it were not true." Freddy—"Well, I suppose he played hooky and didn't get caught."—Life.

LIKE THEY DO AT A CIRCUS. The performance of the comic opera, which was being rendered by the talented amateurs of Hawville, Oklahoma, has been going on for a considerable time without hitch or interruption, when suddenly Alkali Ike, the affianced husband of Miss Lillie Cusack, the prima donna of the occasion, rose up in the midst of the cultured and refined audience, with a loud snort of wrath. "Yore, now, Ike!" remonstrated Colonel Handy Polk, who was officiating as stage manager and also acting as the heavy villain of the opera. "What in thunder is the matter with you? If you don't like the performance and hasn't got the manners to keep still, git out!" "I came yore to-night," answered Isaac, hoarsely, "with the firm determination to behave like a meek and humble rabbit, but, by hang, the next gentleman that sings a peanut into Miss Cusack's mouth will think that I'm a wolf and this is my right to howl!"—Truth.

TO A SUNBEAM.

So, lightly touch her dreaming head, Nor under eyelids sealed asleep. But flock with fire the shining sweep Of hair about her pillow shed, So, lightly come and go.

And lose yourself and find yourself In airy tangles of her hair. Content you with the golden snare, Nor venture like a sandy elf, To stray below her chin. On carven temples lightly lie, Nor vex the amber eye that's hid South either violet-curtled lid. Ah! swoon across her cheek and die Upon her fervent mouth.

For, having sipped the honey there, You may not live another flower. To waken with another snore, Nor burning nose—nor lily rare, But perish in the kiss.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Isn't Smith a poet?" "No; can't borrow a quarter to have his hair cut—that's all!"—Atlanta Constitution. Kitty—"Why do they call it 'Ocean Bluff House'?" Tom—"Because it makes a bluff at being on the ocean."—Puck. Jack—"To feather your nest you must have money." Tom—"Yes, there is nothing so delightful as cash down."—Truth.

Now the druggist's face is beaming, as the nickels to him pass, And he thinks there's fun in selling froth at half-a-line a glass. —Boston Courier. "I'm going to marry a sensible woman." "Impossible." "Why?" "They are the ones who won't marry you."—Truth.

"I hate these bicycles built for two," said Miss Jemison. "It encourages people to talk behind your back."—Harper's Bazar. Little Girl—"What is tact, papa?" Papa—"Something every woman has and exercises—until she gets married."—New York Weekly.

"Oh, I don't mind it so much," said the spory ex-banker, cheerfully, after the failure; "we had a run for our money, anyhow!"—Puck. First Physician—"Is this a case that demands a consultation?" Second Physician—"I think it is. The patient is extremely rich."—Truth.

Tommy—"Paw, what is the board days when I went to school it was a pin single."—Indianapolis Journal. "He has money to burn," is a phrase played out. In this season before dog days are felt; And now, to ease a financial doubt, We are prone to say, "He has lost to melt." —Detroit Free Press.

He—"Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?" She—(thoughtlessly)—"Yes; but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!"—Tit-Bits. "Gay, do be quiet," said mamma; "you are so noisy." "I'm obliged to make a noise, mamma; somebody might take me for a girl."—Philadelphia Times.

Jasper—"As men grow older they grow meaner." Jampuppo—"Naturally. The older they grow the more they learn how mean the rest of the world is."—Truth. Clara Winterboom—"There is only enough to about half fill this trunk. What shall I do; fill it with papers?" Mrs. Winterboom—"No; let your father pack it."—Brooklyn Life.

Cawker—"Barlow made a rash prediction just now. Cameo—"What did he say?" Cawker—"He said that the time would come when it would be respectable to be honest."—Judge. "I have heard worse playing than that," said he. As he ceased, with a cheerful air, And the audience wearily rose to go, And sadly murmured "Where?"—Life.

"Who is the master of this house?" asked the agent of the man who answered his ring. "Well," was the curious response, in a resigned tone, "I am the husband and father."—Life. First Little Girl—"And isn't your cat afraid of mice?" Second Little Girl—"Oh, no; not a single bit." First Little Girl—"That's queer. And she's a lady cat, too, isn't she?"—Somerville Journal.

Van Pelt—"Isn't \$4 a day rather high for a hotel in the mountains?" Landlord—"But, my dear sir, you should think of the scenery." Van Pelt—"How much do you charge for that?"—New York World. Kitty—"I understand Mr. Soltguth fell off the dock and it was fifteen minutes before he was fished out." Jane—"How did he keep his head above water so long?" Kitty—"It was the lightest part, I presume."—Detroit Free Press.

Chose an Amusing Text. An English clergyman who was suddenly called on to preach to a congregation of college students was unable to speak without notes, and had only one written sermon with him, which was on the duties of the married state. The topic was hardly one that he would have chosen for the occasion, but he hoped that it would pass muster as being appropriate by anticipation. But unfortunately he did not read the sermon over, and so before he knew it he had uttered this appeal: "And now, a word to you who are mothers."—New York World.

A Famous Picture Burned. During the fire at Mar Lodge, none of the Duke of Fife's pictures but vain efforts were made to save Landseer's famous picture of "The Stag Hunt," which he painted on the wall of the dining-room during one of his visits. A number of men attempted to cut out the wall boldly, but the flames burst into the room and compelled them to retreat.—New York Post.