

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$8.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$25.00; Two Squares, one year, \$45.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$15.00; Half Column, one year, \$20.00; One Column, one year, \$30.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Our export trade is rapidly increasing. It is estimated that, on an average, gold in circulation wears out in 240 years.

The London Engineer announces that it will give 1000 guineas in prizes for the best forms of horseless vehicles.

The new Salisbury Government has gone into power in England absolutely untrammelled. It published no platform and stated no issues.

And now a chap out in Kansas insists that the Russian thistle is good fodder for milk cows, and declines to desist from raising a nice patch for the purpose.

The system of kindergartens established on some of the Indian reservations has proved so successful that it is to be widely extended, especially in the Southwest, where the Indian children are extremely shy.

For some remarkable reason not made apparent to the New York Sun, Portland, chief commercial city of the Pine Tree State of Maine, is buying clapboards in the State of Washington, 3000 miles away.

There are between 600 and 1000 deaf mutes scattered through the city of Chicago, and, according to the Detroit Free Press, they are all industrious and fairly prosperous, earning their living honestly and uncomplainingly.

Texas still does things in a big way, or not all, admits the New York Mail and Express. For instance, one woman owns 2000 square miles, embracing an entire Congressional District, and, as she controls the votes of all her employes, she practically selects the Congressman. There's a new woman and a half.

A new street railway company in Detroit, which has just begun to operate its lines, is obliged by the conditions of its franchise to sell eight tickets for twenty-five cents. These tickets are good only up to 8 p. m., after which time night tickets, sold for twenty-five cents, are accepted. The holder of a ticket is entitled to general transfer privileges. The company's franchise runs for thirty years, the city reserving the right to purchase the property at the end of that time.

The English idea of speed has been so often illustrated by somewhat disconcerting the examples of American progress in various departments of human endeavor, that it is not surprising to the Washington Star to learn from a London technical journal that it was considered a great feat for certain engineers to replace a section of a great English railway bridge with new materials inside of thirty days. Commenting on this declaration the Engineering Record, published on this side, declares that American railway managers would have had the job done in a few hours and would have considered the loss of a day's traffic as inadmissible.

Says the New York Times: It would probably puzzle most people to tell, off hand, in what shape the Arctic regions have supplied even a quarter of "the products worth \$1,200,000,000" which General Greely told the geographers assembled in London had come out of the frozen North during the past two centuries, and upon which he based his appeal for a vigorous continuance of Arctic exploration. Voyages in that direction are usually regarded as leading to frightful tragedies, rather than to any practical benefit for mankind. These tragedies, indeed, have developed and served to display heroism never surpassed and perhaps never equaled in other parts of the world, but that cannot be measured in money, valuable a possession as it is, and, of course, does not count in the twelve hundred millions. First among the things that do, no doubt, are the whales, vast numbers of which have been captured in the icy seas since the hardy explorers proved that those waters were not impassable; that other Arctic products are fossil ivory, the mineral cryolite, rich in aluminum; the furs of seals, bears, foxes and a few other animals; small quantities of gold—and about there the list begins to become difficult to lengthen, though specialists could probably continue it through a line or two more. Some day the North Pole—an object no less, or more, worthy of respect than the equator—will be added, but even then the enormous sum mentioned by General Greely will seem quite beyond the average statistician's power to account for.

LONG AGO. When opal tints and gray invade The crimson of the west— When daylight's lingering traces fade, And song birds seek the nest— When shadows fall o'er hill and plain, And stars in heaven glow, We live in memory once again The days of long ago. And friends of days forever o'er Around us closely stand, We feel the kindly grasp—once more Of many a "vanished hand." And though fond, loyal, brave and true May be the friends we know, No friends can match the friends we know And loved long, long ago. Though smiling fortune on us shower Her gifts with right good will— Though every passing day and hour Be filled with sunshine still— Though joys and pleasures deep abound Upon the way we go, We sigh and dream o'er joys we found In days of long ago. And though we form new friends, new ties, New joys, new pleasures true, And though new hopes like phantoms rise As in the days gone by, When comes the holy calm of eve Our tears unbidden flow; We love, we hope, we plan and grieve Again in Long Ago. —Chamber's Journal.

DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

BY JAMES C. PURDY.

AGGIE MILLS came out of the woods with her hands full of the pretty things she had gathered there, and ran singing across the field. Sue Murray saw her coming and ran to meet her, with her apron full of daisies. Then for a few minutes they were very busy comparing and dividing their treasures.

"Where's Polly?" Maggie asked suddenly, remembering her little sister, who ought to be claiming her share in all this.

"Why, she stayed in the woods with you."

"No, she didn't; she went with you after the daisies."

"I haven't see her since I came out of the woods."

"Neither have I. Oh, dear! Polly! Polly Mills! Polly-o-e!"

The two girls beginning to be really frightened now, dropped their flowers and hurried back among the trees. They ran this way and that, calling all the time to the lost baby, but no answer came to their calls. The region was wild, the woods reached far over rocky hills and deep ravines, and little Polly was only four years old; altogether the trouble was a pretty serious one.

"Sue Murray, you run as fast as you can to the village and find some men to come and hunt for my little sister. I'll stay here and look all through the woods and all over the field while you are gone. Don't come back without some men."

Without a word Sue started away in prompt obedience toward the village.

Sue ran on as fast as she could go, and Maggie resumed her almost hopeless search. At first she ran back and forth through the woods, calling, but presently she realized that no good could come of that. Then she sat down and studied the situation. She had a clear brain, and was fairly in working order by this time. She could reason things out, and she could form some sort of plan for the work that had to be done.

Recalling the time that Sue left her in the woods and went out into the field to gather daisies, she was sure that little Polly had gone into the field also. She remembered hearing the child call to Sue to wait for her, and seeing her run in that direction. Polly had not come back, and Maggie had seen and heard nothing of her since; the field, therefore, was the place to look for her.

It was a rough place, as many of the fields about there. Like most of the land in that region, it belonged to "The Company," and the company made use of it at present. All the valuable land was away in another direction, the mines at this side of the village had been worked out and abandoned so long ago that not many people remembered anything about them. But Maggie thought nothing about mines or anything connected with mines; she thought only of her lost sister, and of the most likely place in which to look for her.

The only clue that she could think of at first was the daisies. Polly had gone there to pick daisies, and when she could not overtake Sue she was likely to go where the daisies grew thickest. Over yonder, by that great clump of weeds and bushes, was a place that looked like a snow drift, it was so thickly strewn by the pretty white flowers. Maggie went there, and looked and called and listened. Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that plucked those scattered flowers. Yes! Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that plucked those scattered flowers. Yes! Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that plucked those scattered flowers. Yes! Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that plucked those scattered flowers. Yes! Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that plucked those scattered flowers. Yes! Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that plucked those scattered flowers. Yes! Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at rest in the clump of bushes.

meadow lark answered her; she searched among the high grass, hoping to find the tired child asleep on the ground; she went close and peered in among the thickly growing weeds and bushes of the clump. It was a forbidding place in there; Polly was enterprising but she would hardly choose such a place as that to explore.

More likely she had followed on after Sue. Maggie went in the direction Sue had come from, calling as she went.

She stopped running just in time to save herself from falling into a great, ragged hole in the ground. A second look showed her that the hole was not very deep, but it was quite deep enough. At the bottom and all about the sides, were fragments of rough and broken rock mingled with the earth. It was evident that the ground had caved in there, forming a dangerous trap for an incautious wanderer.

Maggie trembled to think what must have happened if poor little Polly had fallen into it.

Very carefully she examined the edges and sides of the hole; there was no sign that even a baby footstep had disturbed the ground there recently. She made her way cautiously down the side of the opening, and then she saw that the hole was deeper than it seemed. Rocks and earth had choked it some distance above the bottom, but narrow openings here and there revealed greater depths below. It was not a safe place to stay, and Maggie climbed back to the solid ground.

"Polly isn't in that place; that's a comfort," she said to herself. "The company ought to be sued for having such holes about for folks to tumble into!"

That last thought brought another. It's the company's old mine, that's what it is! she cried out. "And this is a cave in. Part of the mine is down there under those stones, and I might have tumbled to the bottom of it. Oh, suppose Polly has fallen into it!"

The only way to find out was to get in there and search, but she could not do that alone. The minute Sue brought those men they must find the entrance to the mine and explore every nook and cranny of it.

At that moment she heard the same faint cry that she had heard back here among the daisies. It was fainter this time and seemed to come from the depths of that hole in the ground. It was not the note of a meadow lark; how could she ever have thought that! It was the faint cry of a child! It was little Polly calling, and Polly was somewhere close at hand!

Headless of all danger, Maggie clambered down into the hole once more and began to toss about the stones that lay there. In a few seconds she had moved enough of them to make an opening into the passage below. Peering down into this she saw that the passage appeared to lead back in the direction of the patch of daisies.

"Polly! Where are you, Polly?" she cried.

She heard a faint answer, and it seemed to come along the buried passage from the direction of the daisies. That clump of weeds and bushes beside the daisies—that was the possible hiding place of the mystery. It must be explored at once. Maggie got safely out of the hole and ran at full speed back along the way that she had lately come. As she ran she heard another voice! Sue had come back and was calling to her from the woods.

"Here I am! Here! Come quick all of you." Crying out those words at the top of her voice, Maggie plunged out of sight into the heart of the clump of bushes. Sue had heard her answer and came running out of the woods, followed by two men. The two men were old and decrepit, past their working prime; but they were the only ones that Sue had been able to find. The others were all away at their work in the mines.

The three new comers stopped and looked about the field for Maggie. Her voice had sounded near, but now she was nowhere to be seen. Sue called, but there was no answer.

"Where in the world can she have gone to?" Sue cried in amazement. "I thought she was right here!"

At that instant they were all startled by hearing Maggie's voice again. It sounded further away this time, and was different from the clear, ringing cry that they had first heard.

"That's Maggie," said Sue, "but she sounds underground?"

"An' good reason she have," Reuben Jessup remarked solemnly. "For she is underground. David, it's my belief as the two children has somehow fell into the old mine hereabouts."

"But she was right here only a minute ago," Sue urged, in great alarm. "How could she fall into a mine just in a minute, that way?"

"Reuben's right," said David. "The pits an' the cave-ins an' the holes in the chimney? The chimney's the likeliest place eh, Reuben?"

"She couldn't fall into a chimney without climbing up to the top of it first, and she hasn't had time for that. And besides, there isn't any chimney anywhere about here."

"Just the shaft o' the old mine, child," Reuben explained. "Mon fell to calling in the chimney (the tramps set fire to timbers in the shaft works) an' the smoke rose from the shaft days and nights. Where would the chimney be, David? I've lost my bearing through all the changes that has come over the place."

The two old men began to compare recollections, and to recall one landmark after another in the effort to locate "the chimney," and impatient Sue was driven to distraction by their deliberation. She started away from them, following, as well as she could, the direction of Maggie's cry. The cry was repeated, louder this time, followed by urgent words.

Sue ran eagerly forward, followed by the two old men, who also heard the loud call.

It was a timely warning for Sue. Without it in the darkness of the dismal place she had entered, she might have plunged headlong into the pit that yawned almost under her feet. As it was she checked herself just in time to keep from falling. She held on by one of the bushes and leaned over the opening. She could see nothing but darkness.

"It's here," Reuben declared, coming to the edge of the clump. "I remember now, David. The chimney's here, an' not over you where you would have it."

"For goodness sake, don't argue any more about the chimney!" Sue cried impatiently. "What difference does it make? Maggie and Polly are down in this hole, whether it's the chimney or not. Now, how are we going to get them out? That's the question."

"No such haste, law," said old Reuben, solemnly. "It's the chimney, sure enough, they've fell into, an' there's no way to get 'em from the bottom o' that but by diggin'. Rescue parties must be brought from the mines. An' then I doubt if we can get to them in time, poor things!"

"Nonsense, Mr. Jessup!"

The words came with startling force and clearness from somewhere in the chimney, and they seemed not to come from the bottom of it. The voice was Maggie's, and it was strong and in good condition.

"Just bring the ladder from our house, that's all you need," Maggie went on. "The timbers and planks have fallen in and lodged crosswise, so as to make a sort of platform down here. We're so far down that we can't climb out without help, that's all. Neither of us is hurt a bit. Hurry with the ladder, please, for we don't find it pleasant here!"

"If the ladder will serve, then we'll wait a time with ladders."

This was slow creaking old Reuben. He seemed to have grown young and active within the minute.

"Lay yourself down just there, David," he commanded. "Put one arm about the end o' that timber for steadiness, an' hold hold fast to me with the other hand. So, I recollect now the lay o' these timbers after they fell down the chimney. An' you, lass, to Sue, 'you stand by to take the baby from my hand when I lift her up."

Holding fast by the hand of his old friend, the miner went slowly down into the darkness of the pit. A misstep as he put his foot now on one and then on another of the fallen timbers, would have meant grave disaster to all of them; but there was no misstep. And there was no loosening of the withered hand that held him. For the rescue of the two imperiled children, the two old men were strong again with the strength of their prime. They knew, as Maggie never knew, what peril there was in every moment on that rickety platform of rotten wood.

Happily, as Maggie had said, the platform was not for down. In a few minutes old Reuben climbed a little way up again, and delivered little Polly into the outstretched hands of waiting Sue. Next he leaned far down and caught the upreaching arms of Maggie. He pulled her up from the timber he stood upon, and from there she nimbly made her way to safety without further help.

Not too soon. Younger hands were needed now for what had to be done. David's old hand was trembling pitifully, and Reuben's weight was heavier upon it than it had been. Maggie and Sue caught the hand of Reuben and pulled with all their strength. Very slowly, and with feet that had lost all the firm confidence they so recently had, the old man came again to the top of the chimney.

"They say we're no more fit for work, David," he chuckled, feebly, as he sank down upon the ground to rest.

"It took but little time to prove that a mistake," David remarked, as he sat down beside him.

And the children sat with them and held their hands until the old men were able to totter home.—Philadelphia Times.

A Remarkable Indiana Family.

Isaac Martz contributes an article to the New Arcadia in which he gives some history of a remarkable family. He and Moses Martz are twin brothers, eighty-three years old. They were born May 27, 1812, in Pickaway County, Ohio. They married twin sisters, Levia and Tabitha McCormick, who were born near Connersville, Ind., in 1816, also on the 27th day of the month. They were married on the 27th day of November, 1834, and each brother reared a family of twelve children, there being seven boys and five girls in each family. There were but four days' difference between the birth of their first children and six days between the last children born to each family.—Indianapolis News.

Keen What He Didn't Want.

Charley went out to an afternoon party the other day, says the Boston Record. His mother had enjoined on him to be very polite. She went with him, and all the mothers of the other boys were interested in the success of their sons. The cake was passed to Charley.

"Will you have some cake, Charley?"

"No," was his short and prompt response.

"No what?" said Charley's mother.

"No cake," replied he, quickly.

The Largest Check Ever Drawn.

It is said that the largest check was drawn on the Cape of Good Hope Bank on July 18, 1889, in settlement of the amalgamation of the Kimberley diamond mines. It was for £7,333,659, or about \$25,000,000.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Ideal and the Real—A Fashionable Physician—Likely to Win—Anti-Paradoxical, Etc., Etc.

Years and years he spent at college, filling up his head with knowledge, Learning Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Growing wiser week by week. But one thing he did not learn—How his daily bread to earn. Now his time he does employ Hunting for a job, poor boy.

Obviously True. He—"They say there's no end to Mrs. De Smyth's jewelry."

She—"I guess that's true—she has two rings and a bracelet."—Chicago Record.

Placing the Responsibility. He—"Will you be my wife?"

She—"Oh, this is such a surprise!"

He—"I can't help that. It isn't my fault that you've never heard anything like it before."—Life.

A Fashionable Physician. Carson—"What makes Dr. Crumpler so popular?"

Voltes—"He considers laziness a disease and treats it with palatable medicines and European trips."—Puck.

Likely to Win. Dime Museum Manager—"Want a position here, eh? Huh! What are you remarkable for?"

Hungry Tramp—"I'd like to take part in an eating match."—New York Weekly.

His Specialty. Farmer Hayrake—"Did your son learn anything at college?"

Farmer Oakstraw—"Yes; I gave him a hammer to make the barn with, and he threw it so far I ain't been able to find it."—Puck.

Anti-Paradoxical. Frizzer—"That young Doctor Fowls is a remarkably patient man, isn't he?"

Sizzer—"For a person who has no patients at all, he is."—Browning, King & Co.'s Magazine.

Cash Wanted. Mr. Citiman (who has brought his family to board at a farm house for the summer, as he comes down stairs after his arrival)—"But I am usually never asked to pay my board in advance. Are you afraid to trust me?"

Mr. Meekler—"No, but the storekeepers round here be 'fraid to trust me."—Puck.

His Investment. "Mister," said the man with the suspicious side glance, "can you tell me where the nearest trolley road is?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "For a dollar and a half I ought to be able to ride about three dozen times, oughtn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess that'll do. Something is bound to happen within that space of time."

"You look like a kind-hearted man, and I'll take you into my confidence. All I've got is an excellent insurance policy, and this dollar and a half. My one chance is to cash that policy, and as there hasn't been a smash-up of any kind for several days, I feel pretty sure that I'm due to draw a dividend."—Washington Star.

Keeping Baby Quiet. "Good gracious," roared the policeman, springing upstairs three steps at a jump and dashing with uplifted truncheon into the photographer's studio, "what are you fighting about up here? Are you all in this row?"

Grandpa and Uncle John and Aunt Sarah and papa and mamma and Cousin Bessie and young Mr. Thinlegs, her young man, and the two cousins from Birmingham and Uncle Charley and grandpa, all looked kind of silly and were quiet, but the photographer said:

"Oh, that's all right, officer, there's no row; we're just trying to keep the baby quiet while we take its picture, bless it."

Exit policeman. Chorus—Bum, bang, smash, jingle, whistle, crash, slam, lost to foot, bang, bang, smash! Picture is taken. —Tit-Bits.

See How the Difference. When he came around to the back of the house he found one lone woman shelling peas on the door-step—no other person in sight; no dog. Clearly, this was a time to act boldly.

"Madam," he said, "I don't look it, but I could feel an ox with one blow."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum is being used in making bodies of cars. As a rule, a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

A double line of electric omnibuses is about to be started in London. In Ottawa, Canada, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, there are 50,000 electric lights.

The automatic bicycle tire inflater is a device for maintaining a hard or soft tire, as may be desired. It is proposed to include an international exhibition of aeronautical apparatus among the features of the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Dr. Kanson, one of Professor Behring's assistants, has discovered a serum remedy against cholera which has proved successful on animals. Experiments recently made prove that signals of lights may be seen at a greater distance if the flashes follow one another at irregular intervals.

A spectroscopic detector by which one part of blood in a solution of 850,000 parts can be discovered has been invented by M. de Thierry. It will be of value in murder cases where the stains are very minute.

David H. Wyckoff recently wrote that a million horses power could not produce the effect that a single flash of lightning has been known to accomplish. He believed that he was as yet hardly begun to utilize the forces of nature.

A cure for cancer and consumption is reported to have been discovered by a New York doctor. The treatment consists of injecting minute doses of pilocarpin into the lymphatic system is stimulated and the white corpuscles of the blood overcome the poisonous particles which produce disease.

G. W. Johnson, a well-known authority on chemistry, writes that the taste of the cucumber is due to a poisonous substance called "fungin" that is found in all mushrooms and fungoid growth as well as in cucumbers. This poison accounts for the effect of cucumbers on somnolences.

Alfred C. Lane writes that ten miles above the earth the soil is far below zero, while ten miles below the surface everything is red hot. This latter is not so certain. It is thought by some that the heat of the earth may be wholly due to absorption from the sun, and so may decrease after a certain depth has been reached.

Dr. Chapman shows that the bobolinks which nest west of the Rocky Mountains do not migrate southward with the birds of that region, but retrace their steps and leave the United States by way of Florida, thus furnishing evidence of the gradual extension of range westward and of the stability of the routes of migration.

Starchy foods, such as milk and many other substances recognized as highly nutritious, are, it is said, detrimental to the growth of the hair. Chemical analysis shows that the hair is composed in part of five per cent. of sulphur and its ash, twenty per cent. of silicon, and ten per cent. of iron and manganese. The foods which seem, therefore, best adapted for nourishing the hair are meat, oatmeal and Graham flour.

Spices and Other Things. Prunes are prepared fruit of small trees.

White pepper is made from the ripe berry.

Cloves are the dried blossoms of the clove tree.

Caraway is the seed of a common wild plant.

Rice is the peeled and dried seed of the rice plant.

Dates are dried and prepared fruit of the date palm.

Coffee is the kernel taken from the berry of the coffee tree.

Cardamom is the ripe seed of several varieties of tropical shrub.

Raisins are sun-dried grapes of a peculiarly luscious variety.

Starch is extracted from potatoes, corn, rice, arrowroot, etc.

Sago is a dry, granulated starch imported from the East Indies.

Black pepper is made from the unripe dried berry of the pepper plant.

Capers are the flowers of the caper bush, preserved in salt and vinegar.

Figs are dried and skillfully prepared fruit that looks much like the pear.

Vanilla is made from beans that grow upon a vine that clings to trees and rocks.

Allspice is made from the fruit of the pimento tree. The seed is much like the pea.

Saffron is the dried stigma of the common yellow crocus which grows in our gardens.

Black mustard is the seed of sinapis nigra. The seeds have a brown color, with a reddish tint.

The Calm. Oh, sea, when gleaming apples run In liquid laughter toward the sun, Have you forgot the storm as soon? And how through all the awful night Your billows broke in flocks of white, Till the wide beach with wreck was strewn?

All night the roaring win! I hear, free; All night you sobbed an' I moaned, I, oh, sea; With your cold tears the rocks were wet; Yet sunny waves and wreathing spray Grew tranquilly the next-day day.

Oh, happy ocean, to forget! —Z. D. Underhill, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The surreal nag is a horse redish. A dead failure—A deceased bankrupt.

The man who pays as he goes finds it necessary to stay home a good deal. —Syracuse Post.

Mankind may now be divided into those who ride bicycles, and those who dodge them.—Puck.

If dropping water wears away the stone, it is a pity that some of our states are made of bronze.—Puck.

It requires considerable genius for a man to relate his own misdeeds to his friends interested.—Athens Globe.