

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00. One Square, one inch, one month, \$8.00. One Square, one inch, three months, \$22.00. One Square, one inch, one year, \$75.00. Two Squares, one year, \$120.00. Quarter Column, one year, \$30.00. Half Column, one year, \$45.00. One Column, one year, \$60.00. Legal advertisements two 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.

Massachusetts and New Jersey are leading the country in road improvement.

Michigan has decided that for judicial purposes an oath administered by telephone is binding.

Not one life insurance company is now doing business in Kansas. The statutory conditions are so onerous that all have withdrawn.

The new woman is pleased to reflect that there are, according to the census, a million and a half more men than women in the United States.

The Minnesota census this year presents an anomaly. Excepting Duluth, the cities haven't grown much, but the farming population has greatly increased.

The people of the United States use, on an average, 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of about 4,380,000,000 per annum.

It is proposed to run an aluminum works in Great Britain by power from the falls of Foyer, but the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty" is fighting the project.

England's harvest will be a very bad one, according to the Mark Lane Express, owing to the severe frost in the spring, followed by a long drought. All crops are below the average, the percentages being: Wheat, 75.5; barley, 81.9; oats, 78.5; grass and hay, 66; potatoes, 80.7; beans, 72, and peas, 75.9.

An odd step in the movement for booming local industries, which has lately started up and attained much headway in the West, has been made at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, notes the New York Sun. An ordinance has been passed requiring all peddlars and hawkers who sell goods not manufactured or produced in the State to pay a license of \$10 a day.

The Sarcee Indians recently informed the Governor-General of Canada that they did not intend to work, nor did they believe in it, as it was unhealthy. The idea is not original with them, observes the Trenton (N. J.) American, but it shows that the savage mind is not equal to grappling with philosophical problems that have agitated their civilized brethren for ages.

In the new British Parliament there are 131 graduates of Oxford, 110 of Cambridge, twenty-four of London, thirty-one of Scotch and twenty of Irish universities. Of the public schools Eton is first with 104 members, then comes Harrow with fifty-one; Rugby has only seventeen. The oldest member is Mr. Villiers, who is sixty-three; next comes Sir John Mowbray, who nominated the Speaker; he is eighty-one. The youngest members are Mr. Richard Cavendish, the Hon. A. B. Hallurst and Viscount Milton, all twenty-three, and all belonging to families in the peerage.

The falling of rural population, as shown in the last census, is mostly within the first half of the decade, states the Boston Cultivator. There has long been a tendency from the farm to the cities, but it is at last checked, and we believe that the population of country towns is now smaller or than it ever likely to be again. All that is needed is to secure better roads, thus connecting these rural towns with their neighboring cities and with the world at large. There is already the beginning of a movement of the wealthy towards the country. With better means of communication between town and city, this movement will be sure to increase and give to farm lands in Massachusetts a greater value than they have had for many years.

Charles Johnson, of New York City, is one of the luckiest men living, and he is in a fair way to be crushed by circumstances over which he has no control. A short time ago, "relates the Atlantic Constitution, Mr. Johnson fell three stories and cracked his skull. This was bad enough, but when a jury awarded him damages for his injuries the defendant failed and he got little or nothing. The worst, however, was still to come. He had employed a medical expert to testify to the nature and extent of his wounds, and because he is unable to pay the man's fee under an order of the court he is now serving three months for contempt in Raymond street jail. It is a peculiar case, and should be recorded among the curiosities of justice. Here is a man who is innocent, with a good case, as the verdict shows, and because the defendants have failed to pay him the amount of his judgment he must be punished like a felon.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air, The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair; Joy is abroad in the world to-day. If our door is wide open he may come this way. Open the door, Open the door, let in the sun, He hath a smile for every one; He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems, He may change our tears to diamonds. Open the door. Open the door of the soul, let in Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin; They will grow and bloom with a grace divine, And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine. Open the door. Open the door of the heart, let in Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin; It will make the halls of the heart so fair That angels may enter unawares. Open the door. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

A DELAYED ERRAND.

ELL, of all the things! Jim Carroll, he's got home at last! A red-faced and angry woman stood in the kitchen door, her sleeves rolled up and her arms akimbo. A meek little man dismounted from his horse at the gate, and proceeded to unbuckle the girth and take off the saddle, which he threw upon the fence. A pull at the headstall removed the bridle, and the horse, with a snort of satisfaction, at once lay down and rolled in the sandy road. The bridle was thrown across the saddle, and the little man opened the gate slowly and hesitatingly, as one who knows what things the torturer is preparing for him.

"I was a-comin', Minervy," he began, but the strident voice interrupted him. "Comin'! Yes, I reckon so! So is Christmas a-comin'! Here I've had this supper ready one solid hour, and the coffee's not fit to drink by this time! An' the ole red cow o' Peteras has been in the corn again, an' no-body but me to drive her out; but it's little you keer what I hev to suffer, so's you kin go to town an' set round the stores an' tell lies with that no-count jang that stays there! An' I kin just as well as I'd a seen it that you never brung that thread nor them piepans!"

"I was a-goin' to git 'em, Minervy," began the little man, meekly, "but they was up thar makin' up a company." "Didn't I know it, Jim Carroll! Didn't I know it? If ever there was a woman neglected an' abused from one year's end to another, I am that woman. Here I am, a-layin' an' slavin' from mornin' till night, an' never knowin' what it is to go nowhere exceptin' to preachin' once a month—an' a gracious knows if it wasn't for bein' a Christian I never could stand this kind of a life, an' you know that well enough; an' here are you, gaddin' about like of you didn't hev a keer in the world!"

The red-faced woman withdrew into the house, and the meek little man followed her. He hoped that the worst of the storm was over, and he ventured to remark with a conciliating smile:

"Never thought you'd be so mad about it, Minervy." "There it is!" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused lady. "You kin tear around this house an' treat me worse than a slave, but if ever I say a word to the fat in the fire. Things has come to a pretty pass if I can't open my mouth but what somebody has to accuse me o' bein' mad! I reckon I'll hev to be gagged after a while, so's I can't say nothin'! If ever I did see a domineerin', overbearing man, you're that man. Here you kin insult me as much as you please, but I don't dare to say my soul is my own. An' when you knowed how I needed that thread an' them piepans, an' you go all the way to town, an' then come back without 'em! Go out an' git a awful o' wood to git breakfast with! I reckon you kin remember that? Gracious knows, if all the men was like you the women folks would be a plagued sight better off without 'em than they air with 'em."

The little man went out at the open door and around the house toward the woodpile. He paused there to draw his hand across his perspiring forehead, and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply "Whow!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town, whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twilight.

He stood there so long, absorbed in his own thoughts, that an impatient sleep began to resound through the woodpile. He paused there to draw his hand across his perspiring forehead, and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply "Whow!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town, whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twilight.

He stood there so long, absorbed in his own thoughts, that an impatient sleep began to resound through the woodpile. He paused there to draw his hand across his perspiring forehead, and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply "Whow!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town, whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twilight.

He stood there so long, absorbed in his own thoughts, that an impatient sleep began to resound through the woodpile. He paused there to draw his hand across his perspiring forehead, and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply "Whow!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town, whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twilight.

dozen times he felt Minervy's hand on his coat collar, and he knew that if it were there he would have no choice but to go back. Such time was never made since the days of Tam O'Shanter. Over fallen tree trunks, around upturned roots, vaulting over gullies, dodging long hanging limbs, dragging himself free from the embrace of too affectionate briars, away he went down the hill, pursued by the avenging shadow of Minervy. At the foot of the slope, where the hill and valley met, he emerged into the road. It was quite dark, and the fear of pursuit haunted him no longer—that is, not to any great extent. He didn't run now; he only walked rapidly. He carried his hat in his hand, and mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief, and remarked in an amazed undertone: "By Ned!"

In the little town a vacant store building was thronged with men, many of whom had just enlisted as volunteers, and many others had come to look on, filled with curiosity, but not overflowing with patriotism. The war was but a few months old, and only vague rumors of it had penetrated to those remote districts. This was the first company of volunteers to go from this section, and it was made up wholly of those more daring spirits who were willing to risk anything in the mere love of adventure.

A commotion back by the door told of a new arrival, and the crowd willingly made way for him. A little man, ruffled as to hair and tattered as to garments, struggled into the clear space in front of the enrolling officer and said: "Ef the comp'ny ain't made up yet you kin put me in."

Everybody knew him, and everybody laughed. The laugh was a cheery one, brimming with amusement, and it filled the room and extended out into the street. "How'd you manage to get off from Minervy, Jim?" asked a tall fellow who was going to stay at home, presumably because he couldn't "git off from" the wife over whom he dominated. "Does Minervy know you're out?" shouted another jeeringly. "Jist think of it, boys," drawled a third. "Think o' Jim Carroll jinin' the Smithville Tigers! He's a whale of a tiger, ain't he?"

"Never mind," interrupted the enrolling officer grimly. "He'll make as good food for powder as any of you."

With which cheerful suggestion Jim Carroll was duly enrolled as a private in the Smithville Tigers, and by dawn the next morning the company was on the road, marching gayly off to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

About a month later one of the Tigers, Silo Colburn, remarked in a general way to several of the others: "Wall, boys, fur's I'm concerned, you kin leave off laughin' at Jim Carroll an' pokin' fun at 'im. Jim, he never growls at the marchin', nor the weather, nor nothin' else, an' he does more'n his share of the work, you all know that blamed well. An' he sleeps on the ground without any kiver so's to give me his extra blanket all o' last week, when I wasn't feelin' so mighty vigra. I'll bet they wouldn't none o' the rest o' you, a done it."

"Jes' wait till a battle comes up," said long Ben Finks scornfully. "You won't never hear of Jim Carroll again after the first gun fires. He'll pitch out a-runnin', an' he'll be a-runnin' yit when the trampit sounds for the mercurium."

Within three days there was a battle; a battle for which some of the Tigers had longed, and which others had awaited with dread. The weak little man who had fled from Minervy found himself, with the other Tigers, and dim, gray-coated ranks beyond charging up a hill, in the face of a battery that poured through their ranks and laid rows of slaughtered men along the slope behind them, but still they rushed on, their faces set grimly. Jim Carroll was one of the first to leap upon a smoking cannon and snatch away the fuse, and then on in the pursuit, as the enemy retreated, stubbornly lighting their way inch by inch.

The next day something happened. Jim Carroll was offered promotion for bravery on the field of battle. "I'm much obliged," he said, fumbling with his hat in an embarrassed manner, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. I'd lots rather do jist plain fightin'."

through his lung. "It's my belief that Jim Carroll's the bravest man that's fit into the war. Why, when our Colonel went down in that last battle, what does Jim do but run right about into the face of the enemy, grab a loose horse, git our Colonel onto 'im an' come a-bringin' 'im away, cool as a cucumber. The enemy yelled like mad when they seen it, an' he could'a got a promotion then an' thar he'd 'a had it. But he said no, I thank you, Jim did." He said he'd lots rather do plain fightin'."

The four years were past—the "plain fightin'" was over. Apparatix was a recent memory, and along all the roadways trailed dusty and forlorn figures, their faces turned toward whatever region they had once called home. Two men limped painfully down the valley to the little town lying peaceful and serene in the evening light as though there had been no such thing as war in all the world. Purple shadows of clouds drifted across the distant hills, and along a strip of white road on the outskirts of the town a company of small boys with paper caps and wooden guns were playing soldier.

"Now, Jim," urged Silo, beseechingly, "don't go back on your word. Remember what you promised, Jim. Don't ye go an' let Minervy git the start of you ag'in. Jest think how you fit into the war, an' stan' up for your rights."

"I loved I would, Silo," replied Jim, but there was a faltering in his tone as he glanced up the hill toward the cabin, where a thread of blue smoke curled softly up into the evening air.

"Now, Jim, of you give down I'll be plum ashamed o' ye, that's what I will. If you let Minervy get the start o' you once more it's goodby to your chances. An' a man that fit like you did, too."

"I'll take keer, Silo," said the hero of battle and scout. "I'm a-goin' into a store a minute to buy something, an' then I'm agoin' up home."

Minervy had the supper nearly ready in the little cabin on the hill. She was in a hurry, because everything must be cleared away before dark. Candles were too scarce to be wasted, and the tall woman in the homespun dress had learned all there was to be learned in the way of pinching economies. She had set the yellow platter of "corn pone" on the table and was turning back again when a figure in the doorway started her.

"Minervy, here's the wood you sent me after," said the meek little man, and he went across the room and laid the armful of wood beside the hearth. "An' here's that thread an' them piepans."

A grim humor in the utterance struck her, and she fell back into a chair, laughing and crying at the same time, and clapping her worn, brown hands.

"Well, you waited for 'em to grow, I reckon," she ejaculated between sobs. "But it don't make no difference, Jim. I've done scoldin' the rest of my life. Snapper's ready, Jim. I'm glad you got home in time for supper."

And while she cried, the "bravest man who fit in the war" wiped away the tears from her face with a hand as tender as though it had never handled a gun or been blackened with powder. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Campor and gun cotton are the chief constituents of celluloid goods.

A Geneva firm is manufacturing phonographic clocks, which call the hour instead of striking it.

Dr. Alexander states that several recent cases of typhoid fever have been traced to the eating of watercress which has grown in polluted water.

According to the Commander-in-Chief of India 50,000 out of 70,000 men composing the army have been sent to the hospital within two years.

A Pennsylvania inventor has produced an explosive which in recent tests proved five per cent. more powerful than dynamite. It is safe from concussion and explodes with a fuse.

Dr. Lawrie, of Hyderabad, India, says that there are no parasites in the blood in malaria, and that the Italian investigators have mistaken the nuclei of the white cells in the blood for microbes.

The Loudon County Council are considering a proposal to tunnel under the Thames, from Rotherhithe to Shadwell, and will be asked to take steps to ascertain the nature of the bed of the river.

It is well known that where a solution of sulphate of iron has been used for spraying potatoes there is a stronger growth of vine, which corroborates the claim that iron in small proportions deepens the color of plants.

Acetylene, the brilliant new gas, can be easily liquefied and stored until needed. When it is to be used the pressure is lessened, and it becomes gaseous again. It gives more than ten times the light of coal gas burned in the best burners.

The Committee for the Study of Glaciers, which was appointed at the meeting of the International Congress of Geologists of Zurich, has recently made some interesting discoveries. The glaciers of New Zealand have been carefully explored and mapped out. It has been found that the rate of movement of the New Zealand glaciers averages 151.2 inches per diem. From observations in the valleys containing large glaciers it is concluded that the ice has passed at four different levels in its descent.

About Keeping Shoes. I have before me a pair of shoes; one, save for the shape of the foot having destroyed the stiff outlines of newness, looking as if it might have just left the store; the other shoe looks as if even a tramp might pass it by with contempt. Yet they are mates.

One has been cleaned, the other has not, is all the difference, yet neither has ever been "blackened"; the shoes have never been worn with rubbers, yet when cleaned the leather is soft and pliable as one could wish; yet with all the spick and spanness they are half worn out. How is it done?

Have three small, clean cloths, a basin of water, a bottle of cosmoline, vaseline, petroleum jelly, or whatever name you like to call it, it is all the same, and a clean shoe polishing or cloth brush.

The shoes should be wiped as free of mud as possible before being cleaned and should be hung in a warm current of air, say two or three feet above a register or stove-pipe, not underneath the kitchen range, where they will be scorched on top and wet underneath.

When they are perfectly dry wipe the mud stains off with a damp cloth, be sure to get them all off; then polish with a dry cloth, then polish with the brush, being careful about the stitching and around the sole. It is best to do only a part at a time, say first the vamp, one side, then the other, not forgetting the heel.

Unless your shoes have been badly soiled and rotted by bad shoe dressing they will look almost like new. Now rub cosmoline over them with a clean cloth and rub it well in; use it liberally, for too little will only destroy the polish, while plenty of cosmoline improves it. The whole shoe should be carefully done, even among the buttons and buttonholes, and presto, your shoes are soft and pliable, black, and just polished enough to look well; will not stain your underclothes or fingers when putting them on, and a little water will do them no harm.

Try it once, and you will never want to do it any other way. —Philadelphia Times.

Gigantic Petrified Oysters. A bed of petrified oysters was found on the top of Big Mountain, just back of Forkston, Wyoming County, Penn., a short time since. A Judson Starke and William N. Reynolds, Jr., of Lafayette College, amateur geologists of Tunkhannock, spent a day on the mountain and brought back a fine collection of them. Some of the specimens are of mammoth size, one measuring twenty-two inches long by nine inches wide, and weighing forty pounds. The specimens range in all sizes, from this down to the ordinary edible oyster of the present time. Some of the specimens show the eye of the oyster perfectly, and in all of them the meat is easily removed from the shell. The bed seems to be confined to a small mound resting on a broad plateau, at the extreme top of the mountain, near the Sullivan County line, and was first described by workmen in grading a railroad from Lopez to the Jennings Brothers' lumber tracts. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Discovery About Filters. It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Karth, of Bremen, has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it. —New York Sun.

Preventive of Ivy Poison. A writer in Garden and Forest says a workman in his garden, whenever he had occasion to meddle with poison ivy, always pulls one of the small leaves and eats a piece of it, assuring that the workmen on railways along whose embankments the plant abounds always do this as a preventive measure, and escape poisoning.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Bicycle Race—Those Gentle Creatures—Sufficient Cause—Why He Did It—A Touchy Point, Etc., Etc.

"Ah, me, what perils do environ The man who meddles with cold iron; I started on my flying wheel, The flush of exercise to feel, When, disconcerted with the load, It scattered me along the road, And though I lit on every place, The most of it was on my face." —New York Sun.

THOSE GENTLE CREATURES. Miss Oldm (playfully)—"I'm older than you think I am." Miss Canstique—"I doubt it." —Chicago Record.

WHY HE DID IT. Fond Parent—"Bobby, did you pick all the white meat of this chicken?" Bobby—"Well, pop, to make a clean breast of it, I did."

SUFFICIENT CAUSE. Daughter—"Papa went away in very good spirits this morning." Mother—"Good gracious! That reminds me that I forgot to ask him for some money!"

THE TROUBLE WITH HIM. "Rising nicely, ain't he, mamma?" "Jimmy! What on earth have you been doing with Filo?" "He's a jist o' three yeast cakes and drank a pan of sour milk." —Chicago Record.

KILLS EVERY TIME. "I see they are introducing an army blanket which is said to be very deadly." "Yes, it is so constructed that nobody can tell if it is loaded or not." —Detroit Tribune.

A TOUCHY POINT. He (pleadingly)—"Why can't we be married?" She (coolly)—"Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet."

He (earnestly)—"But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time?" She (troublingly)—"Sir!" —Pittsburg Dispatch.

ONE OF THE COMMON HERD. Mrs. De Style—"I am afraid that young man who called on you last evening is not accustomed to good society." Daughter—"Why, mother?" Mrs. De Style—"Whenever he speaks, he says something." —New York Weekly.

HIS ANGEL. "What is that, dear?" the young husband asked. "Angel food," said she, sweetly. "I guess you better eat it yourself. You are the only angel in the house."

And he helped himself liberally to the bread and beef. —Indianapolis Journal.

AND HAD NO RETURNS. "O, did about that killing of Smelly, wasn't it?" "Yes, he'd heard."

"Yes; look out a \$5000 policy only last week and yesterday was shot and killed." "Well, some fellows were born lucky—I've been paying premiums for twenty-five years." —Chicago Record.

TOMMY'S LOOK. Mr. Bliss—"No, Tommy, you cannot have any more cake. Don't you know it is very wrong to ask the second time for anything?" Tommy Bliss—"You did it, papa."

Mr. Bliss—"I did it, Tommy! Why, what do you mean?" Tommy Bliss—"Why, mamma's your second wife." —Yonkers Statesman.

AT A LEGATION RECEPTION. Miss Fuller—"When our Americans go to China they build railroads, start live enterprises, and are of great benefit to your country. When a Chinaman comes here he is content to open a laundry. How do you account for it?"

Mandarin Hit Rice—"Melicans need sleep more cleaning." —Leslie's Weekly.

HIS OBJECT IN SPEAKING. He—"Miss Perrynead, while I may not be the man of your choice at this moment, yet I venture to hope—" She—"I can only be a sister."

"As I was saying, Miss Perrynead, while I may not be your choice, I don't want you to forget me when the time comes for you to look for a chance instead of a choice." —Indianapolis Journal.

THE UNEXPECTED. The landlord presents his bill to the traveler. The latter looks at the sum total and prepares to pay without demur.

Miss host, stupefied at this unwonted promptitude on the part of a guest, stammers out: "Beg your pardon, sir, will you let me have another look at the bill? I must have omitted something."

A CANDID MAN. Mr. Billus had bought a new piano. A lusty fellow with red hair was assisting in carrying the instrument into the house, when Mr. Billus thus addressed him: "What a pity it is, Lally, that you and I were not born rich instead of handsome."

"Excuse me, sir," replied Lally, taking a good look at him, "but I think we were late on both." —Chicago Tribune.

WHEN COTTON BALES COME IN.

So the cotton bales are coming, and they'll soon be with us here.

When the streets will all be gladdened with the white bloom of the Year! From the boats and cars and wagons will arise a rhythmic din.

And the world will be a-blossom when the cotton bales come in! The world will be the whiter, Our hearts will all be lighter, And prospects loom the brighter, When the cotton bales come in!

In the upland fields and bottom, like a spreading summer snow, Old King Cotton's boom a-dreaming of the happy time to go.

For he'll bless a hundred Nations, and above the rear and din, He will hear the people's blessing, when the cotton bales come in!

The earth will gimmer newer, And bosoms beat the truer, While skies will beam the bluer, When the cotton bales come in! —Will T. Hale, in Memphis Commercial.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"I can tell a woman's age, no matter how old she is." She—"You must be a brute." —Pack.

Magistrate—"Now tell me why you stole that watch." Prisoner—"Oh, jist to while away the time." —Philadelphia Record.

"Help! Help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance." —Town Topics.

Adolphus—"Why, Ethel, are you looking at me so intently?" Ethel (dreadfully)—"I was gazing at vacancy, Dolly." —Boston Transcript.

Manager—"Yes, we advertised for a night watchman." Applicant—"Then I'm jist the one for the place. The slightest noise will wake me up."

Customer—"These trousers don't sit jist right about the hips." Tailor—"They're all right—what you need is something more in the pockets." —Chicago Record.

A—"Have you ever heard the eight-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation?" B—"Oh, yes! I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago!" —Ephemere Comique.

Alphose—"You never hear of women ca shiers running off with their employers' money." Henri—"Not often; but when it does happen they take the employer too."

Old Girl—"You say that you would hustle after a man?" "New Girl—"Yes, certainly." "Why do such an unseemly thing?" "To reduce my waist." —Adams Freeman.

"I've an idea in my head," exclaimed young Mr. Goslin. "But are you quite sure that you can distinguish between ideas and wheels?" asked Miss Kittish. —Detroit Free Press.

He—"What a pity that Miss Vere de Vere should have lost her good name." She (greatly shocked)—"In heaven's name, what do you mean?" He—"Why, marrying a man named Jones, of course."

"We must fly," said Murat to Napoleon, on one occasion when the battle had gone sorely against them. "It is impossible," replied the latter. "The enemy has destroyed both wings of the army." —Harper's Bazar.

Visitor—"I don't hear that awful piano up stairs?" Bagley—"No, they don't play it any more." Visitor—"What's the matter?" Bagley—"I've bought a deerhound which howls every time he hears music." —Chicago Record.

School Teacher—"If you had your choice, Willie, would you rather be as wise as Solomon, as great as Julius Cæsar, as rich as Croesus, as eloquent as Demosthenes or as tall as Goliath?" Willie—"I'd rather be a drummer in a brass band!"

They were driving together, when Miss Roets, uncollected, gurgled forth her views upon matrimony. "Love is a dreary desert," she said, "and marriage an oasis." Whereupon Mr. Shly remarked that "it certainly did require a deal of sand!"

Wearv Business Man (hanging to strap)—"Way in creation don't you run more cars?" Street Car Fresh dent—"My dear sir, it would pain me exceedingly to deprive courteous gentlemen like yourself of the privilege of giving up a seat to a lady."

"Jeremiah," said Mr. Jingle's wife, as that gentleman came home some what late, "you don't write me touching apostrophes as you use to." "No," replied Mr. Jingle, "and you didn't need to talk question marks and exclamation points as you do now." —Washington Star.

Australia Sees Profit in Her Flaga. Rabbits may yet save the country. The Secretary for Agriculture has received a letter from Mr. Berry of the Agent-General's office stating that it is expected during the coming season that the price of rabbits will be from twenty cents to twenty-two cents each. The charges for dock dues, cartage and commission at London are about two cents per rabbit, and to still or cure most of them to be the sole local market for enter by the family during the week." He strongly urges Victorian shippers to take a small profit in order to assist in pushing trade in rabbits in these districts. —Melbourne (Australia) Argus.