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Russia is going to spend 10,000,000 roubles a year for forty years on a system of local railroads.

In Cleveland, Ohio, they have a machine for unloading coal cars, which will empty a car in just four minutes. The other day it unloaded forty-five cars in three hours.

Statistics aver that since bicycling has become a popular pastime, the rubber trade, in consequence, has risen probably \$5,000,000 within the last eighteen months.

Besides the coal yet to be brought to the surface in Europe and America, it is estimated that there are in Japan workable seams containing 700,000,000 tons, equal in commercial value to Australian coal.

The programme of shipbuilding for the French Navy promises great activity. Forty-eight vessels are to be completed by the end of 1895 and twelve are to be begun in 1896—viz: one ironclad, four cruisers of different classes, one gunboat, four torpedo-boats, one torpedo-boat destroyer, and one despatch-boat.

Neill, or Cream, the prisoner who was executed in England three years ago, according to a recent statement of the Chaplain of Holloway Prison, had murdered beyond a doubt no less than thirty-five women. He was the most prolific Bible student ever admitted to the jail, being able to repeat half the Bible from memory.

The enormous extent of the forests, and also of the lumber industries, of the Northwest is indicated by the fact that this season Washington will make shipments of lumber aggregating 400,000,000 feet, Oregon 150,000,000 feet, and British Columbia 40,000,000 feet. And there is no danger of the supply running short, because the New York Sun.

John Bull can be generally said when he tries to be, but the New York Advertiser notes that he cannot help but show just a little natural sensitiveness at being constrained to look elsewhere for a dictionary of his own language. "Strange," the London Literary World exclaims in speaking of the Standard Dictionary, "that the Queen's English should find its chief autocrats in the country of the President."

A political situation that is probably unique developed in the little town of Acre, near Albany, Ky., a short time ago. It was the annual election of municipal officers, and there were forty-two voters on the list. When the balloting took place it was found that only one of the forty-two voters was properly registered. That one was the candidate for Mayor. He cast the only ballot at the election, and duly elected himself and a Board of Aldermen.

Several expert engineers connected with the Franklin Institute have declared that the recent trial of electric locomotives at Nantasket Beach, Mass., clearly proves the superiority of this system over steam for short hauls. A speed of sixty miles an hour has been attained in the tests. A maximum speed of fifty miles an hour can, it is thought, be readily developed, or a locomotive can pull 12,000 tons at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The system has been in operation near Boston for some months.

It has been said the Turkish Empire is based upon no Nationality; it is marked by no unity; it is careless to administer justice and powerless to preserve peace; it rose out of cruel religious conquest; it survived on the plunder of old civilization; it has made the garden spot of earlier ages a place of desolation; it is a barrier between the East and the West, a stumbling block in the way of progress, and a menace to the peace of Europe. No more time should be lost in getting rid of it, says a thinker who thinks Nations can be wiped out whenever they do not progress in his way.

Henry Miller and Charles Lux, cattlemen, of San Francisco, confess to owning more than fourteen million acres of land in three States of the Union. This makes an estate equal in area to the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut together. It is half the size of New York and three times the size of New Jersey. It is about the size of West Virginia and an eighth the entire area of California. It is as large as Greece with the Ionian Isles, of which Byron wrote. It is four times the area of Alsace-Lorraine, over which France and Germany fought. It is but little smaller than Ireland and half as large again as Switzerland.

THE HEART'S SONG.

The sky bends blue above us, And sing the sweetest birds; Here's home and one to love us, And gentle deeds and words. But stormy be the skies or clear, The heart keeps singing all the year. Our pathway blooms with roses That woo us on the way And every evening closes A peaceful, perfect day. But then or roses, while love is near The heart keeps singing all the year! -S. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

APTAIN HARRY Beaufort was a tall, handsome, middle-aged man, who traveled for a leading Chicago firm. In response to a request for a story to while away the time as we traveled from Vincennes to Cincinnati, he said: "As I'm going to stop off at my home this trip, I believe I'll tell you about my little Yankee prisoner. Let me see"—retrospectively—"it was in November, 1863, when our brigade—the old Stonewall—was lying below Winchester, Va., momentarily expecting an attack from the Federals. We were a ragged set, I tell you. Half of the brigade was coatless and hundreds were shoeless, and all of us were hungry. One night I was put on guard in a little hollow facing the Yankee front. The glade was surrounded on three sides by low hills covered with underbrush, with an opening directly at my front of several hundred yards. Immediately surrounding my position there was a growth of low bushes, so thick that it seemed almost impossible for a man to penetrate it. In my rear all was clear of growth of any sort, so you can see that I was not likely to be surrounded and captured if I kept my eyes open. Well, I had been standing there perhaps an hour when I heard a thrashing and crashing in the bushes at my left. It seemed to me so much like the sort of a racket that an old cow, tangled in the brush, would make, that I paid little attention to it, until a heavier crash than common, followed by 'Confound the brush!' in accents of annoyance, attracted my attention to a point about thirty feet away, and while looking, expecting to see the draggled gray make-believe uniform of one of my regiment, I was astonished to see the blue uniform of a Yankee emerging from the brush. 'The fellow, who had not yet seen me, was little more than a boy (I was only eighteen years old myself at the time) and a pale-faced, fair-haired boy at that. 'Halt! Drop that gun and stand where you are, Yank!' I ordered. 'I needn't have told him to drop his gun, for he was so much astonished that he dropped it involuntarily. 'Well, I'll be blamed! You're a Johnny Reb, ain't you? What are you doing here? were a few of the questions he rattled off in his surprise. 'Yes, I'm a Johnny Reb, Yank, and I'm on guard here,' said I, as I advanced and picked up his gun. 'And you're my prisoner,' I added. 'That's just my luck,' said he. 'I might have known I would get lost in these blasted Virginia hills. I wouldn't give a ten-acre farm on an Indiana prairie for ten miles square of this wooden country.' 'Ought to have stayed there,' said I. 'But you won't get back soon, Yank, for you're bound for Libby Prison in short metre.' 'Libby Prison! I hope not! But I say, Johnny, got any grub? I'm blamed near starved. I've wandered about trying to condense something to eat ever since 3 o'clock, and to tell you the truth I'm too hungry and tired to talk.' 'That's nothing,' said I. 'I've gone three days without anything to eat except green corn, and that on the sly. But I'll tell you what I'll do, I've got a hunk of corn bread in my grub bag over there under that little tree. You can have half of that.' 'Thanks, Johnny. I'll do the same for you some day,' coolly said the little Yank, and without any more ado off he hustled and got the grub. 'The fellow was hungry and no mistake. He lit into the chunk of corn bread like a hungry wolf, and while I stood looking at him and laughing at his efforts to get a four-inch section of corn into a two-inch mouth, I'll be blamed if he didn't gobble down the whole mess, crumbs and all. I saw it going, but I couldn't stop it to save me, and I don't really believe I would have done it if I could, hungry as I myself was. 'But you should have seen that Yank's face after he had got away with my ration. 'Blame my riggin,' said he, 'if I haven't gone and swallowed the whole of it. I'm mighty sorry, Johnny, but—' 'Oh, never mind,' said I, for it was plain that the misadventure followed had not been really conscious of his abuse of my hospitality, and although I was mad enough to give him a good licking my sense of the ridiculousness proponderated and I couldn't help laughing to save my life. The whole affair had been so confoundedly ridiculous that I laid down my gun and actually rolled over and over until my side fairly ached. 'The little Yank looked at me a minute or two, and then the comical side of the affair suddenly struck him, too, and the next minute both of us were laughing like schoolboys. 'When both of us had laughed until we were completely exhausted we sat down together under the little tree and had a long talk. He belonged to an Indiana regiment and had been in

the service about six months. He said his parents were living near Brownfield, Ind., on a prairie farm, and spoke of his father and mother in terms of the greatest affection. He had a little sister—Jennie—two years old, whom I saw that the boy fairly worshipped. There had been three other children, but they were all dead. 'Before the war I had a number of friends in Indiana, and I spoke of them, one or two of whom I found were known to my prisoner. Of course I told my story—of how, with thirty-five other schoolboys, I had left school before I was seventeen and had joined the Confederate Army, and of the many battles we had been in. There were at that time but seven of the thirty-five left alive. 'It may have been some hypnotic or clairvoyant force or some psychic power unknown to me, but, however that may be, I determined to do the best I could to get my little Yankee out of trouble. I had scarcely come to this determination when the relief guard came up. The officer merely asked me where I got my prisoner, and when I told him he ordered me to take him to camp and turn him over. Our fellows were allowed considerable license, and I took advantage of the fact by going back with my prisoner without any other escort. It was very dark in camp, and I had no trouble in escaping observation with my companion and getting into my tent. 'I suppose I'm a goner, Johnny,' said my little Yank, after we stretched out on a blanket. 'Well, see,' said I. 'Stay right here and don't move till I get back.' And then I slipped out of the tent and managed to hook several pieces of cord broad, one of which I ate in short order. Then we lay down again and talked in a low tone of voice until I thought it might be about 2 o'clock in the morning. Then I again stole out, and after a little scrutiny managed to get possession of an old gray hat and jacket. These I ordered my little Yank to don, leaving his blue cap and blouse on the ground. Then when all was quiet I led him out, and by a dark glen which ran close up to camp I got him safely down into the brush-covered glade where I had crept in. An hour later, by crawling and crawling, we had dodged the pickets and were out of reach. 'Now, Yank,' said I, 'we part here. There, a little to your right, is your picket line. Be careful that you don't shoot your fellow rebel. Good-by.' And back I went, getting safely into camp before day. 'The next morning we went into the fight, and my Yankee prisoner was forgotten by the other command. 'That was the last I saw or heard of my little Yankee prisoner during the war. Twenty years after, or in 1883, I was traveling then, as now, out of Chicago, in Illinois and Indiana, and one summer evening I was sitting in a store in one of the small country villages in Indiana, in company with perhaps fifteen or twenty others, most of whom had been in the army. Stories and jokes were told over pipes, and we were all in good cheer. When it came my turn I thought of my little Yankee, and told the story just as I have given it to you. One of the listeners, a tall, broad-shouldered, sandy-haired giant, listened so intently that I saw that at least one of my hearers was interested, and when I concluded the big fellow arose and took Watson aside. Watson was the storekeeper. They talked excitedly for perhaps a quarter of an hour before they came back, when Watson said: 'Captain, I've been thinking about that order. I don't need the goods now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll stop, say within sixty days, and give me a day or two's notice I'll give you a good big order. What do you say?' 'Consulting my book I found that six weeks from that time I would be in —, and would have three or four days' time with nothing special to do. I told Watson that I could not reach him sixty days hence, but would be able to do so just six weeks from that day. 'That will do nicely, Captain; don't forget the date.' 'I was not apt to do so, as Watson's 'big order' meant big sales, and so it was agreed. 'On the day agreed upon, I drove up to Watson's store, which I found full of people, among whom were many men who looked as if they might have been seasoned veterans at one time. I had shaken hands with Watson and one or two of his friends when I recognized, when I heard some say: 'Here he is now! Not thinking the remark had any reference to myself, I paid no attention until 'Give us yer paw, comrade,' sounded in my ear. 'Turning, I stood face to face with the big bearded giant who had listened so intently to my story on that night six weeks before. By his side stood a fair-faced, fair-haired, blue-eyed man of thirty-five or thirty-seven years. The young man looked me over from head to foot, then back to my face again, as if looking for some point of identification, until his intent began to annoy me, but a minute later his eyes brightened and his face lit up with a smile of pleasure. 'I don't know me, do you?' said he. 'No, I don't believe I ever saw you before, yet—as a smile lit up his face—'yet—there's something about you seems familiar.' 'Didn't think you would forget your Yankee prisoner—the one who sat up your grub down near Winchester in '63.'

'What!' I ejaculated, and then it all became clear. There was the same sunny smile, the same laughing eyes, but the man before me was almost middle-aged, bearded and stalwart, whereas my prisoner had been but a stripling of a boy. I forgot the years which had elapsed, but that all came to me in a flash, and there before me, twenty years after it had occurred, stood my quondam Yankee prisoner. 'Two hours later we were trotting up a long avenue of cottonwoods towards a beautiful white mansion, embowered in vines. As we rode up to the broad veranda which faced the avenue the hall door opened and a sweet-faced, motherly old lady, accompanied by a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman, stepped out. The older lady stood at the head of the steps, and as I advanced she placed her hands upon my shoulders and, bending forward, kissed me on the forehead. 'God bless you, my son!' she said, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. 'I have prayed to see this day.' The younger woman pressed my hand gratefully, but my eyes were moist and I could scarcely see her. 'I remained that night, and it was difficult to get away even the next day, but business demanded my attention. I promised to visit my friends frequently, and did so every time I could get a day off. But here's my stopping-place, and there's my wife and mother-in-law and babies. Yes, that fair-haired, blue-eyed woman is my wife. 'You have guessed it. She was Jeannie Northrup, and that sweet-faced old lady is our mother.'—Chicago News.

Trip to a Fixed Star. There is a perpetual fascination about the stars and the immense distances at which they lie from one another and from us. I demonstrate the vast distance of Centauri from this planet a popular scientist gives the following illustration in Answers: 'We shall suppose that some wealthy directors, for want of outlet for their energy and capital, construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect, for the present, the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic. We shall go further, and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy, and that the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for the right of way. 'Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors had made the fare exceedingly moderate, viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles. Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, a gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the National debt of Britain and a few other countries, and presenting himself at the office, demands a first-class single to Centauri. 'For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the British National debt, which just covers the cost of his ticket, but at this time the National debt of little wars has been run up \$5,500,000,000. 'Having taken his seat it occurs to him to ask: 'At what rate do you travel?' 'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer. 'Then when shall we reach Centauri?' 'In 48,663,000 years, sir!'

A Grasshopper Raid. I remember that during grasshopper time I was near the corner of Seventh and Delaware and watched the approach of the insects from the West. I remember distinctly that it was in the afternoon. At first I noticed quite a number between myself and the sun. It was not long, however, before they seemed to come in clouds. The sun became darkened exactly as though a thunder storm were coming up. They were flying perhaps 400 or 500 feet high. It must have been less than an hour when the town was literally covered with grasshoppers, and in less than a day there was not a green thing to be seen anywhere. A great many people dug trenches in their yards, in the bottom of which they had piled paper and kindling wood. After sweeping hundreds of the pests into these trenches they were burned up. In walking along the streets one would crush hoppers under his feet. They went as they had come—almost in a moment. I suppose it was gone or starved. They had eaten everything in sight, and, as a consequence, thought it best to seek other fields.'—Kansas City Journal.

Indian Bibles as Souvenirs. A Harbor Springs (Mich.) resort lady saw a little papoose, which she thought so cute that she offered the mother a big sum of money for it. As the squaw had a large supply at home, she let it go, and since then the reporters have been pestering the life out of the natives by trying to buy their papooses to take home as souvenirs. The squaws think it's only a clever scheme to exterminate their race, and they are hiding the little reidkins in every conceivable place. —Minneapolis (Minn.) Journal.

Qualifications of London Footmen. One of the greatest essentials with regard to the recommendation of a London footman is not only his height, but the size and form of his legs. To suit the needs of those who have not been gifted with a well-formed leg, livery makers now supply artificial calves, which pad out the leg to a respectable size. A pair of these pads cost about five shillings. They are stated to be also in request among cyclists who are sensitive of their deficiency in respect of impeding calves. —Chicago Times-Herald.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Cried Wolf in Vain—A Discerning Friend—Homopaths. Me wife smiled first for twenty years Each night when she awoke, But when at last we had one, did Not even smell the smoke. —Judge.

A DISCERNING FRIEND. The Artist—"How do you like it?" The Friend—"Best work you ever did. What does it represent?"—Lilo.

COMPARING NOTES. "What a lot of people there were at the Wortleburys last week—and yet how dull it was!" "Yes, dear. But it was much brighter after you left."—Punch.

CONSCIOUS GUILT. Wallace—"How did you feel the first time you got into a barber's chair for a shave?" Ferry—"To tell the truth about, I felt like a bare faced fraud."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOMOPATHIC. Mowler—"I see some philosopher says that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it?" Cynicus—"Certainly—if you run away with the girl."—Truth.

HER CHIEF FAULT. "By Jove, I left my pocketbook under my pillow!" "Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?" "That's just it—she'll take it right up to my wife!"—Chicago Record.

HELPING EACH OTHER. Mr. Cawker—"I admire the helpful spirit the Wilberforce boys display. They are always doing what they can for each other." Mr. Cumsy—"What they have done lately?" Mr. Cawker—"John has become a dentist, while James has established a candy factory."—Life.

PROFIT IN HOTELS. Clerk—"No. 45 says that he had the best dinner here that he has had for four years." Hotel Keeper—"Good! Charge him a quarter extra." "And No. 54 says it was the worst he ever saw." "So? Make his bill half a dollar more for kicking."—Indianapolis Journal.

A FRIENDLY DISPOSITION. "I can count on your sympathy in this campaign, can't I?" said the candidate. "—Yes." "That means, of course, that you will vote for me." "No—no. I don't go so far as that. I won't do no more'n jes promise sympathy; an' I'm bound ter say I think yer goin' ter need it."—Washington Star.

HE HAD SCRIPTURES. It was during the last visitation of Mr. Turkeytrod's mother-in-law to Mrs. Turkeytrod that the old lady was taken down sick, and the family physician had to be called in. "It is a very serious case, Mr. Turkeytrod," was the doctor's edict; "she must be sent to a warmer climate. Mr. Turkeytrod solemnly retired to the wardrobe and came in, with an axe. "You hit her, doctor," said he; "I don't just like to do it."—New York Mail and Express.

HEE TENDER HEARD. It was the woman who will stop a horse car twice inside of twenty feet to keep from walking the small extra distance and who will let a man with both arms full of bundles stand up rather than move over half a foot to let him sit down. "The doctor says that we must boil our water," she said to her friend. "Yes," was the reply. "Isn't much trouble." "No. But I hate to do it. It does seem—such a horrible death for those poor little microbes and things!"—Detroit Free Press.

HE WAS WARNED. "Mr. Clinker," said the thrillingly beautiful heroine of this tale, as she turned her head and looked straight into the eyes of the young man, who was sitting as close to her on the sofa as it was possible to get, "there are some things which even a girl of my—er—advancement can't see easily brook. When you first entered this room, half an hour ago, you bowed formally as you shook hands, did not dream of calling me by my first name, and when you sat down, you took a chair which was at a conventional distance away. You had not—"

"But, my dear Miss Springer—" "Don't interrupt me, sir. You had not been here ten minutes before your chair was six feet nearer where I sat. In another five minutes you called me dear. Shortly afterwards you deliberately sat down on the sofa next to me. It was then that you attempted to take my hand. You need not deny it. You know it is too true. And now, sir—" "Hear me, I—" "And now, sir," repeated the young girl, her slight form trembling with emotion, her eyes blazing, her whole attitude expressive of the deepest concern, "I want you to distinctly understand that if you should so far forget yourself as to attempt to kiss me, you do so at your own peril!"—Harper's Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Copenhagen, Denmark, boasts paper telegraph poles. Alma Tadema, the painter, says that bright blue has a depressing effect. Scientists believe that all salt, wherever found, has come originally from the sea, in some way or other.

A flowing well of petroleum was discovered in the Olympic Mountains in Washington recently. The oil is said to be identical in character with that of the Eastern wells. Professor Willis Moore, head of the Weather Bureau, is taking observations in the upper strata of the atmosphere with kites and expects to improve his forecasts very much.

A Philadelphia inventor has a system of telegraphing which will send, he claims, a thousand words in a minute over a single wire. Actual experiments with it has given 940. The first fossil insect ever found in the southern coal field of Pennsylvania, according to Naturalist W. Victor Lehman, of Trenton, Penn., was sent by him to the Smithsonian Institute.

Plumbago brushed over the face of a medal or other metallic object—an electrolytic copy of which is desired in intaglio—will prevent the copper or other metal electrically deposited from adhering. Field magnet cores, for ring machines, should be 1.66 times the diameter of the armature core, if of wrought iron, or three times if of cast iron. For drum machines the figures are 1.25 and 2.3.

Ohio stands at the head of the States in clay manufacture, its product being valued at \$10,668,000, or over sixteen per cent. of that of the whole country. Illinois comes next with, thirteen per cent., and Pennsylvania stand third with eleven per cent. Venomous snakes are slow in doing mischief. The cobra di capello, the toy of Indian jugglers, retains its fangs, but never uses them except to resent injuries—and then, opening its crest and hissing violently, it darts on its victim, who has notice to escape.

Austria-Hungary has 174 paper factories, 120 pasteboard factories and thirty-four pulp factories. The yearly production is about 350,000,000 pounds of paper, 20,000,000 pounds of pasteboard and 150,000,000 pounds of pulp, worth more than \$20,000,000. Fortunes in Melodramas.

The history of melodrama in the United States for the past twenty years has been somewhat peculiar. It may be said that its first great impetus came with the production of D'Enery's "Two Orphans." It is estimated that \$400,000 was made from this one drama alone. Then came the "Lights of London," "Romany Rye," and a host of others so thick and fast that it was not long until the public became surfeited.

However, while many fortunes were wrecked by adventurous speculators who desired to repeat the "Two Orphans" success, not a few made money. Mr. Shook, of Shook & Palmer, retired with a fortune of \$500,000 from melodrama. "The Fatal Card," in part of one season, netted a profit of \$50,000. But the greatest modern day success in the way of profits has been "In Old Kentucky," which is an American play purely and written by an American author. After its first production two years ago, no less than six companies were for a long time touring the country, and in the New York run alone there was a profit of \$30,000. It is estimated that the play has made over \$250,000, the author alone receiving in royalties \$100,000. Since the enormous success of this play many others have rushed into the melodramatic field, and while, as stated here, three plays have made over \$1,000,000, it will probably be a long time before there will be another winner like "In Old Kentucky."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Efforts to Abolish Superstition. The French entele established in the town of Langres are determined to call attention by every means in their power to the absurdity of the superstition about presents of knives "cutting friendship." The belief, they allege, no doubt with some show of reason, is injurious to their trade. Among the wedding gifts presented to a newly married couple, for instance, one never sees any knives, although metal articles of other kinds are never wanting. The Langres entele have, therefore, begged the French Minister of Public Works, M. Dupuy-Dutemps, to accept a little present of two fancy knives and a pocket knife of fine workmanship. M. Dupuy-Dutemps has graciously accepted the gift without sending the traditional penny or half-penny in exchange with which the superstitious ordinarily seek to disguise the nature of such a transaction. —London News.

Water Supply by Wooden Pipes. Several towns and cities in Oregon and Washington have lately obtained an excellent and adequate water supply in an inexpensive manner by the use of wooden pipes. The pipes are made from common pine logs, ten inches in diameter, hollowed out with a six inch bore. It is claimed that the wooden pipes last as long as iron pipes. One town has a line of pipes seven miles long that, with all connections, cost but \$2000.

A Novel Revenge. A novel revenge for his discharge was taken by an elevator boy in a big furniture store in Portland, Me. When every one else had left the store he changed the price tags on all the furniture in the place, marking some things down in a startling way, putting high prices on common stock, and hopelessly mixing up things generally. —New York Sun.

Walking Made His Feet Bigger. "Well walking increases the size of your feet! Well, I just guess—that is, it has in my case," said one of the most popular of the Coroner's dignitaries. "When I first came in this office I wore only a No. 9 shoe. Now I take a No. 10 shoe, and the increase in size is due to the great amount of walking I do."—Philadelphia Call.

AT HOME WITH LOVE.

I've built my nest In a little spot, With a little heaven has sent; Let the world go by With the wind and the rain, For I dwell with love—content. A little way From that hot each day, In the light that heaven lent With song and deed And love to lead— In life and death content! And, friends or foes, Or thorns or rose, Or suns or storms above, Life drifts along, A glad, sweet song, In the light of the smile of love. —Frank L. Stanton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Mr. Doiley—"Medical experts say that the uncharacterized kiss is deadly." Miss Fypp—"I'm no coward."—Detroit Free Press. "Professor, how does the hair-cut suit you?" "The hair is altogether too short—a little longer, please."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Teacher—"Why did you have your hair cut so short, Bobby?" Bobby—"So that you couldn't pull it, ma'am."—Albany State Journal. He (at 11 p. m.)—"Well, misery loves company, you know." She (repressing a yawn)—"Not at this hour, I think."—Detroit Free Press.

Oh, legislators, while you sleep To remedy our ills, If you would keep us all alive, Pass some ten-dollar bill!—Atlanta Constitution. Half Back—"Scared a dozen people into fits yesterday." Centurion Bush—"How?" Half Back—"Rode my wheel home dressed in my football suit!"—Chicago Record.

Lady Teacher—"Children, you should always respect your teacher. Now, Willie Green, tell me why you won't respect me." Willie—"On account of your age."—New York Weekly. "Now, that we are married, Penelope, and have nothing to conceal from each other, how—" "I'm twenty-nine, George. How much did you give the preacher?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Frederick, I am sure you love me no longer. You are weary of me, for I saw you yawn." "That is easily accounted for. You see, you and I are now one, and solitude is apt to prove wearisome."—Judge. Visitor—"What in the world are they doing upstairs? It sounds as if they were throwing cannon balls around." Fat Woman—"Way, the manager's bouncing the India Rubber Man."—New York Herald.

It doesn't pay to worry. Have a good time yourself and let the other fellows do all the worrying. If you follow this advice strictly the chances are that they will have some worrying to do.—Somerville Journal. Johnny—"What's the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Pa—"A visit, my son, is when you go to see your grandmother on your mother's side." "Yes." "A visitation is when she comes to see us."—Tit-Bits.

Willis—"I'd hate to be as hard up as Broker seems to be." Wallace—"What leads you to think he is hard up?" Willis—"Way, he's been to see me ten times this week to get that favor I borrowed from him six months ago."—Tit-Bits. "Are all these young men anxious to become surgeons?" asked the visitor. "They are," replied the lecturer upon surgery. "But how can so many expect to make a living?" "Easily, sir; easily," answered the lecturer. "Think of the effect of the present bicycle craze."—Chicago Post.

In reply to the cry for assistance, the professor said: "If I could help you, I couldn't help helping you. It is because I cannot help you that I cannot help refusing to help you." And the mendicant darted around the corner, with terror in his eye and cries of "Help!" in his mouth. —Boston Transcript.

Wanted Rent for a Fountain's Site. Lord Sackville West achieved fame by attempting to screw a small rent out of the people of Stratford-on-Avon for the ground on which stands the Shakespeare fountain, presented to the town by the late G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The fountain is located in the market place, and the Stratfordites told Lord Sackville that they would as soon pay rent for the sub-soil of the parish pump or for the ground occupied by the gas lamps. Upon this Lord Sackville wrote that if the town authorities would admit his right to levy rent on the fountain he would consent not to enforce it. No reply was vouchsafed to this and there the matter remains to this day. —Chicago Record.

Lightning's Tricks. During a recent thunder storm in Berlin an interesting effect on an electric train was noted at night. All the electric lamps inside and outside the carriages were extinguished every time the lightning flashed, and the passengers remained a few moments in complete darkness. Then the lamps rekindled. —London Graphic. Walking Made His Feet Bigger. "Well walking increases the size of your feet! Well, I just guess—that is, it has in my case," said one of the most popular of the Coroner's dignitaries. "When I first came in this office I wore only a No. 9 shoe. Now I take a No. 10 shoe, and the increase in size is due to the great amount of walking I do."—Philadelphia Call.