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They figure it out that England spends \$900,000,000 a year for drinks.

Our army is amply provided with Brigadiers, there being no less than sixteen.

It takes 3500 barrels of flour a week to make the bread of Glasgow, Scotland, and most of it goes from the United States.

F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Museum, Boston, denies that the mound-builders were in any way related to the Indian tribes of the country.

A Japanese priest defines "Shintoism" as the "worship of the Emperor and other great men of the Nation."

The United States has all kinds of climate, from that of Sahara in the sandy deserts of Arizona to that of the Amazon in South Florida and that of Greenland in Northern Idaho and Montana.

The Chicago Chronicle says: "The signs continue to multiply that the new commercial era which is to make the United States the richest and most powerful Nation of the globe has already begun."

It is surprising that the great river which Professor Bell claims to have discovered in Northern Quebec should have received no name from the natives.

In no other country in the world is there so much money appropriated by Government and donated by private citizens to the cause of education as in the United States, boasts the Detroit Free Press.

Several eminent German physicians are agreed that in about ten per cent. of the cases of supposed idiocy among children the affliction is caused by an abnormal growth in the canal back of the nose.

A noted ex-burglar is employed as a private detective in one of the largest retail dry goods stores in New York, and a member of the firm says that the ex-convict's services are invaluable.

Mr. Sam Heller, of Raleigh, N. C., knowing that there was no limit to the weight of first-class mail packages, ordered a box of shoes, weighing 125 pounds, sent to him by mail.

The Boston Transcript's "Listener" grows extremely aesthetic in his criticism of the modern iron building.

SONG OF THE ROAD.

All hills in the world are grinding gold grain. All wells in the world like my heart must be vain. For my foot goes in time to a holiday measure...

THE LAST CHAPTER IN MISS WITTEMORE'S ROMANCE.

BY T. W. HALL.

MISS WITTEMORE was giving a small garden party at her country home. There was nothing unusual about it except that she was to meet, on this occasion, for the first time, the fiancée of her orphaned niece.

There was a large attendance at the garden party, however. There always was at any function given by Miss Wittemore. She was an old maid it is true, but she was the sweetest, most lovable and youngest old maid in all Christendom.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

To the Highest Bidder—The Latest Cut—Well Provided—Life Number One—She Was the Loser, Etc.

John Bull is a sorry chap. Despite his yachting tricks; For e'er among our business; He still "puts up his dukes."

WELL PROVIDED. "Why, Professor, you have two umbrellas." "That's all right. I expect to lose one of them."

SEE WASH'E. Younger Sister—"What does spirituelle mean?" Elder Sister (contemptuously)—"Thin."—Pack.

THE LATEST OUT. "Mrs. Outfit and her husband seem to be divided on the subject of her bicycle suit."

LIE NUMBER ONE. "Now that we are married, Hettie, we will have no further secrets from each other."

SENT TO CONSIDERATION. Hotel Clerk—"See here, now, you have on off this veranda."

SHE WAS THE LOSER. He—"And now what are you crying about?" She—"Be—be—because you don't love me any more."

WHAT CONSTITUTED THE INSULT. "Are these the photographs I ordered?" asked the customer. "Yes, sir," replied the photographer.

HIS ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE. On his hard pallet the prisoner of Zenith tossed in high fever, muttering incoherently.

NOT TO BE DECEIVED. Yesterday afternoon Robby burst into the house in a state of high excitement.

A MYSTERIOUS POWER. "You don't believe these stories about women being human magnets do you?" Dora asked.

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING RELIC. A curious and interesting relic of the old days was unearthed in Germantown a few days ago.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity is likely to be adopted to run Brooklyn Bridge cars.

St. Louis's new City Hall has been declared unsafe by reason of blow holes in cast iron columns, and the cost of alterations will be heavy.

A technical congress at Zurich is trying to secure uniform methods of testing the strength of building materials for this country and Europe.

At present England, Holland and Belgium all use Greenwich time. The legal time throughout Germany has recently been defined to be exactly one hour fast on Greenwich time.

A complete skeleton of a moa, or diornis, the gigantic ostrich-like extinct bird of New Zealand, and of the New England sandstone, has just been discovered in a New Zealand cave.

The penny-in-the-slot telephone does not please the druggists of Chicago, and most of them positively refuse to have it. The telephone, as it is, is too useful to their customers.

A new alloy, known as "gold steel," is said to be meeting with favor among Sheffield manufacturers on account of its beauty and durability.

A pneumatic vehicle tire carrying materials for its repair in its interior has been patented by Messrs. J. F. and E. P. Forbes, of Halifax.

A steam pipe capable of resisting very high pressure has been patented by a Glasgow engineer.

William Reidy, residing near Liverpool, tampered with a rattlesnake on his ranch a few days ago and came near losing his life for his fun.

Reidy's children had seen the snake enter a hole in the ground and told their father. The hole was not sufficient depth to hide the reptile's entire body.

The woman screamed and dropped the stick, and the snake was free to double on itself, which it did, and darted its fangs into Reidy's hand.

The so-called blight of potatoes is due to a fungus which penetrates the plant all through, from the leaves downward into the roots, and then into the tubers.

A surgeon of the French Hospital in San Francisco recently performed a very delicate surgical operation. The patient was suffering from a compression of the spinal cord.

Our barnyard fowl, says the Chicago News, is the only species of a large family of birds that has been truly domesticated.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

Fall flowered summer lies upon the land, I kiss your lips—your hair—and then you frown.

The rose leaf falls, color fades and dies. The sunlight leaves, no summer, bird like, flies; There comes a shade across your wistful eyes— Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blighted with rain, The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain. Can any note revive the broken strain? Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere, I turn to you, and in my heart's despair Find peace and rest. We know, through foul or fair, That love is sweet. —Pall Mall Gazette.

A preferred creditor—One who never presents his bill.—Texas Siftings. Anxious Versifier—"Do you pay for poetry, sir?" Exasperating Editor—"Yes; but this is versa."—Somerville Journal.

Taylor—"Can your stenographer write as fast as you can talk?" Naylor—"Sure! Why, she can write as fast as she can talk!"—Pack.

Jack—"Well, I called on her father last night." Tom—"Ah, what did he say?" Jack—"Not a word. He fired me in profound silence."

Softly—"Will you marry me? I would die for you." Miss Part—"Well, then get your life insured in my favor."—Philadelphia Record.

"Why do you suppose they always represent Cupid as a boy?" he asked. "Because he never arrives at years of discretion," she replied.—Household Words.

Jones—"I've always been sorry for one man who didn't have an opportunity to see much of the world." Brown—"Who was that?" Jones—"Poor Atlas; he had it on his back."—Truth.

"Bigbee has a nerve." "Why so?" "I threatened to sue him for those ten dollars he owes me." "Yes." "And he asked me to sue him for twenty dollars and give him the other ten."—Pack.

Johnnie—"What's the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Pa—"A visit, my son, is when we go to see your grandfather on your mother's side." "Yes." "A visitation is when she comes to see us."—Tit-Bits.

Featherstone—"I wonder if your sister realizes, Willie, that during the last month I have given her ten pounds of candy." Willie—"Of course she does. That's why she is keeping her engagement with Jim Barling a secret."—Harper's Bazar.

Hicks—"I hear that Miss Jitter has thrown over Dr. Puleleigh." Wicks—"Yes; but he will have his revenge. He has sent a bill for \$150—fifty visits at \$3 each that he has made her during the past year. His next move will be to sue, not her, but her father."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Slimson (severely)—"Willie, this lady complains that you have been fighting with her little boy, and wants you to promise never to do so again." Willie (to lady)—"You needn't be afraid, ma'am. Your boy will keep out of my way after this."—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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First Italian Count—"Why, my dear fellow, where have you been for the last six months or so?" Second Italian Count—"Over in America hunting heiresses." First Italian Count—"Did you bag anything?" Second Italian Count—"Yes; my trousers."—Somerville Journal.

A Blind Surgeon. When Dr. James R. Cooke, of Boston, Mass., was two months old both of his eyes were ruined by a blundering doctor, who administered a wrong medicine. Since then he has been totally blind. He is now thirty-two years of age. He locates a disease by his sensitive touch, and he tells the color of good in the same way, singular as it may appear. A lady who had eight or ten samples of dress goods, each about three inches square, handed them to Dr. Cooke the other day, and he at once told accurately the color and even the shade of color of each, and selected the samples of the best quality. When handed several National bank and Government currency bills, he at once told the denomination of each and the color, whether green or black. He tells the complexion of a person by touching the skin. It is difficult to believe that a blind man could do this, but he is seen to do it, and accurately, too.—Hartford Times.

Only Bird Domesticated. Our barnyard fowl, says the Chicago News, is the only species of a large family of birds that has been truly domesticated. In its wild state this bird had already to a great extent lost the power of flight, using its wings only to escape from its four-footed pursuers or to attain the branches of the trees in which it sought safety in the night time. With this measure of loss of the flying power, the creature abandoned the habit of ranging over a wide field and this was made more fit for domestication. Moreover, in their wildness, these birds dwell in their established communities that have descended ages.