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RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, 5 cts; One Square, one inch, one month, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$2.50; One Square, one inch, one year, \$8.00; Two Squares, one inch, one year, \$12.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$4.00; Half Column, one year, \$6.00; One Column, one year, \$10.00; Local advertisements less 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.

"The Solid South" will be a financial phase ten years hence, predicts the Chicago Times-Herald.

The peach blossom has been selected by a vote of the school children of Delaware as the floral emblem of the State.

It is remarked by a statistician that the States which have the largest percentage of women teachers have also the lowest per cent. of illiteracy.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, who advises that children and youths of habitual criminal tendencies be isolated as lunatics, says there is scarcely a child who does not abuse his power over those who are weaker than he.

If England sees fit to equip its most important war vessels with wire wound guns, this country must follow suit, declares the New York Telegram. The wire-wound segmental cannon is an American device that has proved under tests by this Government to be practically unobtainable.

Professor Dyer, of Kansas University, says that he has practically decided to make another trip to the Arctic Ocean in search of the North Pole, having received an offer of assistance from a source which he declines to name. His plan is to creep around the west coast of Greenland, and then make a dash for the pole by sledge or boat.

So great has been the reduction of steamboat accidents in the waters of the United States since the Federal Government introduced the inspection system that Inspector-General Dumont now asserts that travel by water is much safer relatively than travel by railroad or even by street car. He asserts, on the strength of the fatality records, that one is safer on a steamboat than in walking the streets of a city or even sleeping in one's own bed.

The New York Sun thinks it would doubtless surprise many folk to know the number of furs that are taken annually in Connecticut and Massachusetts. William Clark, of Vernon, Conn., makes a tour of Tolland County, Connecticut, and Hampden County, Massachusetts, every fall collecting furs from the farmers. Last season he collected some 1500 skins, mostly skunk skins, but many of them mink. These animals are probably not more plentiful in these two counties than in some other parts of the two States.

The result of the census taken the other day in Berlin has caused some surprise. It shows the total population of the German capital to be 1,674,112, whereof 797,186 are males and 876,926 females. The estimate, based on the periodical returns of births and deaths and of departures and arrivals, which in Prussia have to be reported to the police, had shown, as worked out on November 10, a total population of 1,757,898. Moreover, the increase in the population during the last five years, according to this census, has been only six per cent., as against twenty per cent. between 1885 and 1890, and sixteen per cent. between 1880 and 1885. The explanation lies in the enormous growth of the suburbs compared with Berlin proper.

The Atlanta Constitution says: About six months ago Massachusetts created the State Highway Commission, and since that time eighty-nine miles of first-class roads have been constructed under the auspices of the new Board. The experiment is so satisfactory that the Legislature this winter is expected to make a larger appropriation for roadways, and it is now certain that the work so suspiciously begun will be pushed forward with increased vigor. The fact that the people are willing, after spending \$700,000 in 1895, to spend a still larger sum shows that the movement in favor of good roads is already popular enough in Massachusetts to hold its own, and it is natural to suppose that other States will organize their commissions and go to work on the same line. New Jersey had a somewhat similar experience a few years ago, and after a few scores miles of substantial roads had been completed the people all over the State demanded their extension and expressed their willingness to submit to a much higher tax rate in order to secure these improvements. As the country fills up with population the highway question will assume greater prominence and good roadways will be constructed at the expense of future generations, instead of causing the entire cost to fall upon the people who are progressive enough to inaugurate such reforms.

A SONG OF LIBERTY.

Across the land from strand to strand Loud ring the bugle notes, And Freedom's smile from tale to tale Like Freedom's banner floats! The valiant valiant "Liberty!" To answering skies serene; The mountains sloping to the sea Wave all their flags of green! The rivers dashing to the deep The joyous notes prolong, And all their waves in glory leap To one immortal song! One song of Liberty a' life, That was, and is to be, Till tyrants are the trampled rags And all the world is free! One song! the nations hail the notes From sounding sea to sea, And answer from their thrilling throats That song of Liberty. They answer, and an echo comes From chained and troubled isles And from like ocean's thunder-drum Where brave Columbus smiles. Where crowned and great she sits in state Beneath her flag of stars, Her robes blood the sacred food That crimsoned all its bars! Hail to our country! strong she stands, Nor fears the war-drum's beat; The sword of Freedom in her hands— The tyrant at her feet! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE PHANTOM BELLS.

BY MRS. M. J. RAYNE.

HE ladies of the Chateau Frontenac had invited their fiancée to make them a visit in order to explain to her the strange shadow which hung over their house for nearly a hundred years, and to whose baneful influence she must become habituated, when a member of the family.

When they first saw Clotilde, she was so young and simple they made up their minds to wait until Gaspard himself came, but one night as they sat around the great hall-fire there was a great jingle of sleighbells and the sound of swift runners on the crisp snow outside, and then that musical clash at the door which announced the stopping of the turnout, and the arrival of guests.

Surely there was nothing uncommon in this, the coming of a party of merry people to a country house, and on a magnificent moonlight night when the whole landscape was as light as day! Yet instead of looking pleased or surprised, the ladies sank back in their chairs, and covering their faces with their hands, murmured a prayer.

Clotilde, the little one, clasped her hands, and asked earnestly: "Might it be, my friends, that it is Gaspard, who has come with a surprise?"

"No, no, Clotilde, it will not be our Gaspard," Mrs. Dion, how then shall we tell her? Child, do you not to the door? Those sleighbells you hear are not of the flesh and blood—I mean the driver is not—"

But the little Clotilde had run joyously to the great hall door, and though no servant stood there to open it, she swung it wide on its massive hinges. A bitter blast of cold air rushed in with a dreary, wailing sound, and no sleigh stood outside, but even as she started girl watched, a clash of musical bells and the swift sound of the steel-shod runners filled the area of snow. She turned whiter than a lily in the somber moonlight, and flung the door to, affrighted.

"Come to the fire, little one; you have seen, then, our skeleton in the closet?" "I saw not any skeleton—nothing—nothing, but I heard the bells—oh, what does it mean?" "You tell her, Agathe," said the younger sister.

"I would greatly prefer that she should hear it from your lips, Clotilde," answered the other. "I am not afraid," said the girl proudly. The color was coming back to her lips and cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. It could not be worse than the legends of the Loup-Garou which her uncle had told her since she was a child—not so very long ago that—but now she was a woman and would not show fear.

"You will now know why our Gaspard has dark spells, when not even his sweetheart can comfort him, why the shadow is never lifted from our lives, and we cannot be quite like other people. Perhaps you will not then like to marry our brother, who is the best and dearest in the world, but like us, under the ban."

"It is the more I would love him if I might, when he has the trouble; but tell me, please, is it that some wicked souls come back because that they cannot rest?" "We know not, petite, but the story is like this. So long ago, maybe, that not our oldest relation can remember, there was another Gaspard du Frontenac, a brave, good man like this one, but hot-headed and fiery. And you know, the steep hills that shut us in—so high with the big ravine—the precipice on either side? And in the winter there was always snow, and the people went coasting and sleigh-riding with swift horses down those long hills, but never could two meet, for the road was just the width for one sleigh, and the people all knew this, and they waited at the plateau on the top, and each took his turn.

wind, a fine picture the country folk much admired, too, for so the story has come to us, and their pictures are in the salon, though some think us not of the right mind to keep them there.

"It comes soon now, petite, the tragedy of those two. One night, just such a night as this, they went riding in the so gay spirits, and going up hill for the second or third time when they should they see but another sleigh coming down! It was coming fast, and my great uncle knew it was death for one side or the other, since pass they could not. And he shouted to the other driver to halt!

"Ah, it was too sad! On, on, came the other sleigh, fast like the wind, and my great uncle Gaspard saw that it would into him crash, and he quickly drew a pistol, and fired to kill the horse, before it was too late. And his own horse, he got such a fright he plunged over the side, throwing him out, but taking his bride down to death!

"He lived, but like a man in a dream, till some one tell him the truth that on that night there was no other sleigh but his own, and that he saw the shadow was of his own, in some way I know not the exact, the moonlight make that effect by what you call projecting the shadow, and when he knew that, he took again the pistol and with it end his misery and his life."

A long silence succeeded this world tale and then Clotilde asked in a broken voice: "Is it then that the sleigh is a ghost?" "Yes, petite, a—what you call phantom."

"I am not afraid, I accept, and will pray to give the poor ghosts peace."

It was not like the Loup-Garou, not to the mind of Clotilde half as dreadful, but she was not really afraid of these because her old uncle had much sense, and he did not believe one of these stories, although tell them he did, and most graciously.

Again on the following evening came the sound of bells, and this time Clotilde went not near the door, but sat moving her sweet lips in prayer. Then the door was flung violently open and a brusque, cheery voice called:

"Hello, there, Victor, Alphonse, you varlets, where are you? Ag?" "Certainly this was no ghost, and the three women who clung about his neck gave frantic evidence of joy at his coming. Clotilde was not one of the three. A big old man in a fox-skin coat had taken her in his arms, and was talking to her in gentle burr, the old uncle who told her the dreadful stories, and then she slipped one small hand into her lover's and looked at him with shy, happy eyes.

"It was so good of you to come instead of the ghost," she said, and later they were in a corner, while the old uncle, who was a great favorite with the young Gaspard, was making himself agreeable to the ladies.

"Then you know, dear little one?" said the young man. "And you are not afraid to make your home in the Chateau Frontenac?" "Not with my Gaspard," came the soft answer, "but I like it better if the ghosts came not, and your sister? They are sorry, too. But afraid—no!"

"What of this so much being afraid?" asked a gruff voice, and the old uncle of Clotilde hobbled over to the corner where snatches of their conversation located the two lovers.

Then he was told the story of the ghostly sleigh, and looked wise and thoughtful for the rest of the evening. The shrewd French Canadian was filled with marvelous stories of ghosts which he loved to relate, but none of which he believed, not even his stock freight-story, the legendary Loup-Garou.

The next morning Uncle Pierre was missing from the chateau, but no one was disturbed, he had taken his gun, and would return when he pleased, which was at nightfall, and simultaneously with his coming rang out the jangling, invisible bells.

He found the family shivering around the great fire as if they were stricken with deadly cold. Even Gaspard looked troubled and the little Clotilde was trying to assure him that she was not—"Oh, no, not the least afraid!"

"Fine is the night," he said in salutation, "and the air is the clear, so you hear-r-r, oh, so far! Heard you not, my Clotilde, the sleighbells that come me with?" "Oh, oh," cried the ladies of the chateau in a faint chorus; "the bells do make our hearts to shake," and they said an audible prayer.

"What you make afraid? Not the bells of echo, that the wind do bring to your door for the too sweet music? Pah! Ghost is it, not at all, but the r-r-ravine, and the hills, they do make of the bells of the sleighing company, the echo which for the mins-t-o stop at your door; 'tis echo always this so many years that you think it the ghosts!"

Uncle Pierre was compelled to escape from the room when the family had accepted his scientific explanation, which he further elaborated in their native tongue, he was so overwhelmed with thanks and praises. So the shadow was lifted forever from the house of Frontenac, and the story which had so sad an ending and was accountable for the ghost, is no longer related as the cause of such a dreary effect, and it is now the pleasure of the ladies of the chateau, as it once was the abhorrence, to ask visitors to listen to the "so strange echo," and out of the materials of a tragedy they have really evolved a comedy.—Detroit Free Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Corn is being used as fuel in Central Iowa.

Bristol, Penn., claims the credit of holding the first annual fair in Pennsylvania.

Crab-pots and eel-pots are exact models, on an enlarged scale, of the Emperor's mofth.

It is said that two women swindlers have been selling colored sawdust for ground coffee at Dunkirk, Penn.

A citizen of Bridgeton, Maine, who is nearly ninety years of age, was shaved for the first time one day recently.

The Mexican sword, in use among the aborigines at the coming of the Spaniards, was modeled after the nose of the sawfish.

Chicory is used to adulterate coffee. Chunks of dried carrot are used to adulterate dandelion, but the carrot is rook-bottom.

Thieves visited John Brook's farm, at Plymouth, Montgomery County, Penn., and stole a live porker weighing 250 pounds.

Lots of acorns are bought in Pike County, Missouri, and sent to spice mills in St. Louis, to be made into coffee and spices.

A mountain lion measuring eleven feet from nose to tail, and weighing 250 pounds, was killed in San Antonio canyon, Cal., recently.

The use of nets in fishing for sturgeon is rapidly supplanting other methods of taking the big fish in the upper Columbia and Snake Rivers. The nets are from 500 to 900 feet long, and the meshes vary in size between twelve and nineteen inches.

In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Goutts is a guinea which she treasures above all her minor belongings. Her grandfather, who was a gentleman of slovenly outward appearance, was given it by a benevolent old party, who chanced to mistake him for a pauper.

Several large consignments of salmon eggs have lately been sent from this country to Europe. A crate of 50,000 eggs was shipped from the United States fishery at Baird, Oal., to Ireland, and another crate, containing 50,000 eggs, was shipped from the same place to Germany.

Two hunters of Boise, Idaho, had a sorrowful experience. They spent half a day loading shells, being dissatisfied with those on sale, and next morning drove twenty-two miles to the hunting grounds. On arriving there they discovered that they had left all their ammunition at home in Boise.

A fox and a hunter together stalked a partridge near Tyrone, Vt., the other day, but each unknown to the other. The bird alighted in an apple tree behind a barn, and the hunter tiptoed around one side of the barn and brought the bird down. But as the bird dropped, the fox, coming round the other side of the barn, seized it and was off with his dinner before the hunter could appreciate what had happened.

"Little Kentucky," as it might be dubbed very appropriately, is located opposite Island No. 10, where Kentucky and Tennessee meet. The river, by gradually cutting out the Kentucky bank, had worn off a narrow strip of land, until one bright morning several people who lived on this side of the line woke up to find themselves on the other side. In other words, the swift current had washed away the neck of earth which made the extreme southwestern corner of this State a part of the commonwealth of Kentucky.

The section of territory thus separated from its parent, as it were, is ten miles long and five miles wide—quite a good mouthful to take in at one bite, even for the greedy Mississippi.

Every well-posted river man and every person who is acquainted with the geography and topography of this State will understand how such a thing could happen. Right at the State line the river forms a loop about ten miles long. The loop extends up into Fulton County. The swift stream has simply drawn this noose tight and formed an island out of what was formerly a peninsula. Hickman is the closest town of any size to the place where all this land making occurred. Darnell, a little hamlet over in Obion County, Tennessee, is quite near the spot.

The boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee has always been rather complicated down about Island No. 10, owing to the peculiar bend in the Mississippi mentioned above. The lakes, bayous and sloughs which bisect that corner of Fulton County in all directions also serve to mix matters. The biting off of such a large strip of soil will add to the general confusion, and the question may arise as to whether "Little Kentucky" will hereafter belong to the domain of the volunteer State or still be a part and parcel of the dark and bloody ground.—Paducah News.

Manoverian Etiquette. One of the minute points of etiquette upon which the King of Hanover insisted was that he would not receive visitors for a first presentation to him except in uniform. Sir Joseph Crowe had no uniform, and he comments on "the fact that a King who was utterly blind could not see [sic] unless the person he wished to honor was in uniform." An American journalist was once refused an interview with the same King of Hanover on the same ground; but he was ultimately more successful, for, pleading that he was an American republican, and therefore could not do otherwise than appear without a uniform, he was received, the King commenting himself at the beginning of the interview upon the special ground for the exception.—The Athenaeum.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Cow to Follow the Horse—A Marine Sketch—On Publication—Corroborative Evidence, Etc. We can stand the horseless carriage—Think it's just as fine as silk. But we kick hard, harder, hardest, when they mention cowless milk.—West Union (Iowa) Gazette.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE. "They say there are fewer persons dying this winter than usual."

"Yes, I know lots and lots of people who haven't died at all."—Chicago Record.

A MARINE SKETCH. "Say, old boy, when you lose the soap in the bath tub how do you find it?" "I step on it getting out."—Chicago Record.

AN UNFORTUNATE PRESENT. Mamma—"Oh, Johnnie, are you going to break all your toys? There, he's trying to open that bank again!" Papa—"First thing we know, he'll grow up to be a burglar."—Truth.

ON PUBLICATION. "Do you pay for poetry?" asked the pretty girl. "I—yes," replied the editor with some hesitation. "What do you pay?" "Compliments."—Pearson's Weekly.

AGENTS WANTED. Ferry—"How did it happen that you never took that job of soliciting—the one where you could make \$10 a day with only two hours' work?" Hargreaves—"I found that the only ten a day I could make would be for the other fellow."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COMMON FATE. "Poor fellow!" she said sympathetically. "What's the matter?" he asked. "The poor man was disappointed in love," she replied. "Of course," he returned. "It never does come up to expectations."—Chicago Post.

AN INFALLIBLE TEST. A miser had died very suddenly. The doctor who was called in to certify his death appeared to have his doubts about the case.

"Place a ten-mark piece in his hand," said the old housekeeper of the deceased; "if he doesn't grasp it, you may safely make out the order for his burial."—Wegweiser.

NO REVERSIBLE ART FOR HIM. "If you would like something unusually fine," said the art dealer, "I have a genuine Turner I shall be happy to show you."

"A picture that's painted on one side is good enough for me," responded Mr. Boodello, the wealthy tradesman with a sharp glance, "if it's well done."—Chicago Tribune.

HIS COURSE DINNER. "No cold turkey, ma'am, if you please," said Mosely Wraggs, waving his hand majestically. "We had our roast turkey a hour ago, at the first place we struck, followed by scolloped oysters at the next house. We ett punkin pie just now across the road. All we're waitin' on, ma'am, is some caffay nover, an' we'll git a toothpick or two at the next place."

And he beckoned to Tuffold Knaut, who was leaning pensively against the rainwater pipe.—Chicago Tribune.

JUST SAVED HIM. A certain Miss X. was in the habit of calling on a minister's family often, and sometimes the calls lengthened into visits which were very wearisome. One day the domestic, in his study, heard Miss X.'s voice, and kept long and vigorously at work. Some hours afterward, when his wife summoned him to lunch, he called down stairs: "All right—and is that bore gone?"

"Yes, dear," replied the wife, "but Miss X. is here, and will take lunch with us!" "Then she saved his life."—Boston Transcript.

HOW TO PURCHASE TENDER GREENS. It was one of Platt Evans's pleasures to teach his friends how to purchase tender greens, though he could not always get them in the market. One morning he saw a lot, and inquired how many there were.

"About a dozen," was the reply. "W-w-well," said Platt, "I k-k-keep a b-b-boarding-house, and my b-b-boarders are the biggest e-e-aters you ever s-s-aw. T-p-pick out a-bu-nu-nu-nu of the t-t-toughest you've g-g-got."

The farmer complied, and laid aside the other three tender ones. Platt picked them up carefully, and, putting them in his basket, said, "I b-b-believe I'll take those three."

SEE HAD TO HAVE IT OUT. "What do you know about women?" asked the thin old man. "Nothin'," said the fat man with the bald head.

"I guess I don't either, and I have been married three months, too. Yesterday my wife asked me how I liked the dinner." She does the cooking, you know. "The fat man didn't know, but he nodded.

"And when I began to praise the dinner she began to cry, and said she feared I loved her only for her cooking!" "Oh," said the fat man, "she had a cry coming." That was all.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In large doses mate is said to be strongly emetic. Distilled water is recommended as a solvent to act upon the earth salts in the blood and expel them from the body.

A prize of \$3000 has been offered by the German Hygiene Association for a paper on the efficiency of electric heaters.

That tuberculosis is increased by living in thickly settled communities is shown by statistics collected by Dr. Petit for 662 French towns.

A telegram from New York to Australia has to go nearly 20,000 miles, 15,000 of which are by submarine cable, and it is handled by fifteen operators.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists beyond an altitude of 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that the coal oil used in the lamps in the cars of the Manhattan Railway Company, of New York City, is 150 degrees below the test required by law.

A new kind of water-color paper, the sheets of which can be warranted to be free from blemishes, is to be made by a process discovered by Mr. North, associate of the Royal Academy.

Only the purest water is employed by the Chinese in washing the finer grades of silk. Ordinary well water in its natural state is unsuitable, and is purified by placing a quantity of molasses in it for a day. These prey on any impure organic matter and act as filters.

The island of Zealand boasts of an amphibious boat, which makes a daily trip across three lakes and the isthmuses which separate them, making its land trip on wheels which run on a track. The seventy passengers make the entire voyage—if it can be called such—without disembarking.

Cripple Creek will be the first mining camp in the United States to adopt electricity as a motive power to travel from one mining point to another—a journey that heretofore has been made afoot or by muleback. A double track-road is to be built to take in all the surrounding hills and all the mines of importance.

J. L. Allen, a telegraph operator at Loretto, in Marion County, Ky., has invented a railroad clock that is a marvel of ingenuity. It registers each train as it passes and the time at which it passes, and an accompanying device gives warning to incoming trains if another train has passed the station within fifteen minutes.

Undeveloped Western Resources. Figures are at hand as to the extent of the building stone industry in the United States. A report just issued by the geological survey shows that the quarry value of the stone produced in 1894 was \$37,877,816, of which \$33,000,000 was used for the construction of buildings. Pennsylvania leads all the other States in this product, Ohio coming next and Vermont coming third. Over three-fourths of the total product is in a small portion of the area of the country, from Maine to Illinois. It is evident that the great stone deposits of the South and West have been only superficially worked. Of no State is this more true than Oregon. Many buildings in Portland bear evidence of the excellence of such stone as has been uncovered in sufficient quantity to justify large contracts. San Francisco buildings are also using Oregon stone to some extent. A great deal of stone suitable for ornamental buildings, especially of a light color, undoubtedly exists in the State. The trouble has been the quarries were not developed enough to warrant contracts being made for it in large quantities. This could be remedied after and undoubtedly will be. It is most probable, for example, that when the time comes for a new Court House at Multnomah County, it will be built of Oregon material.—Portland Oregonian.

The Shop Has Brains. The tendency of successful business is to enlargement; and with enlargement comes a new multitude of agents, a new variety of markets, a new kind of competitive danger, to avert which absolutely requires mind. The very number of his employees compels the great tradesman of our day to become a judge of character; the very expansion of his market drives him to study many countries, many tariffs, many laws; and his extreme danger from competition makes of him an artist, a chemist, and a critic. The process is slow, because he is always governed by the idea of selling, and he often learns rather to know public taste than to know what taste is, and to seek in his purchases the popular rather than the good; but still the process must develop his mind.—The Spectator.

Birds Make a Nest of Steel. A curious gift has been made to the Natural History Museum of Soletta. This gift consists of a bird's nest constructed entirely of steel. There are a great many watchmakers at Soletta, and in the vicinity of the workshops there are always the remains of the old springs of watches, which have been cast aside. Last summer a watchmaker discovered this curious bird's nest, which had been built in a tree in his court yard by a pair of water wagtails. It measures ten centimeters in circumference, and is made solely of watch springs. When the birds had fledged their brood the watchmakers secured their unique nest, as an interesting proof of the intelligence of birds in adapting anything which comes within their reach.—London News.

WIND VOICES.

Wind, that art waiting through the night, Has the voice of a soul in pain! Thus I have felt the waves that slept on the shore.

I hear them rise, and dash one more 'Gainst the sullex, fixed, and changeless rock, Which has stood unmoved through many a shock

Of the raging storm, and the breakers white That must sweep to the sea again. Wind, that art waiting through the night, With the voice of a soul in pain! Thus I have felt the passion of wild regret, Which slumbered so long—to rage and fret 'Gainst the pitiless, fixed decrees of life; As well may the waves with the rock hold strife!

Back—to the tide of the Infinite, Poor heart, that hast cried in vain! Wind, that art waiting through the night, With the voice of a soul in pain! Thus I have gathered up each cry of earth, That from mortal anguish ever had birth, That from mortal anguish ever had birth, Weeping for sorrow and death and sin;— Yet heart, make answer, "God's will is right," And rest in His peace again. —Mary Gorges, in Chambers's Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "She has married the man she wanted." "That's nothing to marrying the man some other girl wants."—Life.

"Every time I see you I am reminded of Herr Bammel." "How so?" "He owes me \$23."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"You never told me Miss Fairgirl was an athlete." "Well, is she?" "Yes; she has thrown me over."—Tit-Bits.

There is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—Truth.

Nell—"Jack Softleigh doesn't know his own mind." Belle—"I never knew he was as ignorant as all that."—Philadelphia Record.

"I tell you what, Sharp, marrying an heiress has its drawbacks." "Yes; but think of the greenbacks."—Harper's Bazar.

Westumble on the gifts we prize At all other things above, For ever since the world began, We've fallen into love. —New York Recorder.

Scene: A schoolroom in the year 1900. Teacher to her boy—"Hans, have you got your certificate of vaccination against smallpox?"—New York Sun.

Fussy Old Lady—"Now, don't forget, conductor, I want the Bank of England." Conductor—"All right, mum. (Aside.) She don't want much, do she, mate?"—Punch.

"If you will give your hand to me, I'll tell you fortune true." "No doubt, dear soul," the maid replied, "and you would want to know." —New York Recorder.

"The world owes me a living," he said bitterly. "Of course," replied the other sarcastically. "But I don't seem to get it." "Well, you never were much good as a collector."—Chicago Post.

She—"So there are the Alps at last!" He—"Must be. You don't suppose a first class tourist company like this would work off any substitutions or imitations on its patrons?"—Household Words.

Mr. Goodheart—"My income is \$2300 a year. Don't you think your daughter could live on that?" Mrs. Goodheart—"She probably could, with economy; but how would you live."—New York Weekly.

The safe had open, and there inside A receipted gas bill lay. The hall's burglar shook his head, "I've come a little late," he said, "And he accidentally turned away." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Thoughtfulness: Magistrate—"If you broke into the house with honorable intention, as you say you did, why did you take off your boots in the hall?" Burglar—"I was told by my mate that the master was lying ill in bed." "Six months."—Dorchester.

Fully Explained: First Detective—"Strange that I didn't recognize him! I thought I'd know him in any disguise." Second Detective—"But when he was caught he had no disguise." First Detective—"Oh! that accounts for it."—Puck.

New Use For Coracocks. Frank Shaffer took to Leach, Ill., recently, a sample of strap which a number of experts pronounced genuine mink strap. It was nothing more nor less than coracook strap, made as follows: Twelve clean cobs were put in a gallon of water and boiled until soft. Then the juice was strained off and a gallon of dark brown sugar solution added. This is boiled a little while, resulting in a fine quality of strap, hardly distinguishable from the mink product.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Bargain at Ten Cents. A horse was sold by the Sheriff at public auction in front of the court house and was bought by Phil Hendrix, the only bidder, at ten cents. The horse was the property of B. H. Morris, and was sold to satisfy a mortgage, amounting to about \$65. Mr. Hendrix afterward refused an offer of \$2.50 for his bargain, if such it might be considered.—Aiken (S. C.) Journal and Review.

A FOXY FOX. The fox's reputation for smartness was well sustained by a member of the tribe near Falmouth, Me., the other day. A couple of hounds and a hunter were after it, and the fox led the hounds to a frozen pond, and out on ice so thin that it just supported the fox, which escaped, while the hounds went through and were drowned.—New York Sun.