

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table listing advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$ 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$ 8.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$ 30.00; Two Squares, one year, \$ 50.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$ 25.00; Half Column, one year, \$ 40.00; One Column, one year, \$ 75.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Socialism is said to make rapid progress in Spain.

Ordinarily when a European says "America" he means "the United States."

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement in England has enrolled some hundred thousand members, and is steadily advancing.

The census of 1895 shows that the German Empire now has a population of 51,758,000, despite emigration, an increase of 2,930,000 in four and a half years.

They are raising a row in Wisconsin over the State university. It is charged that it is being converted into an institution for the sons of rich men, and that poor men have no show there.

"Rarely does the death of a public man call forth such generous, almost unqualified, and practically universal tributes of esteem both for the man and the political leader," notes Public Opinion, "as have been accorded the late ex-Senator Thurman."

By the official census of 1811, taken in the year preceding the beginning of hostilities with the United States, the population of England was 10,000,000, of Scotland 1,800,000, and of Ireland 6,000,000, a total of 18,000,000. The census of the United States taken in 1810 showed the total population of this country to be, States and Territories, 7,239,000. The last official census of Great Britain, taken in 1891, showed the population to have been 37,888,000, and the census of the United States, taken the year previous, showed the population of this country to be 62,623,000.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, in the Independent, says that the aggregate of colored church members in the United States is, in round numbers, 2,674,000, distributed as follows: Baptists, 1,403,553; Methodists, 1,190,638; Presbyterians, 30,000; Disciples of Christ, 18,578; and Protestant Episcopal and Reformed Episcopal together, somewhat less than 5000. According to the census figures, there has been an increase of 1,159,030 colored church members during the last thirty years, which Dr. Carroll thinks is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. The value of colored church property is \$26,620,000, and the number of edifices is 23,770.

An Australian agriculturist, Mr. Kriebauff, has called attention to the fact that the potato will celebrate the 300th anniversary of its introduction into England this year. It was in 1590 that Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from America with the first tobacco and potatoes, which originally grew in Peru. Although the potato, it is estimated, now furnishes one-sixth of the nourishment of the human race, for a long time it was a delicacy for the rich alone. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century noblemen paid two shillings a pound for potatoes and seasoned them with slerry. People often visited the gardens of the botanist Gerard at Holborn to see the plants in bloom. There is talk of a celebration in honor of the anniversary.

The American Cultivator remarks: The fire fiend is an enemy to forestry. More stringent measures are necessary to prevent forest fires. The forests are becoming too valuable to be neglected. Their destruction by fire means not only the loss of property, but the serious loss of employment to woodmen, teamsters, sawyers, wood workers and all the kindred trades. Ordinary cutting of trees need not destroy a forest, but a heavy fire works destruction. Dr. Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania forestry commission, thinks it an outrage that while a man under our laws cannot set fire to a hen coop without severe punishment, he may carelessly or willfully set fire to a forest and burn up many thousands dollars' worth of property without being molested. Pennsylvania loses \$1,000,000 annually through forest fires, and \$50,000,000 would not cover the annual loss to the country from this cause. It is found in many cases that when a man is pursued by one holding a mortgage on his woodland he sets fire to it to spite the man who forecloses. It is very difficult to convict such a man. Carelessness and ignorance are responsible for many fires, yet thousands of dollars' worth are burned every year from this cause without anybody ever being punished. Why one kind of property can be burned up with impunity when other kinds are protected by the severest fines is one of the curiosities of legal administration that is beginning to be looked after more too early.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy, With his marble block before him, And his face lit up with a smile of joy As an angel-dream passed o'er him. He carved the dream on the shapeless stone With many a sharp incision; With heaven's own light the sculptor stood— He had caught the "Angel Vision."

A STORY OF THREE.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER.

HE was a stalwart young farmer, a grandly built man, with a handsome, bronzed face; broad shoulders, feet which stood squarely upon the earth, and a pair of fearless eyes. Frank Maxwell, aged twenty-five, owner of broad acres, a physical frame in perfect condition and a well developed mind, was a man to be envied.

She was a dainty maiden, with a graceful figure, a complexion of mingled roses and lilies and eyes as bright and blue as the summer skies. Daisy Springfield, aged nineteen, owner of a beautiful face, a glad hearted, sunny disposition and countless pretty dresses, was a woman to be loved.

It was something less than a man, but more than an animal, with a face of sty-like hideousness, a misshapen back, bowed legs and a pair of arms so long that the hands hung low like those of a gorilla. Dumb Dick, of age unknown, owner of a half-witted mind, a body of abnormal strength and ugliness and a fierce and ungodly temper, was a creature to be shunned and distrusted.

These were the invariable judgments of everybody who knew the three characters of this little story.

Frank was an orphan, living on his own farm, understanding his business and capable of conducting it in a thoroughly efficient manner; just the sort of man who would be likely to cut a very respectable figure in the world and end by leaving his children more money and more acres than his father had left him.

Daisy was the only daughter of a prosperous lawyer, a little inclined to be vain of her good looks, but good by nature and thoroughly pure hearted; just the sort of woman to make an affectionate wife, careful of her home, a comfort to her husband and a friend to her children.

Dumb Dick was presumably the orphan child of an Egyptian woman, who had brought him long years ago to the workhouse and had died there. He was wild and unmanageable, had run away and got into all kinds of mischief, and how he could.

Frank and Daisy stood together in the path of a little wood. Dumb Dick was also in the wood, but was hidden by a thick screen of hazels. Frank and Daisy faced each other, and Frank held both of Daisy's little white hands in one of his brown palms.

Frank bought a new dog cart, light and delicate trappings of the latest pattern, painted black and picked out with red, and with its polished lamps and new silver plated harness and its bright bay, it looked rather a smart and showy affair. He drove it round in triumph to Square Springfield's, and his pride redoubled when he saw Daisy's delight. But when he had handed her in, dressed in her latest and prettiest costume, and had sprung lightly up to his place beside her, he felt that his pride and happiness were almost complete.

He gathered up the reins, clicked encouragingly to the bay, and off they went, bowling along the lanes in splendid style, laughing and chatting as only a happy pair of lovers can when the course of their love is smooth and prosperous.

vehicle was being driven over the grass. Laughter and the sound of glad voices succeeded, and by some magical power they penetrated to the dull brain of Dumb Dick and made him dream for one brief moment of Paradise. Deep in his dream he heard the music of a woman's voice, and he saw the radiant beauty of a woman's face; and then—and then—still in his dream—some evil genius seized his wrist in the grasp of a red-hot hand, and he awoke in agony.

A roar of anguish burst from Dumb Dick as he leaped to his feet, holding his wrist, and stamping madly about in the bracken.

Frank pulled in his bay. "Hallo, Dick!" he cried. "I'm afraid you are hurt. Did the wheel go over your wrist? How could you be such an ass as to stick your hand out?"

In his momentary excitement Frank peered out questions upon one who had no power to answer them. As for Dumb Dick, he turned upon his questioner with eyes which blazed with fury, and for a moment he looked ready to drag him from the cart and tear him to pieces. But he caught sight of Daisy's pitying glance, and instantly the fire died out of his eyes.

Daisy sprang to the ground, and, timidly approaching the spot where Dumb Dick stood, she laid her hand upon his wounded wrist. It was as cool and white as a snowflake upon the hot, hairy hand; and he at once surrendered to her will. Showing no sign of fear or disgust, but with only tender pity in her glance, Daisy examined the great hand, knotted and clawed like the paw of a wild beast. She saw that, light though the wheel of the dogcart was, its iron tire had cut the flesh nearly to the bone, and, taking the white silk scarf from her neck, she deftly bound it round the wounded wrist and stopped the bleeding.

By this time Frank was standing by her side. "This isn't work for you, my darling," he said, "let him go to the nearest doctor. Here, Dick," he added, "see how soon this will heal your cut."

As he spoke he tossed half a sovereign on the ground at Dumb Dick's feet, slipped his hand through Daisy's arm and dexterously lifted her back into her seat. In another moment the cart had been driven away.

Dumb Dick watched it until it was hidden from view, and then he stooped and picked up Frank's half sovereign. There was a sudden flash of light and a tiny disc of gold went singing through the air in the direction of the wood.

Dumb Dick's next act was to tear Daisy's white scarf from his wrist, and then he walked away along the road, marking his track with blood.

The fiery finger marks of autumn no longer lit up the faded foliage of the little wood; only a few brown leaves clung to the skeleton branches of the tree, the rest lay in rotting heaps around the roots, fitting graveclothes for the dying ferns, till the chilly blasts would arise again and scatter them abroad.

Approaching the same spot along widely diverging paths came two figures, the one tripping lightly and the other slouching along with slow, limping strides. Though the method of their advance was so different, the rate of their progress was about equal, and they met just at the point where the two paths formed a junction with the main road.

Daisy, who had all along had her eyes fixed upon the little visible point of the steeply sloping main road, looked up when she heard the shuffling footsteps, and, with a start, recognized Dumb Dick.

Dumb Dick, who had seen and known the first flutter of Daisy's dress in the distance, now halted; and his red eyes peered out strangely from the tangled masses of hair which hung over his face.

Daisy knew that Dumb Dick was feared and shunned by everybody, and she was not a little startled at finding herself alone with him. She wished he would pass her; but he stood quiet still, and seemed waiting for her to speak.

"Is your hand better, Dick?" she asked, touching her own wrist.

He seemed to understand, for he thrust his hand clumsily forward. An ugly, deformed and much knotted hand it was, but, to her surprise, Daisy noticed that it was now quite clean, and its great clawlike nails had been neatly cut. Dumb Dick pointed to a purple spot on his wrist with the finger of his other hand, and Daisy saw that this other finger was both dirty and clawed.

trophy which must come at the bottom of the hill; and, singing his long arms wildly above his head, he brove forth into a hideous cackle of laughter.

A new terror seized upon Daisy's heart at the sound, but, with it a new thought entered her mind, and, without hesitation, she laid her hands upon Dumb Dick's arm and shook it fiercely.

"Save him, Dick! Save him!" she cried.

No sooner did her hand touch his arm than he turned to look at her, and, at the sight of her pale and agonized face, his laughter ceased. Then Dumb Dick responded to her call; he obediently leaped into the middle of the road, and awaited the onrush of the terrified horse.

Nearer and nearer came the horse, and Frank swayed more and more to the cart, till at last he was so near that Daisy could see the terror in his eyes.

"Quick, Daisy! take my hat and run and fetch some water from the nearest ditch."

Daisy obeyed, and then, kneeling in the road, Frank opened Dick's coat and coarse shirt and thrust in his hand. The hunchback's heart had ceased to beat; but when Frank withdrew his hand he drew forth a white silk scarf stained with blood. He quickly replaced it, and then ran to meet Daisy, who was returning with the water.

"He is dead, poor fellow," said he.—The Quiver.

Best Hunting Ground for Meteors. Twenty millions of meteors, according to Dr. Murray, fall upon the earth every day, their aggregate weight amounting to something like two tons. In a hundred years we should get at least one pound, at most twenty pounds, of cosmic dust distributed over each square mile of the earth's surface, and yet the organized search which has been made for cosmic dust in every quarter of the globe has yielded fewer results. The best hunting ground has proved to be the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, where, 1000 miles from any land, a red clay is brought up, which, on examination, is found to consist of three kinds of particles. A magnet will pick out certain microscopic fragments of titanite or magnetic iron, leaving behind a mixture of blackish and brownish spherules, the former of which contain copper, and are seemingly of volcanic origin, while the latter (called "chondrites") are of radial eccentric structure, and are judged to be cosmic dust. The slopes of Ben Nevis also yield traces of this extraneous matter, which, considering the millions of years during which it has been steadily raining on the earth, is strangely little in evidence.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Origin of "John Bull." The origin of the term "John Bull" is thus explained by the London Gold Penny: Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, organist of Hereford Cathedral and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, traveled for improvement, and, having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer, he placed himself under him as a novice; but a circumstance very soon convinced the master that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician showed John a song which he had composed in forty parts, telling him at the same time that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours he added forty parts more to the song, upon which the Frenchman was so much surprised that he swore in great earnest he must be either the devil or John Bull, which has ever since been proverbial in England.

Growth of Trees at Different Times. The growth of trees at different times of the day has been a subject of experiment by Mr. E. H. Thompson, the Government Entomologist of Tasmania, who has contributed his results to knowledge. Measurements were taken as far as possible every three hours. Of the total growth 8 1/2 per cent. were obtained between the hours of 6 and 9 a. m.; 1 1/2 per cent. between 9 a. m. and noon; none between noon and 3 p. m.; none between 3 and 6 p. m.; 1 1/2 per cent. between 6 and 9 p. m.; 3 1/2 between 9 and 12 p. m., and eighty-five per cent. between midnight and 6 a. m. The greatest growths in twenty-four hours were Banksia rose, (6 1/2 inches); geranium, 5 1/2 inches; pear, 4 1/2 inches; apple, 2 1/2 inches; water, 1 1/2 inches.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Gold From Ocean Sand. The Pacific Beach Mining and Dredging Company is the name of a corporation recently formed in this city for the purpose of exploiting the gold fields which it is claimed exist in the sand along certain portions of the shore of the ocean between Redondo and Santa Monica. The corporation has a lease on a mile and a third frontage on the ocean, which it proposes to treat as soon as proper facilities in the way of machinery, etc., can be placed upon the grounds. Already an analysis has been made, and the company expects to develop an important mining industry.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

When Love is Honey—No Slight-of-Hand. Either—He Understood Her—Pitting on the Agony, Etc.

"The sweetest to love! And it's just honey To love a girl With lots of money."—Kansas City Journal.

HE UNDERSTOOD HER. Mrs. Gosippy—"About such things as these, John, the less said the better."

Gossippy (with resignation)—"Tell me the whole story then, dear."—Truth.

NO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND, EITHER. Little Johnny—"Isn't this a funny horn, pa?"

Brown—"Yes, my boy; and if you don't stop making that large noise you will come out of the small end of it."—Judge.

PIPING ON THE AGONY. "Doctor, I want a tooth pulled, I'm a great coward when it comes to enduring pain, and yet I'm afraid of both laughing gas and chloroform."

"You might be happy with ether."—Chicago Tribune.

A ROMANNULETT. Mabel (all agitation)—"Marie, what do you think? Your brother actually proposed to me during the sermon at church this morning."

Mario (nonchalantly)—"Oh, you mustn't mind that. He often talks in his sleep."—Pick-Me-Up.

SHE WAS PRESENT. "He must be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, mamma."

"How do you know?" "He told me his fortune ended in five ciphers."—Washington Star.

FOR OTHERS' PROFIT. "Brown is weak financially, isn't he?"

"He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."

"Who are they?" "Other people's bill collectors."—Brooklyn Life.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT. "I think a girl who whistles is very unattractive."

"Well—don't know. Whistling brought about my engagement."

"How was that?" "I puckered my lips to whistle, and Charley couldn't resist kissing them, and so of course."—Harper's Bazar.

RYAL DIGNITIES. Englishman (producing a pocket coin)—"My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

Yankee (with a similar gesture)—"What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."—Pack.

THE SECRET OUT. Jasper—"Mr. Groatman's success is wholly due to the publication of a faked interview with him."

"I suppose he gained notoriety by repudiating the interview?"

Jasper—"Oh, no! He went quietly to work to live up to the bright thoughts the reporter had credited him with."—Truth.

SAV AN OPENING. "Do you think we shall ever be able to fly?" young Mr. Camague was saying along later in the evening.

Miss Loggagan's glasses trembled visibly.

"Really, Mr. Camague—George," she returned, in an agitated voice, "I had no—did not think—so suddenly has this come upon me—but there, you dreadful creature—go ask papa to assure there will be no end of anything clandestine!"

She hadn't been watching all these years to let a chance like that slip through her fingers.—Koskloid Tribune.

WHAT HE SAID. In an English court a man was on trial who could speak nothing but Irish, and an interpreter was called and duly sworn. The prisoner at once asked him some question, and he replied. The judge interposed sharply.

"What does the prisoner say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord," answered the interpreter.

"How dare you say that, when we all heard him. What was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you. What did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?'"

The court roared.

"And what did you say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye scamp! That's the old boy that's going to hang ye.'"

—The Waterbury.

Justice Harriman, of New York City, was called upon the other day to settle a question of the ownership of some carrier pigeons. He ordered the pigeons released, saying that they would go to their own owner's care, but neither of the disputants have seen anything of them since, and they are talking about suing the justice.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The heaviest rainfalls in the United States are in the East and the extreme Northwest.

If it will could be dug to a depth of forty-six miles, the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver. After drilling down 5000 feet in search for water in New Haven, Conn., and not finding any, the job was given up.

The single cork propulsion common among the boatmen of almost every country is on the principle best seen in the tail of a fish. Coal of excellent quality, and in apparently enormous quantities, have just been discovered in Arizona, in the Dos Cabezas district, only six miles from the railroad.

If teeth were not provided with enamel, they would be constantly breaking, their nerves would be irritated, and the whole human animal kingdom would be afflicted with a never-ending toothache.

An experiment was recently made to determine the effect of magnetism on the hatching of eggs. It was found that those eggs hatched between the poles in the magnetic field produced an unusual number of abnormal chicks.

Some English electricians have recently tried the conduit electric road problem and produced something in the nature of a small tunnel and motor therein with a projection which reached through the slot and pushes the street car along.

Ours is the densest planet of the lot, if Dr. Backlund, who has made a new determination of the mass of the planet Mercury from the motions of Encke's comet, is right. His result is that Mercury is only two-thirds as dense as the earth instead of being denser, as hitherto supposed.

One year's record of electric traction in Europe is an increase in electric railways from 43 to 70, of the aggregate mileage from 139 to 424, and of the number of motor cars from 533 to 1236. Germany has 22 lines, aggregating 227 miles; France, 11 lines, of 59.7 miles; England, 13 lines, of 42.6 miles. The overhead trolley is used on 55 out of the 70 roads.

Diphtheria of the skin, a very rare disease, has been cured by the use of anti-toxine in a little two-year-and-a-half-old Berlin girl recently. She had been badly scalded with boiling water and, as the skin was healing, was kissed by her mother on the wounded spot. The mother had diphtheria and thus communicated it to the baby's skin; the throat was not affected.

Anti-toxine shortens the time needed for the retention of the tube in the larynx in cases of croup and diphtheria, according to Dr. Bokai, of Budapest. In 215 successful cases where he used a tube without anti-toxine the average period of intubation was seventy-nine hours, while the average duration of forty-five successful cases with the anti-toxine was sixty-one hours, being a reduction of eighteen hours.

Basipipe Music Kills a Horse.

The important question of whether or not the basipipes are musical instruments has been settled in the negative by a Milwaukee jury. William Matheson brought suit against the Wisconsin Theatre Company for damages sustained by his horse taking fright at a process headed by a Scottish piper in full Highland costume who was walking the echoes with "The Camp Bells Are Coming." The eight caused the horse to rear and plunge and finally drop dead.

The foreman of the jury happened to be a German with decided opinions on the question of music. The prosecution sought to show that the basipipe was not a musical instrument. In this the foreman agreed. He held that it had no place in a Wagnerian symphony and was nothing but a "joodle-sack." In consequence of these views the jury returned the following unique verdict:

"1. That the doodle-sack is not a musical instrument.

"2. That the said horse, being of a nervous temperament, was scared to death by an unearthly noise made by a friend with the aforesaid doodle-sack.

"3. That the plaintiff shall recover from the defendants for said horse the sum of \$125."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Curious Poem.

The present war talk revives the memory of a curious poem written by Arthur O'Connor while being conveyed to a prison in Scotland during the Irish rebellion of 1798. As will be seen, it is loyal when read in the ordinary way:

The pomp of courts and pride of kings I prize above all earthly things; I love my country, but the king— Above all men his prince I sing; The royal banners are displayed, And may success the standard aid.

I find would banish far from hence The "Rights of Man" and common sense; Confusion to his edious reign; That for to prison, France's Patriot Defect and ruin since the cause Of France, its liberties and laws!

But if the first line of the second verse is read after the first line of the first verse, and so on, the poem will breathe a spirit of rampant rebellion:

I prize above all earthly things The "Rights of Man" and common sense; I love my country, but the king— Confusion to his edious reign!

Above all men his prince I sing. That for to prison, France's Patriot Defect and ruin since the cause And may success the standard aid Of France, its liberties and laws!—New York Tribune.

HEART'S HUMMER.

The fields that were so green the other day When we walked through them, now are white and still.

Forgetting all their summer sounds, and chill With the drear chilliness of December gray. Across the snow a single narrow way Is marked for feet which wandered at their will.

When lavish summer smiled from hill to hill And niggard winter smothered so far away. Oh, friend of mine, this somber winter tide We will not ask from summer's careless hand The gifts the ebullient winter hath denied, But in the narrow footpath, icy spans! We two will walk all closer, side by side, In summer freedom through a snowy lan! —Peterson's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who is looking for trouble doesn't need a search-light.—Pack.

"What is your favorite dissipation?" "Sir!" "Beg pardon! I mean of what sin are you most tolerant in others?"—Pack.

He—"So you refuse me? Well, there are others." She—"Precisely. I'm already engaged to one of them."—New York Herald.

Do not think you can talk about people and not do them damage; a cyclone is composed of nothing but wind.—Atchison Globe.

It was possibly the man who married a rich wife who started the joke on the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket.—The South-West.

Jack (to friend on bicycle)—"What's your hurry; are you racing for a train?" Joe—"No; I'm training for a race."—Harper's Round Table.

An astronomer, brilliant, but rash, From an open lot tried to view Mars, But a billy-goat came with a mew, And the star-gazer quickly saw **.

"Did you stop to think how ridiculous that expression sounds, 'She was murdered in cold blood'?" "But what else could one say! This was a Boston girl."—

Wife—"Is that you, George?" Husband—"Yes, dear." Wife—"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm always afraid there's a man in the house till you come."—Pick-Me-Up.

She—"I think I will do the cooking myself a while." He—"H'm! That was what you wanted me to take out my life insurance for, was it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Day—"I find there is a twenty-five hundred-dollar mortgage on the property you sold me. You never said anything about it." Gay—"Certainly not. Didn't I distinctly tell you it had all modern improvements?"—New York Dispatch.

"Baptiste!" "Monsieur!" "You are getting careless, my boy." "Oh, monsieur!" "You don't brush my clothes now." "I assure you." "I left a half-franc piece in my waistcoat pocket yesterday, and it is there yet."—Le Petit Parisien.

Manchester—"I think Snags has concluded that it is about time some of his daughters were getting married." Birmingham—"Did he tell you so himself?" Manchester—"No; but he has given away his two dogs."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"The man I marry must be both brave and clever," said the sweet girl. "When we were sailing, returned the adorning youth, "I'm upset. I saved you from a watery grave." "That was brave, I admit; but it was not clever." "Yes, it was; I upsat the boat on purpose." "You darling!"—Tit-Bits.

Miss Bondelip recently called at the studio of Herr von Dauber, the celebrated artist. "I desire to have my picture taken," said Miss Bondelip. "Vitch would you prefer, a creyon portrait or an oil painting?" asked von Dauber. "You can paint me a crayon first, and if I don't like it you can put some oil on it afterward."—Texas Siftings.

Electricity Sanitary.

That a great and beneficial change in the health and general physical condition of employes has been made by the introduction of electricity, especially in the way of lighting, is very evident to even the casual observer. Dr. Saunders, the medical officer of the London Board of Health, says the electric light in general use has accomplished a great deal in making the employes of commercial and manufacturing establishments healthier. Faces that were pale and wan from work in gaslighted basements, stores and shops are much improved by the introduction of electricity. The heat from the gas jets and poor ventilation are responsible for much sickness. It is also shown that in the same city the electric light has lessened crime. Darkness breeds wickedness and light dispels it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Danger From Natural Gas.

The soil in the coal regions of Indiana and some of the adjacent States is so permeated with gas that it is dangerous to start a fire out of doors, or to throw a lighted match or cigar into any depression in the earth. Recently an excavation was begun for a building, and having been undisturbed for a day or two, some workmen, as they returned to their labor, threw a lighted match into the ditch. An explosion immediately followed, and through a small fissure in the earth came a little jet of natural gas. It is thought by many experts that the supply of natural gas will last but a few years longer, and, considering the prodigious waste in its own ground, the wonder is that it has lasted so long.—New York Ledger.

Baron Heckeren, who, under the name of D'Antes, killed the Russian poet Pushkin in a duel in 1837, has