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In mathematics and chemistry France leads the world at present.

Speaker Reed pronounces it "Arkansas," when he recognizes a Representative from that State.

The United States raises more tobacco than any other country on the globe. British India comes next, producing nearly as much.

The largest decrease in the number of deaths from diphtheria last year occurred where the serum cure was most generally adopted—in New York City.

It is reported that the constant vibration, caused by the heavy steam and traction cars in Paris, has caused great damage, especially to tall buildings, and many of them are in an unsafe condition.

South Carolina has passed a bill, which puts the life of any and every dog in the State at the mercy of any person who may catch it away from home. Dogs of their owner's property may be killed for committing any sort of a "degradation," and the killer is judge and jury.

It is affirmed that a poem offered in a contest for a prize to the Chicago Times-Herald, and which took the prize, was a bold plagiarism from a poem which was first printed in a Chicago paper more than twenty years ago. The "author" was a twenty-year-old girl of Indianapolis.

Andrew Carnegie has aroused British wrath by saying that it would pay England to burn up her railroad equipment and replace it with American models. Andrew is undoubtedly right if convenience and comfort of travel are considered. "Every American who is not an Anglo-maniac that has ever tested their out-of-date traction and tramway equipment will heartily endorse Andrew," adds the Atlanta Constitution.

General Traveling Agent Stone, of the Georgia Southern Railroad, told a Georgia man recently that he had discovered an electrical process for converting wool into stone. He could, he said, petrify wool at a moment's notice, and he proposed to make a fortune by converting the plank walks common in Southern cities into stone pavements. He also said that there ought to be lots of money in turning frame buildings into stone houses. His statement was printed in some of the newspapers, and now Mr. Stone is kept busy telling his friends that he was only joking.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in his address at Radcliffe College the other day, said: "One of the requirements for admission to college should be a physical examination, as it is at Amherst, and during the college course the girls should not be allowed to neglect gymnastic work, since regularity of exercise is of the greatest importance. But it is a mistake for women to think that they can keep up to the standard of work that men set for themselves. It is this disregard of their natural limitations which causes so many women to break down. Two very important results of a college training are the cultivation of the power of quick perception and the habit of using the English language carefully in everyday life. There should be a chair for daily English in every college. A most deplorable result of spending four years in college would be to lose all interest in the world outside of books, and to let dressing the mind keep you from giving care to dressing the body. May this never happen at Radcliffe."

Treasury officials were greatly surprised at the carelessness of many bond bidders, writes Walter Wellman, in the Chicago Times-Herald. In addition to the 4640 bids received there were several scores of offerings which had to be thrown out because the men making them had neglected to sign their names or fill in the amount they were willing to take or the price they wished to bid. Most of these blunders were made by bankers and business men, and there were so many specimens that the Treasury officials who opened the bids were forced to wonder if their correspondents had not been laboring under some excitement when they filled out their blanks. One bidder, a Western banker, would be in a pretty fix if the Department were to accept his offer. He thought he was going to be smart and so started out to make his bid for a million read "at the lowest price offered." But by some curious mental lapse he wrote "highest" instead of "lowest," and a greatly surprised and embarrassed man he would be if Secretary Carlisle were to allot him his million at 100.

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

Darling, when the shadows fall, And the day is done, When the crimson veil is drawn O'er the sunset sun, Through the meadows, moist with dew, Swift I bid you adieu, All my hours of pleasure come With the close of day.

LITTLE SQUIRE'S SCHOOL

THE village, with the school and everything in it, properly belonged to the Squire; but people called the school the little Squire's school, because no one took such an interest in it as did the little Squire.

Why, he would arrive at the school every afternoon, for weeks running and leave his pony standing, with its slushy head halfway in the door, while he took up his position beside the teacher, and gravely regarded the boys and girls.

"Well, Charley, how's your school?" the Squire would ask, if he happened to meet his son returning from the village. "Coming on finely, eh? Learning readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, and sewing into the bargain!" And then the Squire would roar, laughing; for he thought it a huge joke the interest the little Squire took in the village school.

Even the schoolmaster, Mr. Finch, spoke of the school over which he had presided for fifteen years as the little Squire's school. But many and many a time the good man said to himself: "He's a fine, manly little fellow, the little Squire; but I'm feared he'll be spoiled. 'Taint more'n a human nature that the little Squire should be spoiled, with the Squire himself willing to run at the lad's beck and call, almost, and the children here at the school fairly worshipping. A fine, fine lad; but 'tis a pity." The schoolmaster said all this, however, before a certain occurrence and its sequel down at the little Squire's school.

This is how it was. The little Squire stood as straight as a soldier in front of a long line of boys and girls. He held a spelling book in one hand and a ruler in the other; the little Squire was fond of slapping the book with the ruler. The schoolmaster was smiling as he sat idle at his desk. "The little Squire turned back the leaves of the spelling book and gave out the word 'Bow!'

Seated at the head of the bench, with her eyes fastened upon the little Squire, was a little, hazel-eyed girl wearing a queer, voluminous frock and a skimpy pet apron. She was an odd-looking, eager little girl and she spelled very quickly "B-o-w-l."

"That isn't right," said the little Squire. "The little girl's face grew red and white by turns, a bright gleam came into her blue eyes and she showed one dimple in her left cheek.

"Ann Elizabeth," called out Mr. Finch, in a warning tone, "don't let the little Squire spoil you."

"Next," cried the little Squire. "B-o-w-l, bow!" said the second little pupil, emphatically. "Go head," ordered the little Squire. Then he looked at Ann Elizabeth; she was actually muttering that it wasn't fair.

"You're a very bad girl, Ann Elizabeth," said the lad. "I think you forget who is teacher to-day." Then Ann Elizabeth looked every one in the school. She burst into impudent laughter. "You're a common girl, Ann Elizabeth," cried the little Squire, energetically; "and I won't teach this class any more till Mr. Finch sees that you mind your manners."

was really of a very generous nature and who knew nothing of Ann Elizabeth's dangerous dimple, cried out, impetuously:

"Oh, I shouldn't have called you that; I'm very sorry that I called you that. But I'm glad to hear you acknowledge you were wrong, Ann Elizabeth," he added, in a superior way; "for at times the little Squire was exceeding pompous.

"The word you give out is spelled two ways," said Ann Elizabeth, slowly and distinctly, "b-o-l-l and b-o-w-l." "That may be, Ann Elizabeth," returned the little Squire, determined not to lose his temper; but it was only spelled one way in the spelling book.

"Then the spelling book's the dumbest thing I ever heard of," cried Ann Elizabeth. "That may be, Ann Elizabeth," acquiesced the little Squire; "but I scarcely think you and I are called upon to discuss the question."

He looked so very little seated up there upon his pony, and his words seemed so very big that for a moment Ann Elizabeth almost gave up her idea of getting even; but she had been head in the spelling class three months all but two days, and her grandmother had promised her a new calico frock if she stood head at the end of the third month; and although Ann Elizabeth's frocks were voluminous and came almost down to her heels she was immensely proud of a new one.

"I'm a common girl, I know that," repeated Ann Elizabeth; "and you're a fine little gentleman, everybody knows that, and I got a grandmother and so he you."

She was looking over the back of the shaggy pony, far away from the little Squire's honest eyes. The little Squire was going to be angry, but he smiled instead. "That's so, Ann Elizabeth," he said. "I've got a grandmother, and so have you."

"My grandmother," said Ann Elizabeth, looking wickedly into the wondering face of the little Squire, "helps with the baby and bakes pies and does a turn most everywhere; you can't go by the house you don't hear her singing. One of your grandmothers went a potterin' round at Farmer Hathaway's, workin' hard as anybody 'fore she married the Squire's father; now you keep her back she was a chiny teap or somethin'; dress her in silk, and a most set her in a chair. She do look lack a chiny doll, sure 'nough, settin' within the Lord'd teck her. Little Squire, my grandmother pities your grandmother; hear that?"

The shaggy pony kept its feet planted in the middle of the lane as the little Squire's indignant eyes followed the figure of Ann Elizabeth going on to his school.

The trees met overhead in the avenue up which the little Squire galloped his pony. He had muttered "china teapot" and "china doll" defiantly, before he persuaded the pony to leave that spot in the lane, and his face was as pale as he galloped up the avenue. "China teapot! China doll, indeed!"

The little Squire was in an irritable mood as he mounted the hall steps. Everything about him was elegant as he had always remembered, large, comfortable and elegant; and yet he never for a moment doubted the words Ann Elizabeth referring to his grandmother "potterin' round at Farmer Hathaway's."

She entered the back parlor where he knew his grandmother was sure to be; but he did not speak to her, he just went to tossing about the papers on the center table. Being angry with the common little girl made him angry with the whole world.

But never in his short life had the little Squire remained angry for a long time. All at once he raised his eyes from the scattered papers and regarded his grandmother. She must have seen him when he first came in, but she was not thinking of him now; she was sitting in her rocking chair at the west window. No, he was not angry, but Ann Elizabeth's words were ringing in his ears: "Dress her in silk and a most set her in a chair. She do look lack a chiny doll sure 'nough." Was his grandmother sitting there wishing the Lord would take her? Then the little Squire hid his face for a moment in his arms; for even as he had galloped furiously past Ann Elizabeth's home he had heard the useful old grandmother laughing and singing to the baby. And that old grandmother pities his grandmother! He walked softly across the room and stooped and kissed the little old lady. "You don't want to go Heaven, yet a while do you, Grandmother?" he asked, anxiously.

She started guiltily, her shrunken little face flushing. "It's very nice down here, Charley," she said, smoothing out her gowns. "Is it made of silk?" questioned the boy, following the movement of his grandmother's hand. "Yes, dear, it's made of silk—fine silk," she murmured. "But you don't feel like—like you was a china doll, do you, Grandmother?" "A china doll," repeated the old lady, in a tremulous tone—"a china doll. Who says that, Charley?" But the little Squire hung his head. He never intended to tell of Ann Elizabeth. As the day went by the lad did not go again to the village school; instead he sat diligently watching his little china doll grandmother; for that was the way she began always to appear in his thoughts. He wondered how it would be to grow old and sit as he had nothing to do. Some people, of course, might like it, but not a person who had once been busy, and not a person who had gone "potterin' round at Farmer Hathaway's." His grandmother used to take up her knitting occasionally; but she didn't care for knitting; it cramped her fingers. Some-

times—the little Squire noticed with a great sinking of his heart—the little grandmother sat at the western window and cried softly to herself.

One day the little Squire kissed the little old grandmother right where the tears were; she mustn't sit still and cry out, in his impulsive way, "Grandmother, did you use to like to work?"

"Like to work, Charley?" she asked, faintly. And then of a sudden the little grandmother was quivering and crying and laughing all at once, as she told the little Squire about her past usefulness and how she was wont to "fly around the house." "And now," she added, "I've nothing to do, nothing whatever to do, no more than if I wasn't in the world. But it's all right; I can go through all of this."

"Come in!" roared the Squire. When the little Squire, thus hidden, opened the door he found his mamma liding away the Squire's time to the Squire's infinite satisfaction. The lad walked resolutely to his father's desk, and determination in his blue eyes, his lips pressed together. "I've just been with grandmother," he began; "she isn't happy here. I say, grandmother ought to be made awfully happy, she's so little and she's so good."

Thereupon the Squire was for rushing off to the back parlor to find out what was the matter; but his wife put her hand on his and bade him ask the little Squire to explain.

"Mother unhappy in my house?" fumed the Squire. "What do you mean, Charley?" "She's got to have something to do," said the little Squire, boldly. She and I have got to take care of the parlors or some of the kind of that sort, it still all day any longer. Then the lad's bravery deserted him. "It's true, Mother," he sobbed out, "my grandmother's treated like she was a china doll, and Ann Elizabeth's grandmother makes the whole house chippy."

The Squire's mouth and eyes were both open very wide. "Clean the parlors!" he gasped. Mother would not like that; that's servant's work. Then, as if he might solve the problem in another way, he inquired, anxiously, "Who's Ann Elizabeth?"

The little Squire's mother answered for him, with a faint smile. "She's one of the children down at the little Squire's school."

"We'd just dust," said the little Squire, perseveringly; "I'd dust the piano legs while Grandmother dust the chairs. Sully never half dusts, anyway. And Grandmother and I could have a flower bed back for the parlor windows; that wouldn't be servant's work, Father." The little Squire almost snatched in his eagerness, while the big Squire's amazement grew and grew.

But the lad's mother had her arms about him. "The little Squire may be right," she said softly; "we must let him do what he can to make Grandmother happy."

It was a happy day for the little old grandmother when, enveloped in a white apron, she dusted the center-table in the front parlor. The little Squire sat under the piano flossing his eyes upon her before he vigorously dusted the legs. And that flower bed under the back windows; why, from the very beginning it brought the laughter into Grandmother's little wrinkled face.

The little Squire entered his school very gravely one morning toward the close of the spring term. It almost seemed as if he had been neglecting his duty; he hadn't been near there for over four weeks. The common little girl hung down her head when she saw him. The little Squire had never told of her, and she felt ashamed and repentant. The schoolmaster smiled in hearty welcome.

"I'd like to hear the spelling class, Mr. Finch, if you don't mind," said the little Squire, and the schoolmaster smiled again and held out the book. "I'm going to skip about," said the little Squire.

It was a long time before the little Squire selected a place in the spelling book. Then he looked at Ann Elizabeth, who stood at the head.

"B-o-l-l," he said. "B-o-w-l," answered Ann Elizabeth, in a low voice. There were two ways of spelling that word," said the little Squire, looking far away over Ann Elizabeth's neck head; "I didn't know it the other time; this word's spelled the other way, but both ways are right. If I'd know I wouldn't have made Ann Elizabeth go down."

Then, to the amazement of the spelling class, the little Squire held out his aristocratic hand to the common little girl, as if she were a great lady or somebody whom he respected very much, and Ann Elizabeth took it and laughed bashfully.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

An Advantage of the Sterner Sex—A Tale of Adventure—Keeps Right On—Two Wishes, Etc., Etc.

Though a man has fourteen pockets, And a woman has but one, He can go through all of his, While her search is just begun!

A TALE OF ADVENTURE.

"Hello, Billy, where's your wife?" "She's gone on a whaling expedition up in the nursery."—Chicago Record.

KEEPS RIGHT ON.

Passenger (on the vestibule limited) "Porter, does this train stop at Dinkyville?" Porter—"No, sah; she don't even hesitate dar, sah."—Harper's Bazar.

TWO WISHES.

Mister—"Oh, dear! I wish I could get hold of some good biscuits like mother used to make for me." Missus—"And I wish I could get some good clothes like father used to buy for me."—Indianapolis Journal.

HANDICAPPED HIMSELF.

"You have the reputation of being a shrewd business man," remarked the friend of a young real estate boomer. "Yes," was the reply. "It's getting so that when I offer a man a genuine bargain he takes it for granted that I am getting the best of him."—Washington Star.

HEK MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.

Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—"This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Doesn't that indicate he is lazy, careless and perhaps cranky?" Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—"No, my dear, it indicates that he is a hustler who wastes no time on trifles."—Pearson's Weekly.

MEMORICUS.

Professor A.—"Would you believe it, my dear colleague, I actually do not know the ages of my children!" Professor B.—"Such a thing could never happen with me. I was born 2300 years after Socrates; my wife 1800 years after the death of Tiberius; our son Leo, 2900 years after the promulgation of the Licitian laws by Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, and our Amanda 15000 years after the commencement of the great Migration. Very simple, is it not?"—Zionias-blad.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Mr. Cityman—"I say, Mr. Medders, the advent of the bicycle and the consequent decline of the horse must have hurt you farmers considerably by cutting off the demand for one of your chief products." Mr. Medders—"What product is that?"

Mr. Cityman—"Why, it must be of little use to raise oats now!" Mr. Medders—"Yes; that's so! The bicycle has done us on that; but when one door shuts another always opens. We raise the arnica plant now."—Puck.

A STRANGER EXPERIENCE.

First Department Official—"I had a strange experience to-day—very strange." Second Department Official—"You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Come, tell me the story; anything to relieve the monotony."

"It is not a ghost story." "Well, well; out with it." "A man came to me to-day to ask about a matter which I couldn't refer to any other department, and I actually had to attend to it myself."—Sketch.

NOT DISPOSED TO QUIBBLE.

While the two urchins who had adjourned to the alley in the rear of the barn to fight were stripping for action, the larger one said: "Kid, I'll let you off if you're 'fraid. I can lick ye in two minutes. I'm ten pounds heavier'n you be."

"That's all right," responded the other. "If you'd wash the dirt off'n that mag o' your'n we'd weigh 'bout the same."

The fight that immediately followed was the fiercest one the neighborhood had seen for many a day, and it is with a melancholy satisfaction the historian records the fact that the smaller boy whipped.—Chicago Tribune.

WHY HE RAN.

Major McLaughlin put a new day drying out dynamite. "Now," said he, by the way of explanation, "you've got to keep your eye on that thermometer in the heater. If it gets above eighty-five, you're liable to hear a noise around here. When it reaches eighty-two degrees, you've got just three minutes in which to work, for it takes three minutes for it to rise to eighty-five."

An hour later the Major returned to see how the man at the heater was doing. "Well, how is it getting along?" he inquired. "Oh, first-rate." "Do you watch that thermometer?" "You bet your life I do, and I'm keeping her down."

He reached into the heater, pulled out the thermometer. "Remarkable! She's up to eighty-four." He remarked. "There, that'll fix it!" He jammed the thermometer into a bucket of cold water and hung it back on the heater. Then he wondered what McLaughlin was running for.—San Francisco Post.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Scientists declare that the cathode light will penetrate steel half an inch thick.

There are 2487 different varieties of fire escapes and ladders to be used in emergencies.

The Chicago Academy of Sciences proposes to dredge the rivers and ponds of Cook County for snails.

Afghanistan is going ahead. The Amer has decided to light his capital city by electricity, and run his factories with the same.

Scientists who have made a study of the eye say that a flash of light lasting 401,000,000ths of a second is quite sufficient for distinct vision.

A bottle with a message and the date was thrown into Boston Harbor July 27. On October 17 it was found on the coast of a small island in the Caribbean Sea, 2500 miles away.

Among Dr. Donaldson Smith's discoveries in the region of Lake Hancock is that of the existence of fifteen new tribes of Africans—one of them dwarfs, none over five feet in height.

The Grand Jury at Chicago has indicted a man for obtaining money under false pretenses, who, it appears, hypnotized his victim, and while in this condition made him give up \$1000.

Professor A. C. Totten, of New Haven, Conn., has issued a calendar good for 67,713,259 years. It is said to have a very simple key, and is evolved on a cycle of 1,600,000 years.

After about a year's experiment with an aluminum torpedo boat, the French naval authorities have decided the aluminum is unfit for shipbuilding, unless some non-corrosive alloy, or anti-corrosive paint can be discovered.

Dr. Sello, a practicing physician of Brandenburg, Germany, claims to have contrived a photographic instrument which will in minute details reproduce the various colors of objects, persons and landscapes brought within a specified range on the camera.

American scientists are sceptical concerning the reports of this process.

It is stated that diamonds become phosphorescent in the dark after exposure to the sunlight or electric light, and when rubbed on wool, cloth or metal. This is an important property, as it enables the amateur to distinguish between paste and real. This property is not electric, as is clearly shown by its being visible when the gem is rubbed on metal.

There are as many laughs as there are vowels. Those who laugh on A (the broad sound) laugh openly and frankly. The laugh in E (short sound) is appropriate to melancholy persons. The I (as in machine) is the habitual laugh of timid, naive or irresolute people. The O indicates generosity and hardihood. The person who laughs in U is a miser and a hypocrite.

The fifteenth annual report of the New York State Board of Health states that the typhoid fever epidemic attributed to infected oysters which were freshened in water contaminated by sewerage at Port Richmond, led to Curtis. His opinion is that not only typhoid fever, but cholera and diarrheal diseases may thus be transmitted.

Spite Fences.

Millionaire Crocker maintains a fence twenty-five feet high on one side of his place on Nob Hill, San Francisco, fencing off all the view from a lot owned by the estate of an old taker named Yung, who lived there at the time, didn't want to sell his lot, but after the fence was put up had to move his house. The fence cost \$2000.

Right in the middle of George Vanderbilt's princely domain in Asheville, N. C., an old colored man owns six acres of land, which Vanderbilt fenced in. The owner says: "Jas, sah, I been waitin' 'teven years for good neighbors, an' now I got one, I don't move." No, sah!

In Saco, Me., two families are on spite fence terms, and one of them has erected an ugly barrier of brush to darken the windows of the other.

A fence six feet high is just a fence. Make it sixteen feet and it becomes a spite fence. At twenty-six feet it is foolishness.—New York Recorder.

Wampum.

This is the English name for the shell beads used for ornament and as currency among the northern tribes of Indians previous to the settlement of the country. They were made chiefly on Long Island and around New York Bay, and were of two kinds, one made of conch or poriwinkle shells and the other of hard clam shells. The making of wampum, to be sold for ornaments, has been carried on for nearly a hundred years by the Campbell family at Pasconek, N. J., and they are now said to be the only persons who know how to bleach and soften the conch shells used in making white wampum or to drill holes through the still harder clam shells that are made into the more valuable black or deep purple wampum. The conch shells are brought from West Indian ports by schooners. The clam shells are of the largest size obtainable, the smaller ones being too thin for the purpose.

Wasted Energy.

Country Sam King owned a clock which he wound daily for fifteen years. A short time ago Mr. King and all the members of his household went away, and were absent from home an entire week. When they returned King noticed that the clock was still running and concluded somebody had been in the house. Nothing was missing, and an investigation proved that it was an eight-day instead of a one-day clock.—Athens (Kan.) Globe.

UNSPOKEN.

The moonlight loves the placid sea, Yet pours its heart out silently. The voiceless swallows, one by one, Uplift their faces to the sun.

The southerly wind comes and goes In wordless worship of the rose. And thus, dear heart, I love you, though I'd die before I'd tell you so.—Albert B. Faine, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"That's a fine clock." "Yes; a cuckoo."—Yale Record. A superfluous man is now known as a third wheel to a bicycle.

The silent partner is the member whose money talks for him. Ten to one, if the hen was a sweet singer she wouldn't lay so many eggs.—West Union Gazette.

Before buying a dog, be sure it is not so worthless that you can't give it away.—Acheson Globe. Any man can give a good account of himself; but other people will not always believe it.—Puck.

Beggar—"Hold on! This is a bad quarter." Orymes—"Well, you can get rid of it as easily as I did."—Puck. Many a man gets the idea that fame has her eye on him when she is only gazing over his head at some one else.

The woman whose sleeves will hardly allow her to pass through a doorway, can still go through her husband's pockets at night.—Truth. There are some men who are willing to admit that they can't sing, but every one of them thinks he is a good judge of human nature.—Truth.

Mrs. Colwigger—"Now, Freddy, if you're not a good boy, I'll send you to bed without any dinner." Freddy—"Say, ma, what are we going to have for dinner?"—Truth. Mother—"Now, Willie, you've been eating mince pies till you've made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor." Willie—"I say, if you are sending for the doctor may I have another mince pie? It won't make any difference, you know."—Moonshine.

Dismal Dawson—"I see a funny thing in the paper some days since. It said that Queen Elizabeth always wanted to run away when she used a sheriff's office." Everett West—"Say, ma, what are we going to have for dinner?"—Truth. Mother—"Now, Willie, you've been eating mince pies till you've made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor." Willie—"I say, if you are sending for the doctor may I have another mince pie? It won't make any difference, you know."—Moonshine.

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Old Quiverful—"And so you want to take our daughter from us; you want to take her from us suddenly without a word of warning?" Young Goslow—"Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against, I'm willing to listen."—Washington Star.

"No," said the man who picks up bits of wisdom whenever he can, "I never like to hear Hyinkins start out to show how all the individuality of the country can be liquidated and financial affairs put in shape at short notice." "Why not?" "He nearly always winds up by borrowing \$2 on his own account."—Washington Star.

Character in the Nose.

The nose of Beethoven was large, thick and ill-shaped. Mozart had a prominent, straight nose, showing great force of character.

Goethe had a large Roman nose, rather more bent than is usual in that type. Caesar's nose was decidedly Roman, and in size altogether out of proportion with his other features.

Lord Brougham had a wonderfully expressive nose, the tip of which was almost constantly in motion when his Lordship was listening to an opponent's speech in Parliament.

Paderewski had an almost Grecian nose, with a slight curve of the bridge, indicative of emotion rather than philosophy.

Mme. Patti has a delicately moulded, thin-nostriled, aggressive little nose, indicating an artistic temperament, combined with an impulsive, emotional nature.

Queen Victoria has the straight, short, delicate nose characteristic of her Stuart ancestors—showing a high courage and resolution with a sensitiveness to honor and tenacity of conviction on all subjects.—New York Mail and Express.

A Remarkable Natural Bridge.

One of the many natural wonders of Arizona scenery just made accessible by the opening up of new rail and stage routes is a remarkable natural bridge, in the Tonto basin, not far from Flagstaff. The bridge is 250 feet long and spans a canon some 200 feet deep, at the bottom of which flows the river. The bridge is of rock, and is perfectly proportioned. The under side is gracefully arched and the upper perfectly level. The walls of the canon are honeycombed with caves, in which are a great profusion of stalactites and stalagmites.

Speak It Out Loud.

Don't sit down and wait for trouble. Talk about it. That's the way. Get a hustle, make a show. Push your business—make 'em go. Don't sit down and wait for trouble. Talk about it. That's the way.

If you've anything to sell, Tell it out. Let your neighbors see you're "sp." Get up "organizing." Don't say "if you've anything to sell." Tell it out. Tell it out.

Folks won't know you if you don't advertise. Keep things moving every day. Talk about it, that's the way. Folks won't know you if you don't advertise. Advertise. Advertise. Advertise.