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Chicago gives notice at this early date that in twenty-five years she will be "treating on the heels of London."

The Washington Star thinks "International arbitration would be an excellent thing if England could be persuaded to forego the privilege of dictating the terms of every compromise."

The industry of instructing murderers in the maudlin art of insanity is something new, and, in the opinion of the San Francisco Examiner, ought to be profitable if the lawyers in the case can be induced to divide on a fair basis.

In a recent lawsuit it was shown that the materials for one of our best makes of bicycles cost only about \$15. The work costs say, as much more. "But so long as enthusiasts will pay \$100 for all the wheels first class makers can produce, the makers would be foolish to reduce prices," remarks the Pathfinder.

The trolley car and the bicycle are credited with being mainly responsible for the remarkable fact, stated in the Department of Agriculture reports, that the value of horses and mules in this country decreased by almost one-half between 1892 and the end of last year. The aggregate decline in the value of horses is put down at \$500,000,000 and of mules \$80,000,000. The stories that have come from Western ranges lately seem to bear out the figures in general.

The lightning performs some curious freaks, but the other day it took it into its head to befriend a woman out West. This woman had straight hair, relates the New York Herald, and, of course, she despised straight hair and wanted it curly. We always want what we don't have and can't have. Well, this woman was caught out in a terrific thunderstorm. The lightning played all about her in the most caressing fashion, and on one occasion took a little excursion through her body, starting on the picnic at her head, and saying farewell, or at re-voir, at her feet. When she recovered consciousness she found that her hair was frizzled as nicely as though it had been done with the curling tongs. Well, a more grateful creature you never saw. She believes in electricity with all her heart, and is glad that she was struck by lightning.

How strange it is, muses James Payn in the New York Independent, that Africa, the least populated, and on the whole the least interesting of the four quarters of the globe, should always be written about at greater length than any of the others. From the days of Livingstone down to that of Slatin Pasha accounts of this region have always been published in extension. When you have read one chapter about the Soudan you have read almost all; one chief is the fac simile of another; one tribe, one army stand for all; one rule of cruelty and bloodshed extends from end to end of the great barren tract. The pictures of hideous men and still more hideous women that illustrate works on African travel do not enhance their attractions. If the writers would condense a little I feel sure they would have much more of the public's attention.

In a paper in the Forum on "The Future of the South," A. S. Van de Graaf says: "The South is large; it yet remains thinly peopled and practically undeveloped. Great as has been the industrial advance made, considerable as appears the present immigration movement, they but faintly foreshadow the development now at hand. If so much has been done in the last thirty years under such disadvantages and practically unaided by immigration, what may we not expect when that rich tide which has created the Empire States of the Northwest is turned in even greater volume southward? Only the marvelous growth of the great West itself can guide the imagination in attempting the forecast, and even that must be surpassed. To the South unquestionably belongs the future. In such an expansion of its population and wealth as even a single generation has witnessed in the West, its race problem must vanish even though the emigration of the colored people should cease; sectional lines must be blotted out and South and North merged in the indivisible Union, which is identity of interest and conditions, as well as of blood, of language and of history. The people of the South are ready for this the more perfect Union, the prophetic aspiration—never the attainment—of the fathers: Louisville, Chattanooga and Atlanta have spoken our feeling. It but remains for the people of the North to come and share 'all the wonder that shall be.'"

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Burning in from school or play, This is what the children say, Trooping, crowding, big and small, On the threshold, in the hall— Joining in the constant cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"

ON A GATE POST.

MBROSE NETLESON has what he thinks is a valuable manuscript. He thinks so, doubtless, because it records a part of his life. One day, he writes, while I was at his house, he brought out the manuscript and read it to me. Although I did not ask permission, yet I do not feel that I violate his confidence by giving, as nearly as I can remember, the contents of the paper which he treasures with such affections:

The prospect was not cheerful, I was riding a horse across a country whose loneliness was as deep as a sigh which breaks the long silence of some one. Night was coming on and a storm was gathering its forces. A frightened owl flitted past me, screaming in my face. The time of year was when nature hesitates whether to continue winter or begin spring. My horse almost shook me off when he stopped and shivered. The owl screamed in my face again. Dead leaves, for a moment whirled before me, and then fell, scattered and torn as though they had, by an angry hand, been swept from their long, damp rest, only to be mocked. "What a dreary, dreary place it is!" I mused. "I feel as though something terrible is going to happen. The air, just before the great agitation which must come, seems quivering in its desire to bear the sound of murder, murder! As I live yonder is a light. Is it possible that I shall receive shelter?"

Urging my horse forward I soon reached a small house, near the summit of a desolate peak, overlooking the Arkansas River. I mounted on the door—there was the fence around the house. My horse looked appealingly at me and without asking permission from any one within, I led the animal to a stable close at hand, took of saddle and bridle. As I was returning, the storm burst upon the river. When I approached the door, I heard a wail. I knocked and heard the wall coming slowly toward me. The door was opened by a girl scarcely more than twelve years old. Her face was the picture of despair. She said nothing, but pointed to a bed upon which lay an old man, gasping for breath. Approaching him, I saw that he had but a few moments to live. The girl knelt beside the old man. He tried to put his hand upon her head. Failing, he looked at me and I assisted him. He tried to speak, but could not. The girl sobbed frantically. The rain poured down and the storm shook the house.

"He will never get well!" she cried. "My grandpa will die." "Yes, he may pass away. His life has already passed away. The hand lying on her head was growing cold. She looked at him and shrieked. What a night we spent in that house. The storm howled and the rain fell until nearly daylight. The girl, who I saw was intelligent, with an impressive face, said that her name was Munette Loggemon, and that since her earliest recollection she had lived with the old man, who had spent most of his time, since she had begun to talk, in teaching her. "I have no relatives," she said, in answer to a question. "Any friends?" "No friends." "You have neighbors?" "None. The nearest house is nearly eight miles away." "I knew not what to do. Surely the situation was serious. Early in the morning we buried the old man in the yard. As best I could, I made a coffin of a trough which I found in the stable. After the burial I went on and found enough corn for my horse. I left Munette at the grave, on which she had, sobbing bitterly, thrown herself. "Where are you going, little girl?" I asked when I returned, still finding her on the grave. "How can I go anywhere?" she asked. "I have no friends, I told you." "You cannot remain here." "I cannot go away." "I will not leave you here. You must go with me. My mother has a little girl. She will receive you." "I will go and work for my board," she said. "You will not have to work. When I tell my mother of the circumstances under which I found you, she will take you in her arms. Come, get your clothes. It is time we were leaving here. See, the sun is shining beautifully. It is a new day for you."

Without replying, she arose and turned toward me. Her face, even as her eyes were a look of such tender appeal that even though she had had relatives I would have thought it my duty to take her home with me. She went into the house and soon returned with a small bundle. "I haven't much to take," she said, "Grandpa and I were very poor, and you see, having inherited his poverty, I am poorer than ever." "I was not surprised to hear her make such a remark, for I had discovered that she had never associated with children, and was consequently wise of her age. "You shall have some nice dresses after a while," I replied. "Pretty red ones?" "The child was asserting itself, "Yes, and blue ones." She wept anew as we mounted the horse—she seated behind me. As long as we were within sight of the house she said nothing, but when we had descended into the thick woods, she said: "I won't cry any more if I can help it."

"Your grandfather must have been good to you?" "Yes, but he made me read many books that were very dull—great law books. I don't like them. His eyes for many years have been so bad that I had to do all his reading for him. He wrote a book full of awful curious things and murders, but one day when he found me reading it he took it away from me and burned it up. It must have been bad, and he must have been sorry that he wrote it. The day passed rather pleasantly, with the exception of the influence of the night before, which naturally enough she could not dispel and which I could not keep from arising occasionally. We sat on a log and ate dinner, and Munette's remarks gave me additional insight into her close habit of observation. When evening came we stopped at a farm house, where the sad story of the little girl awoke such sympathy that the kind-hearted house wife begged me to allow the child to remain with her. "It is a question that she must decide," I rejoined. "What do you say, Munette?" "I am surprised that you should ask me such a question," she replied, approaching the chair where I sat and taking my hand. "Would it not be ungrateful in me to desert you so soon, or to ever desert you?"

"She's got more sense than an old woman right now," said the host, addressing his wife. "Our twenty-eight-year-old daughter that married last month ain't a patch on this girl." "Why, Jespersen," said his wife, in mild censure, "Margaret ain't twenty-eight years old." "She's mighty nigh it." "An' beside that," continued the woman, "she never had no chance." "Didn't go to school three months outen nearly every year, eh? What show does a gal want, I'd like to know? This little creature, I warrant you, never has been to school." "Oy, yes, sir. My whole life has been a school. The old house where I used to live contains many books. If you want them you may go there, and get them. I shall never go after them. I could never read them again."

"Well, blame my buttons if I don't mope up that way. I ain't much of a scholar, but I reckon I can worry through with a lot of them." My mother welcomed Munette, and when I related the sad story of how I found her in the sympathetic woman took the child in her arms and kissed her. A few days afterward, when I returned home after a short absence, she flashed upon me in a gray dress. She was more of a child than I had ever seen her—more so than I had thought it possible for her to become. My mother was delighted to see her innocent pranks, and I, for the first time, kissed the child. "You have kissed me at last," she said. "It is because I look better in this dress?" "It is because you look more like a child. Before you reminded me so much of a woman."

"Do not women like to be kissed?" I laughed and my mother, shaking her head—"I can see my gray hair now"—said: "Ah, Ambrose, our young girl has a very old head." We went Munette to school. The teacher, a man who had the reputation of being profound, met me one day and said: "Munette is the most remarkable child I ever saw. She has read so many books and makes no such wise observations that I am constantly surprised. To tell you the truth, I cannot advance her. Not that I am not intellectually able—but—er—because I do not think at her age it would be safe. Therefore I would advise you to take her from school. I know the effect that too much learning has on youth. I know how narrowly I escaped."

When I spoke to Munette she said: "That school is a very dull place. It is a constant hum of arithmetic. I don't like to cipher, as the children call it. Fractions make my head ache and miscellaneous examples make me sick. Let me study at home." I took her from school. She was a devoted student, but was never so absorbed that she was oblivious to the little attentions which a woman of my mother's age prizes so highly. Munette grew rapidly and was pleased to find that she was daily becoming more graceful. The war came on. How natural it is in writing a story, to say, "The war came on;" but this is not a story, and nothing can be more natural than truth—although it is said to be

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Dined to Printers' Ink—Solid Food—To Fit the Appetite—A Cordial Invitation, Etc., Etc. He talks no more of seasons dull, His sales are daily growing; Persistent advertising wrought This hopeful, welcome showing.

A BIRTH DAY. Cook—"I can't break the ice, Mum." Lady—"That's very remarkable, Bridget! Did you try letting it fall?"—Athenium Globe.

A CORDIAL INVITATION. "Come and see me." "Where do you live?" "On the canal. If you happen down my way, drop in."—New York Dispatch.

SOLID FOOD. The St. Louis Hostess—"I am afraid you will find our dear Missouri water rather unpleasant to your taste." Guest—"Not at all, Madam. It's the best I ever ate."—Life.

IF AT ALL. Mrs. Rushma—"Colleagues seem to have such splendid times that I often wonder when they do their studying." Mr. Rushma—"Why, after they leave college, of course."—Truth.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY. Bighead—"Men didn't commit suicide as frequently in olden times as they do now." Cynicus—"No, The men who made history relieved them of the necessity."—Truth.

TO FIT THE APPETITE. "What do you charge for board?" "Do you ride a bicycle?" "Yes; what difference does that make?" "It'll be \$1 more a week!"—Chicago Record.

A HOT ONE. "Smith got off a bright thing the other day." "What was it?" "A lighted cigar some one had carelessly dropped into the chair he sat on."—Detroit Free Press.

BY ACTUAL COUNT. "Mamma, I saw a dog to-day that had only three legs." "Weren't you awfully sorry for him?" "No'm; he had one more leg than I had!"—Chicago Record.

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE. Bleacher Boardman—"Kelly ought to have been out on that slide in from third base." Oscar Rider—"Why?" Bleacher Boardman—"His captain had paved the way with bananas skins."—Puck.

HE DIDN'T KNOW. Mrs. Henpeck—"I called on young Mr. and Mrs. Nowed to-day. Now, I think it nice to see a couple happily married and settled down." Henpeck (glaring)—"Yes, I should think it would be."—Philadelphia North American.

NOT ALL THERE. "Men's superiority to women is all in their mind," said Mrs. Dinmore, scornfully. "A good deal is in the mind," asserted Mr. Dinmore, "but man's physical strength, as well as his mental, is superior to woman's."

UNFORTUNATE. "One of my fiance's letters is lost." "How do you know, when you have got so many?" "Why, I have kept count of the kisses he has sent me, and there should be 2,000,000, but there are 1000 missing."—Fleegende Blaetter.

Wanted—An Heir. One of the most curious cases down for hearing in the Court of Chancery is the final settlement of the disputed will of the celebrated prima donna, Mme. Titiens, whose death occurred in 1877, nearly twenty years ago. Mme. Titiens was born in 1840 at Hamburg. She made her first appearance on the stage at the early age of fifteen. She was never married, and at her death her immense fortune was left to a relative, who, however, disappeared three years before her death, and has never since been heard of. The missing relative, Peter Titiens, was in 1878 residing in Cardiff, and shortly after that time he intimated his intention of going to South America, but whether he ever did so cannot be traced. For nearly twenty years the next relatives have endeavored to obtain the wealth on the presumption that he is dead, and has left no heirs, and last year an order was granted that, after proper advertising, if he or his heirs failed to appear it should be assumed he was dead.—Galignani Messenger.

State for Houses. Slates is too much overlooked as a material for house construction. It exists in many different shades. It is easy and inexpensive to quarry, and by far the easiest stone to shape into pleasing forms. These qualities render it the cheapest of durable materials for interior purposes, and the wonder is that so little of it is so common use. If large dealers would establish depots of standard goods made up for combination in house building in such forms as would be available to architects, its use would be indefinitely extended. It is a material of any pretensions would be built where it would not take a prominent part. If such depots were established, house builders would be enabled to see it, and appreciate its beauty and cheapness. As it is, hardly one in five hundred knows anything of it, either.—Stout.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Certain eminent physicians declare that there are three hypnotic states. People as a rule hear better with their right than with their left ears.

Over 7000 varieties of microscopic sea shells have been enumerated by naturalists. Some Syrian tobacco has so small a percentage of nicotine that this alkaloid can hardly be detected.

The joints endure much use because they are constantly lubricated by an oil secreted by glands specially adapted to that purpose. It is announced that a French naturalist has invented an instrument, which he terms a "glossometer," for measuring the tongues of bees.

The bones of the skull are arched because in that form the greatest strength is combined with the least weight and quantity of material. Dr. Erich Langheld announced at the International Physicians' Congress at Wiesbaden that he had discovered a new remedy for tuberculosis, which he has named asilimicrobia.

The air, after a heavy snowfall, is usually very clear, because the snow, in falling, brings down with it most of the dust and impurities and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear. The Alps and the Himalayas seem immense to the beholders who stand at their bases, but upon the globe, as a whole, they are no more than the roughness of the skin of an orange.

The horn of the rhinoceros does not grow from the bone, but is a mere excrescence of the skin, like the hair and nails. It can be separated from the skin by the use of a sharp knife. The habit of turning around three or four times before lying down has survived in the domestic dog from his savage ancestry. It then served to break down the grass and make a bed.

Electric heat has been applied with success to the thawing out of frozen water pipes in England. A wire is run into the pipe until it meets the obstruction, and then the current is turned on. George Shiras, a son of Justice Shiras of the United States Supreme Court, has perfected a spring-gun camera for automatically photographing wild animals. A flash-light attachment, with a mirror reflector, makes it as useful at night as in the day-time.

He Could Cook. A Lewiston man has been complaining lately that his wife does not pay enough attention to cooking "for to-morrow." At such times his wife has remarked, "Why don't you cook yourself?" The last time she said this was at supper time Monday night. He didn't answer, but after supper he filled the cook stove with wood, took off his coat and started in. He got the cook book down and began at the commencement, and made two pans of doughnuts, two batches of biscuits, molasses gingerbread, luscious pudding to fry for breakfast, cookies, tarts, and custards, pie, boiled vegetables for breakfast, and in half an hour had the stove covered with dishes of all kinds. His wife went out into the kitchen and dropped speccles into a chair. At half past eleven that night he washed the last dish and closed the dumb water—filled with food which compared very well with some his wife had made, and went to bed. The next noon his wife handed him a bill of \$7.40, which she said was the amount of raw material he had used the night before. "Are you going to cook as much as that every day?" she asked.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Artificial Memory. An old Welsh blacksmith, who was also a dealer in groceries and various other trades, was unable to read or write, but had a system of his own, and kept his accounts in an original kind of hieroglyph, in which a rude representation of anything he sold on credit did duty for written symbols. At Christmastime he got his friend, the schoolmaster, to make out his bills for shavings, etc., to old Sir Robert Vaughan, who presently came down in a great fluster. "Griffith Jones, your villain, you have charged me with a cheese, and I never had one from you in my life!" "Stop a bit," cried Griffith, "while I look in the book." And there, sure enough, was a big round O, which in Griffith's script represented a cheese. Then came a wordy war between blacksmith and baronet, in which it was difficult to say which had the best of it. Sir Robert was riding off in a rage, when the blacksmith called him back. "Stop; I remember—the cheese was all right, but I forgot to put a hole in it. It was a grindstone."—Household Words.

Snake Destroys an Orange Tree. Mrs. H. U. Johnson, of Dallas, Texas, had a fine three-year-old Otisville orange tree, of which she was very proud. Soon after she put the plant in the greenhouse last fall it began to show unmistakable signs of decay, and, in spite of her best efforts, it continued to wither, and seemed, in fact, quite dead. Hoping, however, to revive it so soon this spring as was practicable, Mrs. Johnson set the pot out, thinking that the genial warmth would restore the plant. But, instead of reviving, it seemed to wither the more, and yesterday, when the sun shone full upon it on the gallery, Mrs. Johnson saw the orange quiver and tremble as if possessed of the palsy.

Not comprehending so queer a performance on the part of a plant, she called a servant and had him carefully turn the pot upside down, when to her horror a big blacksnake slowly uncoiled himself from about the roots of the orange, where it had no doubt comfortably hibernated all winter.—Philadelphia Times.

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I WONDER.

If it were night, at set of sun, Should I find my race was surely run, Would I have earned the glad "Well done?"—I wonder.

Would I look back at dear ones here? Would I go onward with my fear? Would there be time for my tear?—I wonder.

Would it then be so strangely sweet, Where loved ones wait their own to greet, That life would pass with winged feet?—I wonder.

Would all the countless trials sore Perplex me never, never more? Would heartaches, failures, all be o'er?—I wonder.

He says, "Into the west you're, Unto the friendless home so bleak; And so to Him I leave the rest."—No wonder.

"HUMOR OF THE DAY." Hard to beat—A wet carpet.—Melbourne Weekly Times. The wail of the athletic record—"I'm broke again."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Can you cash a check for \$5?" "Oh, yes." "All right, lend me the five."—Life. Why is it that we always believe we can save a little money next month?—Athenium Globe. A man has to be something more than eccentric to have his eccentricities tolerated.—Life.

Courtliff consists largely in trying to find out what the girl thinks without asking her.—Puck. "When ignorance is bliss"—When you have more money than you know what to do with.—Puck. Since the bicycle era envelops us quite, All the universe seems to seek "safety" in flight.—Boston Courier.

Honk—"What's a good book for a man about to get married?" Joak—"A bank book."—Philadelphia Record. Husband—"Strange, but my wife always wants me to remember her birthday, but to forget her age."—Fleegende Blaetter.

He—"Miss McCrossin—Imogene—I cannot live without you." She—"How did you acquire such extravagant habits?"—Truth. "Do you have any idea how many tons of coal you burn each winter?" "No; I only know how much I pay for."—Chicago Record.

Young Wife—"That's just the trouble. It makes me so mad when he gives into me without fighting."—Philadelphia North American. Sniffs (breathlessly)—"Phew! I'm all out of wind!" Briggs—"It seems to me that the wind is all out of you."—Philadelphia North American.

"I believe you're going to fall on me," said the sled to the shot-tower. "Well," said the shot-tower, "it's true I have a leaning that way."—New York Press. "Papa, what is meant by having horse sense?" "It means knowing enough to 'make hay while the sun shines.'" But no and talk to your grandmother.—Truth.

"Are you satisfied that the team I sold you are well matched?" "Yes, they're well matched. One is willing to work, and the other is satisfied to let him."—New York Telegram. He—"Your vast fortune ought to enable you to do a great deal of good." She—"It does. I have established the credit of any number of young men."—New York Herald.

"Mr. Badger, when is a woman in the prime of life?" "Well, Mrs. Badger, when she's thirty-five." "And a man?" "Oh, anywhere from twenty-one to eighty."—Chicago Record. Parley—"My house at Trilbyville is only three minutes from the station." Flatler—"City or suburban what?" Parley—"City or suburban what?" Flatler—"Munette."—Roxbury Gazette.

"Miss Coyne is a very bright young woman," he remarked, admiringly. "Does she say clever things?" "Better than that. She sees the point when somebody else says them."—Washington Star.

"I cannot offer you wealth, Harry; my brains are all the fortune I possess." Mrs. Marlow—"Oh, Harry, if you saw how badly off as that, I am afraid papa will never give his consent."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Hobson—"Will you remember that fifty I loaned you two years ago?" Wilkes—"You are not going to press a friend for payment, are you?" Hobson—"Certainly not. Take your time. I only wish to borrow it for a while."—Harlem Life.

Engagement Broken in a Lulicrous Way. The engagement of a prominent belle of a Southern city was broken off under most ludicrous circumstances recently. She conceived the insane notion of affecting a limp and made a fatal mistake of attempting to practice on her wealthy fiancé. Entering the parlor in a cloud of violets and some such choice perfumes, she greeted the young man with: "Don't I feel well?" "Not mine," was the practical young fellow's reply, as he arose, gathered his hat and donned one of the room-servant to return again.—New York Advertiser.

To Test Diamonds. It is well known to jewelers that aluminum will mark a glass or "paste" diamond, but not the true gem, provided the surface is wet. This fact has now been applied in the production of a mechanical tester, which consists of a small disc of aluminum, rapidly revolved by an electric motor. The stone to be tested is wetted, and held against the edge of the disc by means of a spring clamp.