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"Honeymooning" is a new word which is at the disposal of any one who wishes to make use of it.

Judge Abner W. Tourgee has undertaken a crusade against books with uncut leaves, which he pronounces "a senseless and ennobling fad."

Professor John Fiske predicts that a great religious revival will shortly come, surpassing even that of the thirteenth century, the era of great cathedral building.

The Spanish Government, it is said, has declined the Pope's mediation in Cuban affairs "on the ground that such an acceptance would be tantamount to recognizing America's right to interfere."

William E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent, says that petitions to Congress have become so common as to be without any effect. He says that no one reads them and that they are piled upon shelves in the clerk's office.

The Medical Society of Berne, Switzerland, has inaugurated a plan for the suppression of press notices of suicides, as it has been observed that epidemics of suicides, so-called, come from "suggestion," acquired through printed accounts of them.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward says that women have been hampered heretofore as writers of fiction owing to the fact that they could not travel and explore without escorts. She expects great things of women in literature now that the old prejudices are passing away.

Oakland, Cal., claims to be the healthiest city in the world, or, at any rate, in the United States. The death rate has fallen since 1882, when it was 13.55 a thousand. Last year it was 11.85 a thousand. This approaches the sanguine sanitarian's ideal of 11 in a thousand.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "Before the war the South turned to agriculture because it was profitable. Now that manufacturing will yield better returns than farming we may expect to see mills and factories started in every community. Our people may be relied upon to take care of their own interests."

Baldness is found to affect about twelve per cent. of the male population, according to an English physician. The same observer has made the singular discovery that, while musical composers belong to the general average, pianists and violinists have fine heads of hair until late in life, but performers on brass instruments—especially the trombone—become bald very early.

Professor Roentgen finds that the discovery of his famous "rays" brings upon him as much worry as glory. Instead of being able to work on quietly, he is overwhelmed with correspondence from all parts of the world, and has not a moment to himself. The Professor is a singular-looking man. He has a long face, still further lengthened by a beard, a prominent forehead, large ears and big bright eyes. His hair stands stiffly upright, without any parting.

According to the Railway Age, "Farmers in various localities who enthusiastically voted to allow electric railways to be built on the highways, so as to punish the rascally steam roads, are now repenting. A letter from Ohio, in an agricultural paper, declares that the electric cars make it almost impossible for a farmer to drive his live stock to market while the destruction of the highway prevents his hauling hay or grain. He might have added that in point of speed, regularity and comfort of service the rural electric roads compare very unfavorably with the steam roads and have proved disappointing to those who expected that the trolleys would destroy the rates and business of the steam railways."

The Somerville (Mass.) School Board is sorely troubled by the fact that women teachers often resign, in order to get married, in the middle of the school year, thus unsettling orderly instruction, states Harper's Weekly. At the last meeting of the Board a resolution was adopted providing that all elections of teachers should be conditional upon an agreement that they shall remain in the employ of the city until the close of the school year, unless they shall resign by reason of professional advancement or for cause entirely beyond their control. One of the members of the Board declared his belief that the order would be "inert." It remains to be seen whether love will laugh at school boards as well as at locksmiths.

UNREST. Love hath its tides; The ship that rides Upon their ebb and flow Is overthrown; With perfect rest, But swing—now high—now low. Life hath its eases, And whose bears The burden of its years Until the end Must lightly tread Its laughter in its tears. —Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A POLICE MYSTERY.

HOW IT WAS CLEARED UP.

THE true story has always remained a legend around Police Headquarters. It is simply a case of a man there were circumstances which prevented the Chief from making it public at the time," said a retired Central Office detective, as he chewed the end of an unlighted cigar reflectively. He referred to the arrest of a murderer which gained fame for the former head of the Detective Bureau at the beginning of his career.

"The murder was one of those ordinary incidents of life in the Italian quarter and there was nothing of any great interest in the cause of the crime and the manner in which it was done," he continued. "It was a mystery, however, from the fact that there was not the slightest clue to the identity of the murderer, and you can just bet the Chief made us hustle. I have a clipping here of the story the newspaper, printed about the murder the day after it occurred."

The ex-Central Office man pulled out his card case and handed the reporter the clipping. It read as follows: Giuseppe Casella, twenty-eight years old, of 247 North street, while standing at the corner of Mott and Houston streets at 11:30 o'clock last night was stabbed and fatally wounded by a stranger. Casella, who had only been in the city two weeks, was talking with a friend named Domenico Murano, when a strange young man who was very drunk happened along. The Italian laughed at the young man, and he turned suddenly and attacked them.

In the fight Casella was stabbed in the left side. He dropped to the police as a witness, cannot describe the murderer, as he says he was too much excited to remember what he looked like. He kept repeating in answer to the questions of the police that the young man was an "Americano." Central Office detectives are working on the case with little hope of success.

"That was all any of the newspapers printed about the case the first day. As soon as we were told that the stabbing was sent in from the station house the Sergeant at the desk in the Central Office phoned to the Chief's house and told him of the facts. He was told to send out the two emergency men and any others that came in during the night on the case. The next morning the Chief was around bright and early, and when we assembled for roll call he talked to all hands about the case in a general way, and said that no effort was to be spared to hunt down the murderer. Then, before we left, four of us were told that we were wanted in the Chief's private office. Two were Detective Sergeants, the star men in the office, and my side partner and myself, who were anxious to become Sergeants. The old man, as we called the Chief, had an admirable way of getting at the meat of a case, and when we entered he did not waste any time in telling us what he wanted. "I've had a talk with this fellow, Murano, who was with Casella when the stabbing occurred, and I'm satisfied that he had nothing to do with it," the Chief began. "Both the man that was murdered and Murano carried pistols, but these were found sheathed in their pockets. Now, all I have been able to learn as to the description of the stranger whom Murano says did the stabbing is that he wore a blue gingham jumper over a red undershirt. The jumper was open at the throat, showing the shirt. He is a stout, well built young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years, with dark hair and a smooth shaven face. That's the best description I could get from Murano. I want two of you fellows to drag the saloons around the Bowery and the other two to take this fellow Murano with you and see if he can't run across the stranger. I thought at first it might have been one of those Italian vendettas or a Mafia scrap, but the Italian priest, who knew both men, assured me that it was nothing of the kind, and I would not waste any time on that theory. The motive was not robbery, and you needn't bother with crooks, either. It was a simple fight, and it will be a hard job, but you want to see what you can do."

the search day by day for three weeks without getting anything satisfactory, and finally something turned up which obliged the Chief to take the two Sergeants off the case. My side partner and myself had it all to ourselves. We had given up all hope of ever doing anything, although we started out with a strong burst of energy, and after the first few days that we had the case ourselves took to soldiering. The upshot of it was that the Chief finally decided to let the case drop among the mysteries. We had tried everything. We got the Chief to give Murano his liberty, and we waited him for several days without discovering anything which would seem suspicious.

"It was the custom to send a couple of our fellows to look out for pickpockets on the Coney Island boats during the summer. We were assigned to this job one Sunday and went down to the island and floated around. We came back on one of the late boats, as these were usually the most crowded and the best for the pickpockets to work their trade on. We didn't see anybody we knew, and went up on a little dock and finally anchored in an upper recess in the stern, where we sat smoking and enjoying the cool breeze. I called my partner's attention to a young couple who were spooning in another recess to windward of us and we took an occasional peep at them. "The wind carried the words of their conversation to us, and while we did not pay any particular attention to it we could not help hearing it. There was one thing said which made me sit up straight and almost yell right out. The young woman had apparently asked the man a question, as we heard him say: "He's been under cover at Hackensack ever since he did that dago."

"But I ever think that was settled by this time," said the young woman. "Oh he's as safe as a church on thatting, but he's leery about it still, and we can't get him to come back." "I turned to my partner and found him sitting in the same position as myself, with his eyes fairly dancing with excitement. Our Italian murder mystery occurred some nine months previous and we had quite forgotten it, but the conversation we overheard brought it up afresh, and I could hardly hold my partner still. The couple changed their conversation a moment later, and, although we did our best to listen, we heard nothing more about the 'deal dago.' When the boat reached the city we were right up alongside the young couple and followed them out in the crowd. We were so excited that we had not exchanged a word from the time we heard the bit of talk that gave us a clue, and some telepathic instinct just impelled both of us to go right ahead. We sat next to the couple in the street car going up town, my partner sitting on one side and I on the other. They got off at Houston street, and we were ahead and behind them. They walked along Houston toward Broadway and turned down Mulberry street. They stopped in front of a tenement, and the young man stood talking in the doorway for half an hour or more. We watched him from a doorway across the street. He bade the girl good night, just shaking her hand, and walked off slowly down the street. We followed him, and at Spring street he turned toward the Bowery. He had not gone far before he turned into a saloon. We entered a few minutes later and saw him drinking a glass of beer. He chatted familiarly with the bartender, and left after drinking his beer. My partner started after him while I remained to pump the bartender. It was an easy matter to get him into conversation about his late customer. I learned that the young fellow was Jim Burke, and that he lived at 65 Spring street. He had a brother Mike whom the bartender had known, but whom he had not seen for nearly a year. Mike disappeared rather suddenly, the bartender said, but Jim said he had gone to take a better job at Hackensack. He was a bricklayer by trade.

"I left the saloon and hurried to the place where I had agreed to meet my partner. He was there, and he had told Burke to his home, and also had learned his name. We agreed to meet at 6 o'clock the next morning and get to work on the case in real earnest. I don't believe I closed my eyes that night, and my partner was around at my house long before the appointed hour. He found me fully dressed and we started out. After talking the matter over we decided to make a bold move. He was to arrest Jim Burke, and I agreed to question the girl. I waited outside the Mulberry street tenement for her, and at 7 o'clock she stepped out of the house with a lunch package under her arm on her way to work. When she got a block away from the house I stepped up to her: "Pardon me, miss," I said, "but I am a detective from the Central Office and am compelled to please you under arrest for not telling the police about Mike Burke stabbing that Italian."

"She drew away from me as I addressed her, and her face blanched as I mentioned Burke's name. She was scared so much that it was some moments before she could talk. "I didn't know I had to tell," she stammered finally. "Well, that's the law," I said, being now sure of my ground, "and you will have to come with me." "I don't know anything about it, Jim only told me two months ago," she said. "I know all about that," I answered. "Jim has told us all." "Jim told you all," she exclaimed, incredulously. "Yes, he had to tell," I said. "Now if you come to Police Headquarters we will let you go in a few minutes." "She walked along with me and we were soon at the Central Office. The

doorman told me that my partner had already arrived with his man. I took the girl to the Chief's office and left her there while I talked with my partner. He tackled Jim, but found him on his guard and could get nothing but indignant denials from him. I went back to the Chief's office and started in to cross-question the girl. Her fright had worn off, however, and she had the cool assurance to tell me that she knew nothing about the crime, and even denied having made any admission to me when I first accosted her. We could not entrap her, and threats and pleadings were of no avail.

"We were in a fine fix, and I was in a cold sweat when the Chief came down. I explained the situation as fully as I could. He asked us if we had told Burke anything about the girl. We had not, and then he told my partner to take the girl over to the office and I was told to fetch Burke in. As I entered with Burke the Chief, who was busy opening the mail, just motioned toward a seat by the window, and I sat Burke in the chair. The Chief walked over to Burke and, looking him squarely in the eye, said: "So you refuse to tell us how your brother stabbed this man, do you?" "He didn't, I don't know anything about any stabbing," Burke answered. "Well, never mind; we have some body who has told us, and it doesn't matter so much after all."

"The window at which Burke was sitting overlooked a small courtyard through which we were required to take prisoners to the cells. The Chief had arranged with my partner to have him walk across this courtyard with the girl at a given signal. As the Chief concluded his remark to Burke he walked over to the other window and looked out into the courtyard. At that moment my partner walked out with the girl. "Hum," said the Chief as he nodded in the direction of the yard. Burke looked out involuntarily and then jumped up with an oath. "You see, Burke, there are more ways than one of getting at the truth of things," said the Chief quietly. "All Burke did was to grit his teeth and curse under his breath. He still denied that he knew anything of the crime, however, and the Chief gave up the idea of getting anything from him at that time.

"My partner and I got a description of Mike Burke and went down to Hackensack town. We reasoned that Hackett would be working at his trade, and picked up a driver at the station who knew the place thoroughly. He drove around the various buildings in course of erection, and we finally ran across our man. He was so cool and unconcerned when we arrested him that I confess I was quite disconcerted. He made no effort to conceal his identity, and the fact that he waived his right of extradition proceedings made me nervous. He denied that he was the man who committed the crime, and all our efforts to get an admission from him were without success. We got back to town about dusk and the Chief was still in his office. He tried his hand at the prisoner, but with no satisfactory result. Then he ordered that Burke be locked up. A short while after his cell was locked the doorman remarked to him, of course under instructions, that his brother and the girl were making statements to the Chief up stairs. An incredulous smile was his reply. Half an hour later we took him out of his cell and up to the Chief's office. We opened the door and the prisoner was confronted with the girl and Jim Burke, who were sitting at the Chief's desk. The Chief was apparently listening to the reading of a typewritten statement by a clerk. Mike Burke just caught a few words and started toward his brother. Before the brother could say a word Mike had blurted out: "You scoundrel! What do you mean?" "That's all; look him up," said the Chief, and we carried Mike away to his cell.

"His brother Jim and the girl were dismissed by the Chief, and left together. The Chief was unable to get a word from either. We found Murano the next day, and stood Burke in a line of ten men, several of whom were built like him. Without a moment's hesitation Murano picked him out as the slayer of Casella. Burke was indicted by the Grand Jury for murder in the first degree, but after a long delay he pleaded guilty of manslaughter by advice of counsel. The evidence was not very strong, consisting only of the testimony of Murano and a few circumstances. He was sent to prison for five years.

"The Chief, for reasons which it would be impolitic for me to state, gave the reporters a different story about the arrest. To this day I don't believe any of the parties concerned in the affair knows just how the arrest was effected. It won Sergeants for both my partner and myself." —New York Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

In Blissful Oblivion—The Grammatical Clerk—A New Reading—Leap Year Privilege Not Needed, Etc. We sat in the same pew. I hung to nature on her chiding frown. I found the hymns, but neither sung—I held the hymn book under my nose. —Detroit Free Press.

THE GRAMMATICAL CLERK. "Can you give me a room and a bath?" "No. You'll have to bathe yourself." —Life.

LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE NOT NEEDED. He—"I have arranged to go abroad this summer, I propose now—" She—"Oh, darling, this is so sudden. But see papa." —Life.

GOING. "How about that money Roberts invested. Was it a go?" "I guess so. Roberts is looking for a situation." —Detroit Free Press.

A NEW READING. School-Teacher—"Tommy, you may answer the question, 'Eternal vigilance is the price of what?'" Tommy—"Holding your job." —Judge.

EASILY RECIPIENT. "Marie, I thought your physician told you that you were not strong enough to ride a wheel?" "Yes, but then I went to another doctor." —Chicago Record.

RELATIVES. New Maid—"Misses, that man who cut yer grass did a bad job. I wouldn't employ him no more." Misses—"I must, Maria; I am married to him." —Chicago Record.

AND SO IT WAS. Teacher—"Tommy, are you chewing gum?" Tommy—"No, ma'am." Teacher—"What are you doing then?" Tommy—"Swallowin' it." —Judge.

CAREFUL. "Children, I hope you peeled the apples before eating them." "Yes, mother dear." "What have you done with the peelings?" "Oh, we ate them after." —Sketch.

SMARTNESS. Professor—"Why does a duck put her head under water?" Pupil—"For divers' reasons." Professor—"Why goes she go on land?" Pupil—"For sundry reasons." —Up-to-Date.

HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED. Hoax—"See that man? He fell from a fourteen-story building the other day." Joak—"Nonsense; why, he would be crushed to death." Hoax—"Yes; but he only fell from the front door step." —Philadelphia Record.

ODIOUS COMPARISON. "Oh, Michael, is it true you told Mr. Jones I looked like an angel at mama's tea?" "Yes, darling, and so you always do." "Well, I think you're horrid to say that, when I spend so much thought on my toilet! Angels are always dressed in those dreadful floppy things." —Life.

ANOTHER FESALTY OF GREATNESS. The gifted but impetuous literary genius wrote an impassioned letter to a personal friend, asking him in the name of sweet charity to lend him \$10 to keep him from starving. "I may not get the \$10," he apologized, bitterly, as he sealed it, "but some day a mercenary grandchild of his will get \$100 for this letter." —Chicago Tribune.

ANCIENT VS. MODERN. "Well, this makes me sick!" said the brilliant reporter; "yet people say that Cesar was a great man." "What's that?" asked the managing editor. "Why, he reported to Rome his defeat of Pharnaces in the words, 'I come, I saw, I conquered.' Now that story was worth at least an extra, two whole pages and a double scare head." —Truth.

WARNERS. Passenger (to the trainboy)—"You probably did not know, when you put this book in my lap, that I was the author." Trainboy—"Did you write that book?" Passenger—"I did." Trainboy—"Then you had better keep mighty quiet about it. I just sold a copy to the man back of you." —Boston Herald.

EMBARRASSED. Winks—"I suppose you are engaged to that charming lady short-hand clerk of yours? She has been with you a long time, and I noticed lately you seemed rather taken with her." Jinks (sally)—"No; she—she won't have me." "You have proposed and been rejected?" "Yes. You see, during my successive engagements to Miss Pink, Miss Sweet and Miss Pretty, I mistook all my love letters to her, and it appears that she has lost confidence in me." —Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Professor Michael Foster, the physiologist, says that fatigue is due to a poisoning of the cerebellum. Edison now claims that the X-ray is a sound wave and its photographs are simply shadows of sound vibrations. The young of several species of serpents retreat down the throat of the mother when pressed by sudden danger.

The late Richard A. Proctor stated that our earth receives only the one two-billionth part of the heat of the sun. Deseronto, a town in Canada, is lighted with gas made from sawdust obtained from the lumbering mills in the place.

The Salzwirk artesian well, in Westphalia, Prussia, is 3521 fathoms in depth, the increase in temperature being one degree Fahrenheit in every fifty-four.

An Australian genius has recently invented a cartridge for sporting guns made of mica. It has the advantage of allowing the charge to be seen and prevents heating of the gun.

Over 300,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various parts of the world. Of these, butterflies are among the rarest, as less than two specimens all told have been found.

Certain marine animals (pteropods) which live in the sea, but which, except in some slight external resemblance, have nothing in common with butterflies, are sometimes called "sea butterflies."

Fogs are more frequent in October and November than at any other period of the year, because, besides the evaporation from the seas, rivers and lakes, there is a constant exhalation from the ground in the form of vapor.

Probably the largest casting ever made in the country was turned out recently at a foundry in Pittsfield, Mass. It was a plate for the Berkshire Glass Works, weighed 9000 pounds, was fourteen feet long, forty-four inches wide and five inches thick.

There are five families of whales. First, the Balenidae, or toothless whales, divisible into smooth whales and furrowed whales; then the Cetodontidae, the toothed whales, such as the sperm or cachalot; then the Delphinidae, or dolphins; then the Rhyncoceti, or Ziphioid whales, and then the Zeuglodonts.

Each instrument excels in some particular passage, the piano in scale passages, the harp in arpeggio, the mandolin in the rapid repetition of one note, the banjo in the rapid playing of broken chords, and so with other instruments, but the violin can beat them all on their own ground, while there is much violin music that can be played on no other instrument.

A Dog With Sense.

"I am sure," says a correspondent, "you will enjoy this story of a dog's intelligence, which has the merit of being absolutely true. Schneider was a large, full-blooded, handsome setter. He was very fond of being with the boys, and one day they took him when they were going bathing. They bathed in a pond which was crossed by a railroad bridge carrying one track. While the boys bathed Schneider sat on the track and watched them. Suddenly, to the horror of the boys, a train appeared. There was no time for the dog to get off the bridge, and it was too high for him to jump. The boys turned away to avoid the sight of the dog's death, and after the train had passed looked about with a shudder at what they expected to behold. To their amazement the dog trotted off the bridge entirely unhurt. The engineer of the train explained afterwards how the dog had escaped. As the train approached Schneider evidently saw that his situation was desperate, and quickly thought out his only way of safety. He stepped over the sleepers, laid himself down as flat as he possibly could and let the train pass over him. The engineer saw it all, and as the train passed he looked back and saw that the lowest step just grazed the dog's back. Could a human being have reasoned more correctly and acted more quickly than the dog?" —Boston Transcript.

Drove Bulls Four in Hand.

Pomona, a section of Germantown, was once the home of Colonel Forrest, who purchased the tract of land from a family named Shoemakers more than a century ago. Forrest was a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and took part in the Battle of Germantown. He was always doing something out of the usual custom, according to the accounts given of him by old residents of that suburb. It is said that he sometimes would drive a four-hand team of bulls from Germantown to Philadelphia. Forrest sold Pomona to James Daral, a French merchant, about the time of the War of 1812. Daral took considerable pride in raising fruit and ornamental trees of all kinds, and Pomona was the attraction for many distinguished people who came to Philadelphia. —Philadelphia Record.

Five Fingers and No More.

There is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which no one will ever become acquainted if he depends on text books for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, fingers or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of the one-toed creature, the camel of the two-toed, the rhinoceros of the three-toed, and the hippopotamus of the four-toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders are of the great five-toed tribe.

GIFTS.

If I could give you what would outlast time— Remains as fixed as Polar star above— Something to live and thrive in any clime, I'd give my love!

And should you ask for that more true than steel, A something of yourself, a kindred part, My inmost thoughts I'd then to thee reveal, And give my heart!

Should friends desert you, fortune cease to smile, Should joy itself appear beyond recall, Your weary moments I would then beguile, And give my all!

But if some lofty sacrifice you'd ask, How glad I'd yield me to your dearest trial, And give—since giving is love's sweetest task— My very soul!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dress material—Papa's bank account.—Puck. There are altogether too many other people in the world.—Puck. Conscious lack of physical power keeps many men out of trouble. She doesn't want the newest fad, And for it has no place; For the very latest wrinkle She's found upon her face. —New York Herald.

Money talks, but it doesn't waste many words on the impecunious.—Truth. We sometimes pray for more grace when what we need is more grit.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When it comes to choosing the least of two evils we generally choose the one we like best.—Puck. "Did he carry his audience with him?" "Yes; they chased him five blocks." —Chicago Record.

The man who has music in his soul should be careful to keep it there unless he is dead sure about his voice.—Puck. "Spacer is sending in a good story of that fire," remarked the night editor. "Yes," said the telegraph editor; "it's hot stuff." —Puck.

"Uncle Tom, what is executive ability?" "It's knowing how to make other people work without doing anything yourself." —Chicago Record. Though death may love a shining mark, As we have heard fall oft, Young Child much prefers the kind I designate as soft. —Detroit News.

Teacher—"What is taxidermy?" Johnnie—"I guess I know, teacher." Teacher—"Well, Johnnie, Johnnie"—"It's putting down carpets." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is not the proper thing to say that a man will make a good husband. It is the wife who makes the good husband. The bad ones only are the self-made article. —Boston Transcript. "Fomphins, do you think a mascot is any help in learning to ride a wheel?" "Well, there are times when the presence of a feather pillow doesn't go so bad." —Chicago Record.

When she refused to marry me, She promised she would be my sister; Yet she was mad as mad could be, When, with fraternal haste, I kissed her. —He—"You should not worry so much about dress. Set your mind on higher things." She—"I had set my mind on higher things than you seem willing to buy for me." —Indianapolis Journal.

"The trees are leaving," remarked Mrs. Snuggs. "Nevertheless, they are not packing their trunks," replied Mr. Snuggs, who objected to his wife's coined verb. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Marry that—that—" She hesitated. No word seemed strong enough to adequately express her contempt. "Why, marry that—thing? Marry a man that rides a tricycle?" —Washington Evening Times.

"Abbott was telling that lie about his fish that would the line about his boat and nearly drowned him." "But it happens that story is true, though Abbott has told it so often that he does not believe it himself." —Indianapolis Journal.

A Trick With a Key.

A Mr. Foster is reported to be an "amossin' cuss" who makes fun of himself and mystifies other people. He was in a Cincinnati electric car the other day and everything was quiet. Mr. Foster drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, and selecting one, a small steel one, he slipped it off the ring and laid it on the floor of the car directly over the motor. When the current of electricity struck the key it raised up until it stood perpendicular; then, as the current became stronger and lighter by turns, the key began to perform very strange gyrations, bobbing up and down and jumping around. Every eye in the car had been upon Mr. Foster while he was preparing for his experiment, and the surprise that was elicited upon the countenances of that car load of people when the gyrations commenced was laughable in the extreme, and Mr. Foster enjoyed it more than any one else. —Electrical Review.

To Decipher a Buried Coin's Date.

To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, has become wholly obliterated, but the piker in the fire; when red hot place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a grouch like, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.