

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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"Gastronomic nomads" is the Boston name for a night lunch cart.

Secretary Morton avers in his year book that Americans are bilious because they don't eat enough greens.

"The figures appear to show that a coronation may be much more deadly and terrible than a tornado," observes the Chicago Tribune.

We are told by the New York Sun that the habit of kneeling while popping the question had its origin in the natural and unavoidable weakness of the knee joints of the man who did the business.

The Chicago Dispatch says that kidnapping is fast becoming a steady business. Hardly a week passes but some child disappears from the ken of its relatives, and a majority of these cases do not find their way into the papers, and create no ripple of excitement in the community.

Somebody is proposing to run electric wires through the vineyards and "age" the wine by electricity while still in the grape. He claims that the new wine so treated cannot be distinguished from that which is twelve years old. He drives a nail into the trunk of the vine and connects his wires to it.

The growth in San Francisco of municipal expenses during the past ten years is startling. In 1885-86 the city government cost \$9,895,545.33, but now its demands reach the enormous sum of \$8,500,000. In the meantime the population has been subject to a very moderate increase, the most sanguine boomers "cred" with a gain of more than 35,000 since 1890.

A crusade against "hokey pokey" ice cream has been going on in London for some years past, shocking accounts of the million of microbes found in the mixture being published from time to time. A member of the Health Board, however, analyzed a strawberry ice cream bought of one of the most fashionable West End caterers recently and found that it contained from eight to fourteen millions bacteria to the cubic centimeter, among them the bacillus coli, which is a worse record than that of the Italian street vendors.

The citizens of Baltimore are showing a great deal of public spirit in the matter of the Johns Hopkins University, whose endowment has been impaired by the failure of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, notes the San Francisco Chronicle. One of the chief sources of revenue of the university was from the bonds of that corporation, which has defaulted on its interest this year. The amount so lost is to be made good by a contribution of the Baltimore citizens referred to, who are aware that the fame of Johns Hopkins reflects luster on Baltimore.

Some revolutionary suggestions in regard to domestic servants are being discussed in Australia. It is proposed to call them "household employees." They will eat in the dining-room, either with the family or by themselves. They will not be at the beck and call of the mistress. There will be two shifts of "employees," one to work from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m., and the other from 2 p. m. to 8 or 9 p. m., so that they may have the afternoons and evenings off every alternate week. It is believed that the expenses of the household would not be increased by a topping this step, as domestic service under this new condition of affairs would be rendered so attractive that servants would be obtainable at half the present wages, and sweating in factories would be largely diminished by reducing the number of applicants.

In this country the Government retains a staff of scientists to assist the farmer in his calling. Part of this staff devotes its time to the study of economic entomology—to studying the ways and means wherewith to deal with the various insect pests which annually destroy so much of the food products of the country. In England the farmer is almost entirely left to his own devices, or to the assistance which may be rendered by those who take an interest in science for science's sake. In the list of these amateurs there is none who has rendered more assistance to the farmer and horticulturist than Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, a lady who has earned a world-wide reputation as an entomologist, and whose reports on insect pests are looked forward to in this country by all economic entomologists. Miss Ormerod has recently signified her intention of presenting her fine collection illustrative of agricultural entomology to the University of Edinburgh.

COURAGE.
Hast thou made shipwreck of thy happiness?
Yes, if God please.
Thou'lt find these some small haven none the less.
In poorer ease,
Where thou mayest sleep for utter weariness,
If not for ease.
The port thou dream'st of thou shalt never reach,
Though gold its gates,
And wide and fair the silver of its beach.
For sorrow waits
To pilot all whose aims too far outreach
Toward darker straits.
Yet that no soul divine thou art astray,
On this cliff's crown
Plant thou a victor flag ere breaks the day
Across night's brow;
And none shall guess it doth but point the way
Where a bark went down.
—Grace D. Litchfield, in Hartford Courier.

HOW MY AUNT CAME OUT.

BY HERBERT COPELAND.
My aunt Mehitable was an old maid—
"a natural born old maid" every one said; and she was sharp-tongued as well as old-fashioned. She certainly was "queer," the queerest being shown chiefly in the fact that, at the time I first visited her, she had not been out of the house, not even into the dooryard, for twenty years. She lived alone in the big house at the end of the village street, her "hired man" Jonah, who lived near by, doing all the outside work, and she, the inside.

Twenty years before, when she was about thirty, she had been "presented" to a young man, that if ever she went out something terrible would happen to her. How this presentation came into her head I never just able to find out, nor in just what form it came; but it certainly came, and that was about all that any one, herself included, I always fancied, ever knew of it. She had had a long sickness in which she was often delirious, and it left her mind in that dazed condition which takes impressions readily and holds them firmly. When the full vigor of mind comes back, these impressions have become so much a part of the mind that they cannot be cast aside without effort. There had been no one to laugh Aunt Mehitable out of her "presentiment," and she herself was not able to argue it away; so she yielded, and it became a firm part of her mental existence.

I remember just how she looked in the last days of her old-maidhood. Not that she was ever really anything but an old maid. She never married, but she became "just like other folks," the townspeople said, and therein paid her the greatest compliment; for in that village "old maid" was a term of opprobrium. She was tall and pale and thin; her naturally fair complexion had been whitened by long exclusion from the sun and wind. She had been pretty in her youth, and there were traces of this prettiness left, though her expression had hardened with the advancing years. She spoke slowly and not very often, and she seldom smiled; but when she did smile, her face was transfigured with the sweetness of it. She always wore gowns of the pattern that was in the fashion when she secluded herself from the world. As she grew older, she made a quaint figure twenty years afterward when they were very much out "out."

She was "pison neat," as the expression went in the village, and her house was, of course, "perfect" work. I myself have many a time seen her go around with dustpan and brush after callers had left, sweeping up the dirt, real or imaginary, that they had tracked in. She was a lonely woman; she would not have a servant nor pet—dogs she did not like, and cats would make tracks on her kitchen floor. The neighbors stood a little in awe of her queerness and her neatness, and seldom ventured to call. I was sorry for her lonely life and tried to persuade her to have a servant, or a pet of some sort—a cat, at least; for they are the most cleanly and neat of all animals; but she would not. "Why, George," she said, "d'you s'pose I'd have a cat 'round, litterin' up things all the times an' spoilin' my floor? An' then, they're a'ys havin' kittens an' such things. I've got 'long b' myself all these years, an' I guess ken keep on 'em so. What on earth d'you want me to have a cat for?"

"Why, because," I answered; "I think you must be lonesome all the winter when I'm not around." I was making her a visit that summer. "Well," she replied, "so I be sometimes; but I don't want no cats 'round; they ain't much company any how. I shall miss you powerful bad when you go; but cat wouldn't make up for you, now, would it?"

I confessed that I didn't just think it would, but as long as she could not have me, she might take a cat—for half a loaf is better than no bread. I was determined to make Aunt Mehitable keep a cat by some means or other, and, as luck would have it, I was very soon enabled to do so. One Sunday evening not long after our talk I went to church. It was a rainy night, and I hitched the horse in the shed by the side of the church. When I went to unhitch him and get into the buggy, I felt something furry and warm on the seat. By the dim light of the church window I found that the furry object was a small and

disreputable looking cat curled up fast asleep in the corner of the seat. I got in and sat down beside it, and we drove off. Suddenly it occurred to me that this was the cat I was looking for, and I instantly resolved that Aunt Mehitable should keep it, whether or no. My only four now was, lest it should jump out of the buggy, so I put the rope over it and tucked it well in.

When we got home I unharnessed the horse and then went for my cat. It was all safe; but I found, on examination, that one of its front legs appeared to be broken, which doubtless accounted for its not jumping out of the buggy on the way home. "I'm glad of it," I thought; "for now Aunt Mehitable, with her kind heart, can't turn it away."

Still, I must confess, it was with fear and trembling that I approached the kitchen, particularly as my boots were muddy with the dirt on the road, and even without the cat I should probably get a gentle scolding from Aunt Mehitable. However, I put on a brave front and, after noisily wiping my feet, walked in. Aunt Mehitable was sitting by the table, looking as neat and prim as ever a mortal woman looked.

"Well, Aunt," I called her "Aunt," when I felt conciliatory—"I've brought you a cat," and I held out the poor, bedraggled, broken-legged animal. "For the land's sake! George Marsden, what has you got a cat for?" he scolded, and speaking faster than usual. "You just put that dirty-looking thing out of my kitchen this minute. I won't have it here, not a minute."

"But, Aunt," I said, "it rains guns outside, and the poor cat's got a broken leg and can't walk." "Never you mind if she has," she rejoined; "she ken get along now's well's she's got along b'fore, an' I won't have her a minute. You just take her up an' put her out this minute, I tell you." "Now, Aunt, you won't be cruel, I know. I tell you it rains outside and the poor cat can't walk. And I put the bust-down on the floor to show her how lame it was. As it stood before us in the middle of the floor it was not a beautiful object; it was very lame and it looked mch-esthen."

"George Marsden," my aunt almost snapped; "you take that dirty cat off my clean floor. I ain't never had a cat on my floor before, and I guess I won't begin now." "But you will give her some milk, won't you?" I said. "No, I won't," she answered. "I can't have a cat drinkin' out of my dishes. I ain't been used to eatin' after animals." But for all that, she did go and get some milk in a little tin hand basin. The cat was evidently very hungry and eagerly lapped the milk.

While it was drinking, I saw the irritation begin to leave my aunt's face, and I determined to make the best of my opportunity. I finally persuaded her to let the cat stay over night, at least; and I promised to take it away in the morning. We made a bed in a corner behind the stove, and put the cat in it for the night. In the morning Aunt Mehitable and I examined the wretched beast. Its leg was really broken; but I set it and bound it up while my aunt watched me. She was very proud of me. I was just beginning to study medicine then, and this practical example of my skill delighted her. Later in the day I offered to take the cat away, but my aunt would not let me; she would keep it till it was a little stronger. The nursing instinct, that great instinct in all women, was aroused in Aunt Mehitable, and I knew the cat was safe in its quarters till it got well, at least. And so it proved, for my aunt tended the cat most faithfully for two weeks. When it began to limp about the kitchen, I offered to take it away; but she would not let me, acknowledging, half shamefacedly, that she had grown fond of it and wanted to keep it. I said it was safe to laugh at her, and I did so. She took it all good naturedly and laughed while she gently stroked the cat.

ment 'a much 'a you want to; but I believe in 'em, an' I know I sh'd be killed 'I went out' and she looked so frightened that I hadn't the heart to say another word just then. During the next few weeks I touched on the subject several times, but always with the same result; and I began to despair.

One afternoon when I came back from a drive, I found my aunt in the kitchen, with George in her arms, crooning over him and crying. "Why, what's the matter, Aunt?" I said, "is George sick?" "No, he ain't," she answered; "but he's most broke his leg in that pesky 'I trap o' Jonah's. I heard him cryin', an' I looked out an' seen him up by the corner of the barn, caught in that 'I trap' that Jonah set there for skunks, an'—oh, George!" she turned perfectly white and shivered. "I've been out," I said after him; "I see you help me, I'm goin' to die; I feel it comin' now. Oh, George!" and the poor woman fell to the floor in a dead faint. It was the first time in her life she had fainted, and no wonder she thought she was dying. The shock was a terrible one to her. I carried her to the bed, and after some time revived her. She smiled feebly as she held my hand, and asked if she were "dreadful sick," and if she were dying. I told her of course not, that she had only fainted. "But I went out," she said; "I went out 'a far 'a the barn, an' somethin' ought to happen. I ain't been outside o' my own door before for twenty-one year. I wonder what'll become o' me?"

"Nothing," I said; "you're all right. Come, have a drink of tea, and you'll be as good as now." "But, George," she said, "I can't get up. I must have had a stroke!" and she settled back on the bed with a groan. "Nonsense," I said, "you're all right. See! I'll help you." And I helped her to her feet, and led her back to the kitchen. She got herself some tea and eagerly drank it. Then she dropped into her chair, and, taking George into her lap, she cried right out. "You pretty little thing," she murmured, "you was most the death of me;" and she rocked back and forth, sobbing and crying hysterically; and then she began to laugh—a hard, hysterical laugh. She finally quieted down, and I persuaded her to go to bed; and she went to sleep immediately.

In the morning she got up as usual; but her face was paler than ever, and she was very weak. I stayed with her all day. As she said nothing about the events of yesterday, I did not. I thought it best to let her have her own way for a time. But in the evening she said to me: "Am I all right, George? I feel sort o' shaky. You don't think I'm goin' to be sick, do you?" "Oh, no," I said; "come, won't you get out with me?" "No, I can't," she answered; "I can't tempt Providence again. I've 'scaped once, an' I ought to be mighty thankful for it."

"But it was the first time you went out," I said; "that something was going to happen. Nothing did happen, you see. You're all right. Come, go out with me." "No, I don't believe I ken," she said; "I was the first time, I know, but—no, I can't go;" and nothing more was said just then. But the next morning at breakfast she turned to me and said: "George, I've thought it all over an' I'm goin' out. It was the first time somethin' was going to happen, an' I didn't an' I'm goin' out again. Come, let's go up to the barn."

She started for the door. At the threshold she stopped. "No, I can't go," she said. I said "Nonsense!" and took her arm and stepped ahead out of the door. How her poor, thin arm trembled in mine! I must say I trembled a bit myself, for I realized what an awful thing it was for her as I looked at her white set face. After a minute she shut her mouth firmly, made a bold step forward, and she was out. A deep sigh escaped her, and she leaned heavily on my arm. I thought she was going to faint again; but she braced herself, and we walked on to the barn, where we sat down on an old bench and looked toward the house.

"Why, George," she said, "don't you loose look shabby? I must have it painted. Who'd think a pison neat o' maid' lived inside?" And she laughed a soft little laugh, and there was silence again. Presently she said: "Ain't the air fine, George? 'S'posin' we go up 't the orchard." And we went up.

She insisted on seeing to the city for Japanese lanterns, and good things to eat of all sorts. The dining room and kitchen were cleared for dancing. Music came from the city, and, great wonder of all, Miss Mehitable appeared in a new silk dress made without a hoop. The whole village was excited, and everybody came; and all agreed that "Miss Mehitable's coming-out-party" was the greatest event the village had ever known.—New York Independent.

Nervous Shock.
Now we often hear of obscure nervous derangements with no other clear cause following railway accidents, and of strange nervous symptoms complicating such obvious physical injuries as may occur, and many questions are apt to be raised as to the possibility of such phenomena being due to any known degree of concussion or injury of the nervous centres, and not infrequently much doubt is thrown on the bona-fides of plaintiffs in such cases. While, however, quite admitting the frequency with which fractures in the bottom of claims against railroad companies, it does not do to forget that something else beside mere physical injury may result from a railway accident. If terror, a sudden and intense horror, or, as some would say, "a mere nervous shock," without any physical injury at all, will produce long-lasting changes in the mental and nervous mechanism, it would be strange indeed if such changes were not found in patients who, whatever the nature or extent of their outer injuries, have gone through the terrible shock of a serious railway accident. From the moment of the first dancing on the rails, through the terrible time when passengers and portmanteaus are being tossed helplessly about, up to the moment when, with a final crunch, all becomes still, may not be a long time, but, short as it is, it is a spell of the intensest agony and terror which can be conceived, and it would indeed be passing strange if it did not write deeply on many nervous systems its note of horror.—London Hospital.

A Strange Fight at Sea.
Noticing a few days ago a letter written in California to the New York Sun entitled, "A Duel Between Sword Fishes," if the editor of the Republican will give me space I will relate a true story that came under my own observation—a fight to a finish between a whale, a sword fish and thrasher. The sword fish and thrasher were jointly in the fight.

It was in the year 1876. The good old ship Richard M. Manies, Captain John C. Beale, homeward bound from the East Indies, was crossing the Indian Ocean, bowing along at some eight knots, with a good southeast trade wind, deeply laden with Java sugar. I chanced to go on deck just as the sun was rising out of its watery bed, while musing on my day's run and where she would be at 12 o'clock. I heard a sort of groan on my weather quarter, and casting my eye in that direction I beheld a monster whale not a hundred yards away. It made a broad'stroke clear from the water, spouting blood and water, and at the same time a thrasher, a fish resembling a large porpoise, leaped into the air and came down with tremendous force on the whale's back before the whale went under. This operation was performed three times.

When lost to view it was evidently a battle between a sword fish and thrasher on one side and a whale on the other. The sword fish would evidently come up under the whale and stab him; the whale would make a breach out of the water, the thrasher would make a leap out of the water, and come down on the whale's back, and the last seen of them the battle was not favorable to the whale. The fight was not strictly according to Quacquarey rules, and no policeman there to stop the fight. I presume they fought to a finish. As the Psalmist has said, "They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Be Charitable With Your Wheels.
Mrs. Fawcett has made a suggestion which, if acted upon, should make the factory girls of London bless the day when cycling became a fashionable craze. In her opinion cycling would be for the best-working young women toilers of the city, not only an amusement, but an invaluable means of obtaining the fresh air and exercise of which they are continually in such need. The girls would like to cycle, but machines are expensive and beyond their means. Therefore Mrs. Fawcett, at a Mansion House meeting, urged that ladies, when they purchased new "mounts," should bestow their old one upon girls' clubs or agencies which exist for the benefit of factory girls.—London Queen.

The Decline of the "Hot."
Among the many changes which have taken place within the last ten years in the manners and customs of the French, none is more striking than the gradual decay of the institution known as the "hot." From statistics recently published, it appears that the dowries now given by French parents on the marriage of their children are becoming more slender. French parents are beginning to adopt our system of giving children away in marriage freely, without haggling over financial considerations.—Westminster Gazette.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE!

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

Oh! Oh!—She Had One—Her Pleasing Way—Answered—Soliloquy—His Turn Now, Etc.
Oh, for a feast covered ambushed!
Oh, for a corner on ice!
Oh, for a bit of a snowdrift,
Or any untold device!
Oh, for a borsal guster!
Oh, for a cool, shady spot!
Oh, for most anything frigid—
The weather is so blamed hot!
—Judge.

She Had One.
She—"This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up?"
He—"Lean on me, my darling!"
—Tit-Bits.

ANSWERED.
Judge Quick—"Why do you make such foolish answers?"
Witness—"Youse ask sich fool questions, sir."—Truth.

BEH PLEASIN' WAY.
"Nan, why do you invariably ask the sodawater clerk which flavor he considers the best?"
"So I can irritate him by taking some other kind?"—Chicago Record.

HIS TURN NOW.
Hoax—"What, you buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them."
Joax—"So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge."—Philadelphia Record.

AT AN OFFICIAL BALL.
"Sir, allow me to shake hands with you, just by way of showing that I know somebody here."
"With pleasure, sir, as I am precisely in the same boat as yourself."
—Le Gaulois.

SERVANTS.
Servant—"Shure, mum, Rover's just after bittin' the log off av the butcher bye!"
Mistress—"Dear, how dreadfully annoying! I do hope he was a clean boy, Mary!"—Tit-Bits.

QUALIFIED.
Perry Pattie—"If any feller was to call me a liar I would go to work and beat his head off, wouldn't you?"
Wayward Watson—"I might beat his head off, but I wouldn't go to work. No, never."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PRECARIOUS POSSESSION.
Gawge—"How much does your bicycle weigh?"
Cholly—"Fifteen pounds, the agent said; but so long as the last installment isn't paid it weighs about two tons on my mind."—Somerville Journal.

A POOR SHOT.
Judge—"Are you crazy? You testified a moment ago that the defendant was trying to kill him, and now you say the killing was accidental."
Witness—"Wal, that's right. When he hits anybody it's er accident."—Truth.

SARCASTIC.
"I found a good bargain in men's shoes to-day," said Jorkins, after he had picked everything on the supper table to pieces.
"You have had better luck than I ever had," retorted his wife.—Detroit Free Press.

HENRY GEORGE SUSTAINED.
Miss Culture—"What do you think of Henry George's single tax idea?"
Miss Gunnington—"Well, I see no reason why he should not tax single men, but I don't think he ought to tax single women—it ain't our fault."—New York Weekly.

A SHREWED SCHEME.
Mr. Hilland—"I wonder why Mr. Halket has become so deeply interested in palmistry, Miss Breeze?"
Miss Point Breeze—"Don't you really know, Mr. Hilland?"
"No, I don't."
"It gives him an excuse to hold young ladies' hands."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE UNDERTAKER'S COMPLAINT.
"I see that another undertaker has opened an establishment near yours, Mr. Graves," said Spinkins.
"Yes," replied Mr. Graves dolefully. "There isn't business enough for one, either. I made the mistake of opening in a most disgusting healthy part of the city, and now comes a rival. Live and let live is my motto, but it doesn't seem to be his."

A BAD LOT.
Irishman (whose mate has just fallen overboard with the bucket while swabbing the decks)—"Pase, Caplin, do ye rimbiber that Scoobie ye ink aboard the same toime as ye did me? I mane him wot had the lot o' Good Character Papers, an' me that niver had a blisid wan?"
Captain—"Well, he's off wid yer paill."—Punch.

REWARD OF MERIT.
Teacher—"And how, James, was history made in former days?"
James—"Don't know."
Teacher—"Next."
The Next—"Er—er—er—"
Teacher—"Next."
The Next—"Dugno."
Teacher—"Master Filpp, do you know?"
Master Filpp—"Nix." (Is sent to the head.)—Judge.

Over \$5,000,000 is spent yearly by Londoners on funerals.

DAY-BREAK.

How pale the moonbeams, falling on the fountain!
How soft the murmurs from the wood beyond!
How vague the shadowy outlines of the mountains!
How faint the lilies' perfume from the pond!
Yet not so soft as sweet young eyes' faint lustre;
And not so pale as fancy's pictures are;
And not so vague as wavering thoughts that cluster
In maiden hearts when love is yet afar.
The day is born, and twilight's trembling glimmer
Grows over when the sun comes forth in glory;
Young love is born, and half-felt doubts grow dimmer
When he begins to lip his wondrous story.
—David A. Curtis, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Miss Conyng is rather coy, isn't she?"
She—"Yes, doccy."—Puck.

The world is like a bike—it will throw down the people who don't keep moving.—Puck.

"Got your new tandem?" "Yes."
"Tried it yet?" "Sh! no; we've quarreled."—Chicago Record.

Diner—"Here, waiter; this water is dirty—there's been milk in the tumbler." Waiter—"Why, boss, dat is milk."—Judge.

Tired Tatters—"Yes, sir, pard, it pays to be honest." Weary Wrangles—"I know now why ye'r so durn poor."—Louisville Truth.

Brazer—"Say, can you lend me ten till next week?" Face—"Lille to, old boy, but fact is, I'm so short." Brazer—"All right; I'm long!"

"I pin my faith to the Mayflower," cried the college maiden next.
"And I, 'ezob," said her father, "pin mine to October wheat."
—Washington Times.

Father—"Did you notice how the lieutenant enjoyed our lunch? He took a little of everything." "Yes, but none of our daughters."—Fitzgonds Blatter.

Wallace—"Do you believe in signs?"
Ferry—"Some. When you see a woman driving south and looking east, it is a pretty sure sign that she means to turn to the west at the first corner."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I am very much afraid that Jimmy is in mischief," said Mrs. Snagge to her husband. "I can't hear him," replied Mr. Snagge. "That's why I think he must be doing something he ought not."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What do you think of the bicycle craze?" "Great thing! I never took so much good exercise before in all my life." "Why I didn't know you were riding." "I am not, but I have to cross the street once in a while."—Chicago Record.

Customer (howlingly)—"This tooth-ache stuff you gimme is the rankest kind of a fraud. And you warranted it to work like a charm." Druggist (blanily)—"Well, did you ever know a charm to work?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Sweet one, I love you," he whispered to his partner at the masquerade. "I should think you would," she replied, "seeing that I am your wife." "Didn't I know it, darling? What other woman do you think I would say that to?"—Boston Courier.

Wiggins—"Those railway tracks at the Pittsburg crossing will surely have to be sunk below the street level right away." Briggs—"What makes you think so?" Wiggins—"Three wheelmen have protested against being delayed by the safety gates."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He prided himself on speaking twelve languages.
He could trace to its root any word you might name;
But he read twice through a baseball report,
And then couldn't tell what they did in the game!
—Chicago Record.

"I might as well plead guilty, your Honor," owned up the penitent prisoner at the bar. "If it had been lace or diamonds you might have called it kleptomaniac and let me go, but I don't s'pose that would work in this case. I stole the hog, your Honor."—Boston Traveler.

Bayages of a Bookworm.
An ancient, parchment-bound volume on the shelves of the dean of Columbia College is the sarcophagus of a withered specimen of that rare and interesting burrower, the bookworm. The discovery was made last week, while a student was turning over the pages of a history of the Frisians, entitled "Rerum Frisicarum Historia." The book is an Elzevir, and was published in Holland in 1645.
From the appearance of the volume it has been many a day since the bookworm, in its prelatory pursuit of knowledge, began to devour its contents. The little fellow opened operations on the inside of the back cover. Thence he plowed a path through several of the adjacent pages. He died in the harness, and his mortal shell, a mere thumb nail sketch, lies along the groove in which he prosecuted his investigations. Perhaps Ubbins Emmons, the author of the book, never had another so devoted a reader.—New York Mail and Express.

A Royal Plume.
The Prince of Wales, when he attends a state function in full dress, wears one of the most costly ornaments known to the British Court. It is a plume of feathers pulled from the tails of the ferahs, the rarest and most beautiful of Indian birds.