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The American Anti-vivisection Society has declared that hydrophobia is a myth.

Over 2,000,000 people in the United States have taken out regular life insurance policies, which are now in force.

A nice old lady put \$1700 into a Maine savings bank in 1872. The other day the administrator drew out \$5140.02. But what good did that do the nice old lady?

How much more important Paris is than any other French city is shown by their populations. Paris has about 2,500,000 inhabitants and of the two cities that come nearest her—Lyons and Marseilles—neither has quite 500,000.

Georgia has already become the peach orchard of the world. Within a few years the number of peach trees in the State has grown until the orchards count their trees no longer by hundreds and thousands but by hundreds of thousands.

What's one's meat poisoneth another. Because Town Clerk Collins, of North Anson, Me., hearkened to Cupid's hints and eloped, other people in North Anson who wish marriage licenses have got to wait for a special town meeting to name a new clerk.

One of the leading papers of Madrid is authority for the statement that Spain has squandered no less than \$19,321,000 in her effort to subdue the Cubans. Since the outbreak of the present revolution she has sent upon this fruitless errand of subjugation as many as forty generals, 562 chiefs, 4768 captains and lieutenants, 112,560 corporals and soldiers, 143 cannons, 150,000 rifles, 5000 bayonets, 23,000 cases of canister shot, 61,878,368 cartridges and 72,326 kilograms of powder.

Lady Burton's will is a curious document. She gave orders that after her death a doctor should pierce her heart with a needle; she was then to be embalmed in a curious way and placed by the side of her husband in the tent at Mortlake. She had bought a vault, however, and left directions that in case a revolution should break out in England that aimed at the desecration of the dead, her body and her husband's shall be placed in the vault. The strangest provision, however, in view of the loyal manner in which his wife stood by Sir Richard Burton during his lifetime, is that by which Mr. Coote, Secretary of the National Vigilance Society, the English Anthony Comstock, is made a literary trustee for Burton's works, and is directed not to allow an indecent or coarse word to be issued in connection with the publication of his books. It was by Mr. Coote's advice that she burned her husband's "Scented Garden," for which she had been offered \$30,000, and another work for which \$8000 was to be paid.

The number of foreign estates awaiting American inheritors does not diminish, though the inheritors never enter in and possess them, remarks the New York Tribune. They vanish on approach like the end of a rainbow showing where the pot of gold is buried. The last one to turn up is appraised at \$80,000,000, and is claimed by representatives of the Holt family, resident here. It dates back about two hundred years, the nest egg having been laid by a Lord Chief Justice of the reigns of William III. and Queen Anna. It lay in the pickle vat of chancery something like one hundred and fifty years, and then heirs-at-law began to appear, but the only thing certainly known of them is that none of them ever got anything, and nobody has yet succeeded in locating any of the property. Still the present American claimants are certain it is there, and their lawyer assures them that they have a good case. They will, no doubt, be called upon to advance some money to carry on investigations, and when that is spent they will be asked for more. So long as enough is forthcoming to keep the cops and sprockets of the acting attorney well oiled, the property will continue to present an aluring aspect, but after that it will go into the eclipse of chancery again, and remain occulted for another hundred years or so. Perhaps another crop of fools may turn up by that time ready for another grab at the Fortunatus purse of the old Chief Justice, and if so, unless things change materially in the interval, they will find plenty of lawyers to encourage them.

LOSSES AND GAINS.

Though God has veiled His purpose From our unseeing eyes, He bids us hope unceasing— The weakening as the wise. He makes the glowing future To blossom from the Now; Of His He ordains blessings, Although we know not how. And in the fiery furnace Of sorrow and of loss, His alchemy divines True metal from the dross. As who would scan the pleasure, The verdant vale's delights, Must first, with steps untrine, Ascend the mountain heights. Mayhap to struggle onward, With bruised and bleeding feet, Ere half the weary journey Before him be complete. So rises Man, the pilgrim, On lessons bought with pain, And learns there is no losing Without a greater gain. —Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald

MY TWO DUELS.

HOUGH I am perhaps the least quarrelsome man in the world, it has been my fate to fight no less than two duels. One I confess to have sought; the other was thrust upon me; both occurred during the nineties of this nineteenth century. In each I received some bodily hurt. The first of my duels took place in a small town of Southern France. I was a resident there for the winter, had a tiny bachelor villa, and (through former acquaintance with the place) was on pretty intimate terms with a good many of my neighbors. There was an English element in the place, but the French of course predominated, and I was with the Frenchmen I usually found myself. The man with whom I fought was a Provencal, born close by. He was a big, straggling fellow, lean, and with a bright bird's eye that was always glittering on you. He was a gentleman undoubtedly, had been educated in Marseilles, and had never wandered fifty miles from the Riviera coast. He was probably the most narrow-minded man that ever lived, and on diet of books and Anglophobe newspapers, he had imbibed a blind and poisonous hatred for the British Nation that was unique in its completeness. His name was D'Arblay, and he called himself my friend. This was the funny thing about the man. He cultivated the society of Englishmen, and individually I think he liked them. (He was eternally running down perdue Albion, but nobody took much notice of that. The Englishman who lives abroad is so entirely confident about the superiority of his own island that he doesn't often break out in patriotic vein. It isn't his way. Besides, he finds that one short pitying smile often serves his purpose better than a whole volume of talk. Now, for two years I had endured D'Arblay's revivings of my native land with no more forcible retort than a series of these pitying smiles; and I think in the end he began to hate me, for on my way, without warning, he started on a fresh topic which he must have known was calculated to wound me deeply. He commenced to talk mild evil about some one I cared for very much indeed, and that in a club house before the ordinary mixed gathering of other men. I warned him once, twice, and the third time; and he always said that he meant no harm, and turned off and continued his theme. But at last I saw, or thought I saw, his motive, and a hot anger boiled up in me. "D'Arblay," I said, "if you want to fight, say so like a man. But drop talking about that girl or I shall throw this inkstand at you head." "M'sieu," he retorted, "I dispute your right to be the censor of my conversation. The lady in question—" I threw the inkstand. He bowed formally and left the club house. I spoke to a couple of my friends and followed his example. Later he appointed two seconds, and they consulted with mine; and a time was fixed for the meeting, and swords were chosen as the weapons. D'Arblay was an average swordsman. I had seen him practice with a maitre d'escrime, and has ranged his powers pretty well. For myself I knew of the art of fencing absolutely nothing whatever; and, when everything was snugly arranged for the duel, I thought of this fact with something more than annoyance. I particularly did not want to be killed, because—well, because a certain lady had promised to marry me within a short time, and—well, I did not want to disappoint her. And there was no backing out of the duel. One could afford to laugh at such a meeting in England; but in France (it is another matter. Even the English winter residents would have looked askance at me if I tried to disentangle myself. Moreover, there was another thing, more dangerous than wounds or death, and that was ridicule. A man may put up with being killed, but he cannot calmly mislead himself. As I made up my mind that if D'Arblay did not disable me first, I would leave my mark on him in a way there was no mistaking. Mind, I did not want to kill the fellow, only I did not intend to be mixed up in an affair which the newspapers could define as "another bloodless encounter" and dismiss with a jeering paragraph. So, to sum up, I went on the field determined on forcing a serious fight, and a good fencing, but I myself should be the one to suffer. We drove out to the place of meeting in the early morning, with a keen mistral blowing which chilled one to the bone. The others arrived simultaneously. There was quite a congregation of us; four seconds, two doctors, and the principals. But D'Arblay, being a Frenchman, liked the crowd, and I had to bow to the etiquette of the country. No politeness could have been more punctilious than ours, and none more icy. We two principals stripped to shirt and trousers, and I stood on the frost rimmed grass in my stocking feet. D'Arblay was opposite me, smiling grimly. We saluted one another with the bare, glittering rapier, and a second took up position behind each of us, standing ready with a walking stick to knock up the blades at the least sign of a foul stroke. At least so I was warned. To myself I was wondering what a "foul stroke" might be, so ignorant was I of the very elements of fencing. But I said nothing about this, and when D'Arblay crossed blades with mine, I engaged him with whirling fury. The blue steel flashed and stabbed a thousand circles in the chill morning air, and a pang of fear gripped me by the heart. I seemed to feel his blade passing through me in a hundred places. Death appeared inevitable. Every second I marvelled at finding myself alive. To myself I accepted a mortal wound as inevitable; but I lusted to get my own blade through D'Arblay's body before he was killed. I could hardly see him. Our parting breath hung gray under the cold morning sun, so that we fought in a clammy mist. I lunged and parried, barely glancing at all, fighting on the offensive only, through sheer greed of getting in my blow before I was here to combat. Then, before I knew what was happening, the duel ended. I was conscious of a feeling somewhere or other of a sear as with a hot iron. I understood that it meant I was wounded, and I fully wondered where, though without being able to locate the hurt. I saw the walking sticks of the seconds arise to beat down our weapons, and at the same moment I heard D'Arblay utter a shriek of pain. A heavy case clashed down on my blade, and I drew back nearly burst for want of breath. These things take long to tell, but the whole of them happened within one tick of a clock. The surgeons rushed up to us with lint and bandages. Blood was running from my fingers onto the rapier's hilt. D'Arblay had scored my right forearm with a shallow gash a dozen inches long. He himself was in a worse case; I had run him through the shoulder. My seconds tried to hold me back, but I was too warmed up to care much for the etiquette of the French duello then. I went to where D'Arblay lay in the surgeon's hands, with blood patting from my fingers on to the grass. "M'sieu will apologize, I hope? I may mention that the lady is engaged to me." "I didn't know it," said my opponent. "Why didn't you tell me before? My dear fellow, I am most abominably sorry for having chattered. You have given me a pig of a stab, and that ought to settle accounts between us. Will you come and breakfast with me when we're both tied up?" One of the seconds murmured at this informality. "Sir," I said, "if you have anything to complain of, may I hear it?" "Monsieur," he replied, "I think we had better consider this affair as ended now." The other duel in which I took part was none of my seeking. It happened last year in Florida, where my wife and I were spending the winter, and was thrust upon me in a manner little short of murderous. The beginning was in this wise: I detected a man cheating at cards. I was not playing myself, but the cheating was done to swindle a fellow who was my friend, and because I saw it, beyond shadow of doubt, I called out to him to stop play. Of course there was a row, and if the sharper had not been in a minority of one there might well have been shooting. But, as it was, the thing was utterly grant; indeed, the man himself did not attempt to deny it, and he went away scattering nothing more dangerous than venomous words. We were left triumphant possessors of the field, and I waxed pedantic to my friend over the danger of playing games of chance for the coin of the realm with casual hotel acquaintances. Three days later I went off into the Everglades alligator shooting, and for days also, if I could come across any. Now what the spot was like will not be spoken of here in detail. Sufficient to mention that among other things I came upon an orchid which I imagined to be new, and all thoughts of shooting were for the time submerged beneath the ardor of the collector. I laid down my rifle (a Remington .409) against the stem of a magnolia tree and began to feast my eyes upon the trails of hanging blossoms. I suppose I must have dawdled there a full hour, sketching, measuring, taking notes, cutting specimens, when of a sudden something went wisp past the top of my head, and then, close to, sounded the noisy crack of a heavy rifle. By a sort of useless instinct, the first thing I did was to start backward and to duck my head; the next to stare wildly around me. A glance showed beyond question where the bullet had come from. Down a glade of live oaks, not sixty yards away, a man was busily engaged in slipping a fresh cartridge into the breach of a rifle, which had gray smoke wreaths still crawling slowly from its muzzle. It was the fellow I had exposed for cheating at cards. As I gazed, he finished loading and sharply raised his weapon. I turned away like a frightened dog, zig-zagging in my course to confuse his aim, and making for the magnolia tree. There I snatched up my own rifle, and darted behind the trunk. I stopped and listened. Not a sound was to be heard which rose above the warm hum of the insects and the other never ceasing noises of the forest. I could not doubt that the man was watching me and waiting for his next opportunity to pick me off. My gorge rose at the thought of him. Brute! If he could fire a sitting shot at an unsuspecting man, I knew what I had to expect, and what I must do if my own life was to be saved. I had to depend on myself. In that solitude the next human creature might be twenty miles away. That! A bullet had struck the tree, and the noise of the shot came close upon its heels. The perspiration which stood on my body turned cold as an ice douche. Never before had my thoughts gushed up with such clearness and strength. It was a duel to the death between me and the sharper, and he had drawn first blood, and I had got to win. The words seemed floating in the hot air before me—"Kill! kill! kill!" I had reloaded the Remington, and small as I felt, I had fired on me with the rifle directly I emerged from cover. The fiendish cunning of the man made my flesh tingle in me like a draught of raw spirits. All idea of fairness (if indeed such had ever occurred to me) was completely swept away by that time. I would fight him by his own methods. The only question was one of means. As matters stood, I lay unconscious behind the stem of the magnolia, and if I stepped out of its shelter, I should have to take his fire before I could get in my own. As a snap shot I was very conscious of my own deficiencies; from observation I had a high estimate of his skill. But a brain working at the pressure which mine was put to then yields up unexpected fruits; and when the idea did at last come to me I could have sung for very joy. But there was too much danger in it to increase the risk unnecessarily. I slung my rifle by its strap across my shoulder, and turned round and commenced to climb the magnolia. The stem had been split by lightning, or I could not have got up without my hands being seen round the sides, and, as it was, the climb to the first branch was deplorably hard; but I had the strength of ten men in me then, and the silent witness of a Seminole, and I gained the cover of the foliage without having made a slip or cracked a twig. With the caution of a lynx I made my way up the ladder of branches, going higher and higher till there was barely one layer of the dark green shining leaves between me and the burning sky above; and then I looked about me till I found a steady seat; and then I unslung the Remington from my shoulders. I brushed the rustling curtain of leaves softly aside with my muzzle and peered out. My enemy was on his old ground, standing beneath the live oaks with his rifle at the ready. Some indefinable suspicion must have got hold of him, for at that moment he looked up. The reports of the two rifles rang up into the heated air simultaneously, but mine was the better aim. His bullet whistled through the dark green leaves a foot from my head; mine broke his right elbow joint. I reloaded and hailed him. There was a pool of black water on the nearer side of the live oaks, and the snout and eyebrows of an alligator showed upon the surface like two knots of dead wood. "Take your rifle," I said, "and that revolver and throw them into the water." He hesitated, nursing his wounded arm in the palm of his hand, and glaring at me like a fiend. "Quick!" I said. "If you take time to think twice more I'll shoot you dead." He picked up the weapons one by one and then dropped them into the water with sullen splashes. The reptiles in the pool, frightened by the noise, sank down to the mud below, where they lay. "Now," I said, "go!" and he went, and I watched until he was out of sight among the tree trunks and the saw grass. Then I climbed down and gathered my orchids and went home by another way, keeping a very sharp lookout. I trusted little to that man's chivalry. I have seen another fellow cheat at cards since then, but that was in South America, and I did not feel called upon to interfere. Two duels have been quite enough for me.—Chambers's Journal

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. A Convenient Place—Too Bad—Knew What Was Coming—In Confidence—Quite Necessary, Etc., Etc. In the days of Hiawatha, When the Injun wasn't fighting, Then he used to put the hatchet To reach the earth or north a rock; If the Injun lived to-day, I Think that who the war was over He would hit him to his uncle And would put the ax in hook. —New York World. TOO BAD. A Wheeler—"Doesn't he look well?" T. Ives (in disgust)—"Yes; he's one of those cranks who won't ride a bicycle."—Pack. KNEW WHAT WAS COMING. Came—"Ricketts is about to change his business." Cawker—"Where is he going to open his bicycle store?" IN CONFIDENCE. Friend—"What are your reasons for selling?" Suburbanite—"Malaria and the lawn mower."—Pack. HE LOOKED TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT. Miss Wheeler—"Isn't the scenery beautiful along that road?" Ryder—"Very! I'm using court plaster and arnica on account of that scenery."—Pack. THE PROPER COURSE. Assistant—"Wasn't it Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood?" Editor (absently)—"I don't know. Didn't he make an affidavit?"—Pack. QUITE NECESSARY. Cobwigger—"Didn't you think it rather foolish for her to ask you if her hat was on straight?" Merritt—"No. It was on a rail in a train, and we had just come out of a long tunnel." THE GIFT HORSE. "Pretty soon, I suppose," murmured the ex-cowboy, "we'll even have to change our proverb." "Which one, for instance?" "We'll have to say that one should not look a gift bicycle in the spokes." AN ISMAGITTE. Jack—"There goes a man who is known in nearly every city in the United States, yet I don't believe he has a friend in the whole world." Madge—"Who is he?" Jack—"A baseball umpire."—Norristown Herald. A SMALL BEGINNING, BUT—"I am poor," he said; "it would be many years before I could give my wife a yacht." "Which one," answered the girl of '95; "couldn't you commence with a little smack?" And so it came to pass. PRESURE. Invention Enthusiast—"I understand that Keely has constructed a cylinder that will stand a pressure of 3500 pounds to the square inch." Pretty Girl (who hasn't been hugged for a year)—"Huh! I don't think that's much."—New York Weekly. AN EXPERT. First Boarder—"I understand that the landlady is to take a trip to the West." Second Boarder—"Is that so? If the train would stop long enough at the stations, she could give the railway restaurant people some great points." A CULTIVATED TASTE. Mr. Moth—"What a horrible flavor of moth balls this sacque has!" Mrs. Moth—"Dear me, Algebron, you are positively disgusting. Don't you know that a liking for carbolic acid and tar is the best evidence that one has moved in good society and acquired a cultivated taste?"—Chicago Enquirer. HOME BY HIS OWN METHOD. Casey (confidentially, to the foreman)—"O've hee him ather wataah! Kerrigan for th' last two hours, an' devil a shrike up war-ruk hoz he done in all th' toime." Foreman—"Be hivin'! Kerrigan was just ather comin' t' me w' th' same information about yerself. Yer are bot discharged, fer watchin' instead uv war-rukin'."—Pack. HIS COIN THEORY. "Pop," said Willie, "what's a gold-bug?" "That, my son, is what they call the men who want gold money." "And I suppose a silver-bug is a man who wants silver money?" "That's it exactly." "Well, say, pop—I'm only a little feller, and am satisfied with being a nickel-bug. Gimme one, will yer?"—Harper's Bazar. A COMIC DUEL. Reddit—"I see the French have devised a rather novel regulation for their dueling code, which is expected to do away entirely with bloodshed." Wellnow—"What is it? Have them fight simply with explosives, or use brass knuckles at one hundred feet apart?" Reddit—"No; it provides for the use of bullet-proof vests." Wellnow—"It seems that if the antagonists can wear those things they'll be making a field of honor out of every four-acre lot in France." Reddit—"Oh!—but the vests are for the spectators."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches. The latest application of asbestos in electricity is called the electrotherm, and is used in hospitals, in place of the old-fashioned hot-water bottle. It has been noted that there has been no drought in Southern California in those districts in which the eucalyptus trees have been extensively planted. Permission has been asked the authorities of the City of Mexico to allow the change from street power to electricity on the street railroads within the city. On the eastern coast of Ireland it rains on an average of 208 days in the year. In England about 150 days, at Kazan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days. The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy fellow, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour and can keep it up for a half a day. No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead. A motor bicycle attracted much attention at a recent display of autocoars in London. The inventor is an American. The car is seated for four persons and weighs only 400 pounds. Compressed hot water is said to be a remarkably cheap motive power, and the New York Central authorities are thinking of running fast trains between New York and Albany by its means. Professor Charles Stewart told the British Royal Institution the other day that there are 334,000 hairs on the human body. He said that he would not be particular to a hair or two one way or the other, but the above number was the average, for he had counted them. Two English bacteriologists conclude that an average of 1500 microbes must be inhaled into the nose every hour, while in London the number of germs often reach 14,000. The organs are caught by the nose and passed to the digestive organs, which in health destroy them. Long distance telephones have been placed in the smallest Swiss villages, making it possible to communicate from one end to the other of the country on instruments kept in perfect repair, and on which one can hear distinctly. The fee varies from two to thirty cents a message. Electric lighting from water power has been introduced in even small places. Preaching Still at Ninety-One. It is an unusual thing, indeed, for a minister to be in active service at the ripe old age of ninety-one, and it is a more unusual thing for a minister to continue without salary as pastor of one charge for fifty-five years with still no definite time for retirement therefrom to look forward to. There is such a minister in Montgomery County, however, in the person of Elder Jonathan Van Cleave, pastor of the Indian Creek Baptist Church. The venerable Jonathan Van Cleave is the recognized patriarch of his denomination, and throughout the central States his name is a household word in all Primitive Baptist families. He has been a great traveling preacher, always at his own expense, and while "every third Sunday" finds him in his own pulpit, every other Sunday finds him in some other pulpit, perhaps hundreds of miles from his home. Although ninety-one years old, his form is erect, his eye clear and sparkling, his voice resonant and ringing and his mind and memory unimpaired. He remembers with distinctness every incident of his youth, and, what is unusual with old men, he perfectly remembers all incidents and circumstances of his later years. He is circumspect as he always reasoned, and in the revolution of church and creed he clings to the religious tenets of his early ministry. He has the bearing of a man of sixty, the tireless energy of a youth of thirty.—Indianapolis News. A Remarkable Counterfeiter. Walter N. Owens, a farmer of Oklahoma, was sentenced on Friday, at Wichita, Kan., to serve a term in the penitentiary at Leavenworth for counterfeiting. The case, to some extent, is a remarkable one. Previous to his arrest he had always borne a good reputation. Two years ago he was a juror in the United States Court here and tried a counterfeiter. During the progress of the trial counterfeiter's tools were exhibited and evidence introduced showing how false moneys were coined. Owens examined the tools closely and listened to the evidence attentively. After the conclusion of the trial he went home and made counterfeiting tools himself and proceeded to work. Owing to his good reputation he made and passed a great deal of spurious money before he was detected.—New Orleans Times Democrat. Male Birds Lead the Way. When birds are migrating the males usually precede the females. The robins, for instance, which are seen early in the year are almost invariably males, which apparently traveled on before their mates. The female birds follow, perhaps because they are not such powerful flyers, and also, perhaps, because they like to take their time and gossip with one another. In the fall the male birds leave first—the old ones—while the females travel along together with their young, solicitors for their welfare, and still training them after the fashion of mother birds.—New York Sun. This Little Girl Eats Iron. James Gardner, a worker in the iron mines at Bessemer, Mich., has a three-year-old daughter who has acquired a taste for iron ore, which she eats with avidity. When kept from the mines she scrapes her father's shoes and eats the scrapings with relish. Doctors do not understand the case. Despite her strange diet the child is healthy and bright.

BLOWS.

The giant powder in the blast is blowing up the boilers; The mauls with pneumatic sleeves Is blowing up her shoulders. The baker to the kitchen maid Is blowing up his crumple; The milkman in the lower hall Is blowing up the trumpets. The gentle zephyr from the South Is blowing the mardasses; The cook who thinks she knows it all Is blowing up the "missus." The father, down upon his knees, Is blowing up the fires; The daughter in her bloomer suit, Is blowing up the tires. —Yonkers Statesman. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Handsome is as handsome does, and handsome often does as handsome pleases. We may not be able to teach an old dog new tricks, but let us learn a great deal while trying.—Pack. "T is better to laugh than to be slighed" In poetry sounds very nice; But laughing will not pay the coalman And so it won't cut any ice. Don't let your troubles remind you to the fact that your neighbor's sympathy is two-thirds curiosity.—Albion Globe. The wealth of our language is shown by the fact that "hang it up" and "chalk it down" mean precisely the same thing. Miss Huggins—"My father is very good at reading faces." Mr. Kessam—"Then I had better not print any kisses there." "One swallow may not make a summer," but it may have occurred to you that one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs. A man doesn't fully realize the responsibilities of life until he is called upon to open a can of salmon with a pair of scissors.—The South-West. Doctor—"If you bind salt pork on your face it will cure the toothache." Patient—"But, doctor, won't it give me pork chops?"—Detroit Free Press. As to some of our statesmen, it is doubtful whether they lack the courage to admit that they haven't any opinions.—Pack. Jim Senn—"Why do they call money the 'long green'?" Joe Cose—"Negatively, I suppose; because without it you are short and blue."—Philadelphia North American. Proprietor—"Where is the book-keeper?" Office Boy—"He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like."—Standard. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "Going a-walking, kind sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "I don't walk with a stick, kind sir," she said.—Wrinkle. Hoax—"What! You buying a bicycle?" "I thought you detested them." Joak—"So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge."—Philadelphia Record. He—"When I am married I'll make a practice of coming down to dinner every evening in a dress suit." She—"And after you've been married awhile, I've no doubt, you'll come down to breakfast in one."—Truth. Invention Enthusiast—"I understand that Keely has constructed a cylinder that will stand a pressure of 3500 pounds to the square inch." Pretty Girl (who hasn't been hugged for a year)—"Huh! I don't think that's much."—New York Weekly. "Your son, I believe, made some experiments while at college?" "Yes, he discovered what he calls his 'scientific paradox.'" "What is the nature of it?" "He succeeded in demonstrating that debts are expanded by contracting them."—Washington Times. President Rox—"But your account is already overdrawn, so I don't see how we can honor your further demands." She—"But I've seen lots of people depositing; why can't you give me some of theirs? They've already paid in much more than I've drawn out."—Standard. She Caught Him. A young married woman was looking at a vacant house on Pacific avenue the other day with a view to renting, when she heard a noise in one of the upper rooms. She went up to see what it was, and was almost sure that she saw a man dodge into a closet and close the door after him. Her first impulse was to run and scream, but seeing the key in the door she walked slowly across the room and turned the key. Then she ran for a policeman. It was in the morning and she could find none, so went home to lunch and forgot all about her prisoner till evening. Then she hunted up an officer and went to the house. When the closet door was opened the half-embowered owner of the house tumbled out. He had gone to the house to do some little chores, and was changing his clothes when his toilet was interrupted by the young lady's unexpected appearance, and he was forced to seek a refuge in the closet.—San Francisco Post. This Little Girl Eats Iron. James Gardner, a worker in the iron mines at Bessemer, Mich., has a three-year-old daughter who has acquired a taste for iron ore, which she eats with avidity. When kept from the mines she scrapes her father's shoes and eats the scrapings with relish. Doctors do not understand the case. Despite her strange diet the child is healthy and bright.