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"What is everybody's business is nobody's business." That is why the farms are improved and the highway to market is left to shift for itself, avers the L. A. W. Bulletin.

The secret marks on Bank of England notes by which forgeries are so rapidly detected are constantly being changed. The microscope will reveal many such peculiarities to an observant eye.

An investigation of the work of the turnpike raiders in Kentucky shows [illegible] owned by corporations [illegible] been confiscated and [illegible] traveled free of toll. It is estimated that the destruction of tollgates in the Blue Grass region has affected $4,000,000 worth of property.

The Madrid newspapers say that Spain is well able to punish the United States for "any interference." The Dons evidently expect to get things like this for their money, comments the New York Sun. It is impossible to imagine that the editors are foolish enough to believe the [illegible] statements they print in their sheets.

"Shade of Sir Walter Scott!" exclaims the London Chronicle, "Cluny Macpherson, of Cluny, as chief of the Clan Chattan, presided at the inaugural gathering of the clan in Glasgow recently, but apologized for not appearing in the kilt, as he was afraid of catching cold! He concluded his address by stating that whenever they wanted him to lead them he should be most happy, so long, we assume, as the weather is fine and warm."

Emigration to America has created such a scarcity of farm hands in Germany that land owners are now importing Chinese coolies in hordes for field work in Silesia, East Prussia, Posen and Pomerania, says the Chicago News. The coolies work for twenty cents a day, and the land owners are enthusiastic, with the result that many Germans who have hitherto [illegible] emigrate are being forced [illegible] work. When [illegible] has extended his [illegible] problem of [illegible] the same as ours.

[illegible] in Alabama is steadily [illegible] its way into the markets of the old world, the latest order being [illegible] tons for shipment to India, notes the New York Mail and Express. Liverpool, Rotterdam and Genoa have already made liberal purchases of the furnace product of the South, and there is likely to be a still further demand for it in those and other European cities. The unexampled cheapness of production in Alabama and Tennessee is gradually but surely revolutionizing the manufacture of the [illegible] grades of pig iron in this country, and the movement in that direction is bound to be greatly accelerated by the rapid development of the foreign demand for our furnace output.

Physicians and scientists agree that hot or fresh bread is much more indigestible than old bread, declares the American Farmer. In Germany there is a law that no bread must be sold before it is a day old. The Americans are credited with making the worst bread in all the world, anyway, and, besides, they consume an inordinate quantity of hot bread, and on the bread question generally, seem to be below the average in civilization. The American bread is soggy and heavy, and has too little crust to be truly hygienic, and, furthermore, the fine white flour has lost much of its nutritive value. All that goes to make teeth and bone and to build up a fine nervous system is bolted from the wheat.

Massachusetts has, according to details of the census of 1895, just made public, 547,385 families, of 2,500,183 persons, an average of 5.47 to the family. This large average is largely due to the fact that all occupants of a hotel, a charitable institution, a penal institution, or other buildings of that sort, are considered as of one family with the proprietor or superintendent, as the case may be, counted as the head of the family. The normal size of a family, it is commonly accepted [illegible], is a fraction over 3½. The largest average size of the families is in Suffolk County, where it reaches 4.97, and the lowest in Nantucket, where it falls to 3.07. In the cities of the State the average number of rooms to the family is 6.02, and in the towns 7.06. The total number of buildings in the State intended for human occupancy is 428,494, containing 2,693,985 rooms. Each person in the State would have an average of 89,650 square feet of the superficial area of the State to move about in if the property were cut up and distributed pro rata.

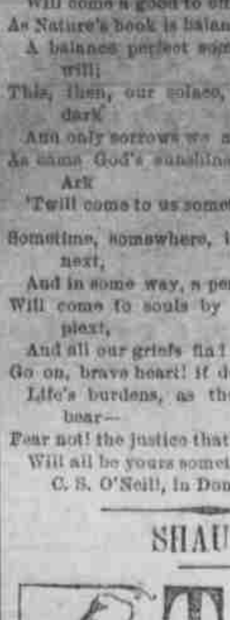
SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Sometime, somewhere, in the eternal plan
Will come a good to offset every ill,
As Nature's book is balanced, so to man
A balance perfect some, there must and will;
This, then, our solace, when the way is dark
And only sorrows we are called to share,
As same God's sunshine to the storm-lost, Ark
'Twill come to us sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, somewhere, in this world or the next,
And in some way, a perfect equipoise
Will come to souls by troubles now perplext,
And all our griefs find compensating joys;
Go on, brave heart! if doing what you can
Life's burdens, as they come, to fully bear—
Fear not! the justice that is due a man
Will all be yours sometime, somewhere.

—C. S. O'Neill, in Donahoe's Magazine.

SHAUK.



TO my great surprise Uncle John bought me a ranch in New Mexico, and informed me that I was to go and manage it—I, who knew about as much about cattle and "the range" as the average cowboy knows about a charity ball, and who disliked the Western country as much as I cared for my club and my amusements in the city!

But there was no crossing Uncle John's will. If I did, then Cousin Bert would get the fortune that I always understood was to be mine, so I began at once to make preparations for my departure. I could have endured giving up my club and the society of the boys, but when I thought of Elinor, I groaned. Wild thoughts of asking her to go with me flashed through my brain, only to be dismissed as absurd. We had known each other but three short months, and although she seemed to show a decided preference for my company, still I had no reason to believe that the beautiful and cultured Miss Curtis would leave her luxurious home in the city for a ranch house, thirty miles from a town, and live there amid rough cowboys, with only a few equal ranchers' wives for associates, merely that she might have the pleasure of being near me. It was not to be thought of, and it was with a heavy heart that I boarded the train for Santa Fe, vainly trying to dismiss from my thoughts the reproachful look she had given me the evening before, when I informed her that I was going away. Yet I had a vague feeling of happiness at having been able to elicit that look.

In due time I arrived at the ranch, which was not such a desolate place as I had pictured it. There was a comfortable house, and the clustering barns and sheds behind it gave it a picturesque appearance which even the long, lonely stretches of prairie on three sides of it could not entirely destroy. I went to work at once, and before a week had passed was able to find some little pleasure in riding about the range. To a certain extent, I forgot the terrible stillness of the plains by keeping my mind occupied with learning the particulars of ranch life. I soon made the acquaintance of my cowboys, and found most of them to be sober and industrious men, who seemed to be working earnestly for the interest of the ranch. I began to think that ranch life, while it possessed little of romance, might have its pleasures after all; and if only Elinor—but I was not to think of that.

One morning, after I had been at the ranch about a fortnight, my overseer, Lease, informed me that it would be necessary to have an extra man until branding time.

"There's a Indian stayin' down at Rambo's store that's a mighty good hand," he said. "I 'spect yo could git him 'thout somebody else's hired him. His name's Shauk."

"I'll go down after dinner and see if I can get him," said I.

That afternoon I rode to the little settlement. As I drew up before the small general store there was but one person in sight. He was an Indian, who sat on the store platform, and paid not the slightest attention to me as I dismounted and walked past him into the building. The storekeeper was asleep behind the rough counter, and it took me some time to awaken him. I inquired for Shauk.

"That him out there," said the merchant, rubbing his eyes with one hand and pointing with the other to the Indian in front of the store. "You ain't no officer, be ye?" he then asked, suddenly becoming wide awake.

"No, I'm the new owner of the K. & K. ranch."

"Oh, I thought Shauk's time wan't up yet," he replied, resuming his sleepy attitude. "Well, that's him out there."

Without inquiring what he meant by Shauk's "time"—for a tenderfoot should not be too inquisitive—I passed outside and informed the Indian of my desire to hire him.

"Will work till August 20th," he said.

"But we want a man until branding time."

"No work after August 20th."

"Why?" I ventured to ask.

He turned his little black eyes upon me.

"Be hung then," he said laconically.

I gave a disgusted exclamation. The Indian was surely drunk. But Lease had said he was a good ranch hand, so I told him that I would hire him till then, and that I wished him to go at once with me to the ranch. He consented, and saying he would be ready in a few moments, walked away to a little board stable a short distance from the store. He soon reappeared, leading a lean mustang, on which was girted an old Spanish saddle.

The saddle, which was of exquisite workmanship and gaily decorated with plaits of colored leather, looked strangely out of place on the rawboned pony and in the possession of the rough Indian. I afterward learned that it was the one pride of Shauk's life, and that he refused to attempt any unusual feats of horsemanship when not seated in its capacious depths. When he had vaulted easily into it, without the aid of its huge stirrups, it seemed as if saddle and man became one piece.

As we rode homeward, I tried to engage him in a conversation; but as I got only grunts in reply to my efforts, I gave it up, and amused myself by noting his apparel. His leather breeches were blackened and greasy, and his flannel shirt, which he wore open at the throat, was grimy with dirt. On his head was a comparatively clean sombrero, from beneath which his long black hair fell down to his broad shoulders. He wore a pair of old cowboy boots, upon which were buckled the inevitable spurs, clanging and jingling in time to his mustang's quick little steps. He rode along as though indifferent to all surroundings, and before we reached home I found myself wondering what pleasure there could be in life for such a man. What were his hopes, his ambitions—or had he either?

At supper that evening I told Lease of Shauk's extraordinary statement, and asked if he was in the habit of drinking. To my surprise Lease said:

"He was not drunk; it's so that he is to be hung then. He killed another Indian over at Long's Ranch in December. The man he killed warn't worth the powder it took to shoot him, but they convicted Shauk of murder in the first degree. There ain't no jail in Gordon County, so they let him go free till then."

I remembered the storekeeper's question whether I was an officer, and knew that what Lease told me was true.

"But will he stay—will he be here then?" I stammered.

"Never knowed but one to skip out yet, and he was a horse thief," said Lease, going on with his supper.

From that time I felt a lively if not altogether pleasant interest in Shauk. He was the best ranch hand I have ever seen. There was no work about the place that he did not thoroughly understand, and as a horseman he was unexcelled. The other cowboys treated him with the respect his skill commanded, and none of them seemed to regard the fact that he was to be hanged for murder as anything to his discredit.

"I guess we'd better put that Indian on the north range," said Lease. "That's the worst herd on the place up there. They soon near gettin' away from the boys twicet already."

"All right," said I. I confess that I did not like the idea of having a condemned murderer about the home range. It made me shudder every time I saw him.

The months passed away, and I ceased to think of the horrible fate in store for Shauk. I had other more pleasant things of which to think. Elinor—my Elinor—had answered one of my rash letters with delightful frankness, saying that she would be most happy to come and live with me at the ranch—or anywhere else, for that matter—and that life without me was not worth having. She would not allow me to come East for her, she said. As I had been so magnificent as not to ask her to accompany me on my first trip, she would come to me, and we would be married at Santa Fe.

When I first received that letter, I was simply dazed. Then, as I realized its full import, I threw up my hat and shouted until the cowboys thought I was crazy. And I must have been, too, or I should never have allowed her to come; but how could I help it when she wrote as she did? So it happened that on the 1st of August I drove to Santa Fe and there met Elinor at the depot. We were married at once in the parlor of an uptown hotel, and the next day we started in a carriage for the ranch.

The memory of that two days' drive will never leave me. The first was one of those rare cloudy days that do sometimes come in the middle of summer, even in the New Mexico plains, and we drove joyously along till we reached Juniper Creek. Here we spent the night, and Elinor seemed to enjoy her rough, strange surroundings. On the second day the sun beat down on us unmercifully, but neither of us noticed it. As we rode along I tried to persuade Elinor to look out upon the desolate prairies and to accustom herself to their monotony before she reached her new home. I pictured the ranch house as the most wretched of habitations, so that its small claim to comfort might surprise her. I made disparaging remarks about the country in general, and beneath all my jesting seriousness was a lurking feeling of having done wrong to allow this delicate woman to come to such a desert.

But Elinor refused to be made miserable by my discouraging talk. The prairies, she said, gave her a feeling of freedom which she had never before felt. The heat waves rising from the sun scorched grass made it look like a great yellow sea, of which she could never tire. She turned from it, and with her great blue eyes looking into mine, said she did not care where she was so long as I was beside her. Then of course my conscience deserted me as I clasped her in my arms for the twentieth time that day.

After this we drove listlessly on until we crossed the northern boundary of the ranch. Then I shook her playfully.

"You are now queen of all you survey. Awake, and behold a portion of your dominion."

She sat up with mock dignity and said, "It is beautiful. I am well pleased."

"How little satisfies the contented soul!" said I, laughing.

"Little!" she exclaimed. "I have everything." She gave me another look that made my head swim.

"What is that rumbling sound?" Elinor asked dreamily, after we had gone a little farther.

I halted the team to listen. As I did so I felt my strength leave me. Only once had I heard that sound, but I knew it now.

"What is it?" repeated Elinor, seeing my blanched face.

"The north herd has stampeded. Perhaps they may take up the gulch—oh, my God!"

As I spoke there came over the knoll, and directly toward us, the rushing, bellowing, irresistible mass of maddened cattle. To attempt flight was useless. We could not move far enough over the rough ground. We could not escape unless the cattle could be diverted from the course they were taking.

I reached quickly over the dashboard and cut the traces that fastened the horses to the carriage. The poor beasts stood still, trembling. They knew their danger. I lashed them desperately with the whip, and they sprang away, terror stricken, over the plains. The leaders in the center of the herd, seeing the fleeing horses, swerved aside to follow them, and the whole mass began to swing, as though on a pivot, toward the right. I gave a gasp of relief; but in another instant I saw that the herd was too large to make so short a turn. The left edge of the great circle reached far beyond us, and was bearing down on us with awful speed. In a moment or two it would pass over us. There was no hope.

Mechanically I drew Elinor to me, and she, scarcely realizing the danger, nestled her head against my shoulder. I knew now what the odd, haunting misgiving had meant. It was a foreboding, a warning. I had disregarded it, and lured my darling to a terrible death. A few moments more and the cowboys following the herd would pick up her mutilated body and carry it to the home she had never seen, and in which we had hoped to be so happy. It was a grain of consolation to think that I should die with her. I closed my eyes, straining Elinor to my breast while I awaited the shock.

It seemed that we had sat thus for hours—it could have been but a few seconds in reality—when I heard a cry which, but for the desperate determination that vibrated through it, would have scarcely sounded human. I opened my eyes in time to see a man, whom I recognized as the Indian Shauk, force his mustang against the left edge of the advancing herd. A steer on the outer ring swerved a little to the right, and thrust his long horns into the flank of one of his neighbors. The injured animal fell upon its knees, and those immediately following crowded into the main herd to avoid him.

Again and again, with almost incredible rapidity, was the little mustang forced against that moving mass as it raced down the slope, and each time the left portion of the herd swung a few feet to the right. Shauk was only following the cowboys custom of making the cattle run in a circle, but I knew from the desperate energy with which he labored that he was now doing it to save our lives. And I could only sit and watch him as foot by foot he crowded the galloping beasts from the course that would bring them thundering over the carriage.

One final charge of the mustang when the herd was but a few feet from us, and then the brutes went flying past. Half a dozen steers shot out around our left, but none collided with the carriage, and we were unharmed. I sat and watched the cattle disappear down the gulch, and saw Shauk stop his reeking pony beside the carriage. Then I knew no more.

When I became conscious I was in my room at the ranch house, and Elinor was bending over me.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "I am so glad you are yourself once more!" She kissed me again and again and rested her cheek against mine as if she could never leave me. Finally, however, she drew suddenly away and said, "The man who saved our lives is outside the door. I wouldn't let him go away."

She led in Shauk, who received my fervent thanks in his usual stolid manner and refused to say anything. Neither would he accept any of the little presents that Elinor, who knew nothing of his history, tried to press upon him. What did a man who was soon to be hanged in a few days want with trinkets? We were at a loss to find any suitable expression for our gratitude, until, with the tact that always distinguished her, Elinor discovered his pride in his saddle, and praised it till the poor fellow actually allowed his face to relax in a smile.

As soon as I was able I made another trip to Santa Fe. I was determined that Shauk should not be hanged if I could prevent it. I pleaded business to Elinor, and would not allow her to accompany me, for I did not wish her to know the character of our rescuer. When I came away from the city three days later I felt that I had done all that could be done. I had pleaded that he had saved two lives to atone for the one worthless one he had taken; had consulted lawyers and had tried to raise a petition for his pardon. Finally I begged for a reprieve, and was told that one might be granted.

On the morning of the 18th of August Shauk and I rode together for the county seat. Just before leaving, he begged Elinor to accept the present of his saddle.

"But have you another one?" she asked in surprise.

"Not need one any more," he said indifferently.

"It's all right, Elinor," said I hastily; "he can use one of mine." And she, still looking puzzled, stood holding one of the huge stirrups in her hand as she waved us farewell.

We arrived at our destination about four o'clock on the next day, and my heart sank as I saw the rude scaffold which had been erected in the one street that the town possessed. Still there was time for a reprieve to reach us, and I did not entirely lose hope. The Indian, however, who knew nothing of my efforts in his behalf, rode unconcernedly to the little hotel, where the sheriff met us, and where we passed the night.

At six o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th no reprieve had been received, and Shauk mounted the scaffold. It was surrounded by a crowd of curious people, who had thronged about the town all day, and were impatient at the delay.

Shauk showed not the slightest sign of emotion. He merely waved me a farewell from the platform, and then the black cap was adjusted. I turned away, choking with sobs. The next instant I heard a sickening jolt, and knew that the man who had saved Elinor and myself to a life of happiness had swung into eternity.—Will T. Whitlock, in Munsey.

The Wizard Caught a Tartar.

A few years ago "Bill" Nye and Herrmann, the magician, met for the first time in a small Ohio town. They stopped at the same hotel, and were given seats at the same table in the dining room. They bowed politely and began talking about the weather, each believing that the other did not recognize his vis-a-vis. Just as Nye raised his knife and fork to cut a dish of lettuce salad, Herrmann uttered a cry of protest.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the wizard, "but I thought I saw something queer in your lettuce." The humorist carefully looked over the salad leaf by leaf, but found nothing, and again raised his knife to cut it.

Again he was stopped by a sharp cry from Herrmann, who added apologetically, "I beg a thousand pardons, but there is something there. Excuse me," and he pointed to a large lettuce leaf, raised it, and disclosed underneath a magnificent diamond cluster ring.

Nye slowly picked up the ring, and, without the slightest manifestation of surprise, drawled out: "This sort of thing has gone just far enough. I'm continually shedding diamonds wherever I go. Day before yesterday I lost a solitaire in a sugar bowl in Pittsburg, and in Cleveland this morning the chambermaid, in sweeping my room, found three or four more. It is positively giving me brain-fag to keep track of these things, and I'm going to give it up as a bad job."

Beckoning to a waitress he slipped Herrmann's ring into her hand and said, "Here's a trifle for you. Keep it to remember me by; it's yours."

It took the owner of the ring about half a day to recover it.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Learning to Ride a Bicycle.

A writer in the English paper St. Paul says: I can never understand the difficulties some beginners meet with. I know one lady who took four weeks before she could "ride alone," without being held. The time should be about four hours. Of course it takes a couple or three weeks' steady work before any one can ride really well. In my opinion it is a great mistake to learn in a riding school. The only way to ride well, with confidence, power, and ease, is to struggle along, with an experienced friend at hand to tell you what to do. It is useless to sit on a cycle and be pushed along a flat road. Take your cycle into a field. If you are a woman, leave your skirt at home. Sit there, try a mount. Go on trying until you succeed. Never mind a fall, it will teach you how to fall with safety when you really meet with an accident. When you can mount, ride as far as you are able. Proceed until you can turn corners and feel confidence in your machine. Then ask your friend to mount his machine and ride toward you so that you have to get out of his way. Three days of this work, and a month will find you proficient.

Rare Coins and Laces.

London numismatists have been greatly interested recently in the sale at auction of the remarkable collection of coins known as the Montague collection, including the famous Juxon medal, presented by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold just before the former's execution. The bidding for this relic was of the liveliest description, and it was finally sold for $3850, said to be the highest price ever paid for a coin. Several others realized $1000 to $2300 each. Another example of a high price reached at another London auction was obtained a few days ago, when an old Venetian rose-point flounce, under four yards long and fourteen inches wide, was sold for $1235.

A Long-Bearded Turk.

Musa Kitsoolus, a Koroshan Turk, who was exhibited in the large cities of Austria, Italy and Germany in 1895, and who is now making a tour of the cities of Western Europe, is a human freak, wonderful only on account of the enormous length of his beard. In 1893 the beard of this follower of the Prophet was only four feet and four inches in length; to-day it is nine feet and eight inches in length. Only one other human beard is mentioned by the authorities as being longer—that of Adam Kirpen, an old German, who lived in Chicago in 1882, and who had over twelve feet of beard.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

He's the Winner—The Coming—Stigmata—No Bet—Had Lost His Reckoning, Etc., Etc.

"Man wants but little here below,"
And the dealer who is wise,
If he would stand the slightest show
And sell that "little," must have the "go"
And freely advertise.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE COMING.

"Nina's Count has arrived from Europe, I hear. How did he come?"
"C. O. D., they say."—Life.

NECESSARILY AUDIBLE.

"What a loud dress Mrs. Jaysmith has on!"
"Yes; it is ornamented with accordion trimming."—Judge.

STIGMATA.

"I am surprised that Jones should turn out to be so incorrigible a liar."
"I'm not. What else could you expect from a man with hook nose and fishy eyes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

COMFORT.

"He has broken my heart," wailed the beautiful girl.
"There, there, don't take on so," said her friend in tones of pity; "it might have been your bicycle."—Judge.

NOT FIXED.

"Yes, he's a very able man, but somehow he doesn't seem to succeed."
"Perhaps for the reason you mention."
"What?"
"Variable."

HAD LOST HIS RECKONING.

She—"I am quite sure you had too much champagne when you called on me yesterday afternoon."
He—"Yes; I thought I'd just look round to-day to see if I was engaged to you."—Pick-Me-Up.

NO BET.

"Is it true, Votey, that Scraggs offered to bet you his head against a football that he would run ahead of you for clerk?"
"Yes, and I told him that he wanted too much odds."—Detroit Free Press.

NOT AFRAID.

Dick Hicks (watching the orchestra)—"Those musicians don't care anything about the director."
Mrs. Hicks—"How do you know?"
Dick Hicks—"The more he shakes that stick at 'em the harder they fiddle."—Puck.

HARD LINES.

Marlowe—"Scientists say that they can trace man back through successive periods into the gaseous state."
Maria—"Pooh! That's not very difficult, seeing that there are no end of men who never really got any further."—New York Journal.

IN DEEP WATER.

Bixby (very near sighted)—"Who's that dumpy fright coming up the road on the wheel?"
Stinchcomb—"That's my wife."
Bixby—"N-no, I don't mean that one. I mean the grand guy with the bologna bloomers."
Stinchcomb—"That's your wife."—Tit-Bits.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Foreigner—"What are they chasing that innocent looking couple out of that house for? See, they are throwing things at them! There, a boot has just caught him under the ear! What does it mean?"
Citizen—"Why, that's just a bridal party starting on their wedding journey."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A CONSIDERATE YOUNGSTER.

Amiable Mother—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil with orange in it."
Doctor (playfully)—"Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me."
Tommy (who has had some before)—"Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor."—Household Words.

THE PENALTY OF VULGARITY.

"Aw! old fellah," said Cholly, as he found himself face to face with Willieboy, "Aw! I say! I hear you 'ave discharged your man, you know!"
"Yaas! said Willieboy, I had to do it, don't you know. He quite disgwaced me. Yaas. Disgwaced me, yes you know. Just fawney! He let me go out the othah night with a wed flower in my button hole. Yaas. Just fawney! A wed flower, and I was feeling quite blue that night, you know. So I discharged him. Because wed and blue don't hawmonize, you know. I had to dischawge the creature; he had such howid taste don't you know."—Browning's Monthly.

QUITE EXPLICIT ENOUGH.

Mrs. Jones was absent and had left the youngest scion of the house of Jones in the care of her dear friend, Mrs. Brown. It was evening and Freddie was put to bed, when the following conversation took place:
Mrs. Brown—"Freddie, kneel down now and say your prayers."
Freddie—"Yethum," (Kneels and babbles his prayers, concluding with) "God bless papa and mamma and all dear friends. Amen."
Mrs. Brown—"Why, Freddie, you have left me out of your prayer. Last night you asked God to bless your dear Mrs. Brown. Have you no word for me to-night?"
Freddie—"Oh, I'm too tired. But that'll be all right. You come under the head of 'dear friends.'"—Judge.

UP-TO-DATE AAVERTISING.

Oh, advertising is the thing
For garnering the nickles!
The man who makes the welkin ring
Is the one who gets the shekles.

The sandwich man is out of date
As a walking business winner.
To catch the eye we must, of late,
Display a full course dinner.

The facts about our goods and shop
We've got to widely scatter
If we would stay up at the top
And next to reading matter.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Tom—"I don't know whether she sings or not." Jack—"She doesn't; I heard her."—London Pick-Me-Up.

When a man loses his balance, it makes a great difference whether it was in a bank or on a bicycle.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Mamma—"Mrs. Brown says her little boy looks very much like ours." Papa—"Then ours must be better looking."—Puck.

Marie—"Just think of the nerve of the fellow to propose to me." Mertie—"Nerve? Why, it was absolute recklessness."—Truth.

Her hat was large, but—joyous truth!
Revenge was waiting there.
Before her sat a football youth
With a head of flaunting hair.
—Washington Star.

Isabel—"They say it is dreadful the way Clara runs after Willoughby Riche." Dorothy—"I guess she will catch him. Poor fellow has only one leg."—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Grumpey—"Why don't wives like to come home while their husbands stand around?" Grumpey—"Because men never propose to that kind of women."—Detroit Free Press.

The Wife—"If I die and you marry again, John, I'll come back and haunt you." The Husband—"Well, it would seem kind of natural to have you come back and call me a fool."—Truth.

Little Elmer—"Pa, why is it that bachelors are so much more crabbed and cross than married men?" Mr. Hennypeck—"Because they are not afraid to say what they think, my son."—Puck.

"What are your hopes for the future?" asked the solemn man. "I have none just now," replied the youth. "To-morrow is my best girl's birthday, and I'm worrying about the present."—Illustrated Bits.

She—"Dear me! Why don't they teach choruses to sing intelligibly? It is so aggravating to be unable to distinguish the words." Jack—"You don't know how lucky you are. I have read the libretto."—Indianapolis Journal.

Smith—"I read so many cases of people being buried alive. Is there no remedy for it?" Jones—"The only remedy I know is for the Legislature to pass a law compelling doctors to finish their work properly."—Boston Transcript.

"So you are going to marry your employer's daughter?" "Betcherlife. The old man has worked me eight hours a day for the past ten years, and now I'm going to work him twenty-four hours a day for the next twenty years to get even."—Life.

Bookkeeper—"The man who bought that hundred-dollar set of furniture and paid $20 on it has skipped." Proprietor—"The rascal! I'll hunt him down if it takes all the detectives in the city. That set of furniture cost me $14 hard cash."—New York Weekly.

Best Cycling Track in Europe.

Moscow has the best bicycle track in Europe. It is one of the most modern things of the old Russian capital and is situated on the plains of Kodinsky, where the recent catastrophe occurred. The track is 600 meters, less than three laps to the mile, all of cement, with steep banking at the curves, and has a system of electric timing which works very successfully. There are more than 4600 cyclists in the city and ten bicycle clubs. The development of cycling in Russia is wonderful, considering that the roads are rutty and stony for the most part and frequently covered with a miserable pavement. But then no pen can describe nor imagination conceive the ennui of the middle classes in Russia, so that anything to relieve this killing boredom of everyday existence is gladly welcomed.

Bismarck and the Beetle.

A few years ago a statesman of European fame visited Bismarck at Fredricksruh and the two walked together through the latter's plantation of exotic pines and firs, of which Bismarck and his guest were both collectors. The visitor improved a lapse in the conversation about conifers to bring up the then recent topic of Boulanger. "Did Germany at the time really take him seriously?" he asked. "And what did you yourself think of the man?" The ex-Chancellor, in all candor, replied that he knew very little of the subject. "It is true that I was in office at the time," he said, "but I was thinking of a small kind of beetle which got in among those firs of mine, and was eating out the central shoots, and really that worried me so that I scarcely paid any attention at all to what Boulanger was doing."—London Saturday Review.

Leaves Thicken Near the Sea.

Plants growing near the sea have thicker leaves than those growing inland. Apparently the sea salt is the cause of this phenomenon, as plants cultivated in artificially salted soil yield thicker leaves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Peers in Three Kingdoms.

The Duke of Abercorn is the only peer with the exception of Lord Verulam, who enjoys the distinct peerage in the three kingdoms.