

RATES OF AD. One Square, one inch, one insertion ...

There has been a steadily increasing demand for American horses in England. This may have arisen largely from the greatly reduced prices.

American fisher Indians used to live in the proportion of 100 to twenty-five square miles, whereas in India 20,000 persons are found on the average of twenty-four square miles and in Europe 15,000.

It is said that General William is the responsibility of recalling the army from which he loaned to the Government for the purchase of the Mongolian prisoners in the arts of civilized warfare.

The 150 families near Duluth, Minn., who have sold out there and are about to start for Georgia, are only the advance guard of a host of immigrants who, announces the Atlanta Journal, will come from the Northwest to Georgia during the next twelve months.

A French physician is said to have found a means of injecting physical courage into a man by means of a hypodermic syringe.

Iron has been called the thermometer of trade and perhaps it does furnish a better test of general commercial conditions than any other one.

The Boston Police Car Company has secured an insurance policy for the cars at a time a passenger is seated in them.

The Boston Police Car Company is to establish the beet-sugar industry in South Carolina.

Professor Melioda explains in Nature: "We found hundreds of wings scattered about the window ledge inside the room, and we were at first at a loss to explain the depredation.

Judge Parker, of Arkansas, has just died, leaving behind the unique distinction of having imposed the death penalty on more men than any other judge in the United States.

There are about 1,000,000 Italians in the United States. One-third of them settled in the principal cities.

A HUMAN SOUL. A wise man asked by the crowd, And the other spirit's sigh, As she yearned for a soul, it moved him, And he suggested thus to cry:

"Can you smile when your heart is aching? Remember when others forget? Laugh lightly, while mine is taking its final farewell of you; yet meet the world, and strive on to the ending of life, be it ever so drear; Firm in faith, without falter, unbending With never a sigh or a tear?"

"Can you face your life if left lonely, While another has gained his rest, And you have the memory only Of one who was true and best? For ever to you the world's brightness Thus passes away for aye; The sun will grow cold, and no lightness Can pierce through that darkest day."

"Can you pause to do deeds of kindness In the midst of your deepest woe? For grief, it must not bring blindness To the trials of others below. You must ever strive on, and your sorrow, Though heavy and sore to bear, Remains till the dawn of that morrow, When pain it is no more there."

Made answer the wise man slowly, "If this be so, and thou Canst bear grief, yet help the suffering, Thou hast a soul even now."

A PAIR OF EAR DROPS. THE queerest things that happen never find their way into the newspapers. It is difficult to see why perhaps it is because they are too queer. For instance, I doubt if you have ever heard of a certain strange incident that happened only a season or two ago in that select section of the fashionable world known as "society."

A lady of title, Lady Barnmouth, requested me to call on her one morning about the beginning of June, the London season being then at its height.

"I want your hair, Mr. Lowe," she began, and then stopped awkwardly. "Perhaps you are not aware that at several balls and dinner parties this season there have been jewels and ornaments stolen. It has, of course, caused a great deal of unpleasantness. In several cases trinkets have been actually taken from the wearers, without their knowing how it was done, or who did it."

I heard several wild tales of articles having been missed at fashionable gatherings, and there was some speculation as to who was the culprit. The articles were not, as a rule, of immense value, and they always disappeared singly, consequently no public notice had been directed to the matter.

"I presume, then, that the thief is a ghost—a person in society?" I said inquiringly. "I am afraid so. Two or three things were missed at a dance which I gave last week. Now, I am giving another dance next Thursday, and I am, of course, most anxious it should not occur again, and I am sure in my house. I thought I would engage your services for the evening, to see if you could detect anything suspicious. Of course, you would be treated as a guest."

I returned to the office impressed with two ideas. First, that my task was one of those delicate cases that require all your tact and yield very little credit; secondly, that Lady Barnmouth knew more, or at any rate, guessed more, than she cared to tell.

Thursday evening arrived, and I went to Merion House. Practically, my duty was to mingle with the guests, enjoy myself, and keep my eyes wide open. Nothing seemed to be more improbable than that there should be a thief among the brilliant throng that crowded the rooms.

them were very valuable indeed, and likely to be worth several hundred pounds.

These two young people were sitting out during a dance, and they flirted all through the set of dances, without any impatience at their length.

Presently an old gentleman strolled out to smoke a cigarette. He was a tall, handsome, intellectual looking man, with the air of the true aristocrat. His name I didn't know, but I had noticed him chatting with the guests.

Presently his eye caught the little jewelled vinaigrette. He looked carefully round the conservatory, to see if he were observed, and picked it up. He now had his back to me. I was on the point of stepping up to him, when he turned round, and replaced the vinaigrette and walked quietly away.

It was lucky I had not moved. I should have looked rather foolish. Some curious instinct bade me cross the conservatory, and look at the vinaigrette again. Without thinking about it I put it to my nose.

The Tasmanian Zebra-Wolf. The Tasmanian zebra-wolf, or native tiger, is not related to either zebra, wolf or tiger, but belongs to the same family as the kangaroo, the wombat and the opossum—those animals which have pouches whereby to carry their young.

The Tasmanian zebra-wolf has a dog-like face, a wolf's short and erect ears, eyes like an owl, stripes like a zebra and pouch like a kangaroo. He is a night prowler. The light of day blinds him as it blinds an owl, and when pressed by hunger, he emerges during the daytime from his lair, his movements are slow and he is easily slain.

Long Voyage in a Small Craft. Yesterday's Australian mail brings news of the arrival at Sidney of Captain Slocum, an adventurous American mariner, who had voyaged alone from Boston in a little craft of thirteen tons called the Spray.

Organ and Bell Duet. A duet by a chime of bells and a pipe organ was tried at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Des Moines, Iowa. It was the first time such a thing has ever been accomplished.

Provident Italians. There are about 1,000,000 Italians in the United States. One-third of them settled in the principal cities.

"What do you mean?" he said hoarsely. "The ear drops. It will prevent a sneeze."

She was thoroughly unweaved. Miss Dainton showed signs of returning consciousness. "Now," I said, "put the ear stops back into their cases. She won't know that has happened."

"Send some one to look after this girl; I'll stop with her till help comes. But you must go and find your husband. Make haste," I added, significantly, "or you will be too late."

He put a trembling hand into the breast pocket of his dress coat and gave me the ear drops. He did it like a man in a dream, and I really believe that for the time being he was unconscious.

NO JEALOUSY. "Friend—'I suppose the baby is very much attached to his papa.'" "Mamma—"Extremely. He won't let anyone else walk the floor with him at night."—Pack.

HOW HE REFRAINED. He—"I hope you ladies appreciate the great self control I am exhibiting." "One of the Girls—"Self control? In what way? "I have said nothing about a thorn between two roses."—Truth.

TWO VIEWS. He—"Mrs. Brown is a remarkably candid woman." She—"Why do you think so?" He—"She admits that her baby is not as pretty as ours." She—"I call that insincerity. A woman who could bring herself to say anything like that is not to be trusted."—Pack.

REASONABLE. Lawyer—"I am very sorry, Miss Passay, but the Court of Appeals has reversed the decision in your breach-of-promise suit." Client—"Goodness! Then I won't get the ten thousand dollars damages, after all!" Lawyer—"Well, we must try the case again."

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE. The wedding will occur very soon, and she was telling her mother about her plans for a home. "When Harold is out late at night," she said, "I shall not scold him. I shall try to be reasonable about it. I think I shall go so far as to keep a light burning for him to make it seem chery when he returns."

TOO FAST FOR A SWALLOW. A swallow is considered one of the fastest of flying birds, and it was thought until recently that no insect could escape it. A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects, the latter finally escaping.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Her High Notes—Its Usefulness Explained—A Definition—Some Facts—How He Refrained, Etc. Strong in the upper register. In the voice of his neighbor Sam: I live in the flat above her, and it comes right up the fun.—Truth.

A DEFINITION. Little Jean—"Mamma, what is a sweetheart?" Mrs. Talkington—"Something you tell, dear."—Pack.

ITS USEFULNESS EXPLAINED. "What's a dictionary, Chris?" "Oh, it's a book where you look up the words that other people don't know the meaning of."

SOME SUFFER. "Does your husband suffer from asthma, Mrs. Widdleby?" "Well, he has it; but he makes the rest of us do the suffering."—Chicago Record.

SHE HAD. "I may not be a red-hot success as a business woman, but I usually manage to have several irons in the fire." The fair young damsel blissfully resumed the task of curling her "goldening" tresses.—New York Journal.

HE WANTED TO KNOW. Little Clarence—"Pa?" Mr. Callipers—"Papa, my son; stop right where you are! I do not know who Cain's wife was, nor why Monday does not come on Friday, nor why some people can wiggle their ears and others cannot, nor anything of the kind."

DEBATING THE ENGAGEMENT. Aunt Susan—"What, sitting up writing at this hour?" Carrie—"Yes, auntie, it's only a little note to Harry." Aunt Susan—"Why, Harry left you only five minutes ago."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A scientist says that the entire supply of coal will be exhausted in 7500 years. In the myxine we have an eye in which the optic nerve has entirely disappeared.

The health of the European army serving in India was in 1894, on the whole, less satisfactory than in the previous year; the death rate rose from 12.61 to 16.07, and the total loss by death and invaliding was 42 per 1000, being an increase of 4 per 1000 on the previous year.

On the French State railways it is stated that a number of passenger cars in which all the parts were formerly manufactured from brass, copper and iron, with the exception of axles, wheels, bearings and springs, brake beams and couplings, are to be constructed of aluminum.

The Palm's Records. Marvellous things are claimed of palmistry, not only by those who practice it as a profession, but by many who have seen the prophecies of palmists come true in actual life.

Maud—"Why did Mabel give up Clarence Sprocket?" Maydie—"Oh, he got a new wheel and she objected to the make."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Where They Never Stamp Letters. The letters that the Sikh police, in Singapore, send their kindred in India, and those that they receive in return, are almost invariably minus any postage stamps.

Use Blast Furnace Gas. An interesting plant is being put down in the iron works at Hoerde, in Germany, says the London Electrician.

Giant Turtles. The most gigantic turtles that existed during the geological ages appear to have inhabited the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains.

A Court Painter Dead. M. Bogaloff, the Russian court painter who painted the picture of the Russian fleet at Toulon, presented by Alexander III to the Paris Circle Militaire, has just died at the age of seventy-two years.

THE MITTEN. The night was frosty, bright and clear, And Besie, cozy as a kitten, Was snuggled at my side, her dear Small hand held in mine, for fear It might chill through her mitten.

The sleigh bells jingled, I, asleep, With Besie's charms was doubly smitten. The mare skinnied onward like a bird; Of love I uttered not a word, But still clasped hand and mitten.

"This love that makes the world go round," No truer words were ever written. My tongue, and Besie's lips I found; And when we parted, on the ground I found her tiny mitten.

I have it yet. It's contraband. My wife don't know how I was bitten, 'Twas long ago, you understand, Some other fellow got her hand, And I—I got the mitten.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. When a woman is deceived some man is avenged.—Life. Every man thinks he understands women perfectly, until he falls in love with one.—Life.

Adolphus—"I've half a mind—" Kate—"There, Dolly, don't exaggerate."—Boston Transcript. "Is Wheelbarrow a man of his word?" "I fear not. He says he has a bicycle lamp that never goes out."—New York Evening Journal.

Smith—"So you were married on election day, were you? You didn't vote, then." Brown—"No, I was paired."—Somerville Journal. "Well, now that you are back, you can tell us 'how much it costs to go to Europe.'" "All you've got and all you can borrow over there."—Judge.

Benedit—"That adage 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure' is all bosh!" Singleton—"Why?" Benedit—"Because married men have no leisure."—Boston Traveler. "My dear," expostulated his wife, "why will you eat such a hearty breakfast on Sunday morning? You know you are almost sure to have a nightmare in church."—Detroit Tribune.

Puffy—"I just saved a man's life." Guffy—"How was that?" Puffy—"I saw a fellow on the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I didn't give him my watch. Gave him the watch."—Tit-Bits. "Not Necessarily Mutual: Mother—"My dear, there can be no domestic happiness unless there are mutual concessions." Married Daughter—"Nonsense, mother. We could get along very well if Charles would make concessions."—Pack.

Apprehensive: "I'm really worried about the baby," said young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley's worried about her, too." "Is her health failing?" "Oh, no. It's her future that bothers us. We found her the other day trying to put her foot in her mouth, and we're afraid she's going to grow up to be a ballet dancer."—Washington Star.