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Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Although the tendency of money is downward all over the world, it is cheaper in New York than anywhere else.

Mortgages on city property in New York State amounted to 1980 million dollars when the last Government census was compiled; Massachusetts reported 445 and Illinois 114 millions.

One of the best-known South African millionaires has frankly told his friends that he has no intention of ever marrying, because he knows he is so ugly that no girl would wish to marry him except for money.

A German naturalist has curiously developed the "scarecrow" idea. The dragon fly is a deadly enemy of the mosquito, and the naturalist has found by many experiments that the dried bodies of a few dragon flies suspended by threads around a bed keep the mosquitoes at a distance.

The Scientific American suggests that on January 1, 1900, a new division of the year into thirteen months be instituted, the first twelve months to have twenty-eight days and the new month twenty-nine days, and thirty in leap year, and many calculations would be simplified.

Fourteen centenarians died in Great Britain last year, of whom eleven were of the gentle, talkative sex, showing that loquacity promotes longevity, and that however it may be with the new woman in that country, the old one holds her own, giving Father Time a harder tussle than he gets in his tussle with his own sex.

The Secretary of State for India has made this strong statement: "The Government of India cannot but acknowlege the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great population placed under English rule."

The evil of a large laboring population which passes back and forth from Europe to this country and which swells in and out of Canada has become most serious, maintains the New York News. This remigration began thirty years ago in the Scotch building trades, whose members by the hundred worked in New York in the summer and in Scotland in the winter. It extended to other trades and other countries. A very large number of persons, numbering at least 500,000, move back and forth across the Atlantic, earning our high wages and enjoying European cheap living. At Detroit and other points on our Canadian border the same practice exists in daily remigration. The new immigration law will put a stop to this and it will greatly improve the intelligence of our immigrant population.

The most expensive book that was ever published in the world is the official history of the Civil War, which is now issued by the Government of the United States at a cost up to date of $2,354,838. Of this amount $1,184,391 has been paid for printing and binding. The remainder was expended for salaries, rent, stationery, and other contingent and miscellaneous expenses, and for the purchase of records from private individuals. It will require at least three years longer and an appropriation of perhaps $600,000 to complete the work, so that the total cost will undoubtedly reach $3,000,000. It will consist of 112 volumes, including an index and an atlas, which contains 178 plates and maps, illustrating the important battles of the war, campaigns, routes of march, plans of forts and photographs of interesting scenes, places, and persons. Most of these pictures are taken from photographs made by the late M. B. Brady of Washington. Several years ago the Government purchased his stock of negatives. Each volume will, therefore, cost an average of about $26,785, which probably exceeds the cost of any book of the kind that was ever issued. Copies are sent free to public libraries, and 1,347,000 have been so distributed. The atlas cost $22. The remainder of the edition is sold at prices ranging from fifty cents to ninety cents per volume. But there does not seem to be a large popular demand, for only 71,194 copies have been sold, for a total of $60,154. The books can be obtained by addressing the Secretary of War. The material used in the preparation of these histories is taken from both the Federal and Confederate archives, and is purely official. The reports of commanders of armies, corps, brigades, regiments, etc., are carefully edited and arranged so as to give a consecutive accounts of all engagements, with as little duplication and unnecessary material as possible.

HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the spring flowers,
And its hapless strife with fate;
And the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is too deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack of the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb
And life's bark driftetb far,
Oh! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday,
It had brimmed with sweet the earth—
A fading rose in a death-cold hand,
That perished in want and dearth.

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall?
Bring help in time to the waning powers
Ere the bier is spread with the pall,
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled,
And the dead beyond your call.

For baffling most in this weary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome night and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A ROMANCE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

LOST RELATIVES.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted at the rate of 6½ a line.

* * * * * * *

McPHERSON, GEORGE.—A liberal reward will be paid to any person who will furnish information relating to the present whereabouts of George McPherson, who is supposed to have left England in 1879. He is believed to have gone to either Australia or South Africa. The missing man will learn something to his advantage by communicating with John Benton, Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross, London.

MARTIN, AGNES.—One hundred pounds will be paid for information which will lead to the discovery of the present whereabouts of Agnes Martin. The young woman, prior to her disappearance from England in 1879, was also known by her stage name of Ina Morton. Address John Benton, Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross, London.—Lloyd's Weekly.

DENVER, Col., U. S. A., July 10, 1896.

DEAR SIR: Chance led me a few days ago to pick up a copy of Lloyd's London Weekly. The date of the paper was a little more than a year old. As I glanced through its columns I saw the notices which I enclose herewith.

I am in possession of several important facts relating to a certain George McPherson, who is doubtless the person referred to in your advertisement. These I will communicate to you without expectation of reward. With regard to the woman, Agnes Martin, whom you mention as having disappeared in 1879—the year in which McPherson left England—I cannot speak with authority. I have in mind a woman, however, who may have been the one you seek, but her name, antecedents and present whereabouts are alike unknown to me.

The facts concerning George McPherson, which are at my disposal, are scarcely likely to afford you satisfaction, and as they are associated with the darkest period of my life, I state them with a most pronounced feeling of reluctance. I cannot but feel, however, that a knowledge of the circumstances of the case may be of considerable importance to you, and that I would be guilty of an act of injustice if, for personal reasons, I withheld them.

In order that what I have to say with regard to George McPherson may be thoroughly understood, it will be necessary for me to tell you a little of my personal history.

I was born in New York, and early in life prepared to enter the medical profession. After graduating from Harvard I attended a medical college in New York City, but before I was admitted to practice I became involved in an unfortunate love affair, which resulted in my leaving home to seek my fortune in Colorado. A few months later, after a continued run of hard luck, I made my way to Montana, where I entered the service of Samuel Freeborn, a prosperous ranchman.

Despite his rough exterior and gruff manners, Freeborn possessed many admirable qualities, and was exceedingly popular with the men in his employ. Most of the latter were young fellows who had drifted as I had done from States east of the Mississippi. They were a good-natured lot and free from many of those belligerent qualities which are generally credited to the cowboys of the West.

About ten miles distant from the dwelling of Samuel Freeborn was the ranch of Alonzo Marquand. For nearly two years prior to my arrival in Montana a feud had existed between these two men, and it frequently happened that when their retainers met in the course of the general "round-up" considerable ill feeling had been displayed, though no blood had been shed.

Freeborn had a daughter whose remarkable beauty and gentle manners were extolled by hardy men for many a wide league around. Despite her environment and lack of opportunities for intellectual development, Mildred Freeborn was distinguished for her maidenly grace and numerous accomplishments. She was a capable musician, and possessed an excellent voice. As a conversationalist she was vivacious and well informed. She had a carefully selected library, which comprised several hundred volumes, and was an industrious student. It was well known that she had long tried to prevail upon her father to permit her to visit the East, and that life on the plains was uncongenial to her. Freeborn, however, was loath to part for even a little while from the one individual whom he found it possible to love, and repeatedly declined to permit her to leave him. Strange as it may seem, no one among her many admirers had had the temerity to seek her hand. This may have been due to the fact that a wholesome respect for the choleric temper of old Freeborn impelled them to keep their distance, but it was more probable that the spirit of reverence with which the fair Mildred usually inspired members of the opposite sex bade them recognize their own unworthiness.

At the time that I entered Freeborn's service the feud between Freeborn and Marquand was at its height. Marquand was a man of middle age and questionable practices. Year by year his once large fortune had grown smaller and smaller, and he was now striving desperately to regain all he had lost. He was an inveterate gambler, and his ranch house was the resort of half the gamesters in the county. Among the men in his employ were several Englishmen who, it was said, had certain dark pages in the history of their lives which it was to their best interests to conceal. They were not without future prospects, however, and night after night, when not engaged with the herds, they were to be found sitting around "Lon" Marquand's gaming table.

I had been on Freeborn's ranch about three months when the time arrived for a round-up. A new cause of dispute had lately arisen between Freeborn and Marquand, and I had been told to look for trouble.

One night, while I was sitting alone before our camp fire, awaiting the return of my companions, I fell to thinking of Mildred Freeborn. Since I had first met her she had interested me greatly. She had taken to me kindly, and often while I had been sitting with the men in the dining room of the ranch house she had sent Nettie, her servant, to me with the request that I should visit her in her little library. Although I was convinced that I occupied a high place in her esteem, I was far from deceiving myself with the thought that I had inspired her with anything more than a mere friendly regard. I was still under the influence of a former love affair, and though I admired and respected her I had felt no inclination to offer myself as a suitor.

I had found her an interesting study, however. In the course of our frequent conversations I had observed that she was dominated by a spirit of passionate unrest. The life she led on the plains had become irksome to her. She craved the social glamour and excitements of cities, which she had known only in the books she read. I had lived in the unknown country and was familiar with its customs and its sights. When she sought my company it was only that she might hear described those things she so fondly hoped one day to see.

There were times when I grew weary of her questioning, but her thirst for information was insatiate and she held me to my task.

During the last few days, however, her conduct had undergone a change. She had become more petulent in her manner, and now seemed as desirous of avoiding my society as she had formerly been anxious to seek it. As I lay beside the blazing sticks, striving to find some reason for her altered demeanor, my reverie was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of Tom Baxter, one of the cowboys who had been branding cattle during the afternoon.

"Wal, Dick," he drawled, as he seated himself carelessly beside me on the ground, "how's that thar coffee comin' on? I'm all-fired hungry, an' thar's lot o' hard work ahead for us all to-night."

"What's up—anything special?" I asked.

"Nope. I reckon thar's nothin' what yer might call special, exactly," he said slowly. "Still, a fellow never knows what's liable to happen when these here Marquand boys is 'round."

He paused, and as I glanced toward him I saw an expression of gravity steal slowly over his rugged features.

"Confound their blasted hides, anyhow!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I'm afeerd one of the pesky lot is brewin' a peck o' trouble fer our old man this night. Wimmen's a funny lot—doggone 'em all, I say—an' all bear more watchin' 'an children will."

"What have women got to do with it, Tom?" I asked, in surprise.

"A reg'lar howdy-do, that's what, as you'll find out afore this round-up's done, I reckon," retorted Tom, disgustedly.

"Surely you don't mean—" I began.

"Kin yer keep a secret if I tell it ter yer?" he demanded, as he eyed me curiously.

I looked at him questioningly.

"Kin yer?"

"Yes."

"Wal, then, just keep yer eyes peeled fer trouble agin the sun goes down termorrer night. That gal o' Freeborn's is a likely one, but fer all that she's preparin' to take the bit atween them glis'nen' teeth o' hern an' bolt her daddy's trail. One o' them Marquand boys—an English lad named McPherson—has been shines on her fer quite a spell. Of course, her old man wouldn't have him 'round the place, but somehow or another they contrive to meet purty often, as if thar ain't a game of skip put up between 'em while the old man's off on the round-up, my name ain't Tom Baxter."

"Doesn't the old man suspect?"

"If he did d'ye think he'd be out here? Nope; he doesn't know a word. Yer see, none of the fellers want to tell him of it on Miss Millie's account. I reckon, thought he ought to know. Still, it aint no business of mine—except"—

He paused, and a deep flush suffused his features.

"Wal, yer see, I was spoons on Nettie a bit ago. But when I discovered that some job had been on atwixt McPherson an' Net, an' that she thought more o' McPherson than she did o' me, I lassoed my feelin's an' kept 'em from runnin' wild. I never knew quite just what was on between them two. McPherson had been at Marquand's fer a month or so, when Nettie come along and asked the old man if he needed wimmin help about the place. She was sort o' run down at the heel, an' said she had no friends, so the old man took her in. Miss Millie took a sort o' fancy to her, an' she's been workin' up at Freeborn's ever since.

"One night, while I was spoons on Net, I seed her leave the house, an' foller the path to the little pastur' lot. Thar' I see McPherson waitin'. When Net come up to where he stood he cussed her an' told her to be off. She didn't go, but dallied around him for a while, a tryin' to hug him, an' tellin' all the things she had given up for him. He answered her sort o' gruff like, an' then turned away an' left her. Net went back to the house, and bimeby I see Miss Millie go out doors an' run down to the pastur' jest as Net had done. Thar' stood McPherson ag'n, an' they walked up an' down the prairie for nigh a hull hour in the monnlight. Wal', since then"—

Here Tom paused, for we had both marked the approach of Freeborn.

The old man surveyed us kindly. Then he advanced and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Dick, my lad, yer wont be much use out here to-night, fer yer look clean tuckered out already. I wanter send a message ter my Millie. She'll be worryin' about me a bit, I reckon, an' it'll make her mind easy. Will yer take it?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Yer ain't got no paper, hev yer?"

"No, but I will remember what you tell me."

The old man hesitated and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"Tell her," he began, slowly, "tell her, 'Dear Millie.' Got that, now."

"Yes," I replied with a smile that was unperceived.

"'Dear Millie, the cows hev been a calvin' fine. Marquand tried to swipe a lot, but it wa'n't no go. I'm feelin' fine. From your lovin' dad.'"

I repeated the message to his entire satisfaction.

"That's all right, my lad, and now be off, "But, wait a minute—"

He paused and took a brand new silver dollar from his pocket and put it to his lips.

"Here! Tell Millie I kissed it twice where the woman is. She'll know what I mean."

I turned away, and, after selecting a fresh pony, rode off toward the ranch.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as I sped along the trail the words of the simple message still sounded in my ears, but as my heart warmed toward the affectionate father I began to feel certain misgivings concerning my reception by his daughter at the ranch. Tom Baxter's warning was still fresh in my mind, and something within me told me I would be too late to avert an impending calamity. I thrust my spur further into the side of my pony, and hastened faster on my way.

At length the moonlight enabled me to discover, about a mile distant, the group of buildings on Freeborn's ranch. Once more I urged my weary animal to a fresh burst of speed and was rapidly nearing my destination when I heard the hoof-beats of approaching horses. Peering searchingly in front of me I saw two riders—a man and a woman.

No sooner had I made the discovery, however, than I was conscious of the fact that I, too, was perceived and that it was the intention of the riders to avoid me. They turned abruptly to the right and started eastward across the unbroken prairie ground. In a moment I was after them.

That the horsewoman before me was no other than Mildred Freeborn I was assured. She was mounted on a fleet Kentucky thoroughbred that had been the gift of her father. Her companion, who was unknown to me, was mounted on a Texas pony. Both animals were fresh, and I was on the point of abandoning the chase as hopeless when I perceived that a difference had arisen between Mildred and her companion. The young woman seemed disposed to draw rein and await my approach, while her companion appeared, by his gestures, to urge her to greater haste. Her woman's will at length prevailed, however, and, as I drew more near they stopped their horses and turned the heads of the animals in my direction.

Upon arriving at the spot where they awaited me, I reined in my exhausted horse and raised my hat. The salutation was acknowledged by the pale-faced girl to whom it was addressed, but as I observed her closely I saw that she hung her head.

"Miss Mildred, I am the bearer of a message from your father," I said coldly. "Will you receive it here?"

She nodded, and leaping from my horse I walked toward her and paused beside her stirrups. Then I repeated the simple message that her father had bade me deliver and placed the silver dollar in her hand.

When I finished I retreated a step or two and watched her expectantly. In a few moments I saw the tears trickling swiftly down her cheeks. Then she suddenly swayed in her saddle, and would have fallen had I not assisted her to dismount.

Upon seeing the young woman in my arms her companion, who had been regarding me with vindictive eyes, thrust his spurs against his horse's sides and started toward me with a curse.

"Be off, or I'll fire!" he cried, as his hand closed upon the revolver in his belt.

Without making a reply, I strove to disengage myself from the arms of the woman who was now hysterically sobbing on my breast. Before I was able to free myself, however, his weapon was levelled at my head. I now perceived that any attempt to offer resistance would be futile. Resigning myself to the inevitable, therefore, I placed my arms around the repentant girl, and, looking her would-be deceiver fairly in the face, I awaited my fate.

For several moments we remained thus, and I saw the eyes and brow of the Englishman grow gradually darker and darker.

"Take it, then," he hissed.

My brain reeled, a sickening sensation of despair pervaded my body, and my limbs trembled beneath me.

There was a loud report, but no flame burst forth from the pistol barrel that had threatened me. McPherson's weapon fell from his hand. He reeled in his saddle and his horse took fright. With a snort of alarm the pony plunged madly forward and made off, dragging its rider beside it on the ground

Dazed and bewildered, I marked its flight, and as I looked I saw a woman standing a few paces distant. She, too, gazed for a few moments after the disappearing steed; then she threw her arm across her face and staggered toward a pony that was standing near. This she mounted with difficulty, and before I had recovered from my bewilderment she was gone.

I assisted Mildred to the house, and then went in search of Nettie, her maid. Her room was empty, nor did I ever see or hear of her again.

On the following day the body of George McPherson was found on the shore of a small lake about two miles away. It was buried without ceremony a few hours later near the spot where it was discovered.

This is the extent of my knowledge of the unfortunate man whom you have sought. I was told by Mildred, who is now my wife, that he represented himself as being the heir to a valuable English estate. We seldom speak of him now, and my wife knows little more of his antecedents than I do. Regretting that it has fallen to me to communicate to you the melancholy particulars herein set forth, I remain, respectfully yours,

RICHARD HARCOURT, M. D.
—New York Journal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird can fly backward without turning. The dragon fly can accomplish this feat, however, and outstrip any swallow.

Within the last fifty years the rate of speed of ocean steamers has trebled and the usual horse power increased from 700 to 10,000.

The difficulty of registering the temperature of the bottom of the ocean is due to the fact that at a great depth the thermometers are crushed by the pressure.

In a new French method thin nickel tubes are made by depositing nickel electrolytically on a matrix of fusible metal, then melting out the latter by immersion in a bath of boiling oil.

It has been recently established that the fusel, etc., in raw spirits can be removed by the introduction of a current of pure oxygen. The flavor of the spirit is not only improved, but its physiological action is much ameliorated.

A new bottle is blown with a solid neck, the opening being in the bottom of the bottle, through which it can be filled, but from which no liquid can be drawn, it being necessary to break the neck to remove the contents of the bottle.

The nearest approach of Mars to the sun is 129,500,000 miles; his mean distance, 141,500,000; his greatest distance 154,500,000. Our mean distance from the sun is about ninety-three million miles. The nearest approach of the two planets to each other is 35,500,000 miles.

The electric furnace is now being used at Charlottenburg, Germany, for the production of ammonia and nitrides. The nitride result from exposing oxygen compounds of such elements as silicon, boron, magnesium, titanium and vanadium to the heat of a high tension current, in the presence of free nitrogen and carbon. Treatment of the nitrides with steam gives ammonia and an oxide from which a nitride may be re-formed as before.

The Walrand-Legenisel steel process, which has been adapted by quite a number of European firms and by one American establishment, is said to differ from the ordinary Bessemer process in the addition of ferro silicon to the metal in the converter at the time of flame drop, and by an after blow burning the silicon to a solid slag instead of carbon to a gas. As the melted metal is usually fluid, it is especially suitable for steel castings, which are made solid and true to pattern.

Where the Quakes Come From.

The greatest depth at which earthquakes are known to originate is about thirty miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same debt.

Difference in Hands.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.—Boston Budget.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable because they are regular, and all his life is calm and serene because it is innocent.

There are from eight to ten species of silkworms in this country.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Fall—A Serious Offence—Dining—Crushing Him—Satisfied—Only One to Go Round, Etc., Etc.

I had a friend whose words were wise,
Whose deeds were always grand,
And who, it seemed to me, had been
For some great purpose planned.
But, on a day he fell in love,
Whereat his wisdom fled—
Alas for all the foolish things
That then he did and said!

—Cleveland Leader.

DINING.

Lawyer—"But my business is important. Why can't I see the judge?"

Servant—"His honor is at steak."—Life.

A SERIOUS OFFENCE.

Magistrate—"What is the charge against this man?"

Officer McGobb—"Profanity, sor. He said the police force was a gang of slobs."—Baltimore News.

ONLY ONE TO GO ROUND.

"If this turkey were alive I'm afraid he'd be very vain," said the star boarder.

"Why?" inquired the slow payer.

"He's made so much of."—Puck.

CRUSHING HIM.

He—"I suppose that asp-headed dude has proposed to you a dozen times?"

She—"No; once was enough. Come and see us when we get settled."—Detroit Free Press.

FUTILE ATTEMPT.

"Who was your friend?" asked the living skeleton, as the seedy agent passed out.

"Old schoolmate," said the legless song and dance man. "He tried to pull my arm for a V."—Indianapolis Journal.

HE KEPT COUNT.

At Supper: Tommy's Mother—"Won't you have another biscuit?"

The Favored Guest—"Thank you. I really don't know how many I've had already."

Tommy (enviously)—"I do! You've had six."

SATISFIED.

Perry Patetic—"They say a man enjoys restin' a whole lot better after a good, hard day's work."

Wayworn Watson—"Well, fer all I know, it may be so; but I ain't round tryin' any dangerous experiments."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AFTER THE COLLEGE VACATION.

Father (at the station)—"Good-bye, old fellow, and let us hear from you occasionally when you don't want money."

Freshman—"All right, father. But let's understand each other. When I write to you and don't mention money, you'll understand that I'm hard up."—Life.

THAT CONFIDENT AIR.

"He's a very enterprising young man," remarked the elderly gentleman; "very pushing and alert. He belongs to the rising generation."

"I shouldn't have dreamed it," replied Miss Cayenne.

"Indeed?"

"No. From his manners I should not have hesitated about concluding that the rising generation belonged to him."—Washington Star.

A SCHOLARLY INFERENCE.

"What," inquired the professor, "is the lesson conveyed by the assertion that 'Seven cities claimed the Homer dead, through which the living Homer begged his bread?'"

And the young man with his hair plastered over his temples, replied, after protracted thought:

"It shows conclusively the dime museum is an institution of great antiquity."—Washington Star.

HER RECORD.

"Might I ask," said the lady from South America, "why that plain person on the far side of the room arrogates unto herself so many airs?"

"She is a Daughter of the Revolution," said the one interrogated in awed tones. "Her ancestors fought in the Revolution."

"Oh," said the lady from South America. "I myself am a daughter of seventeen of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT THE WORD.

The industrious man had been trying his best to work while a piano-organ on the street poured forth its dulcet monotonies. The friend with an ear for music came in, and, after a pause, exclaimed:

"Dear me! That music seems very familiar."

"Familiar!" was the response. "By Love, sir, that isn't the word for it. It's confoundedly impertinent."—Washington Star.

COMPREHENSIVE.

He is a man with a good deal of pride, and when his friends jeered at his dog he resented it.

"That's one of the finest dogs in the country," he exclaimed. "I suppose you'd admire him if he were a St. Bernard?"

"Certainly."

"Or a mastiff?"

"Yes."

"Or a pointer?"

"Of course."

"Or a Newfoundland?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you got no right to make fun of him as he is. He's all of 'em."

A ROUNDEL OF REST.

If rest is sweet at shut of day
For tired hand and tired feet,
How sweet at last to rest for aye,
If rest is sweet!

We work or work not through the hour;
Death bids us soon our labors lay
In lands where night and twilight meet.

When the last dawns are fallen on gray,
And all life's toils and ease complete,
They know who work, nor they who play
If rest is sweet.

—Arthur Symons.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

She's inconsistent, so we get
A laugh at her expense;
For when her shoes are much too small
You find her sighs immense.

—Judge.

"The pun," said some one to Henry Erskine, an incurable at the practice, "is the lowest of all forms of wit." "And, therefore, the foundation of it all."

Breathless Hunter—"I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy—"Yes, sir." Hunter—"How long ago?" Boy—"I think it'll be three years next Christmas."—Tit-Bits.

"It is certainly wonderful how much science can do for us." "Yes; Mrs. Frontrow has learned to hypnotize her baby, and she didn't miss a club-meeting the whole week."—Cleveland Record.

Mrs. Watts—"Isn't it a good deal of annoyance to get your meals at such irregular hours?" Hungry Higgins—"The irregular hours ain't so bad as the irregular days."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cumso—"The managers of the elevated are really making efforts to accommodate their patrons." Cawker—"Are they?" "Yes. I counted forty-six new straps in one car this morning."—Life.

"Are you feeling better this morning?" asked Mr. Propriety. "In some ways I am and in some ways I'm not," answered Bobsly. "Then I sincerely congratulate you and condole with you, Mrs. Bobsly. Good morning."—Detroit Free Press.

Fuddy—"I wonder that the Speltons do not get along better than they do. Everybody used to say they were made for one another." Duddy—"H'm! So! Well, that's partly true. I know she made for him the first time she saw him."—Boston Transcript.

"It has come at last," sobbed the lovely bride of a month;" the first quarrel." "What, with your husband?" inquired her pitying friend. "N—no," she faltered, lifting her tear-steeped eyes; "much worse—with the cook!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Living Skeleton—"I guess here is the contortionist you were wanting right here in the want column." The Manager—"What does it say?" The Living Skeleton—"Wanted—Employment by a young man able and willing to take any kind of position."—Indianapolis Journal.

A commanding officer, addressing his men at the conclusion of the late Ashanti expedition, expressed his disappointment that they had had no chance of a fight. "But," added he—and he is not an Irishman—"had there been fighting, there would have been many absent faces here to-day."—Household Words.

"George," she said, in a low voice, "would you make a great sacrifice for my happiness?" "Certainly," he replied. "Would you give up smoking for my sake?" "Give up smoking for your sake," he repeated. Then after a silence, he exclaimed hoarsely, "I can refuse you nothing. I will give up smoking for your sake. Hereafter when I smoke it will be for my own sake."—Tit-Bits.

No Right to Complain—"Do you see this pair of trousers you made for me only six weeks ago?" "Yes, sir. Anything wrong with them?" "Nothing, except that they are all worn and razzled at the bottoms of the legs and are shiny all over. That's all." "My dear sir, I don't think you ought to kick. The fashion in trousers has changed twice since you had those made."—Chicago Tribune.

Struck by Meteors.

Somebody has said it is rather curious that in view of the number of meteorites that fall to the earth every year no one has ever been killed or hurt by one. This is a mistake. In the year 616 a meteoric stone fell in China, shattering a cart and killing ten men. It may be asserted that the population of the Mongolian empire is so dense that it would be diffcult to miss a Chinese. But other countries have known similar accidents. About the close of the seventeenth century a Captain Willmann reported that two of his sailors were killed at sea by the fall of a nine-pound meteorite. Not long after this a monk was killed near Milan in the same way, while a meteor which fell near New Concord in 1860 broke a railroad tie in two.

Gaspipes Made of Paper.

Paper is now being used for underground gas pipes in England. The material is cellulous paper soaked in asphalt. The pipes are said to be impermeable to water and air, capable of resisting heavy pressure, not subject to the ordinary causes of deterioration, and not affected by the action of electric currents. Paper collars are used for the joints.

Long Drawn Out Cases.

A bankruptcy which occurred in 1811 has just been wound up in the London registrar's court by a payment that brings the total dividends up to one cent on the dollar. A recent bankrupt at about the same time offered to settle at the rate of one-twenty-seventh of a penny in the pound, or seven-tenths of a cent to a dollar.