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In the millennium you will be able to press a button and discover your missing collar button, predicts Pauck.

The Baltimore Sun is asking its readers for the names of the two most worthy Marylanders to be honored by statues at the National Capitol.

The record for rapid building in Chicago, which until recently was held by the Fisher Building, has been broken by the Fair Building, whose nine steel stories were put up in twenty-nine days.

The Baltimore American thinks it about time that that city were putting up another monument, and thus live up to the name, other cities being in danger of stealing a march on the "Monumental City."

The Presbyterian Church is the only religious body which has ministers and churches in every State in the Union, and by the statistics of 1896 consisted of 7573 congregations, 6942 ministers and 943,716 members.

From a business and, indeed, many other standpoints, one of the most important decisions recently handed down by the United States Supreme Court was that rendered in the case of the United States Government against the Bell Telephone Company, says the New York Independent.

The Kansas City Journal tells how Miss Ethel Hoskinson the other day started from Corning to Seneca to take the examination for teachers. Reaching a stream which had been swollen by the floods, her horses and buggy were washed away.

Englishmen jealous of their country's honor deeply feel the disgrace of the Jameson raid, and would go to great lengths to undo the unfortunate deed. The Westminster Gazette, of London, says: "We cannot help thinking that the item 'moral and intellectual damage' in the little bill which President Kruger has just presented his got put on the wrong side of the account."

The "war-chest" of Germany is kept in the fortified city of Spandau. Here, states Youth's Companion, is deposited gold coin equivalent to thirty million dollars, instantly available for military purposes.



Come on, fellows, here are rockets That will set the skies a glow, And a load of Chinese crackers With a heathen snap and go.

THE * FOURTH * OF * JULY.

HE old wooden clock in the kitchen had just struck nine. Farmer Halliday had long been in bed and asleep.



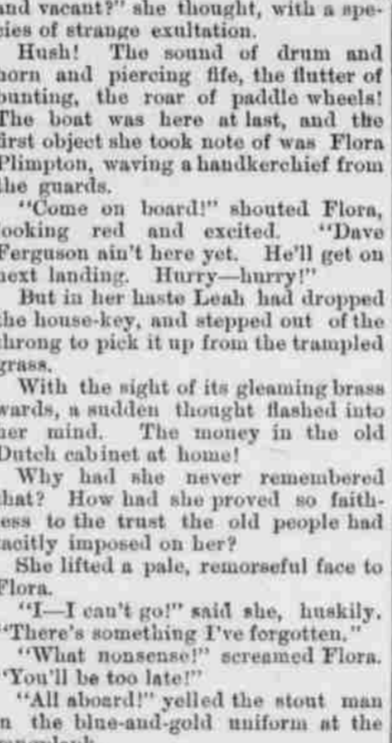
Leah's cheeks, for an instant, were rosier than any pink gown could be. "It needs to be washed and ironed," said she.

Now, at eighteen, she was socially their equal, to all intents and purposes, and loved them with a timid, shrinking devotion. But since Flora Plimpton had crossed her orbit, that bold, dashing girl, who was a "try-on" in Holt & Hanford's big clock and mantle store in New York, a disturbing element had risen into her heart.

Flora, even after they went away from here. A girl like you can't be too careful who she goes with.

Leah was silent, but she shelled away faster than ever. There are times when advice seems to produce a directly opposite effect of what is intended, and Mrs. Halliday's words only served to strengthen the girl's resolve to have her own way for once.

The morning of Fourth of July rose full of sweet summer haze, musical with the trill of birds, and sparkling with dew. Leah could scarcely wait for the old farm wagon to drive off before she began her own toilet, frizzing her hair to look like Flora's tangled tresses, and adjusting the newly-laundered pink muslin gown to imitate, as nearly as possible, the prevailing fashion.



Leah looked red and excited. "Dave Ferguson ain't here yet. He'll get on next landing. Hurry—hurry!" But in her haste Leah had dropped the house-key, and stepped out of the throng to pick it up from the trampled grass.

The drum rolled out, the rifles shrieked joyfully, the paddles whirled, and the bright flags floated away, while Leah fled tumultuously back through dew-dripping thickets and long stretches of sun-steeped meadow.

The money! The money! It seemed as if her light feet were weighted—as if every pulsing, sunshiny second were an hour. The money! The money! In sight of the old home, she stopped aghast. The west window was wide open, its veil of climbing Michigan roses torn rudely away, a wooden bench drawn up close to it, as if to serve as a step to some one who desired to effect unlawful entrance.

'Tis Independence Day.



Once more, my merry girls and boys, 'Tis Independence Day, And cannons boom and joy-bells ring, And everyone is gay.

Leah was like her lover—she felt that she could not draw a free breath until the burglar was taken off by the fussy village constable and his assistants in an open farm wagon.

In an Old-Fashioned Way.

"Get a move on, there!" impatiently cried the little boy's fingers as they held a match down to the reluctant giant cracker.

After the Crisis.

Manager—"Come around after the Fourth and I'll talk with you about it."

His Last Fourth.

He stuffed his cushion, for he meant To scare his little brother, He never knew which way he went, And he'd never see another.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paper belting for machinery is being made and used in Germany. An Oshkosh (Wis.) firm is successfully making binding twine of marsh hay.

The suggestion is advanced that perhaps the ultimate field of acetylenes will be in the lighting of lighthouses and on board ships. Its compactness and the ease with which it can be stowed away in the form of carbide and ease of generation of the gas, together with great brilliancy, and point to its adaptability for this purpose.

A recent discovery that practical men as well as scientists approve is the complete transformation of wood into gas. The product has a power four times greater than that made from bituminous coal.

How General Polk Was Killed.

George L. Kilmer, in a war article headed "Rest in Scattered Urns," published in your paper to-day, makes a statement which I feel ought to be corrected.

Peculiar Horned Orange.

The Chinese are very fond of monstrous forms of fruits and flowers, and any departure from the normal form is usually cherished and highly valued.

Timbuctoo.

Those who are familiar with the lines of Samuel Wilberforce, Oh, would I were a cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo,

TO BY-LAW LAND.

My little dears, the star-lamps Are lighted overland, To guide all sleepy children From the land of Go-to-bed,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always used up—A sky-rocket.—Life. Weather-surely—The Signal Service forecasts. "This is surely a cribbed joke,"

Lightlove.

"At last, dear Sophia, we are alone and I can tell you that I love—Sophia—don't tell me that." Lightlove—"Why not? There are no witnesses."

Wife (hysterically).

"I am sure I cannot be mistaken. Four times in his sleep he has cried out that he put it in the corner pocket. Can it be that he lost it afterward, or is he intentionally deceiving me in his sleep?"

There are men.

"There are men," said the cactus philosopher, "so enterprising that they do business in a dead calm. Now I know a man who advertised for intending suicides, so that he could get them to buy pistols from his hardware store."

So you say.

"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of the large scale?"