

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$10.00; Two Squares, one year, \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$9.00; Half Column, one year, \$5.00; One Column, one year, \$10.00. Least advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Wages of school teachers in Connecticut have doubled in the past thirty-five years.

It seems to be the irony of fate that Greece should now be compelled to pay handsomely for the inebriate privilege of being thrashed.

Hard times or not, the price of pictures seems to keep. At a sale in London the other day a work by Gainsborough sold for \$25,000.

The world's agriculture occupies the attention of 280,000,000 men, represents a capital of \$1,000,000,000, and has an annual product of \$20,000,000,000.

An ordinance has gone forth in Japan exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race.

A traveling evangelist in the West has an assistant stationed outside his meetings places, and every time he brings down a fresh sinner he signals to this man, who sends up a skyrocket.

The Marquis Ito repudiates the idea that Japan wants to annex the Hawaiian Islands. He declares that "Japan does not want the islands as a gift. It only wants to see treaty rights observed."

Portland, Oregon, has formed a Citizens' Protective Association. The city has been steadily losing population and wealth, and the object of the association is to encourage home trade and industries.

The silver to be used in plating the "silver palace" at the Omaha (Neb.) Exposition has been furnished by Western miners. The metal, it seems, is, however, only on loan, and will be given back to the owners when the show closes.

Every year built for the Government by private enterprise has won a bonus of from \$60,000 to \$350,000 for making a little more speed than the contract requirement. "Why not raise the standard and save the bonuses?" asks the New York Press.

Berlin National Zeitung thinks the American apple has come to Germany to stay. It is not only good, but can be sold in the streets at less than four cents a pound, and, what is most important of all, it keeps much longer than the German apple.

New Jersey has made more progress recently in road construction than any other State. As a result the price of farm lands in New Jersey has advanced and many farms which had been abandoned because of the difficulty in marketing their crops are now tenanted and cultivated.

An English officer at Canea remarked the other day to a Russian: "I should like to sink this land and wash off the whole crew—Cretans, Turks and Greeks!" "Yes," replied the Russian, "and when the island came up again, you would like to plant the British flag on top!" It is probable that the officer was as disinterested as the other.

Germany, says the San Francisco Bulletin, seems to be forging ahead in the race for industrial supremacy, not only in the value of her exports and imports. Official figures put her exports and imports for 1895 at \$1,926,729,000; England's were \$3,133,820,000; France's, \$1,366,167,000; and the United States, \$1,544,770,000.

Says the Jacksonville (Fla.) Metropolitan: "A few years ago the region of South Florida was one vast orange grove. The cold weather came and swept away the beautiful and profitable trees. Now that section is a tobacco farm, and it promises to be more remunerative than orange-growing. It is not packing houses that we once had so much about being constructed, but tobacco houses to prepare the leaf for the market. It is said that where there is a will there is a way, and this seems to be true of Florida. If they can't have one crop they can have another. The soil yields bountifully, and the year 1897 is going to prove a successful one to the tobacco growers. Much of the tobacco, it is asserted, will prove the equal to that heretofore imported from Cuba. In fact, many of the natives of that island are now engaged in the culture of the plant in the southern counties of this State. Calamities come and calamities go, but the resources of Florida go on forever, and a back-set does not discourage other efforts to retrieve losses. We should be, if we are not, a happy people when there are so many opportunities to be happy presented."



"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

A thousand years ago, or more, A maiden and a youth were found. Discovered for themselves anew An old, yet living truth: For through their love these lovers found 'Twas love that made the world go round. As youths and maidens had before A thousand years ago and more.

A thousand years from now, or more, A youth will know the bliss Of gazing into eyes that flash The love-light back to his; And send the world for many a day Aspinning gaily on its way, A spinning faster than before, Another thousand years, or more.

And, Love, have you and I not found 'Tis love that makes the world go round?—Gustav Kobbe, in Harper's Weekly.

THE END OF IT ALL.

HAT'S the last word, is it? It was Bale who asked the question. He had screwed his courage to the sticking point at last.

"That's the last word," said Selina, "and to my mind, Mr. Tolley, it's a bit of pity it ever went so far."

"As how?" said Bale. He was very gloomy and quiet, and unlike himself, and she had ceased to feel afraid of him.

"In this wise, Mr. Tolley," she answered. "I never chose your company, and I never liked it. I look on what you've said to me as a liberty. And I defy you to say I ever showed you a sign of encouragement to it."

"That's true enough," said Bale gravely, and without touch of irony. "I'll do you that much credit. You've made it pretty clear as you disliked me from the beginning."

"And that," the girl retorted, "is why I look on what you've said in the light of a liberty, Mr. Tolley."

"It won't be repeated," Bale answered. "Good night!"

He lingered as if in expectation of an answer, but the girl turned away without a word. The garden gate clicked behind her, and Bale was left standing in the roadway.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's what I looked for, and it fits my merits." He pulled a handful of loose tobacco from one pocket of his jacket and a pipe from the other. Then, having stood for a minute or two, lit it, and walked away.

The girl meanwhile had reached the cottage kitchen. She took a candlestick from the high chimney-piece, and set it on the table with an angry emphasis. She stirred the waning fire with the same petulance, and, having thrust a thin sliver or two of wood between the bars, she knelt down before the grate and fanned the embers with her apron. When they blazed she drew out one of the sticks and lit the candle. As the wick began to burn she looked up and gave a faint cry at the sight of an unexpected figure in the room.

"Mother!" she said, with a hand upon her heart. "How you frightened me!"

"Hast no cause to be afraid of me, wench," her mother answered. "So Bale's got the sack, has he?"

"Got the sack?" Selina echoed. "No. He was never in my service."

"He never got any wages, poor lad!" said the old woman. "That's another matter, however. In your service he has been this three year."

"Well," returned Selina, "I never had any truck with him, and I never wanted any. And now, if that's what he wanted to know, he knows it."

"Yes," said the old woman, knitting away with some tranquillity, "you let him know it."

"Why, mother," cried the girl, "what would you have me do? Did you expect me to say 'Yes' to him?"

as 'd been a laughing stock for the whole of Castle Barfield for 'ears an' 'ears. He learned himself to read, an' write without any help as I ever heard on. He was put to work at the pit-bank by the time he was eight 'ears old, and he lerned himself the engine-drivin' by looking at the engine an' watchin' the chaps at work at it. Poor Bale!"

A bright drop or two fell from the girl's eyes and glistened on the stuff she was sewing.

In the meantime, Bale, the rejected, had walked down into the valley, had lingered for a while at the forge gates to stare in at the white-hot, half-naked figures that dragged the bloom from the surface, and ran it on its iron trolley to the steam-hammer, and had waited to see it beaten from its incandescent heat to a dull red glow.

"It takes good stuff to abide that kind of handling," said Bale. "The good stuff's the better for it. But it's no use trying it on slag. As a matter of fact, you can't have the good stuff without it, but it's a pity to treat all sorts alike."

He was making a parable of the matter in his own mind, and he walked on thinking of it in a more-hearted and rather empty-headed fashion. He passed the frowsy town and came out on the road to Quarrymoor, with its almost instant hint of country odors in the darkened air. It was late spring weather, almost summer, and the smoke veil hung high and thin. The stars shone through it vaguely, and a dew was falling. He walked on for an hour, clean into the country, not knowing or caring where his feet led him, and suddenly he was aware that the moon had risen, broad and full, and that a nightingale was singing.

"Why, Bale, old lad!" a cheery voice called out. "What brings you here?"

"There's a nightingale in the copse yonder," said Bale. "Listen!"

They kept silence for a minute, and the bird's song, which had been checked at the sound of the footsteps, began again. The new-comeridgetted a little, and after a minute or two said: "It's a pretty music enough. But who'd ha' thought of your caring for it, Bale? Going home again?"

"Yes," said Bale. "At least—I don't know about home. I shall drop in at the Sir Ferdinand's."

"Ah!" cried the other, striding on again with Bale at his side, "I should think that was more in your line."

"Well, yes," said Bale, "I suppose it is. Shall we set ourselves to walk toward a glass?"

"Why, no," said his companion. "Not to-night. I've better work on hand. You've always been a trustworthy sort of chap in a way, Bale. You can keep a secret?"

"I've kept one or two," Bale answered.

"Why," said the other. "The secret's this, Bale. I'm going to get married."

"Oh!" said Bale. "You've squared the old lady, have you?"

"Yes. I've squared the old lady, and I'm off now to the top of Hill Road, my lad, to carry the news to the young 'un."

"The young lady?" said Bale.

"The young lady," said his companion. "She's been rare and down-hearted this six months past about the old woman's opposition. She'll cheer up above a bit when I break the news to her. And look here, Bale, old lad. You and me have always had a liking one for another. There's a bit of a difference in our stations in life, but I've never made a difference on that account. Have I, now? Come! Have I?"

"No," cried Bale; "you never have."

"When a man's married," said the other, "he's got to let his wife have something of a say about the company he keeps. Now, sometimes you are a most extraordinary ricketty chap, Bale. You know you are. Selina's got a bit of a down on you, old lad."

"Don't you trouble about me, George," said Bale. "I know what Miss Rice thinks about me, and I know what I think about Miss Rice. We're never likely to trouble each other."

"Why?" said the lucky lover, checking his walk suddenly and facing round. "What do you think about Miss Rice?"

"I don't know," said Bale. "I don't know what she thinks about me, and I don't know what I think about her. She's a most extraordinary ricketty chap, Bale. You know you are. Selina's got a bit of a down on you, old lad."

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"Poor Bale!" she would say to herself, for she hardly dared say it to another, Bale was so flagrantly a sinner. "He's got the very look of his father on him. It might be printed on his back and be no plainer reading. Rained dare-devil. It's wrote large all over him. But he's a beautiful figure of a man to look at yet, an' if ever a child's heart was i' the right place, that child's was when he was a child."

George Truman and Selina Rice were criss in church, but of this Bale knew nothing, for he did not mix with church-going people. But George and Selina were married, and that fact came to his hearing. Except Selina and her mother and Bale himself, no soul had an idea that it concerned him in the least.

The married pair took up residence in their own house after a three days' trip, and George Truman went back to the office of the mining engineer who employed him. Bale drove his engines at the mine, the Three Crowns Yard; and a year went by. Then the two men met again, Bale in his laboring grime at the engines, and George in his more respectable working gear.

"Hallo, Bale, old lad," said the lucky man, "how art' it? I've come to have a business look at things."

"Going down?" asked Bale.

George nodded and looked about him, rather evading Bale's eye than not, said an indifferent thing or two about the weather and so on, and went his way.

"Ting!" said the little bell. Bale handled his levers, and watched the dial face.

"I could smash him like an egg," said Bale, "and not a living creature would think it was anything but an accident."

George's mind was in his work, and he had no guess of what was passing in thoughts of the man who at the instant controlled his destinies. The door, being closed, was in a stopping place like a feather. The married man stepped out and made his way along the workings in pursuit of his own business. The bachelor above ground folded his smeared arms across his chest, planted his back against an iron upright which ran from floor to ceiling, and pulled at his pipe, awaiting the next signal.

"Here, you!" he shouted to the boy who passed the door. "What do you mean by letting all this cotton-waste lie about here? Clear it out."

"All right, gaffer," said the boy. "In a minute."

"Ting!" said the little bell. Bale set down his pipe, and took the levers. The pipe fell over. When his immediate task was finished he looked for a long while at the dial. He raked the cotton-waste here and there with his foot. No pipe. Bale cursed a little to relieve his feelings. "Ting!" said the little bell, and he went back to his work. He swung the skip up, the careful eye seeking the dial every now and then. Being free once more, he began his search again. He kicked the oily waste savagely, and all at once, as if it had been a living thing, a flame broke out at him. He raced swiftly to the door and shouted "Fire!" "Ting! ting! ting! ting-a-ling-ling-ling-ling!" The little bell was mad.

"Shall a'f!" roared a voice from the side of the distant downcast.

"My God!" said Bale, and dashing back to the engine house, he fought wildly with the growing flames. He stamped out the blazing waste, and turned again to his levers. Round spun the shining wheels. Smooth and steady went piston and crank, round crept the hand on the dial. He looked behind him and the floor was smouldering.

"Fire here!" he shouted. "Engine house afire!"

"Ting!" said the little bell. There were a hundred and fifty men below, and he was their one helper. He obeyed the bell, and then rushed once more into the open, trumpeting with all his lungs!

"Help here! Help! Engine house afire!"

"Ting!" said the bell. The floor was crumbling with flame, and the partition wall had caught. It was built of thin wood, and was ryer than tinder. The fire roared, and he was back at his levers in the midst of it—scorched, choked, blinded. Then help came with a roar of voices. "Ting!" said the inexorable bell. He held on to his post, fighting against death. Outside, men, formed in line, passed buckets from hand to hand, and the contents being dashed upon the flames filled the room with sealding steam. He could not see the dial any longer, but he worked by instinct, and the instant never betrayed him once. "Ting!" and the first stage of the cage was filled with rescued men. "Ting!" and the second stage was filled. "Ting!" and the third stage was filled. Then he tore her up like fire, checked her, coaxed her, stopped her to a foot. "Ting" and "Ting" and "Ting" and the three stages were empty, and that batch of thirty was back to life again. Then he sent her down like a stone, and lived along the plunge in his own mind until he felt she should be there. Instant proved true again by the bell's voice.

His body was in hell, but his soul leaped with a passionate intoxication of revolt and mastery to defy its pains. The men outside dashed water on his burning clothes. They howled in surprise at him. Some among them wept as they cheered, and one went shrieking, with both hands writhing in the air, as if he himself were tortured.

It was all done at last, and there went up a cry of triumph terrible to hear. Bale reached the open air, charred, blackened, scarce human to look at, and as he fell into the nearest comrade's arms the roof of the engine house dropped in. They carried him to the nearest cottage, and all that could be done for him was done. He was conscious to the end

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

An Up-to-Date Wooser—Henry's Question—Made No Sale—One Exception—A Certain Sign—An Assurance—Full Size—A Criterion—No Difference, Etc., Etc.

"Alas, 'tis true," said he, "that I am all unknown to fame; No paper prints my picture and no bard extols my name. But proudly I am mentioned in one book; and if, some day, You've time I wish you'd notice that my credit is O. K."—Washington Star.

One Exception. Flip—"A man should never use big words." Quip—"Unless, of course, he has only little things to say."—Life.

A Certain Sign. Friend—"What grounds have you for believing that your novel is a work of genius?" Author—"Twenty-seven publishers have refused it."—Life.

Made No Sale. Salesman—"Now, here is a wheel that has all the latest improvements." Tyro—"They tell me all I want is confidence. If it has got that, I think I'll take it."—Boston Transcript.

Benny's Question. "Papa," said Benny Bloombumper. "Well, Benny?" "Do you call your horse a cob because he is so fond of corn?"—Life.

Full Size. Tommie—"Auntie, mamma bought me a pair of gloves to-day." Auntie—"Did she, Tommie? What are they, kids?" Tommie—"No, indeed; they're men's."—Harper's Bazar.

A Criterion. Drummer—"That fellow, Lazenberry, lounging over there, is of very little account, isn't he?" Squam Corners Merchant—"Little account? Why, he's so worthless that he's the most expert whittler in the village."—Judge.

No Difference. Voluble Barber—"I intend to put a phonograph in my shop and to run it constantly for the benefit of my customers. What do you think of the idea?" Crusty—"Humph! I suppose one talking machine is as good as another."—Judge.

Those Puzzling Bicycle Suits. The policeman rapped loudly at the door, and when the servant opened it, said: "Is Mrs. Swellig at home?" "No, but Mr. Swellig is." "Then tell him his wife's been knocked senseless in a bicycle collision."—Truth.

Dyspepsia. Mr. Newwed—"There is no use talking—I won't eat any more of your cooking!" Mrs. Newwed (tearfully)—"And you—you said—you were willing to die—for me!" "But, madame, there are worse things than death."—Life.

An Assurance. "Of course," said the man of genius, "you understand that I devote myself exclusively to art in its highest applications." "This is right in your line," replied Mr. Cumros, encouragingly. "What I want is to have a couple of ceilings frescoed."—Washington Star.

The Hot One. Jay Green (with dignity)—"I ain't a-goin' to call on Widow Grima's daughter any more, unless the old lady acts different from the way she done the last time I went there!" Josh Medders—"How was that? Did she get hot about it?" Jay Green—"No; but I did! She flung a dipper of scaldin' water on me as soon as she saw who it was that was at the door!"—Pack.

Well, We Should Think So. Mr. Lionel Brough tells an amusing story of how he once met a small boy in Bradford crying bitterly. "What are you crying for, my little man?" he asked kindly. "My feyther's been wetting me." "Well, I shouldn't cry like that if I were you."

Yes, the would, if thy feyther were t' big drum beater in a factory band."—London Tit-Bits.

That Was Different. "Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life." The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. "Really," he remarked, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get down town?" "Young man, I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Dearest Possession. It was getting late, and still the venerable ex-United States Senator lingered in the parlor with the young people. Evidently something had to be done. "I hope, papa," said his daughter gently, but firmly, "that you will not feel offended if I now move a call of the house, during which all persons not entitled to the floor will please retire while Charlie and I discuss a question of personal privilege."—Truth.

The people of Germany and Belgium are the greatest potato eaters; the consumption in those countries exceeds one thousand pounds per head of population.

THE LOAFING TIME FOR ME.

I like to stan' around an' talk when neighbors come along, Or get down on a stump an' hear the robin's cheerin' song; I like to lay down close beside the winter in the loft. An' look off on the river, when the wind is blowin' soft. Jes' now I got a vis'it'n' long o' Hannah, on the stoop. Talkin' about the party when we wopin' willers droop— Them little ones a-standin' there on either side the gate, Like little tender gals that feel too shy to look up straight.

But Hannah she was flyin' round, with brush an' broom an' pan. An' says, "Why don't you go to work? You're gittin' lazy, Dan!" But when I get my work all done, with lots o' time to spare, An' Hannah's eeked the kitchen up, an' set a-sewin' there, I always feel so restless-like, a-banker'n' for chores.

With not a soul a-stirrin' an' as still as death on do'ors. An' Hannah'll say, "Why sakes alive! why don't you stop 'd rest?" But everythin' so solemn that I can't if I be blest!

It's in these summer mornin's, when the work is piled in stacks, 'N' I know I'd oughter tackle it with eyes the size of sa's. Then's when I feel like loafin' an' like loolin' round a spell.

When my posies are a-opp'nin', an' there's such a fresh'nin' smell; Before the day gets drowsy, or the birds run out of gloe. When everythin' is liveliy—that's the loafin' time for me!—Emma C. Dowd, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Miss Peavick's age is telling upon her." She—"What ingratitudes!" Pack. "What constitutes a good joke?" "The right sort of a fellow to tell it to."—Judge.

First Neighbor (proudly)—"My daughter is learning the violin." Second Ditto (saddy)—"So I hear."—London Fun. "George, isn't this a love of a bou-net?" "I suppose so; it doesn't look as if it would last longer than six weeks."—Pack.

Parke—"I thought you said you had plenty of furniture to fill your new house." Lane—"That was before I moved."—Judge. Wheeler—"I hear Sprockets married a Tartar!" Bearings (sententiously)—"Yes—poor old fellow! she steers their yander!"—Pack.

His Wife—"Well, they've returned our lawn mower at last." The Suburbanite—"Is it completely worn out or does it merely need repairs?"—Pack. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer, "there were thirty-six hogs. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury box, gentlemen."

He—"He that courts and runs away, will live to court another day." She—"But he that courts and does not wed, will find himself in court instead."—Standard. Young Author—"Can you tell me how to become a good poet?" Editor—"Oh, yes! The very first thing for you is to die. All the good ones are dead."—Standard.

"How is this, Count? They say the stone in this ring you gave me is imitation." "Oh, like enough. I never was very strong in mineralogy."—Humoristische Blaetter. Hicks—"How did Jackson make out of his money anyway?" Dix—"A little of literary work. He had to get out of it because he couldn't make a dollar in it."—Somerville Journal.

Grimshaw—"Well, I beat Dorrough out of \$4 just now." Askins—"How in the world did you do it?" Grimshaw—"Oh! he struck me for five, and I lent him one."—Pack. It is a great pity that a man can't discharge his debts as a woman does here—by hiring a hall, and passing around a bit of cake and a dab of ice cream.—Athenion Globe.

Aunt Sarah (to nephew from the city)—"No; but I did! She flung a dipper of scaldin' water on me as soon as she saw who it was that was at the door!"—Pack. Well, We Should Think So. Mr. Lionel Brough tells an amusing story of how he once met a small boy in Bradford crying bitterly. "What are you crying for, my little man?" he asked kindly. "My feyther's been wetting me." "Well, I shouldn't cry like that if I were you."

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"Are you sure these corsets are unbreakable?" asked the doubting customer. "I have been wearing