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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year...

The Connecticut Legislature passed at its late session a law requiring the use of such inks only on public records...

Counterfeiting has got to such a pitch in the City of Mexico that the government has determined to institute reforms in the coinage of silver.

Paris is a law unto itself in fads as well as in other directions. For instance, the fashionable ink there, at present, is violet color.

The Epworth League of the Northern Methodist Church is a little more than seven years old, but in that short time it has grown from a feeble organization into a mighty army.

The idea that a country has only one National flag is almost universal, but generally wrong. For example, Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies, have 118.

Mr. John Usher, of Norton, who has given \$40,000 toward the foundation of a Chair of Public Health in Edinburgh University, once provoked Mr. Gladstone into exclaiming: "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in that skull of yours."

The State of Alabama lacks a picture of Governor Israel Pickens to complete its collection of portraits of those who have filled the executive chair.

London Invention says that President Wilde, of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, has offered to the French Academy of Science a sum of \$27,500, with a view of founding an annual prize to be awarded to the author of a discovery or of a deserving book on astronomy, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology or mechanics.

According to an act of the House of Lords some six years ago, a man has a right to bring his old family pew into the newly built church of his parish, that he may sit in the seat of his fathers.

Harvard College raised money by a lottery as late as 1800. In that year it offered for sale 20,000 tickets at \$5 each, the prizes ranging from \$15,000 down to \$7.



TRIFLES. What will it matter in a little while that for a day we met and gave a word, a smile upon the way?

AUNT SHEBA'S BEAUTIFIER.

By CLARA ODELL LYON.

MILDRED doesn't change a bit," said Patty, carefully polishing off the glass bowl she was wiping.

"Who would ever think we are sisters? Here's an inventory of my charms: Item one, pug nose; item two, green-gray eyes; item three, what papa calls my 'peaches-and-cream' complexion; it wouldn't be bad if it were not for the freckles, and I suppose that I shall have more than ever now that I'm out in the country."

"Oh, I don't mean the kitchen particularly, though it's nice and homey, but just look out," and Patty put down her dish-towel and stepped to the door to feast her eyes on what lay before.

"Be just as much of a little girl as you can," her father had said in parting, and Patty was glad to lay aside her dignity, and forget the weight of her eighteen years.

Yes, Aunt Sheba was lonely at times, and Patty's coming had infused a new brightness into all her life.

"Well, I guess this'll do; if it don't suit," she came down the hall. Any time she comes down I'll be happy to show her anything I've got, and he deftly wrapped up the Beautifier, at the same time wondering what was the matter with Mrs. Hawley that she should be so unlike herself.

"I'm glad it ain't hard to fix—any one could do that. Guess I can see well enough without opening the blinds and lettin' the flies in."

"What a difference it does make, to be sure," thought Aunt Sheba, contemplating the magnificent face. "I wish it didn't look so strikin', though; makes me appear sorter glibly, but I guess I ain't used to it, that's all—my skin is so dreadful dark. Patty's used to fair-complected people; it won't look that way to her."

"What have you been doin' to yourself, Sheba? You're the color of the fence Job's been whitewashin', and I declare, I believe that's just what you've been a-doin'—whitewashin'!"

"Well, well, Patty, we are gettin' gray since you've been here. I thought I was fixin' up considerable, buttin' on a necktie every day, but you and Aunt Sheba, and Uncle Eph went off in a peal after peal of laughter in which the girl could not but join, until a sound from Aunt Sheba checked them both—a sob which she vainly tried to repress.

"What is the matter, mother? I didn't mean to hurt your feelin'; 'twas only my jokin'; you never minded it before."

you'd take the Beautifier; you don't have to use so much of it, only two or three times a week, and 'one application will last for several days,' concluding with a quotation from the wrapper.

"She can try the other. Any time she comes down I'll be happy to show her anything I've got, and he deftly wrapped up the Beautifier, at the same time wondering what was the matter with Mrs. Hawley that she should be so unlike herself."

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would have sat thus, had not Aunt Sheba, just at this touching moment, suddenly raised to view a face that was too much for Patty even in her contrite mood.

"Oh, Aunt Sheba, do come and wash that stuff off; it makes you look so funny," said Patty, laughing in spite of herself.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Clever Lad—Literal—No Scope—Had Been There—Non-Suited—His Seventeenth Question—A Drawback—Better Than He Expected—Still Funny, Etc.

The Rescued—"How did your come to fall in?" The Rescued—"I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish."

His Seventeenth Question. Little Clarence—"Pa?" Mr. Callipera—"Well, my son?" Little Clarence—"Is postage-stamp collecting a profession or a disease?"

Has Been There. The Tramp—"Can you tell me how I can get some work, sir?" The Citizen (ruefully)—"Yes; buy a bicycle, and try to keep it clean!"

Non-Suited. Brown—"Did you ever try that tailor I recommended to you?" Green—"Yes. Too expensive. Got two suits from him—one dress suit, one law suit!"

No Scope. "I bought little Tommy a trumpet because he was so lonely, but he did not seem pleased."

The Brute. Mrs. Hoon—"Why do you persist in referring to the folding-bed as 'he'?" Why isn't it just as appropriate to call it 'she' as it is a ship?"

A Drawback. He—"I'd willingly go round the world for your sake." She—"I wouldn't like that."

Hotel Rates. Hewitt—"I had a nightmare the last time I was at that hotel." Jewett—"What of it?" Hewitt—"I foolishly mentioned it to the clerk the next morning and he charged me for the use of one horse."

Suspicious Advantage. "The rooms are rather small," said the prospective boarder. "The advantage of that," said the hotel-keeper complacently, "is that not so much fresh air is required to keep them cool."

Not Lost. Traveler (to the driver on fording the river)—"Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?" Driver—"No, sir!" Sam Mason was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."

Better Than He Expected. "The question is," said the Turkish Minister, "how much indemnity Greece will pay."

Still Funny. Mr. Twyn—"The romance of Mr. Bride's honeymoon lingers still, although he has been married five years."

NIGHT.

How colorless the sky and dreary. Which wore by day a smile so bright! The clouds, as if of tears aware, Like beggars must sweep through the night.

Their little heads the flowers hang sleeping; Not 'em one leaf moves on the tree; Only the waves, to my feet creeping, Exchange soft kisses dreamily.

Humor of the Day. "I can't buy the bicycle. It's too heavy." "Well, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."—Standard.

"There's one consolation about insomnia," remarked the sufferer. "What is that?" "While I lie awake I don't have nightmares."—Judge.

"I have a tendency to weaken one's faith in human nature when one sees the apothecary shaking hands effusively with one's physician."—Boston Transcript.

"Too bad about Wellington getting killed by a live wire." "Wasn't it, though? Hereditary, however. His father was killed by lightning."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What is the matter with the India-rubber man? He is using dreadful language," said the fat lady. "It's raining hard, and he can't find his gosholies," said the skeleton dude.—Harper's Bazar.

"Why are all the boys dodging?" "Because the teacher is about to throw the ruler at Tom Tommy." "Then why doesn't Tommy dodge?" "Because the teacher is going to throw at Tommy."—Truth.

"Hello! old man, how are you?" "Wretched! wretched! I've had an attack of the grippe, and it's left me so weak I can hardly crawl." "What do you want to crawl for? Why don't you walk?"—Puck.

Lawyer—"I am afraid I can't do much for you. They seem to have conclusive evidence that you committed the burglary." Client—"Can't you object to the evidence as immaterial and irrelevant?"—London Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Henpeck—"Young Mrs. Bagley, who was married on last Thursday, tells me her husband left immediately for the West on a business trip." Henpeck (viciously)—"Yes, he writes me that he finds married life a very happy existence."—Philadelphia North American.

"Patient—"Isn't it a little dangerous to administer anesthetics? Must be terrible to have one die in your chair after you have given him ether." Dentist—"Yes; it was for that reason that we adopted a rule that where an anesthetic is administered the patient must pay in advance."—Boston Transcript.

A poor Irishman on his death-bed was consoled by a friend by the commonplace reflection that "We must all die one day." "Why, dear, now," cried the sick man, "and isn't that what vexes me? If I could die half a dozen times, I would not mind it for this wast."—London Household Words.