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If all the railroads were placed end to end and side by side there would be seventeen tracks all the way round the world, and enough left to put in side tracks at all important points.

A Fayette County (Pennsylvania) board has adopted this resolution: "Teachers must not make love while employed by the board or during school hours. The violation of this rule will be sufficient cause for dismissal."

That there may justly be hope, even when all seems hopeless, in the case of a person overcome in the water, received a fresh illustration a few days ago up in Ashland, Wis. August Anderson, ten years old, was pulled out of the water after he had been submerged for five minutes, and he recovered consciousness after an hour.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat exclaims: What a system of fireproof building is worth to a city is shown by the fact that the Fire Department of Paris costs \$514,000 a year, while that of New York City requires an outlay of \$2,345,355. To this must be added the losses caused by the far more numerous and extensive conflagrations in the American city and the heavier premiums on insurance.

The American Federation of Labor and the Laboring Men's Protective Association in the city of New Orleans are disturbed at the rapid immigration of Italians, and have protested to the authorities at Washington against the violation of the Immigration law, which, they say, has been going on for some time. They charge that Italians are brought into Louisiana through the port of New Orleans for the sugar season only. Contracts, they say, are made with the Italian laborers in Italy, guaranteeing them the payment of their passage to America and return to Italy and work at seventy-five cents a day during the sugar season.

Emperor William's effusive speeches in Russia contained one passage which has set everybody wondering what he could have meant, states the New York Post. He spoke of some mysterious "disturber of the general peace," against whom or which William was determined to take a firm stand. He was not afraid of it. The malign influence, or Nation, or whatever it was, had no chance of succeeding against his resolute purpose to keep the peace, even if he had to kill 100,000 men to do it. But which is the wicked, warlike country which the good and peace-loving William, armed to the teeth, had thus to rebuke? Is it England? Is it France? Some able journalists champion one view, some another.

In speaking of the unimportant place which women have occupied in the world of affairs in years past and gone, a well-informed and observant woman was recently heard to remark that the "advancement of women in lines of business and practical affairs can be traced by noting the evolution in pockets. Time was, and is not wholly past, either, when it was not deemed proper for a woman to have any sort of receptacle about her gown in which to carry the various trappings which mark an independent career. As civilization advanced women gradually insisted on at least one pocket, even if it was hidden and wellnigh inaccessible. An ordinary man's suit has fifteen pockets, of all sizes and in every conceivable place, and it is any wonder that, with the wide latitude allowed in that particular direction, men have taken similar freedom in other lines and refuse to be bound by conventionalities?"

Dr. David Starr Jordan, chief of the American Commission to investigate the seal fisheries of Bering Sea, has just returned from those waters, and his report confirms the predictions that were made a year ago with reference to the effects of pelagic fishing upon the seal herds. The animals on the breeding grounds, he says, have decreased fifteen percent in number, and those in the feeding grounds have decreased three percent in the last twelve months, all because of the destructive methods employed by lawless fishermen. The decrease, he argues, will be still greater during the present year, and even if pelagic fishing were totally suppressed this season, he believes that the shrinkage in numbers would continue until 1900 because of the destructive work which has already been done among the infant seals. These statements fully confirm the report made last year by the American Commission, and they emphasize the contention, so strenuously urged by this Government, that unless more effective measures for protecting the seals are speedily provided the herds are doomed to total extinction.

THE OLD SPINET. It is slim and trim and spare Like the slender Lady Claire In the gowns they used to wear Long ago; And it stands here in the gloom Of the gabled attic room, Like the ghost whose vacant tomb None may know.

I can see the lady's hands, White as lilies, as she stands Strumming fragments of Durand's On the keys; And I hear the thin, sweet strain Of the Plymouth hymns again, Like the sob of winnowing rain In the trees. —James Buchanan.

TALE OF AN HEIRLOOM. By REBECCA BARRETT.

HERE'S one matter that I want to speak about in time, and that is when we come to divide Aunt Desire's things, I'd like the tester bedstead," and Mrs. Redfern leaned forward in the carriage that she might get her long crepe veil in place. "It's the only piece of furniture that came from Uncle Abner's home, and I'd prize it above everything else."

The funeral procession had gone some distance bearing the remains of Mrs. Desire Boutwell toward the country cemetery, three miles off, when the foregoing remark was made. These mourners in this first carriage had talked over many things as they slowly jogged along over the rough-surfaced road. How, just five years previous, even to the month, they had buried their uncle. Then they dwelt at length on the last illness of their aunt and had brought up many of the events that had taken place in that long life of eighty-one years.

Mrs. Boutwell was deeply loved by all, and many tears were shed by these relatives as they thus conversed together of her. For, having no children of her own, her heart had gone out in double interest toward the children of her brothers and sisters and their families. But besides being so universally loved, the Coles family, one and all, looked up to this relative in consequence of being connected with one of the most aristocratic families in Mount Otto. Desire Coles had married Abner Boutwell, the son of Judge Boutwell, the latter of whom was prominent in the early history of the town. In fact, so important was this personage in the affairs of the village that there was a saying that Judge Boutwell took a pinch of snuff all the inhabitants sneezed in sympathy.

Now, it did not matter to the Coles family that this son had amounted to little—that he had always been content to live upon the money his wife had inherited—and that he had been somewhat intemperate all his life; they had all regarded him as a gentleman and overlooked these shortcomings. The Coles family had been pioneers in Mount Otto, too, but they had simply been known for their thrift and their ability to make money. But all of this they would gladly have exchanged for just one of the rampant lions, of which the Boutwell coat-of-arms boasted four.

"The tester bedstead! Why, I always supposed I was to have that. I was with Uncle Abner more than any of the other nieces, and I'm sure it would be his wish," and Mrs. Gauson's pale and usually placid countenance was flushed and disturbed. She had seen a great deal of trouble in her lifetime—and lost her home and property—but had borne it all with such patient resignation that the family had come to believe that she was above caring much for material things.

She would play the minstrel For the stately-stopping set, While the ardent dancers met, Hands and hearts. Did the old time spinet care If Dan Cupid's arrows Pricked the breasts of brave and fair With his dart?

Now the spiders with their floss Up and down the keyboard cross And the strings are dull as dross, Once so bright; No one cares to touch the keys— Stained old yellow ivories— Save the ghost some dreamer sees In the night. —James Buchanan.

the warming pan. I haven't got long for this world—I'll be seventy-five my next birthday—and it does seem to me that I should have the bedstead while I stay. I'm sure if Desire could speak this minute she'd tell me to take it." "Aunt Hester, where on earth could you put it in your little house, I'd like to know?" spoke up Mrs. Redfern, excitedly. "Such a bedstead, with its tester and valance needs a very large room, and it seems to me our house is the one most fitting in which to show off Judge Boutwell's bedstead."

Mrs. Redfern was the richest member of the Coles family. Her husband had made a fortune from a fertilizer. They owned one of the most pretentious homes in Mount Otto, and were slowly, by persistent efforts, working their way into the aristocratic society of the village. "Why, it'll go nicely in the parlor bedroom," proceeded Aunt Hester, not seeming to notice the slur on her small house. "I've got it all planned. I'll shut up the closet, I don't use it for much, and then move the bureau out into the parlor."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Redfern. "I should say so," echoed Abner's wife so loudly that Elder Cheesbro leaped out of the buggy and looked back to ascertain the cause as the funeral procession turned into the cemetery. The Boutwell lot was the only one in the cemetery divided off by an iron fence. Even here the family showed their exclusiveness, and the huge padlock hanging to the gate told plainly that they wished no intruders. On the way home hardly a word was spoken by these mourners in the first carriage; each drew her veil over her face and wore a much-abused air. One remark, however, was ventured by Abner's wife, which she designed to be very cutting.

"The Boutwell family can fence people out of their cemetery lot, but they can't fence out the mullin. There was a mullin half as high as the monument on Judge Boutwell's grave. No one condescended to reply to this observation, but a very perceptible "heh" came from Mrs. Redfern's corner. In the carriage just behind the conversation had been of a very different nature. The harmony of the Coles family had formed the principal topic among the occupants as they rode out to the cemetery, and coming home they had dropped into the same subject again. "Ma was saying this morning," remarked Augusta Ganson, "that our family hadn't missed coming together for Thanksgiving dinner in over twenty-five years, and that's a pretty good record. She said, too, she didn't believe we'd ever had what could be termed a family quarrel. Once, you remember, Aunt Hester made some trouble for ma over that swarm of bees, but ma let it all go. Then, you know, when Cousin Jane coaxed the side-saddle away from Aunt Desire to send to the missionary, Cousin Corline got a great ado about it, and for she wanted the saddle herself for one of the girls, but somehow it all blew over and nothing came of it. I do hope there won't be any trouble now when we come to divide Aunt Desire's things."

"Oh, there won't be," answered Abner Coles, confidently, "for there isn't one of the family but would give up for the sake of peace. The only thing that I am particularly anxious to have is Uncle Abner's tester bedstead, but that would naturally come to me anyway for my name."

At this Augusta Ganson straightened herself up. She had a pale, ashen complexion, but it turned crimson when her cousin made this announcement. "The tester bedstead! Why, it doesn't seem to me as if ma, if any one, ought to have that. She was Uncle Abner's favorite niece, and then she has so little to make her happy, anyway, in comparison to what the other relatives have."

The other two occupants of the carriage were not indifferent as to who should have the ownership of the bedstead, appearances plainly indicated. The pink and white faces of Julia and Carrie Redfern, which had remained almost expressionless during the ride, now showed signs of great emotion. "Mamma has always supposed she would be the one to inherit Uncle Abner's bedstead," spoke up the oldest of the two girls, "and when we had our lovely spare room done over last spring she sent to Buffalo and had some old-fashioned wall paper made to order, that it would harmonize with the bedstead when it came to be hers."

"Yes, and then we entertain the Boutwell girls," continued the second daughter, "and I'm sure they would wish to see their grandfather's bedstead in our house." They had reached the village, and the carriage stopped before Mrs. Boutwell's house. The executor had thought it best, as there were a number of heirs and several legatees—many of whom were from out of town—to adopt the old-time custom of reading the will directly after the funeral. Accordingly, all assembled for that purpose. Mrs. Boutwell had not a large property, but she had cut it up pretty well, going down even into the third generation with her legatees. And what was quite remarkable about it all was, with the numerous bequests, there was no fault found with any portion as assigned in the will. All expressed themselves satisfied.

But before Executor Hanford left the house he learned of the storm brewing over who should be the possessor of the tester bedstead. "I'm not surprised," he remarked to the younger executor, as he drew his fingers through his long gray hair, "for in all my years of experience in settling estates, I've known of more family quarrels over a few old household things than over the division of the property many times over; and the very worst feud of all commenced over an old brass kettle."

The contention, thus begun in the Coles family, created rancor, bitterness and suspicion, so that when the inventory came to be made and the things assigned, nothing could be divided satisfactorily. Aunt Hester and Mrs. Ganson renewed hostilities over a feather bed. "You've got the bed Desire meant for me to have," Aunt Hester complained, bitterly. "I've heard sister say time and time again that mine was to be the one with the goose quill in each corner, and yours's got 'em in and mine hasn't. That one they've given you is made of live geese feathers, and the one I have is nothin' in the world but hen feathers."

Abner's wife and Augusta Ganson quarreled like two children over which one should come to own a little china lamb that had stood on Aunt Desire's whatnot. And Mrs. Redfern, finding two custard cups missing from the set of china assigned her, accused one of the other heirs of being the thief, and even threatened to make serious trouble if said cups were not returned. And so one strife after another followed along until it was hard to find a more bitter family, one toward another, than the Coles family. Meantime Thanksgiving came and went, and no one even thought of a family dinner. The executors found the disposition of the household effects of Mrs. Desire Boutwell a long and tedious proceeding, but finally, after much wrangling, a division of all the articles had been made. All but the tester bedstead—the settlement of that remained as far off as on the day of the funeral. Not one of the claimants showed any sign of surrendering. There the bedstead up in the spare room, the only article of furniture left in the house. What to do in the matter the executors consulted at a complete loss to decide. But one day the affair settled itself. The several heirs to Mrs. Desire Boutwell's estate had been summoned to Lawyer Hanford's office. While the business was going on a little dried-up old lady, in a rusty black silk, came into the office. Some of the heirs recognized her as their Uncle Abner's sister, who had moved West a number of years before, and who had wounded the Boutwell pride considerably by marrying a poor tradesman. "You'll be by reading this," she said, handing the lawyer a letter in Abner Boutwell's handwriting, "that my brother gave me a long time ago a tester bedstead that he had in his house. At the mention of this coveted article of furniture many of the heirs gave a start. "It never belonged in father's family—Judge Boutwell's"—she continued by way of explanation, "but was one my brother took on a debt just before he was married. It was owned by a man named Lon Johnson. He and my brother got into some trouble together over money matters—and the bedstead came into Abner's hands. "Lon Johnson!" echoed the lawyer. "The man died up here in the poor-house not long ago. So the bedstead belonged to his family?" "Yes; it hasn't much of a history, to be sure, but I thought as I was down here on a visit I had best take it home with me, although it's altogether too high for my bedroom, and I've got to have those high posts sawed off."

This remark caused a perceptible shudder among some of the heirs here assembled, but there was nothing to be said. Mrs. Redfern was the first to speak after the old lady had gone out. "It's just as well after all that I did not get the bedstead," she said, loftily, "for now my husband will buy me the beautiful rosewood one that he has talked about."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

His Love Grew Cold—Til For Fat—A Very Cross Examination—Well Invested—The Time Was 13.15—Quick Learners—Getting Around Confession, Etc., Etc. In happier days her lover wooed And vowed and pleaded, sighed and sued; And now she says that he shall see That she can sue as well as he. —Puck.

A Very Cross Examination. Counsel—"Now answer the question, and don't get angry." Witness—"Why shouldn't I, when you are a cross examiner?"—Judy. Til For Fat. Bacon—"My cook failed to cook the roast last night for dinner." Egbert—"And what did you do?" "I had to roast the cook."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Gentle Hint. Miss Wheeler—"Yes; this is my new seventy-five dollar wheel. Bicycles are lower, you know." Miss Prim—"So I've heard. 'Pears to me, bicycle skirts ought to be lower, too."—Puck. His Advantage. "I never like to quarrel with my husband." "Of course not." "He can always think of meaner things to say than I can."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Returned Traveler (in the amateur play)—"It seems as if it were only yesterday when last I gazed upon these old familiar scenes." The Audience (in unison)—"It was."—Detroit Free Press. Well Invested. Herdso—"Did you ever bribe a policeman?" Sedso—"Yes." Herdso—"How?" Sedso—"Gave \$1 to advise the cook to stay."—Up-To-Date. Getting Around Confession. Counsel—"What is your age, madam?" Witness—"I only know from what I've been told, and you just told me that hearsay evidence was not valid in court."—Pflagende Blaetter.

Wonderful. "This country must be increasing its population very fast." "What makes you think so?" "Why, I understand that now there are as many people as there are different makes of wheels."—Life. Quick Learners. Mr. Hilland—"I see that many Klondike miners have got enough and are returning." Mr. Hallet—"Enough gold?" Mr. Hilland—"No; enough experience."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. A Dogged Confession. "I'm surprised to find that you keep a dog, Tomkins. Why, you can barely keep your wife! What on earth do you feed him on?" "Well, I gives 'im cat's meat. And when I can't afford that, why, 'e 'as to 'ave wot we 'ave."—Punch. Quakers in France. They were speaking of a recent slight earthquake in the south of France. "Did you tremble?" a bystander asked one of the ladies. "Oh, yes, I trembled, but the earth trembled worse than I did."—Le Monde Comique.

Aurum Edibile. "By next spring," said the wild-eyed inventor, "I shall be rich beyond the imaginations of paretis. I am going to Klondike." "So are a lot of other people." "That is where my fine work comes in. I have almost perfected a process for making gold edible."—Indianapolis Journal. His Interview. Young Congressman—"Well, my dear, what do you think? I had the honor of being interviewed this morning on the leading topics of the day." His Wife—"Indeed! What did you say?" Young Congressman—"I really can't tell until I see the morning paper."—Richmond Dispatch. A Reason. "Why were you discharged from your last place?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation. "I was discharged for good behavior." "Wasn't that a singular reason for a discharge?" "Well, you see, good behavior took nine months off my sentence."—Life. A Glistening Prospect. "Yes," said the Northern investor to the Georgia real estate agent, "your terms at \$2 an acre are very reasonable. Is there any gold on the land?" The agent looked around as if to assure himself that no one was listening, then he leaned over and whispered in the investor's ear: "It's mostly gold!"—Atlanta Constitution. Quick Conversation. Small Boy—"What'll I do with this money bank?" Maamma—"Put it away, of course. It has a dollar in it that your aunt gave you and some change your pa and I put in." "Not now. There isn't any money in it now. I spent it." "Spent it? What did you do that for?" "Why, the minister preached so hard against hoarding'n riches, that I got converted and spent what I had."—New York Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Plants grow more between 4 and 6 a. m. than at any other time of day. Professor E. C. Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, announces the discovery of 142 new double stars in the Southern skies. The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the large end is always towards the earth. The teeth of insectivora are sharp and pointed, and so disposed that they keep each other sharp by wearing against each other instead of coming in direct contact. Evidence of the complexity of cathode rays is found by M. H. Deslandres in the fact that when a ray is turned aside by a neighboring body it is divided into several unequally deviated rays. Anthropologists have ascertained that the Andaman Islanders, the smallest race of people in the world, average less than four feet in height, while a few of them weigh more than seventy-six pounds.

The fruit-eating bats do not live on insects, nor attack animals and suck blood, as do the vampires. The vampire is a small bat, with exceedingly sharp front teeth, making a slit in the sleeper's leg and sucking the blood. They are seldom dangerous to human beings, but are to cattle. When you pinch your finger you think you feel pain the very same instant, but really the hurt and the pain are not quite simultaneous, although they seem to be so. If a person had an arm long enough to reach the sun, it would be 132 years before he would feel the pain of the burn. The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 533 feet the darkness was, to all intents and purposes, the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitive plates exposed at this depth for a considerable length of time give no evidence of light action. It has been known for some time that red hot iron is pervious to carbon dioxide. M. Grehan has found by experiment that the carbon dioxide does not only freely pass through the iron, but is decomposed, carbon monoxide being set free. This may account for some of the accidents which the monoxide has caused. Rooms must not be heated by a red hot iron stove.

Hace For Life in a Tunnel. The story of an unhappy bridegroom, whose hair grew gray in a single morning, and that the morning of his marriage, is reported from Zigrad, in Hungary. Mitru Popa, born in Teregoava, son of a small farmer, and affianced to a daughter of a prosperous citizen of Zigrad, recently started for Zigrad, there to wed and bring home his bride. The place can be reached in two hours by the mountain road. There was, however, a short cut, it led through the railway tunnel with a single line of rail. Popa laid ear to the ground and listened. As there was not the slightest vibration he took courage and ventured into the dark passage. Here, the report goes on, he had been stumbling along as best he could, when, after ten minutes passed in the total darkness, and being, as he judged, near the centre of the tunnel, he heard the distant rumbling of an approaching train. The noise grew louder behind him, and Popa ran, louder still, and Popa raced. It was a way dolorosa with the small point of daylight far off amid the darkness, and if he could win it, then it meant life, safety and bride, but the thunder of the train grew ever nearer. Fortunately the gradient was a steep one, and the express was called express by courtesy only, and the race between the man and death terminated at the tunnel's outlet, the man winning by about his own length. The mercifully sluggish "schellung" passed into the daylight as the bridegroom fell prostrate on the bank. When he had started he had dark brown hair; when he arrived at the bride's house it was white as the bride's veil. The lady, however, accepted him on the somewhat dubious grounds "that the hair would come all right in time, and that the injury was covered by insurance."

A Gold Mining Story. At Ballarat, Australia, a ruined gold miner once committed suicide in a dramatic manner. During the time of the gold rush a certain deserted claim was for years held sacred, and the tools left strewn about the windlass were left to rust away untouched. A party of "varsity men, old school fellows, and of gentle birth, had sunk their shaft there and worked without success until all their money was spent. One evening, one of them, at work at the bottom of the shaft, shouted: "Haul up, boys, the time has come at last!" They hauled up, and when it came to the top they found their comrade's lifeless body hanging from the chain. He had detached the bucket, tied a noose about his neck, fastened the noose to the chain, and was hanged by his dearest friends. The party had been much liked and respected by the other miners, who would readily have subscribed 1000 ounces of gold dust to give them a fresh start, but ere the dawn of the next day the whole party had disappeared, leaving their claim in the same state as it lay at the time of the tragedy.—Weekly Telegraph. An Electric Experiment. The Illinois Central Railway is about to experiment with electricity as a motive power, with a view to its adoption on all the suburban lines of Chicago. It is said that both the third rail and overhead trolley system will be tried exhaustively before a decision is come to on equipment.

Humor of the Day. "Time flies, you know." "Not always. It is now possible to make a century run."—Indianapolis Journal. He—"Do you believe in woman taking man's place?" She—"Yes, in a crowded street car."—Philadelphia Record. "Miss Highsee is a beautiful singer, isn't she?" "Very. That was what made her singing endurable."—Washington Times. He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Standard. Mrs. Howso—"Did the butcher send the lobsters?" Bridget—"He did, mum, but I sent them back. They weren't ripe."—Brooklyn Life. "I never did have any head for mathematics." "Um! I have always understood that at home you did not even count."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Hope is whispering "All is well." "Men do not deny it; Some are bringing wheat to sell. Others are digging gold to buy it."—Washington Star. Friend—"Does your town boast of a baseball team?" Suburbanite—"No. We used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now."—Puck. "Say, old man, you are so absent-minded, I believe you are in love!" Holbrooken—"Oh, hot hot hot! Why, don't you know I'm married?"—Puck. "I hope, Ophelia, that you are not so foolish as to call yourself a 'wash lady.'" "Deed I not, Miss May. I calls myself a laundry lady."—Indianapolis Journal. Jack—"How is your sister getting on with her singing lessons?" Ciesie—"Well, papa has taken the wadding out of his ears for the first time today."—Pflagende Blaetter. "There is one queer thing noticeable at all picnics." "What is that?" "The man who makes the most fuss about carrying the basket always eats more than anybody else."—Chicago Record. "It looks like rain," said the milkman to the lady of the house. After examining the milk, she came to the conclusion that it must be either rain or water from the pump.—Norristown Herald. He—"For my part I can't see why you women should want to get men, anyhow." She—"Oh, anything for a little change. We've been making a monkey of him long enough."—Cleveland Leader. He—"There is one thing to be said about the Scotch dialect stories now floating about." She—"And what is that?" He—"They may be the same old stories, but no one will recognize them."—Yonkers Statesman. Landlord—"Did they discover the identity of that petrifid body which was found in the valley yesterday?" New Yorker—"I don't know; but I think it was a man from whom one of your waiters refused to take a tip."—Judge. "Say, paw! is it anything to brag about when you don't do something you can't do?" "I'm inclined to think not. Why do you ask?" "Cause I've just been readin' that cherry-tree story 'bout Washin'ton.'"—Detroit Free Press. Surgeon—"Hurry up. Get the instruments in readiness. We'll amputate his leg." Student—"But it seems to be nothing more than a simple fracture. I should think the leg might be saved." Surgeon—"Certainly it might; but don't you see that he's unconscious?"—Cleveland Leader. Old Mrs. Kelley entered the parlor unexpectedly, and spoiled a very nice tableau. "I was just whispering a secret in Cousin Jennie's ear," explained Jimmie. "I am sorry, James," said the old lady gravely, "that your eyesight has become so bad that you mistake Jennie's mouth for her ear."—Boston Traveler. Railway Capital. A recent writer has drawn attention to the large amount of capital and skill belonging to the English and American people which has been invested in railroads. There are 181,717 miles of railway in the United States, in Europe out of the 155,284 miles of railway, 20,977 are on British soil. In Asia, out of 25,800 miles of railway, 19,700 are British. The British railway mileage throughout the world is 74,129 miles. When we add the figures together we find a total of 255,846, or about three-fifths of the railways of the world belonging to the English speaking race. And this, of course, independent of railways under other flags, which are due to English or American capital or skill.

AROUND THE BEND.

There comes a time just once a week When nothing matters much; I'm waiting for a stop I know, A smile, a voice, a touch; "He's coming, coming," sings the wire, With sweet, prosaic jar, For Dick, my Dick, my own fellow, Takes a common, five-cent car.

But never maiden rich and fair "Mong cushions satin fine, In gown of silk and lace rare, Had dearer love than mine, So every Saturday I wait, The happy moment when His car comes swinging round the bend, And Dick has come again. He glances up, I know it, though I will not let him see; For not yet may I tell him That I love as fond as he. Then comes the bell's far tinkle And the maid's reluctant foot, And then I hear him on the stair, And then at last—we meet. My heart beats so I cannot speak, He thinks me coy and cold; It is because my dear Dick loves me, The which I have not told. But when the autumn leaves are crisp, When snow has come again, Dear Dick will be my own, my own! Perhaps I'll tell him then. —Cora Stuart Wheeler, in Woman's Home Companion.

Humor of the Day. "Time flies, you know." "Not always. It is now possible to make a century run."—Indianapolis Journal. He—"Do you believe in woman taking man's place?" She—"Yes, in a crowded street car."—Philadelphia Record. "Miss Highsee is a beautiful singer, isn't she?" "Very. That was what made her singing endurable."—Washington Times. He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Standard. Mrs. Howso—"Did the butcher send the lobsters?" Bridget—"He did, mum, but I sent them back. They weren't ripe."—Brooklyn Life. "I never did have any head for mathematics." "Um! I have always understood that at home you did not even count."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Hope is whispering "All is well." "Men do not deny it; Some are bringing wheat to sell. Others are digging gold to buy it."—Washington Star. Friend—"Does your town boast of a baseball team?" Suburbanite—"No. We used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now."—Puck. "Say, old man, you are so absent-minded, I believe you are in love!" Holbrooken—"Oh, hot hot hot! Why, don't you know I'm married?"—Puck. "I hope, Ophelia, that you are not so foolish as to call yourself a 'wash lady.'" "Deed I not, Miss May. I calls myself a laundry lady."—Indianapolis Journal. Jack—"How is your sister getting on with her singing lessons?" Ciesie—"Well, papa has taken the wadding out of his ears for the first time today."—Pflagende Blaetter. "There is one queer thing noticeable at all picnics." "What is that?" "The man who makes the most fuss about carrying the basket always eats more than anybody else."—Chicago Record. "It looks like rain," said the milkman to the lady of the house. After examining the milk, she came to the conclusion that it must be either rain or water from the pump.—Norristown Herald. He—"For my part I can't see why you women should want to get men, anyhow." She—"Oh, anything for a little change. We've been making a monkey of him long enough."—Cleveland Leader. He—"There is one thing to be said about the Scotch dialect stories now floating about." She—"And what is that?" He—"They may be the same old stories, but no one will recognize them."—Yonkers Statesman. Landlord—"Did they discover the identity of that petrifid body which was found in the valley yesterday?" New Yorker—"I don't know; but I think it was a man from whom one of your waiters refused to take a tip."—Judge. "Say, paw! is it anything to brag about when you don't do something you can't do?" "I'm inclined to think not. Why do you ask?" "Cause I've just been readin' that cherry-tree story 'bout Washin'ton.'"—Detroit Free Press. Surgeon—"Hurry up. Get the instruments in readiness. We'll amputate his leg." Student—"But it seems to be nothing more than a simple fracture. I should think the leg might be saved." Surgeon—"Certainly it might; but don't you see that he's unconscious?"—Cleveland Leader. Old Mrs. Kelley entered the parlor unexpectedly, and spoiled a very nice tableau. "I was just whispering a secret in Cousin Jennie's ear," explained Jimmie. "I am sorry, James," said the old lady gravely, "that your eyesight has become so bad that you mistake Jennie's mouth for her ear."—Boston Traveler. Railway Capital. A recent writer has drawn attention to the large amount of capital and skill belonging to the English and American people which has been invested in railroads. There are 181,717 miles of railway in the United States, in Europe out of the 155,284 miles of railway, 20,977 are on British soil. In Asia, out of 25,800 miles of railway, 19,700 are British. The British railway mileage throughout the world is 74,129 miles. When we add the figures together we find a total of 255,846, or about three-fifths of the railways of the world belonging to the English speaking race. And this, of course, independent of railways under other flags, which are due to English or American capital or skill.