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Where vicious dogs are unchained postmen are not obliged to deliver mail, so the authorities have decided.

The Trenton (N. J.) True American thinks that after all, the Klondike fever will probably claim more victims than the yellow variety.

In the opinion of the New York Mail and Express there is often more political wisdom stored in a village grocery than in a State convention.

It will be observed that the miners returning with riches from the Klondike are not half so gleeful that they have gold as that they are home again.

It is estimated that the French Government will expend altogether \$21,400,000 on the Exposition of 1900, of which Paris will contribute \$4,000,000.

To a spectator who has been accustomed to witness baseball encounters and football scrimmages the game of golf looks like almost an ideal form of perfect rest, facetiously observes the Chicago Record.

Stanitzapoltavskaya is the name of the place where the building of the great Chinese Eastern Railway through Manchuria, and which is to connect the Siberian Railway with the Chinese system, was recently begun.

A Brussels correspondent of a Paris journal says that the feature of the Brussels Exposition that attracts by far the most attention is the conversion of a log into a clean, crisp, well-illustrated little newspaper.

This is an age which is making increased demands for light and air, observes the New York Observer. Many of the newest river and advent steamers of this section now advertise among their attractions dining saloons on the main deck, instead of in a stuffy lower cabin, as of yore.

While the Trans-Siberian railway is in process of construction, it is interesting to note that a movement is already assuming shape in this country to establish connection with this gigantic system by means of a trunk line built from Portland, Oregon, to Bering sea.

Table with 3 columns: Miles, Days, Hrs. Rows include Chicago to Portland, Portland to Bering Strait, Bering Strait to Irkutsk, Irkutsk to St. Petersburg, St. Petersburg to Berlin, Berlin to Paris, Paris to London, London to Liverpool, Liverpool to New York, New York to Chicago.

At the present time it requires nearly three months of constant travel to make a complete circuit of the globe. Much, therefore, is to be gained by the establishment of this new route: and, in spite of the apparent difficulties which render the enterprise doubtful, it is simply a question of time before this overland route to the old world becomes a definite reality.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There's many a rest on the road of life, If we could only stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land, Or the querulous heart would wake it.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through.

IN THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE.

THE fact that he was riding a bicycle should have kept him to remembering that he was not living in an age of romance.

There were excuses for him, of course. The first, that he was young; the second, that he was care-free, and the last—and as the nursery rhyme has it, the best—that he had come from the early spring of New York to that of Southern California.

He had ridden through willow paths along the gravel roads that a month before had been the bed of the San Gabriel; he had crossed the shallow gleaming branches of the stream time and again; he had looked from the green swell of the divide over as green a valley, where wild flowers were thick on the ground and where peach and almond trees made pink and white patches.

At a place of romance, but there can be none without a woman. And there was no woman.

He coasted down the incline of the divide and made for the Monte road, by tree-bordered byways and paths. There was not a flake of dust in the splendid air. All kinds of picturesque, Old World things ought to happen.

Then a bell rang out, and ahead, by the road side, and the silence of the spring high noon was filled with the green of children and young girls.

The woman entered the garden. She was neither nymph of zanja nor sprite of the field, only a black-gowned school girl, who stood on the school house steps and waved a handkerchief to the passing tourist.

It was all a part of the romance and the country, and she understood. She left the calling, screaming children and her other companions and strolled toward where he sat, on the grass under the trees.

How sweet the double o's of the vowels, how different the stern Nelson to which he had to confess. But even that was pretty when she said it. How old was she? She was fifteen. The heroines of the poets were that age.

How old were you? Where did she live? Some vague way over there among the pink blossoms. He remembered that when he was a child those questions had always begun an acquaintance: "What is your name? How old are you? Where do you live?"

All the wisdom he had accumulated in the years between then and now had vanished. He had not wanted it. He forgot that he had meant to reach the hotel of the valley by luncheon time.

He was not hungry; but Alicia was. She put her plump brown hand into her pocket and brought out a newspaper roll. Inside of the paper there was a tortilla and boiled meat. She ate these while she talked to him, and when she had finished she started to draw the back of her wrist across her mouth; but remembering the teachings of school and the presence of the foreign young man, she took out her handkerchief. He had meant to ask for that handkerchief, the white signal which had fluttered in the air; but he saw that it was grimy and ink-spotted, so he asked for the wire ring she wore instead. Alicia parted with it as though it had been very precious.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

dropped the orange that he held into the water in his tub and started to the tally-ho. But he took only a step, then went back. The girl on the front seat had turned to the others.

"Can't we get out for a while? I'm sure we are all cramped and tired, and I should like to watch this pretty scene for a bit."

The Englishman helped her down, but she thanked him and walked away. Her manner implied that she would make her own investigations. She wandered among the boxes and the tubs and trays, hazarding a word to the washers here and there.

"I can't blame you. It breaks my heart, of course. But that can't be helped. I can stand it—and better now than later. Only I cared for you a great deal—a great, great deal."

"Don't you now?" asked Cameron baldly. "Yes, I suppose I always shall, too. But, of course, I shall never see you again."

"I will come to see you to-night," he told her. "Yes," she murmured, with musical indifference, as she went leisurely up the pathway and never once looked back.

The man rode on to the hotel and returned to real life as he asked if a valise and a trunk had come and if there were any letters for Nelson Cameron. There was one. After he had had his luncheon he sat on the long piazza, from which the snow-capped mountains could be seen through the climbing roses, and read it.

"Then you will keep the promise, will you not?" he did not answer. "I must leave that to you," she finished. "If you think you should, you will do it. Good-by."

The cool possessors of hot young blood he cooks, eats and sleeps. The well-bred of their kind. The girl drove away through the country of romance. She was in Elysian fields and her heart and soul were in hades, but no one knew that.

The man washed his fruit in silence while the little daughter of the land stood beside him, patiently waiting for him to speak. When he did, he said: "We shall be married in a week at the mission, Alicia."

"Yes," she answered, pleased. And so the romance was closed.—Argonaut.

Housed in a Steeple. The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Hezekiah Braddis, the sexton of the Baptist Church at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City.

The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. In that tiny room he cooks, eats and sleeps. It is just under the bells.

Through the small windows that furnish light in the daytime he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly in and out through the lattice work. In his small room are a bed, a dresser, a tiny stove and a table.

He has been sexton of the church for several years, and has occupied this room in the steeple since his wife left him. Some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her.

Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Braddis move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Braddis has lived a lonesome life.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Another paving material has been discovered in Florida at Tampa. It is the pebble phosphate, and is said to be very good and cheap.

The production of india rubber in Mexico is attracting attention, and the samples which have been exhibited are said to be of fine quality.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same number of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and shades.

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Willy—"Say, Auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?" Aunt—"Why, for love, of course!" Willy (meditatively)—"H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, Auntie?"—Toronto News.

New Woman—"Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name." Old Bachelor—"That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own."—Judge.

"I tell you, there's nothing like a good college training to fit a young man for life." "That's right. It hardens his muscles, gives him great powers of endurance and makes a man of him."—Philadelphia North American.

"Do you know, I'm quite worried about myself. I really believe I'm losing my nerve." "How do you notice it?" "I'm getting so I hate to ask anyone for a loan. As soon as I saw you I began to tremble."—Life.

Brother—"There is an opening for you. Right over there—the door. Good-day."—Harper's Bazar.

Not a Fair Exchange. Bobbie—"Ethel, mamma has just promised me something nice and warm. Give me half your candy and you can have it." Ethel—"Here's the candy. Now what is it?" Bobbie (munching)—"A spanking."

Not Much of a Mystery. Killduff—"You say that the cashier is mysteriously missing?" Harlow—"Yes." "And that \$75,000 of the bank's funds are also gone?" "Yes." "Then where is the mystery about it?"

A Solemn Warning. "What immense cars the new neighbor's boy has." "Yes, mamma. He told me what made 'em so big." "What was it?" "He said his mamma washed 'em so much that they soaked full o' water and swelled."

A Pretty Custom. South American lovers have a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot, which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower, and on one of its pure, white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil.

BY THE MARSHES.

In lading green the willows lend, The russet patient stand, From east to west the cloud-fleets trend At will of breezes bland, And dark against the sunlit sky The golden plover fly.

Beyond, a mist spreads filmy cloak O'er amber waters lone, And puffs of distant scattered smoke Above the reeds are blown; And zizzag traced, from left to right Darts by a jack-snipe's flight.

Here lark the shy and weary tread Beside the pool's thin edge, Here water-tens all noiseless steal Among the waving sedge, And litters in the inmost brake Stand solitary, like a stake.

Wide stretches steeped in sylvan calm Boleazured by the sun; Winds, southwest winds, with touch like hair Green grass and rushes damp; And wheeling through the far-off sky The golden plover fly. —Ernest McGaffey, in Woman's Home Companion.

Hard money—The money you try to borrow. Never waste your time; waste somebody else's. Handled without gloves—Knives and forks, generally. She—"And were you successful with your first case, doctor?" He—"Yes, yes. The—er—widow paid the bill!"

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," remarked the philosopher. "Grated too low, eh?" queried the cyclist. "Duck. The poet was a sage, I wist. The things one drinks with but one's eyes are least expensive on the list." —Harper's Bazar.

"Time works wonders," said a soldier, aged thirty-seven, when he returned home from India and found his twin sister only eighteen.—Calcutta Critic.

"Were your wife's pictures satisfactory?" "Good pictures enough, but not at all natural." "What was the defect?" "Why the fool of a photographer took her while she was looking pleasant."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I don't hear Jones prating any more about his great love for little children." "Jones has moved into a house that has a vacant lot next door, where the boys of the neighborhood play ball daily."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why this sign not to touch this particular piece of statuary with canes or umbrellas?" asked a visitor at the art exhibit. "Because," snapped a competing artist, "you could only do justice to it with an ax."—Detroit Free Press.

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company. Mistress (from the head of the stairs)—"Bridget! Bridget—" "Yes, mum." Mistress—"It's 10 o'clock." Bridget—"Thank ye, mum; an' will ye be so kind as I tell me whin it's 12?"—London Tit-Bits.

Why a Swelling Follows a Blow. The swelling which follows from a blow is nature's effort to protect the part from further injury and to keep it at rest while repair is going on. What actually takes place at the seat of injury is not even now quite understood.

It is probable that the white corpuscles of the blood pass into the tissues to assist in the repair, as bees or ants assemble at an injury to their storehouse, but with this difference, that the substance of the corpuscles is probably converted into the tissue of repair. From one point of view the human body is only one gigantic colony of individuals, and the swelling that follows injury but the rush of these to repair the breach.—Philadelphia Times.

The Poultry Industry. Our enormous wheat crop, which is extolled in every journal in the country, and which excites the admiration of the world, is equalled by the value of the poultry and eggs produced in the United States, the eggs and poultry finding home markets. At sixty cents a bushel the total value of our wheat crop is about \$300,000,000 a year. The census in 1889 (seventeen years ago) showed the value of poultry and eggs to be \$200,000,000, and yet it is doubtful if the census enumerators were able to get the full number or value. To-day it is known that the poultry industry is at least one-third larger than in 1889, and that the value of the poultry and eggs produced in this country is fully \$300,000,000, which places it on a par with many other leading industries.—Farm and Fireside.

White Animals Cannot Swell. Very few animals but pigs and sheep are white all over, and it has been found that pure white creatures are entire deficient in the sense of smell. In Africa white rhinoceroses poison themselves sometimes by eating a euphorbia, which no other animal will touch, and Italian wolf growers do not like pure white sheep, because they are always eating grass and herbs which don't agree with them.

Indian Languages. There are according to an eminent archæologist, no less than 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the western continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

His Downfall—Not Qualified to Judge—Modern Chivalry—Wanted: A Name—Trouble Averted—Not a Fair Exchange—Might Have Been Worse, Etc., Etc.

He used to be a "ladies' man," Babbling and gay; He wore his hair in bangs and had A winning way— He used to be a "ladies' man," But things are run on another plan To-day!

Now he is just a woman's man; Silent and meek; His wife says men are fools, and he's Afraid to speak; She's big and strong and runs affairs, And sits upon him if he dares To speak! —Cleveland Leader.

Not Qualified to Judge. Maude—"What's the luckiest day to be born on?" Claude—"Don't know. Only tried one." Modern Chivalry. Awkward Miss (with umbrella)—"Beg pardon!" Police Gentleman—"Don't mention it. I have another eye left."—New York Weekly.

Might Have Been Worse. The Wife—"Did the editor say your poem had no merit?" The Poet—"Oh, no. He merely said it wasn't the kind they paid for."—Town Topics.

Trouble Averted. "It's a good thing the Siamese twins are dead." "Why?" "Suppose one of them wanted to ride a wheel and the other one didn't."

Wanted: A Name. Her Doctor—"Sick, eh?" Himself—"Yes." Her Doctor—"What's the matter?" Himself—"Oh, I don't know. What is fashionable now?"—The Yellow Book.

Where Man is Appreciated. "There's no excuse for a man whose wife does not appreciate him," said Mr. Meekton. "It's his own fault." "How is he going to help himself?" "By purchasing a tandem bicycle."—Washington Star.

Love is Blind. Willy—"Say, Auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?" Aunt—"Why, for love, of course!" Willy (meditatively)—"H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, Auntie?"—Toronto News.

Woman's Inhumanity to Man. New Woman—"Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name." Old Bachelor—"That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own."—Judge.

Agreed. "I tell you, there's nothing like a good college training to fit a young man for life." "That's right. It hardens his muscles, gives him great powers of endurance and makes a man of him."—Philadelphia North American.

Breaking It Gently. "Do you know, I'm quite worried about myself. I really believe I'm losing my nerve." "How do you notice it?" "I'm getting so I hate to ask anyone for a loan. As soon as I saw you I began to tremble."—Life.

An Opening For Him. Fresh Youth—"You told me there'd be an opening for me in the fall, and now you say you don't care to employ me." Broker—"There is an opening for you. Right over there—the door. Good-day."—Harper's Bazar.

Not a Fair Exchange. Bobbie—"Ethel, mamma has just promised me something nice and warm. Give me half your candy and you can have it." Ethel—"Here's the candy. Now what is it?" Bobbie (munching)—"A spanking."

Corroborated. "I rode twenty-five miles on my bicycle last night," observed Brooks, "and came home perfectly fresh." "I have no doubt of it," said Riviere. "I heard your wife telling my wife this morning that you seemed to be raw all over."—Chicago Tribune.

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