Horseless vehicles are an accom plished fact. They are now being drawn by dogs and reindeer in the Klondike.

And now comes a scientist who asserts that the human system is full of microbes and that one is healthy just so long as one's microbes are in good health. If that's the case, it clearly is a mistake to wage war on these little fellows; better treat them well.

Weyler has left Cuba, but the memory of his monstrous cruelty will never disappear from that unhappy island, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. He goes back to Spain red-handed with the blood of his helpless victims, with his honor besmirched, his name reeking with infamy and his reputation as a soldier forever lost. His departure is like the vanishing of a hideous pestilence.

There are over 450,000 miles of railway in operation in the world, and, according to Robert P. Porter, the century will close with over 500,000. Of the present number, just about onehalf are in this country. The cost of railroads all over the world, thus far, has been \$36,685,000,000, and it is estimated that the street railways cost \$2,500,000,000. The railroads employ almost 5,000,000 people. These are big figures, but the railroads represent a vast interest in the world's wealth.

Ordinarily people in Canada do not take sufficient interest in their polities or politicians to want to kill any of the latter. Since Thomas D'Arcy McGee was assassinated, about thirty years ago, nobody appears to have cared enough about any Canadian statesman to expend any powder on him, Premier Sir Wilfrid Laurier, therefore, who has just been fired at, ought to feel complimented. "Happy man," exclaimed old Dr. Arbuthnot to a parent dying with a pecular malady, "you ave revived a disease which has been dead six centuries."

In the opinion of the Philadelphia Press expert testimony of all sorts in our courts has become disgraceful. The law in many States has now recognized the necessity of paying more than the ordinary witness fees to experts, so that there is a pecuniary recognition of its value. The three experts in the Barbieri trial in New York received from the county \$7250. The fees given experts yearly in any one of our large cities would probably pay twice over the annual salary of permanent experts, but at present there is nothing permanent about an expert but his fee.

In his recent address before the English Church Congress, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave some ad vice to workingmen, speaking as workingman himself. He had been left fatherless, he said, at the age of thirteen, and had been obliged to earn his own living since he was seventeen. He had known what it was to do without a fire, because he could not afford it, and to wear patched clothes and boots. He learned to plow as straight as furrow as any man in the parish, and he could thrash as well as any man. If, he added, the workingman would practice self-restraint, would never waste his wages in drink, but find happiness in the love of home and family, he would find little of the burdens of life or of the inconslity which was inevitable.

A French statistician has recently drawn up a very interesting document showing in what time certain frontier towns at various periods could be reached from Paris. For convenient purposes the statistician has chosen the years 1650, 1782,1834, 1854 and 1897. In 1650 it took five days to go from Paris to Calais. One hundred and thirty-seven years later, 1782, the duration of the journey had been reduced to sixty hours. In 1834 it had fallen to twenty-eight hours, and in 1854 to six hours and forty minutes. To-day one of the boat expresses takes three bours and forty-two minutes. The journey to Strasburg took 218 hours in 1650, 108 hours in 1782, ten hours and forty minutes in 1854, and to-day a matter eight hours and twenty minutes. The difference for Marseilles is still more phenomenal. From fifteen days in 1650 the duration of the journey was reduced to eighty hours in 1834, and to-day it takes twelve and a half hours. The distance from Paris to Bayonne two centuries ago took 388 hours; to-day it occupies eleven hours and eleven minutes. Brest can be reached in thirteen hours and thirtyseven minutes, while in 1650 it took 270 hours. Finally for Havre, ninetyseven hours was considered quick traveling in 1650. It took fifteen hours in 1782 and seven hours in 1834. To-day it is a matter of three hours and fifteen minutes.

DO NOT BORROW TROUBLE.

Only a day at a time. There may never be a to-morrow.
Only a day at a time, and that we can live. We know
The trouble we cannot bear is only the trouble we borrow,
And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so.
Only a step at a time. It may be the angels bend o'er us
To bear us above the stones that wound our feet by the way.
The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us,
And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day.

**经报报帐帐帐**证证证证证证证证证证证证

There were delays in getting off, for

The long journey over at last, her

sense enough to cover the things, any-

A man on the seat stuck something

"We can't git in," he said in kindly explanation. "There ain't any key

"We took some o' them things out

first," said a man who was sitting de-

jectedly on the tailboard, "and then we

couldn't git 'em back again, so we left

"Leave the bird with me, Sara,"

said Aunt Jane rather sharply, "and

go to the office for the key at once." Sara started off willingly enough,

head ached. It was pleasanter to walk

than to stand still-until she remem-

his foot with renewed energy, and,

"First thing, I want my nickel!"

Sara was in haste, so forbearing to re-

prove him, she paid her debt and de-

manded to know the result of the

"Feller says he ain't never seen me

before, and he's sorry, but some one

Sara's face flushed, and she hesitated

a minute. It was a choice between an

"I trust you will pardon me,

making you come out in the rain, but

I believe you see that I could not think

of giving the key of any house to a

there is anything else father will come

Alen opened her umbrella for her,

ome way to explain her delay to the

Sara's spirits were at low ebb, and

there was no prospect of their rising

again for many a weary day. For two

weeks it rained steadily, the canary

refused to sing, the chimney smoked,

the pipes leaked, the plumbers struck,

and Sara, unable to get away from her

praiseworthy diligence. She had told

easy to forget; but now, with little else

scious of trying to soothe a queer,

constant pain by giving free rein to

the remembrance of boat rides and

tennis games, of drives and of dances;

and when she dropped a dinner plate

disturbing thoughts, "settled" with

rapidly for home, trying to think out

poor, forlorn lady awaiting her.

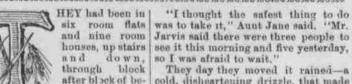
madam," he said courteously,

little street gamin.

head around the side.

em out.

# ON THE SOUTH SIDE.



houses, up stairs | see it this morning and five yesterday, down, so I was afraid to wait."

the dust and spots on her rosewood piano. heat of an early spring day; so, when her aunt stopped in front of another Aunt Jane had to see that everything office, Sara gave a little gasp of de-spair before resigning herself to the were not intoxicated, and that the janinevitable. That it was inevitable she itor's wife did not forget to clean up well knew, for Aunt Jane never did after them; so, by the time Sara's well anything by halves, and when she was nigh distracted mother had been eshouse hunting, allowed no real estate corted to the home of a kindly neigh-

signs to escape her watchful eye.

As they went in, a gray haired man came forward to meet them with the law not to forget the ice box on the businesslike air of courtesy that Sara last load, Sara felt sure that the slowhad come to consider more provoking est of wagons must have reached the than rudeness. A young man at a desk | new home. in the corner glanced up indifferently, but continued to look, with a strange expression on his face. Sa a saw him, and conscious that her cheeks were reddening, turned abruptly about to examine the cards on the bulletin for companionship. board. That one quick glance had brought back the scenes of the pleas-antest summer Sara had ever knownthe summer when Alan Sloenm had

spoiled it all by quarreling with her. way." How could she ever have been so careless as not to notice the sign over the door? He was probably thinking at that very moment that her appearance there was a matter of her own conniving. What a long, tiresome talk her aunt was having with the senior partner! Sara could catch bits of sentences here and there, about furnaces, calcimine, and hard wood, so she knew they had gone from the abstract to the concrete. By the time she had read the list of houses and flats four times over, the agent turned from her aunt to the young man, and Sara's heart sank as she heard his

"If you have nothing else on hand, Al," he said, "I wish you'd take these ladies over to the Kimbark Avenue house for me. I've got to wait for

The young man bowed, and, picking up his hat, followed them out of the office. He ignored Sara almost completely, and, walking by her aunt, began to speak of the desirable qualities of Woodlawn.

"It is very pretty here," said Aunt "I had almost despaired of finding a house in so popular a locality when my niece discovered your

rather hastily. "You spoke of the of-

"Well, what difference does it make? So much more credit to me," her aunt said easily. "My sister broke her leg at the last minute, and I am doing he house hunting for her," she added, turning to the young man at her side.

Alan Slocum smiled sympathetically, "It is extremely wearing work," he said pleasantly. "From what part of the city did you come, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Harris," replied Aunt Jane. 'From the far north side, and it's going to cost a small fortune to get them moved down here, too.

It was something of a relief to get to

"Hard wood in both rooms, you no tice, Sara," her aunt was saying. "Gas grate, bay window, side porch-let's see the pantry. That turn in the stairs will make a good place for the clock, she went on, as she started on a tour of inspection of the second floor, "Five bed rooms. Which will you have,

"The second, I suppose," said Sara somewhat listlessly. "Mother'll have the front.

'There's a pretty little balcony outside of your window, you see," said quickly as possible." Aunt Jane.

"Yes," said Sara slowly. "A cordial invitation to strolling burglars." "I declare, you're the most provok "After I've come all the way from Edgewater to select a house for you, you might, at least, take a little interest in the one I select.

"I do, Aunt Jane," said Sara, try-ing to speak lightly. "I'm just tired,

Well, you hurry along and buy the tickets for home," said Aunt Jane, re- and, with a frigid nod, she started leating, 'and I'll go over to the office with Mr.

"Jarvis," said Alan, without wink-Jarvis, I'll take the house, subject

to approval, if that is satisfactory. Sara hurried away and bought her tickets for the express to the city, glad of a few minutes in which to collect her thoughts. She walked up and down outside the turnstile and tried to persuade herself that she wished Alan Slocum in the moon rather than on the next street to her future home. She gave up trying, however, for she to think of, she found it was only too could not think connectedly, owing to easy to remember. As she put things the shrill cries of a newsboy and the away, or unpacked boxes, she was condiabolical whistle of a popcorn stand. Aunt Jane hove in sight before long, and they went through the stile to-

'Such a nice young man, that Mr. Jarvis, Sara," said her aunt. "Did you notice him?"

'I never heard the name before, said Sara, peering up the track in the that had sent him back to the city so

Finally, the sun shone upon the world again—weakly, to be sure, but still with enough strength to dry up some of the puddies on the front steps, mire you. That Davenport slid in though it failed to bring into Sara's ahead of me and I had to step out." eyes the light that formerly lurked there. Like the little girl, Sara had discovered that her doll was stuffed "The next summer was be with sawdust, and with the egoism of Alan, continuing with rather a bitter a pessimist she imagined it was the smile.

join them, welcomed an opportunity to be miserable by herself. She wandered about the house listlessly for a time, and then, sitting at her piano, she wailed out all the sentimental balthrough block after block of bewilder in g Sara exceedingly low spirited and by his theatrical rendition of it in his wildering Sara exceedingly low spirited and by his theatrical rendition of it in his streets, in all rather bitter in regard to wet feet and times of hilarity. She started it, but, remembering his emotional stagger as lips trembled. he sang "I go where honor calls me," she gave it up, and, bringing both hands down on the keys with a bang, wheeled about on the piano stool and light into her eyes. faced Alau Slocum, with the quick

color flaming in her cheeks. you saw me."

home," she said distantly. "Is there anything I can do for you?" "At what time will Mr. Maitland refeeble attempt at rejoicing was sud-denly checked at the sight of the van backed up to the curb with the dining-

turn?" Alan asked, looking at his for. room furniture strewn over the lawn "Possibly not for two hours," Sara "Looks like a summer garden," said Sara, trying to discover whether the canary was drowned. "Some one had

A man on the seat stack something into a box at his feet and poked his to give it to your father when he returns,

"Certainly, as soon as he comes in." ment and bowed him out with a cold Whatever he had intended to say was swinging step and his head held high much hesitancy in the air. If he had looked around the other door: and seen the miserable face watching him from behind the curtain, he would

have come back; but he didn't. though the water was swishing and There were many errands to be done squashing in her rubbers, and her in town that week, so Sara undertook them one bright morning, in a frenzied desire to be doing something bered where she was going, and then she wished her aunt had sent one of rather than to be longer in lonely idleness. The express had gone when the men. She felt she could not go she reached the station, so she leisurely into the office again, and cast about mounted the "local" stairs and strolled eagerly for a substitute. Across the street a small boy was strolling along, along the platform, looking into the cars for one where she could be undiskicking out his left foot at each step turbed for the next hour. The car to make a loose sole flap back into place, and idly slashing at puddles young people intent on an excursion, with a switch as he passed. Sara hailed him. For the inducement of a loneliness that she quickened her loneliness that she quickened her nickel, the youth consented to walk steps to the second car. Here the half a block and deliver a message, and Sara, somewhat relieved, lowered prospect was pleasant, with the excep- might be of the temperature of white her umbrella in the shelter of a friendly drug store. By the time she the last car, which she virtually had feet below, without at all affecting a was beginning to wonder what had be-Across the aisle was a climate. to herself. come of him, the boy returned, flapping benevolent-looking old gentleman, and in a side seat a man was so busily planting himself in front of her, piped reading a newspaper that she could see nothing of him save eight fingers

and two long legs. The train started up by the time Sara had read over her shopping list and calculated her expenses, so she put the list in her purse again, and looked up to find that the young man had folded up his paper and was looking at her with the familiar, quizzical smile of Alan Slocum. She looked out of the window, but the quick color awkward position and no home, so flamed into her cheeks, and she she chose the lesser evil and made her wished she had not come. Her attenway to the office. Alan met her at the tion was apparently riveted on the scene before her, but she was fully aware that Alan had come across to take the seat facing her, before he

"Good morning," he said genially. "The sun is a pleasant sight again,

"The key should have been at the house," said Sara stiffly. "Our furnimind as she turned toward him with a ture is being ruined, so I will be obliged to you if you will give me the key as Alan cocked his head on one side.

"Certainly, at once," said Alan, who "Yes," he said, no whit discon emed to have difficulty in finding it. certed, "in being able to sit opposite This is it. If you would like it, madam, I will stop at the house on my way home to see if there is anything

The benevolent old gentleman half rose, and Sara, in a panic, discovered that he was intending to champion her Sara wondered if she had ever told him how much she hated to be called

sure," she said rather hastily, ceiling of the back room leaks." "Thank you," she said coldly. "If

The old gentleman sat down again. and look at it?" Alan asked soberly. 'It does worlds of good to have the half hour or so every day."
Sara bit her lip and said nothing.

substitute," across the street until he comes back these wells are filled with lime and -without the leak?" without the leak?"

"Send a sensible man to mend the hard by a second weight of different

roof," said Sara sharply," and it's all form. I'll ask-of you."
"I have fibbed, hyperbolized, and

praiseworthy diligence. She had told everlastingly perjured myself to get herself many times before that it was you into Woodlawn," said Alan tragically, "and this is my reward." Sara refused to smile. "I shall be obliged to you if you will take your

> Alan's face fell. "I don't know how sick of this confounded stranger business, and I want to be-friends again.

on the kitchen floor, it was because "I said strangers, and it's going to she had come in the course of her be strangers," said Sara, with strange was entirely to blame for the trouble indifferently.

"Perhaps if I had not hesitated the first summer I met you, I might have had a show," said Alan deliberately.

Sara clasped and unclasped her purse "The next summer was better," said

"I had a long vacation, and only one ever fashioned in that wise. you were good to me. You were South On the first bright day Mr. Mait- all the winter, and I thought you were land came home early to take his wife glad to see me—poor fool that I was! for a drive, and Sara, declining to Davenport didn't turn up at all that year, and I didn't feel sorry. I was glad you'd turned him down, because I was a heathen, and I didn't know that even the truest and best of girls can make a man suffer like the dickens, I know it now."

Sara's face was very white. She boked at Alan, though it hurt her to see the tired look in his eyes, and her 'Oh, Alan, why didn't you tell me?"

she cried, with a little sob in her voice. 'How could I know that you cared?" cried "Ob, dear!" in a mournful, homesick wail that betokened the nearness of tears. Then, hearing a The color came back to Sara's face, alight noise behind her, she abruptly and a queer little smile brought the

"I am what is accounted a lucky fellow," Alan said in the same strained "I beg your pardon," he said, and voice. "I have had comforts and pleas-Sara fancied he was trying not to ures and luxuries all my life, and have laugh. "The maid evidently thought not cared for one of them. I would give them all for that which I want Sara rose. "My father is not at most and cannot have.

"You're a spoiled child," said Sara with an odd little laugh. "You cry, and you don't know what you cry

"I don't want to know any plainer than I do now," Alan gravely replied.

Alan raised his eyebrows, "I think not," he said, quietly. "It is half past five now. I will leave the lease with you, if you will be kind are said, and are said are said as a said said are said. The train slowed up for a station with a great deal of noise and a bustle

of people passing up and down. The old gentleman rose sleepily and tum-Sara took the formidable-looking docu- bled out upon the platform. He passed down, and it was quiet again. "Good evening, Mr. Jarvis," that After a time a band of men with mops froze poor Alau's boyish spirits. and brooms appeared at the door of the car and began to clear up. The left unsaid, and he strode away with a conductor, coming to a decision after swinging step and his head held high much hesitancy, stuck his head in at

"Randolph Street!" he called. "As far as we go. All out, please!"-Emma Lee Walton, in the Puritar.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Tuberculosis is in England and Wales the cause of fourteen per cent. of all male and 13) of all female deaths

Some interesting observations concerning the physiological effects of electric currents have been made by M. Dubois. He finds that the effect next the smoker held a gay party of depends much more upon voltage than upon intensity.

Lord Kelvin holds that the internal heat of the earth has nothing to do with the climates. The earth, he says, tion of three children racing up and hot iron two thousand feet below the

> The mean death-rate in Italy-a mean which takes account of deaths by malaria, pellagra, and by the chronic malnutrition of so many unfortunate regions-has sunk in a few years from twenty-nine per 1000 to below twenty-That of Naples, on the other hand, from 1879 to 1895 shows but insignificant oscillations-from 31.9

to 29.3. In the French navy it has been found that the electric search light employed on men of war injuriously affects the eyes of seamen who have to work about the light, and dark blue spectacles are supplied to them for protection. Brown eves are less affected than gray or blue ones, the reason suggested being that the former are more heavily charged with pigment.

A corduroy road made of small cedar trees, which were in a perfect state of preservation, was unearthed the other day thirty-eight feet below the surface chilly "You have the advantage of of the earth, seven miles east of Ashtabula, Ohio. Professor Carl Wright, teacher of geology in Oberlin College, who has visited the spot and examined the wood, gave it as his opinion that the wood has been where it was found since the glacial epoch. A difficulty encountered in the pre-

paration of foundations for the Paris International Exhibition of 1890 is the 'Why, you're Mr. Jarvis, to be character of the banks of the Seine, which are formed of stone and earth filling, resting on fine sand, easily washed out during periods of flood. Would you like to have me come This difficulty is being overcome by a look at it?" Alan asked soberly. Wells about two and one-half gent come and look at a leak for a feet in diameter, placed about six feet between centres, are sunk to varying depths down to about fifty feet by "Or perhaps you'd rather I'd hire a means of a special pile driver, having betitute," said Alan, "and stand a boring weight of conical form and

There are at the present time eightyseven warships in the course of con struction in Great Britain, and of this naval armament thirty-four ships are being built for foreign countries. old seat," she said coldly, "and that Nine of the warships are being built in Royal Dock Yards, but the rest, numbering seventy-eight in all, are her memory. As she laid the sheets you feel about it, Sara," he replied in being built by private firms. Twenty on the linen shelf, she left with them a grave, tired voice, "but I'm heartily five are torpede boat destroyers, representing only 8300 tons. Elswick has 39,737 tons on the stocks, and the Low Walker Company has 19,530 tons, "I said strangers, and it's going to The Thames Iron Works Company is building a large man-of-war, and the What did you do thinking, to wonder if, after all, Alan stubbornness, shrugging her shoulders Clyde Bank Company has also another

# THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

Misplaced Simile-When It is Rudethe Oncen's Own-The Old. Old Deleon-Challenged a Generalization, Etc. I to the florist one day went

And ordered quite a lot of roses And to my love I had them sent With verses like a swain composes, Her cheek was to the rose compared (I'm quite a clever fellow)
But none of this the florist knew-

The rose he sent was yellow.

—The Cornell Widow. When It is Rude. "What is a rude awakening, pa?"

"Well, it is an awakening before 8 o'clock in the morning." - Chicago Murders the Queen's Own.

He-"Myfriend is opposed to everything English." She-"Yes, I noticed that in his conversation.

"The child," said the shoe clerk boarder, "is father to the man."

"Oh, not always," said the Cheerful liot. "Sometimes it is a girl."--In-Idiot. dianapolis Journal. An Impossible Combination. "Dauber can't be much of an

artist." "He seems to be a good business

man."-Cleveland Leader. His Method.

Mr. Younglove-"What do you do when your baby gets sick at night?"
Mr. Oldpop—"I generally lie still
and wait to see if my wife isn't going to get up and attend to it."-Chicago

He-"Do you know, what I like about your sister is the way she looks you straight in the face when she's talking to you,' She-"Yes, she has an awfully bad profile."

Procrastination That Profited. "She saved the whole family from

"Indeed! She must be an Amazon." "Oh, no; she simply dressed so slowly that they all missed the boat!"-Chicago Record. Physiological. Instructor-"What is it that gives

to the blood its bright red color?" Little Miss Thavnoo-"I know. It's the corpuscies. But ours ain't red. They're blue. Mamma says so."--Chicago Tribune.

The Old, Old Delusion. "Darling," he whispered, "It costs no more to keep two bicycles in repair than one. Love is eternal; its allusions, even,

are mutable only in respect of their terms .- Detroit Journal. A Wall From the Menagerie. "It's hard," said the menagerio

"To be starved when I'm alive, and stuffed when I'm dead."—Pick Me Up.

Crimsonbeak-"You have heard the trembling voice of the blushing bride at Hymen's altar?"

Yeast-"Oh, yes!" "Well, isn't it difficult to associate it with the one you hear in the airshaft calling to her husband to bring up the

Conveniences of the Languages. The Count- "I haf been told, madame, your daughtaire haf ze bad

The Mamma-"Ab, yes, count, but you know she loses her temper so

The Count-"Ah, how loafly!"-Detroit Journal.

When She Throws.

"I wish you would get your wife to throw her influence for me," said the woman who was running for office in the Woman's Chub; "I'm sure it would have some effect.

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I know when she's ever thrown anything a club dinner. James Payn relates at me it's been effective.'

The Important Point.

"We are willing," said the practical politiciau, "to trust to the intelligence and honesty of the average American citizen.'

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel, 'but that ain't the question. What the average American citizen wants to know is whose intelligence and honor he is going to trust in."-Washington

Begret.

"Did your railway make money?" "No," replied the promoter; wouldn't let well enough alone. "There was a chance of its being

profitable then?" 'Yes; but we weren't satisfied with selling stock. We had to go ahead and try to build the road."-Washing-

"How old would you guess her "Oh, about twenty-five would be a safe guess." She's surely older than that?"

guess. It is always safer to underguess a woman's age. She may hear of it."-Indianapolis Journal.

The State domain of France, valued at \$700,000,000, and consisting of palaces, public buildings, forests, etc. is in great measure unproductive, and worth of it and put the money into the various colors and resemble diamonds.

### ON DEPOSIT.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.05
One square, one inch, one month . \$ 90
One Square, one inch, three months . 5 90
One square, one inch, one year . 10 01
I wo Squares, one year . 15 00
Quarter Counn, one year . 5 100
Inaif Counn, one year . 10 00
Leval advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

All tills ory ary advertisen mts o dected quatterly. Temporary advertisen mts o dected be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivers.

I cherished love for many years And hoarded it with care; I guarded it with miser's fears Nor chanced it anywhere; But now with all I gladly part And risk it all in Anna's heart.

My savings-bank is Anna's heart And Cupid is cashier; A credit there I late did start Nor defalcation fear; For I alone have credit there And guard the door with loving care.

There daily do I bring more love
To swell my dear account,
Until the whole has grown above
A fabulous amount.
And, most unboard per cent. of bliss,
My Auna pays each day a kiss!
— Ellis Parker Butler, in Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"T'll bet that man lives in a flat," "What makes you think so?" dog's tail is cut off."—Judge.

Miss Bostonia—"Yes, I'm always carried away when I hear Browning read." Miss Flirter—"Don't you want me to read aloud a little?"-Judge.

Enthusiastic Cyclist (just after a century run) -"I tell you what, if I had to give up either I'd rather give up my wheel than my cyclometer."

"Every woman, according to the story she tells to her second husband, was forced into her first marriage by the wishes of her parents,"-Atchison

Mrs. Potterby—"If you don't get out of here, I will call the dog." Dismal Dawson-"I don't eat dog. I aiu't no Klondiker."-Indianapolis Journal.

He-"Women are not as considerate of men as men are of women." She-"Well, men are not worth considering much as women."-Indianapolis

"Why do you fellows call that mountain 'Catfish Hill?" asked the tourist. "Because," said Pieface Bill, "it can't be scaled."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Little Clarence (his fourteenth ques-

tion)-"Pa, what is genius?" Mr. Cal-tipers (wearily)-"Making other people furnish the money to carry out your own ideas."—Puck. "I have half a mind to get married,"

said the Lonely Man. "It takes," said the Savage Bachelor, "just about that amount of mind to think of such a thing."-Cincinnati Enquirer. Alice-"What is that queer-looking picture on your stand?" Ada - "That is a composite picture of the man I promised to love forever at the seashore

last summer."-Philadelphia North American. Seedy Caller-"Is Mr. Specie in?" Office Boy-"No, he ain't in, and he won't be back for a month; but if yer wanted augthing of him. I can refuse it ter yer jest as well as him, and save

your callin' again."-Boston Globe. Lady (engaging servant) -- "I ought to tell you that we are all strict teetotalers here. I suppose you won't mind that? Mary Jane—"Oh, no, mum, I've been in a reformed drunk-ard's family before."—Punch.

Wife-"The tailor said he couldn't nake the gown for less than \$225, so I told him to go ahead," Husband-Why in the world didn't you consult me first?" "I didn't want to spend the carfare for two visits, dear,"-

Little Petie-"Will it make much noise, Mr. Constant?" Mr. Constant-What, my boy?" Petic-"Sister said she thought you would pop to-night, and I was wondering if it could be heard upstairs,"-Philadelphia North Ameri-

William Walker-"Yes, mum; I hate ter travel through de country, an' find de farmers so hard up. It makes me really sick at heart." Mrs. Backdoor-"Why, what do they seem hard up for? William Walker-"For help, mum.

"Mamma," said little Freddy, excitedly, "the ferryboat we were on almost ran into another ferryboat while crossing the river." 'Did it?" asked mamma anxiously. "Yes, indeed, I'm sure there would have been a collision if the other boat hadn't back-

pedalled."-Harper's Bazar, Tips Stood in the Way.

In old times to dine with a nobleman cost more in tips to the servants than that Lord Poor, a well-named Irish peer, excused himself from dining with the Dake of Ormand upon the ground that he could not afford it. 'If you will give me the gainen I have to pay your cook (fancy!) I will come as often as you choose to ask me," which was accordingly done. The Duke, however, had not the pluck to stop the practice.

Lord Taale, a general officer in the Austrian service, did what he could. He always attended his guests to the door; when they put their hands into their pockets, he said: "No, if you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who paid for your dinner. To Sir Timothy Waldo must be given the credit of putting an end to the monstrons practice. After a dinner with the Duke of Newcastle he put a crown into the cook's hand-it was rejected "I do not take silver, sir. good, and I do not give gold," This courageous rejoinder "caught on," and the day of vails to cooks was over. San Francisco Argonaut.

At Delhi, N. Y., an aerolite recently "I said twenty-five would be a safe fell as a ball of fire and penetrated the earth six feet. Steam poured from the hole in volumes. The acrolite is in the snape of a ball. It weighs two pounds and fourteen ounces and measures a foot and three inches in circumference. It is composed of white and yellow stones, varying in size. All the stones are square, with a smooth surface, and as clearly out as proposed to sell \$50,000,000 if made by workmen. They are of