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The study of domestic science by young women in Germany includes the study of the vegetable garden and how to cultivate it.

While Captain William H. Bates was Commissioner of Navigation he said that "an average of \$150,000,000 annually, for thirty years, has been paid by us to foreign ships for ocean transportation."

Clement Scott, a famous London dramatic critic, says the English stage is the worst, because the English are the least artistic people in the world, and "more completely without the saving grace of humor than any other nation."

Gullible farmers, of Allen County, Ohio, have been humbugged by a swindler who went through the country exhibiting an enormous ear of corn, from which he sold choice kernels at choice prices for seed. The ear was made from several smaller ears carefully cut up and ingeniously glued together in the natural form of a big ear.

Says the New York Times: "The law of supply and demand applies to the Southern cotton industry as well as to anything else. If the acreage is too great and the production consequently greater than the mills require, low prices are inevitable. Planters will do better if they restrict their cotton acreage and substitute other crops on the rest of the land."

That there is an honesty rising superior to business avarice even in this sordid age appears from the experience of a Topeka sporting man. He wrote to a cigarette company that he had saved the pictures in 1200 packages of cigarettes which he had smoked, and asked what prize the company would offer for them. He received an answer saying that the company would give him a coffin if he would smoke as many more.

A writer in the New York Sun gives what he believes to be the true theory of the origin of Welsh rabbits. He says: "My notion is that melted cheese, properly seasoned and poured on toast, is called 'Welsh rabbit,' because in Wales, where the people have cheese in plenty and wild rabbits are rigidly protected under the game laws, the Welsh bob vivants substitutes his homely dish for the four-legged game animal. In like manner, you know, some of our New England friends facetiously call salt codfish and herring 'Cape Cod turkey.'" The writer "rejects with scorn" that "rabbit" used in this connection has been evolved gradually from "rare-bit."

A subject that would stand more discussion than it gets is free delivery by the Postoffice Department in rural districts, observes Harper's Weekly. It is not impracticable, and the chief questions about it are whether the farmers want it and whether it would be worth what it would cost. There would be some economies in it resulting from the diminution of fourth-class post-offices, and some gains in revenue from an increased postal business. In thousands of districts it would pay very well. The \$10,000,000 or so that might be saved by some wholesale amendments to the law which governs second-class mail matter would pay the deficit on a good deal of rural free delivery.

The report recently submitted to the Secretary of the Interior covering the transactions of the general land office for the past year contains some interesting figures. According to this report the vacant public lands of the Government aggregate at the present time the enormous amount of 591,343,953 acres, scattered about over the States of Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, California, Colorado, Oregon, North Dakota and Washington. Each year the Government disposes of large tracts of land to private individuals and railway corporations, but on account of the vast area of territory covered by the Government's unoccupied domain, it will probably be many years before this area is exhausted. As the sterile and uninviting character of some of the land renders it unfit for use or habitation, it is more than likely that purchasers will not be found to relieve the Government of this part of its domain. Still the progress which scientific research is making at the present time gives hope that even the most forbidding places may yet be reclaimed to fertility and cultivation. What is known as the reserved territory of the Government embraces 132,441,774 acres, and is not subject to purchase. It is reserved for military and naval purposes, reservoir sites, timber lands and other needs which may arise hereafter in the exigencies of the Government.

TWO BRIDES

The Man who Loved the Names of Things Went forth beneath the skies, And named all things that he beheld, And people called him wise. An unseen presence walked with him Forever by his side, The wedded mistress of his soul— For Knowledge was his bride, She named the flowers, the woods, the trees, And all the growths of all the seas. She told him all the rocks by name, The winds and whence they blew; She told him how the seas were formed, And how the mountains grew; She numbered all the stars for him; And all the rounded skies Were mapped and charted for the gaze Of his adoring eyes. Thus, taught by her, he taught the crowd; They praised—and he was very proud.

The Man who Loved the Soul of Things Went forth serene and glad, And mused upon the mighty world, And people called him mad. An unseen presence walked with him Forever by his side, The wedded mistress of his soul— For Wisdom was his bride, She showed him all the mighty frame, And bade him feel—but named no name. She stood with him upon the hills Blinged by the azure sky, And bade him climb as high as he could, And all the birds he could not name, The nameless stars that roll, The unnamed blossoms at his feet Talked with him soul to soul; He heard the Nameless Glory speak In silence—and was very meek. —Sam Walter Foss, in the Independent.

OF NO PARTICULAR FAMILY.

By MRS. M. CORBET SEYMOUR.

THE Grange was a large rambling old house. And it had need to be so, for the Marriots were a numerous family, and at Christmas or in the summer holiday season, when the married sons brought their wives, and the married daughters were accompanied by their husbands and children, every room was filled. At such times, Mr. Marriot appeared to glance round him with mild astonishment that so many children and grandchildren really belonged to him. For six generations there had been Marriots at the Grange, eldest son regularly succeeding eldest son. It was the proudest boast of each in his turn that the land had never decreased by one acre; that no mortgage had been raised upon it; and that none of the Marriots—man and woman—had ever even remotely brought dishonor on the name.

One August the annual gathering was not to be so numerous as usual. The children of one of the married daughters were ill with scarlet fever; one of the unmarried sons had gone to sea. So when Ursula Marriot, who had been at school in France by way of finishing her education, wrote for permission to bring a friend home with her, it was decided that there would be a room to put at the disposal of this young lady.

A kindly letter of invitation was accordingly written by Mrs. Marriot to Miss Winnie Warre, and enclosed in that which told Ursula that her school-comrade would be made very welcome at the Grange.

"I am sure you will all be charmed with Winnie," the girl had written. She was right; the Marriots were all delighted with their guest as soon as she stepped inside the grand old entrance hall. She was a tall, lovely creature, older certainly by a year or two than Ursula, who was just seventeen. She was dressed in sober brown, with a pink knot of ribbon at the throat; and the rose tint was in her cheek, and the brown eyes matched by the coils of her abundant hair.

Miss Warre was quite at her ease among all these strangers; she laughed and talked over the rough passage, and over the little incidents of the railway journey from Dover. It was impossible to be formal, with such a girl as this. She was "Winnie" even that first evening with the Marriots, "Miss Winnie" with the admiring servants, who waited on her assiduously.

After a quarter of an hour passed over a merry afternoon tea, the guest was taken to the pretty room prepared for her, and the general verdict given in her absence was not only favorable, but flattering. "Dinner time at the Grange was always six o'clock, summer and winter; an unfashionably early hour, but Mr. Marriot liked it. He said it left a pleasantly long evening, during which his sons and daughters read, sang, played duets, or whatever else they saw fit to do, in the large drawing-room. Their parents usually retired to "the little drawing-room," which was separated from the other only by velvet curtains of moss green.

From the first evening Winnie Warre became a queen among the younger party. And sometimes, when by knowing her better they grew more fond of her, Mr. and Mrs. Marriot would ask her to sit with them for a half hour in "the sanctum," as their children called it. The girl's parents were dead, and she was quite without near relatives, or indeed any relatives at all. She possessed a guardian whom she had only seen twice in her life, and who did not introduce himself in her nor care to introduce her to his family. She advised, even after she came of age, that she should make her home as a "lady boarder" in the foreign school where she had been educated from quite a little child.

Louis Marriot, the only grown-up unmarried son, fell deeply in love with this lively, charming friend of his sister Ursula. But neither his father nor his mother liked the idea of such a marriage. They wanted for Louis the daughter of a thoroughly English house; some one whose family was well known to him.

"You have not engaged yourself?" said Mrs. Marriot anxiously, when her son made his little confession of love for pretty Winnie Warre. "I have not said a word; nor hinted to her what I feel for her," exclaimed

Louis. "I would not, until I had spoken to you and to my father. But if I may not marry Winnie—and I shall never marry without your consent—I shall go through life as a single man." And then he asked them not to oppose his going away for awhile; at least until the girl had finished her stay at the Grange.

"Do not notice his departure, or question him," said Mrs. Marriot to the rest of her family. "Louis is behaving manfully and honorably, just as I should expect him to do." It was Christmas before he came back again. A long absence this for a home-loving Marriot. And he had changed, too; changed into a grave and thoughtful man.

He only referred to Winnie by begging his mother to let that be a sealed subject. "But don't allow it to interfere with Ursula's friendship," he said. "Winnie is a very solitary girl. It will be kind of you to ask her now and then to the Grange, and at such times I will always go away—unless you and my father change your minds and tell me you can welcome her as my wife."

Several months passed by, during which Ursula exchanged several letters with her friend. She generally read Winnie's news aloud, for the benefit of the family, at the breakfast table; the impression of every one was that the girl seemed less happy at the French school after that one summer's stay in England. "I know now what a home is like," she wrote once, "and I envy you, Ursula."

As August drew near it was evident that Louis grew restless. He wanted Winnie to be invited to the Grange even though the invitation would involve his own absence; but his parents said they could not spare him. They begged him, for their sakes to remain for the family holidays usual during the holiday months. By this time Mrs. Marriot would gladly have yielded to Louis' wish; she could not bear to see him so unhappy; but Mr. Marriot was immovable. He would not countenance an unequal marriage.

One day early in September a telegram arrived at the Grange. He brought a message from the lady directress of the French school to the effect that Miss Warre was dangerously ill and not expected to live. But she had so earnestly begged that some one from the Grange would go over to her, that it was thought better to communicate this wish. If complied with, not an hour must be lost should her friends desire to see her in life.

"My poor boy!" said Mrs. Marriot, reading the telegram; and then she handed it to Louis, who turned white to the lips as he glanced toward his father. "I must go," he said. "Certainly. We will go together," said Mr. Marriot, as he turned to a timetable which always had its place among his papers, and began studying it. "If one of the girls can pack a portmanteau in ten minutes," he added, "we shall be able to catch the next boat from Dover."

In a quarter of an hour father and son jumped into the dog-cart which waited to take them to the station. Three days later, a letter bearing the French postmark was received at the Grange. It was from Mr. Marriot, and only consisted of a few lines. He had found Winnie extremely ill, he said, but so pleased to see them that he felt quite touched. She had asked for some one from the Grange because she had no other friends. Louis was behaving admirably in his calm self-control.

A second letter told rather more. It seemed that influenza had made its appearance in the school, and Winnie was not only one of the first but one of its worst victims. She had, however, got over the attack; but instead of becoming convalescent she grew alarmingly weak, and the doctor spoke frankly of her danger. Some mental trouble was preying on the girl's vitality, he decided, and her state was critical.

When she heard that hope for her was very small she seemed rather glad than otherwise, and begged that some one from the Grange might be summoned by telegram. In this letter Mr. Marriot said that her life was still trembling in the balance. The mere fact of surviving so long was a slightly hopeful sign, but he could speak with more confidence in a few days.

he added: "The poor child loves Louis as devotedly as he loves her. She does not dream I surprised her secret. She, like our brave boy, has made a brave fight. But there is a language of the eyes which is not to be mistaken." The fourth letter made a profound sensation at the Grange. It begged Mrs. Marriot to have everything ready to receive Winnie Warre as soon as she was able to travel—it might be a fortnight's time, or at longest, three weeks.

"We cannot leave her in a place of which she seems weary when the doctor declares that change of scene and a little cheerful society will do more now than medicine," wrote Mr. Marriot. "Communications have passed between the girl's guardian and myself, and as I have assured him that we shall treat her as one of our own daughters, he willingly consents to her leaving France."

"Can your father have yielded?" said Mrs. Marriot, in a consultation with some of her children. "But no! never on that point of marriage with those we know, those who come of a thoroughly English home, and poor, dear Winnie, in spite of her sweet face and charming ways, belongs to no one, as I may say. Yet this is exposing Louis to a severe ordeal. I cannot understand it. However, all will be explained when the travelers arrive."

"We will soon make her strong at the Grange," cried Ursula, and she at once scribbled off a note to her friend, begging her to get well enough to travel as soon as possible. But it was the last day of February when that party of three reached England.

Louis sprang joyfully out of the hired closed carriage which conveyed them from the station to the Grange. How very glad and bright he looked. How changed from the grave, depressed man he had been for more than a year. At the sight of Mrs. Marriot asked herself again if her husband had yielded; but her knowledge of his character compelled her to decide no.

It was but a very white and feeble girl, looking like a bundle of shawls, who was helped into the hall and then from the hall to the drawing-room—the "little sanctum" she remembered so well. Nothing but the brown eyes remained of the once brilliant and lovely Winnie Warre, and yet her face was sweeter.

Mrs. Marriot was an accomplished nurse, and the invalid was forced to rest on a couch and take some refreshment before she attempted to go up-stairs to the room made ready for her. Then Louis, standing behind her with a certain air of proprietorship which told everything laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Father has given in!" cried Ursula. "Yes," said Mr. Marriot, with a smile. "Triumph over me as you will; I have been convinced of my error, Ursie. Louis has deserved this happy ending to his love-story, and now all we have to do is to get ready for the wedding."

By dint of care and nursing Winnie got well, but she was a long time about it—so long, that there was no marriage festivity until after midsummer. And then the young couple settled down in the west wing of the roomy old Grange, and Winnie became one of the best loved of the numerous daughters-in-law, even though the neighbors always alluded to her as "no particular family."—Waverley Magazine.

The late George von Bunsen, the accomplished and delightful son of the Baroness whose "Life and Letters" are well known in America, once told me an anecdote of the late Princess Mary of Teck and the celebrated Banting. The Princess became, in her middle life, enormously stout, and finding her weight a burden, tried several methods of reducing it. At last, having heard much of Banting, she sent for him. She was surprised to see that he was still extremely bulky, and after a few civil preparatory remarks, she said: "But your system has not made you very thin, Mr. Banting."

"Allow me, madam," said Banting—and proceeding to unbutton his coat, he disclosed a large wire structure over which the garment fitted. Inside was the real Banting, incased in another coat. "This, madam," said he, pointing with pardonable satisfaction to his cage, "was my size before I commenced dieting." He then nimbly disembarrassed himself of his framework, and stood before the royal lady exhibiting his elegant figure!

Apparently the interview led to nothing but amusement, for the good Duchess of Teck remained very stout to the end of her days. Women's Pockets. Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their under pockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one wherein, if she took me out cowpold picking, or putting, or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on those occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stowed up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock out of some stuff like bedtick, similar to that of which she made her owa big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Vanity That Destroys—Cupid's Big Bills—New But Effective Method—All the Talk He Wanted—Changed—Military Circles—Force of Habit—Progressing—Absorbing His Father's Experience—Perseverance Always Wins—Didn't Want the Whole Family—Young Man (timidly)—Disobedience—Johnnie Put 'em Away—Justifiable Shooting—The Thrifty Explorer.

"How did her father strike you when you called on him?" "First with his left and then with an umbrella."—Detroit Free Press. "Love laughs at locksmiths," you know. "That's all right, but you never catch Love laughing at the florist."—Chicago Record.

"Well, Newfadder, are you and your wife living in unity now?" "Er—not exactly. Truly, I guess you'd call it—a ten-pound girl."—Cincinnati Tribune. "That Bascombe woman is always making her husband tell her that he loves her, right before folks." "Yes; she knows that it is an awful exasperation to him to say it."—Indianapolis Journal.

All the Talk He Wanted. "Don't you think if Robinson Orms had been a married man he would have been a great deal lonelier?" "Oh, I don't know. He had a parrot, you remember."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "So you are going away, Mrs. Rucker?" "Yes; we are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called 'Colonel,' and then we shall go to Washington to live."—Chicago Record.

Force of Habit. "Did you ever notice the queer, rotary gesture Mr. Chilkoot always makes when his wife rings for the butler?" "Yes; you see, he used to be a motorman before he went to Klondike."—Boston Traveler. "Didn't you say your boy got more like his father every day?" Mrs. Crimstoneak—"Not exactly. I said he was getting more like his father every night; he comes in about midnight."—Yonkers Statesman.

Absorbing His Father's Experience. "That boy of mine ought to be as sharp as a needle as they make 'em." "Trained him to it, have you?" "Trained him to it? Why, for four years that little shaver sat at the table on a gold brick that cost his dad \$2000!"—Cleveland Leader. Perseverance Always Wins. "Smith—'After trying for ten long years, I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.' Brown—'Are you sure of it?' Smith—'Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.'"—Chicago News.

Didn't Want the Whole Family. Her parents (to prospective son-in-law)—"Is your financial condition such as will enable you to support a family?" Young Man (timidly)—"Why, I—er—that is, I was—only figuring on supporting Clara."—Chicago News. Disobedience. "O-o-o-oh!" groaned the glass-ester, in pain. "I'll never again eat any hand-painted Dresden chinaware. Never again!" "I warned you," said his wife, severely. "But it saves you right for eating those fancy dishes against the doctor's orders."

Johnnie Put 'em Away. Mistress (to servant)—"Bella, where are those berries I told you to put away?" Servant—"Johnnie came in a while ago, marm, and he said he'd put 'em away for me." Mistress—"You needn't search any farther for them, Bella." Justifiable Shooting. Mr. Brown—"Terrible tragedy at a bargain counter. A woman who had secured the last five yards of cheap silk was shot by another woman who had been waiting from midnight without having a chance to get any." Mrs. Brown—"Poor thing! Surely, they won't do anything to her, will they, John?"—Harlem Life.

The Thrifty Explorer. "Do you know why it is that so many explorers seek the arctic and so few the antarctic regions?" "Well, I think I could make a pretty good guess." "Why?" "The arctic regions are not quite so far away from the headquarters of the managers of the lecture bureaus."—Chicago Post. A Vegetable Hair Extreminator. The "jumbal plant," which is found on riversides in tropical America, has curious properties. Horses, if they eat it, lose the hair from their manes and tails. When fed exclusively on corn and grass they will recover, but the new hair will be totally different in color and texture from the old. Ruminant animals are not thus affected, and its growth is actually encouraged as a fodder plant for cattle, sheep and goats.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The most easily digested meats are cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, sirloin, roast beef and chicken. Green vegetables and good fruit contain certain salts and acids which may be called nature's medicine.

A boon for vegetarians is peanut butter, which surpasses the best dairy butter in purity, and is found to be especially well adapted for use in gravies and for shortening. An extensive demand is expected. Street lamps can be mounted on a new telescopic post to make them easy to reach for trimming and filling, a set-screw engaging the central shaft to hold it in position with pulleys and weights set in the post to counter-balance the lamp.

The aurora borealis, according to the theory of Herr Gustav Weudt, may be regarded as an electrical phenomena arising when oxygen and other paramagnetic matter—or matter assuming polarity under the influence of the earth's magnetism—is continuously drawn down from the higher regions of the atmosphere, thus setting up electric currents.

Medical authorities appear to be becoming convinced of the efficacy of alcohol, in the treatment of cancer. It is used in hypodermic injections, and its strength has been gradually increased from a ten per cent. solution until the pure alcohol is often used. The injections are repeated after five to seven days. The cancer cells are destroyed, the growth gradually becoming smaller, and finally leaving a hard mass that may be ignored or cut out.

A floating scientific station was the novel suggestion made to the international geological congress by Professor Andrusow. It would consist of a ship fitted with apparatus and laboratories for geological and biological study of the ocean bottom, and would be kept constantly exploring the different parts of the world, the expense to be met by international contributions. The scheme was warmly approved by Dr. John Murray and other scientific leaders.

During the Zulu war Dr. George Stoker observed that wounded natives quickly recovered in mountainous places to which they were carried. This led him, on his return to England, to experiment with oxygen as a dressing for wounds, the result being the establishment of a home where the oxygen treatment is carried out. The application is made by enclosing the injured limb in a suitable case, which is kept charged with the gas. The dressing irritates less than others, is stimulating and oxidizes bacterial poisons.

Held by Wild Horses. In the Arizona papers of late there have been frequent complaints of serious injury, both to crops and to pastures, caused by the raids of wild horses. Something like 20,000 of these creatures, it is estimated, are now roaming the plains of that territory, and they have become serious nuisances. There is some cause for surprise in the fact that at this late day, even in Arizona, an animal alien to the country can resume the habits of its almost unmeasurably remote ancestors, and can multiply rapidly without care or protection of any kind. The horse in domestication is a rather delicate creature, subject to many ills, and often hard to keep in health, though watched with close attention and allowed to want for nothing what he needs.

When forced to rely on his own resources however, he shows a marked capacity for guarding himself against enemies of all sorts. Ever since the days of the Spanish explorers the horse at every opportunity has demonstrated his liking for freedom and his adaptability for meeting without aid the conditions of life in the West and South. Large herds were often seen, two or three years ago, but that they should still find room in the United States is really notable, as proving that the country is not nearly so well settled as the opponents of immigration would have us believe.—New York Times.

Use For Hot Water. A strip of flannel, or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in a few minutes. A proper towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, quickly wrung and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment for colic has been found to work like magic.

Nothing so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied early in the case and thoroughly. Hot water taken freely has an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. The treatment, continued a few months, with the addition of a cup of hot water slowly sipped half an hour before each meal, with proper attention to diet, will cure most cases of dyspepsia.

Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.—Phrenological Journal. Li Hung Chang's Woman Physician. Li Hung Chang has appointed as first physician in his private household a Chinese woman, Miss Hu King Eng, M. D., who was graduated from an American medical college. Previous to this appointment she was an attending physician at the Women's Hospital in her native city of Foo Chow, and also a practicing missionary physician, for early in life she adopted the Christian religion.

MIDWINTER.

The wind has fled, The cold, gray light lies heavy down the glen; Silent the pines, scarce nodding, plume on plume, Like scolding scorpions o'er a warrior dead. Darken the hills, intensifying the gloom, Cast somber shadows down on lake and fen.

With starting tread The hare leaps through the hemlock drooping low, Hails for a glance, and with large, gulle-legged eyes Of dreamless ignorance, o'ercast with dread, Blinks at the light, and then with movement slow Limpings senselessly away where twilight dies. —John Preston True.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "There is only one thing I ever do for policy's sake." "What's that?" "Pay my premium."—Truth. "A fine dog, that, of yours. What's his name?" "Has none, nor needs one; he doesn't obey anyway."—Fleegende Blatter. "Shameful about those two Kentucky girls quarreling over that battleship." "Yes, they act as if it was a man."—Chicago Record.

Walker—"Did you say your wife's a member of a secret society?" Talker—"It was secret before she joined."—Norristown Herald. "We have overbread all the time now." "Why?" "My husband lost so much on wheat that it makes him weep to see a biscuit."—Chicago Record. Friend—"Then it is not a play of the present day, is it?" Playwright—"Oh, no! The scene is laid in Harlem at the beginning of the rapid-transit movement."—Puck.

Revised. He had been busy adapting things. "I care not," he said at last, "who writes the songs of a country so long as I draw the royalties."—Chicago Evening Post. Employment Agent—"See here! How is this? You stayed two weeks in your last place. How did that happen?" Domestic—"Bure, Oi danho. Oi must have overslept myself."—New York Weekly. Dulby (would-be novelist)—"I've just finished a new novel. If you have a moment to spare I'll show you the proof." Wilby—"Oh, never mind about the proofs. I'll take your word for it."—Chicago Record.

"Speaking of the vogue of the wheel," remarked the observer of men and things, "a good healthy constitution and the canned beef industry doubtless go far to keep the horse from being eaten up by envy."—Detroit Journal. "Of course," observed Xerxes, the King, "my will is law." "Don'tless," answered the wise man of the court, after consulting a few authorities. "That is to say, if your Majesty doesn't leave too large an estate."—Chicago Record.

"No," said Nero, whose Rome was burning, as he turned indignantly to one of his advisers, "this is amusement enough. I shall not sanction any six-days' bicycle race. I am not altogether a monster." And he fiddled away.—Chicago Tribune. First Klondike Miner—"I hear that our neighbor, Spindkins, has married rich!" Second Klondike Miner (enviously)—"Yes; they say his bride has an independent fortune of fifty cans of boneless ham and twenty-five cans of condensed milk."—Puck.

Art—"I have heard," said the young woman who is improving her mind, "that sometimes it requires a great deal of art to succeed in not doing things." "It does," replied Senator Sorghum; "unquestionably, especially if you are being paid for them."—Washington Star. "The parcel postman has just called at the Twickenham's, next door, and left a football, a bicycle, two cricket-bats, a package of sweaters, a pair of spool sars, and a bundle of golf-sticks." "Then their daughter must be home from college and her education finished."—London Figaro.

Young Hicks—"You needn't laugh at my monstache, Maud; your mother said it was becoming, didn't you, marm?" Mrs. Bailey—"Oh, no, Harry! You misunderstood me. I said it was coming." Hicks—"Now Mrs. Bailey, don't cut a monstache when it is in down."—Boston Transcript. Pollution Upstream. A farmer of Connecticut has just recovered damages from the town of New Brighton, in that State, because the sewage of that town so polluted a stream flowing through his farm that his cows would not drink the water. He was damaged, of course, and ought to recover. So is every one living on or near a stream and depending on it for a water supply damaged by the pollution of the stream higher up in its course. When it is made more costly to turn sewage into a stream of running water than to treat it and render it harmless on the land, living streams will cease to be polluted, their present double function of sewer and water supply will be abandoned and the original purity of streams will be jealously guarded.—Philadelphia Press.

Poultry Schools in France. England imports eggs and poultry to the value of \$23,000,000, while France exports \$70,000,000 worth of the same. France has a number of poultry schools, where pupils are regularly trained in rearing fowls, managing incubators, curing hatched, etc., 80,000 chickens being hatched each season at the Gambais school. The pupils pay for their instruction three of the hours being devoted to study. Scholarships are founded for the benefit of those unable to afford the tuition fee.