

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 2 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 5 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00 Two Squares, one year... 15 00 Quarter Column, one year... 30 00 Half Column, one year... 50 00 One Column, one year... 100 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

A number of towns in Eastern Pennsylvania are turning from the iron industry, where there is too much competition, to the revival of older trades. The cultivation of the silk worm is one of the industries which is reviving as a result.

Caviare is being exported in large quantities from this country, and, curiously enough, it is going to Germany and Russia, the home of caviare. A strange thing about it is that it has to be salted with German salt, because it is said that the American salt is not good for the purpose.

On some of the half-penny omnibuses which run across the bridges of London to the tramway lines the pick-pocket is now seriously hampered in his business. The outside seats, or garden chairs, as they are sometimes called, are backed with wire netting, and the pockets of the women passengers are now inaccessible from a back seat.

A test has lately been made in certain schools of Utica, N. Y., to ascertain whether or not the old idea concerning tale-telling prevailed with the rising generation. Notes being taken on the subject, it was found that thirty-eight per cent. of the boys and twenty-five per cent. of the girls considered it right to "tell," leaving the larger proportion of the opinion that it was wrong.

The Hartford Courant observes: Texas law now disqualifies perpetually any sheriff, deputy, constable, policeman or jailer who permits a prisoner to be taken out of his custody by a mob. During a recent visit to Atlanta University (his alma mater), the Hon. Robert L. Smith, of Oakland, Texas, told the students that there hasn't been a lynching in the State since this law was put on its statute book.

The influence of various occupations upon health and longevity is the subject of an interesting investigation just completed by an officer of the registrar-general's department of the British Government. A vast collection of figures, comparative tables, etc., has just been issued as a public document, and some of the deductions from them are instructive and of interest. First and foremost comes overwhelming proof that work or occupation of some sort is the greatest promoter of longevity. It is almost alone in England of all civilized countries that this fact can be brought out clearly in public statistics, for it is only in England that the leisure class is sufficiently large for the comparison to be made.

"An officer who permits himself to be insulted by a civilian without immediately killing him will be dismissed," is the unwritten law of the German Army. If the "insult" belongs to the class of those who fight duels he must be challenged; if not, he must be finished off at once. A case in point occurred at Augsburg recently, relates the New York Sun. An officer in private clothes was struck by a clerk. The soldier, who had a revolver in his pocket, did not use it, but took action against the other in a law court. His assailant was condemned to twelve days' imprisonment. But the matter did not rest there, for the Regimental Officers' Court of Honor assembled and compelled the officer to resign because he had not adequately upheld the dignity of his rank. In other words he had not committed murder.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents, recently laid before Congress, shows that not less than 23,729 patents were granted to American inventors during the past year. In proportion to population, Connecticut heads the list of States contributing to swell the number of patents granted to successful applicants. In Connecticut one patent was granted to every 786 inhabitants. Next in order ranks Massachusetts, the District of Columbia, New Jersey and New York. There is no country on the globe which surpasses the United States in the genius of invention. This is manifest from the countless devices on file in the patent office in Washington. Most of the patents issued during the past year by the United States Government were awarded to electricians. This is due to the fact that the study of electricity has, for the time being, overshadowed other investigations; and in all probability what is true of the patents issued during the past year will be true of the patents issued for some time to come. When American ingenuity is exhausted there will be no more patents issued either on this or the other side of the water, and what the future holds in store for us in the way of patents can only be conjectured.

OUR WEALTH.

How poor I am! cries one whose hold Is scant of gold, And whose sole share of earth's supply That gold must buy. And even he, the millionaire, Has naught to spare, But must spend much and struggle brave The rest to save; To fence and wall and guard his pile, Fearing the while Lest, in the safest place where he can set it, Some one will get it!

How rich we are! we all shall cry When by and by The wide world's wealth lies in the sun For every one! Finding that what we most would own No man alone Can use; all using, leaves the store Enriched the more! The earth our garden, - sea to sea Pleasure-ground and food All man's glad fruit of varied powers Openly ours! -Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

A SURE CURE. By SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

MRS. SAM PERROT, returning from his day's business, ascended his front steps with the air of a man who had nothing particularly pleasant to expect within. He noticed that the porch, one so neatly kept, was now tracked with muddy footprints; that the rose-bushes on each side were unpruned, and that his two children, playing bareheaded in the garden, had neglected and forlorn appearance. He wiped his feet carefully, and crossing the entry, opened the door of a room, where sat Mrs. Perrot, wrapped in a shawl, and mixing something in a tea-cup. "Well, Martha," said he, as he hung up his hat, "how do you feel this evening?" "No better than usual," responded Mrs. Perrot, with a sigh, as she tasted her mixture, and added a few drops from a vial. "Maybe you'd feel better if you'd move about a little?" suggested her husband, mildly. "I haven't the strength. I seem to be growing weaker and weaker every day. It's doubtful whether I'll ever step foot out of this house again. The roses and lilies of spring will bloom above my grave," said Mrs. Perrot, resignedly. "Nonsense, Martha! Roses and lilies don't bloom in spring any more than you are laid out to die in spring." Mrs. Perrot assumed a martyr-like air. "This is all the sympathy I get from my own husband," she murmured - "a poor, weak, suffering woman like me!" "If you're as bad as all that," said her husband, "why don't you let me send for a doctor?" "Because I don't believe in doctors, nor in doctors' stuff. Mrs. Massey is the only one who does me any good." "Mrs. Massey be bothered! I wish you'd never have set eyes on that meddling woman." "She's a very clever woman, and very kind to me. She comes over to see me every day, and sometimes twice a day." "She does, does she? Well, I think she would do a great deal better to stay at home, and attend to her own affairs," said Perrot, ungratefully. "She always brings me something that will do me good - vegetable pills, and tonics -"

solemn and dejected air - "that is the woman who, a year ago, was the picture of health, and never minded going to market in rain or snow. Nobody's home was kept nicer than ours, nobody's children so bright and tidy, and now -" He paused and shook his head slowly and despondently. Lavinia patted his shoulder, as she passed behind him to take a pie out of the oven. "Never mind, Uncle Samuel. Just wait awhile, and see what my medicine will do. She'll be the same woman in one month from now that she used to be." "If you'll do that, Vinnie," said Perrot, earnestly, "I'll make you a present of my wedding-dress, and something handsome into the bargain." And Vinnie, her comely face flushed, and her eyes bright, smiled, and remarked that the oven was very hot. That evening, after supper, she and her uncle had a long talk together. Next day was Sunday - a day, bright and warm as June. "Marthy," said Perrot, "wouldn't you like to step to the church round the corner? It's only a little way, and the fresh air and sunshine would do you good." "If I had the strength," said Mrs. Perrot, plaintively, "and wasn't so liable to catch cold. Mrs. Massey thinks my lungs are threatened." "Does she? Well, I'm sorry to hear it," said Perrot, with an air of concern. "Perhaps you'd as well stay in, by the fire, and take care of yourself - though I do feel rather lonesome going to church every Sunday by myself, and the children don't behave near so well without you to look after them." "Poor things!" said the invalid, with a sigh, "they may too soon know what it is to need a mother's care. I do hope, Samuel, that you will give them one who will be good and kind to them, though nobody can ever fill the place of a real mother." "Why, yes, Marthy. You must know that I would never think of choosing any but a good woman to fill your place in the family," replied Perrot, meekly. His wife glanced up sharply, but he was slowly stroking his chin and staring at the ceiling. Mrs. Perrot read her Bible and hymn-book by the fire while Lavinia, who stayed at home to attend to the dinner, peeped through the blinds at the people returning from church. "How many more women there are than men!" she observed. "And there comes Uncle Samuel. How well he looks! don't seem to have grown any older than he used to be. Why, Aunt Martha, who's that lady he's walking with?" "Old Mrs. Badger, is it?" said Mrs. Perrot, looking up from her book. "Oh no - nothing like her. She's rather young and handsome." Mrs. Perrot found strength enough to walk to the window. "Why, it's that Widow Vaughan, who's on a visit to the Browns, opposite. How could he have picked her up?" "Maybe she picked him up," suggested Lavinia, knowingly. "I've always heard that young widows are ready to have any man wait on them, married or single." "She looks pert enough," said Mrs. Perrot, disparagingly. Her husband came in presently, looking pleased and cheerful. "I wish you'd have gone to church, Marthy. We had a good sermon, and it's a delightful day for walking." "How did you pick up that frisky Widow Vaughan?" inquired Mrs. Perrot, abruptly. "Well, I happened to come out of church at the same time with the Browns, and they said something about the sermon, and somehow Mrs. Vaughan and me dropped behind. She's a very fine woman, and an agreeable talker." "Chatters away all the time like a poll-parrot. Never gives anybody a chance to say anything." "She asked about you and was very sorry when I told her how bad you were. She offered to look after Ellen and Tommy at church, and keep them quiet." "She did, did she? I'd like to see the woman that I'd let meddle with my children!" said Mrs. Perrot, indignantly. In her excitement she forgot to take her medicine - an omission which she only discovered next morning, and was surprised that she had not suffered from it. "I wouldn't take it to-day either, Aunt Martha, if I were you," said Lavinia. "Neither the sassafras tea, which, if it does purify the blood, impoverishes it, too, and makes you thin and pale. I've heard Doctor Graves say so. Why, only a year ago you were as plump and rosy as Mrs. Vaughan, for instance - and, now you

look ten years older. I remember how Uncle Samuel used to admire you. He likes fullness and color." "I'm considering my health, and not my good looks, as you ought to know, Lavinia!" replied Mrs. Perrot, icily. But Lavinia noticed that she took only two draughts of sassafras tea that day, and on the third the yellow pitcher which had generally stood steaming by the fire, silently disappeared, and was no more seen or heard of. "The chrysanthemums in the front yard" - Mr. Perrot never could remember to say "chrysanthemum" - "are looking really splendid; but they won't stand the first frost. Hadn't you better send some of 'em around to your friends, Marthy? Mrs. Vaughan, I know, would like some. They're her favorite flowers." "How do you know that?" inquired his wife, sharply. "Oh, she happened to mention it in the store to-day." "What was she doing in your store?" "Why, she merely stepped in with Mrs. Brown, who wanted sugar; and while Greaser was showing her the grades, Mrs. Vaughan sat waiting by the counter. I had brought in a bunch of the flowers, and had 'em in a glass on a shelf, and she noticed 'em. So I thought I'd send her some," said Perrot, innocently. His wife looked very hard at him. "Do you want to make a fool of yourself, Samuel Perrot?" she inquired. "How does it look to see a married man - a man with a sick wife, who mayn't have three months to live - chatting over counters with a frisky widow, and sending her flowers and things?" "Why, Marthy, of course I don't mean any harm by it! Goodness knows," he added, with a sigh, "that I've no comfort in the prospect of being left a widower! And what are the poor children to do without a mother? Mrs. Vaughan seems to feel for us already; for she's always inquiring about your health." "Well, she needn't!" responded Mrs. Perrot, her sallow face flushing, "and I think, Samuel, that you might have better sense, if not better feeling, than to go around chatting with other women about your wife dying. One would think that you were anxious to get me out of the way!" she added, reproachfully. "Now, Marthy, you ought not to talk so. You know how grieved I'd be to lose you. And if I married again - for the children's sakes, I mean - I'd look out for somebody as near like you as could be found." "Married again!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrot, with indignant emphasis. "For the children's sake, you know," repeated her husband, sheepishly scratching his head. "And you can sit here and talk about giving my darling children a stepmother?" said Mrs. Perrot, in a deeply-injured tone. "Samuel, Samuel, when I married you I little thought 't would come to this!" Perrot, as he always did when he saw that a squall was brewing, took his hat, and while his wife's face was buried in her handkerchief he silently vanished from the room. "I wouldn't mind it, Aunt Martha," said Lavinia, consolingly. "You know she loves you better than anything else in the world; but it's natural he should sometimes look forward to the future. And Mrs. Massey has told everybody that you don't expect to live beyond this winter, and you see, folks pity him; and Mrs. Vaughan being a widow herself, can feel what he would suffer." "I never said I expected to die this winter!" said Mrs. Perrot, defiantly. "I've felt better the last few days than I have for weeks. People needn't be digging my grave beforehand, and meddling with my husband and children. And I'd thank Mrs. Massey not to be raising false reports about me!" She was rather cool to Mrs. Massey when that lady (a next-door neighbor) paid the usual daily visit. She even told the woman that she had not taken the sassafras tea and liver pills since Monday, and that she felt better than for a long time past. Mrs. Massey was offended, and did not repeat her visit for some days. "I think I'll just step on the front porch for awhile, as the sun is so warm to-day," Mrs. Perrot observed, as she looked from her window. Mrs. Vaughan was sitting at the opposite window, sewing, but Mrs. Perrot never looked that way. Wrapped in a shawl, and accompanied by Lavinia and the rejoicing children, she walked out upon the porch, noticed the rose-bushes, and arranged a straggling branch, spoke to a passing acquaintance, who stopped to congratulate her on "being about again," and finally returned to her room, declaring that she felt rather refreshed by the change. Perrot silently rubbed his hands, and exchanged a glance with Lavinia, who merely remarked that she hoped her aunt wouldn't be imprudent, and take a cold that might settle on her lungs. "My lungs are as good as they ever were," declared Mrs. Perrot. "I never said nor thought that anything was the matter with them; and I think," she presently added, "that the fresh air must have done me good, for I feel as though I could eat a bit of broiled steak for dinner." She ate the steak with a relish, and even drank a glass of ale which her husband brought for her. Thenceforth the toast and tea, and boiled eggs, and arrow root jelly, upon which she had for some time subsisted, disappeared from the bill of fare, as the sassafras tea had done. "I wonder what pa and that pretty lady at Mr. Brown's are talking about?" remarked Tommy Perrot, with his elbows on the window-seat. His mother stretched her neck to look out, and then rose from her chair and watched her husband and Mrs.

Vaughan, through the blinds. They were standing at Mr. Brown's gate, and the coquettish widow was critically surveying the Perrot mansion, and pointing out something to her companion. The interview was a rather prolonged one, and Perrot, when he came in to supper, looked remarkably pleased and cheerful. "What on earth could you and that woman have to say to each other?" was the wife's inquiry, as he drew up to the fire, rubbing his hands and running his fingers through his hair. "She was remarking about the house. She thought it badly planned." "I should like to know what she has to do with the house. It being badly built is no concern of hers." "She lived here she would have a room added on the west side, and one or two little alterations made. I thought her suggestions were very sensible; and, in fact, very nearly what I've heard you express. You don't like the house, you know, Marthy." Whatever Mrs. Perrot's feelings may have been, she resolutely suppressed them. But on the following day (Sunday) she surprised the family by announcing her intention of accompanying them to church. "Ain't it rather a risk, Marthy?" her husband doubtfully suggested, while he at the same time exultantly rubbed his hands behind his back. "If it's on account of the children, my dear, don't worry yourself. They've taken a fancy to Mrs. Vaughan, and she keeps 'em very quiet, now, by merely nodding and smiling at 'em when they're restless. I never saw such a woman for managing children." "Mrs. Vaughan had better attend to her own affairs, and keep her nose and smiles to herself!" said Mrs. Perrot, indignantly. "And as for you, Mr. Perrot, I'm surprised at you!" Perrot meekly put on his Sunday hat, and went on the porch to wait for his wife. "Your medicine's doing wonders, Vinnie," he remarked, in a whisper, as he passed his niece in the passage. And she gave a shrewd little nod as she replied: "I knew it would, uncle!" Mrs. Perrot went to church, and received the congratulations of all her acquaintances on her improvement in health and looks. Only Mrs. Massey was rather cool, and was heard to remark to a group of friends: "I brought Martha Perrot out of a decline that would have carried her off in a few months, and yet she don't feel a bit grateful!" But Vinnie and her uncle knew how it really was. As they reached their own gate, Mrs. Vaughan crossed over and shook hands with Mrs. Perrot, and told her how glad she was to see her out again, and looking so strong and well. "That's the most deceitful woman I ever knew," remarked Mrs. Perrot, as she removed her bonnet, and took Ellen on her lap to change her dress - a thing she had not done for months. "Why, no, Marthy, I don't think she is. She's a nice, good woman, and will make a fine wife for Tom Wheately." "For whom?" "Why, didn't you know she was to marry Brown's cousin, Wheately? And they want to buy this house; and as Brown means to move to the other end of the town for convenience to business, I've thought of taking his house, which you always had a fancy to. How would you like that arrangement?" Mrs. Perrot replied, in a subdued tone, that she "would think of it." She was very thoughtful all that day, and particularly gentle and affectionate to her family. "I'm afraid I've been a great trouble and vexation to you, Samuel," she said, that evening. "I wonder you could have borne it at all with such patience!" And Perrot replied, earnestly: "My only trouble was about you, Marthy; and now that you are getting to be yourself again, I feel as if I had nothing more to wish for." Mrs. Perrot was quite strong, and plump, and blooming, when she went with her husband to Lavinia's wedding. They carried with them the promised wedding dress, but it is doubtful whether Mrs. Perrot knows to this day how it was won. - Saturday Night.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Get Up and Scratch - His Tact Saved the Day - Too-Business Sagacity - Absent-Minded - And the Fastest, Too - Giving Away a Family Secret - All a Loan, Etc. Said one little chick, with a funny little squint, "I wish I could find a nice, fat worm." Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug, "I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal." "I wish I could find a nice, fat bug." "I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal." "Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch, "if you want any breakfast, you must get up and scratch." True. Watts - "It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man." Potts - "Especially sea travel." - Indianapolis Journal. His Tact Saved the Day. "Oh," she said, "your conduct is enough to make an angel weep!" "I don't see you shedding any tears," he retorted. - Tit-Bits. And the Fastest, Too. "I wonder how I can make my money go the farthest." "Have you ever bought a conversation over the long-distance telephone?" - Detroit Free Press. Business Sagacity. "I offered that lady \$500 for her interest in the property and she refused to consider the proposition." "I offered her \$499.99 and she jumped at it." - Detroit Free Press. Absent-Minded. "I guess," said the very studious man's wife, "that I will buy a new pair of bicycle stockings." "Really!" he exclaimed, as he raised his head for a moment from his work; "I didn't know that bicycles wore stockings!" - Washington Star. Giving Away a Family Secret. Teacher (of juvenile class) - "In the sentence 'It is greatly to his credit,' what is the meaning of the word 'credit'?" Member of Class - "It's something you've got to have when you want to buy a pound of butter at the store." What She Calls Him. "All wives have pet names for their husbands," remarked Mr. Dinwiddie to Mr. Beechwood. "My wife calls me 'Baby.' What does your wife call you?" "My wife calls me down generally," replied Mr. Beechwood. - Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. A Long Story. Ned - "If you want to marry a miss, why don't you propose to Miss Elderly? She's rich." Ted - "Yes; but I object to her past." Ned - "Why, I thought that was about reproach." Ted - "It is; but there's so much of it." - Brooklyn Life. Ethel Knew. Mr. Green - "Now, I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night at your party your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away." Ethel - "Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for!" - Punch. All a Loan. "Pretty touchy sort of chap, that Grandison." "Is he? I thought he was the mildest man in the world?" "So he is, but he's always trying to borrow." For the ever expanding uses of our noble tongue find opportunity for mistakes of this sort. - Buffalo Enquirer. At the Quick Lunch Room. Proprietor - "Don't you want some of this pepsin gum? Best thing in the world for indigestion." Newcomer - "But I never have indigestion." Proprietor - "That makes no difference. You will have it in a few days. 'T' any rate, all our customers have it, and we sell lots of this gum." - Boston Transcript. A Heartless Girl. "Miss Renfrew - Alice," he cried, "I must speak. For a week I have walked about as one dazed. I have been unable to eat. At night I have tossed upon my bed, to arise, haggard and miserable, in the morning. I -" "Oh, the fair girl interrupted, "I know what is the matter with you. Go and play croquet or golf. You need exercise." - Chicago News. Too Analytical. "I must confess," remarked Miss Cayenne, "that I do not like to be addressed in poetical language." "I am sorry that I ever made the attempt," replied Willie Washington. "I hope I have not offended." "No. But since you said I had a shell like ear I have never been certain that you mightn't have had a candle-rock in mind." - Washington Star. Not Exactly a Substitute. In the course of a morning call on the Rev. Dr. Fourthly the Rev. Dr. Sprightly remarked: "By the way, doctor, I conducted a funeral for you once. Would it be convenient for you to do a wedding for me next Thursday?" "Yes," replied the other. "You are compelled to leave town that day, I presume?" "I am," rejoined Dr. Sprightly, "but not till after the wedding. I-I am to be the bridegroom." - Chicago Tribune.

LOVE'S BELIEF.

Dear heart, and trust, if I die Before you do, and over me The clover blossoms won't the bee, And little violets sweet as shy, Peer through the grass above my face To meet your eyes when you come near. Love's message, whispered by the flowers Will fill with gladness all the hours, For you will know I think of you. And in that whisper you will know The voice you loved to hear of old. Telling the love no words have told, And as your footsteps come and go About your tasks, the whole day through Love's message, whispered by the flowers Will fill with gladness all the hours, For you will know I think of you. For well I know that love will thrill This frame of mine if I were dead, And you come near my grave and said, "Dear heart, do you remember?" And when I felt the subtle stir Of love that does not, I would make You conscious of the truth and take The flowers for my interpreter. - Eben E. Rexford, in Vick's Magazine. HUMOR OF THE DAY. New Wife - "Have you tried my biscuits, dear?" New Husband - "Yes; they're guilty." - Detroit Free Press. "The only trouble with my profession," said an ex-convict, "is that it is apt to be rather a confining one." - Harper's Bazar. Friend - "But if there's no hope of saving him, what are you going to perform the operation for?" Doctor - "\$300." - Standard. Hope never deserts a man. When he is young he hopes to be famous, and when he is old he hopes to escape the poor-house. - Punch. Mrs. Brown (after shopping) - "Mrs. Smith manages to get such bargains and so many of them!" Brown - "Oh, well, I suppose money is no object with her." - Punch. Papa - "Why, no! I haven't any hard feelings toward any of my old school teachers." George - "What a long time it must be, papa, since you went to school!" - Punch. Briggs - "What did she say when she rejected you?" Griggs - "She said it wasn't necessarily due to lack of merit, but on account of the great pressure of other material." - Life. "Have you heard of that scheme of an Ohio man? He wants the United States war vessels made of rubber." "It wouldn't work. You could blow up a rubber ship with an air pump." - Chicago Tribune. Bing - "What's that old Spriggings. Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life." Wing - "What was the trouble with him?" Bing - "He wouldn't pay his bills." - Boston Traveller. "We English," said the intelligent foreigner, "do not run for office; we stand for it." "And here," said the bright American, "the man runs for office if the people will stand for it." - Indianapolis Journal. Mrs. Higgins - "What wretched taste that Mrs. Wilkes has!" Mr. Higgins - "Yes, I met her downstairs this afternoon and she was wearing that ugly old \$25 hat you thought you wanted." - Chicago News. Mr. Millyns (briskly) - "Want my daughter, eh? Well, how much are you worth? Money talks, you know." Bob Hardup (cheerfully) - "Yes; I know; but I'd be willing to let her do most of the talking." - Punch. Burglar Bill (to his cell-mate) - "So you're a musician, are ye, an' got sent here for stealing a piany? Well, ye won't do much musical practice in this place, I'll bet." Newcomer - "Oh, I don't know. If I get hold of a file I'll probably try a few bars." - Judge. "She is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Washington. "Perhaps," was the reply, "but she has a heart of gold." "I have been informed, but I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkoot Pass in order to reach it." - Washington Star. "There is no doubt of this man's being an experienced and conservative journalist," remarked the city editor. "How do you know?" "In writing of a fire he says, 'The holocaust, when the rafters fell with dull, sickening thuds, beggared description.'" - Washington Star. "When this town was organized," said the early settler of the little western town, "I was elected mayor by a majority of only one vote." "Pretty close shave," said the newcomer. "Oh, tollable. But there was only five votes in the town then." - Cincinnati Enquirer. "I wish," said the young man, "that you would be less formal, and call me by my first name." "I'd rather not," replied his fair companion, "your last name suits me." A few minutes later they were discussing the merits of the different firms that supply furniture upon the installment plan. - Philadelphia Bulletin. Miss Oldgold - "Before I give you my answer, count, tell me one thing. When my freshness of youth is gone and the hand of time has dimmed what ever beauty I possessed, when advance in years cause my cheeks to fade and my charms to vanish - tell me, count, will you love me then?" The Count - "I do." - Standard. "Clara," said the mother of a little five-year-old miss, who was entertaining a couple of neighboring girls of her own age, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?" "Why, mamma, we is playin'!" was the reply; "we's playin' that we's crown-up women." - Montreal Herald. Returned Tourist - "By the way, Mrs. De Beauti, I have not seen your charming daughter since my return. When I left she had determined to send her first novel to the Heighton Magazine. Has she been successful in her literary aspirations?" Mrs. De Beauti - "She married the editor." - New York Weekly.