

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, one year...

The Italian riots seem definitely suppressed and the monarchy and the dreibund saved. But the Continent has had a warning of the effect of cutting off Western wheat supply.

It is no wonder, remarks the New York Herald, that Joseph Chamberlain should desire an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. He has had personal experience of its advantages. The better half of him is an American woman.

The earliest records of illustrated comic literature have been discovered by Brugsch Bey in a papyrus of the twenty-second dynasty, recently found at Tonnah. The drawings are colored, and they represent animals performing curious antics. Cats and rats figure largely in the illustrations.

Colorado Springs is said to be the quietest town in the country. No church bells are rung there, and no whistles are blown. A local paper admits that dogs bark at night in Colorado Springs, as they do everywhere else, but it adds that "when they run about they make no noise with their feet in the sandy soil."

Says the Atchison Globe: Women all over the country are organizing a boycott on French millinery because of the unfriendly attitude of France. It would be a mean man who would call attention to the fact that these women have bought their spring millinery, and don't expect to buy any more until November, when the war will be over. As we desire to be known as a lovely character we refuse to draw attention to such a little thing.

According to the Indian Engineer the merchant marine of Japan has increased since the Chinese-Japanese war from 160,000 to 400,000 tons of steam shipping. Lines are now organized sailing from the chief ports of Japan to China, India, Europe, America and Australia. This growth follows a change from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. In 1872 Japan only exported manufactured articles to the value of \$500,000; in 1896 exports of this class amounted to \$45,000,000, or forty per cent. of her total exports.

A contemporary complains of "Rear Admiral" as an inept title for a man so eminently qualified for keeping in front as is the conqueror of Manila, observes the New York Times. The point is not ill-taken, but designations of rank are queer, anyhow, and few of them will stand much examination by philologists. And "Admiral" itself, which this critic claims for his hero, is about the queerest of the lot. The word is the remnant of an Arabic phrase, of which the beginning was "ameer," or "emir," and it came to us—alas, that the truth must be told!—straight from Spain. "Amir-al-bahr" meant "ruler of the sea." When the "bahr" was dropped, of course, the article should have gone, too, but it didn't, and when some overwise person put in a "d" because he thought he knew that the word was Latin, it became as absurd a muddle as the dictionary contains—which is saying a good deal.

The object lesson which Germany presents to us in the manufacture of beet sugar is worthy of some consideration on our part. Twenty-five years ago Germany imported almost every pound of sugar consumed within her borders; to-day she manufactures so much sugar that in addition to supplying her own domestic wants she is able to make large shipments annually to foreign markets. At the present time the sugar industry in Germany embraces 399 establishments. These establishments consume annually 13,721,600 tons of beets, and produce therefrom 1,738,885 tons of sugar. Until Germany forged to the front in the manufacture of beet sugar, France enjoyed the distinction of being the great European centre of this important industry. Indeed, the industry sprang up in France originally, and the great Emperor Napoleon is given the credit of its introduction. Since Germany has forged ahead of France in the manufacture of beet sugar, what is to prevent the United States from forging ahead of Germany? asks the Atlanta Constitution. Our soil produces in abundance the finest quality of sugar beets, and there is no reason why we should not pluck from Germany the prestige which she has plucked from France in the manufacture of beet sugar. But in addition to its production of sugar beets, this country is also rich in its production of sugar cane, and there is absolutely no reason why the United States should not be able to supply the wants of the entire globe.

THE PORTRAIT.

When lonely, late, and far from love, I restless through my chamber move, Or brood, with sad surmise, One gaze yet claims me as its thrall; My lady's picture from the wall Looks down, in silence noting all, And follows with her eyes.

THE BOOK-KEEPER.

OWARD!" There was a ring of infinite scorn in the voice, and the little book-keeper reeled and shrunk under it. He felt his insignificance then, if never before. Why could he not be a man among men? He had uttered this question mentally a hundred times, but he never felt his littleness as he did that night when that one word of contempt and scorn fell from the full red lips of Janet Lyon.

She was the acknowledged belle of the Muskegon valley, the daughter of the senior member of the firm of Lyon, Haight & Co. Janet was not a child of fashion, but a strong, healthy child of the pine woods. Muskegon was the end of the world to her, and at the time of which we write was a mere village, with no connection with the outside world. It was yet the lumberopolis of Western Michigan and rapidly growing in importance. It was at a dance in a log house near Maple Top that Mark Farnham received the rebuke described. A great, hulking logger had trodden on the skirt of Janet's cashmere and ripped it at the waist. The logger merely said "Blank the dress," and went on with his dancing.

"The insulting puppy!" exclaimed Janet, with flushed cheeks. And then, a minute later, she turned on Mark Farnham, her escort, a little, pale-faced fellow, with mild blue eyes and effeminate cast of countenance, with the one word that opens our sketch. "What would she have him do? Too well the pale little book-keeper knew the backwoods code. It was his duty to insist on an apology from the bulky logger or flog him for his insolence. This Mark Farnham was not able to do. He knew the man who had insulted Janet as a bully and hard pet from near the Dam, a village on the river some six miles from Maple Top.

"There's no use having any trouble," said Mark. "If the fellow troubles you again I'll settle with him." "Oh, the idea!" exclaimed Janet. "I think the next time I go out in company it will be with a man; and she turned her back on the little book-keeper and began relating her troubles to a group of girls near by. The set was disarranged by the incident, and another couple was called on to fill the gap, and then the dance went on as though nothing had happened.

Mark Farnham noticed indignant glances turned toward him by the backwoods lassies, and knew that the word coward was repeated from lip to lip. "I wonder if Janet would be better satisfied if I should offer myself a sacrifice on the altar of her offended dignity. I might get my head knocked off, but what would be the use? I'll see that Damite and make him apologize, if I die the next minute." But the little book-keeper was not permitted the privilege of receiving a thrashing for Janet Lyon's sake. A new-comer had appeared upon the scene in the person of Richard Wellington, a magnificent picture of muscular development, with the dress and air of a gentleman. He was Lyon, Haight & Co.'s foreman in the great mill at Muskegon, and a prime favorite with the senior member of the firm. "The coward permitted that ruffian, River Dan, to insult me grossly. I will be a long time before I am seen in his company again, I can tell you that," Janet was saying, as she passed the little book-keeper, leaning on the arm of Mr. Wellington. "Where is the fellow now?" questioned Wellington. "Never mind. I do not care to see him again. Let it drop."

Forgive me that from you I turn, To where, like jewels in their urn; Her letters lie concealed; That slow I con them, line by line, Till from each treasured page doth shine A flame that leaps to mate with mine, Her very soul revealed!

A stalwart form, in red shirt and overalls, loomed up before the book-keeper in the moonlight. Farnham at once recognized the man who had caused him such extreme humiliation this night. "I am going past the dam," admitted Farnham. "Alone?" "I expect so." "Mebbe you'd take a passenger?" "Certainly; get in."

The huge bully thrust himself under the robe. Farnham seated himself beside him, and then they went spinning away over the openings at a rapid rate. "Was you with that high-strung Lyon gal, wa'n't it?" "Yes," admitted the book-keeper. "She looked mad enough when I trod on her dress. Such trails I don't admire nohow. No sensible gal would wear 'em to a dance; but then I've been thinking I didn't do the square thing to-night, cap, so when you see the gal agin just tell her I'm sorry I tore her dress; I didn't go for to do it, nohow. You'll tell her?" Farnham said that he would. River Dan was garrulous, and did most of the talking, and the little book-keeper felt that under his rough manners the giant riverman had a good heart after all.

"You see, I'd been takin' too many drinks, was what ailed me, cap. I wouldn't insult no respectable gal for nothin' in the world." The explanation and apology were ample, and all this had come about without blood, a row and bloody faces. On the whole, Farnham felt that he had pursued the wisest course, after all. The little book-keeper left River Dan at the dam and finished his journey to Oxbow alone. Mr. Lyon made no mention of the trouble at the dance to his book-keeper. His daughter gave an account of her escort's cowardice, but the lumberman failed to take that interest his daughter desired.

Matters went on after the old fashion. Mark Farnham had been a frequent visitor at the Lyon house, but since the dance at Maple Top he had held himself aloof. The little book-keeper had been hit in a tender spot and he could not forget how Janet looked when she uttered the word coward. The foreman came often to Oxbow, and Janet and the handsome Apollo were much together. The loggers coupled the name of the two, and intimated that Dick would feather his nest before long. The little book-keeper heard, but remained silent. He could not discuss a subject that was of a most painful nature to him. He believed Janet cared something for him, until that affair at the Maple Top dance. From that time she had out him effectively. He had pride, as well as the belle of the Muskegon, and from that fatal night they met as strangers.

The palor of the little book-keeper's face seemed to deepen. His eyes were hollow, and his cheeks sunken. He attended to business devotedly, and no one noticed any change in little Mark Farnham. The winter passed. Late in March the ice in the river began to move. Soon a tremendous roaring filled the ears of the citizens of Oxbow. People gathered on the bank to see the ice go out. It was a grand sight, as the huge cakes, nearly a foot in thickness, went crashing down over the dam with a mighty seething, grinding roar. On with irresistible fury swept the mighty mass, hurled with tremendous fury by the rapidly rising waters which the warm spring rains had augmented to a mighty flood. Close behind the ice came a mighty jam of pine logs. The river was fast clogging, and a huge jam was formed against the dam which had lately been built across the river. "A jam must not be permitted to form there," cried John Lyon, as he saw the rolling and tumbling mass of logs halting, choking the river on the brink of the dam. Among those gathered on the bank was River Dan from the dam. "Get your pick-levers, boys!" he cried in a loud voice. The logs had already formed a jam, and men in red shirts, with picks and peevies, were flocking to the dangerous jam, working with might and main to keep the mighty mass of pine moving. The female portion of Oxbow was out watching the movements of the red-shirts. Right in the center of the river, not far from where the water boiled and seethed over the dam, was Dick Wellington, giving orders in a stentorian voice. It was a dangerous place, and Janet Lyon's cheeks blanched as she saw him. The logs on the further shore were kept moving, and the current of the river swept that way with the fury of an avalanche. The red-shirts held were working an hour with desperate energy, and many of them were exhausted.

"Go ashore, boys, and get a lunch; the greatest danger is past; Wellington and I will hold the fort until you return." It was Mr. Lyon who spoke. He had gone to the center of the river with the coolness of an old log-driver. The men obeyed. The greater part of the logs had passed, the principal danger being over. Half the river was yet blocked with logs piled to a great height, forming a jam that looked impregnable. Scarcely had the last man reached the shore, when a wild cry rose above the roar of the foaming water: "Merciful Powers! The whole jam is going!" Then wild with a loud cracking, a terrific roar, and logs went with a mighty rush over the dam on the Ox-bow shore. "Good heaven! They are lost!" This cry went up, as all eyes were turned upon Mr. Lyon and his foreman, now the only occupants of the jam. It did seem as though they were doomed, but they were saved for the time by a miracle. In the center of the dam a few of the logs held firm, and soon all had swept through but this bit of jam in the middle of the stream. An expanse of foaming water boiled past on either side, and the narrow jam swayed and trembled as it hung suspended over the dam. Below ten feet, was a sea of foam, where the water, in pouring over the dam, was washed to wild fury on rocks and stones. Both men felt the awful danger, almost certain death, that stared them in the face.

"There's no chance for them fellers; they're good as gone, that's sartin," uttered River Dan. Swaying and groaning, the floating island seemed every moment ready to go over into the boiling waters below. A dumb horror rested over the crowd of startled loggers on shore. A pallid-cheeked girl, with streaming hair, reached the water's edge and stood with outstretched hands appealing to strong men for help. No one moved. "Are you all cowards?" she cried, facing the multitude. Brawny men with red shirts were there, but none moved at the appeal from the girl's blanched lips. "No use, miss," said River Dan. "That ar jam won't last many minutes. No boddy kin help 'em; they're goners, sure." "Take yonder canoe and go to the rescue." Janet would have rushed to the rescue herself had not strong arms held her back. Weak, moaning, almost fainting, the girl pleaded in vain. "No use; a boat would go over in a jiffy. Them fellers can't be saved." "There is one chance in a hundred."

A low voice uttered the words, and Janet saw a slender form glid past toward a small Indian canoe that rested on the bank. About the man's arm was a coil of rope. When the man gained the foaming edge of the water he swung his arm aloft and cried: "Some of you take an end of this rope. I am going to rescue those men if possible." "Goodness! it's the little book-keeper!" "He'll drown, sure." But Mark Farnham heeded not the comments of the crowd. He seemed to realize that time was precious, and at once pushed the light ashoe canoe into the river. Seizing the paddle, and fixing his rope so that it would pay out from between his thin knees, the little book-keeper began paddling up the stream. Strong hands had grasped the end of the rope and it began paying out rapidly, when Farnham turned and shot swiftly into the center of the stream. He managed so that the canoe came down on the upper side of the swaying jam. Instantly the canoe was sucked under and lost, but Farnham sprang to the surface of the logs, rope in hand, and quickly made one end fast to an upright log. "Quick, Mr. Lyon! There's no time to lose." The mill-owner remonstrated, and urged the book-keeper to go ahead; this he absolutely refused to do. Mr. Lyon went forward, grasped the rope and passed, hand over hand, to the shore. A great shout went up when he landed.

Next came Dick Wellington. He was heavy, and the rope sagged badly. Farnham felt the jam tremble at each surge of the foreman's body. Suddenly the log to which the rope was attached gave way and fell. Instantly the rope flew far out into the stream. Dick was near the shore and was rescued. The little book-keeper stood alone on the jam, which was now trembling and threatening to fall to pieces. Farnham's face blanched. He seemed to realize that he was doomed. "Another canoe, quick! Go back, Dick Wellington, and save Mr. Farnham!" It was Janet who spoke, but the dripping Apollo turned away with a shudder. "Not for a farm would I risk my life out yonder again." He was not called upon to do so. A great crash and roar sickened the crowd on shore. The jam, with its lone occupant, had disappeared!

"The man is past all earthly help." It was Dr. Gould who uttered the words as he rose from contemplating the battered, bleeding form on the sand. From below the dam the little book-keeper had been dragged from the river, bleeding and insensible. He lay at the feet of Janet Lyon, who bent with streaming eyes above the dripping body. "Speak to me, Mark, speak." The white lids refused to open and a pair of blue eyes looked into the face of the kneeling girl. A smile touched the purple lips. "I saved him—Dick Wellington? I knew you loved him; it was for your sake, Janet. I know you will forgive me for being a coward now." "Oh, Mark! Mark!" A faint tremor moved his frame as the girl attempted to raise the little book-keeper's head. A moment later she held a dead weight in her arms. The great soul of Mark Farnham had gone from the small body forever. Orxow did itself proud at the funeral of the little book-keeper, and one genuine mourner there was, at least, the belle of the Muskegon. When Dick Wellington asked for her hand two months later, he met with a cold refusal. Some people wondered why Janet Lyon never married. Does the reader wonder?—New York News.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. A Soldier's Farewell—The Worst-It's Trouble—A Case in Point—Stuck Up—The Baseball Version—A Running Fighter—True of Both, Etc., Etc. She bravely bade her Horace goodbye. That girl with the Auburn hair, And smiled through the tear that dimmed her eye. That girl with the Auburn hair, And she kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him. That girl with the Auburn hair, And kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him. And his soldier comrades had to assist him To leave that girl so fair. —Chicago Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world. Professor Dewar recently stated in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain that there has been a great development in the application of liquid air as an analytical agent. The photographic action of light, though not destroyed at very low temperatures, is diminished by eighty per cent, the loss being greatest in the violet light which at ordinary temperatures is the most effective.

The latest of the lofty outputs of science to be established has recently been put on the summit of Mount Kosciuszko, 7328 feet high, the most elevated point in Australia. It is a meteorological observatory. Modern medicine says that goat's milk, contrary to the general impression, differs from cow's milk not in being more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is, indeed, the most indigestible of all milk.

The electric heater of M. Fernand Le Roy is similar in principle to the incandescent lamp. Instead of the fine filament of carbon of the latter a rod of pure silicon several times as thick is used, and this is enclosed in a glass tube from which the air is exhausted, the whole being mounted on a protecting tube of metal. An impact testing machine is being designed for the engineering laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It will resemble a pile driver in general construction, and is to have a five-hundred-pound hammer, with a drop of about eight feet. It can be used for both transverse and longitudinal tests, so as to indicate the effect of impact in cross breaking and compression.

A paving brick, said to be the equal to granite, while having the advantage of regular shape, is now being made in Eisleben, Thuringia, from copper slag. As sudden cooling of the material forms a brittle glassy mass, the moulds are heated before the slag is run in from the smelting furnace, and annealing is effected by thickly covering the filled moulds with sand and allowing them to stand seventy-two hours or more. The moulds are of iron, each having a capacity of thirty-six bricks. A remarkable development of taste in birds is one quoted from The Entomologist. The starling, which has been newly introduced into New Zealand, has been observed catching humble bees and killing them for their young. Having by this means, apparently, discovered the honey sacs carried by the bees, they have acquired a taste for honey, which they now seek in the wax flats among the richly mellifluous flowers. Possibly this was the origin also of the taste for honey possessed by the tui, or parson bird, a member of the starling family, which preys upon humble bees.

Utah Has Plenty of Brimstone. There is no reason in the world why the industries in this country that use brimstone should worry about their ability to obtain all they want. It may be that their eyes have been turned toward foreign shores for so long a time for this commodity that they will be unable for some little time to look inland and toward Utah, which has enough sulphur within her borders to supply not only the American market, but the markets of the world. The sulphur beds at Cove Creek are practically inexhaustible. They are at a disadvantage in being some twenty miles away from the railroad. But the supply is there, and if the price should advance so as to warrant shipping it, it would very soon be shipped. If the dealers in sulphur are not aware of the Utah supply they should be made acquainted with the fact of its existence. Our ports might be all blockaded, still the resources of the country are so great and so varied that practically every want of the people could be readily supplied; few countries are so fortunately situated in this respect.—Salt Lake States Herald.

The Building of a Fortune. "They tell us," said Mr. Guzzleton, "that 'every man is the architect of his own fortune,' and this is doubtless true, but it is equally true that every man if he would have a fortune, must also actually build it himself, and how few of us ever get beyond drawing the plans!"—New York Sun. For Weak Digestion. A food most soothing to a stomach not on good terms with itself is beef tea, prepared from beef jelly. It is much more nourishing than that sold by chemists. A tablespoonful of beef jelly dissolved by pouring boiling water over it is as nourishing as three-fourths of a pound of broiled beef-steak.

HO. FOR THE HEN AND THE COW! Sing ho for the South Dakota cow, Sing hi for the little brown hen; Such a couple was never on earth below To feather the nests of men. With the golden products of good Queen Bess No "udder" can compare, While the snowy fruit of the cackling "bute" Brings a solace for every care. Most risk there is never on earth below Deep laid in a frozen clime, When those faithful servants bring them more. And pause at the self-same time; With pasture in plenty and bugs galore, They never will lack for food; Their stock is at par at the grocery store For things that the farmer needs. Then three times three for the bovine "she," And three for the female fowl! At the farmer's door which they feed be fore No wolf has a chance to howl. No poet's dream ever hatched a theme More worthy a poet's pen Than the kindly cackle of the prairie green And the busy, cackling hen. —Sioux City Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Why isn't the bookkeeper's lunch the bite of an adder? Dividend—What the stockholders get after the directors divide. There are some women who enjoy making a martyr of themselves so much that they fairly dissipate in it. When you're angry count a hundred; This is wisdom, so they say. For it gives the man you're mad at Lots of time to get away. —Chicago Record. Dorthy (eating a seedless orange)—"Oh, mamma, what do you think! Here's an orange born without any bones in it." "Mother," asked little Johnny, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?" Jean—"There are two things a woman cannot keep very long. Marie—"And they are?" Jean—"A secret and a diary."—Standard. According to a Missouri Coroner's jury, the deceased "came to his death by being struck by a railroad train in the hands of a receiver."—Crypt. Living Skeleton—"They say that new freak gets five hundred a week. What is he?" Armsman Man—"He's a deaf and dumb prize-fighter."—Judge. Out in the grass upon the glade Some little lambs you meet While others on the board of trade Make merry in the wheat. —Detroit Free Press. "I should think some of the detectives would make good North Pole explorers." "Why?" "They are used to looking for what they can't find."—Puck. "There is a German proverb which says: 'No looking glass ever tells a woman she is ugly.'" "No sensible man ever does, either."—Cleveland Leader.

The Camel (to the Polar Bear)—"Oh, I don't know! You're not so warm." The Polar Bear—"Well, I don't see what you've got your back up about."—Standard. Miss Cordelia Summers (upon presentation of some flowers by young pupils)—"Yes, children, this is my birthday. You see I am getting old—very, very old!" Children (enthusiastically)—"Yes, ma'am!"—Truth. "Haven't I told you," asked the father, "to always tell the truth?" "Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Call—"It's too bad of you, Ethel, to worry your mamma so." Ethel (aged five, tearfully)—"Oh, well, Mrs. Call, if you'd lived with mamma as long as I have you'd know which of us was to blame."—Judge. "And your daughter painted this beautiful picture?" Mrs. Upstart—"My daughter painted it? No, indeed! Her teacher did the work. Considering what we pay him for lessons, it was the least he could do!"—Boston Transcript. Customer—"If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last one I'll take away my custom." Butcher—"What's the matter with it?" Customer—"Why, it was so tough that when it was cooked I couldn't get my fork even into the gravy."—Standard. Little Boy—"How soon are you and Sis going to be married?" Accepted Suiitor—"Sis has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements." Little Boy—"She doesn't, I know, 'cause all her engagements have been short."—Standard. Silas (who has just proposed)—"Ye think then, that ye don't want to marry me?" Sarah—"Well, Silas, I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—" Silas—"Say ye needn't answer me to-day. Just wait till I get my new suit of clothes. I want ye to see me in them!"—Puck. Jack (tenderly, to little brother of adored one)—"Would you like to know a secret, Tommy?" Tommy—"Shouldn't I think I would." Jack—"Well, I'm in love with your sister." Tommy—"Oh, love with your sister? The family has talked about it every day since Aunt Emma promised Nell she'd bring about an introduction."—Standard.

The Prevailing Language. It is stated that there are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or another of the chief modern languages, and of these about twenty-five per cent., or 125,000,000 persons speak English. About 90,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian and 12,000,000 Portuguese.

A Two-Faced Boy. The son and heir of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has what is declared to be the most peculiar face in Europe—one side of it being continually expressive of joy, while the other side wears a look of deep sorrow.