

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for year advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

In the lexicon of American galantry, Hobson spells Heroism.

The world's corn crop approximates 2,200,000,000 bushels annually, of which the United States produce eighty-two per cent.

Pathologists who believe in the "circular insanity" theory might with profit study the intermittent cabinet crises of Europe.

The masses in Spain are not proper subjects of sympathy in the present crisis. Any governmental change is likely to mean a betterment of their condition.

From descriptions of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius it is learned that her guns, charged with compressed air, throw shells loaded with gun-cotton. The dynamite part of the name is merely expressive of the sensations of the man who is hit.

The Hawaiians are more akin to the Papuan than to the Malay race. They are a family of the brown Polynesian race, which inhabits the Tonga, the Society, Friendly and Samoan islands. The New Zealander and the Hawaiian, although 5000 miles apart, can understand each other, so similar is the language. The original Hawaiians are olive in color, with black, wavy, glossy hair, large eyes, full lips and a nose inclined to be flat. They are peaceful, gentle, imitative and yielding.

The Berlin (Germany) sewer system transports annually from sixty million to seventy million tons of sewage for distribution over an area of twenty thousand acres lying from seven to fifteen miles beyond the limits of the city. Although the cost of the drainage is about \$25,000,000 a year, the enormously increased fertility of the land makes it a paying operation. Besides that, it is the most sanitary and scientific mode of disposing of the city's sewage.

The regular troops of the United States army have done so exactly what was confidently expected of them that their splendid performances before Santiago excited less comment than did the equally heroic deeds of the volunteers. We all accepted as a matter of course that the regulars and their West Point officers would set up to the highest standard fixed by the history of their organization. But matters of course should not pass without recognition. All but three regiments of the army which accompanied Shafter are regulars, well trained, perfectly disciplined, hardy, intelligent American soldiers, officered by men whose superiors are not found in the armies of the world. The work of the regulars has proved this.

Spain's red and yellow banner has been kissed by the suns and fanned by the breezes of every clime. Each of the races of the earth has paid gold into her treasure vaults—the red man of our own forest primeval, the Malay of the Southern seas, the Mongolian Islanders, the natives of Africa—all of these have spent the sweat of their brows and the blood of their hearts to the profit and glory of the kingdom of Spain. By the daring of her navigators and the force of her arms Spain placed her flag at the four quarters of the earth, mutes the New York World. The lust of conquest lay at the Spaniard's feet. Then came a period in which over-confidence and government prostitutions worked hand in hand. One by one the colonies proclaimed red-eyed revolution. One by one the nation lost her neglected own. It has taken four centuries to do this—three of them slow, unprogressive centuries—but time has done his work well.

The famous English statistician, Mr. Mulhall, has made estimates of the wealth of the leading nations of the world at the end of the year 1895. His figures are as follows: United States, \$81,750,000,000; Great Britain, \$59,030,000,000; France, \$47,950,000,000; Germany, \$40,260,000,000; Russia, \$32,125,000,000; Austria, \$22,560,000,000; Italy, \$15,800,000,000; Spain, \$11,900,000,000. The comparative figures for annual earnings are as follows: United States, \$15,580,000,000; Great Britain, \$7,115,000,000; Germany, \$6,402,000,000; France, \$5,995,000,000; Russia, \$5,020,000,000; Austria, \$3,535,000,000; Italy, \$2,180,000,000; Spain, \$1,365,000,000. It will be seen that the United States leads all the other nations in wealth and still further in annual earnings. Compared with Spain, we have nearly seven times as much property, while our annual earnings are twelve times as much. The difference in the average intelligence of the two nations is ever greater.

THE FIGHTING YANKEE TAR.

The ships have changed, and the guns have changed, but the spirit has altered not. For the lessons we learned in the days long ago we conned with each shivering shot. And in those days, where our frigates sailed, no matter how near or far, They made a name, and it's still the same, for the fighting Yankee tar.

Our grandfathers lived and our grandfathers fought with colors nailed to the mast, And we follow the lead, in the days now here, they gave in the living past. Laid yard to yard, they loved to fight where their cannon would leave their scar, And they made the name, and it's still the same, with the fighting Yankee tar.

For it's open wide the twelve-inch breech, and "load" her with her shell, Then "prime" her when you get the word, and see you "point" her well, "Ready now!" "All hands stand clear!" and the word of "Fire!" When the gunner jerks the lanyard taut for another funeral pyre.

—Philadelphia Times.

THE WRECK OF THE VANDALIA.

BY ONE OF HER CREW.



HE morning of March 14, 1889, there were seven men-of-war and many small craft at anchor in the Samoan harbor of Apia. Of all that number, there was only one vessel about thirty-

six hours later. The day opened with a murky and threatening aspect. "Marco's-tails" floated here and there in the leaden sky; the sea seemed disturbed and restless; the wind rose and fell. By eleven o'clock the clouds had gathered into denser and darker masses, and reached to the horizon; the mercury fell rapidly; the sea became more agitated; and the whitecaps rose higher and faster; the wind came out fresh from the northeast. It soon began to shift against the hands of the watch, and gave warning that the approaching storm would be circular, like a whirlwind.

Before noon the signal was flying from our flag-ship Trenton: "Send down lower yards and hoist topmasts." Immediately preparations were begun on the Vandalia to ride out a heavy gale.

The light yards and masts were sent down; the topmasts were hoisted; the lower yards were lashed across the ship's rail, and the topsail yards across the tops; the guns were secured for sea; everything movable about the decks was lashed; the boats were rigged in; chain was veered to two anchors and steam was raised in all the boilers.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the wind had backed around through thirty-two points of the compass, traveled to the right to east-northeast, and backed again to the left to north-easterly, from which direction it continued to blow even more furiously while the storm lasted.

Darkness came early and settled down over a wicked sea, the angry waves breaking into seething foam as they dashed over the hidden reefs and rushed heavily past the laboring ships tugging at their moorings. By half past eight o'clock the wind had increased to hurricane force, and the Vandalia's third and last serviceable anchor was let go.

The seas were running higher and higher. About one o'clock a heavy wave broke over the forecastle, carrying away the catamaran which was hoisted above the rail and sweeping the deck. The waves came heavier and faster, and the old ship, now high on the crest of some lofty billow, now pitched violently into its depths, now slowly dragging her anchors. The engines were kept going with all the power they could develop, but they were not a match for the roaring sea and the howling wind.

The ship pulled and jerked at her chains, jarring and shivering as the strain came violently on them, and many weary men, tossed here and there in their bunks and hammocks, longed and prayed for the day; but they were not to wait in their wretched beds till daylight, for about three o'clock a furious wave broke heavily over the ship and rushed violently below.

Instantly the command from the captain, "All hands on deck!" brought up every man just as he came from his berth, or at most wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt, or a blouse and shoes.

At last the day stole over the tempestuous scene, but it brought little comfort to the anxious watchers. Never shall I forget the awful picture of confusion and disaster that spread out before me in the faint dawn. To windward nothing could be seen, for rain, wind and spray swept over us in stinging gusts and sheets. Overhead occasional clouds scudded across the dull, thick, leaden sky; high aloft flew the white foam as the seas dashed angrily against the ship's sides; off to leeward floated dense black masses of smoke, as the firemen in the sweltering stokehold stirred the fires into greater activity. All around us seethed the tumultuous seas, and not far away the snow-white breakers flung themselves with ominous roaring upon the hidden coral reefs.

To leeward lay the other ships, except the Trenton and those that had already gone down, rolling, pitching, dragging, surging in that waste of waters, now strewn with wreckage in every direction. A sailor, washed from some lost or struggling vessel, would occasionally float by, look appealingly up to us beyond his reach, and pass out of sight forever.

It was to be overcome in the mighty deluge; the next it rose triumphant, shaking off its foe, then shivering in every timber and pouring forth huge volumes of black smoke, it would plunge blindly as if to destruction.

The sailing vessels and smaller craft soon sank or drifted helplessly upon the reefs. Thus had gone down the Eber, cut in two by her German consort, the Olga. There was a resounding crash, a splitting of frames, a heavy jar and a mighty tremble; the bow and stern separated, and all hands on board—half of the crew—were engulfed. Four, by a miracle, drifted alive to the shore.

The Adler, another German ship, lay on her beam-ends on the western reef, a sad illustration of the fury of the waves. Hard was the fate of her crew. Some, unable to escape, as the waters rushed back and forth from her lower hold to the reefs along her under side, died instantly. Rows of men, more fortunate, lined her upper rail and beam, clinging to the bulwarks and trailing rigging; but many of them, unable to endure the seas that broke over them and hammered them against the sides, were swept overboard, to be pounded to death upon the reefs.

The American Nipsic, after a short struggle, was forced upon the sandy part of the beach, fortunately for her crew, and all hands were transported to the shore over a life-line, except seven poor fellows, lost within an arm's reach of safety by the capsizing of the boat.

Three hundred yards directly to leeward of the Vandalia lay the powerful and modern British Calipho, making a desperate struggle, under a full pressure of steam, to keep up to her anchors, but falling back inch by inch toward the western reef. The Olga was no longer here, now there, but always to leeward, plunging madly against the seas, but unable to escape, and drifting slowly toward the perilous reefs. And we, in that deadly dawn, were drifting toward our own destruction.

Out of sight and to windward was the Trenton, carrying our brave admiral. She, too, was fighting a desperate fight, as the water surged through the lower pipes and rushed below, putting out her fires.

It is one thing to face death in a battle, with an enemy against whom one can exert the human powers. It is another to stand calmly and feel oneself steadily going the way of those he has already seen sink beneath the merciless waves; but he said to the overplunging glory of the Vandalia's crew, as the ship drifted on to destruction, they showed no despair, but urged her to all the power she could muster, and bent themselves at the pumps and relieving tackles as if strong in hope. They would die striving, if die they must. That is the spirit of heroes.

At a critical moment the tiller ropes parted, and we lay exposed to the full force of the tremendous sea on our broadside. To add to the confusion, the glass and crockery had been hurled across the cabin, and rolled back and forth in shattered pieces, with the water covering the cabin floor. Here, with apparently no thought for such trifles as broken glass in the hands and feet, with no feeling for pain, the brave sailors tugged at the relieving tackles; but despite all efforts, the poor old ship showed she could never survive the fight; and other forces besides the elements were to be reckoned with.

The British Calipho had forged very slowly ahead, and was struggling to get to sea. She was now only a few yards astern of us, and she must keep head to sea. We were slowly drifting back toward her.

On the sport band, and only a few yards away, I loved the German Olga, seemingly unmanageable. Suddenly she plunged forward, and her white bow struck the Vandalia's side. All standing at our posts, we thought, "Has the end come?" She scraped along our side, carried away a boat, freed herself, and held her own, while the brained and battered Vandalia fell off to leeward.

We had scarcely time enough to feel thankful for this fortunate escape, when the cry of "Clear the poop-deck!" rang out, startling every one within range of the voice. At the mainmast I stopped and looked aft. I can find no words to describe the bewildering thing I saw.

A large wave swept past, dropping the Vandalia's stern deep into its bow, and raising the Calipho's hole high in mid air. The mighty mass of iron towered above our tottering craft as if to fall upon her and crush her to atoms. No man left his post, but with set teeth and bated breath awaited the crash.

A few short seconds, and then a shout of joy went up to Heaven, while the overhanging mass, as if guided by the invisible hand of divine Providence, rolled clear; but an instant

later she came against our starboard quarter, carried away the upper rail and mizzen rigging, and crushed in the quarter-gallery; then freed herself, and steamed very slowly out of the harbor into the open sea—Yankee sailors, doomed to destruction, cheering her for their own immortal glory, as she fought forth to safety which they could not share.

In the meantime we were drifting nearer and nearer the reef. The ship could not possibly live much longer, nor could we help her. Many men had been in the fire-room all night. Others had worked for hours at the pump and the relieving tackles. There is a limit to human endurance, although the limit is very high, and one by one the men were forced, by sheer physical exhaustion, to leave the sweltering stoke-hole, being relieved by volunteers from the deck.

About eleven o'clock the Vandalia was not fifty feet from the reef, and absolutely at the mercy of the waves. Only one anchor still dragged. The Others had been lost by the parting of the cables; and though every man struggled on as well as the waning strength could sustain his efforts, it was evident that our ship was doomed.

There was yet one chance to save the crew. The last cable was slipped, and the ship, steaming at her best speed, headed for the sandy beach near the mouth of the Vaigano River. The course was almost broadside to the sea, and the old Vandalia made more leeway than headway. Drawing too much water to clear the edge of the reefs, we struck two hundred yards from the beach.

On this shelving reef, the ship listed to leeward and began to settle. The sea swept over her in torrents. In twenty minutes she had filled with water. The waves broke many feet above the main deck, and two hundred and twenty men rushed for safety into the rigging.

The old ship swayed and groaned in every timber as the waves rushed madly against her and rushed below. Ladders, hammocks, chests, handspikes, spars and rigging floated off to join the general wreckage.

On shore the brave natives and the officers from the Nipsic patrolled the beach in sight of their comrades clinging to the sinking Vandalia. They tried again and again to launch a boat in the vain hope of getting a line to the ship; but no boat could live in such a sea.

As we clung to the rigging and cowered in the top, and gazed over the stormy scene, we saw nothing to encourage or cheer us. The wind showed no sign of abating; the sea gave no promise of mercy. There was no hope of success. Still many of the officers and crew looked cheerful, but the cheerfulness was forced and only indicated the spirit that will not cover before any fate.

As the afternoon wore slowly away the loss of strength began to tell on the men in the rigging. One by one the faint and weak began to drop off into the sea, some wrenched from the shrouds and stays by the angry waves, some swept from the deck while attempting to change their positions. Others, unaware of the treacherous undertow and overestimating their skill and strength, made efforts to swim to the Nipsic close by, or the beach, a short distance beyond. Some of these sank beneath our eyes. Others would battle long, only to be finally caught by the undertow and carried out to sea; but few of all reached shore.

Our captain, faint from a wound on the head and unable to reach the rigging, stood on the poop-deck clinging to the iron rail. By his side stood a marine who had not left his captain since eight o'clock in the morning. It was touching indeed to see the man's devotion as the waves broke over the two.

An officer high in rank stood on the mizzen rigging, saw them, and realized their danger. He jumped to the deck and made for the captain's side.

He missed his goal, was struck by a monster wave, and swept headlong down through the cabin skylight into the surging, foaming pool that flooded the cabin.

Presently, as by a miracle, he rose from the watery tomb, regained the deck and struggled to the rigging again. Then he turned and saw that the captain and his faithful marine had been swept off by the selfsame wave which had struck him down.

Now this marine was but one of many humble men whom I saw freely venturing and frequently giving up their lives to save injured officers or weakened comrades in that dreadful, heroic day.

Helpless men floated amid the wreckage. Everyone on board was drenched and cold. Not a bite of food had passed our lips for twenty-four hours, and the strongest of the crew needed more than excitement to sustain them. Many of them were almost naked.

The situation became desperate as night began to settle down, and one by one we were dropping off into the waves or being washed away, some reaching shore on a piece of wreckage, but many going out to sea with the swift and treacherous undertow.

Nipsic, but miraculously reached the shore.

A third man, a brawny fireman, after studying the currents carefully, threw off the few remaining stitches of clothing which he wore, leaped boldly overboard and struck out bravely for the Nipsic.

A shout went up as he reached her, and drew himself on board; but he carried no rope from the Vandalia, so his herculean efforts availed us nothing.

Still we clung on, one hundred and fifty of us, faint and weary, awaiting our end as the darkness settled around us.

But God had willed that we be spared. About half past seven in the evening we saw the dim flicker of lights to windward and gradually drawing nearer.

A few minutes later a dark, heavy mass brought up on our windward side with a crash. It was the Trenton! and what remained of the Vandalia's crew swung themselves quickly on board of her.

Ere the last man of us had left the Vandalia's slackened rigging, the main and mizzen masts of our once gallant ship toppled into the sea, completing her destruction. All that remained of her was a sunken hulk, over which still floated the Stars and Stripes.

The Trenton's lower decks were under water, and her stern pounded heavily upon the reefs far into the night, but the sun rose clear and beautiful over a sea of perfect calm. In its day of fury forty-three of our comrades and more than one hundred others had been destroyed, with a fleet of costly ships.

Now it was Sunday; and the four hundred and fifty persons on the Trenton—her own crew and what remained of the Vandalia—were transported to the shore, where memorial services were held for the departed souls of the brave—Youth's Companion.

Devices For Detaching Horses.

Of late quite a number of inventions have been put out, the object of which is to detach a runaway horse from the vehicle. Many advantages are claimed for this idea in its various forms. A careful overlooking, however, of the subject does not warrant very much enthusiasm as to the invention. In the first place, no horse should be allowed to run away. This assertion does not, of course, apply to sudden accidents or frights where horses are sure to become unmanageable almost on the instant, and may overturn or plunge into any obstruction before the driver has time or opportunity to get them under control. The idea of suddenly detaching the horse at full speed is a most impractical one. If the vehicle were running on a trolley where the momentum would carry it only in a straight line this might do. It would be on the same principle of breaking the coupling of a car. But on any ordinary road, however good, a wheel of the vehicle might, while still going at a high rate of speed, strike a stone or any trifling obstruction and throw it out of line, precipitate it into a ditch or capsize it altogether.

Inexperienced horsemen are warned against any device that professes to bring safety by detaching the horse when at a high rate of speed. If one were likely to run into the ocean, down an embankment or into a railway train, the detaching device might be of benefit, but the chances are that it would precipitate a calamity instead of averting it.—New York Ledger.

An Archeological Discovery in Greece.

A new Pompeii was discovered some time ago at Pyrene, in Greece, and the work of excavation, which was abandoned for a time on account of lack of funds, or some such reason, has been taken up again with renewed vigor. The whole plan of the little town, which has been preserved almost as marvelously as Pompeii, is being laid bare. Up to the present time no Greek town has been so well excavated, it is said. All the streets are intact, with their rows of houses on each side. A Temple of Minerva has been discovered, founded, legend says, by Alexander the Great, and there are great hopes that soon the theatre will be unearthed. In Switzerland, too, archeologists have been at work. At Geneva workmen engaged on repairing the Tour de l'Écluse across a bronze sword in excellent preservation. From the description the weapon seems to date from the latter part of the Bronze Period. It has now been deposited in the local archeological museum.—San Francisco Argonaut.

What Dewey's Ancestors Did.

Somebody has dug out of "Jennings's History of Vermont" an entertaining story of Admiral George's godly ancestor, the Rev. Jedediah Dewey. It seems that the Rev. Jedediah was holding services in honor of the victory at Bennington, and, as was right and proper, was giving Providence all the credit for the triumph of the American arms. Ethan Allen, who was present, chafed under the neglect of his own part in the battle, and, rising in his pew in the middle of the "long prayer," as it was called, said: "Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey." The clergyman stopped and opened his eyes. The intrepid Allen went on: "Please mention to the Lord about my being there." Not daunted by this outrageous interruption, the holy man thundered: "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the word of God."—Philadelphia Record.

Redeeming Sahara Desert.

No fewer than 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful in the Sahara desert, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Rhymester's Joy—Hard Lines—Tom's Definition of a Calf—Such Impermeable—A Dangerous Undertaking—The Test—The Plain Reason, Etc., Etc.

Here's the man we're looking after, Name that rhymes with merry laughter, Name that rings to sounding rafter; Smiled at Fame and gaily chaffed her, Kissed his hand and sent a wafter, Boldly put himself about her, Rhymesters never would get dafter Had they easy marks like Shafter. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tom's Definition of a Calf. Teacher—"What is a calf, Thomas?" Tommy—"If you please, ma'am, a calf is a cow before it's a cow, ma'am." —Harper's Bazar.

Hard Lines. Soph—"I've taken to writing for a living, lately." S. aior—"Has the old man answered any of your letters?"—Boston Courier.

Such Impermeable. "You love Harry and yet you have rejected him." "Well, he bragged to me that he never made a mistake about girls."—Chicago Record.

A Dangerous Undertaking. "Miss Gimp, would you pray for me while I was engaged in a dangerous undertaking?" "Yes, Mr. Jumbles." "Well, pray for me while I propose to you."—Chicago Record.

The Test. Bachelor—"How do you like married life?" Newlywed—"Ah, Jack, you don't know what you're missing—that is, unless you count your wad every night and morning, and that's mean."—Judge.

Unusually Cautious. Mrs. Milliken—"George, if I should die, how long would you promise to remain single?" Mr. Milliken (cautiously)—"What is the shortest length of time you will consider as an inducement."—Detroit Journal.

Rival For the Centipede. Teacher—"Tommy Tadles, what is a centipede?" Tommy—"It is a creature with a hundred feet, ma'am." "Name another many-footed animal." "A gas meter."—Tawn Topics.

Dying. "I shall die with my boots on!" he cried. Dreams are beating; flags flutter; multitudes cheer and weep at so lately. "I shall certainly die unless I get them off soon!" he groans; for he is not used to parading in military boots. —Puck.

A Murderous Suggestion. Papa Titian—"Does that young man you've been keeping company with for the past year or so intend getting married or remaining single?" Polly Titian—"He's on the fence, papa." Papa Titian—"Throw him over, then!"—Puck.

Fastidious. Photographer—"That woman who just went out was very hard to please. She selected the first proof I gave her." Friend—"Call that hard to please?" Photographer—"Yes; she sat for seven more before she made up her mind."—Puck.

The Plain Reason. She had just been stating her reasons for refusing his hand. "I hope," she said, "that I have made myself perfectly plain." "No, I cannot say that you have," he replied. "I—I think nature had something to do with it." He exits. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Case to Point.

Teacher—"Tommy, tell me the meaning of the word 'excavate.'" Tommy—"It means 'to hollow out.'" Teacher—"Correct. Next you give me a sentence containing that word." Willie Jones (hesitatingly)—"When pa puts me on his knee and takes off his slipper it's a sure thing that I excavate."—San Francisco Examiner.

Somnambulist Revelations.

"Private Quickstep didn't tell the truth when he said he wasn't married," said one officer. "Have you information to the contrary?" inquired the other. "No. But he was walking in his sleep last night, and when we asked where he was going," he said "put the cat out and see if the basement door was locked."—Washington Star.

Mistaken.

Artist (showing his latest picture to a friend)—"What do you think of it?" Friend—"Admirable—very realistic—brilliant technique—it actually makes my mouth water!" Artist—"Why, what do you think it represents?" Friend—"Represents? Still life, of course—scrambled eggs in a frypan." Artist—"Scrambled eggs, you blamed fool! It's a sunset in the desert!"—Heitere Welt.

A Successful Acquisition.

"I had only a common-school education, but I found it sufficient. You, I believe, were a college graduate?" "Second Successful Business Man—Yes; graduated with high honors, too." "I see that they have put a sounding-board at the back of the minister's pulpit," said Baron. "What do you suppose that's for?" Egbert—"Why, to throw out the sound." "Gracious," said Baron, "if you throw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left to the sermon."—Boston Traveler.

LATE LOVE.

Love came to me through the gloaming! The dew on his wings lay wet, And the voice of his wistful greeting Was wondrous with old regret. "O heart," he sighed at my easement, "Must I wait for a welcome yet?"

He had come with the early roses, In the golden shining of morn; But I asked a gift he bestowed not— A flower that bears no thorn. So, through the glare of the noontide, He left me, to toil forlorn.

And now—'tis life's quiet evening, When long are the shadows cast; He comes with the few pale blossoms He has saved from a hungry past; And into my heart unquestioned I take him to rest at last. —M. E. Martin, in Chambers' Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Women rule us with a rod of iron, "Yes—curling iron."

Photographer (to captain in his new uniform)—"Look fierce, please."—Cincinnati Enquirer. "My Lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

"I believe he thinks more of her money than he does of her." "Yes. He always had a good taste."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Mary (sobbing on mamma's shoulder after a scolding by papa)—"Mamma, don't you just wish we had never married papa?"

Grandmamma—"What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy?" Tommy—"Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma!"

"Goodness! I don't see how Mrs. Penny purse can stick on so many diamonds." "Easily enough. They're paste."—Brooklyn Life.

"What did she say?" "She said she'd file my proposal with all the others and consider it when she got down to it."—Harper's Bazar.

"You can always judge a man by the company he keeps." "That's pretty tough on the warden of the penitentiary."—Detroit Free Press.

Hotel Proprietor—"We have an orchestra to play during meals." Prospective Guest—"The favorite air should be 'Hail to the Chef.'"—Puck.

"Don't you ever get a vacation, Hopper?" "Yes; the clerk in our office who makes pans goes away for two weeks every summer."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He—"That vessel out there is bugging the shore closely." She—"Yes; and I regret to say that at this moment the situation is unparalleled."—New York World.

"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."

"Papa, said Freddie, 'the Spaniards call us Yankee pigs; why don't we call them some horrid name?' "We do," said little Tim. "We call them Spaniards."—Harper's Bazar.

Husband—"Do you realize that your clothes have cost me over \$2000 during the last year?" She—"It was all done because I wanted to look well before you, dear."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Candle—"Wake up, Jeremiah! I do believe there's a man in the room." Candle—"Yes, dear; and he's trying his best to get a few winks of sleep. Good night."—New York World.

"An army nurse has to be at least twenty-five years old!" The brave girl quailed. "They must think we're dead anxious to be nurses!" she exclaimed, much perturbed.—Detroit Journal.

Aged Millionaire—"And you refuse me?" Miss Beanti—"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot see your wife." "Is it because I am too old?" "No. Because you are not older."—New York Weekly.

Edith—"It requires lots of courage for Laura to go away as an army nurse." May—"Oh, I don't know. There are few men to be found anywhere else."—Philadelphia North American.

"Say, pa," asked the little son of a railroad conductor, "what's an ex-checker?" "An ex-checker!" exclaimed the ticket puncher. "Why, that must be a retired baggageman."—Chicago News.

"Do you ride a wheel?" she asked. "Private Quickstep didn't tell the truth when he said he wasn't married," said one officer. "Have you information to the contrary?" inquired the other.

"No. But he was walking in his sleep last night, and when we asked where he was going," he said "put the cat out and see if the basement door was locked."—Washington Star.

"Tell me about your graduating class photograph, Miss Lily." "Well, all those homely girls standing up at the back are the same ones; all those pretty girls sitting down in front are the silly ones."—Chicago Record.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at