

All of Southern Mexico is now opened up to Northern capital and enterprise.

The naval vessel now being constructed by our Government will cost \$53,000,000.

There is a tremendous agitation in England against the use of canned goods from America.

The Chicago Sun avers that the extraordinary supply of all kinds of material is making speculation almost an impossibility.

Americans have often marveled that members of the British House of Parliament wear their hats during sessions. Blackwood's Magazine solves the mystery. They have nowhere else to put them.

Industrial enterprises are being placed upon a stock basis, so that any one who has money may invest it safely and in a paying way. "This is co-operation," adds the Chicago Sun, "but without the socialist feature."

The census report states that 29.37 per cent. of the farms of Iowa are hired and 70.43 per cent. are owned by the persons cultivating them. The total liens on the farms of the State amounted to \$101,745,924, the average rate of interest being 7.36 per cent.

Ex-Surgeon General Hamilton believes there will be more cholera with the coming of spring. There is little or no doubt of it, agrees the New York Recorder. The country ought to be ready for it, and so ought every town and every person in the country.

Economists say that about 1,300,000 persons of both sexes and all ages perished by reason of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; and if one adds to this enormous number the 350,000 men destroyed in preceding wars of the second empire, it is found that the reign of Napoleon III cost France 2,000,000 human lives, not counting the billions of money, the ruins of homes and the dismemberment.

States the New York Post: The astounding news comes by cable that Prince Bismarck by way of proving that he really did cause the consolidation of the German Empire, and that it was not the result of chance, has avowed that he forged that dispatch from Bismarck which precipitated the Franco-German war of 1870. That the fatal dispatch was erroneous has long been known; that it was forged by Bismarck has been suspected by many.

Co-education certainly teaches women to demand their rights as men do, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle. Thus the female students of the Ohio State University, when their complaints about the sanitary condition of their recitation and lunch rooms resulted in no improvement, struck and walked out in a body. This brought things to a head and reform is promised speedily. The incident will probably serve as a precedent in colleges, where too often the just complaints of the students are unheeded.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Jewish Tidings says: The utter destruction of American fur-bearing animals is regarded as a question of only a few years. It is claimed that 200,000 trappers are engaged in the industry, and that their mode of acquiring the furs is destined to wipe out, before many years, the many varieties of these animals. Their capture is accomplished by traps which are decimating the animals much the same as nets are destroying the fish. Some idea of the extent of this industry may be gained from the export trade, which to England alone, during the last year, amounted to over 3,000,000 skins, comprising some 1,396,000 muskrats, 551,000 skunks, 549,000 raccoons, 123,700 fur seals, 12,700 bears, 11,600 beavers and 7300 others.

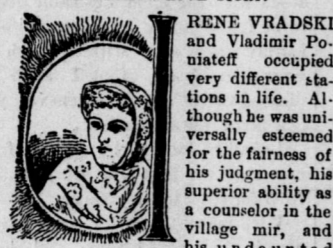
The Census Office has issued a bulletin, giving statistics of the railroad mileage of a world in 1891. It shows that out of a total railway mileage for the world of 370,281 miles, the United States have no less than 163,597 miles, or 43.8 per cent. of the whole, and that the railway mileage of the United States exceeds, by 3497 miles, the entire mileage of the old world—Europe's 136,865 miles, Asia's 18,798 miles and Africa's 8992 miles, making an aggregate of but 159,655 miles. It is interesting to note the astonishing growth of the railway mileage of the United States from the census year of 1830, when there were less than forty miles, up to 1890. In 1840 the figures were 2735 miles, in 1850 they had risen to 8571 miles, in 1860 the total had swelled to 28,919 miles, the census of 1870 showed the mileage to be 49,168 miles, that of 1880 placed the figures at 87,724 miles, while the eleventh census figures give the astonishing total of 163,597 miles.

THE GOOD-BY KISS AT THE DOOR.

Her eyes were illumed with a glance of pride
And her heart with love aglow
As she softly tripped to her husband's side
When he opened the door to go.
And there in her morning wrapper trim,
While a smile her red lips wore,
She stood on the steps and gave to him
A good-by kiss at the door.
She turns to her duties with cheerful heart,
For she has not now to learn
That the wife and husband must often part
When the daily bread's to earn;
And there's peace and joy in her gentle breast
As she sews, or sweeps the floor,
And every task is essayed with zest
For the good-by kiss at the door.
And the husband striving in life's rough race,
Where there's little time for play,
Has many a glimpse of her smiling face
In his mind through the busy day—
And his heart is tender, his eyes are bright
As he cons his ledger o'er,
For he thinks of the welcome that waits at night,
And the good-by kiss at the door.
O wives and husbands, the world is bright
When the heart with love doth glow,
And its path is smooth and its burden light
If you're willing to make them so;
And the sun will shine through the darkest day
And scatter the clouds that lower
And the roses blossom along life's way
For the good-by kiss at the door.
—Cape Cod Item.

AN ATONEMENT.

A RUSSIAN LOVE STORY.



RENE VRADSKI and Vladimir Poniatoff occupied very different stations in life. Although he was universally esteemed for the fairness of his judgment, his superior ability as a counselor in the village mir, and his undaunted courage as a hunter and horseman, yet he was the only son of a humble tradesman, while she was no less than the daughter of the proud and wealthy Prince Vradski, Governor of Perm in Eastern Russia, whose immense castle towered over the top of lofty Mount Konjakofski, and overlooked the foaming and rushing waters of the Sosva. Irene was a tall and slender girl of nineteen, and very beautiful. Her large, dreamy black eyes showed at once the purity of her soul and the tenderness of her heart. She resembled her mother, who worshipped her only child; the two always bore each other company, while the Prince passed most of his time in Perm, the capital of the province of the same name.

On a stormy November day, when the snow was more than twelve feet deep, and a keen, strong wind drifted it over rocks and bushes, Vladimir was returning home from hunting snables on the Prince's vast property, when, on turning the corner of a bluff where the ground suddenly sloped to the valley below, his experienced eye detected an unusually large and peculiar drift which he had never noticed there before. He surmised what it was, and at once turned toward it, his fiery stallions, who, snorting at the excited cries of their master, sped like the wind over the hard-packed snow.

There, sure enough, lay an overturned sleigh, but no sign of life was visible about it. The horses must have run away, or more probably had been hurried into the deep ravine now filled with snow. With all his might Vladimir moved the snow as best he could on the leeward of the drift, and soon he came upon a human body. It was that of a woman and was frozen stiff; then he found another, a man's, that of the driver; and after more digging he came to that of a girl. He saw that the oven alone could resuscitate the first two bodies, if indeed life had not already left them; but that of the girl was only benumbed. Without losing a moment he began to rub her face with snow until it showed signs of animation.

As she opened her eyes, she murmured: "Mother, what has happened?" Then, realizing her position, she blushed, and recognizing her rescuer, said brokenly: "You, Vladimir Poniatoff! Do I owe my life to you?"

The hunter bit his lip, for he thought her words implied disappointment at being saved by a plebeian! "Oh, I am not worthy to even snatch her from death's grip!" he mused. "How long shall my name be thus despised? But to her I could forgive almost anything!"

With this reflection he carried the beautiful damsel to his own sleigh, and never before did his heart leap more wildly than now, when his arms were laden with this frail creature. How his old flame, his love for her, which he had thought almost rooted out of his soul by avoiding meeting or even seeing her, now sprang up again in his bosom and fired the innermost fibres of his whole frame.

freezing in his veins. Under any other circumstances he would have hated his horse, rolled himself on the snow, and have run about until his blood flowed freely; but now three human lives were at stake, one of which was dearer to him than his own.

On, on rushed the swift stallions, reeking with sweat from the mad race, and even when their brave driver ceased to urge them forward, as he leaned frozen stiff against the dash board, the faithful and intelligent animals kept up their homeward course as fast as ever.

At last they stopped before his house, and their neighs brought out the inmates, who, seeing Vladimir standing erect and without furs, at once divined what had befallen him. With Russian love and intelligence they hastened to carry him in, stripped him of his clothes, plunged him in cold water, and then rubbed him until he came to life again. His first words were to ask how Irene and her mother felt; but seeing the vacant look on their faces, he hurriedly dressed, and rushed out to bring mother and daughter into the house. The women of the household attended to their needs, and ere long restored them both to consciousness.

Night fell. The horses were spent and must be carefully stabled. Her Ladyship must needs pass one night in the humble home of the Poniatoffs. I say her Ladyship, for Irene remained for some time nursing her rescuer, who, through the anxiety and the exposure and the sudden reanimation of his only and all absorbing love, fell a prey to a fever, which made him linger at death's threshold for long and weary weeks. The girl had asked for this privilege, in order that she might testify her gratitude to Vladimir Poniatoff for saving her life and that of her mother.

He raved about his Irene, who thus learned what sentiments were harbored in the brave young man's breast. In his delirium, he fancied that he was snatching her from a pack of hungry wolves; then the scene shifted to an icy lake, and he thought that he arrived just in time to rescue her from a hole in the ice into which she was sinking, benumbed and frozen. Then it was an avalanche that had overtaken them both, and with his hands he opened a passage through the snow-slide and carried from under it the inanimate form of his darling.

His ravings lasted for nearly a week, and his life, despaired of by the village doctor, had been in constant danger; but Irene's unflinching devotion conquered disease and death, and repaid him the debt of her own life. He was saved at last, and convalescence began. She still remained by his side, and attended to all his wants, and now she discovered how learned he was, and that, besides his self-taught Latin and Greek, he knew also the old Slav.

One day she asked him how and where he had learned the old Slav. In answer he begged her to fetch him from his bookcase a carefully wrapped parcel which he described to her. She complied with his request, and he unfolded an old manuscript, written, he said, by one of "his ancestors."

"Your ancestors?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Yes, by Ivan Vradski."

"Ivan Vradski! Why, that sounds rather like one of my ancestors. I am a Vradski."

"Irene, you are not. You are a Poniatoff!"

He said this in such a serious tone that she knew it must be true; but what were his proofs?

"You are a Poniatoff, and I a Vradski; so says this manuscript, which gives the whole history of your family and mine from the remotest times. I will read it to you. Listen."

When the convalescent paused, exhausted from reading, she knew that Ivan Vradski, an unassuming genuine prince and former owner of all that her father now possessed, was, at the time Russia was divided into provinces, outwitted by Alexander Poniatoff, his half-brother, who usurped Vradski's estate and name and reduced the real Vradski to bondage, whence he was freed only on the sworn condition that he and all his successors should take the name of Poniatoff and be satisfied with a civil pension in the small village of Bogoslovsk. Ivan had accepted this degradation in preference to slow death in the dungeon where he had been thrown.

To corroborate the story, the writer had purposefully given dates and details which, he said, would compare with certain books in the library at the Vradski Castle, would be found true.

Vladimir soon became well enough to warrant Irene's return to her father's mansion, where she at once set out to compare Ivan Vradski's startling manuscript with the books mentioned in it, and still extant in the castle library.

Winter advanced rapidly, and Vladimir was the constant and pleasant subject of Irene's thoughts. Now that she knew he was even her superior in education and birth, and that he wanted none of those qualities that form the character of a true nobleman, she felt that her father would bless her love for her rescuer. How happy she was when Vladimir would come to see her with the excuse of presenting her and her mother with the choicest spoils of his hunt, and how wretched when he left her and stayed away! She could wish to be again under the snow-drifts, or at his humble home nursing him!

Some years ago handkerchiefs were not considered a necessary part of a soldier's kit, says the Leeds Mercury.

Permission to carry these articles will now probably be given, for I see the War Office authorities have captioned a military handkerchief being patented by Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton.

On this handkerchief is printed all sorts of useful information concerning the use and construction of the Lee-Metford rifle, the alphabet used by army signallers, general rules to be observed in any position in which a soldier may find himself on campaign, the various bugle calls and other things, many of which are so nicely illustrated that it would be a thousand pities to use it in the manner naturally prompted by a cutting "nor easter."

Here in Berlin, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star, meals are served to poor people at almost cost prices, and among the cellar institutions of the city are the "Volks Kitchens" or the People's Kitchens.

There are a number of these, and they are managed by the ladies of Berlin, who superintend them and who take turns in managing them. They have good cooks, and they feed hundreds of people every day. In them you can get a dinner for about five cents, and a bowl of soup or of rice costs you three cents, while you can get a first-class cup of coffee for a cent. I visited one of these the other day. Two nice looking old ladies stood behind a clean, white counter, and back of these were great bowls of soup, with cooks presiding over them. The room was, I judge, about fifty feet long and not more than twenty wide. It was in a cellar, and it was divided up into compartments for women and men. At the entrance there was a cashier, who gave you checks for that you wanted upon the payment of the money, and you walk back to these old women and get your soup or coffee and carry it to the benches in the room, where you can sit down at long tables and eat. I laid down three cents and bought a bowl of soup. It was made of beans and it contained nearly a quart. I took a bowl of rice of about the same size, and I sipped at a one-cent cup of coffee and found it not bad. Everything was as clean as could be, and the close of people who were eating appeared to be respectable. One of the old ladies told me that they often fed as many as a thousand a day, and that they gave suppers as well as dinners. They said that the institution paid its expenses, and that it did not try to make money.

Gold Nugget Shaped Like a Hand. There have been many large and oddly shaped gold nuggets found in the United States and elsewhere, but the oddest of them all was that discovered at the Midas Mine on Sulky Gully, near Melbourne, Australia, in 1887. The nugget was flat and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was 12 1/2 inches and its greatest breadth eight inches. It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering (mostly between the "fingers"), and weighed 617 ounces. It was found in the northwest main drive of the Midas Mine, 120 feet below the surface of the earth and at a spot only fifty feet from where the famous "Reddy" nugget was discovered the year before.

It weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold, worth \$225 per pound. In 1891 a nugget of fifteen pounds weight, shaped exactly like a cross, with the exception of the right arm, was discovered in the Burris Mine near the same place.—St. Louis Republic.

Source of Color: Matter in Grapes. In a report of foreign investigations appears an account of careful experiments made by A. Gautier in the vineyard. He discovered, as have others already reported upon, that the removal of leaves just before the ripening of the grapes in a dry season is injurious, the fruit being relatively acid, deficient in sugar, yielding wines of poor color and quality and more readily succumbing to attacks of fungus diseases.

The main object of the experimenter's investigations, however, was to determine the source and nature of the coloring matter of the fruit. It appears that this is elaborated in the leaves and transferred to the berry at time of ripening, for the removal of leaves about the time of maturity was accompanied in every case by a decided etiolation of the berry. Furthermore, examinations of the leaves revealed the presence in them of the characteristic grape coloring matter. Analysis showed this coloring matter to be made up principally of three acids.—New York World.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Over 385 electric roads cover 4000 miles. Leanness is generally caused by lack of power in the digestive organs.

In Scotland some of the slaughter-houses are being furnished with apparatus for stunning the cattle by electricity.

A safety device for window cleaners consists of a strap fastened to each side of the window frame and also to a hook in the belt of the cleaner.

Stains from nitrate of silver may easily be removed from the hands by a solution of chloride of lime. Fruit stains may be removed by holding the hands over a burning match or sulphur set on fire.

A glass factory at Liverpool, England, has glass journal boxes for all of its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on its roof, and a smokestack 105 feet high built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

One of the latest applications for heat produced by electricity is the drying of lumber for planning purposes. The production of heat is becoming in Ottawa one of the most important functions of electricity.

From experiments made by English scientists it appears that camphor and oxygenated water are the most energetic excitants of growth not only as regards the acceleration of germination but as affecting the vigor of plants.

In August last the planet Venus was visible in the daytime at San Diego, Cal. A California correspondent writes that he was one of many who witnessed the phenomenon, and says it was especially noticeable, as the planet could be seen with the sun almost shining in one's eyes.

It is said that a larger cave than the Mammoth Cave, situated in the Ozark Mountains, near Galena, Mo., has been explored for a distance of more than thirty miles. In it have been found bones of recent and prehistoric animals, including the hyena and cave bear, and flint arrow-heads, but no bones of man. A few animals of the usual forms found in caves are still living there, including a white bear.

Authorities in France have been trying the cryptophone, devised about nine years ago for military and naval purposes. For military use, the apparatus consists of a highly sensitive vibrator and a microphone suitably arranged in a pine box, which is buried two or three feet under the road to be watched. Wires lead to a bell or other signal at the observing station. When an alarm is given, the observer connects a telephone, said to be able to hear the movement over the road and even to determine its direction, the apparatus being so sensitive as to indicate the passage of a half-dozen men or a single cart.

Jay Gould's Traits of Character. An acquaintance of Mr. Gould says that a remarkable trait in his character was that fierce interest for family so conspicuous in General Grant, but which has never found the same occasion for its exercise. When he came home from his office his wife was always awaiting him.

In the country, if entertaining guests, Mrs. Gould would disengage herself from this moment of homecoming. After Mrs. Gould's death, her daughter Helen took her place, and no entertainment without ever prevented her from welcoming her father on his return home. His womanhood were kept apart from all considerations of business. At Mrs. Gould's death her fortune, which was considerable, was still invested as it was left by her father. In no vicissitude was Mr. Gould ever tempted to touch it. He abhorred all business dealings with women. This dates from an experience early in his career on the market. Two maiden aunts up in the country sent him their savings, \$500, to speculate for them in stocks. He did so, and lost it. The money was strictly returned to them, and at no inconvenience to Mr. Gould. But this was not business; it seemed to open depths which might become deeper. He was frequently entreated afterward by women who were near to him, as by women outside, but his dealings therewith were with men. In one respect Mr. Gould was utterly disapproved of an opponent, said: "You are right a thousand times," and having discerned him, proceeded to office all that he had put forth. When Mr. Gould wished to wipe out an objection he began by agreeing with all he said.—St. Louis Star-Bayings.

Big Game. The magnifying power of mist has often been described, but perhaps never in a more striking manner than by Mr. Pike in his account of his travels in the "Barren Ground in Northern Canada."

We were traveling in a thick fog and saw an animal, apparently at some distance, bounding along the horizon at a most remarkable pace. All down the line there were cries of "Musk ox!" "Wolf!" Guns were snatched from the sleighs, and the dogs charged at a gallop in pursuit of the strange animal.

After a rush of ten yards the quarry disappeared. The first man had put his foot on it, and it turned out to be one of the small mice so common in that country.—Philadelphia Record.

Eighty-Eight Degrees Below Zero. The coldest known spot on the earth's surface is on the Eastern Slope, a shelving mountain that runs down to near the water's edge, on the eastern bank of the Lena River, in Northeast Siberia. The spot in question is nine and a fourth miles from Serkerchoof, about latitude sixty-seven north, and longitude 134 east.

Dr. Wolkoff, director of the Russian Meteorological Service, gives the minimum temperature of the place as being eighty eight degrees below zero. It is a place of almost perpetual calm. In the mountains near by, where windy weather is the rule, it is not nearly so cold.—St. Louis Republic.

IN A MACARONI FACTORY.

HOW A PALATABLE ITALIAN PRODUCT IS MANUFACTURED.

The Ingredients Are Simple Flour and Water—The Dough is Pressed Through Holes in Strings.

FEW people who eat that toothsome article macaroni know how or where it is manufactured. They, however, do know that when it is properly prepared it forms one of the most palatable and healthful dishes that is set upon the table. Many imagine that macaroni, vermicelli, spaghetti and noodles are chiefly made in Italy and imported into this country. To a certain extent this is true, but of late years the industry has grown on this side of the ocean that now but one-tenth of the entire amount consumed in the United States is imported, says the Philadelphia Times.

Some years ago it was distinctively an Italian dish. The natives of that country were the first to make it, and they made a National dish of it. Other countries took up the article, until now it is known the world over. While at first Italy had the monopoly of its manufacture and exported large quantities of it, now it is made in different countries of Europe and also in the United States. In this country the work is done nearly entirely by Italians, who have immigrated from the mother soil, or by their American descendants.

In New York City there are several large factories which produce an average of 35,000 pounds a day, while in this city, with a smaller number of factories, between 7000 and 8000 pounds are made daily. Probably the largest factory in this city is at Eighth and Christian streets. In this one alone 3500 pounds are manufactured each day. Much of this is consumed in this city, but quantities are shipped to different places in the United States and to Canada and Cuba.

A representative of this paper visited the factory at Eighth and Christian, and made a tour of inspection through its three floors and watched the different steps which converts the flour into the hard and brittle substance that afterward becomes so palatable in the hands of the chef or adept housewife.

The flour and water is first put into what is called a dough-mixing machine. It is cylindrical in form, and within it are knives or plates, which are worked by steam power. The dough is kept in this machine until it is thoroughly mixed. Then it is thrown into a circular trough about six feet in diameter. Through this trough rolls a large stone weighing 3300 pounds. Over and over the dough this heavy weight passes, rolling it out flat. This process is kept up for half an hour.

The next step is the placing of this well-rolled material in a powerful circular press worked by steam. The bottom of this machine is a copper plate or mould. It is about an inch thick and perforated with holes, in the center of which is a pin. The dough is forced through these holes, the little pin in the center of each making the hollow center in the macaroni. It comes out in long strings, soft and so pliable that it could be tied in a knot.

It is then taken upstairs where a man lays it out in straight lengths on wire trays covered with paper. The whole is covered with heavy paper and the trays are put up in racks to dry. It lies in this position for eight days before it hardens and dries completely. It is kept as much from the air as possible, as the dampness prevents it from drying properly. On nice, clear days the windows are allowed to remain open, but on windy days they are kept closed and the steam is turned on running the temperature up between seventy and ninety degrees. This heat does not affect the macaroni, but keeps the air dry.

Vermicelli, spaghetti and noodles are all made the same way, except that the holes in the moulds through which they are forced are smaller. The vermicelli is made both white and of a yellowish tint. The coloring is done with saffron. When it is taken upstairs to dry it is laid out in curled-up shapes that give it a fancy appearance.

There is yet another product that the factory makes that is fancy pastes. These are used for soup the same as noodles, but present a much nicer appearance. For the pastes the same mixing and rolling process is gone through with as in made for macaroni. Then the dough is taken up to the second floor, where it is placed in a pressing machine set in a horizontal position. Instead of the ordinary round poles in the moulding plates, the perforations take a number of different forms. All the letters of the alphabet are produced.

They are very small and complete as to form and enlarge after being placed in the soup. Thus the Smiths, the Joneses, the Browns and the Johnsons may have served the initial letters of their names in their soup. Numbers, stars, rings and wheels are also made, while the pretty shapes of the pepper olive and melon seeds are also produced.

After the different articles are thoroughly dried and hardened they are packed for shipment. The macaroni is made up in pound packages wrapped in the familiar blue paper that many a housewife imagines has come all the way from Italy. It is also put up in other ways, with labels of different kinds, bearing Italian names, all of which give it a foreign look.

The Martinet and the Troubadour.

There is a story told of a newly appointed Colonel in the days of the old martinet, who expressed his dissatisfaction with the band as it marched past, because the trombones did not press the slides of their instruments properly. One man was just starting. In vain it was presented to him that different instruments were of different compass, and required different manipulation. That was nothing to him; he must have uniformity in the ranks.—All the Year Round.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Like a small streamlet on a mountain side, A white thread glancing in the summer sun,

Lightly down leaping with a joyous spring, So passes happy childhood's playful hour.

Next, through green dells and "neath o'er-shadowing oaks, The growing stream with heedless flow winds on,

Now gladly lingering round some glowing tale That smiles with heavenly beauty, and allures

With promise of perpetual delights; Now fiercely dashing down some rough cascade

Where rushing waters split on hostile rocks, Spouting aloft the iridescent spray

Drifted in sunless clefts by swaying winds; So pass the years of youth. Our ripper age

Is like the broadened river's stately march, Whose current slackens, yet admits no pause;

But passes field and coppice, tower and town, Not wholly scaping from defiling stains,

Yet toiling onward restlessly. Adorn Its smooth yet ever-sliding stream we haste, Nor mark the progress of its quiet speed,

Till, faster rushing as it nears the end, It sweeps us onward in resistless course

Through the torn rapids of disease and pain, Till, plunging down the cataclysm of death, We glide into a vast and unknown space,

The boundless ocean of eternity. —Walter W. Skeat, in The Academy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It rather puts a belle on her mettle when she is extolled.—Statesman.

Lantern-jawed people can't always throw light on a subject.—Sparks.

The man that is buried in debt should of course wear grave clothes.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

There are men such sticklers for the truth that they never indulge in self-denial.—Boston Transcript.

"Here's another case of kid napping," said the messenger boy who found a comrade asleep.—Washington Star.

"I hear you didn't catch any fish, Mr. Emerson, yesterday." "No, Mr. Bleeker, they did not seem to be contagious."—Town Topics.

Dashaway—"What do you think of my new pepper-and-salt suit?" "Jagway—" "It makes me thirsty to look at it."—Clothing and Furnisher.

The speed of railway trains is better brought to a point where even people on bridal tours regard the tunnel as a nuisance.—Washington Star.

"The survival of the fittest." "Is a phrase that's rather rude. It suggests that the chrysalis—Man will one day wear the tulle."—Washington Star.

Caller—"What are you looking through that big pile of comic papers for?" Exchange Editor (with a sigh of disappointment)—"For fun."—Chicago Tribune.

Publisher—"Is your novel realistic?" Author—"It is. The hero and the heroine get married in the first chapter and are happy ever afterward."—New York Herald.

"Say, Job, I have just patented a new invention." "What is it?" "A chair that will sink into within a few inches of the floor when a woman who wears a tall hat sits upon it."—Texas Siftings.

Tailor—"Is the Ladies Sewing Society doing its usual kind of work?" Hostess—"Indeed. One-half the members are not on speaking terms with the other half now."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"These are hard times," sighed the young collector of bills. "Every place I went to-day I was requested to call again but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl."—Texas Siftings.

His Parting Shot: He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Ida?" She—"I don't think I could, George." He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared! You are too old to learn!"—Chicago Tribune.

Murray Brown—"Aren't you positively ashamed to meet your creditors, Madison?" Madison Gall—"I don't meet them. Do you suppose I would associate with such people!"—Kate Field's Washington.

Mabel (to Frank, who has had to take Miss Weighty for a row)—"Well, Frank, how did you like her?" Frank (wearily)—"I wasn't particularly pleased, but she made a great impression on the water."—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. Bronson—"Did you have an interesting subject presented for your consideration this morning at church?" Mrs. Bronson—"Very. But I couldn't make out whether the lace trimmings were real or imitation."—Chicago News.

A dilapidated-looking individual who was among the unfortunate at the Central Police Court yesterday, when asked by the Judge what he was, replied: "Well, yer Honor, I'm a gentleman, but I'm not workin' at it now."—Philadelphia Record.

Madge—"Poor Mr. Bentley was just taken home in a carriage; he had a dreadful shock." Arthur—"What was it?" Madge—"His wife made an appointment to meet him at a certain hour, and she was there right on the minute."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Dell—"Come on and we'll have a real good old-fashioned dinner after our shopping trip." Nell—"Yes; a substantial meal rests me so." Dell—"Waiter, bring a plate of macaroons and some very sour pickles, and—let me see—yes, a pound of caramels."—Inter-Ocean.

What simple people there are in the world, to be sure! There are the Plankeys, for example. They went into an auction room the other day and sat spellbound for two hours. They thought it was an elocutionary entertainment, and they allowed it was the best they had ever heard, and they had listened