

The United States contain more than 1700 distinct and separate railways.

It is now held that there were two distinct epidemics of cholera in Europe last year.

Mortality is greater among the Alaskans than among any other citizens of the United States.

The Congress of Colombia at its late session appropriated \$150,000 a year for the encouragement of foreign immigration.

General Harrison is the only surviving ex-President of the United States; Mr. Morton is the only living person who has occupied the office of Vice-President.

The Courier-Journal learns that Professor Wiggins lays the blame for the cold weather, the cholera and the rest of the ills with which the earth has recently been afflicted on the conjunction between Jupiter and Mars.

Travel from the North to Florida has never been greater than during the present season, declares the Chicago Herald, and the large sums of money that have been invested in railroads and hotels to accommodate this travel are paying good dividends.

The latest legislative branch in Missouri, recorded by the Detroit Free Press, is a bill requiring all the butterine sold in that market to be colored pink, this mark being evidence to the purchaser that he is not buying the genuine article. No special provision seems to have been made for the protection of those who are color blind.

The St. Louis Star-Sayings is convinced that a little learning is not so dangerous a thing after all. English insurance statistics show that fifty per cent. of the authors and statesmen, forty-two per cent. of the clergymen, thirty per cent. of the lawyers, twenty-seven per cent. of the teachers and twenty-four per cent. of the doctors reach the age of seventy.

With France still in a ferment, Germany looking for some one to tread on the tail of its coat, Italy financially troubled and the Czar of all the Russias hiding in a bomb-proof cellar it was a great sight, exclaims the Washington Star, to see President Cleveland bow and smile to half a million representatives of the happiest and most loyal people in the world.

The Chicago Herald alleges that a French syndicate is buying up all the worn out ponies on the frontier for export to Paris, the intention being to convert them into food for the people of the gay metropolis. Hippophagy in France has evidently become a disease, for a healthy stomach would hardly crave the flesh of spavined horses in preference to the healthful beef from the Chicago abattoirs.

According to the Baltimore American Mr. Cleveland has a middle aged Cabinet. Their ages are thus given: Cleveland, fifty-six years; Stevenson, fifty-eight; Gresham, sixty-one; Carlisle, fifty-eight; Bissell, forty-six; Lamont, forty-one; Herbert, fifty; Olney, fifty-eight; Smith, thirty-eight; Morton, sixty. Secretary Herbert's short arm can sympathize with Secretary Gresham's short leg. It was a Federalist in the Wilderness that shortened the former and a Confederate bullet near Atlanta that shortened the latter.

Baron Bleichroeder, the millionaire Berlin banker, is dead. He was one of the syndicate which undertook the adjustment of Austria's currency system for the purpose of restoring specie payments. He was the author of that portion of the movement which so directed the currency of foreign exchanges as to draw the flood of gold from the United States, which now has amounted to nearly \$100,000,000 in two years. There is no reason, however, to suppose that gold shipments will cease on account of Bleichroeder's death.

A mathematician, who evidently has abundant leisure, has been figuring, relates the New York News, on the size of the mortgage we should now be carrying if Columbus had pledged this country for the cost of his outfit. Starting with the assumption that the expenditure cost Isabelle \$40,000, he adds interest compounded every six months. At the present time the amount foots up nearly 271 quadrillion dollars. Taking the population of the United States at 65,000,000, the little obligation reaches nearly 417 million dollars for each inhabitant. It is consequently a great relief to know that Columbus never set foot on North America. It would be very embarrassing to have a mortgage for that dizzy figure presently, with the customary notice of foreclosure.

EASTER.

Easter, smile o' the year! Bringer of music and flowers... With spring days' lengthened hours! What shall we say that is new? What shall we sing that is old? Sermon or sonnet or chant Gilding refined gold.

THE OLD WELL SWEEP.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



OU ain't goin' to take that well-sweep, away, Jotham—the well sweep that was there when I was a baby? Don't do it, Jotham—don't!

Squire Sedgick beckoned to his son to lay down the uplifted axe. Mrs. Sedgick stood in the doorway, with a fat, old-fashioned tumbler and a glass-towel in her hand.

Ellen, the daughter, paused in the act of tying up an obstreperous young honey-suckle shoot; and old Grandis Sedgick, leaning on his staff, with his gray hairs blowing in the fresh spring wind, looking not unlike one of the ancient Druids.

"Why, father, we didn't know you'd care," said the squire. "It's a rickety old thing, anyhow—"

"Well, so'm I a rickety old thing!" quavered the octogenarian. "But you wouldn't go at me with an axe and a mallet, would you? I used to draw water with that well sweep afore I stood as high as the curb."

"Well, well," soothingly uttered the squire, "if you've any feelin' about it, it shan't be touched! Only, sence the pipes have been laid from the spring up on Savin Hill, Eunice, she thought—"

"I don't keer what Eunice thinks!" said Grandis Sedgick. "The pipes from Savin Spring ain't nothin' to me. I'd ruther have a glass o' clear water from the old well than all the springs in creation!"

"So you shall, father—so you shall!" said Mrs. Sedgick, picking up the knotted cane which the old man had dropped, and tenderly guiding his footsteps back to the cushioned chair on the porch, which he had just left.

But Ellen tossed her much-be-crimped head. "It's the only well sweep left in Kendall," muttered she. "Horrid old fashioned thing! Everybody calls our home 'the place with the well sweep.' It's too bad!"

"Hush, dear!" said Mrs. Sedgick. "Grandis's a very old man, and he's never got over the shock of Dora's running away."

Deaf though he was, the old man's ear caught a word here and there, when it was least expected that he would. He looked quickly around.

"Dora," he repeated—"little Dora! My son Adam's daughter, with the black eyes and the real Sedgick features! There ain't but a few things that I care for left in this world, and Dora was one of 'em. What have you done with Adam's orphan gal—eh, Eunice? The gal that hadn't no one but me to look after her?"

went away," said the squire, dejectedly. "And it was she that reconciled him. Eunice—if we could get Dora back again! It's as my old father says—she was the luck of the house."

Mrs. Sedgick burst into tears. "It wasn't she, Jotham!" she said. "I always liked the child, though she wasn't no more like our folks than a corn flower is like a squaw blossom. But she and Ellen couldn't no somehow agree. Ellen always wanted Martin to marry Miss Brownlee, and she up one day and accused Dora of settin' her cap for Martin, and Dora couldn't stand that; and when they appealed to me, I'm afraid I didn't take Dora's part quite so strong as I might hev done."

"I knowed a woman's tongue was at the bottom of it all," said the squire, with some bitterness. "Poor Dora!"

That night the whole Sedgick family were aroused by a light blaze in the doorway—the old-fashioned well sweep burning up. Grandis, in his flannel dressing gown and knotted stick, his leonine head well outlined in the scarlet glow, looking more Druid-like than ever.

"You done it o' purpose," said he, feebly shaking the stick at the assembled family, who were trembling in the doorway. "You know you did. First Dora, and then the old well sweep. The only things I keered for in this world—and now they're both gone, an' I may as well lie down and die!"

"I didn't mean any harm!" hysterically sobbed poor Ellen. "I was lightin' a taper to seal a letter—Marian Brownlee always used the new-fashioned colored wax to seal her letters—and it burned up too quick, and I flung it out of the window, but I never dreamed it would fall among the dead leaves around the old well curb and set it on fire! I didn't mean any harm!"

"Don't fret, father," said the squire. "We'll build it up ag'in—me and Martin—just exactly like it was before." The old man shook his head. "It won't be the same," moaned he. "It won't be the same! Nothin's the same in this world!"

And he took to his bed from that day. Poor Ellen hung down her head like a drooping lily. In neither case had she intended any actual harm, but in both instances she felt acutely responsible.

Martin was making preparations to go out West. Grandis seemed to have lost all interest in the surrounding world. Her mother went about with swollen eyes and a pale face, and Squire Sedgick sat by the hour on the front porch, looking as if he had lost his last friend.

One violet-scented April afternoon, however, Martin came home from the city, whither he had been to purchase some absolute necessity for his travels, with a flat parcel under his arm.

"Look, mother!" he said. "It's something for Grandis. I don't know but what I've been extravagant, but I declare to goodness I couldn't help it. The minute I set eyes on it, I thought of the dear old man lyin' up in his bed. It's a picture," he said, "of Ellen came hurrying to his side—an oil painting with a fine gilt frame. Exactly like our old well sweep that was burned down, with the red barn in the distance, and the sun settin' behind the woods, just as I've seen it go down times without end. You don't know how queer I felt when I saw it in the store window, and I went in and paid twenty dollars for it. I'd do without them campin' blankets and the fur robe, mother; but I wanted Grandis to have that picture."

They hung it up on the wall opposite the head of his bed, and when the old man waked from a nap, just as the sunbeams shone over the mute canvas, he looked at it with a smile.

"It's our old well," said he, not evincing the least surprise. "Just like I was a-lookin' out the window at it. I've got the well sweep back ag'in now, and I praps Dora'll come next. Who knows?"

And for the first time in a week, he got up and dressed himself, and deigned to give a sort of conditional approval to the repairs going on in the burned district.

"It looks too new now," said he, adjusting his "far-away" spectacles. "But praps in a year or two it'll be more weather-beaten an' nat'ral-like. I can always look at the picture, though, when I want to see the old well sweep."

Ellen pulled her brother's sleeve as he stood intently regarding the bright little oil painting on Grandis's wall. "Martin," said she, "nobody ever could have painted that picture by guess. It is our old well sweep, and there's the very buttered tree and the broken shingles on the barn roof. And don't you remember, Martin, how fond she used to be of painting?"

He turned suddenly around with an irradiated face. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he cried.

The veiled and shawl wrapped figure turned suddenly around, so that the flickering gaslight shone full on the dark eyes and mobile lips.

"Martin!" she cried out, with an involuntary step forward. "Dora—my Dora! No, you shall not draw away your hand!" he cried. "I've got you now, and I mean to keep you—yes, always, Dora!"

"Eh!" cried Grandis Sedgick, rousing himself from one of the frequent slumbers of extreme old age. "Dora, is it? Adam's little black-eyed gal? Well, I knowed she would come back before the Lord sent out a call for me. Some-thin' told me she would. They're fixed up the old well sweep, Dora, and you're back again! I hain't nothin' left to wish for now."

"And she's promised to be my wife," declared Martin, with his arm passed carefully around the girl's slim waist. "And Martin's given up the Western plan," ecstatically cried Mrs. Sedgick, "and he's going to be content to settle down here for good and all."

"And oh, I'm so glad!" gasped Ellen, while the squire slapped his son's back in an encouraging fashion. Old Grandis Sedgick looked from one to the other with a serene smile. "I hain't nothin' left to wish for," he repeated.—Saturday Night.

Facts About the Skeleton Industry Paris is the head-centre of the skeleton trade. The mode of preparation is a very delicate operation. The scalp is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues. Its work being done, the bones are boiled, being carefully watched meanwhile that they may not be overdone. After this cannibalistic procedure they are bleached in the sun. Even then spots of grease are sure to appear when they are exposed to heat.

The French treat these with ether and benzine, securing thereby a dazzling whiteness, which is a distinguishing mark of their skeletons. They are warranted never to turn yellow and to stand the test of any climate. New York in midsummer is not too hot for them. They are put together by a master hand.

A brass rod with all the proper curvatures support the spinal column. Delicate brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges of the most perfect workmanship govern the joints and a beautiful life-like movement. Cleverly concealed hooks and eyes render disjunction at pleasure possible. The whole construction plainly indicates the care and skill of an artist and connoisseur.

Domestic skeletons are generally the work of amateurs. Janitors in medical colleges rescue bones from the dissecting rooms and cure and articulate them. They find purchasers among the students, who on the completion of their studies resell the skeleton, if happily the market is not glutted. A second-hand skeleton may thus be had at quite a reasonable figure—occasionally as low as \$15.

The imported article, however, ranges from \$50 to \$400. The very high-priced ones are valued because of the preservation of the nervous and circulatory systems. Of course, they are beyond the reach of modest purses, and, as a taste for medical and scientific research has not yet developed among the millionaires, very few of skeletons are sold. They are always special order. A very fine French skeleton may be had for \$150, and that is as high as the general run of purchasers care to go.

Skulls, hands, and feet may be purchased separately, but to obtain a rib, an arm, or a collar bone, the whole affair must be bought. A skull and cross-bones, suitable for decorative purposes, cost but \$10. The skull has but one cut; it may be pretty, it is not artistic. For \$22 a skull that will unbind and reveal its hidden contents is possible. The bones of the ear are co-prised in this treasure.—Boston Herald.

The Round City's Name. The city having been named in honor of St. Louis many suppose that the pronunciation should be "St. Looie," because that is the correct pronunciation of the name of the saint. Louis is not an English name, and Hume, in anglicizing it in his history, always writes it "Lewis." All the French kings of the name "Louis" are "Lewis" in Hume's writings. Those who say "St. Looie" in speaking of the city may think it more honor to the sainted King of France, for whom it was named, to use the French pronunciation. On the other hand, our language is English, and it is perfectly natural that there should be those who hold that the name of our cities should be in nearly English as possible. The "St. Looie" pronunciation will never cause any one to forget why the city was named St. Louis, and if it is the most popular it should be generally accepted. Doubtless the earliest settlers never said "St. Looie," but it is a long time since they were here.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Aristocratic Indians. There are no people in Maine in whom the aristocratic instinct is stronger or who have more pride of birth than some of those who live in Oldtown Island. At present the tribe is greatly agitated over the question whether an adopted child shall be admitted to the inner circle of the island's Four Hundred. A year or two ago Mr. and Mrs. Sabatis had adopted a child from another tribe, the child being half white, as are many of the Maine Indians. "Owing to the fact that the child is a half-breed and belonged to another tribe," says an island correspondent, "there is a certain class on the island that is trying to prevent her from having her rights, while Mr. Sabatis claims she is entitled to all the rights of the tribe, as she was legally adopted. There are other cases of similar nature, but no trouble was ever made before, and Mr. Shea proposes to fight it out in a legal way."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

PRESIDENTS AT DINNER.

HOW THE NATION'S CHIEF EXECUTIVES HAVE DINED.

Washington and the Shad—Entertainments of Early Days—Later Presidents Careless Eaters.

WHAT did the Presidents eat? It is not so frivolous a question as the light-minded and unscientific would imagine. Let us try to answer it with gravity and reverence.

Washington had plain tastes. As President he was even inclined to be economical. He used to lecture his steward every week on the evils of extravagance. But the steward, an excellent man named Frances, who respected Washington and had a proper sense of the dignity of his position, would mutter at the end of each weekly lecture: "Ay, he may discharge me if he will, but while he is President and I an steward his table will be supplied with the best the country can afford."

Washington had a special fondness for fish. One February an early Delaware shad, caught in advance of the season, was seized from the market by Frances and served up triumphantly at the Presidential table.

"What fish is that?" cried Washington, as the savory odor met his nostrils. "A shad, sir," said Frances, gleefully. "The only one in the market, the first one of the season."

"But the price!" Washington's face grew stern. "Three—three dollars," stammered the steward. Washington's sternness increased. "Take it away," he cried. "It shall never be said that I set such an example of extravagance."

And the dish which was too great an extravagance for the President was carried off into the kitchen, where the servants ate it with no qualms of conscience.

Washington's immediate successors, Adams and Jefferson, were light eaters in private, but the former gave stately and magnificent banquets, while the latter kept a generous table in the large free-handed Virginia style. Forty guests was no unusual number, and it is said that the marketing for a single day frequently amounted to as much as \$50.

Madison revived the State dinners of Adams's time with a good deal of the attendant ceremonial, which Jefferson had discarded. Yet Mrs. William Winston Seaton in her diary rather slight one of the banquets at which she was present. "The dinner," she says, "was certainly fine, but still I was rather surprised, as it did not surpass some I have eaten in Carolina. There were many French dishes, and exquisite wines. I presume, by the praises bestowed upon them; comment on the quality of the wine seems to form the chief topic after the removal of the cloth. Candies were introduced before the ladies left the table, and the gentlemen continued half an hour longer to enjoy a social glass."

Madison himself was a light drinker. When he had had hard drinkers at his table he would invariably dilute his wine with water in order to keep up with them, or else merely took the glass to his lips while the others took deep draughts.

In strong contrast to Madison's banquets were those given by Andrew Jackson. He hated conventional etiquette even more than Jefferson did, and set his face more sternly against ceremonial. He always used a steel fork himself and provided his guests with one steel fork and a silver one. After dinner he smoked a long-handled corn-cob pipe. At his farewell reception Jackson introduced a curious novelty. This was an enormous cheese a yard thick and as big as a barrel in circumference, which was cut into three-pound pieces and distributed among the guests. This proved such a great success that Van Buren was tempted to emulate the example. But the carpets and the furniture suffered so severely from the greasy crumbs which fell upon them that the experiment was never again repeated, and indeed the custom of serving eatables at general receptions came to an end forever with Van Buren's last term. It had grown to be such a glaring abuse that just prior to the election of 1840 hungry crowds had besieged the East Room, clamoring to be fed, and threatening to vote against Van Buren if they were not entertained.

The death of two Presidents may be directly associated with the table. The first President Harrison caught a fatal cold while out marketing, his invariable custom, before breakfast. Taylor died of cholera morbus, resulting from a hearty meal of cherries washed down with ice milk, which he partook of on his return from a Fourth of July celebration. In an hour he was seized with cramps; in five days he was dead.

With the exception of President Arthur, the later Presidents have all been rather careless eaters, paying small attention to the delights of the table when they dined in family, and allowing their stewards or the ladies of the White House to take full supervision over the State banquets. President Arthur, however, though a light eater, was essentially an epicure, who took a great interest in the affairs of the kitchen, and made the supervision of his dinners a matter of earnest study. His private dinners are said to have cost as much as \$5 a plate, his public ones over \$10. President Cleveland, on the other hand, during his first term, is said never to have entered the kitchens of the White House, and though blessed with a wholesome appetite and a stomach capable of digesting anything set before him, he has no epicurean tastes. Garfield, when he entered the White House, was tormented with dyspepsia, and was forced to confine himself to plain dishes. He and Rutherford B. Hayes were the only Presidents who were not accustomed to serve wines with their meals. Like most abstainers, Hayes had a sweet tooth, and was especially fond of cake and candy.—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Chinese botanists can grow oaks in thimbles. Science announces that cholera bacilli do not live long in the body that has been properly buried.

The University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, is to have a building entirely devoted to chemistry. It is necessary to use high pressure in order to transmit the electric current economically to long distances.

The Edinburgh Review says that the commonest form of color-blindness is that which thinks green identical with red. Coal of an excellent quality and in large deposits has been discovered at Djebel-Ebou-Feyaz, in the district of Zer, Asia Minor.

There is a reptile common to the Sacramento Valley, California, known as the blowsnake. A full-grown blowsnake thinks nothing of swallowing a half dozen eggs at a time.

The auger that bores a square hole consists of a screw auger in a square tube, the corners of which are sharpened from within, and as the auger advances, pressure on the tube cuts the round hole square.

The modern lecturer relies greatly upon the projection of illustrations onto a screen, and the lanterns for this purpose have been so improved that effects and illusions of a most wonderful kind are now obtained in the lecture-room.

M. Van Rysselberghe, who died recently at Antwerp, was the inventor of the meteorograph, an electric weather register, by means of which the conditions prevailing in various localities may be shown at a central station.

Much research and investigation warrant the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl, and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions.

Electricians are now considering the feasibility of using potentials up to hundreds of thousands of volts. With the potential of 100,000 volts the power of Niagara could be transmitted to Chicago, with a loss not exceeding twenty per cent., and it could be sold at that place in competition with steam power, probably to commercial advantage.

A large dirigible balloon, intended to make headway against air currents of twenty-eight miles an hour, is being made in France. It will be similar in form to the La France of 1884-1885, but larger—230 feet in length and forty-three feet in its greatest diameter. It will weigh sixty-six pounds per horse power, and will be propelled by a screw in front with a rudder behind.

The enameled iron of various colors which has become such a common article of electrical commerce is made, according to a French industrial paper, by dipping the iron plates into an emulating liquid composed of: Borax 24 parts (by weight), soda salts 6, boric acid 15, washed sand 25, feldspar 12.5, saltpeter 2.5, flour spar 3 parts. The plates are then dried and fired. Coloring is obtained by using metallic oxides.

Change for the Passen er's \$10. There is a conductor on the Euclid avenue street car line who played a clever trick on a passenger the other morning, which has probably taught him to have his fare ready hereafter when he boards a car. The passenger lives away out at the end of the line, and was so punctual that he caught the same car every morning. About a week ago he tendered a \$10 bill in payment for his fare. The conductor did not have so much money at the beginning of his trip and told the passenger that he would pay the nickel out of his own pocket and he could return it the following morning. The next morning the business man again presented a \$10 bill. Again the conductor paid the fare for him.

This occurred four mornings in succession. The fifth morning the same \$10 bill came around, but the conductor was prepared. He drew a heavy bag from beneath the seat and handed it to the passenger with the remark: "Here's your change, sir. It's all right. I've counted it." He had secured 1000 pennies the night before and kept twenty-five of them for the fare he paid for the business man. The bag contained 975 copper coins. The passenger took the bag and rang for the car to stop. He now rides on another car.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tree 5000 Years Old. On the island of Tenerife, one of the largest if not the very largest of the Canaries, about half way between the Porto Santo and the summit of the famous Pico de Tyde, the highest point of land on the island, stands the considerable town of Orotava, famous for its wonderful "Dragon Tree," the identical botanical specimen which Humboldt pronounced "the most ancient vegetable relic in the world." Humboldt made calculations on its age in several different ways, and declared that it was between 5000 and 6000 years old. Sir John Herschel often alludes to it as the oldest tree in the world. For at least twenty centuries the Guanches used the immense hollow of this ancient tree as a temple of worship. Its eventual career was suddenly terminated in the summer of 1867, when it was uprooted and almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane.—St. Louis Republic.

Raisins; Swans. Swans are not hard to raise; they sell at \$40 and \$75 per pair. A farmer at Biddeford, Me., is making quite a success at swan breeding, and his profits must be quite large each season. The average hatch yields from three to six young swans. They hatch usually about June and mature in fourteen months from birth. They are very cross when with a brood, and need watching constantly unless penned up closely.—New York Independent.

THE PATIENT SEASON.

How patiently the seasons bide their time! No murrain from the bud that months ago Was ready, where the earth inclined, to bow; The birds are happy in their chosen home.

No doubt there are communiting 'neath the snow, And some bright eyes that never close in sleep, And some sharp ears that listen well and keep Sweet hope alive in little hearts below.

Then let the winter wear itself away, Borne thither on the breast of freighted rail; A dream of spring has touched the constant hills, And made the valleys patient of delay. —Mary A. Mason, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bright periodicals—Comets. The man with a long head is rarely head-long.—Binghamton Leader. It's queer about shops—they're never shut up unless they're shut down.—Elmira Gazette.

There never was so big a fool that he couldn't learn how to count money.—Aitchison Globe. The figurehead of a college is usually the professor of mathematics.—Philadelphia Record.

Many a man who 'starts off well' spoils everything by coming back.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Few men who go into maple-sirup manufacturing make an unadulterated success of it.—Troy Press.

Some men are like woodpeckers—they can't send in a bill without making a big noise about it.—Truth. Many a parachute jumper would be living to-day if he had never taken a drop.—Binghamton Leader.

The man who waits for appreciation generally gets it in the shape of an epitaph.—Milwaukee Journal. "Does she make a good wife?" "Well, it is doubtful. Her husband belongs to four clubs."—New York Press.

To harrow one's feelings is not the most profitable way of cultivating an acquaintance.—Boston Transcript. The picket fence was outfitted sharp, The moon was clear and pale, Her lover long ago had left, But thereby hangs a tail. —Lila.

"The pleasantest way to take cod liver oil," says an old gourmand, "is to fatten pigeons with it and then eat the pigeons." —Tit-Bits. The Professor—"What is happiness?" The Philosopher—"The condition of forgetting that you are unhappy."—Chicago News.

A man whose tongue is his entire capital defies the exigencies of commerce and succumbs to nothing less than a paralytic stroke. He's a dealer in rhymes an' in 'cod's, An exponent of both vocations, And can furnish quotations of stock, Or supply you with stocks of quotations. —Truth.

Dives—"I always shave myself. I won't trust a barber on my face." Lazarus—"I always shave myself, too. No barber will trust me on my face."—Chicago Tribune. Bluster—"I made a speech to-night at the banquet which will make me immortal." Mrs. B—"And it was only last month that you got your life insured!"—Boston Transcript.

"Charlie, didn't you promise to try and break yourself of the habit of using slang?" Charlie—"Yes, mamma, and you bet I'm gettin' there with both feet; don't you see."—Inter-Ocean. "Do play something, please, Miss Pianothump," said the hostess, advancing to her music loving guest; "it's getting pretty late; but not half the guests are gone yet."—Chicago News.

Mr. Nuwifue—"So this is cot-ta-gue-pud-ding, eh?" Mrs. Nuwifue (proudly).—"Yes. Can you guess how it's made?" Mr. Nuwifue—"Well—er I should think of pressed bricks, dear."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Johnson—"When I do marry I intend to marry a sensible girl, if I can find one." Tomson—"Now, there's Miss Sharpe; she gave me up." Johnson—"Just the girl I want. Won't you introduce me?"—Tit-Bits.

No mail has ever been able to explain so simple a problem as why the brilliant sun should lavish its light in broad daylight, while only a second hand luminary is vouchsafed to man in the night time.—Boston Transcript. "Your travel so much on the cars I should think you would go armed." "Armed!" exclaimed the suburbanite. "I do. I never travel with less than fifteen or thirty pounds of heavy bundles that I could use in an emergency."—Chicago Tribune.

Little Mabel—"Mamma, don't you think I can teach Fido to talk?" "Mamma—" "No, dear; what made you think you could?" Little Mabel—"Well, when I gave him his dinner he growled just like you say papa does when his meal doesn't please him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Mr. Billus—"Seems to me, Maria; the children don't speak half as good English as they did before they began to go to school." Mrs. Billus—"For mercy's sake, John, how can you expect them to learn everything at school? I wished you would quit harping on that English language fad of yours."—Chicago Tribune.

His Secret of Happiness. "Professor" said a gentleman recently to the famous Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, "may I ask the secret of your happiness?" "Yes," replied the genial Professor, who, in his old age is as sprightly and merry as a schoolboy. "Here is the secret. I have no vain regrets for the past, I look forward with hope to the future and I always strive to do my duty."—New York Herald.