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Rhode Island legislators get one dollar a day.

Forest fires in this country destroy every year $12,000,000 worth of timber.

A statistician, quoted by the Boston Transcript, finds that the death rate is lower among clergymen than among any other class of workers.

Notwithstanding modern improvements, the Yankee Blade avers, that it costs more per 1000 feet to manufacture lumber to-day than it did forty years ago.

At a meeting of the largest exporters of Mediterranean fruits, recently held at Palermo, Italy, it was unanimously decided not to ship fruits this season on steamers carrying immigrants.

There are estimated to be at present 40,000 elk, 1500 deer, 300 buffalo, 1000 black-tailed deer, 300 mountain sheep and plenty of bear, beaver and other varieties of animals in Yellowstone Park.

Once A Week is of opinion that "the problem of what a man possessed of plenty of money not earned by himself shall do for a worthy and honorable occupation, is certainly not yet worked out in this country."

In the course of a trial to determine the ownership of a bushel of oysters, a Cape May (N. J.) oysterman testified that he could identify his own oysters wherever he found them. The jury didn't agree with him, but he says he will appeal the case.

When a settler in the Northwest Territory wants to go back to Ontario to be married, the Canadian Pacific Railway sells him a matrimonial ticket at the usual rate; and, on presenting the return coupon and a marriage certificate, he is entitled to free transport for his bride.

"Austria's desire for peace amounts to a passion so intense," observes the Detroit Free Press, "that she requires twenty-two new batteries of artillery and more men in her regiments in order to keep up her friendly relations with all the European powers. The armed Nations of the East are bound to have peace, cost what it may in the way of men and arms."

Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, has denied the appeal of the State of Virginia for a readjustment of the boundary between that State and Tennessee. The disputed territory is a strip from two to eight miles wide from the North Carolina line, a due west course in latitude 36.30 north to the Kentucky line. The court held that the present line had been recognized as the true boundary for over eighty-five years.

A compendium of consular reports on the condition of European roads has just been issued by the State Department at Washington. Two features of this report should be of especial interest to American farmers. In the first place, the highways of France, Germany, England, Holland and Belgium are far superior to those of the United States. A fair sample of the statements on this point is that of one of the consuls in France. He says: "The wagon roads of France, always passable and reaching all centres of population, no matter how small, are the chief competitors of the railways, as means of communication by water are not numerous." The other point which ought to interest American farmers, adds the Chicago Herald, is the effect which these splendid roads have had on the price of land and on the prosperity of the small landowners.

The New York Post states that "Biblical students the world over will take great interest in the reported discovery by Professor Harris, in the Convent of Mount Sinai, of a complete Syrian text of the Four Gospels. It was from the ignorant and secretive monks of Sinai that Tischendarff finally obtained his famous Codex Sinaiticus forty years ago, and Professor Harris's find is even more precious, if the report is correct, since this Syrian version doubtless antedates any extant New Testament manuscript in Greek. It promises to be of the highest importance to Biblical scholars in the light which it will shed upon that question which critics are now so earnestly debating—the evolution of the text of the New Testament as we now have it. Professor Harris has already gone far towards fulfilling his own prophecy, made in his recent edition of the new-found apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter, that the next generation would see more important discoveries in Christian antiquities than the past four centuries put together."

The most beautiful bank notes issued are those of France and Germany. They are very difficult of imitation.

Between London and Paris the long distance telephone lines have almost supplanted the telegraph, so much more expeditious are they.

If financial disasters be a test of actual condition, the boasted prosperity of Australia seems, to the New York Commercial Advertiser, to be about to come to an end in the crash of banks.

A New York Judge has decided that the practice of boycotting is not illegal, but he seems to the San Francisco Chronicle to have based his decision upon the fact that both employer and employed had mutually engaged in the business of harassing each other.

According to the New York Independent one of the greatest literary undertakings of late years in America is the reprint in a somewhat revised shape of Walch's edition of Luther's works. This is being done by the book concern of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri and other States. Twelve volumes in large quoto have already appeared.

A Kentuckian who entered the august presence of the United States Supreme Court recently says there were but two lawyers within the bar, one of them making a prosy speech and the other working mightily like a man who was expecting to answer his opponent. "There was an air of solemn dullness about the grave jurists which seemingly was an appropriate atmosphere for the enshrouding of brooding Buddhas."

A reform movement seems to be sweeping over our Southern neighbor—Mexico, notes the Independent. States have passed laws abolishing bull fighting, and it is expected that the National Congress will complete the work by a general prohibitory bill. This is a very gratifying indication of the working of good influences in our sister Republic. Mexico without bull fights and without revolutions is Mexico under the control of the new civilization.

The Railway Suspension Bridge at Niagara, the first of its kind in this country, and for many years regarded as a wonder second only to the great cataract, has outlived its capacity, declares the New York Mail and Express, and probably will soon be replaced by another and greater structure. This old bridge was the first of the marvelous triumphs of our engineers, who have now progressed far beyond it, and who have come to regard it as a very ordinary affair.

Captain Molard, a professor at St. Cyr, Franc's West Point, who ought to be good authority, has made a careful calculation of the force of soldiers now under call in Europe. He puts France at the head, with 2,500,000; next, Russia with 2,451,000; close upon her, Germany with 2,417,000; then, after a long interval, Italy, with 1,514,000; while fifth among the armies comes that of Austria-Hungary, with 1,050,000. A great drop brings us to Turkey, with 700,000; to England, with 342,000; and to Spain, with 300,000. The lesser powers put together can muster 1,289,000, so that the aggregate would be 12,563,000. It is a tremendous aggregate for Europe to maintain, comments the New York Sun. However, only a small part of these forces are constantly with the colors, forming what we should call the regular or standing army, They include the reserves of various grades, and perhaps only a fourth or a fifth of the whole body are always under arms. These figures, nevertheless, as we understand the matter, shows us the number on the rolls or in the calculations for possible use in time of war, and for which provision is made of some sort in the military budgets. But Captain Molard expects these numbers to be far outdone seven years hence. From various calculations and surmises he concludes that in the year 1900 Germany will have 5,000,000 soldiers; France, 4,350,000; Russia, 4,000,000; Italy, 2,236,000; Austria-Hungary, 1,900,000; Turkey, 1,150,000; Spain, 800,000; England, 602,000, and the smaller powers 2,832,000. Here would be a prodigious aggregate of 22,420,000. This calculation for the year 1900 supposes, therefore, an addition of nearly 10,000,000 to the crushing military establishments of today. It is not beyond the domain of a reasonable possibility that before the Twentieth Century arrives the huge military fabric of Europe will tumble of its own weight, and that, under a general plan of disarmament, the armies of that period, instead of being nearly double those of 1893, may not be more than half as great.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

Sweetheart, 'twas but a while ago—it scarce seems yesterday,
Though now my locks are white as snow and all your curls are gray—
When, walking in the twilight haze, ere stars had smiled above,
I whispered soft: "I love you," and you kissed me for that love!

The first kiss, dear! and then your hand—your little hand so sweet,
And whiter than the white, white sand that twinkled 'neath your feet—
Laid tenderly within my own! Have queens such lovely hands?
No wonder that the whip-poor-wills made sweet the autumn lands!

It seemed to me that my poor heart would beat to death and break,
While all the world, sweetheart! sweetheart! seemed singing for your sake;
And every rose that barred the way in glad and dying grace,
Forgot its faded summer day and, leaning, kissed your face!

I envied all the roses then, and all the rosy ways
That blossomed for your sake are still my life's bright yesterdays;
But thinking of that first sweet kiss and that first clasp of hands,
Life's whip-poor-wills sing sweeter now though all the winter lands!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

AN UNPUNISHED CRIME.

BY LUCIA BURTON MORSE.

LE ROY, you were well warned of this in ample time to prevent its occurrence. A year ago, when you left college, I settled all your debts, increased your allowance, gave you a good start in your chosen profession, and told you decidedly then, or tried to impress upon you, that all further expenditures must come within the limit of your personal income. Your opportunities for making that income a large amount were better than most young men start out with, and if it has failed to meet your expenses you must settle the matter in the best way that you can. The affair is yours alone."

The Hon. Amos Leonard turned again to his papers, as though to dismiss the matter, while his son, whose affairs had been returned to himself with so much decision, crossed the room and stood looking out of the window, whistling softly as he jingled the coins in his pockets.

He had not expected this rebuff. Never before had his indulgent father refused to help him out in whatever difficulties were brought to him for consideration.

It may have been in one sense the fault of this parent that his only son had grown to manhood with a disregard for dollars, which led his generous, happy-go-lucky nature into wild and reckless extravagance.

Leroy Leonard had been a very little boy when his mother and older sister died, leaving him alone to his father's care.

So it was the most natural thing in the world that, after the first paralysis of grief had worn away with time, Mr. Amos Leonard centered all his love, and hope and pride in this lonely fellow. Whatever happiness was left in the world for his father was embodied in Le Roy. What wonder is it that the boy grew to a man with the idea that all obstacles would be in some way removed from the path of the courted Le Roy Leonard.

He had gone through college with every confirmation of this idea and it was not until he started out in business, that his father realized the utter lack of discipline or management in his adored son. Then with his usual mixture of indulgence and inconsistency, he gave him a generous start and absolutely withdrew all further aid,

It cost the Hon. Amos Leonard more than his son dreamed to hold out in this matter. He would deny himself anything in reason, or out of it, to save this bright natured son of his one extra care or trouble; and this self-denial for Le Roy's own good was hardest of all because it brought its hardships to him as well as to his father.

This idea of discipline had occurred to Mr. Leonard rather late perhaps, but he was determined to undo the wrong of former years, at whatever cost of self-sacrifice.

There are many who will criticise his judgment in this case—rightfully, too, perhaps—but he was doing what he thought best. His motive was good, indeed; it was only that he was a man—a father, not a mother. Le Roy stood whistling for more than half an hour. Then he took his hat and started toward the door.

"I shall dine with you at home tonight, father," he said, pleasantly. "Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, my son," his father replied, looking up as Le Roy left the room. He looked at the door for some minutes after his son had passed out. "The boy is all right," he said, half aloud. "It was only a little firmness that he needed. I have never been quite firm enough." So he turned and went on writing.

Le Roy walked down the avenue to Twenty-third street and stood for a few moments in the porch of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His debts were larger than usual, and two of them were what is called in a certain circle "debts of honor." They must be paid to-morrow at the latest, and his entire income for several months ahead was long ago consumed. His profession was not yet paying dividends. He had been three times to his father, and he realized now that he meant to refuse all aid.

Suddenly, standing there in the bright winter sunshine, Le Roy Leonard grew very pale and started slightly. After that he stared intently at the square opposite for five minutes, and then walked hurriedly off down Broadway.

"What is this? I have no note of such a sum."

"It is quite correct, sir. The amount is a large one and the check was presented by your son. You must recollect."

The cashier of the down town bank placed in the Hon. Amos Leonard's hands a check for exactly the amount of Le Roy's debts, not a cent more or less. It was signed with the Hon. Amos Leonard's name, in his own peculiar chirography, but not by his hand. Only he knew that—he and one other.

"Ah yes! my memory must be failing a little, I—yes, of course." Mr. Leonard forced a short, harsh laugh. "I recall it now—yes, yes—perfectly. It is all right, good day, good day, perfectly indeed."

A young clerk, with his slim legs twisted among the rounds of a high stool, watched the stately old man, as he made his way out. When the heavy door swung together, he dipped his pen in the ink again but paused before he used it, to say with a shrewd, malicious grin:

"Guess Beau Brummel Le Roy might help him to remember it better."

"Go on with your books, sir?"

The cashier spoke in a quick, stern voice, which admitted of no retort or disobedience. Silence ensued, except for the scratching of the pens.

Mr. Leonard's faltering steps carried him homeward unwittingly and he sank into his deep chair before the library fire, conscious of a desire to think it all over and a corresponding dread of the same. Perhaps it might not be long before he ceased thinking altogether. He felt that he had grown to be an old, old man in the last few hours.

How brightly the fire was burning. The great library looked unusually neat and well appointed. He remembered that it had lately been cleaned and renovated. He hoped that Harry had mislaid none of his books or papers. Ah! papers! He must begin to think now about that paper he had seen at the bank. When he had warmed his bloodless hands—well, then he would think about it.

Since Le Roy had entered upon his professional career, father and son had rarely met during the day, but they had by mutual, though tacit, agreement taken up the old habit of dining together almost regularly, notwithstanding the demands of society upon the time of each. To-night, Mr. Leonard reasoned, Le Roy would probably not come home. Or perhaps he was not aware of the fact that the check had been shown to his father. It would be better to wait in that case until he did know. It would also afford Mr. Leonard more time to think the matter over.

He stepped to a window to lower a shade, where the sun blazed in too glaringly in its red setting light. Down the avenue he saw Le Roy coming home.

The father stood there watching his son, as he had done a thousand times before. Le Roy had grown into the habit of expecting him there, and now just as he had always done, he snatched off his hat and waved it boyishly over his head. The Hon. Amos Leonard nodded his white head and then laughed aloud at the mockery of it. "He does not know yet," he mused. "I shall have more time to think."

He was waiting in the library when Le Roy came down stairs dressed for dinner. He sat down by his father and read the evening papers until the meal was announced.

Then he arose, and just as he had done ever since he grew to his father's height, offered his strong young arm and led his father to his place at the head of the table.

The evening dinner had always been a happy one to those two old friends when they dined alone together. So it was to-night. There were no guests. Le Roy's bright talk cheered the lonely home and his father joined in it with more than usual vivacity. It was no time to think while "the boy" was present.

After dinner came a game of chess, and that finished, Le Roy got out his guitar and accompanied his rich, sweet baritone in the ballads his father loved to hear.

Usually after this, Le Roy went out some where. Occasionaliy the Hon. Amos Leonard went with him, but tonight neither seemed inclined to leave the luxury of home. Not until the great hall clock chimed the hour of midnight did Le Roy rise and bid good-night to his father in the old, boyish and unusual, perhaps, but infinitely sweet to the old man, who had no one else to bid him good-night in any way.

After that it was too late to think. "To-morrow," said Amos Leonard to himself, "he will know and he will not come."

"To-morrow" passed slowly and yet the father had not found time nor mind to think. That dull old grief had come upon him again just as it had when he was first left with only Le Roy in the world. Sometimes he seemed to hear the boy's childish prattle, as he did in the days past, when it was meaningless to him, coming through his mist of sorrow.

At five o'clock he rose and stood in the window again, with the western sun blazing in his face. And there, indeed, came his son Le Roy up the street. Off came his hat again; bob went the curly head, and what could his father do but bow and smile as of old? No one outside should know. When Le Roy should come down to dinner he would speak.

Dinner was announced, however, before the young man appeared, so it must again be deferred.

If Le Roy knew that his father had seen that check he was either a most remarkable actor or a hardened villain. There was in his manner not the slightest trace of nervousness or fear. If any change could be discerned it was a slight increase of the respect and tenderness in his manner toward his father, which had withstood all indulgence.

As they passed into the library after dinner, Le Roy remained standing at the table when his father was seated.

"I am going to the opera to-night with Mrs. Van Cruger's party," he said; "but before I go I want to say to you, sir, that I have been thinking things over for the past few days and I begin to realize a little of what you have done for me. I have never been appreciative nor grateful, I know, and a great deal of it all has been thrown away, but whatever I can do now to make up for it I shall try to do faithfully, and—honestly. Good night, sir."

And leaning down he put his arms around his father's neck—as he had done years ago—and kissed the glowing, grand old face with new reverence and solemnity.

It was the only reference either man every made to this one dishonesty in Le Roy Leonard's brilliant and honorable career.—Elmira (N. Y.) Argosy.

Bell Founding.

The art of bell founding is undoubtedly of great antiquity. The Saxons are known to have used bells in their churches, although probably but small ones, for the Venerable Bede, writing at the end of the Seventh Century, alludes to them in terms which seem to show that they were not unfamiliar things. The towers of the Saxon period have belfries of considerable dimensions, in most cases; and at Crowland Abbey, in South Lincolnshire, there was a famous peal of seven bells many years before the Norman Conquest.

The monks at that time, and for long after, were the chief practitioners of the art of bell founding—which, indeed, is one of the many things those well-abused men have handed down to us. Their bells were rarely without inscriptions, often in very bad Latin, containing perhaps some obscure joke, the point of which is quite lost. More often they were of a religious nature, sometimes, we fear, not unmixed with a dash of superstition, as when the bell declares that its sound drives away the demons of the air who caused pestilence and famine, lightning and thunderstorms. As a rule, unfortunately, they put no dates on their bells, a defect which has been in some measure overcome by the researches of many enthusiastic campanologists, but which is likely to keep the early history of bells shrouded in darkness for a long time to come.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Boys' Festival in Japan.

The great event of May, in Japan, is the celebration on the fifth day of the month of the boys' festival. It is called Nobori-no-sekku, festival of flags, or Shoby-no-sekku, festival of reeds. Before the door of every abode which has been blessed by the birth of boys during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole, from the top of which are flung to the breeze gigantic carp—koe—made of paper or woven stuffs in brilliant colors, one for every son. This particular fish is chosen for a symbol because it swims stoutly against stream, and even up rapids, leaping cascades to the higher waters. This implies that the boys in like manner must be sturdy and indomitable, stemming courageously the stormy currents of life's stream. Flags also are raised before the houses, bearing pictures of the Chinese mythical hero Shoki, as an example of strength and bravery. Weapons, armor and pictures of heroes and horses are chosen for the decoration of the tokonoma, the slightly raised platform which is the place of honor in every living-room.

The flower held in highest favor for this festival is the iris; but a kind of early chrysanthemum, and a particular variety of bamboo, called moso-chiku, are also used. Bundles of reeds and mugwort are fastened to the projecting roofs of the houses on this day.—Demorest.

A Generous Cat.

A member of the Zoological Society says: "I once had a cat which always sat up to the dinner table with me, and had his napkin round his neck and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put round puss came rushing upstairs and sprang into his chair, with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on his own plate and then one on mine. He had divided his dinner with me, as I had often divided mine with him."—London Answers.

Courteous Bandits of China.

The robbers of China are banded together, and form a terrible compact. If a bank in the city wishes to send a large amount of money to Pekin, the banker sends a gift to the chief of the banditti infesting the territory through which the money is about to pass, telling him the time the silver will be sent, and requesting that it be not disturbed.

When such a request is made, accompanied by a handsome present, it is usually honored. These banditti are not the only robbers. The Government is engaged in the same business.

Taxes are very high, and every time one comes in contact with the rulers it costs something.—Brooklyn Citizen.

HUNTING THE POLECAT.

NOT FASTIDIOUS, BUT PAYS BETTER THAN FARMING.

The Kind of Traps Used—His Favorite Haunt the Cemetery—The Skins in Great Demand.

FROM the 15th of November till the first of March, a good many of the dwellers in the rural districts of Connecticut, and especially in the Connecticut River Valley, find profitable employment in trapping polecats.

The occupation is not a pleasant one for a person whose sense of smell is toned up to the point of fastidiousness, but it pays far better than farming or any other vocation that offers itself to the back-country dweller.

The trapper, about the middle of November, sets stone traps and baits them with pieces of fresh meat. A chicken's wing, the "hind-quarter" of a musk rat, or a piece of fresh rabbit is considered a fetching bait. The trap is a heavy flat stone, supported by notched sticks that are held in place by a spindle, upon the end of which the bait is placed. In attempting to take the meat from the spindle the trap is tripped and the stone falls on the animal.

The most favorable localities for setting these traps are under the walls around pasture lots and near ledges and old cellars or chimney stacks. Steel traps are sometimes used. They are placed in burrows; but it is necessary to carefully conceal them, or the animal will dig around the trap and escape.

When deep snow covers the ground, the skunk remains in its burrow and the trappers are obliged to wait until the ground is bare again before hunting the animal.

When the polecat is stirring, his favorite stamping ground is easily found, for the soil will be turned up as if by pigs. The animal roots in the ground for worms and roots of grass and certain shrubs. He is also fond of eggs and chickens, and he makes bad work for the farmer when he manages to get into his chicken house. He seems to hold the flesh of the fowl in a lower estimation than its blood. When a skunk finds himself in a well filled chicken house he proceeds to kill the fowls, and as he does so he drinks their blood, sometimes so gorging himself as to be unable to get away, and he falls into the hands of the person whose property he has destroyed.

In the fall skunk hunting is quite a popular sport among the men and boys of the back-country. The hunt usually takes place on the "young o' the moon." The participants clothe themselves in raiment for which they care but little, and, armed with a stout club or pole, from eight to twelve feet long, they take to the field about nine o'clock in the evening.

The polecat has an uncanny preference for cemeteries, and, if moving at all, he will be found burrowing around a graveyard oftener than anywhere else. If there is a cemetery within a reasonable distance, the hunter makes it his objective point.

When the game is sighted, the hunter, moving as stealthily as possible, advances upon it, and if he manages to get within striking distance of it without having been noticed, he stamps on the groudd. The animal, on hearing the sound, immediately faces the enemy. There is a quick blow of the club, carefully aimed, and the polecat's days are ended. It sometimes happens that the aim of the hunter is faulty and the animal is not seriously hurt. Then it is that the man takes to his heels and beats an inglorious retreat.

From the fatty substance taken from the animal some people try an oil, which they believe possesses wonderful medicinal properties, and it is freely used by them in severe cases of croup, inflammation of the lungs, and rheumatic affections.

The true value of the animal lies in its pelt, which finds a ready market. The pelts are graded in three classifications, viz: Stripe, half stripe, and black. In the majority of skunk pelts there is a white stripe running from the head to the tail. These are classed as striped skins. When the white stripe extends only half way along the back it is a "half stripe" skin. A black pelt has but little white in it, and it brings a much higher price than either of the other classifications.

Within the past few years skunk skins have made a wonderful increase in value. Formerly the hides went slowly at ten cents apiece; but the demand has grown for them, and a stripe and half stripe pelt now brings the trapper from eighty cents to one dollar and a black skin goes at one dollar and a half.

The skins are used extensively in the manufacture of fur garments. The monkey skin capes and muffs that were so popular a year ago were largely made of black skunk skins. Large numbers of them are annually exported to Europe, where they are manufactured into caps and other articles of wearing apparel.—Scientific American.

To Make Cloth Waterproof.

Here is a recipe to make ordinary cloth waterproof. In a pail of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead (the acetate of lead) and half a pound of alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another pail and put the garments therein and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Then hang up to dry without wringing. Garments treated thus can be worn in the wildest storm of wind and rain without the wearer getting even damp. The rain hangs in globules upon the cloth, and cloth that is waterproof is better and more healthy than rubber goods.—New York World.

Pierce City, Idaho, now deserted, had 20,000 inhabitants in gold days.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We are coming, we are coming
O'er the field and o'er the fen,
In the forest, in the glen,
Where the sunbeams dance and gleam
By the brooklet's silvery stream,
O'er the hill and down the river,
Where the trembling willows shiver,
We are coming, we are coming
To thy heart, O, spring, again!

We are coming, we are coming
Scattering sweetness all the way!
Here a tendril, there a spray,
Buds uplifted to the sun,
Blossoms opening one by one,
Whispering of the dawning golden,
Breathing still the mystery olden
We are coming, we are coming,
Renewing life from out decay!

—Eliza A. Fletcher.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Taken from the French—the Panama pilferings.

Jagson says it's always foot up or shut up with the ledger.—Elmira Gazette.

Money talks; but if it speaks the truth, it must plead guilty to a good many crimes.

Boxing the compass is not counted as one of the "spars" of a ship.—Boston Transcript.

You can prove almost anything by statistics, except the truth of the figures.—Puck.

"This is certainly a hand to mouth existence," remarked the dentist.—Washington Star.

How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.—Texas Siftings.

The time that most men waste in explaining their failures would, if properly employed, put them on their feet again.—Puck.

Impressionist — "Now, candidly, what do you think I ought to get for it?" Critic—"A hiding place."—Kate Field's Washington.

"How are you getting on with your bicycle riding, Dick?" Dick—"I spend most of my time getting on."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It does not follow that a person will become a successfull fisherman just because he has a pull on the lines.—Rochester Democrat.

It is the cynical bachelor who thinks that most marriageable young women have graduated from the school of design.—Lowell Courier.

The long-winded story teller seems to base his claims to reliability on the fact that he is never short in his accounts.—Washington Star.

One of the latest arrivals at Jackson Park is an orang-outang from Java, and visitors are cautioned not to monkey with him.—Chicago Tribune.

"Why are you so sure that Dempsey doesn't know anything about base ball?" "Jupiter, man! He's been an umpire for years."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

No machine ever invented will begin to stand the wear and tear and abuse that the human stomach will, and still keep working on.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

"I ain't much at the pianny," said the coal yard employe as he adjusted the weight of a load of coal, "but I'm great at runnin' the scales."—Washington Star.

"And is the air healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort. "Excellent, sir, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."—Tid Bits.

"I tell you, there's nothing like coolness in the presence of danger," said Juggins. "No," replied Jaggins; that's what keeps people from being sunstruck."—Washington Star.

"You don't seem to know me," said the ward worker to the "boss," as he unrolled his petition. "Your face is very familiar," said the "boss," "but I can't place you."—Philadelphia Press.

Mary had a little lamb,
She gave her head a toss
And sent it back because she lacked
The mint to make the sauce.
—Washington Star.

"What are you reading?" said one clerk in a broker's office to another. "A work on the theory of money." "That's no good. What we want is the practice of money."—Washington Star.

Cholly—"Do you ever have moments when you feel like doing something absurd?" Myrtylla—"Yes, indeed. Why, when you proposed to me last I felt for a moment like accepting you."—New York Herald.

"You should see Mrs. Bunkins and her daughter in their new dresses," said the marksman's wife. "They are sights." "I've seen them," replied the opticians's wife. "I never saw such spectacles."—Washington Star.

"There is not much similarity between our ways of earning a livelihood," said the dentist to the paint manufacturer. "No," admitted the manufacturer, "there is not. I grind colors, while you cull grinders."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Coroner in Boston is said to be awaiting the suicide of a poet in that city who wrote about clasping "the two tremulous hands" of his lady love, but which the printer made to read "the two tremendous hands."—New York World.

Mrs. Carper—"Yes, my daughter was crazy to get married and she married a man who has failed in everything he has undertaken." Mrs. Fox (whose husband has failed for a million)—"Gracious! They must be immensely rich."—New York Press.

Manager—"Say, Doctor! I sent my leading man around to you to-day. He's complaining of stupor and all that. What's the matter with him?" Doctor—"His liver refuses to act." Manager—"I wish he was as sensible as his liver."—Boston Courier.