

Trade journals are noting the fact that the price of wool is the lowest in its history.

The "trusty" prisoner in a penitentiary belongs, in the opinion of the Washington Star, to the same general class as the gun that nobody knew was loaded.

There is one place where a woman gets a man's pay for doing a man's work. It is the Township of Marshfield, Maine, and any woman who wishes to work out her road tax can do so and have her day's work count for as much as a man's.

As an instance of the wonderful growth of the English language, it may be noted, observes the Detroit Free Press, that, whereas Noah Webster could not find 80,000 words to put in his compilation, the recent Century Dictionary comprises more than 200,000.

At the beginning of this year there were 1168 submarine cables in existence, of which 880 belonged to different dominions, and 288 to private companies. The former possessed a length of 16,652 miles and the latter had a length of 144,743 miles, thus the total length was 161,395 miles.

The Terra Haute (Ind.) Gazette exclaims: "Take all the noted cathedrals and public buildings and monuments and colossal statuary of the ancient and modern world and group them in the Elysian fields and one might see the equal in beauty and radiant splendor of the magical White City as viewed from the top of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. But until that is done the White City will stand alone a peerless gem in the diadem of the centuries."

The annual loss of human life by lightning shock is very great throughout the world. In European Russia, from 1885 to 1892, no less than 2270 persons were killed in this way. In Austria during the same time the electric fluid killed 1700 persons. Ten thousand persons are reported as having been struck by lightning during the past twenty-nine years, with 2252 deaths, in France, while in the United States 202 deaths from lightning were recorded in 1892. The effects of lightning stroke are usually shock and coma and partial or complete loss of sight or hearing. The tissues are often burned superficially or deeply.

Vice-Admiral Colomb, of the British Navy, who is regarded as one of the leading naval authorities of the world, has expressed an opinion regarding the most available types of war ships, particularly for the United States. He says that we should build battle ships, armored cruisers and torpedo boats, because they will be what we shall need in case of any war we are likely to have. He says that if he had control of the Navy Department of the United States he would look at the Nations with whom this country might go to war, and would then provide enough battle ships to be superior to the battle ships of any one of these possible enemies, and continually keep up this superiority. He would also build fast cruisers, many of which should be armored—vessels like the New York for example—and then, in addition, fast torpedo boats as a means of coast defense.

The President of a life insurance company has recently made public some interesting facts concerning suicide. It said that in 1877, of the people whose lives were insured, 1.28 per cent. died by their own hands. Since then the life insurance companies have practically discontinued the policy of refusing to pay in case of suicide, and the result is that the ratio of suicides to the insured population has increased alarmingly. The President whose statements we have quoted says: "It is passing strange that men will deliberately contrive the means of their own destruction in order to get the best of a life insurance company and leave money to those who come after them. Perhaps there is nothing very strange in it, comments the Atlanta Constitution. In this country there are plenty of men who are afraid of nothing in this world or in the next. The only good thing about them is the natural affection they feel for their families. They belong to the utterly hopeless and desperate class. They see no chance of providing for the immediate wants of their loved ones unless they insure their lives and step out of the world. Free-thinking in religion and our social conditions are largely responsible for this state of affairs. The life insurance companies will have to change their regulations when they find that a very large percentage of their customers do not consider life worth living."

More children are born in Greece and in Spain, in proportion to population, than in any other Caucasian Nations.

From recent revelations made after the disaster to H. M. S. Victoria, it would seem to the Chicago Record that the British navy is considerably more powerful in picture books than on the briny sea.

New Zealand's Labor Department has begun to publish the Journal of Commerce and Labor, a monthly journal to contain official reports on the state of the labor markets throughout the colony and Australasia in general. It will be distributed free to public bodies, trades unions, and all applicants.

The mistletoe will be more difficult to find next winter. It comes almost exclusively from the orchards of Normandy, where it flourished on the apple tree. The French Government has decided that all the mistletoe must be cut off the trees at once, on the ground that it sucks the sap and impoverishes them.

The death of A. J. Drexel, of Drexel, Morgan & Company, in no way affects the business of that great corporation, but it removes a millionaire who ranked with George W. Childs as a public benefactor. The two men were like brothers, and there was a generous rivalry between them to see which could do the most good with his money.

Sunday labor is prohibited in Europe, except in France and the Netherlands, where the workmen are given time for devotional exercises. Night work is prohibited for women under twenty-one years of age in Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Netherlands and Switzerland, except in cases where factories run continuously all hours. The hours of labor are eleven daily, except in Great Britain, where ten hours only are allowed. In unhealthy occupations a doctor's certificate is required in all countries for both women and children.

Judge Mobley, of Greene County, Alabama, received an appointment the other day in one of the Washington departments, and he journeyed to the capital to qualify. But after looking over the ground, avers the New Orleans Picayune, the judge returned home, declining the appointment in a letter to his indorser, Congressman Bankhead, in which he said: "I give you the following reasons: (1) I have lived to be more than forty years old and have never been bossed by anybody, and can't begin that now. (2) I am making more than \$2000 at home and like to live there. (3) I have been elected President of the Greene County Fishing Club, and it is time to assume the duties of my office."

This has not been a good year for railroad building and the reasons are apparent. During the six months ended July 1st only 1014 miles of railroad were built in the United States, less than we have built during any six months since the war. The new mileage is distributed as follows:

| State. | Miles. | State. | Miles. |
|------------------|--------|----------------|--------|
| Alabama... | 12. | Missouri... | 99.1 |
| Arkansas... | 3. | Nebraska... | 22. |
| Arizona... | 42. | N. Hamp... | 1. |
| California... | 36.25 | New York... | 35.15 |
| Colorado... | 6. | N. Carolina... | 46.7. |
| Florida... | 50.5. | N. Dakota... | 50. |
| Idaho... | 3. | Oregon... | 52.7. |
| Illinois... | 3. | Penn. | 19. |
| Indiana... | 9.6. | R. Island... | 6. |
| Illinois... | 37. | Tennessee... | 7. |
| Kansas... | 6.3. | Texas... | 125.82 |
| Kentucky... | 4.37. | Washington... | 29.5. |
| Louisiana... | 2.425. | W. Virginia... | 59.75 |
| Maine... | 1.5. | Wyoming... | 4. |
| Massachusetts... | 1. | | |
| Minnesota... | 22. | | |

It will be observed, says the Atlanta Journal, from which the above table is taken, that not a mile of new railroad has been built in Georgia this year, though Georgia year before last led all the States of the Union in railroad construction. The fact that Georgia does not appear in the list printed above is not to be regretted. There has been no recent need for new railroads in this State, and money has been so tight that none of it has been found ready to go into experimental enterprises of this sort. A similar state of affairs in the other States is the explanation of the small new railway mileage. Railroad building has been overdone in many States, and it will be a long time before some of the lines that have been built in Georgia during the last five or six years will pay. The general falling off in railroad construction is a healthy sign. In the first six months of last year there were built in the United States 1367 miles of railway and the construction for the year was 4200 miles. The same ratio of increase for the last six months of the year would give us about 3000 miles of new railroad for 1893.

THE GOLDEN DOORWAY.

Restless man has traveled far,
Peace and home delight him not;
O'er strange ways his journeys arc,
Snows and suns affright him not.
Ho ho came! Ho ho the sledge!
Ho ho the bateau 'mid the edge!
And the surly jog of the Esquimaux dog along
the glacier's edge!

So ho voyages up and down
Sliding seas and deserts rude,
And takes the wind on his forehead brown
In all degrees of latitude.
Ho to the sources of the Nile!
Ho to some unknown Arctic isle
Where the grim ice pack shall lie at his back
for many a frozen mile!

Distance doth he laugh to scorn
And the perils of the waste,
And the storms beneath the horn;
Death itself he hath outaced.
Ho ho the simoom! Ho ho the shock
When on reefs tall vessels knock
And the poisoned spear and the serpent near
and the avalanche from the rock!

Ho he belts the continents with steel,
Ho he pierces mountains through and
through,
On countless tracks the grinding wheel
Hurries him, thrusts him out of view.
Ho ho the piston driving fast!
Ho ho the race against the blast!
And the ceaseless flight in dark and light
that glideth the earth at last!

See where shows the magic glow
Of all journeyings that are,
Bright like the noiseless gates that roll
Black for Phobus's golden arc.
Ho ho the traveler, patient, bold!
Ho ho the doorward of crusted gold,
And the wonders therein by which men win
a new world from the old!

Still man rides on sea and shore,
Pressing forward, turning never.
Tells us now this golden door,
His sharp unrest and long endeavor.
Ho ho the car and rushing keel!
Ho ho the saddle! Ho ho the wheel!
And the lord of the rail, that doth not all in
his tireless frame of steel.
—Chicago Record.

THE DAUGHTER'S MISTAKE

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.

HERE, put away the things, do; I'm tired to death!"

Theodore Evelyn tossed her faded ball-bonnet on one side, and her white cashmere opera-cloak on the other, while she herself sank with an air of utter weariness upon a sofa drawn in front of the fire.

She was a tall, brilliant-complexioned blonde, with big blue eyes like a doll's, golden hair, and a lovely red mouth that put her in mind of a cluster of dead-ripe scarlet cherries, and her dress was of white mist-like tulle, looped up by bouquets of blue forget-me-nots, and floating blue ribbon.

Mrs. Evelyn stood patiently by, picking up the flowers, folding the opera-cloak with the showy silk lining on the outside, and stirring the fire that it might blaze up with a more cheery luster.

"Will you have a cup of tea, love, before you go to bed?" she asked, wistfully.

"No, I won't!" answered the young lady, undisturbedly. "Thank goodness I'm not such a bundle of whims as you are, mamma. Why don't you take out my hair-pins, instead of standing staring?"

"I didn't know you were ready, dear," said the mother, advancing with nervous haste.

"There!" ejaculated Theodore, tartly; "you've torn my dress-trail with your clumsy feet. I've a great mind not to let you come near me."

"I'm very sorry, darling," apologized the meek matron, turning red and pale as she began to take down the luxuriant masses of Theodore's golden hair.

"What good does it do to be sorry?" snapped the girl. "It's what you always say. Do make haste; didn't I tell you I was tired?"

"Did you have a pleasant evening, Theo?" ventured her mother, after a few minutes of silence, during which the beauty yawned several times.

"Pleasant enough," was the ungracious response.

"Was Mr. St. Emil there?"

"Yes," said Theo, roused into something like animation at the mention of that name; "and that piece of pink-and-white wax, his lady-mamma. Oh, how anxious he was that I should make a favorable impression on the old woman!"

"And you?"

"Oh, I played sweet simplicity to perfection—said 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am'!" and Theodore laughed boisterously at the recollection. "How delighted St. Emil was!"

"Then he is really interested?"

"Interested? Of course he is. Mark my words, mamma, I shall be Mrs. St. Emil yet."

Mrs. Evelyn's eyes sparkled at the alluring prospect.

"Only," went on Theodore, languidly, surveying her pretty face in a cheval glass, "the idea of such a mother-in-law almost daunts me. He thinks so much of due reverence being paid her, and I, for one, can't fall down and worship any old woman alive. But it's just as well, I suppose, to keep up the illusion until after we're married."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the discreet mother, eagerly.

"How St. Emil would stare if he heard me hauling you over the coals sometimes," cried Theodore, with a laugh. "He thinks one's mother is next door to one's guardian angel, the fool!"

"Theo, don't talk so," said Mrs. Evelyn, a contraction as if of pain passing over her pale, worn face.

"I'm sure I've heard you call papa a fool."

"No, Theo, you haven't."

"Then the more goose you," said Theo, yawning fearfully. "Do make haste. Aren't you most through?"

"Just through now, darling."

And Theodore Evelyn, dismissing her mother just as she might have dismissed any hired and pensioned slave, lay down to her prayerless pillow to dream of wedding rings and a bridal altar wreathed with white blossoms.

For she was quite sure of Grant St. Emil now.

"Mamma," called Theo, the next morning, and Mrs. Evelyn meekly obeyed the summons, coming from the back room, where she was busily engaged in ripping apart the breadths of a rose-colored dress belonging to Theo, which that young lady had taken a fancy to have altered. "Mamma, here are two tickets to the private masquerade at Mrs. Almy's, with Mr. St. Emil's compliments—one for you and one for me. How ridiculous! The idea of you at a masquerade!"

Mrs. Evelyn's face had lighted up. "I should really like to go for once, Theo," she said, hesitatingly. "I have never had an opportunity of seeing you in society, darling, and—"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Theo, "as if that made any difference. But Grant thinks a young lady shouldn't attend a masquerade, of all places in the world, without her mother's chaperone, and I suppose I must humor him. What shall I persuade, mamma? I should like to go as Diana with her bow and arrows, if you can squeeze enough money out of papa for a decent costume."

"I will see what papa can spare you, love."

"He's awfully stingy of late," observed Theo, with a shrug.

"You shouldn't speak so of your papa, Theo," remonstrated Mrs. Evelyn. "Business is very dull just now, and our expenses are heavy."

"That's the very reason you shouldn't be tagging after me to all the masquerades in town," grumbled Theo. "But I suppose we can't very well slip aside of it. Any old black dress and a satin domino mask will do for you."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Evelyn, who had learned through the long tutelage of dire experience to think very little of her own wants and requirements; "anything will do for me."

"It's such a bore, your going at all," muttered Theodore, with an ungracious toss of her beautiful blonde hair. "I'll teach St. Emil a thing or two when I have him safe under my wing."

Miss Evelyn's costume as that of Diana, for the private masquerade ball, was a decided success. Her silver-green tulle, trimmed with gold fringe, the fillet that bound her lovely yellow hair and the Grecian draperies that revealed even while they hid the contour of her perfect arms, made her look even more beautiful than her ordinary self, and Mrs. Evelyn gazed with pride upon the transformation which had been for the most part wrought over by skillful and industrious fingers. For poor, harassed Mrs. Evelyn had absolutely declined to "shell out," as his daughter gracefully expressed it.

"It's out of the question, Mary—utterly and entirely out of the question," he had answered when she had applied to him for "a little money." "I have to steer carefully to avoid sheer bankruptcy, and I cannot spare a single cent from my business just now!"

So Mrs. Evelyn, having sold a pair of opal ear-rings, her husband's gift in their courting days, to buy the costly material, had herself sat up night after night, and day after day, to make the dress which Theodore loudly declared she must have to appear as the impersonation of Diana the Huntress!

And she reaped a mother's sweet, unselfish reward when she saw how surpassingly lovely Theodore looked in the exquisite Greek dress!

Mr. St. Emil had selected "Hamlet" as his character, and very handsome he was in the plumed cap and velvet doublet of the young Prince of Denmark, but Mrs. St. Emil preferred no more attractive costume than a plain black silk domino wrapper and mask.

"I am past my acting days," she said, with a sweet, pleasant laugh when Theo smilingly demanded why she, too, was not in character, "and I shall derive my greatest pleasure to-night from watching others!"

"Darling mamma!" cried Theo, turning with ostentatious tenderness toward her mother, "you see you are in the fashion after all! I tried my best, Mrs. St. Emil, to induce this mother of mine to don a character dress, but she would not consent. Oh, Mrs. St. Emil, is it time for the waltz already? Mamma, if you're quite sure it wouldn't tire you too much to hold my bow!"

And Theodore floated away on Grant St. Emil's arm.

Once, during an interval in the dancing, Grant came to his mother's side.

"Does she not look beautiful to-night?"

"Who? Miss Evelyn?"

"Of course. Whom else could I possibly mean?"

"Yes, she is beautiful; and you, Grant," Mrs. St. Emil added, with a half smile, "you are falling deeper and deeper in love with her. All the arrows in her quiver are piercing your heart through and through, my dear boy."

"Mother, you don't like her."

"I shall try to do so for your sake, Grant," said the lady, sighing softly.

"You still persist in thinking that she is not amiable. I am sure she is."

"I like her manner toward her mother, Grant," said Mrs. St. Emil; "it is very affectionate and devoted. Now go—they are waiting for you to take your place in the second set of theancers."

And as he hastened away she thought almost sadly to herself:

"I must learn to love her, for Grant's heart is set upon her, and he is too good a son to marry without my cordial consent."

"Mamma," whispered Theo, toward the close of the evening, "you'll have to come upstairs and help me take off my tunic. The St. Emil's have gone, and there's no fun in staying any longer. Hurry up!"

Mrs. Evelyn nodded obedience, but she could not explain to Theodore a few minutes longer by the talk of gossiping friends who sat beside her.

"Theo will wait for me," she thought.

Theodore, however, was also detained a minute or two, murmuring soft adieus to some of her gentlemen friends, and when at length she flew into the dressing-room she was breathless with haste.

"I am tired to death," she said, petulantly, as her eye caught the figure in the black domino standing at the window. "Mamma, why couldn't you have come after me, instead of chatting away among those old fools by the door. You might as well have staid at home and minded your own business, if you couldn't be a less clumsy chaperon. I'm tired of your stupidity."

No answer—but Theo never turned her head from the glass where she was contemplating her curls with the golden fillet banded through them.

"You're sulking now, I suppose," she said, shrugging one alabaster-white shoulder. "Well, sulking away to your heart's content. I don't care! I shall get rid of these airs and graces when I am Mrs. St. Emil, and—"

She stopped short, for in the glass she saw another domino-draped figure entering the door back of her—her mother's figure.

"Mamma!" she shrieked.

The other domino advanced quietly from the recess of the window, and, to her inexpressible dismay, Theo recognized the slender figure and aristocratic bearing of Mrs. St. Emil.

"There has been some mistake here," said that lady, composedly. "Miss Evelyn has mistaken me for her mother. I am not her mother, and"—she spoke with quiet emphasis—"I hope I never shall be."

She left the room, and never saw Miss Theodore Evelyn again.

Grant St. Emil, thus unexpectedly enlightened as to the character of his lovely divinity, left town within a week or two, and when next Theo heard of him, he was married to a fair little damsel, more like a human snowdrop thanught else. And Theo is still husband hunting, and treats her poor mother more disdainfully than ever.

"For," she says, with more acrimony than logic, "it was all mamma's fault that I lost Grant St. Emil."—New York Weekly.

LEATHER AT THE FAIR.

UNIQUE EXHIBITS OF AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

Everything Pertaining to Shoes and Leather Shown in One Large Building—An Elephant Hide.

ON the Lake Front, in the southern extremity of the Fair grounds, the Leather Building is located. It is 170x625 in dimensions, and cost over \$100,000, but by reason of its favorable location has not attracted as many visitors as some of the other exhibits, though all who enter its doors are amply repaid for their trip.

Beneath the roof of this great structure everything pertaining to the shoe and leather industry is shown. The fact that this industry has been for years one of the most important in our country seems never to have been taken into consideration, and the representation heretofore has not been worthy a business of such magnitude.

In the exhibit within the Leather Building now, however, nothing has been omitted which properly belongs to the trade. There are prepared hides and skins in hundreds of varieties and an almost endless list of articles which are made from the tanned skins of animals.

Though tanned leather enters into the manufacture of a thousand and one different articles, such as harness, valises, trunks and the like, the shoe industry consumes over three-fifths of the leather used. And in the manufacture of these shoes what a variety of patterns one can see there illustrated. The evolution of the shoe is one of the marks of civilization; the earth has been searched and history and the museums ransacked from one end to the other in order that every style and form of shoe known, or of which record was had, might find its proper representation in this World's Fair exhibit. How well the originators of the enterprise have succeeded is amply shown by a study of the display in the cases along the walls of the interior of the Leather Building.

The most unique and odd in design and pattern are those from Tangiers, Africa, made from turtle claws, which enable the wearer to climb a tree or scratch his antagonist with the same effort and advantage possessed by the bear or panther.

There is such an innumerable display of odd and ancient styles as to bewilder the most ardent admirer of footwear. The straw sandal, scarcely larger than a baby's slipper, comes from Kioto, Japan, where the young ladies wear them, and the flat cloth shoes with no soles or heels, which protect the water carrier's feet, are from Alexandria, Egypt. The wooden clogs with stiles attached are the pride of the Japanese shoe packers in wet weather, and the straw mats worn on the feet when the sun blisters the pavement belong to the natives of Sootan, India.

A pair of boots purchased by Prince Shouiski of Russia in Paris for 3000 francs have a section in the case all to themselves. The foot is of white undressed kid, the boot legs of white velvet embroidered with gold, while precious stones glitter in the open pieces of the design.

Leather for decorative purposes of all shades of color and thickness has an important place in the display. There are tanned skins of snakes, alligators, lizards and specimens of leather tanned by all kinds of processes.

There is an elephant hide, the largest ever tanned, which is twenty feet in length from tip of trunk to end of tail, sixteen feet in width, and its greatest thickness three inches. It weighs 800 pounds, and is used to polish leather. Two years time is required to tan a hide of this character.

The longest belt ever made is another exhibit in this collection. It is twelve inches wide and 10,000 feet in length, being the longest continuous piece of leather ever manufactured.

Then there are the finest and most modern designs of ingenuity and inventive genius displayed by the larger manufacturers of America. These displays are unequalled, for every man working on the designs put forth his best effort with a view to excel, not to pattern after any other. The result is the grandest, most superb and most costly line of footwear ever seen in one building before.

In the line of slippers the results have been obtained in the same manner, and the person whose taste could not be suited from this display would have to study up some design not known to the thousands of designers and dealers and would be rewarded a premium for a novelty.

In the gallery the machinery used in the shoe industry forms a most interesting study. Every single process from the first formation of the shoe to the finishing and packing in the box is illustrated.

Pyramids of shoe dressing, of polish, blacking and all that is necessary to the care and protection as well as the beautifying of leather is displayed in various parts of the building until one begins to realize that there are more things about the shoe industry and trade than he ever dreamed of.—St. Louis Republic.

THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,
Old familiar tune!
Once it ran in dance and dimple,
Like a brook in June;
Now it soaks along the measures
With a sound of tears;
Dear old voices echo through it,
Vanished with the years.

Ripple, ripple goes the love song
Till, in slowing time,
Early sweetness grows completeness,
Floods its every rhyme;
Who together learn the music
Life and death unfold;
Know that love is just beginning
Until love is old.

Play it slowly, it is holy,
As an evening hymn;
Morning gladness hushed to sadness
Fills it to the brim.
Memories home within the music,
Stealing through the bars;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
Ere and set like stars.
—The Campus.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Weeds of woe—Two for five.
A noted composer—Chloroform.
Court martial—A soldier's wailing.
A green-goods man—The vegetable vender.—Truth.

A man is known by the company that blackballs him.—Ram's Horn.
A secret is a plant that waits to bear the leaves of gossip.—Ram's Horn.
The still watches of the night—Those which have not been wound.—Truth.
An escaping prisoner seldom begs pardon for the liberty he takes.—Troy Press.
You can't tell by the blossoms which of the apples will be wormy.—Texas Siftings.
It takes either a good deal of push or a pull to get through the doors of life.—Truth.
The Toy Pistol—"I'm loaded." The Trigger—"Don't get gay or I'll fire you."—Chicago Record.
A man attempting to live in style on a small salary is like a dog fighting without front teeth.—Puck.
Miss Elderly—"What would you do if I told you my age?" He—"Multiply it by two."—Brooklyn Life.
There is a language of flowers, as, for instance, when a barefooted boy steps on a thistle.—Minneapolis Journal.
"What's the matter with the horned horse?" asked the tiger. "It has the gun-moans," replied the lion.—Puck.
There is a tied in the affairs of the men which, if taken at the knot, leads to strangulation.—Thomasville Times.
"How much do you love me, my pretty maid?"
"How much is your fortune, kind sir?" she said.
—Chicago Record.
Young Author—"Don't you like to see yourself in print?" Debutante—"No; I prefer silk."—New York Journal.
These are the times when a good many of us have to sit down and think to find out where we stand.—Troy Press.
Van Wither—"Miss Gadyas is a lovely girl, but she has no heart." Vogt Miner—"Yes, she has—mine."—Vogue.
"Has man a perfect organ of speech?"
"Yes." "Has woman, also?" "No; hers is made without stops."—Harvard Lampoon.
"Why did they name that paper The Ladies' Friend?" "I suppose because it makes such good curl papers."—Statesman.
Why express surprise that a young man should get giddy when a pretty girl violently turns his head.—Philadelphia Times.
"He is flippant. He can't be serious if he tries." "Yes, he can. He is very serious when he tries to be funny."—Brooklyn Life.
Money may be the root of all evil; but it is a root, nevertheless, that bears many flowers of everlasting beauty.—Puck.
The fitness of things is well maintained when the impatient diner is served with food prepared in a chafing dish.—Buffalo Courier.
"Falsely sings beautifully, but they tell me he can't tell 'the truth.'"
"That's right. He's the most truthful 'lyre' in the State."—Detroit Free Press.
Dinkle—"It's a strange thing to me how a short man always wants a tall girl." Dundle—"Humph! It's a strange thing to me how a short man wants any girl. I'm blamed if I do when I'm short."—Buffalo Courier.
Colonel Wellington de Boots—"It is almost impossible for you, Miss Spryately, to imagine what a huge amount of work I have to do, for I am not only commander of the regiment, but also its Major, Adjutant, and goodness knows what!" Miss Spryately—"Your our trumpeter, too, Colonel?"—Judy.
Why Car Wheels Wear Out.
A car-wheel wears out because the metal of which it is composed comes away in thin scales. A microscopic examination shows that the continual jarring has a tendency to destroy the coherence of the particles, and thus gradually disintegrates the whole. Car-wheels long in use become so brittle that a stout blow with a heavy hammer will sometimes cause them to fly into fragments as though they were made of glass.—New York Journal.
Bullets of Precious Stones.
Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the recent fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets encased in lead.



BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.