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Paris has the largest and most complete sewerage system in the world.

A statistician estimates that Americans expend $400,000 a day for amusements.

A statistical person has figured out that the average life of a cabinet under the present French Republic has been nine months.

By a new route which is proposed from England to Australia, across Canada, the trip from London to Sydney, it is believed, may be shortened to twenty-eight days.

The Chicago Record confidingly admits that "of all sads words of tongue or pen a few of the saddest are those which would properly describe a view the World's Fair grounds at the present time."

Of all the States New York has the greatest number of savings bank depositors, 1,516,389, and also the greatest amount of deposits, $588,425,421. Massachusetts comes next with $1,131,203 depositors, having on deposit $369,556,386.

Twenty-two years ago there were 222 bearers of titles in the French Chamber of Deputies, where now there are but sixty-five. Only three marquises are left out of thirty, while the counts have declined from thirty-two to fifteen. At this rapid rate of disappearance a few decades more will see almost the entire extinction of titles in the Republic.

The recent use of the guillotine in Paris has started anew the discussion as to relative merits of methods of rendering the murder innocuous. It must be admitted, argues the San Francisco Examiner, that a man once beheaded is fully as incapable of acting on criminal impulse as though he had been hanged, and that an electrocuted person is at an equal advantage. Therefore all the methods have points of excellence.

A manufacturing company in Wilmington, Del., stopped its whistle thirteen years ago because it was complained of as a nuisance, and at the same time informed its workmen that any man who was late would be fined twenty-five cents. In all the years since then only two men have been fined for tardiness, and the question is asked by the Chicago Herald: What need is there for a noisy whistle to call employes to work anywhere?

In a little coffin about fifteen inches ong the heart and other portions of the body of a man, whose disgrace and suicide in the year 1892, brought about the overthrow of a cabinet, issued forth from the morgue in Paris a few days ago on its way to the Pere la Chaise cemetery. They were the remains of Baron de Reinach, who in the heydey of his power was one of the financial magnates of Europe, controlling even the destinies of ministers and influencing the policy of the Nation.

There have been great changes in the United States Government departments in the last thirty years. The first woman regularly employed was put on the rolls of the Navy Department thirty-five years ago. She was a young widow, and the officials considered it an awful problem how to dispose of her. Finally they hit upon a plan. They treated her as if she was a contagious disease and isolated her in an attic room. She received and returned her copying by a messenger. But the disease caught on, so to speak, and to-day there are 1000 women in the Treasury alone. There is one woman to every seven men.

Two or three recent railroad catastrophes, fortunately of the minor sort, have directed public attention to the fact, remarks the Washington Star, that the use of stoves for heating purposes and oil as an illuminant is still indulged in by ancient and moss-backed corporations, to which the safety of the passengers is apparently a minor consideration. Public sentiment should be strong enough to work the necessary reform, but the trouble about public sentiment is its failure to declare itself until some frightful combination of collision or derailment and conflagration arouses general indignation. The Pullman and Wagner companies—worried over even the small quantity of oil used for cooking purposes on the buffet cars—have completely banished the dangerous fluid, and will in future do their cooking with gas, thus removing every element of danger that can possibly be gotten rid of. The public should insist strenuously upon the universal adoption of every safeguard, and the time to insist is in advance of and not after a great railroad horror.

UNAWARE.

Some day, when falls a sudden sense
Of perfect peace on heart and brain,
That comes, we know not why or whence,
And ere we seek is gone again.

When breathes the unexpectant hour
Strange beauty of an instant blown,
As if a rose were full in flower
Whose earliest buds we knew not grown.

Perchance one winged moment sped
Down the white hights of heavenly air,
Some spirit of our blessed dead
Hath stood beside us unaware!

THE BOTKINE BATH.

BY ADELINE S. WING.

PROFESSOR Botkine, of the University of California, was sitting on his front steps at Berkeley in the morning of a sultry July day. He was delightedly watching the efforts of his pet toad to capture a very large angleworm, and his enjoyment was enhanced by the fact that his beautiful German wife, who usually declined to interest herself in anything which she even suspected of a connection with science, was seated beside him, giving eager little pressures to his hand and uttering a pleased exclamation, in her pretty foreign accent, whenever the toad made an extra effort.

The fact was that she, while cutting roses, had been the one to see the beginning of the contest, and felt the proper pride of a discoverer. The toad had been sitting still, looking as if carved by a Japanese artist, and giving no sign that it saw anything. The worm gave a little wriggle as it began to come out of the ground, when, quick as a flash, the toad made a leap and seized the end of the worm in its mouth.

Then began a tug-of-war. Every time that the toad gave a pull, the worm drew back. But the toad was not to be discouraged. It jerked and jerked until it fairly stood on its hind legs. Still, it could not dislodge the worm.

At this interesting point a train whistled.

"Why, Selma!" said the professor, "there is the train already. I had quite forgotten that I must go the city to-day. Where is my hat?"

"Do wait an instant, dear; just see what that toad is doing," she answered, holding him back.

He glanced down and saw the toad twisting its leg about until the worm was wrapped twice around it, then the toad gave a hop, and out came the worm.

This had been too fascinating a spectacle to the unwary professor. He dashed into the house and back again, kissed his wife, and, with a regretful glance at her rippling hair, and soft blue eyes, started off.

Suddenly he rushed back.

"Why, dear," he cried, "I forgot to tell you that that Mr. Smith, the Canadian, who wrote the paper on bacteria, will be here this afternoon to stay a day or two. He may come before I am back."

She clasped her hands in mock despair. "But what shall I do with him?" she wailed; "you know I can not talk science and pollywogs!"

"Oh, don't be alarmed. He isn't so very dried up. Just let him have a good soaking in a bath-tub. Then he will come out perfectly human and happy. He's an Englishman, you know," and the professor, with a laughing glance at his little wife's rueful expression, threw dignity and his coat-tails to the winds as he madly ran down the street, "looking like a great black bird of prey," as Mrs. Botkine laughingly remarked to herself.

But she grew sober as she thought how ruthlessly science and scientists seemed to dog her unwilling footsteps. Her husband certainly loved her, but he had a way of becoming utterly absorbed in his studies, and then bursting into her reflections with remarks which sounded positively ghoulish. He had appeared only yesterday in her own private sanctum carrying a "horrid snake" by the tail, and, although he had not yet reached the pitch of Professor Agassiz—who was said to have consigned infant serpents, for safe-keeping over night, to his wife's boots—she did not know where his enthusiasm might lead.

"I'm half afraid to go to sleep," she had roguishly said to him one night. "I'm afraid that your deepest interest even in me is only scientific, and I believe you are capable of cutting me open to see what queer thing there is in my heart that I love such a bookish old bear with."

"Now here was this Canadian coming! And how was she to be properly interested in his old bacteria and not disgrace her husband by betraying her ignorance on the subject?" she asked herself.

Manifestly, he must take a bath, and everything possible must be done to make that bath-room attractive, so that he should stay there as long as possible. She went upstairs, and with her own dimpled hands got down a new cake of perfumed soap. She eyed it critically. Perhaps his severe scientific mind would be disgusted with such effeminate luxury. Perhaps—who knew?—he might discover even in it the presence of bacteria! She had heard it said that a man with a theory finds examples of its truth in everything about him. Never mind! She would place beside it a cake of white castile and one of tar soap. Then, whatever his taste, he must be pleased. She put the alcohol and cologne bottle within easy reach; got out smooth and rough towels and a bath-blanket; saw that the shower-bath worked; and with a sigh of relief, went down stairs to impress the cook that during the entire afternoon there must be plenty of hot water in the boiler.

Suddenly a happy though struck her; she went into her husband's study and brought out every book on bacteriology that she could find. These she ranged on a shelf at the foot of the bath-tub. Standing out a little beyond the others, as if but just shoved in, was Mr. Smith's own pamphlet on "Bacteria." She was sure of the vanity of authors. He would at least take this down to see if any passages were marked, and might be lured into the perusal of some other books.

Mrs. Botkine pinned on the wall some colored illustrations of various forms of bacteria, and then surveyed the effect with the calm satisfaction of a general who foresees the success of his manœuvres. She sighed regretfully that she could not bring herself to introduce into the room a few samples of the "germ culture" that her husband was carrying on, but she felt that she must draw the line at living germs.

She smiled again. To be sure, Mr. Smith might think her husband rather eccentric in pursuing his studies in this room, but he would certainly feel that he had found a congenial spirit in a man who could not tear himself away from his beloved bacteria even in his bath.

She had done all she could. With this virtuous feeling she was able to go about her occupations for the day, and in the afternoon even banished the thought of her expected guest enough to take a quiet nap.

She was awakened by a knock at her door, and the maid handed her a card bearing the seemingly innocent inscription, "Mr. Worthington Smith."

She was filled with a nervous fear, and her heart beat fast as she walked down the stairs. She lingered outside the drawing-room as long as she dared, and then, putting her trust in the bath-room, walked in and greeted her visitor with a smile of timid welcome.

He did not look at all alarming. She was surprised to see that he was young, darkly handsome, and dressed with more regard to fashion than the scientific mind generally deigns to bestow. He saw her timid air and blonde beauty with evident admiration.

After the first polite commonplaces, Mr. Smith smilingly observed: "Professor Botkine's recent researches have been of such interest to scientific men that they must lay him open to a great deal of persecution from inquiring admirers, but—"

"Oh, not at all," she answered, rather incoherently; "or, rather, I should say, he likes to be persecuted—that is" (with some confusion) "he will be delighted to find you here when he returns. In the meantime, I hope that you will let me look after you."

Mr. Smith thought that he should like nothing better, but contented himself with remarking:

"Thank you, very much. Perhaps you would be so kind as to explain to me a few things I should like to know about Professor Botkine's theories on bacteria."

He was surprised to see a deep flush and a look of distress come over her face, and, before she could answer, he hastened to add: "But I fear that I am trespassing on your time. Pray, do not let me incommode you. I have some uncut pamphlets in my satchel here, and will look them over as I wait," and he looked down embarrassed.

A furtive feeling of relief crept for a moment into her eyes. Then the thought that she could not be guilty of such inhospitality as leaving her guest to shift for himself forced itself upon her. But here he was, plunging into science the very first thing and turning shy besides. Oh, she must send him off to that bath! It seemed rather awkward, but she nerved herself to the effort.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gayly, "I am sure that I could not tell you anything on the subject, and I can not think of leaving you here alone. You must let me make you comfortable. I know that after your journey you would like a bath."

He looked amazed and then embarrassed.

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Botkine," he stammered, "but I do not care at all for a bath. I shall do very well here, and—"

"No, no!" she said, nervously; "I know that you are only afraid that there is no hot water on such a warm day, and you do not wish to give trouble."

He put out his hand and tried to interrupt her, but she shook her head and went on rapidly:

"It is all ready. Everything is in the bath room, and I will ring for James to show you up."

He looked thunderstruck at her insistence.

"But, I assure you, Mrs. Botkine," he exclaimed, "it is not at all worth while. I—"

"Not another word, if you please, Mr. Smith. You will really annoy me if you refuse."

She thought to herself that he little knew how more than annoyed she was at the thought of his possible questions. As the man-servant appeared, she said:

"James, take this gentleman's satchel to the guest chamber and show him to the bath-room."

Mr. Smith endeavored to hang back and say something, but Mrs. Botkine smilingly waved her hand toward the stairs and walked into another room. She had looked alternately vexed and triumphant.

As he followed James, Mr. Smith remarked to himself that before this experience he would have vowed that she was too pretty to be eccentric. He had no wish to bathe, but fearing to vex her, meekly proceeded to perform his ablutions.

She, meantime, was vastly relieved. She smiled to herself at the thought of how unwilling he had seemed to give the slightest trouble.

"I suppose he thought we Americans never had any decent facilities for a bath," she reflected. Then: "He really is remarkably good-looking, for a scientist. If I had not known what he was, I should have thought he was just a nice young fellow and rashly tried to get on with him. Oh, if George had not told me in time!" She shuddered as she thought of her escape.

"I suppose he will be dried-up looking before long. He is a whited-sepulchre kind of man now. I could not see the slightest sign of baldness in him, but his seething intellect is bound to cook his hair off in a few years. Even George is a wee bit bald. But how delightful that Mr. Smith did not fathom my ignorance."

She was so elated that she went to the piano and sang for a half-hour.

She was startled by hearing someone come rushing into the room behind her. She wheeled on the stool and encountered the gaze of Mr. Smith, who stood before her, looking decidedly uneasy.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, Mrs. Bodkine," he said; "but I wish to thank you for your kindness and to make my adieux."

"Why, Mr. Smith—" she began, but he waved his hand apologetically and continued:

"I am very sorry not to have found Professor Botkine, but perhaps I can come again. There is just time for me to catch the five o'clock train."

It was her turn to be astonished. She opened her lips to speak, but he went on, nervously:

"Pray forgive my leaving you so abruptly. Thank you very much. Good afternoon," and, bowing profoundly, he was gone.

For a moment she felt stunned. Then a flood of questions poured through her mind. Was the man insane? Or what had she done to offend him? What would her husband say? What was there in science to turn an apparently "nice" young man into such a distraught savage?

"Ah! recommend me to a plain, commonplace man who has not bacilli on the brain!" she sighed.

The rest of the day seemed endless, but at last she descried Professor Botkine, and with him a rather desiccated and "dug-up"-looking man.

"Oh, dear!" she moaned; "there is another scientist, I know to look at him. What will he do, I wonder? Dissect my cat, or say that he cannot dine with us because he never eats anything but bacteria?"

"Here we are at last," said the professor; "I found our friend on the train. He had mistaken the train and gone to Alameda. Mr. Smith, let me present you to Mrs. Botkine."

She welcomed her guest cordially, but the minute she was alone with her husband, she seized him by the lapels of his coat.

"What joke have you been playing on me?" she demanded; "who is this Mr. Smith?"

The professor looked astonished.

"Why, my dear, there is no joke. This is the Mr. Smith that I told you I was expecting this afternoon. What is the matter?"

"Matter!" she cried; "who is the Mr. Smith that came here this afternoon with a satchel, and asked about your theories?"

"Why, we met him at the station. He had a few specimens to show me. He is the son of my friend, Commodore Smith, of San Francisco. He had just run over for a short call."

"A short call!" she echoed again; "what will he think of me? I sent him up stairs to take that bath!"—Argonaut.

Monkeys.

Monkeys, with some notable exceptions, are some degrees worse than savage men in their treatment of the sick. On the new Jumna Canal, at Delhi, monkeys swarm in trees upon the banks, and treat their sick comrades in true monkey fashion.

The colony by the canal being overcrowded, and as a consequence unhealthy, did, and probably does still, suffer from various unpleasant diseases. When one monkey is so obviously unwell as to so offend the feelings of the others, a few of the larger monkeys watch it, and taking a favorable opportunity, knock it into the canal. If it is not drowned at once, the sick monkey is pitched in again after it regains the trees, and either drowned or forced to keep aloof from the flock.

At the London Zoological Gardens the monkeys torment a sick one without mercy, and unless it is at once removed from the cage it has little chance of recovery. The small monkeys bite and pinch it; the larger ones swing it around by the tail. When it dies, as many moneys as can find room sit on its body.—New York Dispatch.

Horse-Power of a Whale.

An interesting study of the horse-power of the whale has been made by the eminent anatomist, Sir William Turner, of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, in conjunction with John Henderson, the equally eminent Glasgow shipbuilder. The size and dimensions of a great whale stranded several years ago on the shore at Longriddy furnished the necessary data for a computation of the power necessary to propel it at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The whale measured eighty feet in length, twenty feet across the flanges of the tail, and weighed seventy-four tons. It was calculated that 145 horse-power was necessary to attain the speed mentioned.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The proposed Hoboken (N. J.) Bridge will have a single span of 5850 feet—the longest in the world.

The greatest depth recorded of Lake Michigan is 870 feet, or about one-sixth of a mile. The mean depth is about 325 feet, or one-sixteenth of a mile.

The flea is covered with armored plates very hard and overlapping each other. Each is set with spikes, and bends in conformity with the movements of the body.

The largest engine is at Friedensville, Penn.; its driving wheels are thirty-five feet in diameter, the cylinder is 110 inches, and it raises 17,500 gallons of water per minute.

A new process of rain making was recently brought before the Academie des Sciences, Paris, by M. Baudoin. His theory is that electricity maintains the water in clouds in a state of small drops, and that if the electricity be discharged the water will come down.

An instrument has been invented for sounding the depths of the sea without using a lead line. A sinker is dropped containing a cartridge, which explodes on touching the bottom; the report is registered in a microphone apparatus and the depth reckoned by the time at which the explosion occurred.

The air brakes on railroads are being built with a view to their use on trains of 100 cars. The plant on each train is being built so that it can be used in such a way as to bring the speed down from eighty to thirty miles per hour within five seconds. Great power has to be used, and every part of the apparatus has to be perfect to stand the strain.

Dr. Hughes, of Meriden, has received a letter from R. W. Sawyer, of Nassau, New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands, telling of the finding of a pink pearl in a conch shell there that is the finest ever brought to light. This pearl is nearly as large as a pigeon's egg and of the same shape, having no flaw or blemish, and of perfect color and marking. It was sold to the local agent of a Paris house for over $2000, the largest price, it is believed, received for a pearl at the Nassau conch fisheries.

At the recent meeting of the chemical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science the artificial diamonds that have been made by M. Moissans, of Paris, were exhibited and awakened much interest. These, as yet, are of hardly sufficient size to be marketable, but there appears to be no longer doubt that this and the cost are but questions of technical detail, and that another decade at most will suffice to reduce diamonds to the vulgar level of the amethyst or the Rhine stone.

How Old Is the Human Race?

The fullest answer that science can yet give to the three most interesting questions perhaps ever asked in the world are explained in an article in the Forum, by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the ethnologist. These questions are: "When did the first man appear?" "By what process did he appear?" and "Where did he appear?" Summing up all that geologists and anthropologists know he appeared certainly 50,000 years ago, and it may be as many as 200,000 years ago. The evidences of his existence which date back 50,000 years are unmistakable. By what process he came into being science has no definite answer. If it refuse to accept the doctrine of specific creation, it must refuse also, for lack of complete evidence, to accept the doctrine of gradual evolution—the old Darwinian doctrine. Dr. Brinton thinks the theory of "evolution by a leap" is as good as any other theory. According to this, man sprung from some high order of mammal, the great tree ape, perhaps, by a freak, just as men of genius are freaks, and as all the vegetable and animal kingdom show freaks. As to where man first appeared it is beyond doubt that his earliest home was in southern Europe, or Asia, or North Africa. No earlier traces of him have been found than those found in the area that is now England, France and Spain.

Natural Curiosities.

Curious resemblances in Nature start with the cocoanut, in many respects like the human skull and almost a facsimile of the monkey's. The meat of the English walnut is almost a copy of the human brain; plums and black cherries like the human eye, almonds like the human nose, and an unopened oyster and shell a perfect likeness of the human ear. The shape of a man's body may be traced in the mammoth squash, the open hand in growing scrub willows and celery, the human heart in German turnips and egg plant, and dozens of the mechanical inventions of the present day to patterns furnished by Nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plow, the butterfly the door hinge, the frog stool the umbrella, the duck the ship, and the fungus growth on trees the bracket.

New Process for Enameling.

Fletcher, Russell & Co., London, have introduced a new process to supersede the use of Berlin black and black lead for protecting cast iron. The casting is coated with a film of enamel, which is so thin that even the finest details on the metal are preserved. This enamel is said to be absolutely proof against rust, and preserves its qualities at any temperature up to bright red heat. All colors are obtainable, including gold and silver, bright or dull, and as many as are wished can be produced on one casting. The process is said to offer great facilities for decorative work of all kinds.—Scientific American.

BIG GUNS OF BIG NAVIES

WEAPONS THAT CAN BE FIRED ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE TIMES.

Powder Charges Weighing 966 Pounds—Heavy Projectiles and Their Terrific Effect.

Two of the mammoth 110-ton guns, upon which the British admiralty has so proudly commented as the "modern naval artillery," and which cost about $100,000 each, went down into seventy fathoms of water with the battle ship Victoria, and in connection with this fact, says the Washington Star, there must have been awakened much interst among readers as to whether such heavy war weapons, heavier than any yet made for the United States navy, and heavier than will probably be built, are a wise addition to a modern war vessel.

And yet this big gun is not a new thing, as it practically dates back twelve years. About forty of these big guns have been built, and some of them were sent to Italy. It is easy to comprehend among navy officers that such guns are an expensive luxury, not only in the actual cost of the gun and its ammunition, but also in the size of the ships required to carry them. But what will be of most interest to lay people is the quantity and cost of ammunition and the life of the gun itself. The best ordnance experts calculate the life of the 110-ton gun to be seventy-five rounds with full charges. The 110-ton gun, and, indeed, all large guns, are fired with slow burning coacoa powder, the name coacoa being derived from the brown color of the powder. It is shaped in hexagonal prisms, this being the most convenient form of packing, and 10,000 of these prisms are needed to make a full charge for this monster gun. Each prism is pierced with a hole in the centre to give ready access to the flame and insure an equable ignition.

For nearly all naval guns the powder charge is made up of four cartridges, but owing to the extraordinary weight of the 110-ton gun charges (966 pounds) it is divided into eight cartridges, each weighing 120 pounds.

To load the gun it is necessary to bring it to its extreme elevation—that is, the muzzle is pointed upward as far as it can be on the mount, and these operations follow: 1, Unlock and unscrew the breech block; 2, withdraw the breech block; 3, traverse breech block to one side; 4, place the loading tray in the gun; 5, swab out the gun; 6, ram home, or put into place, the projectile; 7, place the first charge; 8, place and ram home the second half charge; 9, withdraw the loading tray; 10, replace the breech screw; 11, screw up and lock the breech screw.

The gun is then ready to be sighted by the captain of the turret from his conning tower. It is fired by electricity. The gun can be loaded and fired within two and a half minutes. The projectile used in the gun, when ships or forts are attacked, weigh 1800 pounds, or nearly 200 pounds less than a ton, and it leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2105 feet a second and a destructive energy equal to 55,305 foot-tons. When tested before mounting on the Sanspareil three years ago the shot tore its way through specially manufactured steel armor twenty inches thick, and yet the armor belt of the Victoria ranged from sixteen to eighteen inches in thickness only. In addition to the twenty inches thickness of steel the shot went through eight inches of iron fastened in a heavy wrought-iron frame, twenty feet of oak baulks, six feet of granite blocks, eleven feet of concrete, and six feet of brick. In other words it went through forty-four and one-third feet of a wall unique in history for combination of width and variety and strength of materials. The cost of one firing of this gun was $400 for the powder and $600 for the projectile and fuses, and after seventy-five rounds there would be the cost of the gun to add, namely, $100,000.

In firing the gun against a body of men or a flotilla of boats it is intended to use schrapnel, a drum-like cylinder of steel, inclosing 2300 four-ounce bullets. As soon as the schrapnel bursts the bullets go flying on, the spinning of the shell caused by the rifled grooves of the gun spreading them out over a large area. When a shell is used it is charged with powder, which causes it to explode and scatter its pieces with great destruction.

English Law to Accidents.

The term "accident" would appear to be easily defined, but the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn thought not, and on several occasions insurance companies have sought a definition in the courts of law. It has been decided that a sunstroke is not an accident, but that injury to the spine by lifting a heavy weight is one. Even if physical ailments contribute to an accident it is covered by the policy. The relatives of a man who, while bathing in shallow water, was seized with a fit and suffocated sustained their claim, as did those of a man who, when similarly seized, fell under a train and was killed. Again, a person having fallen and dislocated his shoulder was put to bed and carefully nursed, but in less than a month he died of pneumonia. The connection between that complaint and a dislocated shoulder is not at once visible, but on the ground that the restlessness and susceptibility to cold produced by the accident led to the disease which killed him, the relatives were held to entitled to claim. "The influence of intoxicating liquor" has been authoritively defined as "influence which disturbs the balance of a man's mind or the intelligent exercise of his faculties," and injuries received while in that condition are not covered by an insurance policy.—Chambers's Journal.

MY LITTLE CHILD.

My little child
Slips from my arms
Just when my heart
Most to her warms,
God bless her! How
She thrills me when
She tumbles in
My arms again.

Years fly so fast;
Soon she will be
A maiden; then
She'll turn from me,
Some smooth-faced boy
Her heart will steal
From me—what use
Of love so leal?

What use? Why, then
It comforts me
To know that it
Her memory
I hold my place—
Young love wanes fast,
But father's love
Will always last.

—Phil. L. Barker, in Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A correct costume—The convict's garb.

The golden rule—The power of money.

Lawyers may be poets; they write lots of "versus."

Lumbermen are not necessarily loggerheads.—Lowell Courier.

It's a wise cow that knowns its own butter.—Florida Times-Union.

A gross outrage—Finding it a few packages short.—Florida Times.

The Hawaiian difficulty—How to pronounce the Queen's name.—Hallo.

A miner may be ever so well off, but he can't help getting in a hole occasionally.—Toledo Commercial.

What cares he for wealth,
For palace or hovel—
The boy in good health,
With a yellow back novel?
—Buffalo Courier.

The burglar is not inclined to be talkative, but he is a great bore when he finds the safe locked.—Binghamton Republican.

He—"This is a bird's-eye view of my home; it—" She—"Yes, I notice it has a kind of jay appearance."—Chicago Tribune.

"Did the office seek the Colonel?" "Yes, but he had three days' start and there was no reward out for him."—Atlanta Constitution.

The boiler-maker with oratorical tendencies ought to have little trouble in riveting the attention of his hearers.—Buffalo Courier.

The ideal juror in a criminal case is the man who either never reads anything or never understands what he reads.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Some say that with the greater use of the telephone, the messenger boy is beginning to go. He may be, but he's not going fast.—Philadelphia Times.

'Tis now the naughty little boy
Gets home from school too late
To carry in the evening coal,
But not to go and skate.
—Chicago Inter,Ocean.

A shoemaker in Lynn, Mass., displays a sign in front of his shop reading: "Boots and shoes repaired and promptly executed."—New York Observer.

Clara—"Would you take Walter Handsome and Arthur Handsome for brothers?" Amelia—"Yes, I have already promised to be a sister to them."—Raymond's Monthly.

A Young Higher Critic—Fond Parent—"Yes, Bobby, the Angel of Death passed over the houses and smote the first-born of each Egyptian family." Bobby (after a moment's silence)—"Pop, what did the angel do when it was twins?"—Harlem Life.

Young Lady—"What be-e-autiful chrysanthemums! What are they worth?" Dealer—"Twenty-five each, ma'am." Young Lady—"And what are all those young men ranged along the counter for?" Dealer—"Those are the ten-cent stems."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Muggins (recently married, showing his apartments)—"This is a wardrobe where my wife hangs her clothes, and this is another wardrobe where my wife hangs her clothes." Bilter—"Where do you hang your clothes?" Muggins—"Oh, I don't have any now."—New York Herald.

Wagleigh—"Bagleigh had a curious adventure the other day. He got into the middle of a field when he found that an angry brindle bull stood in front of one gate while a healthy Jersey cow guarded the other. He didn't know which one to face." Tagleigh—"I suppose the cow proved to be the most harmless." Wagleigh—"No; it was a toss-up between the two."—Brooklyn Life.

The Soil Consumed by Flames.

Several hundred acres in Humboldt County that this summer raised the biggest hay crop in the State burned to ashes. The soil itself has been consumed by fire to a depth of fifteen feet.

Two years ago the land was several feet under water, and was known as Owl Lake. It was drained by a big ditch and dried up, leaving a very rich soil. A few days ago, when a prairie fire swept over it, the soil itself took fire, burning like turf. The fire eats down to a hard clay that will be of no use for farming purposes.—Island County (Wash.) Times.

To Cure a Cold Sore.

It is very vexing and annoying to have one's lips break out with cold sores, but it is better to have them out than in. A drop of warm mutton suet applied to the sores at night, just before retiring, will soon cause them to disappear.