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Marriages are proportionately about twice as numerous in small Western cities as in New York.

The Paris Siecle says that England acts as though it owned the world, and that it is about time for an explanation.

An English newspaper asked for opinions on the most popular name for a girl and a boy. "Harold" and "Dorothy" got most votes.

The scarlet tanager, by many considered the most beautiful bird in America, has within a few years become so rare that it is seldom seen. The milliners have almost exterminated them.

One of the curiosities of trade is shown in the fact that a large Norwegian steamship has been chartered to carry thirteen hundred tons of paper pulp to Fleetwood, England, from a wood pulp factory in Maine. For the year ending December 31, 1893, we imported 55,504 tons of wood pulp.

An ironical but timely application of a phrase away from its customary significance is the command "hold up your hands," directed by the city police to tramps who attempt to abide in El Paso, Texas, relates the Atlanta Constitution. This town of agreeable winter temperature, lying as it does on the southern railroad route from California, was becoming overrun, as other Texas towns have been, by the ruffian mendicants that for months have been thronging eastward. The evil abated when the rule was put in force. Now whenever a tramp applies for relief he is compelled to hold up his hands. If the palms do not furnish evidence that he is a genuine workingman he is promptly set to cleaning the streets. As the methods for enforcing ordinances in El Paso emphasize promptitude with plenty of force and fireworks it is not strange that tramps hold aloof from that city and bestow their unwelcome visitations on other places.

Women's colleges, in sundry places, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, have broadened out wonderfully since the early days of Vassar. Not to speak of Smith and Tufts in Massachusetts, Mr. Henry F. Durant, by his extraordinary gift of $1,000,000, made possible the establishment of Wellesley College. In addition to this princely gift, Boston University, with its millions, so broadened its scope that it opened its doors to women, being enabled to do so by the generosity of Jacob Sleeper. In Baltimore the liberality of Mr. Goucher provided the women's college; also, Miss Mary Garrett founded a preparatory school, which is worth everything in preliminary education; while Johns Hopkins has granted entrance to some of its courses. For Philadelphia, Dr. Taylor established in the suburb of Bryn Mawr a splendid college at an expenditure of $1,000,000. In New Orleans exists the Sophie Newcomb College, in connection with Tulane University. St. Louis has opened the doors of the Washington University, and women members stand on the same footing with men, thanks to John D. Rockefeller, in the great University of Chicago.

For several years past and probably for several years to come, predicts the New York Independent, the news which will tell most in the world's future history is that which comes from Africa. During the past week there has been an important new chapter added to this history. A French military force has entered Timbuctoo from the very interior and most inaccessible part of the South Sahara neighborhood. France proposes to control the whole of this territory, and she reaches Timbuctoo from the north by way of Algeria and from the west by way of Senegal. Timbuctoo is almost an unknown city, visited very rarely, and generally by Europeans only in disguise. The information is too meagre as yet for us to understand the full meaning of this occupation. So far as we know the force is a small one, and a small force could have no chance in case of opposition. We have no question but that France intends to make Timbuctoo a great centre for its influence and power, nor that Northwest Africa will be finally under French control. It is often said, and truly said, that France has shown no great aptitude for colonial enterprises owing to a lack of surplus population. But she has put Algeria under civilized control, and Frenchmen may multiply more rapidly in the colonies than in their own country. The partition of Africa will afford a great outlet for European population and enterprise and will have a great influence on the world.

Since 1840 the world's production of meat has increased fifty-seven per cent., that of grain 420 per cent.

The Chicago Evening Post says that "Chicago policemen do less work for more pay than any other class of the unemployed."

Professor Riley, the bug man of the Agricultural Department, says that some bugs have all the five senses that man has, and one or two more.

An illustration of the severity of the times is found by the New York Independent in the fact that two physicians lately advertised in a daily paper, offering $5000 to a man who would submit to an experimental surgical operation involving some risk. One hundred and forty-two answers were received.

After a careful calculation of the risks from all possible data the London life insurance companies have fixed the "war risks" to be paid extra by their patrons ordered on active service at $2.16 per $500. That is to say, the British soldier has but about one chance in 250 more of dying on active service, than if he staid quietly at home in London.

Chicago is worried over the fact that so many of its streets and avenues have the same names, notes the New Orleans Picayune. One hundred and sixty-five names have to do duty for 720 streets, and the result is not wholly satisfactory. It has twelve Centre streets, seven Ashland avenues, seven Chestnut streets, ten Linden streets, thirteen Oak streets, thirteen Park streets and fourteen Washington streets, besides a number which are less reduplicated.

A few years ago, relates the New Orleans Picayune, the Mikado of Japan determined to ask his people to help him govern them, and with a flourish of trumpets called for an election and organized a parliament. Late reports from that country say that now he is having a hard time to manage the popular representatives. Not long ago the conservative majority expelled the President, Hoshi, because he insisted in keeping faith with foreign powers. Then Foreign Minister Mitsu made them an address, showing that the course of the majority would result in losing everything that Japan had gained in thirty years, but they would not listen to reason, and the session was suspended for ten days. It is said that the doings of the Japanese parliament would furnish first rate material for a comic opera. The ministers attend the sessions with orders for the suspension of parliament ready signed and sealed by the Emperor in their pockets, and when the body becomes unruly the orders are produced, and the session suspended for ten days or a fortnight. The majority of the members are intensely Japanese, opposed to everything foreign, and they have no idea of parliamentary procedure. It is said that the Mikado has started a movement which is sure to give him a good deal of trouble ultimately.

The annual report of fires of the Board of Fire Underwriters, of New York City, contains some interesting statistical information. Several tables set forth the number of alarms and the amount of losses for thirty-nine years up to April 30, 1893. From these may be gathered an idea of the growing efficiency of the Fire Department, in spite of the rate of increase of fires due to the growth of the city. The insurance money paid in 1855 in adjustment of losses was 32.87 per cent. of the amount placed. For the succeeding years until 1870, when the paid department was adopted, this percentage was not reduced—in fact, rose in the last few years of this period. But since, and including 1890, there has been a constant although not steady reduction. The first year the paid firemen took hold it was 22.28 per cent. In the year ending April 30, 1893, it was 13.10 per cent., the lowest in all but two years in the history of the city. This is telling testimony to the value of the paid department. In 1845 there were 355 fire alarms, in 1893 2960, a steady ascent, excepting the years 1863 and 1862, when the number was exactly the same, that is, 700. Fires are most numerous in January and after that in December. They are fewest in September and August. The aggregate for the Januarys since 1854 was 4847, for December 4749, July 4460, March 4328, April 4159, February 4094, November 3867, May 3624, June 3535, October 3392, August 3152, and September 3159. As may be seen, the winter months bring the most visitations of fire, except July, whose large number is accounted for by Fourth of July fires.

MOTHER'S PAY.

When the babe lies on the heart
Cares depart;
Heavenly peace, heavenly rest
Fill the breast,
When the babe lies on the heart.

When I look on baby's face
In baby's place,
Vexing snarls to smoothness run
Magic spun,
When I see that peaceful face.

Than queen to people, more to thee
I joy to be;
Than people to their queen thou'rt more
Told o'er and o'er
In every breath of thine to me.

When thou liest on my heart
Hatred's smart
Turns to sweet; love's soft spell
The way knows well
Through baby's lips to mother's heart.

O'er responsive eyes and lips
Sleep's eclipse
Softly falls, breathing bliss
As I kiss
The tiny, rosy fingertips.

While with thee sweet tryst I keep,
Half asleep,
In thy silver, dream-world boat
Soft I float
O'er slumber's sacred deep.

All the wild world's maddening fray
Melts away;
Gladly all the world to lose
I would choose
Could I take this heavenly pay.

Lesser duty's strident scream
Drops its theme;
Joy and duty are one code,
Heaven-bestowed,
While I watch my baby dream.

As I gaze on baby's face
Angel's grace
Falls around. Who from home
Cares to roam
While she sees the baby's face?

When my babe lies on my heart
Cares depart;
Heaven and home by Heaven's grace
Are one place,
When my babe lies on my heart.

—Martha Foote Crow, in Independent.

MRS. ARDEN'S STORY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"GUESS your man won't be home tonight," said Seth Shapley.

I was standing at the gate, where the Norway spruces cast long shadows on the snow, watching the crimson dyes of the sunset, when Seth's cumbrous sled, drawn by two sleepy oxen, creaked past.

"Why, what do you mean?" said I.

"Bridge is broke," declared Seth, "ain't no way of fixin' it before tomorrow noon!"

"Can't he come around by way of Millville?" I asked.

Seth shook his head.

"They've took off the night train," said he. "Warn't enough passengers to pay this winter."

Seth looked at his oxen's ears. I looked at Seth.

"All alone up there, ain't you?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," I acknowledged, "I am all alone."

"Better jest git aboard the sled and come down to our place to stay all night," suggested Seth.

"Oh, I couldn't do that?" I answered. "I expect Rufus's mother down from Montreal at any time now; and there's the house to look after. Besides, I'm not all afraid. Why should I be?"

"Oh, I dunno!" said Seth, cutting a fresh plug of tobacco. "It's kind o' spooky up there, ain't it, with Betsey gone home?"

And then I remembered that my maid-of-all-work had been summoned to the sick bed of some ancient relative, a few miles away.

My perturbed face must have appealed to honest Seth's sense of chivalry, for he burst out all of a sudden:

"I'll tell ye what, Mrs. Arden, I'll send little Polly up to stay all night with you. Polly's only a slip of a thing, but she's a deal o' company, and I'm pretty sartin she wouldn't like nothin' no better."

"Oh, thank you!" said I. "It will be very kind of you, Mr. Shapely."

And I strolled back to the house, the crisp wind blowing my hair back, and the red sunset gleams lighting up the frozen landscape as with bars of blood.

I was an artist's wife. We had not been married a year yet, and Rufus had gone to the city to see about some pictures that he was placing on sale in a great art room.

We had been able to hire Raquette House, as this fine old mansion was called, at a merely nominal rate, as the wealthy pork-packer who built it was tired of the loneliness of the situation and had moved to Atlantic City, where his money would make more show. And Rufus had the option of paying the rent by painting a set of panel pictures for his seaside dining-room.

It was a larger house than we needed, but the grounds and gardens were delightful, and after all, as Rufus and I reasoned, it didn't cost us any more than a smaller house would, and was a deal more artistic.

But it did seem rather big and gloomy in the gathering dusk as I came in that night, more especially as I had never before been alone in it more than a few hours at a time.

Consequently I was not sorry a few minutes afterward to hear Polly Shapley's voice as I sat by the fire.

"I came in the west door," breathed Polly, flushed with the haste she had made. "Did you know, Mis' Arden, the west door warn't bolted?"

Polly was a tall fourteen-year-older, with a curly crop of hair and a nasal voice.

"Betsy was careless about the doors," said I, remembering with a guilty pang Rufus had bidden me be very careful about securing the premises in his absence.

"Because," he had said, "there's that money Welford wanted me to bank for him in the studio desk-drawer, and the diamond necklace in the cabinet."

And then, with sudden aftergleam of recollection flashed across me just where Rufus had stood, by the depot stove, when he spoke the words, and how a stout, short man, in a slouched fur cape and a ragged overcoat, had watched us as he waited for a ticket and chewed tobacco.

Could he have heard the word? And how was he to know that "the diamond necklace" was only a stage trinket of cut glass borrowed of an artist friend for the decoration of the lay figure, or that Velford's money was only a few dollars, sent in repayment of something he had borrowed from Rufus?

Upon the whole, I was glad that Polly Shapely had come to bear me company during that long, solitary winter night. Of course there was no danger, but that—

"We'll go back and bolt it, Polly," said I.

"Oh, I done that!" said Polly. "Gracious! ain't their halls dark! I came through the study—"

"Studio, Polly," I gently corrected her.

"Studio, then," Poly accepted the emandation. "The fire ain't quite out, here. Ain't no danger o' fire, is there?"

"Perhaps it had better be covered with ashes," said I. "Run and attend to it, Polly, and I'll see about the tea."

"I've got some apples and chestnuts in my bag," cried Polly, "and some o' mother's riz doughnuts. She thought mebbe you hadn't nothin' baked up, seein' Betsey was gone. Gimme a candle, Miss Arden. I wouldn't go through them halls in the dark ag'in for nothin'. I could swear there was spooks a-rushin' arter me."

"What nonsense, Polly!" said I.

But, nevertheless, I handed her the brass candlestick that Rufus had bought at a sale on account of its antiquity.

I was just hanging over the tea-kettle when the scuffle of Polly's footsteps was heard once more, this time at railroad rate.

"I wouldn't be hired to go through that there study ag'in, Mis' Arden," said she, slamming down the candlestick on the table.

"Why, Polly, what's the matter?"

"Them portraits a starin' down at me!" gasped the girl. "Their eyes a follerin' me all round! Gracious, what a start it gimme!"

"That's the way portraits always do, Polly," explained I. "You're a goose!"

"I can't help it," panted Polly. "It fa'rly makes me creep. An' the woman in white, standin' up on the platform—she turned her head an' looked at me, she did."

"What, Polly—a wooden figure, dressed like the Lady of Avenel?" and I burst out laughing. "Why, it's jointed, like a doll!"

"Well, I can't help it. It did turn its head. And I wouldn't go back there ag'in, Mis' Arden, not if you was to give me a silver dollar!"

"Well, Polly, you needn't." I soothed her, perceiving that she was really nervous and frightened. "We'll have tea here by the fire, and afterward we'll roast the apples and the chestnuts. There are no portraits here to follow you with their eyes."

And Polly soon forgot her tribulations in the tea, the raspberry jam and the tales I told her of life in beautiful, ice-girdled Montreal.

I made her up an impromptu bed on a sofa in my own room opening from this cheerful, fire-lighted apartment; but when she was asleep and snoring, I quietly threw a shawl over my shoulders and relighted the candle.

"I will see after that fire myself," thought I. "There's no telling what accidents might happen, and we are not insured."

Nevertheless, I could but remember Polly's idea of the "spooks" as I passed along the silent, moonlighted hall to the studio door.

Opening it suddenly, the draught blew out my candle; but the moon illuminated the room with a faint silver radiance, and one or two live embers yet glimmered on the deep hearth, the last remains of Rufus's cherished Yule-log.

Just in the line of the big mullioned window the lay figure occupied its accustomed place on a carpeted dais close to Rufus's easel, and chancing to glance in that direction my blood froze chill.

From beneath the white hood of the "Lady of Avenel," which had been Rufus's last historical study, a pair of real, human eyes seemed to flash a sudden furtive look at me, and—was it only a memory of Polly's panic, a mere freak of my disordered imagination, or did the figure really move a little?

With electric swiftness, the whole thing rushed across my mind—Rufus's careless words at the railway station, the stout stranger in the fur cap, the fact of my being alone and defenseless in this solitary spot—

Yet, after the first fright, my senses seemed to rally themselves into a strange calm. I relighted my candle at the last Yule ember, covered it with a bed of ashes, composedly walked across the floor as if nothing unusual had happened, and softly locked the door behind me.

"He's welcome to the stage necklace if he wants it," thought I; "and the money is safe in a Branal-locked desk. The studio window is a deal too high for him to escape that way, besides being guarded with a strong wire netting; and I don't see how else he can escape, unless he goes up the chimney."

Then I went back to my own room, where the fire crackled cheerily, and Polly snored with soothing monotony; but the reader can easily imagine that there was no sleep for me that night.

With the crimson flush of daybreak, I was about to rouse Polly up and send her down to summon her father, when a loud knocking at the door startled me.

It was Rufus himself!

"Well, pussy," said he, "were you nervous about being left alone? I got Sam Penny to row me over the river, and came across country in a cutter. Here's Seth Shapley, with his ox team, to take his girl home. Got any fire? I'm half frozen to death."

"Rufus—Mr. Shapley!" I gasped, "don't stop here! Come right to the studio. Here's the key. I don't know, but I think—I'm almost sure—there's a man locked up there!"

Without pausing to answer their eager questions, I hurried them along the wide, tile-paved hall, and in almost less time than it takes to relate the incidents the door was unlocked and sturdy Seth had got the stout, red-faced man by the throat, while Rufus was pinioning his arms.

"It's you, is it, Ben Frowley?" shouted Seth. "Just out o' Dannemore Jail for one offense, an' now you're qualifyin' for another term, hay? Ye shif'less, thievin', drunken scamp, I know ye!"

And in a minute or two they had him, safely secured with ropes, lying panting and breathless on the floor.

The stage necklace was in his pocket, and he had contrived to pick the Branal lock in spite of everything and possess himself of the few bills in the desk drawer, while the actual jointed substratum of the White Lady of Avenel, whose garments he had taken to conceal his identity, under the semblance of a draped lay figure, was pushed beneath the dais in wooden confusion.

All of a sudden we heard the voice of Polly behind us.

"I knowed the critter moved its head!" said she. "Didn't I tell ye so, Mis' Arden?"

And that was the last time I ever allowed myself to be left alone in Raquette House.

"Not that I'm afraid," said I, "but—but every one knows that discretion is the better part of valor."—Saturday Night.

Thickness of the Soap Bubble Film.

The most powerful of the modern microscopes will render a point one hundred thousandth part of an inch in diameter perfectly visible. While this is true beyond a doubt, there are reasons for believing that a single molecule of matter is much smaller even than that. One reason for this belief has been deduced from calculations made on the soap bubble. Scientists have made measurements of the thickness of the envelope of soapy water inclosing the air of the bubble when it had become so thin as to produce rainbow tints. At the appearance of the shade of violet it was one-fourth of the thickness of the length of an ordinary violet wave of light (one-sixty thousandth of an inch), thus making the thickness equal to one-two hundred thousandth of an inch.

As the bubble continues to expand a black patch formed near the end of the pipe from which the bubble was being blown. Measurements were then taken to ascertain the thickness of the black portion of the bubble, and the experimenters were astonished beyond measure when they found the thickness (or thinness) to be only one-fifty millionth of an inch!—St. Louis Republic.

This Miner Was Lucky.

Michael O'Reilly's lucky star must have shone over him, for he had about as narrow an escape from instant death at the Rarus Mine as was ever recorded. He was ascending the ladder-way in the pumping shaft above the 400, when one of the ladder rounds broke, and he lost his balance and fell into the shaft. He dropped about fifty feet, and in some manner managed to grasp hold of a water-pipe or something of the kind and clung to it. Otherwise, he would have fallen 200 feet to the six-hundred level and into seventy-five feet of water. He managed to swing to the ladder again. Another miner assisted him to a level. He was raised to the surface, and Drs. Wells and McCrimmon were summoned. They found that, aside from a fractured ankle and some painful bruises, the man was not seriously hurt, out the shock had been great. He was carried to his home, in Dublin Gulch. Mr. O'Reilly has a wife and one child.—Butte (Montana) Inter-Mountain.

A Fish With a Rubber Band.

Forest and Stream speaks of a curious find in the Cape Ann fish market, at Gloucester, Mass. It was nothing less than a mackerel with a rubber band around the body. The band had been put on the fish when quite small, and stayed there in spite of the rapid growth of the wearer. The fish's body under the band did not grow, which caused a depression in the full-grown body of about three inches in depth. The depression was covered with a healthy skin in no way unlike that on the rest of the body. The fish measured in length fourteen inches, diameter of body each side of the depression, seven and three-fourths inches, diameter of depression, five inches. The fish was undoubtedly in a healthy condition, and the band [illegible] stretched like any other band.

A BIG BURDEN OF PAPER.

QUESTION OF HOW TO DISPOSE OF OLD MONEY ORDERS.

The Government Cannot Afford to Destroy Them—A Remarkable Case of Counterfeiting Orders.

WHAT is Uncle Sam going to do with all the old money orders? They have been accumulating on his hands for nearly thirty years, and not one of them has been destroyed. More than two billion dollars' worth of them in value originally represented are now stored away in the various buildings belonging to the Postoffice Department at Washington, occupying thousands of cubic feet of precious space. To hold them all would require several ordinary-sized houses, and still they continue to pile up. It is the same way with many million dollars' worth of postal notes. Inasmuch as they are vouchers for money paid out, it would hardly do to burn them. The Government, in relation to the money order system, acts as a sort of trust company. Citizens place their cash in its hands, and the canceled orders are evidence of the fulfillment of the trust.

Besides, things are constantly happening which render it necessary to refer to the back-number orders. A man writes to the department, saying: "I am the administrator of the estate of John Jones. Among his private papers I have found certain money orders, dated some years back. Please send duplicates, in order that I may cash them." Now, it frequently happens that the orders discovered in such ways are from ten to twenty years old. By turning to the files it can be ascertained in a moment whether these securities have been redeemed or not.

Or perhaps William Smith will write: "Two years ago James Robinson, of Podunk, sent me a money order for $50. I did not receive it. Kindly furnish me with a duplicate." The order referred to is looked up and found in the files canceled, bearing William Smith's signature to the receipt. Smith, on being informed of this fact, declares the signature a forgery. A postoffice detective is then put on the case and investigates it. May be he decides that Smith's claim is good; but since the money order system was founded in 1865 there have not been more than 200 cases of forgery of this description.

When a money order is missing a duplicate can always be obtained. Three hundred such duplicates are issued by the department at Washington every day, on an average. The originals disappear in all sorts of curious ways. Farmers, through mistake, frequently keep them as receipts, instead of forwarding them through the mails. After awhile the unsophisticated agriculturist is dunned for payment by the keeper of a store in a neighboring town. "Why," he says, "I sent you the money by post some time ago, and here is the receipt in my pocket." With that he exhibits the money order. But it often happens that the payee, learning that cash awaits him at the postoffice, applies for a duplicate. Railway postal clerks sometimes steal letters and find money orders in them. To get rid of them, they burn them. Then the owners ask for duplicates.

In the history of the money order system only two instances of the counterfeiting of these securities have been recorded. The first and more remarkable case was in 1873. John N. Young, who had been employed in the money order division of the Chicago Postoffice, thought that he had discovered a way to get rich easily. His scheme, being without precedent, might have been fairly successful, if he had worked it skillfully; but he carried it out very clumsily indeed. For $30 he hired a drunken printer to set up type for an imitation of the regular money order blank. This was not difficult, inasmuch as the kind of blank used by the department has always been severely simple. However, the type setting was so badly done as to call attention almost immediately to the fraud. Nevertheless, the swindler managed to obtain cash for a number of his orders. They were for $50 each—the maximum allowed at that time. All of them bore the stamp of Oshkosh, Wis. They were to be paid to fictitious names in Indianapolis, Ind., Springfield, Ill., and other cities. Young managed to steal a number of official envelopes and "advice blanks" to help out his game, but he had none of the regular postoffice stamps, and so was obliged to employ ordinary postage stamps for making his letters of advice to postmasters. This was calculated to excite attention. The rogue applied for the money at the different postoffices under the fictitious names which he had employed. He would have been caught in Cincinnati, but the postmaster, who had been warned in advance from Washington, stupidly let him get away when he presented his bogus orders, telling him to call again. Of course he did not come back. Finally he was caught in Florida. On his way north he jumped from the train, but was subsequently recaptured and eventually landed in the penitentiary.—Washington Star.

The Best Bananas.

In selecting bananas it is well to remember that the fruit which is largest, the deepest yellow, and the least angular is, as a rule, the best. One who has become banana-wise through looking into their culture in Jamaica (where most of the bananas that come to our market are grown) denies the current belief that bananas are ripened on the plant in that country, and therefore much superior to those that are cut green.—Detroit Free Press.

Canada forbids the adulteration of cheese, and Canada is right.

LOVE THE MAGICIAN.

Sing bird, ripple rill;
Purple is the distant hill;
Sky is bright, and day is clear.
Love is here.

Frown sky, vanish hill;
Mute the bird, and dry the rill;
All the day is drear and dead.
Love is fled.

—George B. Gallup, in Munsey's

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Books of travel—Thousand-mile tickets.—Truth.

Consistency is a jewel often sold to pay the price of success.—Puck.

A mistake is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue.—Ram's Horn.

The trouble with many men is that they will snatch defeat from victory.—Puck.

"I always did enjoy an intellectual feast," said the cannibal, as he ate the Yale man.—Life.

When a man pawns his honor he finds that the legal interest on perjury is tremendously high.—Truth.

Judge (to tramp prisoner)—"Fifty dollars or thirty days." "Time's money, Judge. Gi'me thirty days."

A newly discovered weather prophet says that an icy pavement is a sure sign of an early fall.—Hartford Journal.

A Kensington doctor suggests that a good thing for the Cramps is a contract for a new warship.—Philadelphia Record.

Christie—"That young Mr. Sapp talks just like a book, doesn't he?" Kathryn—"Yes, a blank book."—Detroit Free Press.

He—"There goes Hatton in his new overcoat. What do you think of him?" She—"He is simply out of sight."—Washington News.

"Goodluck has had his salary raised; was it for extra work?" "Yes; he always listens when the proprietor tells his baby's smart sayings."

"How are you getting along learning to operate your typewriter?" "First rate. I can almost read some of the things I write."—Chicago Record.

Husband (irately)—"You think you know everything, don't you?" Wife (softly)—"No, dear; I never did know why you know so little."—Detroit Free Press.

"I am sorry, but the picture looks like a perfect failure to me." Artist—"Great Scott, what a perfect success I must have made of it!"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She—"I don't like that Mr. Smith; he is always riding some hobby or other to death." He—"Ah, why don't you call the attention of the S. P. C. A. people to it."

The difference between the wealthy idler and the leader of an orchestra is that the former's sole ambition is to kill time, while the latter beats it.—Philadelphia Record.

Mamma—"What are you and Freddie quarrelling about?" "We were playing keep house and Freddie came home and found dinner wasn't ready."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She—"Is it true that a lover never eats anything?" He—"Not after he becomes engaged." She—"Why not?" He—"He never has any money to spare."—Brooklyn Life.

Benedict—"Why won't she marry you? Is there another man in the case?" Singleton—"I'm afraid there is." "That's so? Do you know who it is?" "Yes—her father."

Maude—"Why don't you give young Sewers some encouragement if you love him?" Nell—"Oh, he ought to be able to press his own suit. He's a tailor."—Philadelphia Record.

Bunker—"I was fool enough yesterday to tell that doctor of yours that you sent me." Hill—"What difference did that make?" Bunker—"He made me pay cash."—New York Herald.

Elderly Maiden—"This is so unexpected, Mr. Wellalong, that—that you must give me time." Elderly Lover—"Time, Miss Rebecca? Do you think there is any to spare!"—Chicago Tribune.

Forgot herself: Briggs—"You knew Mangle recently married a widow and went on a wedding trip, didn't you? I saw him yesterday on his return." Griggs—"Anything happen while he was away?" Briggs—"Yes. He says that in a fit of absent-mindedness she proposed to him again."—Brooklyn Life.

"Here," said the very young man, "is a chameleon." "Oh, Mr. Callow," she exclaimed, "this is very kind of you. I shall take good care of it." "I hope you will keep it to remind you of me." "I shall take the greatest pleasure in doing so. (After a pause) What a pity it doesn't stay green all the time."—Washington Star.

Mr. Gotham—"So you are going to settle in the United States?" New Arrival (from South America)—"Yes, sir; they've got to drawing things a little too fine in South America to suit me. Why, sir, it's got so now that a man can't even get a job at overthrowing a government unless he belongs to the Revolutionists' Union and has paid his fees regularly for six months."—New York Weekly.

"I have got a firstrate place for you," said the employment agent. "The woman who wants a cook used to be a hired girl herself, so there's no doubt but that she will be easy on you." "Easy on me?" said the applicant for a place. "Not much she would. Why, she [illegible] but sit up of nights thinking out ways to get even on us for the way she was treated when she was [illegible]."—Indianapolis Journal.