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The sugar palm of South America is a rival of the New England maple.

Australia has more places of public worship in proportion to population than any other country.

The peasants of Pergine, near Triente, are using electric light in their houses, as they can get it cheaper than kerosene.

There are more paste diamonds and artificial stones of all kinds made in Glasgow, Scotland, than in any other city in the world.

Whenever a murder is committed in Argentina it is customary to put every possible witness in prison and keep him there until the real culprit is convicted.

Of the 5,000,000 inhabitants of London more than 1,000,000 have to live on less than $5 a week for each family, while more than 300,000 are in chronic poverty.

Mme. Blanc says that Bret Harte is, of all the American authors of the times, the most popular in France and that Howells is not generally liked by the French.

"Fugitive trains" was added to railroad nomenclature during the big strike. It applied, explains the Chicago Herald, to freights that started out for a certain destination not knowing whether they would "git there" or somewhere else.

It seems to the New York Advertiser as though in many ways the authorities of Great Britain were adopting American methods. The latest instance of this is shown in the investigation now progressing of the cruelties perpetrated upon prisoners confined at Dartmouth.

There is great consternation among the lovers of bull-fighting in Spain because Guerrita, the only remaining great fighter, has declared his unalterable decision to retire from the ring. The reason given is that he is worth over $200,000 and that his wife suffers terrible anxiety every time he fights.

Most of the States have had a system of commutation for good behavior of prisoners. Massachusetts is just putting that kind of a ticket-of-leave law in force. The first subject for clemency is a man now in the thirties, a splendid specimen physically, who fourteen years ago was given an eighteen-year sentence for burglary. He has been a model prisoner and means to begin life anew.

E. B. Bolton, of the Royal Society, has been conducting some interesting experiments to show the effect of environment on animals. The pepper moth was the particular insect he studied. He found that if an egg was put into a pill box lined with gilt paper the caterpillar produced would be be golden in color. When the box was black the caterpillar also became black. And lastly, when he mixed different colors the caterpillar became mottled.

Referring to the common statement that electricity is still in its infancy, Professor Dolbear recently said: "Electricity is not in its infancy. Despite what has been done there is nothing in the present use of electricity that has not been known for many years. Arc lights were known eighty years ago; the telegraph is sixty years old, the telephone thirty, and the incandescent lamp ditto. We are not at work with new things or on new new principles. If you are running a motor with electricity, it is not a new discovery in electricity to apply the same power to the operation of a lathe or a street car."

Christian people who spend any length of time in Europe are often somewhat at a loss, avers the New York Independent, with regard to church attendance. In almost every important center there are Evangelical churches of various denominations; but they are not always widely known, and it is sometimes difficult to learn the full facts as to the provision for public worship. In Paris and Berlin the American chapels are well known. In Dresden where there is an English and American colony, chiefly American, of about 3000 people, comparatively few have known of the Presbyterian church, which is rather a union church under the care of the Rev. J. Davis Bowden, one of the most eloquent preachers on the Continent. The church has no distinctive church building, but meets in a hall, and earnestly calls for the support of all Christian Americans who spend a time in that city.

Almost one-twentieth of the population of the United States is widowed.

With the additions recently announced the number of members of the British House of Lords is 572.

Wheat, cotton, iron and many other things which are produced in vast quantities in the United States are at wonderfully low figures.

That Americans have a "sweet tooth" is shown to the New York Mail and Express by the fact that they consume 25,000 tons of candy a year.

If America were as densely populated as Europe it would contain as many people as there are in the world at the present time, estimates the Detroit Free Press.

According to a recent article in the Railroad Gazette the steam city railroads of London earn only $73,000 a mile, while those of New York City earn $300,000 a mile per annum.

There is a boy in Sing Sing (N. Y.) Prison who was sent up for six years and a half, for stealing $1.50. It has just been discovered that he did not steal it, and there is talk of his demanding an indemnity from the State.

Cities in Norway do not grow quite so rapidly as some of those in the West, muses the New York Tribune. Tromso, in that country, has just celebrated its 1000th anniversary. In that time it has grown from sixty people to 6000! The inhabitants are chiefly devoted to fishing.

It looks to the New Orleans Picayune as though every country in the world would be added to the list of sugar producers and refiners. A number of Japanese merchants representing large capital propose starting a joint stock concern, and establishing works for refining between Hiogo and Osaka and also near Yokohama; and it is said have already taken steps to import the necessary machinery.

Of all cities of the world, Paris presents a gathering of humankind most fearfully mixed in its elements of disorder. The criminal brought up from childhood in the capital will risk his life for the privilege of living there. Accordingly, many criminals who have been forbidden residences in Paris, in spite of the strictest surveillance of the barriers, will work their way in again and take up their career of crime under other names.

Three streets in Paris are to be named after the authors, Edmond About, Guy de Maupassant and Octave Feuillet. Taine, the critic and historian; Brillat-Savarin, the epicure; Charcot, the great physician, and Fourier, the socialist philosopher, whose communistic colony in New Jersey half a century ago was a more interesting experiment, the Chicago Record thinks, than even the Brook Farm—all these are to have their names perpetuated in the new baptism of streets that is taking place in Paris.

A Bengalese magistrate, having been informed of the whereabouts of a mad dog, armed himself and went to the place where the rabid animal lay by a house door. He learned upon inquiry that two women were in the house and sent word to them that he was about to shoot the dog and therefore they should not be alarmed by the report, and that, as he might not inflict a fatal wound at the first fire, and, in fact, might miss, they should remain within until notified. Such a supreme courtesy is in marked contrast with that of western civilization.

While Russia is behindhand in most things pertaining to progress and enlightenment, she is distinctly in advance of the remainder of the world as far as the regulation of the the bicycle traffic is concerned. Before anyone is permitted to ride on any public thoroughfare he is compelled to obtain a license at a cost of a dollar, and to have his name and address entered upon the police registers of his district, in token whereof he is presented with a square piece of leather with his number in large figures of bright metal. This he must have permanently affixed to the back of the cycle, so that it may be seen by the police. But, prior to receiving the license, the knight of the wheel is forced to undergo an examination as to whether he can ride sufficiently well to avoid becoming a public danger. This examination consists in the description of a figure 8 set round two sticks, and he is obliged to do this to the satisfaction of the official examiners, one of whom is usually the president or vice-president of the local bicycle club.

IF I SHOULD GO.

If I should go away,
And you no more should meet me like the May—
I say, if I should go,
Who long have lived and long have loved you so—
Would you not feel some natural, sweet regret?
Would you remember yet?

If I should go away?
And you should see the breaking of the day—
Would you not still remember how I stood
And saw the same sun lightening all the wood
Where the pines waved? Where all the flowers are wet
With sweetest dews? Would you remember yet?

If I should go away—
Sweetheart there are no words for me to say!
I cannot go and leave you! God would not
Have any violet of our love forgot:
But, if His violets with no tears were wet,
Would you—O, sweetheart, love of mine, forget?

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

TARSNEY'S TEMPTATION.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

UNLESS there was a horse-trade or something of equal importance on hand, Lyman Tarsney was pretty sure to be found at the postoffice at mailtime; not because he expected a letter, but because the postoffice was in a grocery store plentifully supplied with comfortable box, barrel and counter seats. It offered abundant opportunities for sly nibblings of crackers and cheese, and was the clearing-house for the gossip of the village.

When, one day, the postmaster really did hand Tarsney a letter, he was much surprised and examined it doubtfully. The envelope was addressed plainly enough, and bore the New York postmark. Who in the world could be writing him from New York?

Tarsney went to one side and opened the letter with mingled eagerness and doubt. Perhaps somebody had died and left him a fortune? Stranger things had been heard of. When he had gained a partial understanding of the contents, he hurriedly left the postoffice, his whole lazy body quivering with excitement.

Around the corner he paused, undecided where to go to examine his prize in secret. Then he slouched with unaccustomed energy out of the village into the woods, turning abruptly from the beaten path as soon as he was out of sight of any house, and keeping on till he felt sure he was in no danger of being seen.

He wormed his way into the midst of a thicket, and re-examined his prize. The contents of the envelope consisted of a neat circular, printed in imitation of the work of a typewriter, a strip purporting to be a clipping from a newspaper and a small slip bearing a name and address.

Tarney read the circular carefully. It was couched in a strain well calculated to flatter the vanity and whet the greed of the reader. After stating that the writer was desirous of obtaining a shrewd man to handle his goods, which were nowhere mentioned as counterfeit money, but always as "goods," the circular continued:

"You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing. The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed.

"Unless you have money enough to live on comfortably for the rest of your life, this is just the business you should take hold of, as my goods can be handled with perfect safety and immense profits, and enable you to provide yourself with a competence for your old age and pass your remaining years in ease and comfort.

"There is no wrong about it—Uncle Sam has millions of our money locked up in the Treasury, uselessly and unjustly so."

So on went the letter to a considerable length, in a way shrewdly calculated to find the weak point of such a man as Lyman Tarsney. When he had finished reading the circular, he was gasping at the magnitude of the possibilities which seemed suddenly to have opened before him. His hand trembled as he turned hungrily to the printed slip that accompanied the circular.

It purported to be a newspaper clipping, setting forth that, in spite of the utmost vigilance of the officials, certain engraved plates had been stolen from the United States Treasury, from which notes—exactly the same as the genuine except that they did not have the sanction of the Government—were being printed by the thousands of dollars' worth. The following extract is a fair sample of the sophistry of the article:

"As the case stands these people in New York have everything their own way, for their shrewd work seems to be carried on in perfect safety, and there is not the slightest chance of detecting them or the people with whom they do business. It seems to be a positive fact that they are in possession of duplicate Treasury plates exactly the same as those used by the Government, and the paper is similar to that upon which the genuine notes are printed. It is a profound mystery how and from whence they obtain it. The greenbacks which the New York scoundrels are dealing in are so fine and perfect that there is not one chance in ten thousand of detecting them, and all the detectives have failed to unearth the slightest clue to makers or users."

Lyman Tarsney had never been desperate or depraved. His sins had been chiefly of omission rather than of commission. He had never stolen aught except precious time, and the happiness and comfort of his wife and children.

He had always been one of those sanguine souls who are content to wait patiently for something to turn up, instead of rolling high their sleeves and turning up something for themselves.

In the old home State he had done fairly well, till finally he had conceived the belief that in Missouri was located the El Dorado where kindly nature returned a maximum of reward for a minimum of toil. Thither he had journeyed with his little flock, and purchased a run-down farm "on time." The succeeding season was a poor one, and Tarsney's minimum of labor brought him so little of reward that he was unable to make the necessary payments on the farm, and in due time lost it.

The family presently found shelter in a shabby rented house in the outskirts of the village, and Lyman degenerated by degrees into a good-natured loafer, a trader of horses and catcher of fish—a worthless cumberer of the ground.

The "green goods" circular came to him like a revelation. It aroused his avarice and his long dormant ambition. He had never had his chance before, he told himself; but now his chance had come. The artful arguments seemed prepared especially to fit his case. They stilled his sluggish conscience and blinded his dull eyes.

"The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing."

The words met with Tarsney's unqualified indorsement. The appeal to his desire for comfort in his old age seemed like the pitying words of a kind friend. True, it was counterfeit money. Ha! Was it?

Did not the newspaper clipping state that the notes were printed from genuine plates made by the Government? What mattered it to him if these plates had been stolen? It was no affair of his. Was not the money the same, whether printed with Uncle Sam's sanction or without it?

The Government had millions, billions for aught he knew, locked up in the Treasury vaults, of no use to anybody. Why should not he profit by Uncle Sam's carelessness? The tempter won.

The coming of dusk admonished him of the flight of time. He placed the precious documents carefully in his pocket. When he reached home the scanty supper was waiting for him.

"Poppy's tum! poppy's tum!" whooped the little white head two sizes larger than the baby that wore it.

There was always a baby in the Tarsney household. These children loved the shiftless, worthless father, who was always good-natured, who whittled little toys for them, and was ever ready with a story.

He had no relish for the simple supper that night. The food half choked him. He noticed, he knew not why, that his wife's cough seemed worse than common, though in truth it had been growing worse for weeks unperceived by him. But the poor woman looked more cheerful to-night than was her wont.

She was not patching or mending this evening, but was nursing the feeble baby in idleness. Her thin cheeks were faintly flushed. The little white heads were happy and excited over something unusual.

"Dess what, poppy?" piped the head that was two sizes larger than the baby.

"I'm to git all the fine washin' an' ironin' from the hotel," said Mrs. Tarsney, with almost a happy smile. "I can make 'most a dollar a day out of it."

Poor soul! Happy at the prospect of added toil!

"An' me and John are to begin pickin' grapes at the nursery day after to-morrow," said Jim, ten years old. "We'll git half a cent a pound."

"I made six cents herdin' Mis' Barlow's ducks this afternoon," chimed in Lyddy, the eight-year-old girl.

For a long time these poor souls had worked, saved and denied themselves that they might return to the old home State. The hunger for home had been knawing at Mrs. Tarsney's heart for many a long, long day. She had uttered little complaint, but had toiled on, wearing her life out at the washtub in the hope of one day returning to the dear old home community. Sometimes she said hopefully:

"Maybe my health will be better when we get back home."

The younger children knew only by hearsay about the old home, but they were all strong in the belief that it was the happiest place on earth.

They were all of one accord hungry to go. No self-denial tending to bring the happy time nearer was too great for them to make. Every dollar, nickle, penny that could possibly be spared was sacredly hoarded to that end.

The sum required to take them all was a very great one in their eyes. Mrs. Tarsney, with pathetic pride, felt that they must not go looking like beggars. New clothes must be provided for all, and no matter how cheap, new clothes for the entire flock would cost what was to them another large sum.

In the battered old pewter sugar bowl in the little cupboard beside the chimney was one hundred and forty-two dollars and seventy-nine cents, the savings of many long days of toil and privation. Out of the hoard the husband and father, too, must be well clothed and provided with a railway ticket. He had added but little to the fund, possibly five dollars in all—but then he was the husband and father. Mrs. Tarsney was afraid of banks, and so the slowly growing hoard was kept in the old pewter sugar bowl.

"It won't be so very long now," the poor woman said, hopefully, and then a paroxysm of coughing shook her. "My dollar a day will count up pretty fast, and Johnny and Jimmy will make a great deal while grapes last."

Lyman Tarsney lay awake all night long, torn by doubts and indecision. He believed he loved his little flock. He would have done right by them long ago, he told himself, if only something had turned up to give him a chance to do so. The something for which he had so patiently waited had been a long time in turning up. But now, he thought, the opportunity had come; he had his chance at last.

Just as the first faint gray was creeping up in the east, Lyman Tarsney arose from beside his sleeping wife and stole the battered old pewter sugar-bowl and its contents, every penny of which represented so much of patient self-denial, of toil and privation.

As he slunk through the room Mrs. Tarsney, disturbed by some slight noise that he made, stirred uneasily and coughed in her sleep, and the wretched man paused suddenly, as if a reproachful voice had called to him. But the poor woman did not awaken, and he crept out of the house with the precious hoard in his clutch.

He started to slink rapidly away, and then stopped, he knew not why.

The gray of the early morning hung over the sleeping earth and dimmed the stars, fading slowly before the coming day. Soft sounds of the passing night were borne to his ears with seemingly unaccustomed clearness.

It would be train time in a few minutes. Tarsney took two or three slouching steps toward the gate, and then stopped again. The patient wife and mother, the little flock of white heads—how terribly they would be cast down when they discovered the loss! Their grief—

But was he not acting for the best, doing the best for them? he asked himself. It would not be for long, and then he would come back with a much greater sum of money than he had taken away. He would make it all up to them then, and they would all go back to the old home State.

Still he did not go on. He turned and crept cautiously to the window, left open for the admission of the breeze. The room was wrapped in darkness.

He could hear the regular breathing of its sleeping inmates. Mrs. Tarsney coughed again feebly in her sleep. Disturbed by the sound, one of the little white heads in the trundle-bed almost beneath the window stirred uneasily and murmured, "Poppy!"

Lyman Tarsney clutched the window-sill, and then there came the long-drawn, far-off whistle of the east-bound train, admonishing him that he had but just time to reach the station. He turned and slouched quickly to the rickety, half-hingeless gate, then paused with his hand on its top. The little white head's murmured "Poppy!" seemed still sounding in his ears.

He stood there for a little while, then his hand dropped from the top of the gate and he looked up at the far, far-off, fading stars in the graying sky—looked up helplessly, dumbly for a little time, and in that time he knew himself for what he was.

He saw his utter worthlessness. The cruel, criminal neglect of years was made as clear to him as if a great voice had shouted the truth in his ears. Lyman Tarsney gasped, bared his head and stood up straight beneath the stars.

The rumble of the approaching train grew louder and louder, but the man turned and tiptoed into the house, and replaced the battered old pewter sugar-bowl in the little cupboard beside the chimney.

When the rest of the family awoke with the coming of the sun, the husband and father was sleeping as soundly as any of the white heads had slept. The frugal breakfast was kept waiting for him as he slept on, and the clamor of the white heads was hushed—Poppy was sleeping. A goodly part of the forenoon had slipped away before he awoke.

"I dunno but you ought to have waked me sooner," he said to his wife, in a half-shamefaced way. "I'm goin' to work to-day. I've been thinkin' about—wal, if we're goin' east we've got to work. I—er—you don't need to take that washin' from the hotel, Marthy. You'd better rest—I'm goin' to work."

And he worked that day and for many days thereafter—worked with a zeal and faithfulness all the more marked because of his idleness of many a day before.

If there was any touch of heroism in this, I think it was augmented by the fact that Lyman Tarsney never knew what he had escaped by keeping out of the clutches of the "green goods" men.—Youth's Companion.

A South African Home.

A typical Southern Africa household described by Olive Schreiner had an English father, a half Dutch mother with a French name, a Scotch governess, a Zulu cook, a Hottentot housemaid and a Kaffir stable boy, while the little girl who waited on the table was a Basuto.—New York Advertiser.

AN ICE CREAM FACTORY.

MAKING THE COOLING COMPOUND BY MACHINERY.

Things That Are Mixed Up for It and How They Are Treated—Ice Cream Bricks.

ICE CREAM is manufactured from a combination of milk, pure cream and gelatine, flavored with different extracts, such as vanilla, lemon, strawberry, etc., the ingredients being first mixed up together and placed in circular metal vessels or runners which revolve around inside of circular wooden tubs, the runners being surrounded by a quantity of cracked ice and rock salt. Each runner is furnished with a beater having a number of blades which revolve around on the inside, beating up the material, the ice and rock salt causing it to thicken and form itself into ice cream. Some manufacturers use eggs, corn starch, etc., and boil the ingredients before freezing.

The first process is the mixing together of the ingredients. About ten quarts of pure cream, ten quarts of milk and about eight pounds of granulated sugar are first mixed together. If the ice cream is to be flavored with strawberry, about six to eight drops of pure red coloring and one-quarter pint of essence of strawberry are added. A quantity of gelatine dissolved in about a quart of warm water is then added to this, bringing the solution up to about twenty-four quarts in bulk. It is then run through a strainer or fine sieve into the runner.

The runners are made of copper, the inside of which is coated with tin, which, after about four weeks' constant running, has to be renewed, the coating of tin being worn off by the working of the beater. The runners are about twenty-three inches in height and about one foot in diameter, and hold about forty quarts. The wooden tubs in which they revolve are two feet four inches in height and are about twenty inches in diameter on the inside, leaving a space of about four inches for the ice around the runner.

Attached to the top of the cover of the runner and perpendicular shaft of the beater, which revolves in a socket at the top of the grinding machine, are two gearing wheels, which are geared to another attached to the shafting of the machine. When the machine is in motion the beater, containing ten 1½ inch iron blades, and the runner revolve around in different directions, making about fifty-five revolutions per minute. As soon as the machine is set in motion, a small quantity of ice and rock salt is added, which is renewed every few moments until the tub is filled, taking in all about twenty-five pounds of ice. The beating operation takes about twelve minutes, the salt and ice gradually freezing the twenty-four quarts solution, while the gelatine swells or raises the material up to forty quarts.

The grinding operation is completed when the ice cream shows or adheres to the glass windows in the cover of the runner. The wooden tub with the runner of cream is then rolled to one side and another is put in its place to pass through the same operation. The ice cream is then taken from the runners and put into cans ranging from one to ten gallons each and packed into ice and rock salt for delivery, which is ready in about two or three hours' time.

The machine for breaking up ice consists of a revolving cylinder fourteen inches in diameter and twenty inches in length, riveted to which are nine conical-shaped wrought iron teeth about five inches in length, which, when the machine is in motion, pass between a number of other teeth connected to the framework of the machine. The cakes of ice, which weigh about fifty pounds each, are first broken into two pieces and placed in the machine. The teeth of the revolving cylinder, which makes about 120 revolutions per minute, crash through the ice, breaking it up into small pieces at the rate of a ton in every twenty minutes.

Ice cream bricks are made by packing the cream into metal forms. These forms have a top and bottom cover. The ice cream is first put into these brick shaped forms and a strip of paper placed between the cream and each cover, which holds them firmly in place, and then they are packed away in salt and ice and frozen for about three hours. They are then taken out and the forms dipped into a pail of warm water, which loosens the cream from the sides. The top and bottom covers, after being wiped with a cloth, are then taken off, the attendant allowing the loosened brick of cream to slip out of the form on to a strip of white paper immediately covering it, and placing it into a pasteboard box and packed in ice again for delivery.

Neapolitan bricks of ice cream are made by placing one layer of cream over another, such as vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, etc. A great many metal forms are made of composition of lead and zinc, representing animals, fruits, vegetables, etc., the ice cream being packed into the forms and frozen in the same manner as the bricks. Forty-quart cans of milk cost wholesale about $1.12 per can, pure cream about seventeen cents per quart, and ice about $3 per ton. Two machines, with three runners, can turn out from 1500 to 2000 quarts of ice cream per day.—New York News.

The Chinese Government levies a regular tax on beggars, and gives them, in return, the privilege of begging in a certain district.

The coldest place in the world is Yakutch, Russia; the thermometer sometimes falls to seventy-three degrees below zero.

"DUTIES I PUT AWAY."

Duties I put away;
My heart keeps holiday.
I flee the fervent heat
And seek the cool retreat,
Where I can see the blue
And silver river flow,
And green and distant woods—
Sweet silent solitudes.
Here all is calm; the grass
Scarce rustles as I pass.
One works; I hear his boon
In honeysuckle blooms.
Go, brown bee, go away;
I love not work to-day;
But with white clouds above
That rove, my thoughts would rove
In random luxury,
Through earth and air and sky.
Even the birds are still,
And the wind upon the hill,
Seen through the tremulous air,
All things look calm and fair;
And I with them would cease
For this delicious peace,
Letting the world go by,
With for it all an eye.
—W. F. Barnard in the Chautauquan.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Boston girl speaks of the ball-player as being stricken out.—Puck.

Man's character often speaks the loudest when his lips are silent.—Texas Siftings.

We have heard girls apply the word "cute" to everything but a corpse.—Atchison Globe.

Some men would complain if they did not have anything to complain about.—Atchison Globe.

Few husbands and wives are so affectionate and trusting that they say "our money."—Atchison Globe.

It sounds rather paradoxical for a perfectly well man to speak of his invalid wife as his better half.—Boston Transcript.

"Er man kin run inter debt," said Uncle Eben, "but when it comes ter gittin' out he's gotter crawl."—Washington Star.

Scribe—"How is your novel coming along?" Jiblets—"By the express. I expect it at any moment."—Syracuse Post.

An old maid is a popular lady who has had many elegant offers of marriage, but prefers to remain single.—Atchison Globe.

As a rule, the man who boasts that he believes in always calling a spade a spade, occasionally calls things spades that are not spades.—Puck.

Wigwag referred to a conversation he had had with two female deaf mutes as "a little exercise with the dumb belles."—Philadelphia Record.

In scheduling this great big world
No thing received a single;
For every dog there is a day,
For every cat a night.
—Buffalo Courier.

An insult from certain sources is a compliment. When an ass kicks at you he does so because he recognizes that you are unlike him.—Texas Siftings.

Judge—"How old are you, miss?" Elderly Female—"I am—I am—" Judge—"Better hurry up; every moment makes it worse."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"One sister," said Johnny, "is stamp clerk in the postoffice and the other is a school teacher. I often wonder which one licks the most."—Adam's Freeman.

Melton—"I wish I hadn't read that article on 'How to Tie a Necktie.'" Beaver—"Why?" Melton—"I knew how to tie one before I read it."—Clothier and Furnisher.

"Did Miss Gotrox's father try to draw you out while you were there, last night?" "Draw me out? Great Scott, man! He was behind me, not in front."—Buffalo Courier.

She stood upon the white sand beach,
The north, east, south and west did scan;
When suddenly she gave a screech
"Ha, ha! ha, ha!" She saw a man!
—Syracuse Post.

Servant—"Yis, sorr. Mrs. Talker is in. What's yer name?" Visitor—"Professor Vandersplinkenheimer." Servant—"Och! Sure, ye'd better go roight in and take it wid ye."—Tit-Bits.

Smith-Jones—"How do you manage to keep up your mental energy so well?" Smith-Brown—"My wife gives me a piece of her mind every morning before I start to work."—Harlem Life.

Blobbs—"What are you doing with your football suit on? Not going to play this kind of weather?" Hicks—"No; but I'm going to see old Moneybags and ask him for his daughter's hand."—Philadelphia Record.

"When other lips and other tongues
The tale of love shall tell—"
I have no doubt, Evangeline,
You'll like it just as well.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Clerk—"I would like to have my salary raised. Boggs gets $6 more than me, and he don't do any more work. It's unjust." Employer—"Yes; it is unjust. I'll reduce Boggs's salary $6."—Philadelphia Record.

Studious Boy—"What is the meaning of 'market value' and 'intrinsic value?'" Father—"The 'market value' is the price you pay for a thing; 'intrinsic value' is what you get when you sell it to a second-hand dealer."—Tit-Bits.

Little Ethel—"I wonder why men like to talk about their old school days?" Little Johnny—"I suppose after they get growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him."—Good News.

Miss Haverly—"Uncle Ned has the funniest way of speaking of my sister's two little children." Mr. Austen—"How?" Miss Haverly—"Well, their names are Ebenezer and Florence. He calls them the Ebb and Flo of the Tide."—Vogue.