

A HAUNTING THOUGHT.

If the wind is the breath of the dying,
As ancient legends say,
What rebel soul, defying,
Sweeps down the storms to-day
What fruitless, mad regretting
Of that lingering wall?
What life of storm and tempest
Is spilled upon the gale?
If the wind is the breath of the dying,
Across the sea of light,
What saintly soul, replying,
Goes out to God to-night?
Whom does this moonlit zephyr
Uplift on its white breast?
What spirit, pure and patient,
In rapture sinks to rest?
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Footprints in the Sand.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

He did not notice them at first. They were such tiny footprints and there were places where the wash of the waves had half effaced them. And he was a man distraught with trouble, his brain a maelstrom of anguish and hot anger against the man who would turn him out of his home on the morrow and leave his children without a roof to shelter them.

Ab, that was where it hurt. His children! He was a strong man, equal to meeting the buffets of fortune and able to make his way up again, if he had to begin at the very lowest round of the ladder. He could endure privation and overwork. His wife was young and capable, cheerful and willing. But—the children!

He had been watching their play for the last hour—their happy, careless play, so unconscious were they of coming ill—until he could endure the sight no longer and had rushed out into the gathering night. How little they guessed that soon they were to leave their comfortable home, the home he had toiled so hard to make and striven so hard to save.

He had slipped into this strait so easily. That was always the way. Happiness and comfort were only to be wrested from fate by herculean effort. Poverty and misery waited on the beck of a finger. In the beginning he had needed a little money to provide the necessary implements to cultivate his place. To whom should he so naturally apply as to his wealthy neighbor, Judge Van Alstyne, who made a business of loaning money, and who lived on the bluff overlooking the sea? He had given a mortgage on his place as security, and how was he to know, what people hinted freely now, that the rich man had long coveted his own little strip of land, which adjoined the judge's extensive grounds? Then had come the dreadful siege of scarlet fever, which had attacked his household, and little Annie, narrowly saved from death, had been left a cripple. There was a costly surgical appliance that he had heard would draw the crippled limb back into shape, and it was then that he had asked for the second loan, secured by a second mortgage, that he had taken the child down to the famous city surgeon. There was a hope—nothing more than a hope—that some time the poor, shrunken little limb would be straight and strong again.

His heart softened at the thought of his crippled child, and it was this remembrance of her that stirred him to an interest in the tiny footprints that went on before him. Almost unconsciously and without purpose he began to follow them, wandering aimlessly about, as they wandered, idly noting the places where they had turned aside and loitered, marked by shining heaps of shells and mounds of sand.

They were not like his Annie's, these even prints of light and nimble feet. His heart ached anew as he remembered the last time he had borne her in his arms to the beach and the strange trail the poor little lame foot had made dragging in the sand. This child had a narrow, shapely foot, and in some of the prints there was the distinct mark of tiny French heel. Why was it that there was nowhere any sign of a larger footprint to guide the little, babyish feet? Why did the little footprints go on and on, never in any place returning? Who was there in all the town that would trust a little child to wander alone on the sands, with the tide at the turn and night coming on? Who was there in the neighborhood with a little child the size of his Annie, who might have slipped away without the parents' knowledge and strayed to this lonely spot, drawn by the music of the waves, the strange magic of the sea?

The answer brought a throb of awful triumph. Who but the people living in the great house on the bluff? The judge's little Annie—the petted darling of fortune—upon whom he had so often looked with jealous eyes, comparing her position with that of his unfortunate little one. And yet it seemed impossible that a child so carefully guarded could escape the vigilance of those whose sole duty it was to watch over her. What reason had he to go on along the narrow strip of sand hemmed in by the bluffs, risking his own life, it might be, in a fruitless search for a child who had doubtless played there in the afternoon sunshine, and who had probably gone back along the border of the beach, which was now laved by the water? If he should turn back at this moment to the home where sat his scolding wife with his hapless children, what blame could attach to him if on the morrow the tidings of Judge Van Alstyne's terrible loss should be brought to him? How did it concern him if fate was about to deal to this man who had so persecuted him a blow more deadly than that that had been leveled at himself?

He looked back toward the great house. There were lights in all the rooms. Even at that distance he seemed to see figures rushing to and fro and the

signs of unusual agitation and excitement. The next instant he roared the loss of even that moment of waning daylight, and, bending low to make sure of the direction of the little footprints, ran swiftly on.

He did not stop to reason with himself that this would be dealt with by another should the lives of his children be imperiled. There are higher principles of action than that laid down by the golden rule. The instinct of humanity in him was more powerful than self interest, and he obeyed it blindly, oblivious of every other thought but that an innocent life was endangered, which it might be his privilege to save.

Once, twice, thrice he knelt in the gloom and searched for the dim impressions he was following, and the last time he felt cautiously with his fingers on the cold, wet sand to verify the testimony of his eyes in the falling light.

At length he seemed to hear a faint cry in the distance, around a rocky point. The sound lent him new strength. A few rods beyond the point there was a run of clear water, often mistaken for an inlet of the sea. He and others familiar with the coast knew that it was a stream of fresh water, flowing down from the mountains and sinking in the marshes back of the bluffs in this locality, only to pierce the cliffs at an unknown depth below the water level and to bubble forth afresh where the sea laved their base. At high water stream and ocean merged into one, but at low water the stream rippled forth to join the sea. And at the place where it welled up from its underground passage there were dangerous quicksands. One misstep and the frightened child, groping on in the night, would meet a horrible doom, swallowed up in a moment by the greedy suction of the sands.

There was a flutter of a white garment on a narrow spit of sand, bordered on one side by the advancing tide, on the other by the stream, with its treacherous beds and crumpling banks. He shouted to warn the child of her danger and the waves drowned his cry. Confused, exhausted, terrified at the great breakers that rose with a thundering roar and fell again to dash themselves over the sand in foaming sheets that lapped her feet, she stumbled in the direction of the quicksands; and it was on the edge of the crumpling banks of sand that Richard Mansfield caught her.

There were lights moving amid the shrubbery on the Van Alstyne place, more lights on the narrow strip of beach below, defining timorous figures which searched the tide pools and crouched and peered upon the foaming waters, fearful of a burden they might bear upon their breast. Drenched through and through, chilled and stiffened, with his strength high spent, he passed them all, labored up the bluff and laid his burden in the father's arms.

The judge, distracted by the anguish he had undergone, silently received the child, and her deliverer, unrecognized, passed out into the darkness.

It was as he would have asked. Strange complexity of human nature; he could meet the humiliation and defeat of the morrow with new spirit, sustained by the secret knowledge of this splendid triumph over his enemy.

But fate, or the overruling power we call Providence, in these days does not always give his own way to a man who would suffer in silence at the hands of one whom he has blessed. Late that evening Judge Van Alstyne, watching his sleeping child in silent rejoicing, awoke to a sudden sense of obligation.

He went down to the servants' quarters, where he found the man drinking the health of the household in his wine. They started up sheepishly at his entrance, for the judge was a stern man and somebody was sure to be blamed for the mishap that had befallen the little lady. But this time it was the judge who was embarrassed, hesitating, almost deprecating, in his manner and speech.

"Which of you was it that brought back the child? I was so troubled—beside myself—that I did not notice. Which one among you was it?"

There was a moment's awkward silence. Then the coachman replied: "It wasn't none of us, sir. 'Twas a man that'd been out walking on the sands. He lives close by. Dick Mansfield; him that has the crippled child." The judge passed out without a word. Richard Mansfield, the man whose petty debt, so long unpaid, had been a vexation to him, when his mind was engrossed with larger matters. One mortgage had been renewed. It had become due, with the second one, the middle of December, but the man had asked for more time and he had given him until past New Year. He did not like to use harsh measures in the holiday season, but he had told him that business was business, and that the money must be paid at the beginning of the year or he would be compelled to foreclose. The fellow had seemed so thrifless and down at the heel. The interest had never been promptly paid. And so he had a crippled child!

The judge was walking down his garden path, hastening toward the dim lights that shone in the window of the cottage. The night was raw, and the wind still blustered and shrieked, sure indication of a brooding storm on the Pacific shore. He buttoned up his coat and shivered as he thought that his little daughter might even now have been at the mercy of wind and wave. A queer freak for a man to be walking on the sands on such a night. He must have been distracted to choose such a place in such weather. Distracted? This was the first day of the new year, and it was to-morrow that he had declared the mortgage should be foreclosed. And there was the crippled child.

Richard Mansfield, sitting beside his sleeping child, his head bowed in his hands, not now in despair, but in a stout effort to master the situation before him, heard something that sounded like a muffled knock at the door. He raised his head, alarmed at the late call, and the judge entered without bidding, in a gust of wind that rocked the frail tenement and disturbed the gentle sleeper.

who stirred and muttered brokenly, then slumbered again.

The judge looked down upon the painted crib, the tiny crutch, whistled out by hand, that stood beside it, the patchwork coverlet and the wan cheek and remembered the rounded cheek of the little sleeper he had left pillowed on down beneath a canopy of lace.

The man who could without emotion pronounce sentence upon a criminal, who was called the most clear-headed and hard-hearted of usurers in the conduct of his private business, experienced a queer rising in his throat when he essayed to speak.

A tear fell on the faded coverlet. He reached out his hand to the man who stood beside him, and Richard Mansfield knew that his days of hopeless poverty and strife were past.—Washington Star.

The Grip.

Dr. L. L. Seaman, of New York, says in the Tribune, apropos of the grip: "Whether or not there is a wave which sweeps around the globe cannot be stated with any certainty, but there was a very extensive outbreak in China during the summer, and now it is appearing here again. From a particular army post on the frontier, which came under my observation, it can be said that among these men of unusually robust health and constitution, the consecutive attacks of pneumonia were fatal in fifty per cent. more of the cases than is usual among men of average health and strength."

"The treatment is now better understood by the profession in general, and an attack would be handled with more intelligence and success than two years ago. Neither the chemist nor the microscopist has as yet discovered the presence of any microbe to which the communication of the trouble may be ascribed, so the precise way in which it is communicated cannot be stated definitely."

"It is now generally admitted by the medical profession that the 'grip,' 'Chinese,' or 'Bite-Katarrh,' is a specific infectious self-limited disease, spreading by atmospheric influences and due to the presence of a micro-organism. Pathologists are not yet agreed as to the exact nature of the bacillus, notwithstanding the elaborate researches of Prudden, Klebs and others, but it is to be hoped it will soon be definitely recognized. All, however, are agreed that it is a specific germ. Altitude and temperature seem to have little to do with its development, though humidity has a marked influence. One of its appearances this year was in the table lands of the Rockies, at Denver, where it has been prevalent for a month. No one is exempt from its attacks, but those individuals whose occupations keep them in the open air seem susceptible. Witness its severity in the army, the police force and among horse-car conductors."

"No, it is not considered dangerous, unless complicated with pneumonia, or when attacking patients who are suffering from some debilitating disease, as consumption or Bright's. Then the mortality runs high. The President of one of our largest life insurance companies told me this morning that the list of death claims for the last week almost broke the record. Grip, however, was not assigned as the cause, but it unquestionably had its influence. Preventives? Avoid excesses and exposure, hot crowded rooms or meetings—especially night air. Dress warmly and live well. If the disease makes its appearance—and you will not be left long in doubt on this subject—send for your physician."

An Aluminum Boat.

The first boat ever built entirely of aluminum was recently launched on Lake Zurich, Switzerland. It resembles in appearance and size the small naphtha launches, and, in fact, its motive power is an engine of this kind, which has an improved device whereby the flames can be maintained while the boat is not in motion. At a distance the boat has no unusual appearance. It is only on near approach and close examination that a person would notice that the boat was not painted gray, but was made of a white, shining metal. Inside everything has this silver-white color, for even the seats, gunwales and handrails are made of this beautiful and unobtainable metal. Whenever a polish is given the surface looks like pure silver. "Not only are the ribs and plates made of aluminum, but the castings of the engine, the rudder, and even the tiller ropes are made of the same metal. The entire amount of aluminum used is a little less than 600 pounds, while the total weight of the boat, including the wood, iron and copper parts, is 970 pounds. The launch will hold from eight to twelve people. One of equal size built of wood and iron would weigh from 1400 to 1700 pounds. The plates forming the shell of the launch are only half as thick as the iron plates used on other launches. The speed developed was also greater than in other boats of the same class.—Pica-yune.

Belling the Cat.

When a person encounters persons dangerous for the sake of another he is said to "bell the cat." The allusion is to the fable of the cunning old mouse which suggested that her companions should hang a bell around the cat's neck to give notice to the mice family of her approach. "That is very good advice," said a wise young mouse; "but who is to undertake the job of belling the cat?" Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, was called "Bell-the-Cat Douglas." It came about in this way James III. made favorites of architects and masons. One mason named Ochtrane he created Earl of Mar. The Scotch nobles held a council in the church of Lanier for the purpose of putting down these favorites, when Lord Grey asked, "Who will bell the cat?" "That will I," said Douglas. And he put to death in the King's presence the obnoxious favorites.

When the abdication of the Queen of Spain was popularly urged and discussed the London Times pertinently asked, "Is there a man in all Spain able and willing to 'bell the cat?'"—St. Louis Republic.



DUST BATHS FOR HENS.

Wherever coal is burned, and it is in one stove at least in most farmers' homes in winter, there need be no lack of material for a dust bath for hens. Finely sifted coal ashes piled in heaps on the henhouse floor will enable hens to dispose of vermin just as they do in summer by rolling in freshly plowed land.—Boston Cultivator.

BEE MOTHS.

Bee moths are scavengers. They eat up unprotected combs. Keep your colonies in good shape and the bees will keep out the moths. As soon as they get weak and have more combs than they can protect, then the moth worm has a chance. Italians are more energetic in repelling moths than common black bees, though the latter if strong and in good health are able to protect themselves from real damage, though the hive may contain a few worms.—New England Farmer.

SALT ON ORIONS.

While salt cannot be considered in the way of a fertilizer for plants, it is often indirectly a great benefit, as it destroys insects, hastens the decomposition of vegetable matter and aids in the retention of moisture in the soil. Salt is also destructive to many species of fungi, rust, smut and mildew, but it must also be applied in small quantities, because destructive to most plants, especially while in their active or growing stages. If applied at the rate of from four to six bushels per acre to onion land just previous to sowing the seed, we think it will prove highly beneficial in preventing rust and destroying the larvae of insects in the ground.—American Agriculturist.

WARNING POULTRY HOUSES.

If your poultry house is damp and cold hang up a stable lantern at night, suspended with wire and do not have the flame too high. It will not only warm the house some, but dries the air therein. Do not be afraid of any carbonic acid gas, or have any terrors about the entrance of fresh air, for even one lantern may not be sufficient to warm the house on a cold night, as more so-called fresh air (that is cold air) will get in than you can keep out, even if you try. Another point—when you build a poultry house have your windows large. Do not be afraid of plenty of glass. The sunlight on the floor and walls dries the house, makes the fowls cheerful and happy, and renders the interior of the house as bright as outside. True, glass radiates heat at night, but it also permits the wood to absorb heat during the day. The heat of the night can be retained with a hanging lamp, but the glass should let in the heat during the day.—Poultry Keeper.

INOCULATION FOR HOG CHOLERA.

According to a statement furnished by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, there has been during the last summer an outbreak of swine disease in La Salle County, Ill., and the farmers applied to Secretary Rusak for relief. At their urgent request Dr. Schroeder, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, was delegated to make investigations and to give such advice and assistance as was needed.

As further stated by Dr. Salmon under a later date, fifty-five hogs had been purchased and divided into three lots. Of these, eighteen had been inoculated by Dr. Schroeder according to the method used by the Bureau of Animal Industry, and eighteen others by another person according to another method, and nineteen were not inoculated, being kept by themselves, and were held to determine whether the animals had been exposed to disease previous to inoculation, and whether the inoculated animals resisted disease better than those which had not been inoculated. According to this last report the hogs not inoculated were all well, none of those inoculated by the Bureau had died, while four of those inoculated by the other method were dead.

The subject is chiefly interesting from the fact that a committee of the farmers agreed to pay one-half of the expense of the experiment, thus showing their interest in it and their desire for further light on the question whether any system of inoculation is a preventive for hog cholera. Dr. Salmon did not oppose inoculation, but he pointed out the dangers connected with it which farmers should understand before they adopted it. In the meantime the report of the committee of farmers superintending the experiment made at Ottawa will be looked for with interest.—New York World.

TOMATO CULTURE.

A summary of some of the results of experiments carried on for several years at the Cornell University Experiment Station, at Ithaca, N. Y., is as follows:

Fertilizers.—The best tomato fertilizers are those which produce their effects early in the season. The intermittent application of nitrate of soda, when prolonged into August, delayed the crop as a whole, while early applications appear to produce early results. But larger yields appear to follow intermittent application if it does not extend beyond mid-summer.

Nitrate of Soda.—Nitrate of soda is an incomplete fertilizer and should not be used to the exclusion of other fertilizers unless the soil is already rich in

potash and phosphoric acid. Upon poor soils it is of little advantage when used alone.

Early and Late Setting.—The experiments of two years show that tomato plants which are early set in the field, are less injured by inclement weather than is generally supposed, and that very early setting on well prepared land appears to be advisable. But the results of early setting, especially as regards earliness, probably depend considerably upon the character of the plants; they should be strong and stocky.

Few and Many Transplantings.—Two transplantings gave better results than three, but so much depends upon condition of plants, their age, and the way in which they are handled, that generalizations cannot be made upon the subject.

Single-Stem Training.—Single stem training of tomatoes gave twice as much yield per square foot as ordinary culture, somewhat earlier results, and it greatly decreased injury from rot. The system is to be recommended for early market or choice trade or for home use.

Rot.—Upright and open training tends to decrease injury from rot; and such training allows of more easy and thorough applications of fungicides when spraying is necessary.

Fertilizing.—Very heavy fertilizing with stable manures or concentrated fertilizers has uniformly increased yield in our experiments, although the common opinion is to the contrary. But in order that fertilizing shall produce early fruits, the food material must be quickly available. If stable manure is desired, only the most thoroughly disintegrated part should be used. Nitrate of soda is a good tomato fertilizer on soils containing abundance of potash and phosphoric acid, but like other incomplete fertilizers it has little value when used alone on poor soils. Nitrate of soda appears to give heaviest yields when used in two or three applications, but in this latitude it should not be applied later than the first of August, else it prolongs growth too late.

Very early setting of stocky plants in the field, even in dark and raw weather, augmented earliness and productiveness in 1890. This year the same results were obtained except that there was some gain in earliness from very early setting. The tomato can endure much more ungenial weather when set in the field than is commonly supposed. Early setting on well prepared land therefore appears to be advisable.—Vick's Magazine.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Have the sheep barn light and well ventilated.

Breed from pure, good poultry stock; get rid of your culls.

Are you doing anything to have better roads in your neighborhood?

Poultry needs shade as well as sunshine; plant at least one tree in your yard.

With sheep and clover the poorest soil can be made rich. Both return to the land more than they take from it.

A farmer says he finds a grub hoe the best thing for prying off boards in tearing down barns, sheds and other structures.

Plant plenty of sunflowers; the seed is not only relished by the birds, but is productive of health, and the plant furnishes shade.

The dairyman who does not make his cows profitably productive when their care and keep are the most expensive will not make the dairy pay.

You cannot change your system of farming at a bound—you must do it step by step. If your system is wrong take the first right step now.

During the cold snaps watch your watering vessels. The water should be turned out each night and replaced the next morning with slightly warmed water.

Regularly in feeding, watering and milking are important items in securing good results from cows, and comfortable shelter, with bedding enough to keep the animals clean.

Corn husks do not make a feather bed, but if clean and dry, and stripped up fine, they are much better than straw, and will last many years if taken out each summer, shaken up and well aired in a bright day.

Study the markets and see if you cannot learn of something that is not in sufficient supply in your market, and then see if you can grow it. That is the way in which the "specialty farmers" have grown rich.

In warming the cream up to the churning temperature it should be well stirred before it is tested with the thermometer, for cream conducts heat very slowly and while one part of it might be just the right temperature the rest might be too cold.

There are some ways at least in which more protection would help the farmer. If he would protect his cattle from cold storms and winds, his poultry from vermin, and his tools and machines from sun and rain, it would increase his income and reduce his expenses.

A noted western man riding across the country and noticing thousands of acres of cornstalks standing in the field from which the ears had been jerked said: "The farmer is conducting the only business in the world that allows a man to lose forty-five per cent. of his capital stock and at the same time live."

THE FARMER'S BOY.

Bright, hopeful, with earnest eyes,
And heart that knows as yet no guile,
To titled rank thou mayest rise,
Be not so happy, then, thy smile.
A longing oft may seize thine heart
To go beyond these fertile fields,
And take in that great world, a part
Where gold a mighty sceptre wields.

In fancy, as through meadows green
Thy faithful plowshare turns the sod,
The furrows stretch away, I ween,
To paths the world's great men have trod.
The jaded horse, unheeded now,
Pursues his own unerring way,
As back and forth he draws the plow,
Throughout the weary hours of day.

Uprising from the fallow soil,
In lovely vision, it would seem,
Thyself reversed, and freed from toil
Thou seeest in a fairy dream.
The world applauds, men bow the knee,
With gold thy well filled coffers shine
To wisdom's stores thou hast the key,
And all the joys of earth are thine.

Ah, happy dream! which naught reveal
Of vexing cares or many a wound.
From Envy's shafts that he oft feels
Whom fortune hath with honors crowned.
Could this bright dream of bliss remain,
Were thy desires fulfilled to-day,
Oft thou wouldst long to turn again
And through these fragrant meadows stray.
—Marion Juliet Mitchell.

PITH AND POINT.

The highwayman is enough of a financier to know how to draw on a fell low at sight.

"Language fails me!" remarked the Professor of French who was out of a job.—Puck.

The farmer who hides his light under a bushel incurs the risk of needing a new barn.—Lowell Mail.

In these days of chemical science the assassin has often found that blood will tell.—Lowell Courier.

The man who never gives up misses the answers to some awfully good conundrums.—Elmira Gazette.

Upon the pole did Brain sit
For long hours at a time,
And sadly sing of woes that cling
About a foreign clime.
Tommy—"Look out for that cow!"
Willie (from the city)—"Why? Is she going to blow her horn?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Papa, why do we wish people a 'good appetite,' but not a 'good thirst?'" "Because that isn't necessary."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Big hats can never be "all the rage" at the theatre. Fellows who don't wear 'em will always hold a big percentage of the rage.—Truth.

Jess—"George says my voice is of well-seasoned timber." Bess—"How could he tell—by the cracks in it?"—New York World.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," but there are many excellent things to be said in favor of receiving.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who continually prates about how he is "attached" to his wife will frequently be found tied to her apron strings.—Texas Siftings.

First Irishman—"Poor Flanagan has just been drowned." Second Irishman—"He'd a lucky bho. O'aways thought he'd be hanged by."—Omniscient.

Love does not laugh at locksmiths when the key refuses to lock the trunk, two minutes before starting for the station, on the wedding tour.—Life.

The best evidence as to the shortness of the average man's memory is that political prophets' reputations endure from year to year.—Somerville Journal.

Baulo—"How did you manage to get through that crowd? I had to wait for half an hour." Cums—"I was smoking that cigar you gave me."—Life's Calendar.

"What made them hang your picture so high, Daubson?" and the artist gloomily replied: "I suppose it was because it was a portrait of a skye terrier."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Handsome Young Tutor—"Now, Miss Ethel, we take up the verb 'amo.' Are you quite prepared to conjugate?" Young Pupil—"La, Mr. Primus, how—how sudden you are."—Chicago Tribune.

"When we were in the North Seas," said the whaling captain, "we frequently traded blubber for sealskins." "That's nothing," said Bond; "down in the North River region my wife worked the same racket on me."—New York Herald.

Spacer—"What did the editor say about your poem on the earth?" Limer—"Said he would like to see me go deeper into the subject." Spacer—"How much deeper?" Limer—"From what he said I should judge about six feet."—New York Herald.

Mrs. Greyneck—"Oh, I'm so tired! I've been shopping all day long." Mr. Greyneck—"I suppose you spent the tea I gave you this morning?" Mrs. Greyneck—"Every penny of it." Mr. Greyneck—"What did you get?" Mrs. Greyneck—"Oh, I didn't get a thing; it all went for car-fares."—Boston Courier.

In Ireland, recently, a quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No, yer honor; but I would ask, was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"—Argonaut.

Kingley—"Say, old man, I have a great scheme for getting ahead of my wife, and it may do you some good. I go to her dressmaker and tell her to change twice as much as she ordinarily would. Then I stand in for the difference, and my wife doesn't dare buy half the gowns she otherwise would." Bingo—"Yes, I tried that plan." Kingley—"How did it work?" Bingo—"The dressmaker is suing me for the full amount."—Closk Review.