

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

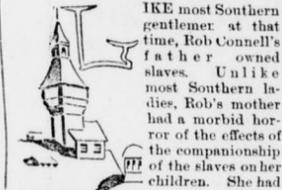
Vice-Admiral Colomb, of the British Navy, who is regarded as one of the leading naval authorities of the world, has expressed an opinion regarding the most available types of war ships, particularly for the United States. He says that we should build battle ships, armored cruisers and torpedo boats,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

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

THY LOVE.
After the noonday heat,
Cool shadows, soft-descending from above,
And all the bells of Twilight chiming sweet,
And love—thy love!
After the storm and strife,
Over the calm seas, swift and sure—the dove,
Bearing the olive through a rainbowed life,
Sweet with thy love!
After the darkened light,
Faith that finds wings, stars and great stars above,
And earth's last memory sweet with thy "Good-night—"
Thy lips, thy love!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE ALLIGATOR'S SERMON.

BY A. G. CASFIELD.



IKE most Southern gentlemen at that time, Rob Connell's father owned slaves. Unlike most Southern ladies, Rob's mother had a morbid horror of the effects of the companionship of the slaves on her children. She had caused a ten-foot fence to be built between the "great house" yard and the quarters of the house servants, and beyond this fence Rob was forbidden, under severe penalties, to go.

But alas! the fence only served to increase Rob's desire to go to the quarters. A visit to Uncle Isaac's or Aunt Esther's cabin had always been a delight to him. It was his chiefest joy to sit in the chimney-corner, and while the "possum cooked in the skillet and the ash-cake baked on the hearth listen to tales of spooks wandering through lonely graveyards and "haunts" infesting deserted houses until his flesh crept.

These enticements, always strong, became irresistible after the erection of that fence. Many a night after he was supposed to be tucked up in bed sound asleep, Rob had scaled the wall and found his way to Uncle Ike's cabin.

One night when Rob was unlawfully present Uncle Ike announced that he should start for Lake Cocodri next morning before daylight, and requested his "ol' ooman" to put him up a snack of corn bread and bacon to refresh him on the way.

"What are you going to Cocodri for, Uncle Ike," asked Rob.
"Ise gwine catch a mess o' fish fur yer ma, honey. She say to me dis afternoon, 'Uncle Ike,' she say, 'Ise gwine hab lots o' comp'ny to-morrow, 'n' I wants a nice dish o' fish fur dinner, 'n' you's de man to catch 'em.' 'N so I is. Ef dar's a trout in dat lake Ise 'bout fur ter hab him out'n dar 'fo ten erlock to-morrow."

"Please, Uncle Ike, let me go! I can catch fish, too, and between us we'll be sure to get enough."
"Dat's so, chile, case I done taught yer to bait yer hook 'n' frow yer line 'nyself.' But whar yer ma gwine say 'bout you gwine fishin', 'stead o' gwine to school?"

"Oh, I'll make it all right with mother. She won't care, I know. I can get her consent."
"Well, honey, ole Ike'll be de pow'ful proud o' yer comp'ny, ef so be's yer sholy sagashuate yer ma ob yer perensions."

Before daybreak next morning Rob stole softly out of the house and joined Ike at the stables. He had not had the slightest intention to ask leave. His father was absent on a "camp-hunt" for deer, and Rob was quite certain that his mother would not let him go. His teacher's rules against truancy were strict and rigidly enforced; and besides, Cocodri was considered a very dangerous place.

This lake, in central Louisiana, was once so much infested by great alligators that the French called it Lake Crocodile, and its present name is but a corruption of that term. Nor had the race of saurians died out there, by any means. Many alligators still inhabited it.

The lake was one of the best fishing-grounds in the neighborhood, but none except expert boatmen ever ventured upon it. There were strong eddies and counter currents in many places—for the lake is but a broadening of a river which flows through it. A capsiz was especially dangerous on account of the alligators.

Rob knew all this, but the sense of peril only added zest to his anticipation of pleasure.
It was a glorious summer morning. The cool breeze, laden with the perfume of the pine-trees, blew freshly in their faces. Rob's pony paced gaily alongside of old Ike's mule. The old man was full of chat. Rob would have been happy under other circumstances, but he was not happy now.

An uneasy sense of falsehood and bad conduct weighed heavily on him. He had not only deceived and disobeyed his mother, but had duped the honest old negro into believing that she sanctioned his frolic. He had untruthfully made Ike responsible for his own escapade.

Besides, his father might be at Cocodri hunting, for the swamp about the lake was a famous covert for deer. Suppose they met; what would follow? More falsehoods, or else a humiliating confession in presence of all the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Better confess now to Ike, and turn back.

But though Rob was ashamed of his deceit, he was also ashamed to acknowledge it, and went doggedly on, trying to quiet his conscience by repeating to himself, "It's no harm to go fishing. Mother won't mind when she knows I'm with Uncle Ike. She knows he'll take care of me. And if the teacher

does whip me to-morrow, I shall have had my fun, anyway."

But the fun would not begin. Rob was not enjoying himself at all. At last he grew so uncomfortable that he was forced to disburden his mind of some portion of his load.

"Uncle Ike," he said, "I feel like something bad was going to happen to me to-day."
"Wharfor you say dat, Marse Rob, honey?" asked the old man, anxiously. "I druther be gwine down to de plantation wid a note in my pocket fur a whippin' dan fur you to get hurted longermore. Wharfor you say dat, chile?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Rob, captiously. "Only it seems to me we're going to have bad luck. Fish won't bite, or something of the sort."
"Don't you be skeered o' dat, honey. I knows dem trouts, 'n' I got de right sort o' bait 'n' dis yer good to tickle dey noses. Yer ma sholy hab her mess o' fish, Marse Rob."

They had now entered the lake "bottom," and had to pick their way to avoid the swinging grape-vines, rotten trees, stumps, cypress knees and mud holes through which wound the narrow track they were following.

If Rob had been alone he would have been lost in five minutes, for the path was crossed and recrossed and intertwined with half a hundred others made by hogs, deer or cattle, and all looking exactly alike; but the old negro went on without hesitation, and at last they emerged from the dense jungle on the border of the lake.

The water shoals so much in approaching the shore that it is difficult to fish from the bank. Uncle Ike was provided for this emergency; he kept a canoe hidden among the bushes at the water's edge; but it was a rickety, primitive affair to trust one's life to.

"Now, Marse Rob," said Ike, as he held the boat steady, "you sot right down dar, 'n' don't yer budge 'cep'n to frow yer line. Ef yer gits to wobblin' 'bout 'n' jumpin' up 'n' down lak boys mosly does, dis pirogue gwine upshot, sho, 'n' den whar'll us be?"

Rob promised to sit still, and old Ike seized his paddle and sent the little boat swiftly toward the centre of the lake.

They fished here for a while with good success, but there was no shade near them, and the heat, pouring down from the sky and reflected from the water, became intolerable to Rob, whose skin blistered in the fervid rays which seemed only to warm his companion pleasantly.

"Uncle Ike," he said, presently, "do let's paddle in the shade of dat tree! I can't stand this sun. The fish will bite just as well there."
Ike cast a dubious glance toward the tree mentioned—a submerged monarch of the forest whose top had yielded to the slow decay of centuries and drooped off piecemeal, but which still stretched broad green arms over the water.

"I dunno, Marse Rob; dey mought, 'n' dey moughtn't. Hush-sh! I got a bite!"

Another moment or two passed. Then Rob flung his fishing-pole to the bottom of the boat and petulantly exclaimed:
"I'm going to get out of this sun, Uncle Ike! I won't be roasted alive!"

"Des ez you say, young marse," replied the old man submissively, as he began slowly winding up his line.

Perhaps Rob's troubled conscience made him ill-natured, and the heat certainly had a tendency to make him so. Impatiently he snatched the paddle, and with a few sharp, quick strokes brought the pirogue under the shadow of the tree.

Uncle Ike looked up in time to see, but not toward, the danger. A swift, strong eddy swept round the trunk, and in an instant the current sucked the boat into its vortex.

At the old man's cry of alarm, Rob not knowing what or where the danger was, sprang impulsively to his feet. At the same instant the other end of the canoe struck against the tree. Over the half craft went, and left both its occupants foundering in the water.

Scarcely had they touched the surface when there was a ripple to the right of them, a ripple to the left, a swirl and a splash in the near distance. Alligators were flocking in upon them from every direction.

"Fur heaben's sake, Marse Rob!" gasped Ike, as soon as he caught his breath. "Ketch hold'er dat limb—swing up—out'n de water—quick, quick!"

Instinctively conscious of his peril, and light and agile as a young panther, Rob seized a branch of the tree and swung himself clear of the water.

"Higher—higher—yer ain't out o' reach o' them varmints yet!" cried Ike, regardless of his own peril. When Rob had reached a bough six or seven feet above the water, Ike caught the limb the boy had just left, and by a powerful effort, drew himself up until first his knees and then his feet rested on it and he stood erect, holding to the branch above.

He had hardly found firm footing when the rush of the alligators made the old tree tremble. A black snout appeared here, another there, and one hungry monster reared himself against the trunk as if determined to get the first taste.

Rob looked at them astounded. He was in an agony of terror lest the old man should be dragged down and devoured.
"Come up, here, Uncle Ike?" he cried. "Come up here, I say!"
Ike looked at the branch above, looked at the swarm of bloodthirsty brutes below, and shook his head.
"Dat ar limb ain't strong 'nough to bar us bofe, Marse Rob. Ise tek my chance here."
"You shan't! You shan't! Look at that fellow! he'll have you in another minute! Climb up, or I'll come straight down."
Thus urged, the negro made a spring upward, striking his feet against the

limb below to aid his ascent. At the same moment the alligator struck it also. It slithered and broke while the huge saurian fell back into the lake with a sullen plunge and disappeared.
Death was staved off for the present, but for how long? Would the branch they were clinging to prove more trustworthy than the one they had left? There was no other available.

All the branches above them were bare and rotten to the root. The current had swept their boat far beyond reach, and the turmoil of the water below showed that the alligators were waiting for their prey. There the cunning brutes would wait until exhaustion forced their victims to fall into their jaws.

Rob and Ike shouted for help, in the forlorn hope that some hunter or fisher might hear them; but the gloomy swamp swallowed up their voices, and returned not even an echo to give them delusive comfort.

If Rob had been so disposed, he could have found food for reflection in the sermon the alligators were preaching to him on the evil consequences of disobedience and deceit; but he was too full of terror and despair to think of anything but the terrible fate which threatened him.

After a while he noticed Ike anxiously examining the bough they were resting on. When the old man looked up his face was ashy.

"Marse Rob," he whispered. His voice shook in spite of his brave effort to steady it. Rob looked at him silently.

"Marse Rob, dis here limb crackin'. Look dar!" He pointed to a rift near where it joined the trunk. "It can't hold us bofe up much longer."
Rob gazed in dumb, questioning despair into the negro's face.

"It can't hold us bofe, but it kin hold you, young marse! Ye're little 'n' light; it'll bar yo' weight. Yer marse trus' you to me, 'n' I mus' tek keer on yer. I'll des let go 'n' dray."
With a wild sob the boy flung his arms around the old negro's neck.

"O Uncle Ike! sh' didn't! she didn't! I lied to you about it. Mother didn't trust me to you—she never knew I was coming! You shan't die for me! I don't deserve it! I don't! I don't!"

"Well, den, Marse Rob, you trus' yo'self to me, 'n' dat's de mo' cause I sh'd tek keer on yer. I couldn't go home widout yer, 'n' tell ole marse 'n' mis' I lef' yer to be eat up by dem varmints. I eudn't do it ef I had de chance, 'n' I ain't got no chance. But de limb 'll bar you up be yo'self, 'n' dem creeters mought go off after dey 'n'!"

Rob seized the old man more tightly.
"N' den you kin swim ter lan' easy," Ike went on. "'Tain't no ways, hardly. 'N' ef yer does get safe to lan', honey, don't yer try to fine yer way out'n de swamp. Des you ontie my ole mule, 'n' he'll lead yer straight home. 'N' when yer gits to be a man, young marse, yer'll tek keer o' de ole 'oman 'n' de chilluns, 'n' neber part 'em, fur ole Ike's sake."

As if they heard and understood, three or four alligators here reared their ugly heads from the water, and fixed their dull, cruel eyes on their expected victim. The old man shuddered violently and turned his eyes away.

"Oh, stop! stop!" cried the boy. "Only look to what you're going. Oh, hold on just a little longer! Let me holler again. Maybe somebody will hear."
"Holler dez ez meuz ez yer choose, honey, but Ise feared nobody won't hear yer, 'cep'n dem varmints down dar, 'n' 'twon't mek no sort o' def'tance to dem."

Rob raised his voice in a shrill, despairing scream. "Help! help!"
A loud shout came in answer, and round a point of land close by swept a four-oared boat rowed swiftly to their rescue.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" cried the boy. "Saved, Uncle Ike, both saved!"
His exultant cry was half drowned in the loud, ominous crash of the bough. It split through half its length, and the end drooped down toward the water. Without a word old Ike loosened his hold, while the branch, relieved from his weight, partially regained its place.

A splash in the water, a scream of agony, shouts, blows, shots fired in quick succession were the last sounds Rob heard, as his hold relaxed and he fell senseless into the water, to be instantly pulled out and laid in the boat.

When he came to himself, his head was resting on his father's knee and his father's eyes were looking anxiously in his face, but no one else paid any attention to him. All were busy round a body lying in the bottom of the boat. Oh, was Uncle Ike saved after all?

Yes, by prompt succor and desperate efforts, the wreck of the faithful, brave old man was rescued from the savage jaws of the alligators, but with one arm gone, and a piece torn from his side. Uncle Ike would never again be of much service as a "hand," but he had earned exemption from hard labor for the rest of his life, if any man ever did.

Provisionally, the neighborhood doctor was in the boat—a rough country practitioner who loved hunting and fishing much better than his profession. But he was a good surgeon for all that. He made a tourniquet out of a strip from his bandana handkerchief and a joint of his fishing rod, tied the severed arteries with a silk fishing line, slender as a thread but strong as wire, and was looking round as if in search of something else when his eyes encountered Rob's.

"Hullo, youngster!" he exclaimed, "haul off that shirt and let your back blister as well as your face. You're at the bottom of this mischief, 'll be bound, and you may as well take your share of the penalty."

Right willingly Rob took off his calico shirt, which the doctor tore into bandages, and with them stanching the old negro's wounds. Then a dose of the malarial was administered from his master's hunting flask, and soon Uncle Ike opened his eyes.

"He'll do now," said the doctor. "Lucky for both of you we saw your canoe floating bottom upward and knew it for old Ike's. We were coming to his help as fast as we could when we heard you yell, young man. We had a scrimmage for it though. I never saw such ferocity. 'Pon my soul, I thought the ugly brutes would have eaten us, boat and all. Take my advice, youngster, and don't come fishing in Lake Cocodri again until you can manage to keep out of alligators' jaws."

Rob took the advice and the lesson, too, to heart. Henceforth, as boy or man, he never let a lie pass his lips, nor even let his silence mislead any one.

His friends sometimes laughed at his excessive punctiliousness. Rob let them laugh and would shake his head seriously and say:
"I got enough of telling falsehoods when I was a boy. If you had come as near to being eaten up alive by alligators, for not sticking close to the truth, as I did, I reckon you'd hold fast to it for the rest of your lives, as I mean to do."—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Lions, bears, goats and other animals take to the tobacco habit.
The largest stationary engine in the world is used to pump out the zinc mines at Friedenville, Penn. Its driving wheels are thirty-five feet in diameter.

The electric railway has penetrated even the fastnesses of the Tyrolean Mountains, a road twenty-seven miles long being projected between Riva and Pinzolo.

The carbon of the food, mixed with the oxygen of the air, furnishes fuel for the body, which evolves the heat in exactly the same way that a fire or candle does.

That fragile and paradoxical wonder, the "snow plant," which is found in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is pronounced by western botanists as probably our most remarkable plant.

Lightning is zig zag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path, it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress.

The British Admiralty has directed that all ships fitted with 300 and 400 ampere dynamos are to be specially swung for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of the dynamos on the ships' compasses.

In Baltimore, Md., a pneumatic device for the front of street cars has been patented, the purpose of which is to push obstructions, such as the bodies of persons, out of the way without harming them.

A method has been discovered by a French inventor for the preparation of iron so that it can be alloyed with other metals generally, and particularly with copper and zinc, to produce a white alloy, which the inventor terms "iron silver."

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Cansbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a wall 200 feet deep and twelve feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it the sound of it striking the water, 182 feet below, can be distinctly heard.

A bridge of concrete is being constructed over the Pennyback Creek at Pine Road, Fox Chase, Penn. The outside surface will be pebble-dashed and outlined in imitation of pointed stone work, so that when completed it will present the appearance of a handsome cut-stone structure.

Four electric lights, each powerful enough to illuminate a "sphere of water" eight feet in diameter, are to be placed as many feet under the sea off the pier of Atlantic City, N. J. Each light will be enclosed in a globe, which in its turn will be in a case of glass that will protect the heated globe from the water. Fish will not only be visible as they dart across the lighted mass of water, but will also be attracted by the lights.

Hedges for Shady Places.

It is often desirable to have hedges along lines where large trees are already growing. Evergreens are wholly unfitted for these situations; only deciduous shrubs can be employed. Among the best of these are the various varieties of privet. They stand dry ground better than almost anything else. It is not so much the shade which injures the hedges in these situations as it is the drying of the ground by the roots of the trees. When we imagine the enormous amount of moisture transpiring from thousands of leaves of trees, we can readily see how dry the ground must be which has to supply this moisture. But those who have practical experience understand this without even a thought of the philosophy involved.—Meehan's Monthly.

Price Paid for Slaves.

It is very curious to read in an old Roman history of the price paid for slaves in the palmy days of the Empire. As a general thing, a laborer could be bought for about \$80 of our money, but after a province had been conquered or a great victory won, hundreds were sometimes bought for \$5 or \$10 each. After the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, the price of slaves fell to \$4. Skilled laborers and artisans brought more. A gardener was worth about \$300, a blacksmith, \$700; a good cook often brought \$5000, an actor or actress, \$5000, and a physician, \$10,000.—New York Journal.

NOVEL ARMY RAFT.

MADE OF INFLATED OX HIDES AND VERY BUOYANT.

The Useful Invention of a Russian Army Officer—The Hides of the Beesves Slaughtered to Support an Army on the March Utilized as Boats to Cross Streams.

Substitute for Pontoons.

A Russian engineering journal publishes some details describing a novel method of crossing rivers upon rafts supported by inflated ox hides. Some interesting experiments were recently made by the Russian military authorities which showed that the system will be of great service to an army in the field.

Leather bags made from ox hides are each susceptible of supporting a weight equal to two or more men upon the surface of the water. Drovers of cattle that accompany an army to be slaughtered for food furnish a ready supply of hides necessary in the construction of floating rafts. Although the subject may be somewhat technical, it seems interesting to know how it is possible to make these air sacks in the field.

When the ox is killed the head is cut off close up and a slit made in the skin of the chest. Then the skin is

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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

A man is known by the company that blackbills him.—Ram's Horn.
A secret is a plant that waits to bear the leaves of gossip.—Ram's Horn.
The still watches of the night—Those which have not been wound.—Truth.

An escaping prisoner seldom begs pardon for the liberty he takes.—Troy Press.
You can't tell by the blossoms which of the apples will be wormy.—Texas Siftings.

It takes either a good deal of push or a pull to get through the doors of life.—Truth.
The Toy Pistol—"I'm loaded." The Trigger—"Don't get gay or I'll fire you."—Chicago Record.

A man attempting to live in style on a small salary is like a dog fighting without front teeth.—Puck.
Miss Elderly—"What would you do if I told you my age?" He—"Multiply it by two."—Brooklyn Life.

There is a language of flowers, as, for instance, when a barefooted boy steps on a thistle.—Minneapolis Journal.
"What's the matter with the horned horse?" asked the tiger. "It has the gun-monia," replied the lion.—Puck.

There is a tied in the affairs of the men which, if taken at the knot, leads to strangulation.—Thomasville Times.
"How much do you love me, my pretty maid?"
"How much is your fortune, kind sir?" she said.—Chicago Record.

Young Author—"Don't you like to see yourself in print?" Debutante—"No; I prefer silk."—New York Journal.
These are the times when a good many of us have to sit down and think to find out where we stand.—Troy Press.

Van Wither—"Miss Gladys is a lovely girl, but she has no heart." Von Miner—"Yes, she has—mine."—Vogue.
"Has man a perfect organ of speech?" "Yes." "Has woman, also?" "No; hers is made without stops."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Why did they name that paper The Ladies' Friend?" "I suppose because it makes such good curl papers."—Statesman.
Why express surprise that a young man should get giddy when a pretty girl violently turns his head?—Philadelphia Times.

"He is flippant. He can't be serious if he tries." "Yes, he can. He is very serious when he tries to be funny."—Brooklyn Life.
Money may be the root of all evil; but it is a root, nevertheless, that bears many flowers of everlasting beauty.—Puck.

The fitness of things is well maintained when the impatient diner is served with food prepared in a chafing dish.—Buffalo Courier.
"Falsely sings beautifully, but they tell me he can't tell the truth." "That's right. He's the most truthful 'lyre' in the State."—Detroit Free Press.

Dinkle—"It's a strange thing to me how a short man always wants a tall girl." Dunkle—"Humph! It's a strange thing to me how a short man wants any girl. I'm blamed if I do when I'm short."—Buffalo Courier.

Colonel Wellington de Boots—"It is almost impossible for you, Miss Sprylyte, to imagine what a huge amount of work I have to do, for I am not only commander of the regiment, but also its Major, Adjutant, and gossamer knows what!" Miss Sprylyte—"Your our trumpeter, too, Colonel?"—Judy.

Why Car Wheels Wear Out.
A car-wheel wears out because the metal of which it is composed comes away in thin scales. A microscopic examination shows that the continual jarring has a tendency to destroy the coherence of the particles, and thus gradually disintegrates the whole. Car-wheels long in use become so brittle that a stout blow with a heavy hammer will sometimes cause them to fly into fragments as though they were made of glass.—New York Journal.

Bullets of Precious Stones.
Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the recent fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets encased in lead.

THE OLD LOVE SONG.

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

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

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

—The Campus.

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Miss Elderly—"What would you do if I told you my age?" He—"Multiply it by two."—Brooklyn Life.

There is a language of flowers, as, for instance, when a barefooted boy steps on a thistle.—Minneapolis Journal.
"What's the matter with the horned horse?" asked the tiger. "It has the gun-monia," replied the lion.—Puck.

There is a tied in the affairs of the men which, if taken at the knot, leads to strangulation.—Thomasville Times.
"How much do you love me, my pretty maid?"
"How much is your fortune, kind sir?" she said.—Chicago Record.

Young Author—"Don't you like to see yourself in print?" Debutante—"No; I prefer silk."—New York Journal.
These are the times when a good many of us have to sit down and think to find out where we stand.—Troy Press.

Van Wither—"Miss Gladys is a lovely girl, but she has no heart." Von Miner—"Yes, she has—mine."—Vogue.
"Has man a perfect organ of speech?" "Yes." "Has woman, also?" "No; hers is made without stops."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Why did they name that paper The Ladies' Friend?" "I suppose because it makes such good curl papers."—Statesman.
Why express surprise that a young man should get giddy when a pretty girl violently turns his head?—Philadelphia Times.

"He is flippant. He can't be serious if he tries." "Yes, he can. He is very serious when he tries to be funny."—Brooklyn Life.
Money may be the root of all evil; but it is a root, nevertheless, that bears many flowers of everlasting beauty.—Puck.

The fitness of things is well maintained when the impatient diner is served with food prepared in a chafing dish.—Buffalo Courier.
"Falsely sings beautifully, but they tell me he can't tell the truth." "That's right. He's the most truthful 'lyre' in the State."—Detroit Free Press.

Dinkle—"It's a strange thing to me how a short man always wants a tall girl." Dunkle—"Humph! It's a strange thing to me how a short man