

It is estimated that 119,000,000 cop-pennies have been lost to circulation in the century since the United States began to coin money.

It is a fact of curious interest that twenty-four of the 6100 murderers arrested in the United States in 1890 were blind men.

A queer new law in Chihuahua, Mexico, permits any one to shoot at sight a person caught stealing cattle. Such a law seems like a dangerous invitation to the holders of private grudges.

The American mosquito has crossed the Atlantic, is entertaining itself to its heart's content on the blue blood of England, and, according to the New York Ledger, is getting in its fine work most effectively.

The religious census of Australia, just completed, shows 1,485,066 members of the Church of England, 84,118 Catholics, 493,369 Presbyterians and 394,564 Methodists. These are the four most numerous denominations.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of physiology and allied sciences makes a startling assertion that mustaches are becoming commoner among women in the present day than in the past. He says that in Constantinople among the unveiled women one out of ten possesses an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip.

Kerosene oil is rapidly growing in favor as a cheap illuminant in China. The consumption, which was 8,256,000 gallons in 1882, had risen to 49,348,000 gallons in 1891. Of this amount eighty per cent. was imported from America and twenty per cent. from Russia. The illuminant before kerosene was introduced was bean or tencil. The Chinese have discovered, however, that kerosene is cheaper and gives a much better light. It is called fire oil by them.

It is mentioned as an instance of what the fashionable world has come to that a recent private concert given in London cost the hostess \$12,500. According to this figure entertaining one's guests will soon be impossible, and society must inaugurate some new method of keeping its end up in that line. First-class artists over there ask sums ranging from \$1000 to \$2500 for three or four songs, but, fortunately, the number of these artists is limited, and those who employ them are the painfully rich.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons would feel lost if he had to exercise similar functions in one of our American legislatures—say in Kansas or even Illinois, declares the Chicago Herald. He is too easily upset, Mr. Erskine—for that is the gentleman's name—is described as going about during the recent fracas "booseeeking infuriated legislators who were engaged in the fray to desert, and begging others who were marching around with their hats on, to remove the offending headgear." Imagine an American Sergeant-at-Arms begging and beseeching. He would use a club.

The series of official reports setting forth the material and educational progress of the country, recently issued by the Mexican Government, though not marking so great an advance as expected, is still very encouraging. During the past twenty years, the period covered by the comparisons, the railway mileage has increased twentyfold, and the telegraph mileage eightfold, followed in each case by a proportionate increase of business. Exports and imports have largely increased, as have also manufactures and agriculture, and the appropriations of the Federal and State Governments and municipalities for educational purposes has advanced from \$1,599,000 to \$3,599,000. Peace and prosperity have been secured, especially during the Presidency of General Diaz, who holds the reins of Government with a firm hand, and who is not afraid to suppress the tendency to revolutionary movement by the prompt application of military force. The country still suffers, however, from the lack of esteem for productive industry on the part of the upper classes, whose chief ambition is to hold public offices, imitating in this respect the Argentines, and the absence of trained habits of industry on the part of the Indian and mixed races, which constitute four-fifths of the population. What is most needed is industrial immigrants to develop the vast natural resources of the Republic, a fact already perceived by the Government, which has already permitted the establishment of Mormon colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora, and bid for immigration from northern Europe.

### SONG OF A HEART.

Dear heart—I love you! all the day I wonder  
If skies are rich with blue,  
Or bending black with tempest and with thunder,  
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!

Dear heart—I love you! when pale stars are gleaming  
(Sad stars to me, and few!)

I wonder if God's lovelier lights are streaming,  
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!

Dear heart—if life had only one bright blossom,  
One rose to meet the dew—  
I'd kiss it, climbing to your peaceful bosom—  
And wear its thorns for you!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### OLD ROSES' ROMANCE.

It was a barren country, and Wadgery was generally shriveled with heat, but he always had roses in his garden, on his window-sill or in his button-hole. Growing flowers under difficulties was his recreation. That was why he was called Old Roses. It was not otherwise inapt, for there was something antique about him, though he wasn't old; a flavor, an old-fashioned repose and self-possession. He was inspector of tanks from this God-forsaken country.

Apart from his duties he kept mostly to himself, though when not traveling he always went down to O'Fallen's Hotel once a day for a cup of tea—tea kept especially for him; and as he drank this slowly he talked to Vic, the barmaid, or to any chance visitors whom he knew. He never drank with any one, nor asked any one to drink, and, strange to say, no one resented this. As Vic said, "he was different."

Dicky Merritt, the solicitor, who was half-fellow with squatter, homestead lessee, cocoanut-farmer and shearer, called him "a lively old buffer."

It was he, indeed, who gave him the name of Old Roses. Dickey sometimes went over to Long Neck Billabong, where Old Roses lived, for a reel, as he put it, and he always carried away a deep impression of the Inspector's qualities. "Had his day," said Dickey in O'Fallen's sitting-room one night, "in marble halls, or I'm a Jack. Run neck and neck with almighty swells ones. Might live here for a thousand years and he'd still be the nonesuch of the back blocks. I'd patent him—file my caveat for him to-morrow if I could—bully Old Roses!"

Victoria Dowling, the barmaid, lifted her chin slightly from her hands, as she leaned through the opening between the bar and the sitting-room, and said: "Mr. Merritt, Old Roses is a gentleman, and a gentleman is a gentleman till he—"

"Till he humps his bluey into the Never Never Land, Vic? But what do you know about gentlemen, anyway? You were born five miles from the Jumping Sandhills, my dear!"

"Oh," was the quiet reply, "a woman—the commonest woman—knows a gentleman by instinct. It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do; and Old Roses doesn't do lots of things."

"Right you are, Victoria; right you are again! You do the Jumping Sandhills credit. Old Roses has the root of the matter in him—and there you have it!"

Dickey had a profound admiration for Vic. She had brains, was perfectly fearless, and every one in the Wadgery country who visited O'Fallen's had a wholesome respect for her opinion.

About this time news came that the Governor, Lord Malice, would pass through Wadgery on his tour up the back blocks. A great function was necessary. It was arranged. Then came the question of the address of welcome to be delivered at the banquet. Dickey Merritt and the local doctor were proposed as composers, but they both declared they'd only "make rot of it," and suggested Old Roses.

They went to lay the thing before him. They found him in his garden. He greeted them smiling in his enigmatical way, and listened. While Dickey spoke, a flush slowly passed over him, and then immediately left him pale; and he stood perfectly still, his hand leaning against a sandal tree, and the coldness of his face warmed up again slowly. His head having been bent attentively as he listened, they did not see anything unusual.

After a moment of silence and inscrutable deliberation, he answered that he would do as they wished. Dickey hinted that he would require some information about Lord Malice's past career and his family's history, but he assured them that he did not need it; and his eyes idled somewhat ironically with Dickey's face.

When the two had gone Old Roses sat in his room, a handful of letters, a photograph, and a couple of decorations spread out before him; his fingers resting on them, and his look engaged with a very far horizon.

The Governor came. He was met outside the township by the citizens and escorted in—a dusty and numerous cavalcade. They passed the inspection house. The garden was blooming, and on the roof a flag was flying. Struck by the singular character of the place Lord Malice asked who lived there, and proposed stopping for a moment to make the acquaintance of its owner, adding, with some slight sarcasm, that if the officers of the Government were too busy to pay their respects to their Governor, their Governor must pay his respects to them.

out seeing him. He was sitting under a willow at the Billabong, reading over and over to himself the address to be delivered before the Governor in the evening. And as he read his face had a wintry and inhospitable look.

The night came. Old Roses entered the dining room quietly with the crowd, far in the Governor's wake. According to his request, he was given a seat in a distant corner, where he was quite inconspicuous. Most of the men present were in evening dress. He wore a plain tweed suit, but carried a handsome rose in his button-hole. It was impossible to put him at a disadvantage. He looked distinguished as he was. He appeared to be much interested in Lord Malice. The early proceedings were cordial, for the Governor and his suite made themselves most agreeable, and talk flowed amiably.

After a time there was a rattle of knives and forks, and the Chairman arose. Then, after a chorus of "hear, hears," there was general silence. The doorways of the rooms were filled by the women servants of the hotel. Chief among them was Vic, who kept her eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew that he was to read the address and speak, and she was more interested in him and his success than in Lord Malice and his suite. Her admiration of him was great. He had always treated her as a lady, and it had done her good. He had looked earnestly and kindly into her brown eyes, and—

"And I call upon Mr. Adam Sherwood to speak to the health of his Excellency, Lord Malice."

In his modest corner, Old Roses stretched his feet. The Governor glanced over carelessly. He only saw a figure in gray, with a rose at button-hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency that afternoon. His Excellency looked a little closer, but saw only a rim of iron gray hair above the paper held before Old Roses' face.

Then a voice came from behind the paper: "Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—"

At the first words the Governor started, and his eyes flashed searchingly, curiously at the paper that walked the face and at the iron gray hair. The voice was distinct and clear, with modulated emphasis. It had a peculiarly penetrating quality. A few in the room—and particularly Vic—were struck by something in the voice—that it resembled another. She soon found the trail. Her eyes also fastened on the paper. Then she moved and went to another door.

Here she could see behind the paper at an angle. Her eyes ran from the serene face to that of the Governor. His Excellency had dropped the lower part of his face in his hand, and he was listening intently. Vic noticed that his eyes were painfully grave and concerned. She also noticed other things.

The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee and though it struck them as out-of-the-way, it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old Roses was reading it. The words sounded so ineluctable as they were chiselled out by the speaker's voice. Dickey Merritt afterward declared that many phrases were interpolated by Old Roses at the moment.

The speaker referred intimately and with peculiar knowledge to the family history of Lord Malice, to certain more or less private matters which did not concern the public, to the authority of the name and the high duty devolving upon one who bore the earldom of Malice. He dwelt upon the personal character of his Excellency's antecedents, and praised their honorable services to the country. He referred to the death of Lord Malice's eldest brother in Burma, but he did it strangely.

Then, with acute incisiveness, he drew a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a Governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine edge of scorn. The aides-de-camp were nervous, the Chairman apprehensive, the committee ill at ease. But the Governor now was perfectly still, though, as Vic Dowling thought, rather pinched and old-looking. His eyes never wandered from that paper nor the gray hair.

Presently the voice of the speaker changed.

"But," said he, "in Lord Malice we have—the perfect Governor; a man of blameless and enviable life, and possessed abundantly of discretion, judgment, administrative ability and power; the absolute type of English nobility and British character!"

Then he dropped the paper from before his face, and his eyes met those of the Governor, and stayed. Lord Malice let go a long, choking breath, which sounded very much like in-measurable relief. During the rest of the speech—delivered in a fine tempered voice—he sat as in a dream, yet his eyes intently upon the other, who now seemed to recite rather than read. He thrilled all by the pleasant resonance of his tones, and sent the blood racing delightedly through Vic Dowling's veins.

When he sat down there was immense applause. The Governor rose in reply. He spoke in a low voice, but any one listening outside would have said that Old Roses was still speaking. By this resemblance said afterward that it was simply a case of birth and breeding—men used to walking red carpet grow alike, just as stud-owners and rabbit-catchers did.

The last words of the Governor's reply were delivered in a very convincing tone as his eyes hung on Old Roses' face. "And, as I am indebted to you, gentlemen, for the feelings of loyalty to the throne which prompted

this reception and the address just delivered, so am I indebted to Mr.—Adam Sherwood for his admirable language and the unusual sincerity of his speaking; and to both you and him for most notable kindness." Immediately after the Governor's speech Old Roses stole out, but as he passed through the door where Vic stood his hand brushed against hers. Feeling its touch, he grasped it eagerly for an instant, as though he was glad of the friendliness in her eyes.

It was just before dawn of the morning that the Governor knocked at the door of the house by Long Neck Billabong. The door opened at once, and he entered without a word.

He and Old Roses stood face to face. His face was drawn and worn, the other's cold and calm.

"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we thought you were dead—"

"That is, Edward, having left me to my fate in Burma—you were only half a mile away with a column of stout soldiers and hillmen—you waited till my death was reported, and assured, and then came on to England; for two things, to take the title just made vacant by our father's death, and to marry my intended wife, who, God knows, appeared to have little care which brother it was. You got both. I was long a prisoner. When I got free, I knew; I waited. I was waiting till you had a child. Twelve years have gone; you have no child. But I shall spare you yet awhile. If your wife shall die, or you should have a child, I shall return."

The Governor lifted his head wearily from the table where he now sat. "Tom," he said, in a low, heavy voice, "I was always something of a scoundrel, but I've repented of that thing every day of my life since. It has been knives—knives all the way. I am glad—I can't tell you how glad—that you are alive."

He stretched out his hand with a motion of great relief. "I was afraid you were going to speak to-night—to tell all, even though I was your brother. You spare me for the sake—"

"For the sake of our name," the other interjected, stonily.

"For the sake of our name. But I would have taken my punishment, taken it in thankfulness, because you are alive."

"Taken it like a man, your Excellency," was the low rejoinder.

"You will not wipe the thing out, Tom?" said the other anxiously.

Tom Hallwood dried the perspiration from his forehead.

"It can never be wiped out, for you shook all my faith in my old world. That's the worst thing that can happen to a man. I only believe in the very common people now—those who are not put upon their honor. One doesn't expect it of them, and unlikely as it is, one isn't often deceived in them. I think we'd better talk no more about it."

"You mean I had better go, Tom?"

"I think so. I am going to marry soon." The other started nervously.

"You needn't be so shocked. I'll come back one day, but not till your wife dies, or you have had a child, as I said."

The Governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you intend marrying?" he asked, in a voice far from regal or vice-regal, only humbled and disturbed. The reply was instant and keen. "A barmaid."

The other's hand dropped from the door. But Old Roses, passing over, opened it, and, mutely waiting for the other to pass through, said: "Good day, my lord!"

The Governor passed out from the pale light of the lamp into the gray and moist morning. He turned at a point where the house would be lost to view, and saw the other still standing there. The voice of Old Roses kept ringing in his ears sardonically. He knew that his punishment must go on and on.

And it did. Old Roses married Victoria Dowling from the Jumping Sandhills, and there was comely issue, and that issue is now at Eton; for Esau came into the birthright, as he hinted he would, at his own time. But he and his wife have a way of being indifferent to the gay, astonished world. And, uncommon as it may seem, he has not tired of her.—London Speaker.

### Substitutes a Finger for a Nose.

Fred Darcy, a boy eighteen years old, is at St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y., recovering from the first stage of a peculiar surgical operation. When young, necrosis of the nasal bones destroyed his nose, leaving an unsightly depression. Doctor John O. Rowe, a Rochester specialist, undertook to provide an artificial nose. He has done so by amputating the third finger of the left hand at the first joint and taking the bone of the middle finger for the bridge of the artificial nose. The skin of the face was raised and the finger put in place and stitched to the tissue above the nose. In order to secure circulation and maintain life in the finger the hand has been bound to the face for a week, but will be released on Sunday by an amputation at the finger's second joint, after which new nostrils will be established in connection with the old. Doctor Rowe has had one case of the kind before.—Chicago Record.

### Human Skeleton Twenty-five Feet Long.

M. Le Cat, the French scientist, in his monograph on giants says: At Dauphine on January 11, 1613, at a place known as the Giant's Field, a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and eight feet high was discovered. When opened it was found to contain a human skeleton entire twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders and eight feet thick from the breast bone to the back. His teeth were each about the size of an ox's foot and his shinbones each measured four feet in length.—St. Louis Republic.

### THE Imitative DISEASE.

#### A CURIOUS AFFLICTION THAT IS COMMON AMONG MALAYS.

#### A Form of Nervous Excitement Peculiar to a Single Race—Symptoms of the "Latah."

It seldom happens that any form of disease presents an aspect as purely ludicrous in its ordinary manifestations as to be a fit subject for lay discussion. Such, however, is the singular and as yet unexplained affection known by the Malay name of "latah." As might be inferred from its title, it is, although not unknown amongst other nationalities, an almost purely Malay disease, and has naturally attracted the attention of Europeans residing in the countries peopled by the race in question. It is at the same time—questionable, says the Pall Mall Gazette, whether one person in ten thousand in Great Britain has ever heard the word, or known that such a curious affliction prevails amongst any portion of the human race.

How to define latah is somewhat puzzling. If any short equivalent be desired, it may be described as an irresistible impulse to imitate the words or actions of those around them. Another form of the disease, very often not so startling to the onlooker, is the exhibition of intense nervous excitement when some particular word is mentioned—usually in the form of most abject fear. A third and less noticeable form is the exhibition of alarm at some unusual but not ordinarily terrifying sight or sound, such as a child will start at the sound of a gun, or a grown person on suddenly discovering a corpse.

The two first-named manifestations are, of course, those which strike the spectators and auditors as most strange and inexplicable. The nervous impressionability of the Malays in other ways is well known to all who have lived among them. A very slight cause will change an ordinarily placid and inoffensive native into a very determined rage, the extreme illustration of such a mental condition being known as "running amok"—or, as foreigners usually call it, "amuck." Over and above a readiness to take offense at unjust blame, or what he considers disrespectful treatment, native public opinion considers a Malay dishonored who does not avenge a blow by taking the life of the party giving it, not at the moment, but on some subsequent occasion when the intended victim is in his guard. It would be going too far to say that a tendency to sulk and take revenge accounts for the Malay liability to latah, as many other peoples among whom the disease is unknown develop the same disposition, while almost destitute of the child-like good temper and unselfishly good manners of the Malayan tribes. All that can be asserted is that such a disease would never exist among a phlegmatic race. Nor, again, must it be imagined that latah is of everyday occurrence. Many people have lived in the Straits Settlements for over twenty years without ever seeing a single case of it.

Let us then describe its peculiar features. The impulse to imitate the words or actions of others is sometimes evinced in not merely a ludicrous but a most distressing way. In some cases it should be premised the attack occurred only at long intervals; in others the patients are habitually subjected to the disease, and can at almost any time be compelled to exhibit it. When this results in any unpleasant consequence the latah (it is customary to apply the word both to the disease and to the patient), while quite unable to resist the strange influence exerted will keenly resist the practical joke.

An absurd manifestation of the disease was provided by a Malay woman, who, on seeing her master tear up a letter and throw it out of the window, at once followed suit with a basket of clean clothes she was carrying. No great harm, of course, resulted in this case, but tragical affects have more than once followed practical jokes with latahs. The following instance, related by Mr. O'Brien, happened while the writer was residing at the place where it occurred.

The ship's cook of one of the local coasting steamers happened to be a pronounced sufferer from the disease, and, as but too commonly happens in such cases, was continually victimized by his shipmates. As a rule the effects were simply ludicrous, and hugely amused the crew, who shared the fondness for horseplay proverbial among European sailors. On the occasion in question the cook was dandling his baby on the forward deck. One of the men, noticing this, picked up a billet of wood, and, standing in front of the latah, commenced nursing it in the same way as the latter was dandling the baby. Presently he began tossing the billet up to the awning, the cook imitating his motions with the baby. Suddenly the sailor opened his arms and the unfortunate latah did the same, and the child, falling on the planking, was instantly killed.

The second form of latah mentioned above, in which intense nervous excitement is caused by the mention of some particular word, is scarcely less curious to onlookers than that already illustrated. The patient in this case will exhibit uncontrollable fear, evinced by running away at full speed or plunging into a jungle if on shore, or by jumping overboard if in a ship, or boat, at the mention of some animal or reptile. Some are thus affected if a companion shouts "Ular!" (a snake), others at the words "Rimau" (tiger), or "Buaya" (crocodile). The strangest fact in this connection is that such patients seem to have little or no fear of the animals themselves, or certainly not more than any prudent native exhibits when meet-

ing them in the river or jungle. Thus a man who will jump overboard in hot fear at the shout of "crocodile!" will readily stalk, and when it is disabled approach one of these reptiles. The Malay, it should be added, is an exceptionally plucky and expert hunter and woodsman, so that this particular form of nervous fright is the more remarkable.

#### WISE WORDS.

A bad habit is a chain.  
Birds with bright feathers are not always fat.  
Your most deadly sin is the one you love the most.

Love never has to go to school to learn how to speak.  
If our eyes were better the stars would give us more light.

The wounds made by a friend are the ones that smart the most.  
The trouble with the man who knows nothing is that it takes him so long to find it out.

The glory of love is that it delights in doing for nothing what nobody else will do for money.

There are communities in which Solomon would not have received any credit for his wisdom.

If sunshine had to be paid for, there are people who would declare that candle light could beat it.

Every sinner reasons that if there is happiness in the heart there ought to be some sunshine in the face.

The man has to fight for his life who undertakes to tell other men great truths that they do not know.

The sin that shines as much death in as the one that does not.—Ram's Horn.

#### Breathing for Health.

Of all the cur which have emerged into public notice from time to time, the simplest and the most easy is that which Major-General Drayson describes in the Nineteenth Century. He calls it the art of breathing, and he seems to have hit upon it by mere accident when he was climbing a very high mountain. The rarefaction of the air at that altitude rendered it necessary for him to breathe twice as fast as he would have done at a lower level. All inconvenience caused by the rarefaction of the air disappeared when he doubled the rate of his breathing. Reflecting upon this he stumbled upon the great discovery which should immortalize him if there is anything in it. Breathing in the ordinary way he pumps fourteen pints of air into his lungs per minute, containing three pints of oxygen, with which he can sufficiently oxygenate his blood. But on ascending to 7000 feet the pumping of fourteen pints of air into his lungs per minute would only take in a pint and a half of oxygen, and as it requires three pints to oxygenate the blood, he became almost suffocated. His heart palpitated and he was in danger of his life, but by suddenly doubling the rate by which he had been breathing he found instant relief. He has tried it under a great many circumstances. Whenever he was in a vitiated atmosphere he was able to get rid of his headache and incipient palpitation of the heart by taking long breaths twice as rapidly as he would on ordinary occasions. He maintains that in a very great many cases pain, sleeplessness, headache and many other ills which flesh is heir to could be almost instantly relieved by this simple practice. Moderate exercise in the open air, upon which all doctors insist, he asserts is quite unnecessary. All that you need to do is to breathe as rapidly as if you were taking moderate exercise.

#### A Curious Snake.

A curious serpent has been seen on Mount Hamilton. It is represented to be twelve or thirteen feet long, with red eyes that shine like stars in the night out of a head as long as a man's fist. This curious reptile was seen by a stock ranger named Jack Wandall the other day when he was out after cattle. Wandall had only a long rope with a ring in the end. He was on a horse, and when the beast saw the reptile it stopped and snorted and refused to proceed that way. The snake was lying almost in the trail, apparently asleep. Wandall backed his steed, swung the rope, and let go at the monster, hitting it upon the head, whereupon the reptile rolled down into a deep gully at the bottom of the mountain, where the chase ended.—San Jose (Cal.) Record.

#### "Cow's-Foot-in-the-Milk-Pail."

One of the curiosities of reflected light from a curved surface is the "caustic," popularly known as "the cow's-foot-in-the-milk-pail." It is a well-known property of light that its rays impinging upon a reflecting surface are thrown off so as to make the angle between the reflected rays and the normal equal to that between the incident rays and the normal. In consequence of this law, when the rays of any light which are practically parallel are reflected from a curved surface the intersections of the reflected rays take upon themselves the form of a cow's foot. This shadow, as reflected in the milk pail, is given the name used in the headline. Prove it by taking off your ring and laying it upon the table so that its inner surface will reflect the rays of the lamp.—St. Louis Republic.

#### The Creole Horse.

This is a diminutive horse, which originated during the war along the Gulf coast, when many planters allowed their thoroughbred mares to escape. The latter bred with the native horses, and the result is a breed that rarely reaches thirteen hands. These diminutive horses are quite spirited, and their good blood shows in their symmetry, style and action. Their gait is a long gallop.—New York World.

### THE WIND'S STORY.

I am sure that the wind is speaking,  
For each flower is nodding its head,  
And the limbs of the trees are creaking—  
I wish that I knew what it said.  
Some story, perhaps, it is telling,  
A story of some distant land,  
But to me it is like the swelling  
Of breakers upon the white sand.

The leaves wait a moment to listen,  
Then shake with a perfect delight,  
All the flowers like diamonds glisten  
And nod first to left, then to right.  
The wind passes on in its measure,  
And long ere the story is through  
The forest is dancing with pleasure—  
I wish I could understand, too.  
—Flavel Scott Mines, in Frank Leslie's.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The general run of men—After the last street car.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who falls in love very often dislocates his common sense.—Puck.

To make bills is human; to pay them—these days—is divine.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Forged notes can always be properly classed among the gilt-edged paper on a bank.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The most popular bird of passage arriving at the port of New York this month is the gold eagle.—Baltimore American.

"That," said the man who smote a calamity howler, "is one of the best financial strokes I ever made."—Washington Star.

The photograph of a boy never looks like him, because no one ever saw a boy as clean as he is in a photograph.—Athenian Globe.

The clerk who attempts to live beyond his means will soon be obliged to live beyond the reach of his friends.—New Orleans Picayune.

"What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "Ah?" "And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—Sketch.

Occasionally you will meet a man who seems to think just as you do. What clever idiosyncrasy he has, and what a pity he is so scarce.—Blizzard.

Jack the Clipper has been arrested in New York. The girls whose tresses he cut will be present at his trial to uphold him.—Galveston News.

Customer—"Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me?" Photographer—"I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir."—Vogue.

Unmixed evils rarely occur. The fact that money has been tight is said to have resulted in a good deal of sober thought.—Baltimore American.

It is not true that "every man has his price," as they say—I know of one, an honest man, who gives himself away.—Vogue.

A man never looks so helpless and insignificant when standing around a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through trading.—Lowell Courier.

It is very hard to explain the attractions of country life to a city man who has just investigated the volage of a black-faced bumble-bee.—Baltimore American.

"And you are poor?" "Yes, but we are happy." "Happy in your poverty?" "Yes, for every one around us is poorer than ourselves."—New York Press.

Miss Antiquaire—"How mean these newspapers are! Here is a column headed 'Proposals,' and it is all about public improvements and such nonsense."—The Club.

Mrs. Skidmore (reading)—"Phyllippa Fawcett, who won such great distinction as senior wrangler at Oxford, is still unmarried." Mr. Skidmore—"No wonder."—Detroit Free Press.

Watts—"I can't see what reason you have for comparing old me to Gotrox to a sausage." Potts—"Because his stuff is all that makes him of any consequence."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gawwell—"I'm disgusted with young Mr. Van Braam." Dukane—"Why?" "He does nothing but flirt with the girls." "Then you don't like to see a man's efforts all miss directed."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Can't you settle this bill to-day, sir?" asked the tailor of the delinquent M. P. "No, Snip, it wouldn't be remunerative. I've merely glanced over it, you know, and I can't pass a bill until after its third reading."—Tid-Bits.

He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down on the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my ham!"—Tid-Bits.

"So you only have a week's vacation instead of two, this year?" "Yes; they told me I must either give up half my vacation or lose the situation; and I concluded that half a loaf was much better than no bread."—Brooklyn Life.

"Men are not to be trusted," she remarked to her younger and more successful friend. "Oh, my dear," said her friend, sweetly, "has it taken all these years to teach you that?" The silence that followed couldn't be broken with a sledgehammer.—Detroit Free Press.

A young lawyer talked four hours to a Indiana jury who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the Judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend, who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—Christian at Work.

There are now seventy lines of ocean mail steamers. In 1888 there were 107,137 steam vessels on the high seas.