

France is the only European country which has to-day fewer able men than it had thirty years ago.

There have been no train or stage robberies in California since that State declared those offenses to be capital.

The San Francisco Examiner thinks that the tendency of the ministers of the Gospel to find their text in the daily paper is not to be censured.

A correspondent who has made a study of the subject, says there are 51,000 breweries in the world, and that Germany heads the list with 26,240.

In India the work of Christian Endeavor is being vigorously pushed and the constitution, which is now translated into six of the languages of India, is being largely circulated.

The New York Observer remarks it is a well known fact that child labor in the city is at a disadvantage as compared with a rural environment, but we were hardly prepared for the statement that "the expectation of life" at the birth of a child in central Manchester is twelve years less than that of a child in the whole of England and Wales. The statement is appalling.

The late Lucy Stone was the eighth of nine children, and the night before her birth her mother milked eight cows. When she learned the child's sex she said: "Oh, dear, I'm sorry it's a girl—a woman's life is so hard!" Lucy, even when yet a child, adds the Detroit Free Press, became indignant at the injustice done to women by the world and resolved with infantile spirit to remedy the matter when she grew up.

The opening of the Manchester ship canal, which has been arranged for the 1st of January, is a very important matter in the South, declares the Atlanta Constitution. Three-fourths of the cotton consumed in Great Britain is taken in the Manchester district, and within carting distance of the Manchester docks. The cotton spinners of that district have signed, or are signing, a circular informing the growers and shippers of the United States that in purchasing they will give preference to cotton shipped direct to Manchester. In addition to this the saving in charges, as compared with Liverpool, will amount to thirty cents a bale. Two steamships have already been placed to sail from New Orleans and arrangements are making for a steamship to leave Galveston. Later there will be steamships placed at Savannah and Charleston for the shipment of cotton direct to Manchester.

Mr. O. Chanute, formerly President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, who has devoted much attention to arial navigation, thinks that the chief problem that still remains to be solved is the mastery of the practical art of managing flying machines—the art of starting, balancing, navigating and alighting. There is much reason in this view, comments the San Francisco Examiner. If nobody in the world had ever sailed even a canoe, and an inventor, by native ingenuity and the application of sound mathematical principles, should design a full-rigged ship, he might have trouble the first time he put to sea in her. Yet his situation would be less precarious than that of the first adventurer to launch himself into the uncertain air. Probably the labors of the engineers will have to be supplemented by a good many broken necks of practical navigators before we sail the blue as comfortably as the birds.

Says the Washington Star: Warburton Pike, an Englishman and an explorer, has just returned to civilization after a lengthy sojourn in Central Alaska, which, by the way, is more of an uncertain land than was Central Africa prior to the advent of Stanley on the dark continent. Mr. Pike is satisfied that except as a game preserve the interior of Alaska is worthless, and at present anything like a dispute over that allegation is not possible because there is no one who can argue with Mr. Pike, but it will be well to remember that English opinion as to a country's value is not always reliable. Great Britain might still have possessed much of the northwestern territory now belonging to the United States—the States of Washington, Idaho and Montana—had not the brother of the then Premier of England been traveling in the disputed region. He was a sportsman, and because the salmon in the Columbia River would not rise to a fly he said that the country was not worth quarreling over. His testimony was accepted, but in view of later developments seemed to be rather ridiculous.

The public and private indebtedness of the world is estimated to be \$100,000,000,000.

The Swiss Government has ordered that hereafter all slaughtered cattle must be made insensible before the knife is used.

A sage complains that while it is true that "man wants but little here below," the truth is that that little is usually in someone else's possession.

An European mathematician of world-wide celebrity claims that from a single potato a careful cultivator could raise 10,000,000,000 tubers within a period of ten years.

The San Francisco Chronicle estimates that at the present rate of conquest and colonization savage Africa will be a thing of the past before the first quarter of the twentieth century is rounded out.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun asserts that "there is no such thing in all this world as sewer gas," and, further, that "there is no evidence whatever in fact and no ground for believing in the theory that the emanations from a sewer are in any wise unwholesome."

Many lakes have been formed along the banks of the South Canadian River in Oklahoma, some of which are many square miles in extent. They are caused, explains the New York Post, by the sand blowing out of the river until a high embankment is formed along the shores, and behind the bank are formed the lakes.

An elderly gentleman of wide travel and close observation remarked recently, after reading the story in the New York Times of a cruel murder, that he had long been of the opinion that the greatest calamity that has befallen the human race in modern times was the invention of the revolver. It is too easily carried, and too handy.

The report from South Africa that the British recently slaughtered the Matabeles like sheep is probably well founded, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The English have never been noted for their tender regard of the aborigine. The pioneers of South Africa, like those of Australia, regard the natives as hindrance to the development of the country, and any pretext which can be used to justify killing or driving them out of a district is eagerly welcomed.

The St. Louis Star-Sayings thinks that "one of the most gratifying signs of the times is the operation of the law requiring all navy ships to be built at home, from materials of domestic production; American ships in American bottoms and the establishment of ship yards capable of turning out vessels of war of the highest speed and capacity. It is a growing enterprise and gives employment to thousands of American laborers, and soon we may anticipate that instead of going to other countries for ideas and methods in ship armor and gun construction we shall have the foreigners coming to us to learn."

America holds the record in many natural wonders and artificial triumphs, boasts the Washington Star. The largest lake in the world (Superior), the longest river (Missouri), the largest park (Yellowstone), the finest cave (the Mammoth), the greatest waterfall (Niagara) and the only natural bridge (in Virginia) are all to be found within the borders of the United States, and here the biggest fortunes are made, the most energetic commercial enterprises undertaken, the largest deals are effected, and the most wonderful inventions are perfected, while the country produces a greater amount of raw material than any other.

The zone system of railroad rates which is so successfully operated in Hungary, has made a deep impression upon James L. Cowles, well known in railroad circles. He says: "Distance costs practically nothing in the transportation of freight or of passengers, and, therefore, distance should be disregarded in the discrimination of rates. The rate now charged for the shortest distance for any particular service is the rate that should be adopted for all distances. When once a train starts from Boston to San Francisco, there isn't a man living that can tell the difference in cost of running that train, whether a passenger leaves the train at the first station out of Boston or goes through from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast." Mr. Cowles further says that there is not ten dollars difference between running a train from Chicago to New York, full of passengers or empty.

RETROSPECT.
The roses were not just so sweet, perhaps, As we thought they would surely be, And the blossoms were not so poeily white As of yore, on the orchard tree; But the summer has gone for all of that, And with sad reluctance of heart We stand at rich autumn's open door And watch its form depart.
The skies were not just so blue, perhaps, As we hoped they would surely be, And the waters were rough that washed our boat, Instead of the old calm sea; But the summer has gone for all of that, And the golden rod is here; We can see the gleam of its golden sheen In the hand of the aging year.
The rest was not quite so real, perhaps, As we hoped it might prove to be, For instead of leisure came work sometimes And the days dragged wearily; But the summer has gone for all of that, The holiday time is o'er, And busy hands in the harvest field Have garnered their golden store.
The summer was not such a dream, perhaps, Of bliss as we thought 'twould be, And the beautiful things we planned to do Went amiss for you and me; Yet still it is gone for all of that, And we lift our wistful eyes To the land where beyond the winter snows Another summer lies.
—Kathleen R. Wheeler, in Lippincott's.

THE LAST SCHOLAR.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.



I used to be the fashion to go to Miss Lepington's school when my mother was a girl. Schools came into fashion just as crinolines and puffy sleeves do. I know for a number of reasons that it was the most fashionable girls' school in my mother's time; and what makes it perfectly certain is that my mother would never have gone to it unless it had been. Miss Lepington used to limit the number of scholars to forty; and there were many stories current as to the early applications made for a place in that school. It was no uncommon thing for a happy father to send in an application as soon as a daughter was born; and it was said that when Tom Snelling and Eunice Dunbar were engaged, they wrote to Miss Lepington that in case they were married and had a daughter they wanted a place reserved for her. I don't exactly know whether to believe that or not. I do know that my mother applied only six years before-hand; but then her mother knew Miss Lepington very well, and so Miss Lepington was probably willing to strain a point.
But things cannot always stay in fashion. Hoop skirts went out of style after a time, and ever so many crinoline makers were ruined. Even these beautiful great sleeves must go out of fashion. I greatly fear that they may have disappeared before this story comes out. And Miss Lepington's school went out of fashion, too. You see, Miss Lepington would not have German taught at her school; and there was Miss Cartwright's school that had a second cousin of Goethe's as a German teacher; and nowadays, of course, every girl ought to know German. That was only one reason out of a dozen for the falling off in pupils.
Miss Lepington must have noticed the diminution in applications; but she did not seem to. She was sterner than ever in her requirements. She had never taken any one whose grandfather was not "somebody," she said, and she never would. So at last the time came when there were only thirty-five pupils; and then the remaining ones dropped off, one by one, in a way that pains me to tell of.
But Miss Lepington never thought of giving up teaching. She was just as erect as in the old days, and a little stricter; and she taught just as well as ever—much better, I don't doubt, than Miss Cartwright, whose ancestors were I don't know what when the Lepingtons were lolling at their ease in Lepington Manor, or fighting for their king at Agincourt.
I suppose one reason the pupils stopped coming was because Hanover street deteriorated so. Every one lives on Enderby square now, or else on Collingwood avenue, and you can't really expect a girl of fifteen to walk past all those queer shops on Hanover street. It is a strange old place, and one wonders how it could ever have been so fashionable.
Miss Lepington had a nephew, Denis Smith, of Smith, Allen & Company. They lived together in an old house on Puritan square. He was rich, and she must have been quite well off herself. He was so wrapped up in his business that he never knew much about her school. He may have had some little suspicion of what was going on; but one of his business rules was to get everything at first hand. His news about Miss Lepington's school was always derived from Miss Lepington herself, and thus she thought he was sure to know the truth. He was the only friend of Miss Lepington's who did not know it.
The school grew smaller and smaller, till there were only twenty pupils. Then ten of these left in a body to go to Miss Cartwright's. Then the rest deserted, one by one, until—I don't like to say it—until Constance Alford was the only pupil in Miss Lepington's school. And now the worst is said, for if any one were to have a school with one scholar, Constance would be just the scholar to have.
She always seemed to me more like

a character in a story than a girl in every day life. She was very beautiful, in the first place, and very amiable, and very good; and she was, as you see, so loyal that she stayed with Miss Lepington after every one else had deserted her.
"I shall undertake the first class in French myself this morning, Constance. I have severed my connection with Mile. Deroulet, and until such time as I have a new instructress, I shall discharge the duties of the position myself."
Constance took out her French books and followed Miss Lepington out of the deserted schoolroom into the recitation room.
"Read, Constance, if you please."
Constance read. She read so sweetly in any language that it was hard even for Miss Lepington to find fault. I should like to hear her read Russian, but then I was always very fond of Constance Alford.
"Look out for your 'puis,' Constance. Did not Mademoiselle tell you how to pronounce that word? Now after me: 'puis.'"
"Puis," said Constance.
"That is more tolerable; but practise it, my dear, before the mirror. The lips must move in one particular way. You can always discover a Parisian by the way he pronounces 'puis.'"
And so on, till at last the French was over. Then there was the study hour, and then the English literature class, which Miss Lepington taught herself, for she had "severed her connection" with all the assistants except old Miss Nutting, who came in to teach drawing once a week. And Constance Alford often told me that she was very glad to get rid of the other instructors, for Miss Lepington was an excellent teacher, though perhaps a trifle too narrow in some ways.
After English literature came recess. This was the first break in the dignity of the school. Constance found a chair and drew it up close to Miss Lepington's, and then they ate their lunch together, and talked affectionately, for they were very fond of each other.
"Did you know I was eighteen years old to-day?" said Constance.
"Why, my dear child?" cried Miss Lepington. "And I have not given you a present."
"Yes, you have, dear," said Constance (she never called Miss Lepington "dear" during school hours). "You give me a present of something every time you teach me. But I have something to tell you; but I hardly dare."
"Not quite so many 'buts,'" said Miss Lepington, stroking her favorite (and only) pupil's hand.
"Yes, dear, all the 'buts' I want in recess," said Constance, mischievously. "What do you think I have done?"
"Become engaged to be married?" Constance burst out laughing. "Right the first time! Oh, how romantic you are, dear! I never should have believed it."
Miss Lepington blushed. "Not romantic, my child. Perhaps it is that I know a little of the world. My dear Constance, I hope that you will be very, very happy. I am confident that the gentleman both is and will be so. Who is he?"
"Jack Mackenzie," said Constance. "He's splendid. But I haven't told you everything. I thought—I hoped you wouldn't mind—I well—I think that he rang the door bell just now. Did you hear it? I asked him to come here to see you and me. You don't mind, do you, dear?"
Miss Lepington tried to look stern; but she couldn't. No one could look stern at Constance. Miss Lepington did look in the glass to see that her hair was all right, and then changed her spectacles for her eyeglasses.
"You were indiscreet, my child, to ask a young gentleman to a girl's school; but since he is here, of course we must welcome him. Jane, show Mr. Mackenzie in."
"I hope you will pardon my intrusion," said Jack as he came forward. "But I was so anxious to meet the lady who has been so intimate with Constance; and Constance would have me see you where she had known you and grown so fond of you. Will you forgive me?"
Miss Lepington blushed again. She was not used to fine speeches from young men. "No one can be displeased with Constance," she said, "and I begin to think that her fiancé shares her immunity."
After that the three had a nice talk about the old school; and Constance told several anecdotes, which Miss Lepington had never heard before, about things that had gone on under the teacher's nose; and Miss Lepington told the two young people stories about their mothers, who had been classmates, and pointed out the desks where they had sat.
The time for the recitation in natural history was past, and they were in the middle of the hour for Latin grammar, and still Jack stayed on. At last he rose to go, and Constance rose, too. They took hold of each other's hands and stood facing Miss Lepington. And then suddenly Miss Lepington understood what was going to happen.
Jack had come to take Constance away.
Miss Lepington was a consummate mistress of her emotions, and yet Constance is very sure that her dear old teacher's eyes were full of tears.
"Good by, Constance," she said, after a pause. "I need not tell you to be a good girl. See that you deserve her, Mr. Mackenzie."
"I can't," said Jack, "but I'll try."
Constance and Miss Lepington kissed each other and parted; and the two lovers went out, leaving the teacher alone in the deserted schoolroom. Just as they passed the doorway, Constance looked back and saw Miss Lepington with her head bowed over the desk. Constance had never seen that head bowed before.

"Denisil," said Miss Lepington the next morning at breakfast. "I am going to discontinue teaching. Yesterday was the last day of school."
Mr. Denisil Smith looked up with his egg spoon half way to his mouth. "Have your pupils been dropping off?" he inquired.
"Yes. One of the dearest I ever had left yesterday."
"Why, that's too bad. But think of the rest of them," said Mr. Smith sympathetically. "Don't leave them suddenly this way."
"Thank you for your kind interest, Denisil. But I assure you there is no alternative. Let us change the subject. Have you heard that Miss Alford and Mr. Mackenzie are engaged to be married? I have been thinking of what I shall give them for a wedding present, and have finally definitely decided upon the school-house. I have no further need of it."
And that is how Constance and I came to set up housekeeping in Hanover street.—Munsey's Magazine.

A Rawhide Cannon.

A Syracuse man named La Tulip, has invented a cannon known as the La Tulip rawhide gun, of which great things are expected. One of the guns, made by its inventor, was tested at Onondaga Valley. It weighs in the neighborhood of 400 pounds, while the cannon of the same calibre in use by the army weighs nearly 1500. Its peculiarity lies in its lightness and the easy manner in which it can be transported. Across the breach it measures about fourteen inches, and tapers to about six at the muzzle. A forged steel cone forming the barrel runs to the full length, and is only three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Then comes a layer after layer of the finest rawhide, compressed until it has the strength of steel. In fact, its toughness and staying powers are said to exceed steel. The rawhide is put on in strips coiled around and around, and is several inches in thickness. On top of this lie two coils of steel wire wound to its strongest tension and then filed smooth. The cap placed at the breech can be easily removed for inspection of the rawhide filling. The tests were pronounced successful, and further trials will be had. A five-inch bore will be constructed as soon as possible, and when mounted upon a movable carriage it will then demonstrate whether it can be used effectively. The five-inch cannon will be smooth bore and used to discharge dynamite cartridges, a trial of which will be made. Frederick La Tulip, the inventor, has been a worker of rawhide for twelve years and is conversant with it in every detail.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Origin of the Word "Trolley."

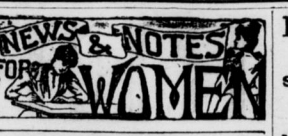
Most persons who use the word "trolley" probably do not know the origin of this term, or why this name was given to that apparatus by which the electricity is conveyed from an aerial wire. Twenty years ago, the word was used to designate "a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials or the like." This is the only definition of the word in Webster's Dictionary of the edition of 1848. In the edition of 1892 of the same work, three other definitions are added. 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended on some kind of cranes." This meaning is technical, according to Webster, and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "Electric railway." A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car. "It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from the resemblance to other types of trolley; and the name, having been immediately given to its primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire, to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower service of the wire."—Detroit Free Press.

A Rattler's Bite.

I send you recipe for the bite of a rattlesnake that I will warrant to cure in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. I have known it tried for forty years in Illinois and have used it on several animals that were bitten by rattlesnakes since coming to Florida, and have never known it to fail in a single instance.
Thoroughly soak the wound and the swelled part with pure hog's lard, and let the patient drink one half pint of this melted lard. In severe cases repeat it in half an hour and give all the sweet milk that patient can drink. This kills the poison almost immediately, and the swelling will disappear in a few days. A horse or a cow must be drenched with a much larger dose, but dogs will eagerly eat lard and drink milk, even when their heads are so swollen that their eyes are closed and the yellow saliva is running from their mouths. Don't call in a doctor if bitten by a rattler (as they are more dangerous than the snake), but use the above remedy, and I will warrant a cure.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Action of Cold and Heat.

The generally accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat, but Dr. Sawiczovsky has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by exposing animal flesh to extreme cold. Meat subjected to a degree of cold equal to fifty degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer looks and tastes exactly like meat boiled in fresh water.—St. Louis Republic.



HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Black net is wrought with silver. England is said to have over 1,000,000 widows.

Shoe strings and corset laces are now tipped with gold.

Mink collarettes are to be worn as much as usual this winter.

Two fifteen-year-old girls have passed the entrance examination to Yale College.

Before long women will be admitted to German universities on an equal footing.

A German lady of wealth and position has founded a school of gardening for women.

The Duchess of Fife recently landed in one day seven salmon, weighing from six to ten pounds.

That phenomenal young sculptor, Theo Alice Ruggles, is now the wife of Henry Kitson, himself a worker in the plastic art.

Persian lamb, astrachan, mink, bear, monkey, lynx, marten and beaver are all popular furs for trimming use or for whole garments.

Hereafter the junior fellowship of Dublin (Ireland) University will be open to female and male students on the same conditions.

There are 600 women journalists, editors and authors in England and Wales, according to the British census reports just published.

The new medical school of Tufts College, College Hill, Mass., open to both sexes, has been formally opened in Boston with a class of fifty assured.

Mrs. Hermann Oehlrichs, a rich New York lady, is a member of the "Needlework Guild," which makes garments for the poor and the destitute.

Black silks, especially the thick, soft-finished silks, are coming into competition with satin-duchesse for combinations for velvets, black or colored.

Narrow elongated half-moons in diamonds make pretty brooches, and these pinned into the hair at the top of a coil have all the appearance of a diamond comb.

A decided novelty in Dresden china is a fruit knife stand. In shape it somewhat resembles a little bottleless caster with receptacles for knives in the upper band.

Swedish women often work as farm laborers. Those who have babies carry them on their backs in a leather bag, as squaws carry their young. This plan permits the mother to use both hands at her farm work.

The Czarina of Russia, although employing a household of seamstresses, makes nearly all the clothing for her youngest children, and also takes their new hats to pieces and trims them according to her own taste.

The Empress of Austria has to give a written receipt for the State jewels every time she wears them, and her majesty, as a result, usually contents herself with her private collection, which is worth \$1,500,000.

A novel feature introduced at a wedding recently was that all of the house guests inscribed their names on a roll of vellum, which was afterwards inserted in a filigree silver tube, which was presented to the bride.

Mrs. R. E. Willard is an enterprising Chicago woman. She is the proprietor of a barber shop which boasts six chairs, each one in charge of a woman barber. Each of the assistants makes \$12 a week and half of all they take in over \$23.

The very newest fashion among the ladies of St. Petersburg, Russia, is to arm themselves with long canes when they go abroad. Some of these canes measure six to seven feet in length, and as the ladies stalk along they seem at a distance staid amazon warriors who have supplied themselves with small scaffolding poles or plucked up young trees.

The so-called gold bonnets, with crowns of bullion embroidery, are very effective with pleated brims of brown velvet trimmed with parrot's white wings standing out from choux of white chiffon edged, with gold picot loops. White satin ribbon strings two inches wide start from the back, and are tied under the chin in a stiff bow.

The death is announced of Miss E. E. J. Crop, the first woman who crossed the Atlantic from England in a steamer. On April 8, 1838, she sailed from Bristol in the Great Western, under the command of Captain Hosken, Royal Navy, who obtained special commission to command a merchant vessel. The voyage was accomplished in fifteen days. She was the only female passenger on board.

Amateur skirt dancing has been ousted in Australia by the skipping parties, which are all the craze just now in fashionable circles. Mrs. Rupert Clarke is responsible for introducing this fascinating form of entertainment to Melbourne society. Tournaments are held on to the asphalt tennis courts, and valuable prizes are offered by many hostesses for the lady who skips most gracefully and most successfully.

Miss Cleveland, of South Pasadena, Cal., a cousin of President Cleveland, has started a charity of her own in that city. She is fitting up a house that city. She is fitting up a house that city. She is fitting up a house that city.

Two little maids were talking about Santa Claus. "He's a splendid candy-maker," said one. "Isn't he?" said the other. "Why, last Christmas his taffy was so like that my mother makes that I couldn't tell 'em apart."—Harper's Bazar.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spoices. UNCLE SAM (to the bootlegger): "That settles it."—Galveston News.

THE shotgun should meet the robber who attempts to rifle pockets.—Piscayune.

A MAN on pleasure bent may have acquired a shoulder stoop from bicycle riding.

IT is the telescope which lens enchantment to the distant view.—Lowell Courier.

AFTER all, why should a young man be always pursuing his studies.—Plain Dealer.

THE bald-headed man can tell us all about "parts" unknown.—Glens Falls Republican.

WHEN it comes to jealousy and crowing, man is about as bad as a rooster.—Dallas News.

NO MATTER what may be said of Senator Stewart, none deny that he is on his metal.—Plain Dealer.

TEACHER—"Define memory." Dull Boy—"It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece."—Good News.

FIRST TWIN—"Well, what do you think of this world, anyway?" Second Twin—"Pretty rocky."—Rochester Democrat.

MOST of the wrong deeds charged against a man are those he committed trying to get his rights.—Atchison Globe.

THE poet who found "books in the running brooks" certainly had no reason to complain of dry literature.—Washington Star.

SOME dentists seem to think it necessary to have a show sign in order to have a strong pull with the public.—Newport News.

NEW CONGRESSMAN—"Is Senator Silverstate a man of his word?" Fifth Term—"Well, not quite as bad as that."—Detroit Tribune.

"IF I ever get rich," said Tommy, "I mean to go to Italy and eat all the bananas I want, right off the trees."—Indianapolis Journal.

CARRIERS—"What did you hold when you called Brobsdon, and he showed down four aces? Waite—? Oh!—er—I held my breath!—Puck.

AND now with gas bills coming in that fill up many pages, We wish within our inmost heart We'd lived in the dark ages.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?" "Yes. Got two suits from him. One dress suit. One lawsuit. Very expensive man."—Home Journal.

LITTLE ALICE—"What is a boor, mamma?" "Cynical Mamma—"A boor, dear, is a man who has never been taught to lie."—Detroit Tribune.

TOMMY—"Paw, what makes the stars so bright? Mr. Figg—Oh, these astronomers are scouring the heavens all the time."—Indianapolis Journal.

IT will go hard in the next world with the newspaper space writer if he has to give account for every idle word uttered while on earth.—Boston Transcript.

MAMMA—"Now, Teddy, we must all try and give up something while times are so hard. Teddy—I'm willing. Mamma—What will it be, dear? Teddy—Soap.—Inter Ocean.

"HIFENS appears to have taken a rather obscure place in the community." "Obscure? Well, I should say so. Why, nobody even brings him a petition to sign."—Washington Star.

OLD TOMKINS—I hear, you lucky dog, you've come into more money again, according to your want. Young Jackson—No, you're wrong. It's according to my uncle's will.—Funny Folks.

LES FIANCES.—She—"And are you sure you will like married life as well as you do your club?" He—"Oh, yes." She—"And are you so awfully fond of your club?" He—"Not very."—Life's Calendar.

THE EARNEST YOUTH—"I thank you, sir, for your kind permission to call on your daughter?" "Remember that I turn out the gas at 10 o'clock." "All right, sir; I'll not come before that time."—Life.

CONSTANCE—"Did he not go home after you refused him?" Clare—"No. He stayed right on and said, 'All things come to him who waits.'" Constance—"And what came?" Clare—"Father was the first."—Puck.

A BRIGHT BOY.—Kind Old Gentleman—"And that is your brother? He appears to be a very bright little fellow. Boy (proudly)—You bet he is! He kin swear like a car-driver. Curse for th' gent, Mickey.—Puck.

FIRST FRENCH STATESMAN—"What is the secret of the fine health you have at your advanced age? Second French Statesman—"Set! It is indeed a secret. I have fought a duel every month for the last twenty years!—Chicago Record.

CLARENCE—"The little kangaroos must be very unhappy, mamma." Mamma—"Why do you think so, Clarence?" Clarence—"Why, because they have pockets, but no tops or jack-knives to put in them."—Harper's Young People.

TWO LITTLE maids were talking about Santa Claus. "He's a splendid candy-maker," said one. "Isn't he?" said the other. "Why, last Christmas his taffy was so like that my mother makes that I couldn't tell 'em apart."—Harper's Bazar.