Florida oranges are being shipped to Europe, where hitherto the Italian fruit has reigned supreme.

The Supreme Court of Missouri ha decided that the law which provides for the selling of vagrants' labor at auction is unconstitutional.

The only instrument used purely for punishment in English jails adays is a crank handle weighted heavily with lead and working heavily inside a box.

The Commissioner of Indian affairs advocates the instruction of Indian women in household duties. Bucks receive education in the trades, but the women receive little attention.

The macadamizing of a piece of road in Ohio increased the value of the adjoining farms \$4.50 an acre, while the cost was less than \$1 an acre. The American Cultivator thinks that some one ought to go all through the country preaching the gospel of good roads

The so-called Russian thistle, which has become such a pest in the North western States, is not properly a this tle at all, but an annual, nearly allied to the saltworts. It has done more than \$2,000,000 damage to the crops last year. It was accidentally intro duced seventeen years ago, in some flaxseed imported from Russia by a man in Scotland, South Dakota. It is estimated that it will cost fully \$2,-000,000 to eradicate it, and the New York Tribune learns that the Department of Agriculture has been ap pealed to to take the matter in hand

A weather prophet, named A. J. Devoe, of Zingsem, N. J., predicted last spring an extremely dry summer. His own faith in his prediction induced him to plant potatoes on the edge of a swamp, where at planting time the water was all around them. In ten weeks after he was eating new potatoes of good size, while all his neighbors' potatoes were burned up by drought. But that prognostication of the future, observes the American Cultivator, is not valuable to a man who did not happen to have a swamp to plant potatoes in. The practical knowledge that does most good is to know how to deepen soil and cultivate so that good crops can be grown independent of the character of the

The New York Financial Chronicle leading paper of its class, thinks that better times are ahead. It says Slow but evident progress appears to be making towards the revival of our industries. Every indication con-tinues as favorable as could be ex-pected. The close of the year is always the quiet season. Work, too, in many and prominent departments cannot start up again before spring opens. Notable instances are the building trade, which received such a serious set-back during the summer and fall, and railroad expenditures, which were at the same time contracted within the smallest possible compass. These departments of our activities relate to perations which cover a vast field of enterprise, touching very many trades, and yet but little new movement in them can be anticipated for several months. In face of these facts there have been undoubted signs of an increased movement of iron especially in the Wert, with a better tone in the markets. The demand for general merchandise, too, is also

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

WINTER SONG. Sing me a song of the dead world. Of the great frost deep and still, Of the sword ot fire the wind hurled

On the iron hill. Bing me a song of the driving snow, Of the reeling cloud and the smoky d Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade, Of the snarl and shatter the li light fo makes, Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-

shoe raid Through the cedar brakes. ing me a song of the apple-loft.

corn and the nuts and the mound of meal, of meal, of the sweeping whir of the spindle soft, And the spinning-wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page, Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight

dance, Where bends my love Armitage, Reading an oll romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights, Of the large stars steady and high, The aurora darting its phosphor lights In the purple sky. —Duncan Campbell Scott, in Scribner,

THE RYNARD GOLD REEF COMPANY, LIMITED.

BY WALTER BESANT TOU dear old X leg.

t of the room. "Poor Reggie !" she murmured. "I wish-I wish-but what's the wishing?

Two men-one young, the other about fifty-sat in the veranda of a small bungalow. It was after break-fast. They lay back in long bamboo chairs, each with a cigar. It looked as if they were resting. In reality they were talking business, and that very seriously.

OU dear old "But I thought as an old friend of my father you would, perhaps—"
"Young man, don't fool it away.
sure I wish it Woung man, don't fool it away.
sure I wish it e corner, with an invitation to dinate the corner, with an invitation to dinate the boy, gloom''Well, go and eat his dinner. Always get whatever you can, and then her, "replied the moth you approxed to the boy, gloom''Well, but ''Well, but ''Well', but ''Well', but ''Well', but ''Well', but ''Well', but ''Well', but

To don't begin the server you contain the server the

1 is mine." "And-and-may I call upon Rosie?" "Not till this day week, not till I have made my way plain." "And so it means this. Oh, Rosie, you look lovelier than ever, and I'm as happy as a king. It means this. Your father is the greatest genius in the world. He buys my property for £0000 a year for me, and he makes a company out of it with £150,000 capi-tal. He says that, taking £10,000 out of it for expenses, there will be a profit of £80,000. And all that he gives to you and 200,000, that's £3000 a year for you and 200,000, that's £3000 a year for you and 200,000, that's two more, my dearest Rosie. You remember what you sand, that when you married you would step out of one room like this into another just as good?" "Oh, Reggie"-she sank upon his bosom-"you know I never could love anybody but you. It's true I was en-gaged to old Lord Evergreen, but that was only because he had one foot, you know, and when the other foot went in too, just a day too soon, I actually laughed. So the pater is going to make a company of it, is he? Well, I bope he won't put any of his own money into it, I'm sure, because of late all the companies have turned out so badly.""

really worth the half that I have spent upon it. Anybody would tell you that. Come, let us be honese, what ever we are. I'll tell you a better the work we will make a be honese, what coffee plantation is worth. He shall mame a price, and if we can agree upon that we will make a deal of it. The other man changed color. He wanted to settle the thing at once as between gentlemen. What need of third parties? But Reginald stood firm, and he presently rode away quite sure that in a day or two this planter, too, would have heard the news.
A month later the young coffee flant stood on the deck of a steamer homeward bound. In his pocketbook was a plan of his arriferous estate; in a bag hanging around his neck was a small collection of yellow nuggets in his boxes was a chosen assortment of quartz.
"Well, sir," esid the financier."
"Well, such as this doesn't come mortan once in a lifetine."
"Have been offered £10,000 for my state."
"Oh have you? Ten thonsand? That was yery liberal-very liberal-to fine the solen and the add the differend make heard bein thild little in the sole of the state of the set of t "Say something sweet, dear," said the i And through her colored glasses the eyed him foudly as he breathed The single word—"Molasses !" —Boston Bud "Which would you rather be, knave or a fool?" asked Idiotácea. "I don't know," replied 'Cynicus "What has been your experience?"idge.

or coffee, Reg?"-Londor

Strand. A Double Fish.

A double fish, or rather two fishe

Lady (to polite laborer who has of-fered her his seat)—"Oh, no! Keep your seat, my good man; you have been working hard all day." Polite Laborer (swmpathetically)—

Polite Laborer (sympathetically)— "Take it. Ma'am. Thrue, Oi've bin carryin' th' hod all th' day; but you've bin shoppin'."—Puck.

they have for the country storekeeper, only the longshoreman plays without checker-board or checkers. That is, he hasn't a regular outfit. Of course

"The promotories of the ladies this fall are quite striking." "Promotories? What mean you?" "Why, simply the high capes they are wearing. Isn't a high cape a pro-montor?"

only the longshoreman plays without checker-board or checkers. That is, he hasn't a regular outfit. Of course he has to have some sort sort of outfit, but this he makes himself. You can see him any day along West street, or Front, or Washington, at the noon hour, absorbed in the game. He takes a platform against which wagons back, and chalks out on its floor a checker-board, making each alternate squarevery white with chalk and leaving the others blank. For checkers one side uses grains of corn and the other beans or white pebbles -it depends on where the game is played. And they go on at the game with all the energy and absorbing in-terest their big bodies can command. Sometimes you are twonty couples in one block eager over the contest. They play well, too, for long practice has made them perfect, and a small stake adds to the excitement of the play. The loser unsally has to pay for the glass of mixed ale that every long-shoreman wants with his midday lunch. They have champions among them, too, and when these big players are pitted there is always a crowd to look on and appland. But, of course, every reader has seen all this for himself.-New York World. NOT AN UNUSUAL HEAD. Young Officer (to veteran)—"Isn't it peculiar that when I first graduated I wore a number seven and-a-half for-age cap, the next one was a seven-and-a-quarter, and now I wear a seven?" Veteran—"Not at all; I have often seen youn; graduates of the military academy affected in that way."— Judge.

"I'm not fond of scrapping," said the desk sponge, during a midday silence, "but I'm compelled to do a good deal of licking nowadays for the boss."

"and he calls on me every now and then to paste something in the back." —Truth.

Cook — "Some av 'en is appul an' some is mince." Mistress — "But I told you to mark then so they could be told apart; and they are all marked 'T. M.'" Cook — "So they be, mum—'Tis mince'.au' 'Tain't mince.'"—Judge. <u>Mrs. CoxCUSION.</u> Mrs. Bings—''Mrs. Nextdoor told me you once waited to marry that Miss Upton. She wouldn't have you, I presume." A Curious Coptic Sleeping Castom. The Coptic patriarch of Alexandris if the attendant should allow the holy of any to extend beyond the allotted time the penalty is decapitation. Upon being aroused at the end of each quar-ter hour the Patriarch arises and spreads his rug upon the floor, kneels upon it, bows his head three times to the east and then again retires.—St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Bings-"Did Mrs. Nextdoor say Miss Upton refused me?" Mrs. Bings-"No, she merely re-marked that Miss Upton had always been a very sensible girl."-New York Weekly. THE MERRY SIDE OF: LIFE? BEAR VERSUS ALLIGATOR. RIES THAT ARE TOLD FUNNY MEN OF THE PI A FIERCE FIGHT IN A LOUISIANA

SURE,

Sticky, But Not Stuck-Wanted t. Know-Very Self-complacent-Most Decidedly, Etc., Etc. She loved him very tenderly, He loved her not a bit. They side by side should sit. SURL. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard, they say. I hope this one will be white," "A green Christmas may make a fat graveyard, but I'll tell you something that both a green and a white Christ-mas make lean." "What's that?"

"Your pocketbook." - Browning

A CLUR. * A CLUE "Have you heard of Jack the Slasher?" said the Washington man. "No," replied the visitor, who was gently pressing his handkerchief against a scratch in his face. "What did you say the name is?" "Jack the Slasher." "H'm'm? I dou't know him, but I guess I've met him. That must be the barber who tried to shave me this morning."—Washington Star.

HARD TO PLEASE

A LOVER'S MISCALCULATION

"But, Minnie-" James was going to explain, but on second thought he refrained. It oc-curred to him that a girl might like him less for deceiving her than for ex-travagance. So he put on his hat and departed, resolving to try different tactics when he found another girl.-Harner's Bazar.

WISE WORDS.

The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

It is laziness of mind which takes way the taste for good books.

The blue heaven is larger than all the clouds in it, and much more last-

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving at the right mo

One seldom repents of having said too nuch.

much. A man is born for great things when he has the strength to conquer

himself. Nothing else is so pleasant as a good and beautiful soul; it shows itself in every action. Modesty is to merit what shading is

Modesty is to merit what shading is to the figures in a picture; it gives it force and expression. What is more glorious than to be conquered, or rather to be willing to be conquered by the truth. Perhaps to suffer is nothing else than to live more deeply. Love and sor-row are the two conditions of a pro-found hife.

Modern Science Applied.

A London city magnate who daily drives to his place of business has a phonograph in his carriage into which he pours messages, short letters, in-structions and other matters of im portance. When he alights the ma-chine is handed to the head clerk and he takes his instructions from it

The victor, apparently lifeles, between the server allow and he calls on me every now and hen to paste something in the back."
 The DIFFERENCE.
 Mistress—"What kin1 of pies are here, cook?"
 Mistress—"Some av 'en is appul an' here learned.
 A Curious Coptic Sleeping Castom.
 The Coptic patriarch of Alexandris in sever all marked 'f. M. "
 Cook—"So they be, mum—'Tris nince."." –Judge.
 Heat Cook—"Son the wenter"." –Judge.
 Mistress—"An' Tain't mince."." –Judge.
 Heat Cook—"Son the be of the steep and the telegraphic to mark any one time, and if the attendant should allow the holy one of the spectrum.
 Mistress—"But I told you to mark here are allow at 'T. M. "
 Mistress—"An in the cook of the several of the steep and the telegraphic to the several of the steep and the telegraphic to the several of the steep and the steep and the steep and the telegraphic to the several to t

Harper's Bazar.

himself.

While Drinking Bruin is Attacked by a Huge Saurian—A Duel to the Death.

While Drinking Heuin is Attacked by a Huge Saurian-A Duel to the Death.
While ALTER D. KLAPP gives in the New York Post a fierce encounter between a bear and an alligator which he with nessed while hunting with a friend in Louisiana. Says Mr. Klapp:
While lazily enjoying our siesta we were unddenly startled by a lond crashing in the bushes on the other side of the bayou. Snatching up our rifles, we rushed to the water's edgo just in time to see a large black bear come out of the came brake and walk leisurely to the opposite bank. He was evidently thirsty, and had sought the cool waters of the bayou instead of the easier obtained but hot and stegmant lake water. As he had not yet caught sight of us we concluded to wait developments before attempting to secure so enviable a prize.
The bear climbed into a low tree that grew out of the side of the bears and proceeded to crawl out on a stout limb overhanging the bayou. His weight bent the thick limb till it dipped into the water, and the bear so intently were we watching him, that neither noticed a fierce swilding vigorous justed on the outstretched muzzie of the bear had not just cost suddenly from beneath the sinch is so studient himshold on the tree, and so he tumbled heafforemost into the water, and the bear had not just cost and began lapping vigorous prize. The shock of this unexpected onslaught was so sudden that the bear had no time to clinch his hold on the tree, and so he turning a complete somersault, fell on ha liggitor.

turning a complete somersault, fell on his back at some distance from the alligator. In falling he had jerked himself free from the alligator, steeth, and now he began to make frantic efforts to swim to shore. But the alligator, with one dirt of his tail, was upon him again, this time seizing him by a forepaw and crushing it like an eggehell. We could hear the bones crack. The ben uttered a terrific howl of pain and rage, and with his other paw gave the alligator a blow which sent his long body flying through the sir for a con-siderable distance. This short respite the bear utilized in padding violently for the shore, for he was at a deadly disadvantage in the water against the lightning speed of the alligator in his native element. If he could only gain the shore, it would soon be "his pic-uic," for the alligator cannot turn around, his little stumpy legs being too far apart. Like a finsh the alligator on aught the

arona, his rive sumpy rags bring too far apart. Like a flash the alligator caught the bear by his hind leg. They were now in a place where the water was shallow over a hidden sand-bear, so the fight was a little more even. With a vicious small the bear turned on his back, and, hending double, caught the alligator by the soft white flesh of his throat. It was now the bear's turn to bite, and bite he did with such good will that the blood aparted in streams and the alligator, letting go the foot he had been chowing, emitted a series of how's that made the woods ring. Then the fight grew flercer. The alligator bear's a lout tattoo with his tail on the bear's tough hide, butthey were at such close quarters that he could not give it swing enough to break any bones. He was gradually working around to a better position, however, and suddenly planted a vicious blow square on the breast that end the bear flying head over heels into deep water. He was up in a second and both rushed to-gether. The bear again sought the alligator used what breath had not bleeding flesh. Now, we thought, the victory will surely be with the bear. He crisinly did seem to have the best of it. Thu alligator used what breath had not been squeezed out of him bellowing like a bull. The sounds he uttered in affright. The two struggied heak and forth. The ware was lashed into foam by the furious beating of the alligator's tail. Straining and strug-gling, this way and that, anddonly the writing mass of ferooity aligned off of the narrow strip of sand and was in deep water again. Now the conditions are reversed and the advantage on the side of the aligator again. With a subacclike twist of his lithe body he slipped from the bear's further subacclike twist of his hithe body he sinped from the bear's of the break of the aligator again. With a subacclike twist of his hithe body he sinped from the bear's of the break of the aligator again. With a subacclike twist of his hithe body he sinped from the bear's of tho break. The thick backbone samped its a r

over. The victor, apparently lifeless, floated motionless on the surface of

Since the reduction of cab fares in London the ratio of patronage to population has risen from 14.6 to seventy-seven.

THE MALDEN'S PRAYER.

"All flesh is grass!" shouted the "Keep off the grass," prayed the girl who had a perfect horror of get-ing fat.—Puck.

WANTED TO KNOW.

TIME WILL TELL.

"You have faith that your husband "You have faith that your husband will become a great artist?" Wife—''I can't tell yet, you see; he has only been dead ten years."—Chi-vago Inter-Ocean.

HARD TO FLEASE. Wife—"Tell me honestly, John. If Ishould die would you marry again?" John (desiring to please)—"Marry again? Of course I wouldn't. Such an idea would never enter my mind." Wife (angrily)—"Oh, you wouldn't? You don't find marringo please)—"You don't find marringo please)—"You don't understand, my dear. I was joking, of course. I meant that I would marry again" Wife (more angrily)—"You would, ch? You are in an awful big hurry to get married again. Perhaps you wisk I was out of the way. I know you would be glad if I died, you wretch!"—Judge. PETTY CASH. Spacer—"It pays to send stamps with a manuscript." Liner—"Doesn't that tempt the editor to return it?" Spacer—"No; to use it."—Truth.

VERY SELF-COMPLACENT

Flora Fairchild (of Philistia)— "Beauty's not everything, Mr. Daffo-dil; it generally makes people vain." Narcisaus Daffodil (poet)—"I don't think I'm vain, Miss Fairchild."— Voston Budget. —

THE REIGN OF THE SHORT STORY. "Are you fond of short stories?" asked Binx.

"Till take this seventy.five-cost bot-tle of perfume if you will take off this cost mark and put on one with \$1.50 on it," said a young man to the clerk in a drug store, "All right." It was done. asked Binx. "No," replied Banx. "I hear too many of them. Nearly everybody I meet wants to borrow money of me," -Washington Star.

"All right." It was done. "Great bead," soliloquized the young man. "Minnie will notice that cost mark and love me for spending my substance so liberally for her. It never hurts a young man's chances for the object of his admiration to think he regards her worth getting the very best for." MOST DECIDEDLY, Jinks-"I don't believe that a critic reads half of the author's books he

Tends man of the entities of the criticises." Binks—"The author is more con-siderate. He reads every word of the critic's criticism."—Puck. The bottle of perfume was sent, and an evening or two later the donor called in person and casually proposed marriare.

HIS POCKETS NEVER TOUCHED.

Scrimpin-"No, sir, I respond only o the appeals of the deserving poor." Paughper-"Who are the deserving oor?" poor?" Scrimpin—"Those who never ask for assistance."—Elmira Gazette.

WHAT THE WORLD AWAITS.

Inventor-"Well, I think my ane's made if I succeed in what I ow." Friend---"What are you trying to

arteoring of two fact the domain ealled in person and casually proposed marriage. "James," said the girl. "What is it, Minnie, den?" "You sent me a bottle of perfume?" "Yes. Did you like it?" "It was good perfume, James, but it wasn't worth any dollar and a half. Seventy-five cents is the regular price for that perfume, and I can't say that I have much use for a young man who is so careless of his money as to pay for an article twice what it is worth." "But, Minnie--" James was going to explain, but on invent?" Inventor-"A non-explosive, un-loaded pistol."-Puck. WELL-EARNED REST.

THE GREATEST PHYSICIAN-LOVE.

Mr. Fainte-"Miss Rosalie, I un derstand that you have been attending the lectures on How to Treat Ordinar

Bhe-"Yes." He (drawing nearer)—"Can-can you tell me what you would do for a broken heart?"—Vogue.

THE PROMONTORIES.

re wearing. Isn't a high cape a pro-nontory?" And then they "rounded the horn. -Brooklyn Standard Union.

NOT AN UNUSUAL HEAD.

OVERHEARD IN THE OFFICE.

"Yes."

llnesses ?