A medical journal commends the invention or discovery of a method of treating certain diseases by a doctor in Trinidad, West Indies, but says that "unfortunately" he is debarred from putting it into practice in his country owing to the scarcity of these particular diseases there. The people of Trinidad probably will not see where the misfortune comes in.

In area Australia equals the United States. According to the census of 1891 Australia contains 3,075,238 square miles and a population of 3, 801,050. This population is strongly Especially is this true of the religious profession. The sects at all slips from the English planting-The sects are the Church of England, the Presby-terians, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists. The Luther-ans are an exception. Of the 2,698, 629 Protestants more than half belong to the Church of England.

Exclaims the London Illustrated What an admirable place for chevaliers of industry of all kinds must Tunis be! A lady having had a dream there that whoever drank of the water in her cistern would escape cholers, 20,000 people passed through

most Tunis is al. A lady having half around these that showed that where dealers, 20,000 people passed through the promise of at a panny a heady in a comple of days. O, Sunta Simplicities of the proton of the pro

stand the wear and tear and vibration, as well as the atmospheric influences, to which they are subjected.

What is supposed to be the only frostless belt in the United States lies between the city of Los Angelea and the Pacific Ocean. It traverses the foothills of the Cahuenga range and has an elevation of between two and four hundred feet. In breadth it is perhaps three miles. The waters of the Pacific are visible from it, and the proximity of the ocean has, of course, something to do with banishing frosts. During the winter season this tract produces tomatoes, peas, beans, and other tender vegetables, and there the lemon flourishes, a tree that is pelemon flourishes, and there the lemont flourishes and there the lemont flourishes are the flooring flowers and the flowers from the flowers flower flowers flower flowers flower flowers fl emon flourishes, a tree that is pe-uliarly susceptible to cold. Tropical at the pony; then a the across her. trees may be also cultivated with sucand in connection with this fact it is interesting to know that a part of the favored territory has been acquired y Los Angeles for park purposes, and it is only a question of time when the sity will have the unique distinction when the of possessing the only tropical park in the United States. Strange to say, only the midway region of the Caauenga range is free from frost, the lower part of the valley being occasionally visited.

### A LOVE SONG.

When the summer was bright, love,
And the world was fair and free,
And the soft moon shone at night, love,
Over the restless sea,
You came with wondrous charm, love,
On a happy summer day,
And with never a thought of harm, love,
You stole my heart away.

Tou stole my heart away.

The summer days are dead, love,
And the world is white and chill;
And the moon is pale and cold, love,
And the birds' sweet songs are still;
But deep in my heart to-day, love,
Burns hope's undying gleam,
And hidden safely away, love,
Is the summer's blissful dreum.

May H. Taylor, in Munsey's Magazine.

### A HORSE THIEF.



What shall I do—what can he equickly."

"It is the tracks," said Farris, "I boots, boots, "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she pushed a chair insee my pony's got a broken aboe, and "Here," and she bear the she has a broken about a she bear the she has a broken about a she bear the she has a broken about a she has a

be was bright, love, it was fair and free, on shone at hight, love, it was fair and free, on shone at hight, love, wondrous charm, love, heart away, was a care and hard task Grace had set herself. She argued with her pitting the heart away, with any and should once it was a cruel, hard task Grace had set herself. She argued with her pitting the heart away, and should once it was a cruel, hard task Grace had set herself. She argued with her pitting the heart all the way; and awerted he heart away, love, on the tired pony she was leading, lest the sight of it should buint her purpose. She rote, with all speed possible, to the Punta de Agna, four miles southeast of the ranch, and now running sleam, full and furious, on a red rise. Once there she tried to force Farris's pony into the creek, and when her fused to take water alone, she guessed desperately at her chances, took her creek, and sent the other shead give her said to take water alone, she guessed door, and looking past her said lesperately at her chances, took her of the point and she to the care the part of the part of

came a shout from the gate:

"Come on, boys! Quick!
"He's ben an' gone while nobody
wuz hyer. Here's his huff tracks to
the corral an' out agin attother gate,
an' up the trail!"

"Jump on yer hosses an' git!" said
the man who was speaking to Grace.
"We'll leave you, miss. You needn't
be oneasy, fer he's on ahead. We'll
git him safe enough; an' he won't
trouble nobody after we onet git our
han's onto him!"

And in a minute's time they were
gone, every boot, spur and six-shooter
of them.
Grace scarcely dared breathe till!

Fishing Dogs.

At a certain point all the men and dogs came to a halt, says the author of 'Life With Trans-Siberian Savages.'' Half the dogs and men then moved further along the water's edge about 200 yards. At a concerted signal the dogs were started from their respective points, and swam straight out seaward in single file in two columns. At a wild, sharp, cry from all the Ainus the right column wheeled left and the left column whoeled left and the left column whoeled left, until the head of each column met. Then at another signal all of them swam in line toward the shore, advancing more and more in crescent formation.

As they neared the shore, increasing numbers of fish appeared in the shallow water, frightened forward by the splashing of the dogs, which, as soon as their feet touched bottom, pounced upon the fishes as quick as a flash. The dogs promptly brought the fish which they had seized to their masters, who cut off the heads and gave each dog the head which belonged to the mean that the share of the catch. The dogs which caught nothing got nothing. I believe this dog drill is entirely unique.

Money in Canarles.

at the pony; then a thought flashed across her.

"I can do both," said she, "go and get rid of the in a way to blind them, and get back in time to hide or disguise you some way, safely. And I can falk to them and get them away. Now go and rest," and she jumped upon Rush once more, caught his pony's bridle, which he tossed up to her, and hurried away as fast as his tired little feet could go. "All the guns are in the office room," she called back, as Farris's foot was on the door step. Then dust and distance swallowed her up.

Farris went in to find food, which

TORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

e Coal Man-Free For All-Put Him Off-Life's Most Serious Illness, Etc., Etc.

NO REMEDY. "I don't believe you will ever marry her. She has postponed the wedding seven times already."
"I know it, and I haven't even the power to apply eloture."—Judge.

PUT HIM OFF. FUT HIM OFF,

Ed (the bill collector)—"I'm one of
he most popular men in town."

Ned—"Why do you think that?"
Ed—"Wherever I go, I'm always
sked to 'call again.""—Chicago Rec-

Poet (enthusiastically)—"Yes; I say with one of old, 'Let me write the songs of a Nation, and I care not who makes their laws."" Practical Friend—"Well, who's hindering you."—Puck.

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE. willing to accommodate.

"I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill? I can't come here every day in the week."

"What day would suit you best?"

"Saturday."

"Very well, then, you may call every Saturday."

## FASHION'S PENALTY.

Customer—"Was it because your business was so dull that you discharged half your help?"
Drygoods Dealer—"Not at all. The saleswomen wore such big sleeves, you know, that we had to reduce the force one-half or enlarge the shop."—Boston Transcript.

LIFE'S MOST SERIOUS ILLNES Mr. Fainte—"Miss Rosalie, I under-stand that you have been attending the lectures on "How to Treat Ordi-

the lectures on "How to Treat Ordinary Illnesses?"
She—"Yes."
He (drawing nearer)—"Can—can
you tell me what you would do for a
broken heart?"—Vogue.

TOO MUCH ON HER MIND

"How long have we been engaged, George?" she asked.
"Why since last August," he answered

"Why since hast August,"
wered.
"I couldn't tell whether it was
August or June," she replied. "You
see I keep getting you and Freddie
Smikens mixed."—New York Mercury.

A CLEAR CASE.

A CLEAR CASE.

Arrival (at I a. m.)—"Can I sleep bere all night?"
Clerk—"No, sir."
Arrival—"What's the matter?
House full?"
Clerk—"No, sir; it's 1 o'clock in the morning." e morning."
Arrival—"Oh, ah!"--Detroit Free

A COMPARISON.

A COMPARISON.

Swell of the Period—"Oh! Doctor.
I have sent for you, certainly; but I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

Doctor—"Oh! that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."—Togliche Rundschau.

VAST POSSIBILITIES IN THAT DIRECTION He—"What disagreeable things that Miss Smarte can say! I heard her say, after the party last night, she was sur-prised that I had made such a fool of

prised that I had made such a fool of myself."

She-"Oh, I wouldn't mind. She never would have said it had she known you thoroughly." — Boston Transcript.

NO DECEPTION ABOUT IT.

NO DECEPTION ABOUT IT.

"And when you told her she was the prettiest woman in the world, you think she believed you?"

"Oh, dear, no. Had she believed me she never could have any regard for my intellect. She knew I was lying, and also knew that I must think a good deal of her to tell such a whopver."—Boston Transcript.

WHY INDEED?

The celebrated Signora Howlinski was in the middle of her sole when little Johnny Fizzletop, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, asked: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her. Keep quiet."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. in all things I may follow her exam-

A FAMILIAR WEAPON.

A PAMILIAR WEAPON.

An Irishman in France was challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel, to which he readily consented and suggested shillelaghs.

"That won't do," said the second. "As the challenged party, you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar."

"Is that so?" returned the Irishman.

"Then, begorra! we'll foight wid

"Then, begorra! we'll foight guillotines."—Brooklyn Life.

SO TENDER HEARTED.

She sat down with the fierce light of controversy shining in her eyes. "What's the reason you think women should not be allowed to vote?" she

should not be allowed to vote?" she aggressively inquired.
"I don't object to the single woman voting." he answered, "but I think a poor married woman who has a husband to look after has all the trouble on her hands she deserves. That's my

only reason."
She arose with her face in wreathed in smiles.—Indianapolis Journal.

MAUD AND MAMIE.

"Oh, say, Mamie," exclaimed Maud,
"you just ought to see Harry since he
joined the National Guard. He looks
perfectly lovely."
"He must!" rejoined Mamie raptur-

onsly.
"I do so hope there won't be any

"I do so nope there won't be any war!"
"It would be dreadful if Harry were to get killed."
"I wasn't thinking of that. Lots of people go to war without getting killed. But he'd be just certain to spoil his clothes."—Washington Star.

HOW SHE HELPED HIM.

How she helped him.

He had been for some time trying to get his courage up to the proposing point, but had not yet succeeded. During his call one evening, the conversation turned upon fraternal insurance companies, in which he was interested.

"Tell me," said she, "can any one become a member?"

"Any one who is acceptable," answered he; and then, a sudden thought occurring to him, he added: "You see, it is like other things; you must be accepted first, and then."

"But, no," she shyly interrupted; "ism't it different in that if you are secepted you become a brother?"

The cards are now out.—Puck.

HE HAS THE PROOF.

"Uncle Eben," said a young man who was disposed to be jocular, "do you believe there is luck in a rabbit's foot?"

you believe there is also. In a random foot?"

The old man's eyes twinkled. Putting his hand in his vest pocket he drew forth a velvety rabbit's paw, and said gravely, as he held it at arm's length:

"See dat?"

"Wall, dere ain' no use tryin' ter tell me dat luck doan go wid dat rabbit's foot. I's got de proofs right hyur in de kitchen."

"Proof of the luck that goes with that rabbit's paw?"

"Proof of the luck that goes with that rabbit's paw?"

"Yassir," and the old man's eyes twinkled more than ever. "De rabbit dat used ter wear dat paw is cookin' in de pot dis minute. An' if rabbit stew ain' luck, what is?"—Washington

Electricity for Cooking Purposes.

In the last issue of the Electrical World reference is made to a series of calculations intended to determine the efficiencies of coal and electric stoves for cooking, and although the calculations are necessarily only very crude they are of some interest. The cooking efficiency, that is the ratio of the heat used in cooking to the total heat in the coa', was found to be three hundredths of one per cent. Adding to that the heat used in heating the water in the articles themselves, as well as for washing, the total all day efficiency was found to 4.2 per cent. Professor Tyndall obtained six per cent.

Similar calculations are made for an electric stove to do the same work, and it is found that as far as actual cooking is concerned electrical cooking is about ten per cent. cheaper, but it becomes thirty-five per cent. more expensive if the water is also heated. Heating the water in a coal heater is therefore suggested, which will have Electricity for Cooking Purposes

expensive if the water is also heated. Heating the water in a coal heater is therefore suggested, which will have an efficiency of fifty per cent, and then do the cooking in an electric stove, in which case there will be practically no difference in efficiency. In conclusion it is stated that the electric oven is bound to come.

# Ortolans in India.

Self-conceit is one of the first gods men worship.

men worship.

The party who refuses to forgive is the one who is wrong.

The only way to have constant peace is to have constant trust.

There is hope for the man who is conscious of his own faults.

The only thing that keeps a stingy nan from stealing is the risk of the

thing.

Love and hope always live together.

Kill hope, and love will bring it to life

again.

It will be time wasted to undertake to preach any higher than your own experience.

It will not help your own crop any to throw stones at your neighbor's truck patch.

Many a man's religion, if boiled down, would be found to be nothing more than notion

down, would be four more than notion. ore than notion.

One reason why some men do not have better wives is because they are such poor husbands.

The sun keeps right on shining, no matter have a payer have to say

The sun keeps right on shifting, no matter how much men have to say about its black spots.

The man who has a kind word for everybody will not need a brass band to draw mourners to his funeral.

It is about as wise to sit on the limb of a tree and saw it off, as it is to worry about things we cannot help.—Ram's Horn.

Strange Game.

Strange Game.

The following is said to be a true story of the piny woods of Mississippi. It is now some time ago that a zealous young Presbyterian minister, whose heart yearned over the benighted condition of the denizons of the piny woods, determined to make an expedition into the Black creek settlement, some forty miles back from the coast, to carry the gospel there. His friends tried to dissuade him, saying that the people of that region were mostly Methodists and Baptists, but he resolved to persever, and mounting his horse one Saturday morning, took the tried to dissuade him, saying that the people of that region were mostly Methodists and Baptista, but he resolved to persevere, and mounting his horse one Saturday morning, took the road into the woods. He had to camp out over night, and it was about 8 o'clock Sunday morning when he reached the first house in the neighborhood which he desired to visit. He found a woman there who, in response to his request for a breakfast, invited him in and regaled him with black coffee, cornbread and salt pork. His wants satisfied, he turned to his errand and asked the woman where her husband was. "Oh, he's out a-huntin," she replied; 'me goes huntin' every day!" "Well, but this is Sunday!" said the astonished minister. "Yes," she responded, 'it is purty sunny; but the mast's good, an' the turkey's!! Be out on the hills. "But I mean Sunday—the holy Sabbath day," said the astonished preacher. "In't your husband afraid of the Lord?" 'I'd o'know!' she answered, indifferently; 'I' reckon he ain't much afraid. He allus takes his rifle along. The minister paused, nonplussed for awhile, and then began again: "Thear that there are a good many Methodists and Baptists around here?" 'Monght be," replied the woman; "they's a powerfal lot o' varmints in these here woods." The minister rose in despair and prepared to go. "Do you think I could find any Presbyterians in the neighborhood?" 'Praps so! I never seed none; but I kin tell you how to find out. Jes' you step around the house an' take a look at the barn. John's got the hide of about every warmint in this neighborhood anailed up there. Maybe you could tell 'em bythat." That was a little too much for the devoted missionary, and he took his departure without so much as a glance at the hides—so the story for the devoted missionary, and he took his departure without so much as a glance at the hides—so the story goes.—New Orleans Picayune.

Remedy for Chapped Hands. The trouble of chapped hands is a common one among farmers and the members of their households, as well as with all other persons who have occasion to wet the skin and will not take the pains to thoroughly dry it before exposing it to the cold wind. There is a very simple method of preventing is a very simple method of preventing this painful condition of the hands. This is nothing nore than to dry the hands (or face either) after washing or any other kind of wetting with a towel, and as to the hands, rubbing one upon the other until the skin glistens and shines. Then the use of a glove when the hands are exposed to the cold winds or to the snow will do the rest. the other until the skin glistens and shines. Then the use of a glove when the hands are exposed to the cold winds or to the snow will do the rest, and the hands will be kept comfortable and the skin soft. Frequent washing of the hands, with perfect drying, and the use of a little pure vaseline afterward, will greatly prevent the roughness of the hands that is so common among farmers. It is by neglect of such simple precautions and care that the farmer becomes as often said, "horny handed."—New York Times.

why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her. Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what does she holler so for?"—Yankee Blade.

ON HIS MIND.

Blaggins is one of the men who speak disrespectfully of eminent people. A great pianist was pointed out to him recently, with the remark:

"Do you note the weary expression of his face? He seems to have a great deal on his mind, doesn't he?"

"A great deal on his mind?" repeated Blaggins soornfully; "ob, yes, you mean hair."—Washington Star.

ENCORAGEMENT.

ENCORAGEMENT.

Elderly Fiance—"I hope you are not impressed by the silly sentimentalists who hold that because you've married once you ought not to marry again?"

Pretty Widow—"Don't let that worry yon, dear. I've no such prejudice. My own dear mother was married three times, and I only hope that it of the world you, dear mother was married three times, and I only hope that it on the world you, dear. I've no such prejudice. My own dear mother was married three times, and I only hope that it on the world you, dear. I've no such prejudice. My own dear mother was married three times, and I only hope that it on the state of such simple precautions and care of such simple procurious that the farmer becomes as often said, "horny harded."—New York Times.

A misical Language.

A philological curiosity, which is said to be the invention of an Italian, is the Cosmolangue, a new universal to the men of the ortolan in twenty districts and three provinces. The sport provided by this winged delicacy is, I need hardly say, poor; it is, in fact, demoralizing, for there can be no question of aiming at this is, in fact, demoralizing, for there can be no question of aiming at this is, in fact, demoralizing, for there can be no question of aiming at this is, in fact, demoralizing, for there is a little specimen of it: Misi opport the swarm that whirls over the dusty plants of the world o