

Life insurance is more popular in America than in any other country.

Almost five-eighths of the steamers in the world are under the British flag.

An advocate of electrical cooking claims that of every 100 tons of coal used in a cooking stove ninety-six tons go to waste.

The Atlanta Constitution figures that Massachusetts produced 89,662 poems last year, New York, 49,827, and the country at large, 2,888,954.

It appears that the detailing of officers of the army as instructors in colleges is growing in popularity both with the educational institutions and with Congress.

One hundred domestic servants are killed annually in England in the process of window cleaning. An invention recently patented is a window of which the outside may be cleaned without exposing the cleaner to any chance of a tumble.

Dr. Bertillon, author of the French system for the identification of criminals, says that, as a matter of fact, it is impossible among 100,000 individuals to find two persons with ears exactly alike, except in the case of twin brothers. This is one of the reasons why he was able to start a new era in police science.

Robert Moore, a Water Works Commissioner of St. Louis, made some remarks at the recent meeting of the Engineers' Club of Kansas City, which deserve more than passing attention from the commercial men of New Orleans. He said: "You ask me to talk on Missouri River navigation. It reminds me very forcibly of the chapter on snakes in Ireland. There is no Missouri River navigation, and consequently I know you will excuse me from expressing my views on the subject." He added that the freight traffic on the Southern railroads was making river navigation even on the Mississippi almost a lost art.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1868. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to wit: German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Servian and Turkish, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Hebrew rabbis and Mahometan ulema.

In answer to a recent inquiry made of the Secretary of the Interior by the Commissioner of Education in regard to a division of the fund to agricultural colleges in the South, the Secretary has decided that the division of the fund as already or hereafter to be made by the various State legislatures shall be approved by the department, unless it is apparent that such suggested division is grossly inequitable and that in cases where the State legislatures have not yet proposed an equitable apportionment that the basis of division now in force shall remain till the legislative intent regarding the matter is made known. In the case of South Carolina the act of Congress of July 26th, 1892, applies not only to the sum due the State at the time, but to all sums becoming due under the act of August 30th, 1890.

A Washington letter says: Surprising news has reached the bureau of ethnology respecting the recent disinterment of the conqueror, Pizarro, in Peru. It seems that the corpse exhibits certain abnormalities which are extremely interesting from the point of view of anthropologists. The skull reveals all the marks of the criminal type, as recognized by science to-day. As shown by the military hero, so worshipped and revered even now in South America, was a murderous and bloodthirsty brute. The cranium has even the so-called "fossa of Lombroso," which modern criminologists have never discovered except in confirmed and habitual enemies of society. The skull is abnormally broad. Another anatomical peculiarity is the instep, which is extraordinarily high. The latter was a feature of his conquering race. It recalls the warrior indefatigable on the march, whether on the desert tracts of the coast, or in the wilds of the Peruvian Cordilleras. As to his age, reliable evidence is to the effect that Pizarro was a little more than seventy years old when he died.

IN SHADOW-LAND.

The pennon at his prow to float
No breeze along the islet sweeps;
But round and round the swaying boat
The indolent, slow eddy creeps.
If yester eve or yester-year
He drifted on this idle strand
Who knows? Time has no measure here
In Shadow-Land.
For one perpetual season flowers,
And knows no change of sun or moon
To mark the never-varying hours
From dawn to dusk, from night to noon;
Nor song of bird, nor breath of rose,
But still and far, on either hand,
The lily blows, the water flows,
In Shadow-Land.
That soft, unceasing ripple rocks
The keel that with it seems to glide,
And to his dreaming fancy mocks
The motion of an onward tide.
Dim shapes his half-shut eyelids fill,
He hears the wave wash on the sand,
Nor guesses that he lingers still
In Shadow-Land.

Awake, O daffodil with a dream
That only in thy fancy dwells!
Push out into the open stream
By yonder poisoned honey-bells!
Let the strong wind assuage it
Let the drowsy fragrance round thee fanned,
Or perish of its deadly draft!
In Shadow-Land!
—Kate Pateman Osgood, in Independent.

DAN'S DISCONTENT.

BY S. A. WEISS.

"I don't know what's come over Dan," said Mrs. Dawson, as she placed the steaming coffee-pot on the Sunday breakfast-table.
"He was always the brightest and best-tempered of my children, and now he's that discontented and I sincerely know him. He hasn't seemed to take any interest in his work lately, and now's talking about goin' to sea, or 'listin' in the Army."
"I don't know what we'd do without Dan!" added the mother, with tears in her eyes, "and Teddy wanting to stay a year longer at the 'Academy school.'"
"If Dan wants to go, mother," said Maria, a bright-looking girl of twenty, "why, let him go. He's got no cause to be discontented, and I believe he don't know himself what he wants. Let him go, and my word for it, in six months he'll be glad to get back and dine a fattened turkey killed for him, and we don't raise calves."
And Maria laughed, as she went to all Dan to breakfast.

Dan, meantime, was leaning over the front gate, gazing absently down the road toward the village.
He looked listless and moody, and yet he was a young man in the prime of health, with a comfortable home and good relations. He did not know why he should feel so restless and dissatisfied, and as he stood there, chewing a straw, he turned round, facing the house, and with his hands in his pockets, looked moodily about him.
There stood the cosy, little brown house, with its deep-ivy-shaded porch; there was the well of delicious cool water, under the big elm tree, and the row of beehives by the garden fence, and the little orchard in the rear.

A pleasant picture it made to the eye of the passers-by, and it had always seemed pleasant to Dan until this unaccountable mood of discontent had come over him, and made him restless and unhappy.
He tried to persuade himself that his present life was not the right kind for him, and that he could do better out in the world.

It wasn't for his mother being opposed to it, he said to himself, and Teddy away at school, he would have gone long ago.
And just here it was that Maria raised the window and called:
"Dan, breakfast ready!"
Her light, careless tone irritated him. She knew that he was not in good spirits, and yet never seemed to care any sympathy with him.

So he took no notice of the summons, and presently she called again:
"Dan, are you coming, or must mother and I keep the breakfast warm and wait for you?"
"Mother!" he muttered, in reply.
Yet he walked slowly to the house, and when his mother had said grace, took his place at the foot of the little table.

"You don't seem to relish your breakfast, Dan," Mrs. Dawson said. "I thought you'd like the fresh eggs and new potatoes, and the cakes you're so fond of."
"It's a good breakfast, mother, but I haven't got much of an appetite."
"Aren't you well, Dan?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Not particularly, mother, I think. There's a queer, all-gonish sort of feeling, a kind of emptiness and faintness, and I can't exactly describe it, but it seems to take away my strength and appetite. I've been thinking that maybe I'd better try some sort of a tonic medicine."
"That's all your imagination, Dan. You know you never had a day's sickness in your life, and you look stout and strong enough to knock down an ox. I guess it's only that you're in love with somebody—Matilda Price, maybe, or Sophy Howells. Which is it, Dan?"

Dan received this suggestion with supreme contempt. He made a boast of having never been in love, and though the girls mentioned by his sister were the belles of the neighborhood, and had each tried the power of her charms upon him, he had remained obstinately indifferent toward them.

Matilda, he said, was bold and loud, and Sophia vain and affected, and it would take a very nice girl indeed to get him in love.
"It's 'most time to get ready for church, ain't it, Dan?" said Martha, glancing at the clock on the chimney shelf. "Matilda 'll have on her new bonnet to-day. I tell you she'll be worth looking at."
"Stuff! I'm not going to church."
"Why, Dan'el!" said his mother, reproachfully.

"What's the use, mother? Just to see old Deacon Ball asleep, and hear Miss Beckey Jones screeching the hymn out of tune, and listen to Parson Tanner's tiresome—"
"Dan'el!" interrupted his mother, severely.
"Well, mother, I'm tired of it all. I believe I'll go over to Radway and see Bill Brewster. He's going on a voyage next week—bound for the West Indies—and wants me to join him. But I haven't want to say up my mind yet about the army-recruiting business that the boys are so crazy about. Ben Howells says he'll enlist if I will."
"Oh, Dan'el!" said his mother, tears starting to her eyes.
"Dan was very fond of his mother, and it went to his heart to see her in tears.
"I don't say that I'll go, mother, so long as you oppose it. But I wish you'd consent."
"Do let him go, mother!" said Maria, sharply. "It will likely do him good."

It was late that evening when Dan, who had spent the day at Radway, came home to supper. He noticed that the parlor windows were lighted; but that was always the case on Sunday, when Maria's beaux were calling on her.

As he stepped into the kitchen entry he was greeted with a savory odor of pies and cake, and saw that the table was nicely set with the best moss-rosebud tea set. Maria, who had heard his step, came to meet him.
"Oh, Dan, I wanted to tell you! We've got company arrived—mother's cousin Lydia and her daughter Dora. They've been visiting Uncle Erasmus, in Huttonville; and to-day he's brought them over to spend some days with us. I hope they'll stay longer, for they're such pleasant people! Step up stairs and brush yourself up, for supper'll be ready in a minute."
"Mother! I won't go in to supper. They needn't know that I'm here."
"Now, Dan, I wouldn't be doing anything more to vex mother. She's worried enough about you already; and I've left her in the parlor with Cousin Lydia to talk over old times; and Dora's helping me to get supper. She's the nicest girl!"

Maria disappeared; and Dan, as he stood hesitating, had a view into the neat kitchen.
There he saw a slender and very pretty girl, with dark eyes and hair, arranging the cups and saucers, and he noticed how daintily she handled them, and how light and graceful her motions were! And also her sweet voice, as she laughingly replied to some remark of Maria! It struck him that he had never before seen the kitchen look so bright and cheerful.
He stole up stairs, and carefully brushed his hair and put on a more becoming tie. Then he came down and was introduced to Dora.

She stepped forward with a smile and gave him her hand, and as Dan met the clear, frank eyes, it seemed to him that a sort of sunshine stole into his heart, partially dispelling its gloom.
And as he sat and looked at and listened to her, his face gradually softened and assumed a cheerfulness which it had not worn for many a day.
He did not go out after supper, although he had half promised Ben Howells to have a talk with him about that enticing business. And next day he hung around the house on some pretense or other, getting little glimpses of and brief chats with Dora.
Maria saw it, but prudently said nothing—only managing to throw them together as much as possible.

"Dan," she said, next day, pretending to be in a great hurry, "can you spare time to help Dora shell those peas? I'm so busy, and the peas must be on the fire in ten minutes to be in time for dinner."
So Dan sat down, and while shelling the peas, watched Dora's deft fingers as they split the crisp pods and dropped the little, shining green balls into the bowl.
"I guess you're not used to work much," he said, noticing how white the hands were.
"Ain't I?" she said, laughingly. "Just ask mother about that. I do most of the work at home—help to cook and clean, and I sew, and find time to play on the piano."
"Do you?" said Dan, who was very fond of music. "I wish that Maria had a piano, but she never cared to learn to play."
"You will make a nice wife for somebody, Dora, with all those accomplishments," Maria said.

Dan glanced up, with a sudden twinge of jealousy. He wondered if she were engaged; nor did he feel entirely at his ease until he had learned from Cousin Lydia herself that, though Dora had plenty of beaux, she had never shown a preference for any one in particular.
"Cousin Dan," said Dora, as the two sat on the front porch in the twilight, "they tell me that you are thinking of going to sea or enlisting for a soldier?"
"Well," he answered, a little sheepishly, "I hadn't made up my mind about it."
"Wouldn't it be a pity to leave your mother, wouldn't it? She would miss you so!"

He felt half mortified that he should appear to her so heartless.
"I don't know that I was really in earnest about going. I felt somewhat restless and dissatisfied, and did not

know exactly what I wanted. I guess I needed a change of some sort. But I'm getting over it now."
"I hope you are. I don't see how you could wish to leave this pleasant home for the hard life of a sailor or soldier."
"Do you think it pleasant?" he asked, with a sudden light of interest in his eyes.
"I think it one of the sweetest homes I have ever seen," she answered, frankly.

And then there was a moment's silence.
"Dora," said Dan, slowly, "if you think I'd better not go, I won't."
And then he blushed at his own boldness, and strangely enough, Dora blushed, too.
A day or two after, Mrs. Dawson said to her son:
"Dan'el, my son, you were talking about wanting a tonic, and I've spoken to the minister's wife concerning you. She says you're needing quinine and calomel, or gentian."
"Oh, never mind, mother! I guess I won't need it now. I'm feeling so much better."
"But, my son, how about that feeling of emptiness and all-goneness, and not takin' an interest in anything?"
"Oh," interrupted Dan, hastily, "I think I'm getting over it! Don't worry about me, mother, I was just out of sorts, and didn't know what I wanted—that's all."
And as he hastily left the room, Maria laughed.

"I guess, mother, Dan's all right now. He's discovered what it was he wanted, and I think he's found it."
"Why, whatever do you mean, child?"
"I mean that he has found all he wanted in Dora. Why, can't you see it yourself, mother? Depend upon it, Dan will never be discontented any more or wanting to go away from home. Why, just look at them in the garden there—how happy they both are!"
And as the mother carefully adjusted her spectacles and viewed the unsuspecting lovers, a mist dimmed the glasses, and she murmured:
"God bless 'em!"—Saturday Night.

Paint Used by Indians.
Much speculation has been indulged in by theoretical writers regarding the source of paints and the means by which they were originally discovered. As in all theoretical explanations of simple matters, the plain facts have been overlooked and complicated explanations have been entered into. The earliest record of paint used by the Indians tells of a mixture of blood with charcoal.

From this it was an easy step to the ferruginous clays which produce yellows, browns and reds. Red chalk and red and yellow ochre are to be found over wide areas and are easy of access. Black micaceous iron, or graphite-like consistency, is to be found in many parts of the mountains, while the blue carbonates of iron and copper furnish many hues. Green fungus growth are sometimes used, mixed with the white infusorial or chalky earths to make shades of green tinging into pure white. The sulphure of mercury to be found about the mineral springs, especially the hot ones, forms an abundant supply of paint, while the juice of the choke cherry makes a beautiful red. In the Dakotas many colors are produced from the use of plant juices mixed with earth.

Since the advent of traders among the Indians native paints have been almost entirely supplanted by those sold in the stores. There are still some of the isolated tribes that use their own paints, but these are becoming more rare with each succeeding year. The day the paint bag which formerly carried a bit of red chalk or black graphite iron, contains a bit of manufacture of ochre, or prepared lampblack, for which probably a hundred times its value has been paid by the man who formerly obtained it through almost a minimum of labor.—Globe-Democrat.

Deepest Metal Mine in the World.
The United States has now, we believe, the deepest metal mine in the world. For some time that claim has been made for the Maria shaft, at the mines of Przibram, in Austria, which was 3675 feet below the surface at the time of the great fire in 1892; and nothing, we believe, has been done upon it since that time. It has now been surpassed in depth by the No. 3 shaft of the Tamarack Copper Mining Company, in Michigan, which on December 1st was 3640 feet deep, and is now more than 3700 feet, the average rate of sinking being about seventy-five feet a month. This makes it beyond question the deepest metal mine in existence, and only one other shaft has reached a greater depth, that of a coal mine in Belgium, for which 3900 feet is claimed.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

An Almost Unknown Country.
Lower California, which somebody periodically threatens to purchase and bring under the territorial dominion of the United States, is the longest of North American peninsulas. It is of about the same area as Florida. Its greatest length is about 800 miles, and its greatest width about 156 miles. The whole peninsula is subtropical in climate and productions, and its extreme southern end is just within the torrid zone. The coast line on gulf and ocean is about 1700 miles in length. The population is sparse, and the means of communication so undeveloped that it is one of the most remote regions in the civilized world. The gulf ports are almost unknown to the people of this country.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The army worm travels in such a compact line that processions of them are frequently mistaken for snakes.

SAVED SEVENTEEN LIVES.

HEROISM OF A FRAIL YOUNG COLLEGE MAN.

A Devotion to Duty and a Wrecked Life—An Incident of a Disaster on an Inland Lake.

I HAD for my roommate in college at Evanston a frail lad, born on the banks of the Mississippi. He had learned in its waters to swim and dive until he seemed almost as much at home in the water as on land. One of his first accomplishments acquired at Evanston was not in Greek or Latin, but in swimming in the lake in time of storm. He would dive through the breakers or toss upon their tops, or play with them as a giant might with a tiny fountain. He was a wonderful swimmer.
One day there came trickling down through the village news of a great steamship wrecked at 1 o'clock in the morning, ten miles out in the lake, whose 400 passengers were struggling with the waves or were already drowned. My roommate heard a bugle blast in his soul that morning. He said he seemed to hear these words: "Who knoweth but thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this?" Two hundred others volunteered for service, one of whom is now a bishop in the Methodist Church, and afterwards became President of the university.
They put a rope around my roommate's waist that they might recover his frail body if he should be killed by the floating pieces of wreckage. Backward and forward he went for six hours, helping to save human life. Through his great familiarity with the surf he was enabled to do much more than all the rest put together. Some were saved by a tug far out in the lake, but of nearly 400 passengers only thirty came through the breakers alive, and of these my roommate saved seventeen.

He put into that one day the struggle of three-score years and ten. He was compelled to give up his studies. He was compelled to give up the Christian ministry, for which he was preparing. To-day he is the wreck of a man, living among the hills of Southern California, far away from a railroad line, struggling on a fruit ranch for a livelihood. The price paid for that day's work was the health and strength of a lifetime—but he saved seventeen human lives.

Between his journeys into the waves he stood before a blazing fire, was covered with blankets, and drank strong stimulants in order to keep his limbs from cramping. But each time an unfortunate one came near the breakers, if he was able to go, he threw off his incumbrances and plunged again into the water.
At first he wore the rope upon his arm, but coming to a piece of debris to which a drowning person was clinging, the wreckage struck him in the face and he commenced to bleed profusely. The crowd on shore, alarmed for his safety, commenced pulling in the line prematurely before he had hold of the drowning person. He threw off the rope, clutched the man and brought him safely ashore without the help of the rope.

Walking up on the beach he saw a gentleman sitting in an elegant carriage who had evidently come to the lake with the coachman from his suburban home. He said to this gentleman: "These people have almost killed me, and another accident may take my life without my having done my work. Will you consent to manage my rope for me, not allowing the people to pull until I give the signal. If you do this you shall have half the credit for anything I may be able to do." The gentleman consented, and for five hours managed the rope. He was thus largely instrumental in the successful work my roommate did.

The last person saved that day was a man who was coming ashore in a difficult part of the surf, where the bank was high and precipitous. Any one reaching shore there would be pounded to death on the steep bank. Those who came to this part of the surf were absolutely lost, as it seemed more than a man's life was worth to save them. My roommate saw this man with one arm clinging to a piece of wreck, while he held in the other a bundle, supposed to contain silver-plate or some other precious thing wrapped up in a bit of clothing.
A sudden lift of the waves brought the man and the raft into full view, and there streamed out from the bundle a tress of hair eighteen inches long. Then my friend knew that the man was trying to save his wife, and said to those about him: "Cost what it may, I will save that man or die in the attempt."
He ran down the beach, following the retreating wave, knelt down as closely as possible to the sand and let the return wave pound him. When next seen he was far into the water.

He swam to the piece of raft to which the two feet of them the man cried out: "Save my wife! Save my wife!" The brave swimmer said: "Yes, I'll save your wife and you, too." Fastening his hands in their clothing at the back of their necks, he said: "I can sustain you in the water, but you must swim for your lives and mine. We must push up northward and get beyond this dangerous surf, if we are to be saved at all." To the joy of the onlooking spectators he came safely to shore with both unfortunates, for whom he had so bravely imperiled his life.

The daily papers were full of praises. The illustrated papers of New York and London contained his picture, but when we were alone in our room it was pitiful to see him. His face would turn ashen pale and he

A MODERN LYRIC.

If you could only always know,
When the door-bell rings,
Just who it is that stands below,
Making the door-bell jingle so,
Quite frequently you wouldn't go
When the door-bell rings.

It ain't sure to be a friend,
When the door-bell rings;
It may be "Umbrellas to mend?"
Or some one with fine shoes to vend,
Whose flow of language has no end,
When the door-bell rings.

It's always at your busiest time,
When the door-bell rings,
Your hands may be as black with grime,
In such a case your language I'm
Quite sure I'd never put in rhyme,
When the door-bell rings.

WISE WORDS.

Forgetting is forgiving.
A light heart lives long.
Marriage is love's sacrifice.
Don't try to pump out the sea.
A good deed needs no applause.
A kiss is a song without words.
Covetousness hoards itself poor.
Sunshine is the heaven of living.
Love teaches us the pleasure of pain.
All true love is grounded on esteem.
Friendship depends largely on funds.
Speech is a deformity in some people.

A woman's smile can make a burden light.
Love is contagious, epidemic and incurable.
What the rosebud promises it does not fulfill.
You cannot play false, and yet rightly win.
Help the deserving, not all those who appeal.
It is wonderful how near conceit is to insanity.
Suspicion paves the road to misunderstanding.

It is not the longest life that has the most in it.
People are so much alike they should be better friends.
When two ride the same horse, one must ride behind.
Love and necessity are the only cures for laziness.
It is seldom that a woman thinks so without saying so.

We rarely find as much in a dollar as we think there is.
Theory of Plant Growth.
The theory of plant growth, elaborated chiefly by American biologists, that the motion is rhythmic and not regularly continuous is being brought forward to account for many phenomena hitherto deemed inexplicable. One of the most notable of these attempts appears in a paper in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, describing the manner in which nature produces the various forms of the Citrus tribe. It is an uncommon occurrence that a small orange is found inside of a larger one; and the kind known as the navel orange is one in which a very feeble attempt to form another orange results in giving the "navel" appearance to the fruit. This is explained by stating that a branch is arrested in its longitudinal growth when the fruit is to be formed, and the parts, leaves and stems become enlarged and succulent instead of normal leaves and stem. An orange is really but a transformed mass of leaves and branches. In the double orange the wave growth does not entirely rest when forming the one orange, but makes another feeble attempt to elongate, only to be arrested as the first wave was, resulting in a smaller fruit. Sometimes the primary wave is the feebler, in which case it is almost wholly abortive, and the only "orange" resulting is the one which would be the interior in the double instance, or the "navel" in the other. This results in the variety known as the mandarin. The mandarin is the product of the upper, and usually very feeble growth wave. In the lemon the "nipple" is the result of a feeble attempt of the second growth wave to form another lemon on the top of the lower, and is analogous to the "navel" in the variety of orange known as such. The author of the paper believes that much of the variety we see among plants and flowers are referable to varying intensities in growth waves.—New York Independent.

Related by an Argonaut.
James Brown, of Salt Lake City, Utah, claims to have witnessed the first discovery of gold in California, having been with Marshall when the glittering scales were picked up in Sutter's millrace in 1847. He tells the story of the find as follows:
"Some time in January, 1847, I was working with Marshall at Sutter's mill, on the American River. Marshall and I came upon some decayed granite at the bottom of the millrace, where we were at work. Marshall was interested in the rock, but the rest of us didn't think anything of it. He said, 'We will shut down the gates early in the morning,' and it was done. He was down at the race that morning while the rest of us were in the cabin. In a short time Marshall came up with his hat in his hand, saying, 'Boys, I've got her now.'
"I being about the youngest and most curious of the crowd, ran to him, and saw on the lining of his hat ten or twelve pieces of scale gold. The largest piece was worth fifty cents. I picked it up and tested it in my teeth, and as it did not give I held it up and yelled 'Gold, boys, gold!'
"At that the rest of them crowded around. I plated my piece out thin and ran to the cabin and tested it on a hot bed of manzanita coals, and as it did not burn away I knew it was gold. We picked up lots of it in the next two or three days."—Detroit Free Press.

When the door-bell rings,
Making the door-bell jingle so,
Quite frequently you wouldn't go
When the door-bell rings.

It ain't sure to be a friend,
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It may be "Umbrellas to mend?"
Or some one with fine shoes to vend,
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It's always at your busiest time,
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Your hands may be as black with grime,
In such a case your language I'm
Quite sure I'd never put in rhyme,
When the door-bell rings.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cut rates—Surgeons' fees.—Truth.
The good hackman is known by his carriage.—Florida Times-Union.
A kiss is a song that should always be encored.—Florida Times-Union.

Ring a belle—Putting a nose ornament on a Kafir woman.—Halo.
The pawnbroker never gets so old that he takes no interest in life.—Boston Transcript.

Some people do not recognize their obligations when they meet them.—Galveston News.
No, my son; a doctor doesn't know everything; but he thinks you think he does.—Punch.

People who think before they speak always manage to economize on talk.—Washington Post.
When some people want counsel they proceed to consult their own interests.—Galveston News.

The dentist who devotes himself to pulling aching molars is necessarily a pain-taking fellow.—Buffalo Courier.
Motto for the Shopping Fiend: "If you see what you want, price a dozen other things before asking for it."—Puck.

A man breathes, on an average, ten thousand quarts of air a day—and talks about 1,000,000.—Angusta (Ga.) Chronicle.
The woman who can pass a mirror without looking into it has the heroism of which martyrs are made.—Florida Times-Union.

A local dealer advertises "a new stock of walking-sticks for gentlemen with carved wooden heads."—Philadelphia Record.
Mrs. Shopper—"Why, all these toys are old!" Shopkeeper—"Yes, madam, but then you know most of the babies are new."—Vogue.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; that is to say, the druggist is likely to charge just as much for it.—Puck.
When a man claims that grip is only a vagary of a deserted brain, it is pretty safe to bet he has never had it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Chicago man who had just surrendered his watch to a foot pad, was moved to remark that he didn't know when he had been so pressed for time.—Washington Star.

The doctrine of heredity is a comforting theory. It is so pleasant, you know, to be able to lay our faults and foolishness on our forefathers.—Boston Transcript.

The jealousy of physicians is remarkable. No sooner does one of them discover a disease than half-a-dozen more concentrate all their energies upon its suppression.—Puck.
Traveler in Missouri—"I want to find the conductor. Who has charge of this train?" Trainman—"Can't tell till after we pass the next strip of woods."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"Do you believe that practice always makes perfect?" "No; it hasn't made anything but a row ever since that idiot upstairs commenced with his flute."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.
Byers—"What was your idea in getting vaccinated on your rheumatic arm?" Seller—"Economy of pain. It couldn't make the arm hurt worse than it did already."—Chicago Tribune.

"That young widow Filson is quite a dashing creature, don't you think?" "I guess you are right. She dashed my hopes most effectually when I asked her to marry me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Charlie Sniffers (out with Dollie Dimple).—"Fardon me for bowing to that shabby old codger, but I feel obliged to do it." Dollie—"Who is he, Charlie?" Charlie—"He is the head of our firm."—Spre Moments.

Nell—"How do you know she is in love with Jack?" Belle—"Because she told me he was perfectly horrid, and if she were in my place she wouldn't have anything to do with him."—Philadelphia Record.

Footman—"Say, Jeems, what would we do if we found a pocketbook with \$20,000 that the boss had left in the carriage?" Coachman—"Do? We wouldn't do nothing at all. We'd live on our income."—Texas Sittings.

Customer—"Why is it you charge as much for a six-pound pig as you do for a sixteen-pound pig?" Butcher—"The smaller the pig, mum, the worse it hurts us to kill it. Got to charge somethin' for our feelin's, mumm."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Seare—"Jack Marblehead gave me a great reception yesterday. He has a cannon on his yacht and when I came on board he fired a salute of ever so many guns—forty-nine, I think it was." Miss Smarte—"One for every year of your age, I suppose."—Vogue.