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The 400 would be nowhere in Russia, exclaims the New York Press. The members of the Russian nobility foot up 650,000 persons.

Despite all the criticism of the present athletic craze, it remains a fact, maintains the New York Mail and Express, that the girl of today is taller, stronger, trimmer and more robust than the girl of ten years ago.

Missouri, it is said, will have the youngest member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. Norman A. Mozley, who defeated Arnold in the Fourteenth District, is not yet twenty-eight years old. He is a self-made lawyer of Dexter.

Printer's Ink contains, this admonition:
If at the foot
And want to rise—
Advertise!
If top of heap
You would keep—
Advertise!
Where's on earth
Your dwelling place,
If you would win
Success' race—
Advertise.

The only time when American troops were ever sent beyond this continent was in 1749, when the British sent an expedition to attack the coast cities of Venezuela. In that expedition there were 400 soldiers from North Carolina, but at the present day it is impossible to ascertain any of their names. This shows how easily our history may be blotted out by neglect.

W. R. Lerner, Indian agent for the Saes and Foxes at Tacoma, Iowa, where there are 392 Indians, makes a rather pessimistic report of the conditions and advancement of the Indians. There are but thirty-five houses, the Indians living mostly in tepees. Most of the Indians cling to the blanket, instead of civilized dress. He expected to make a report of agricultural progress, but was doomed to disappointment. There has been no progress in schools.

There are three things that attract the notice of a traveler from the States when he has got into Canada, so to say nothing of the general dullness that pervades that province. One, enumerates the Chicago Herald, is the disappearance of window blinds and bareness of the house fronts. The other is the presence of militiamen and policemen, who are as nearly copies as may be of the English militia and London "bobbies." The third is the impossibility of getting your shoes blacked, except in the wash rooms of the hotels. One pays ten cents for a shave, and a New York artist who did his work so shabbily would be made to do it over again.

The New York Sun observes: It is not surprising that parties of Norwegian immigrants have left Minnesota to settle in British Columbia. They can get farms for nothing there upon condition that they improve the land; and that is something not to be got in the United States in our time. Nearly all the Norwegians who come to this country want to take up farms, but we cannot give away these nice presents upon such easy terms as in other times. There are yet, however, Southwestern States in which they can buy land cheaply, and we direct their attention to that part of our broad country, which has a richer soil, a better climate, a higher productive power and more accessible markets than any of the Canadian provinces. We say frankly that those of them who settle in Canada will constitute a very desirable accession to its population, even though they may be discontented under foreign rule and a European flag.

CORONER—"You swear positively that you were not to blame for the man's death?" Dr. Tyro (haughtily)—"Certainly, sir; they did not call me soon enough."—Buffalo Courier.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

To-day, I sing a victor strain,
A hymn of praise,
A canticle of joyous sound
I upward raise.

From boughs that thickly overhang
The battle-field,
I pluck fair laurel leaves with which
To deck my shield.

My spear and helmet, too, I twine
With leaves of bay
In token of my victory
In furious fray.

Yet no man's blood bestains my mail,
And what is best,
No ghastly face, nor dying moan,
Disturbs my rest.

To-day, between Heaven's holy hills
And Hell's dark pit,
I met a Sin that tempted me,
And conquered it!

—Clarence Ury, in Youth's Companion.

SUSAN ANN'S METHOD.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

WHEN Susan Ann Bilton married Joram Nellums she thought she was doing big things, for Joram was very fore-handed, and there wasn't a thriftier farmer in all Squan Neck neighborhood than he was. Of course, people said Joram Nellums was so close that a dollar couldn't be dragged out of his pocket with a team of cattle; but Susan Ann said that was because they hadn't so much as he had and didn't know how to accumulate. As far as Susan Ann was concerned, she was an old maid who took in sewing and made enough by it to dress herself well and live in the only hotel in the town of Squan Neck. It wasn't much of a hotel, as hotels go these days, but it sheltered Miss Bilton very comfortably, and being an independent woman who liked to have her own way coming and going, she found it eminently satisfactory. It cost her possibly as much as \$2 a month more to live there than if she had gone to Mrs. Wiggins's boarding-house, but Susan Ann was not close when it came to her own comfort and convenience. It was a great lift to her, no doubt, when she married Joram Nellums, for now she was to be mistress of her own house and the finest farm in the country.

Many a younger woman than she would have been glad to have become Mrs. Nellums, and it cannot be denied that on the first Sunday that the new Mrs. Nellums walked down the aisle of the church she carried her head a few notches higher than the neck and lowly doctrines taught in the edifice every Sunday really required of her. That was the woman in her, however, and it may be excused under the circumstances. It was a great thing to be Mrs. Joram Nellums, and Susan Ann Bilton was not the only woman in Squan Neck who thought so, although Susan Ann was the only woman who knew what it was from actual experience.

The happy couple went away on a bridal tour to be gone two weeks, and it was a sore disappointment to Susan Ann when Joram cut it just half in two, giving as an excuse that the business of the farm had very unexpectedly called him back. Like an obedient wife she accepted his explanations and his promises that they would go to the city as soon as the crops were laid by, and they would stay there as long as she cared to stay.

For a month after their return, Susan Ann laid great store by her exalted position in Squan Neck society, but somehow there was an ever present lack of opportunity to use it to excess. Joram was busy, or Joram was tired, or Joram had something else that prevented, or forty dozen other obstacles with Joram back of them interfered with her plans. Thus a year ran on, and by that time Susan Ann was doing kitchenwork and housework and there was some indication that she would be doing the washing next, with a fair prospect that tailoring for Joram and one or two of the farmhands would be added to her other duties. Occasionally Joram had something to say about economy, but he never accused her of extravagance.

"You ain't very savin', Susan Ann," he said to her one day, "but I'm willin' to agree that you ain't a great spender."

About this time the fact began to dawn upon her gradually that there was a difference in the manner of Mrs. Nellums's every-day life and that of Miss Susan Ann Bilton. She would wonder sometimes if making dresses and getting paid for them, with the privilege of spending her earnings as she pleased, was not in some particulars almost as satisfying as doing two women's work for Joram Nellums without pay.

At the end of two years, she discovered that the wedding clothes that she had provided herself with had come to the ragged edge, and a new dress at least, and bonnet were absolutely necessary. So when Joram sat down to breakfast one morning in a good humor, for the breakfast was a good one, done entirely by herself, she told him that she wanted something to wear, and gave him a little memorandum of what was needed.

"Jeerously, Susan Ann," he exclaimed, "I can't stand this. I've always said you wasn't much on savin', but this is upstet'n' everything. Why, what you've got down here will cost as much as thirty-one dollars and seventy-five cents."

"What if it does, Joram," she replied amiably, "haven't I worked for it? You haven't bought me anything since we got married."

"And I ain't bought myself any-

thing, have I?" he asked after the manner of the kind of man he was.

When breakfast was over Susan Ann was not much nearer the desired goal than before, and she was in a bad humor besides, with an addition in the shape of a disappointment in Joram she had been trying for a long time to stave off.

At the end of a week he gave her \$10 and told her that he could not spare another cent.

"You must remember, Susan Ann," he said, "that I ain't a millionaire. And even if I was, I wouldn't encourage extravagance in a woman. It's born in 'em anyway, and if they get half a chance with money they never know when to stop letting it go."

Three months after this lecture from Joram, she got another when the necessities of the case drove her to him to get a pair of shoes.

Then Susan Ann sat down to think over the situation, and it is safe to say that she did some very tall thinking. Some women might have wept, but Susan Ann was no weeper. If she had tears to shed, she did not intend to shed them in a cause of this kind. Something harder than tears was the remedy, and Susan Ann was not long in getting it.

That night at supper Joram didn't like the coffee. It was more like beans, he said, but Susan Ann hadn't much to say, and Joram thought she was sullen because he had talked judiciously to her on the subject of extravagance.

The bad coffee continued a week and then Joram noticed that the meat was not as good nor was the bread, as it had once been. He complained, but Susan Ann hadn't much to say.

On the following Sunday when they started out to church Joram thought Susan Ann was a sight to behold, but he didn't say anything for fear she might come back at him about the dress and the shoes.

It was the first time since they had been married that Joram had not felt a pride in the appearance of Mrs. Nellums and it made him think just a little. On the way home he spoke of it and suggested that as he had made a little something on wheat the week before, maybe he could let her have that money for a new dress.

"Indeed, no, Joram," she replied, "I don't want it. I only thought I did. I can get along just as well with what I have at present and we can save that. Every little counts, you know, Joram, and we are too poor to go to needless expense."

He insisted mildly that she should take the money, but it was not difficult for her to convince him that it was extravagant, and he said no more about it.

The dark bread and the weak coffee and the bad meat continued, and there were added other things less attractive to the palate than formerly, and one day when he wanted to know why she did not use the meat in the smoke house that he knew was as good as any that had ever been cured, and he prided himself on curing meat, she surprised him by putting quite a sum of money down by his plate and telling him she had sold it for a good price because she thought it was more economical to eat less expensive meat.

Joram began to talk, but she was so pleasant and practical in her arguments that he hadn't the heart to argue and gave up the her.

He also put the money in his pocket.

One day when he went into town on his wagon some boys made rude remarks about the clothes he wore, and when he told Susan Ann about it, she said maybe he had ought to get something better, she flew at it pieces and gave the naughty boys such a raking over that Joram was sorry he had said anything about it, and went on wearing the same old clothes.

A dozen or more times during the winter Joram sat shivering before a miserable fire because Susan Ann insisted that fuel was too expensive and that they must save until they had plenty to indulge in luxuries on.

Day by day the table became poorer and poorer; the good china was put away and the old cracked kind brought out; the little silver things that had been given them for wedding presents were locked up, and Susan Ann was cutting down expenses in a way that nobody would have expected of her.

Several nights Joram almost froze for lack of cover, but Susan Ann was cheerful and told him that newspapers were warmer than blankets if he would only make up his mind to think so.

He kicked, however, on this and was only pacified when she gave him \$20 that she had put up and didn't care to use. He thought it was extracted stock that she had, but later when he wanted some and she told him she had sold it all, and there wasn't anything for dessert now but dried apples, Joram became rather demonstrative, and it was all her good temper could do to keep him from boiling over.

All this time Joram was doing some thinking as well as Susan Ann was, and between shivering at nights and half starving during the day, he was getting in a condition to go to a lunatic asylum.

One day the final crash arrived. When Joram came in from work the big easy chair he had paid \$25 for in a freak of extravagance just before he was married was gone, and with it all the carpets.

"What does this mean, Susan Ann?" he asked, trying to appear cool. "Are you housecleaning?"

"Why, Joram," laughed Susan Ann, "how you talk. You know this ain't housecleaning time."

"Well, where's the chair and carpets, then?"

"Here they are, Joram," and she gave him \$100. "Besides the money I got a cheaper chair and cheap car-

pets in their place, and they'll be here in the morning. Now go on and wash your face and hands; supper's ready."

Joram obeyed and went to supper; and it was the meanest supper he ever sat down to. That evening he shivered before the fire of slack and rubbish and that night he had to little cover, but he could hear the money jingling in his pockets.

At breakfast he appeared looking as blue as an ague patient and shaking like two.

"Susan Ann," he said, "I'm going to town this morning. You haven't sold the horse and buggy yet, have you?"

"No, Joram," she answered, "but there's a man coming to look at it to-day. We don't need it, and it costs a mint of money to keep a carriage anyhow."

"What time's the man coming, Susan Ann?" he asked submissively.

"He said he'd be here at 10 o'clock," Joram Nellums gulped as if something were choking him, and he looked at Susan Ann.

"Susan Ann," he said slowly, "here's a check for \$1000 and you can tell the man that's coming to go to grass. I'm going to take you to town in the buggy and we are going to buy everything we want and have a nice time, and when we come back, I'm going to make you cashier of the business and you can do as you please. Economy's all right, Susan Ann, but there's a limit to it that somehow I never see before until you showed it to me."

Then it was that Susan Ann broke down and cried, because she thought the occasion appropriate, and the tears that fell from her face fell upon the face of the check in her hand, but Joram actually laughed and kicked up his heels like a boy.—Detroit Free Press.

How Scissors Are Made.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which later on is fastened into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and that is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed in a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet.

The blades are next ground, and the handles filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time.

In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Chinamen Buying Guns.

A unique sight at the present time is the number of Chinamen who can be seen in the various gun stores purchasing firearms. In one store on Broadway, New York City, could have been seen the other day a dozen Mongolians, each carefully examining a rifle, and in their way expressing themselves as to the peculiar merits of the arm in question. As a rule, they were solicitous as to the mechanism devoted to breech-loading, but once in a while an enthusiast would raise the rifle to his shoulder and in his imagination consider the result. Dealers say that considerable quantities of small arms, as well as rifles, have been bought ostensibly for the purpose of shipping to China. Generally the assemblage of these Chinamen on the sidewalk, who look with wondering or philosophical eyes, according to the temperament of each individual, upon the curious picture displayed before them.—Hardware.

Ah Shing's Little Trick.

"An amusing thing occurred while I was at Yokohama," says a recently returned traveler. "An official notice of the Government had been published in the Japanese newspapers saying that all Chinese who wished to depart must do so by a certain date, or else remain until the war was over. Thereupon, Ah Shing, a big clothing dealer of 16 Water street, called all the Chinese together and they all agreed to go. They got their goods to the dock, and finally aboard the steamer, with themselves, and the steamer pulled out. At the last moment it was found that the wealthy merchant had held his goods and shipped back to the city. He at once resumed business, having got rid of all opposing merchants, and is now rolling in riches, because of the great business he is doing."—Detroit Free Press.

Strongest Man in Kentucky.

Tom McNeugal, of Brandenburg, Ky., was said to be the strongest man in Kentucky. It was an easy job for Tom to lift a barrel to his mouth and drink out of the bung hole. Tom was a married man, and afterward moved to Harrison County, Indiana, living across the river about three miles from Brandenburg. The first increase in his family was twins, the next time it was triplets and then his wife presented him with eight boys, four at a birth. These eight boys all grew up to be men, and the smallest of them weighed 165 pounds. One of the first quartet, Mr. McNeugal, now lives in Brandenburg, and is a well known citizen of that county.—Atlanta Constitution.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO WASH PRINTS.

Calicos, gingham and chambrays cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary washday would ruin them.

To set the colors soak the dress a few minutes before beginning the regular washing. If there is much pink, purple, lavender or green in the goods, strong cold alum water is the best. For reds, yellows, browns and the like, use about one ounce of sugar of lead to a gallon of water. For black and white combinations, whether striped or in the form of gray, dissolve two handfuls of salt in a tub of cold water.

Do not use boiling but merely warm water to wash colored cottons. Powdered borax is better than soap to clean them, for it does not affect the colors. Then wash hastily through warm bran water, rinse twice, blue if the colors require bluing, wring, starch on the wrong side with well-made, smooth starch, and hang in a breezy but not sunny place until the dresses are absolutely dry. The sun would fade the colors. Sprinkle even and finely, but not too much, roll away for awhile, and then iron the untrimmed parts on the wrong side; ruffles, tucks and the like on the right.—American Agriculturist.

AIT IN BREADMAKING.

At the same lesson where Mrs. Rorer treated Vienna bread she also took up whole wheat bread, which is considered extremely nutritious and wholesome. It was a noticeable fact that the dough and sponge of the whole wheat bread was entirely different from that of the Vienna. In the pan it was weighty to the touch, and on the kneading board proved itself far from elastic. The whole wheat is the grain robbed of the husk. It is nitrogenous and contains phosphates, therefore it is most nutritious, and away and beyond the white bread in the matter of healthful properties. The recipe for this is one quart of liquid, which may be one-half milk and one-half water. Scald the milk and add the water to it. When lukewarm add one cake of dissolved yeast, one teaspoonful of salt and sufficient whole wheat flour to make dough, like white bread. Knead until soft and elastic, cover in a bowl or pan and let it stand three hours, then mould, put in greased square pan and stand aside for one hour; after which bake in a moderately slow oven.

A flour rich in gluten soon becomes elastic. Keep the sponge at the first kneading at a temperature of sixty-eight to seventy degrees. To make sure of your yeast, never use a cake that is the least bit soft or has any other odor than that which belongs to it by nature. The square loaf requires a slow oven, the more slender Vienna form a quick one.

In home-made yeast there is a mingling of weeds, as yeast of this order is unselected, while in the German variety all the weeds have been exterminated, and in one tiny cake there are ten thousand times as many yeast germs as in a cup of home-made yeast.

Corn bread was next taken up, and the recipe for that was given as follows: One-half pint of boiling water, mixed with one half pint of corn flour until the combination is free from lumps and is perfectly smooth. Add one-half cup of milk and place on the fire, cooking until it is scalded; add one-half a yeast cake, one-half tea spoonful of salt and sufficient wheat flour to make a thin dough.

Add this flour slowly and finally tip the bowl toward you and beat vigorously for a few minutes. Nearly all bread requires kneading, and this portion of the process of bread making is largely the secret of its success or failure. It should be done lightly, delicately, but very thoroughly, and with the ball of the hand.—New York Journal.

RECIPES.

Cocoanut Pyramids—Whip the whites of five eggs as for icing, add one pound of powdered sugar while doing this until it will stand alone, then beat in one cup of grated cocoanut. Shape into pyramids upon a dish and serve.

Hickory-Nut Macaroons—To one and a half cupsful of hickory-nut meats pounded fine add ground all spice and nutmeg to taste. Make a frosting as for cakes, stir in the meats and spices. Flour the hands and roll the mixture into balls about the size of a nutmeg. Lay them on tins well buttered, giving room to spread, bake in a quick oven. Use washed butter for greasing the tins, as lard or salt butter gives an unpleasant taste.

Baked Mushrooms—Trim off the roots and imperfect parts of a quart of large mushrooms, and wash them in plenty of cold water containing a tablespoonful of vinegar; cut as many slices of bread, free from crust, as will cover the bottom of a medium sized baking pan. Lay the mushrooms on the bread, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, put a small piece of butter on each one, and set the pan in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve the mushrooms on toast, being careful that it does not burn.

Beefsteak and Oysters—For a steak of from two to three pounds use a quart of oysters, from which all bits of shell have been removed. Boil the steak without salting it, as quickly as possible, placing it close to a very hot fire; as soon as it is brown season with salt and pepper, put it on a hot platter and put over it the oysters. Lay on the oysters about two tablespoonfuls of butter cut in half-inch pieces, and put the dish into a very hot oven until the oysters are done, which will be as soon as their edges begin to curl. Serve the dish hot at once.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Philadelphia has a woman undertaker.

Minnesota has a dairy school for women.

There are 100 women sugar planters in Louisiana.

Gardening for women is engaging attention in Germany.

Women are two inches taller than they were thirty years ago.

Evening silks in the style of thirty years ago are the height of modern fashion.

Wealthy women of New York give more to charity than those of any other city.

Fashionable women as bicycle riders are very numerous on the Boulevard, New York.

The latest fad is to light a banquet table with wax tapers, placing one before each guest.

At Reading, Penn., seventeen school janitresses are to have authority to arrest disturbers.

A deaconess hospital in connection with the Church of Scotland has been opened at Edinburgh.

The Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, Md., allows female students only in its medical school.

The heminis, or huge headdress, worn by the ladies of Paris during the fourteenth century, often cost as much as \$20.

There is a noteworthy preponderance of females in Sweden. The latest statistics show 148,669 more females than males.

The Governors of Westmeath Asylum, Ireland, have appointed a woman doctor to the medical charge of the female lunatics.

Women are employed to tend railroad switches in Holland. They do not fall asleep at the switch, and do not get drunk.

Talented young women find a continually expanding field for work in designing pictures for the newspapers and magazines.

Harvard refused to meet Boston University in debate until the latter cut out a woman who had been chosen as one of its champions.

The Countess of Wharfedale cut the first sod in England for the extension of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway to London.

A Philadelphia woman, recently deceased, whose will is now being contested, made provision that she should be buried in her seal skin sacque.

Miss Mary McCulloch, daughter of Hugh McCulloch, the famous financier and ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, has started on a tour around the world.

The Duchess of York has become General President of the South Lancashire Needlework Guild. The majority of the associates are pit and factory girls, domestic servants and farm help.

Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner is said to be the best amateur musician in New England. Most of the able musical criticisms so prominent throughout Mr. Warner's writings are due to her influence.

It is curious how many women named "Emma" have become famous in the musical world. There are Emma Eames, Emma Caive, Emma Nevada and Emma Abbott, all of whom were or are queens of song.

Miss Florence Nightingale, who is enjoying excellent health at seventy-four, is in very comfortable circumstances. Besides her private income she has \$250,000 publicly subscribed for her at the close of the Crimean war.

"Gyp," the French writer of sensational novels, is Mme. de Martie. She is forty-four years old, was born in Brittany, and is a great-niece of Mirabeau. She married at nineteen, and her eldest child, a boy, is twenty years of age.

The cynical Detroit Free Press remarks that a woman may love a man for what he does for her, and the cynical Aethion Globe remarks that after a woman marries she doesn't see the point of her husband's jokes as quickly as she used.

There is a business woman in New York who lives in daily fear of failing in business. She has put away a thousand dollars in her tea-caddy. This is to purchase chickens for the nucleus of a stock farm if business manipulations turn out wrong.

Nobly will accuse the artistic girl of turning her boudoir into an apothecary shop. Still, it is a fact that the cunning creature is supplying her den with a mysteriously beautiful light at night by placing globes of colored water in front of lighted candles placed on corner brackets.

A woman jeweler and engraver, who sits in a window in Sixth avenue, New York City, busily engrossed with her work, attracts the attention of the passers-by. It is a wonder more women do not learn these trades, as their nimble fingers would seem to fit them peculiarly for the work. A pleasant and lucrative employment it is said to be.

Rev. Dr. Phebe Hanaford, the well-known Universalist clergyman, enjoys the rare distinction of having been the first woman chaplain to preside over a body of legislators. This experience was hers in the years '70 and '72 at New Haven, Conn. For such services she received the stipulated pay given men for like offices and was presented with a check on pay day as were the lawmakers. It is an honor not often conferred upon women to-day.

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticized her puddings, and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.

His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best.
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;

So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

—Robbott Sunday Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A blanket mortgage furnishes but a poor horse-warming.—Puck.

Alice—"Beauty is but skin deep."
Maud (spitefully)—"Who told you?"—Puck.

The man that rifles your pockets should be shot-gunned.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

A man may be beside himself, and yet have no idea how ridiculous he looks.—Puck.

The man next door always has one advantage over me. That's in his neighbors.—Puck.

"The Missing Link"—The one the dog stole in the Bologna sausage factory.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

The virtues made of necessity always appear as if the material couldn't have been very abundant.—Puck.

We all believe in letting well enough alone; but we make mistakes as to the right time to do it.—Puck.

"Is Miss Elder's hair artificial?"
"Oh, no; it is human hair."
"I mean it is her own?"
"Certainly; she bought it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

And now the busy office man
Will find one duty more;
When'er 'tis cold he'll have to yell,
"Come back and close the door!"
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Placid—"Where were you last night?" Mr. P.—"At a stag party, my dear." "I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs."—Philadelphia Record.

Friend—"Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs?" Successful Merchant—"No; newspaper advertisements are better, and cheaper."—Printers' Ink.