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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

The Harvard Graduates' Magazine says that there is not an institution of learning in the country that teaches the Russian language and literature.

Search lights are such good targets for the enemy's guns that the Germans are arranging to throw the light first on a mirror and thence on the enemy, thereby concealing its real source.

Only two killed and eight injured is the casualty record of the Citizens' Traction Company, of Pittsburg, Penn., for the past two years.

A curious scientist has calculated that the offspring of a single microbe in twenty-four hours will outnumber the population of London, while in forty-eight hours they will reach the number of 250,000,000,000,000.

The pawnshop established by St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, of New York City, for the benefit of the poor has been so successful that the congregation is trying to raise another \$100,000 to put into it.

The estimated losses from hog cholera and swine plague of between \$10,000,000 and \$25,000,000 per annum in the United States of the treatment and means of prevention of these diseases in a bulletin issued by the Agricultural Department, is of great value to the farmers of this country.

English newspapers are warning persons against emigrating to Mexico, with a view to permanent settlement, without informing themselves in a reliable way as to the prospects of earning a livelihood.

Baring Brothers & Co. will soon be ready for business again. The great liquidation is ended, a syndicate having taken the last block of securities, amounting to \$7,500,000, held by the Bank of England.

Two striking instances of the depression in the value of agricultural land in England are reported in the Chicago Herald, from Kent. Forty acres of good arable land near Lydd, which a few years since was valued at \$3500, has changed hands for \$2500.

The Suez Canal is characterized by Mr. Mulhall, in the current Contemporary Review, as "by far the most important waterway in the world, and perhaps the most useful work ever made by man. It shortens the voyage between Europe and the East by one-third, thus enabling two vessels to do the work of three, and its traffic has increased fifty-four per cent. in ten years."

A Clever Advertisement. A physician of Montpellier was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have set his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with beat of drum, a reward of twenty-five lous to whoever should bring it to him.

AD DORATHEAM.

I know where there is honey in a jar. Meet for a certain little friend of mine; Ang. Dorothy. I know where daisies are. That only small hands can pick them.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad; The house is bright with blossoms high and low. And many a little lass and little lad, Especially are running to and fro. The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We wait thee, child, to share in our delight On this high day, the holiest and best. Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight Thy grandamma, of women loveliest, Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose That honey was the sweetest that has, I grieve to tell, Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose. And toddle with it to another belle. Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this— To waste no love on any youthful rover (All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss.) No, if thou wiltst true constancy discover, Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day, That baby-year small hands can offer me, And with thy baby laughter make me gay. Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy Song that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee. —W. E. Gladstone.

"NUMBER 29."

The vast, mud-colored building loomed out of the fog as the doctor's brougham drew up, with a jerk, under the portico. Against the dark lining of the carriage the set face of a man inside was visible by the light of a portable lamp.

Sir Kenneth Brandon was one of the few London doctors whose names are familiar abroad. He had made one big discovery, he had done a great deal of useful work, and at 50 he was already making a large income.

The doctor drew a long breath; he had grown a little paler before he spoke. "Poor creature, she mistakes me for some one else. They often do at the last," he whispered, and then, taking down the usual card hung above the bed on which the patient's age, disease and diet, as well as the doctor's name in charge of the case, were written, he added urbanely: "Quite right. Dr. Brown has ordered everything that could possibly be of use. Sister, look after this case specially."

Lady Sibthorpe said something gracious and passed on. Not a feature of the strange scene had escaped her. It was evident that something extraordinary had happened. That these two—the fashionable physician and the pitiable outcast on the hospital mattress—knew each other she had now not the smallest doubt.

Inside the large hall, where a marble statue of the Queen loomed chillily out of the vague half-light, a lady was already waiting for him—a fair, high-bred face, with something of the look of the student, modernized by a slightly bored air, such as is often seen in a cultivated woman of the world.

They met as people meet who are more than interested in each other. For some time past Lady Sibthorpe had known that he liked her, and for some time past she had almost made up her mind that she might accept him, but there was no hurry; they were both of a certain age; they both had their occupations, their affairs. And now they turned up the stone staircase together, on their way to the woman's wards.

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has learned to witness suffering without a sign.

On seeing Sir Kenneth Brandon Sister Catherine, a long-nosed woman with bright eyes, hurried forward as superintendent of the ward.

"Now take me round to your patients, Sir Kenneth," she said when she had done. Sister Catherine moved forward, a professional look on her bright face. They stopped at every bed. Lady Sibthorpe asked questions in a business-like way, and Sir Kenneth, whose "hospital manner" was proverbial, addressed the patients in the same tone he would have employed to a duchess. His way with women was one of the things for which he was justly famous.

"We have a new patient there, Sir Kenneth," said the sister; "No. 29—a hopeless case—the last stage of consumption, aggravated by want and dirt. They brought her in from one of the common lodging houses. Poor creature! she was in a terrible state when she came."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the great physician, in his sympathetic voice. All three approached the bed. The patient's back was turned to him, but as steps approached she tossed over and lay on her back, her weekly vicious face, with its flush of color on each cheek bone, looking sharply emaciated against the witnesses of the pillow. There were streaks of gray in the dark hair, and the eyes—dull, slaty eyes, which had once been blue—were blood-shot and red-lidded.

Sir Kenneth leaned forward and their eyes met in a long stare. The years seemed to roll away. The doctor's heart stood still. Great God! could this horrible wreck of womanhood be his wife? And she was going to speak? It was a fateful moment.

But No. 29 only laughed—an unmeaning, coarse and empty laugh. "Oh, Lord! Are you here?" she muttered, and tossed over.

The doctor drew a long breath; he had grown a little paler before he spoke. "Poor creature, she mistakes me for some one else. They often do at the last," he whispered, and then, taking down the usual card hung above the bed on which the patient's age, disease and diet, as well as the doctor's name in charge of the case, were written, he added urbanely: "Quite right. Dr. Brown has ordered everything that could possibly be of use. Sister, look after this case specially."

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"Possibly," replied the physician, dryly; "but meanwhile—" "Meanwhile the woman has succumbed. She died last night."

There was a burst of laughter from each side of the table. A well-known Q. C. was telling the latest joke. In the pause that followed Lady Sibthorpe studied the menu and Sir Kenneth fingered some grapes on his plate. How much did she know? It seemed to him an eternity before she spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical case. The woman seemed to be what we are now agreed to call a 'morally deficient' person. Yet, properly trained and protected, 'No. 29' might now be alive, well, and a tolerably useful member of society. Think of it! That pitiable woman was barely 40."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth, slowly, "you have probably only heard half her story. Do you really know anything about her?" "Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abruptly. And as she looked him straight between the eyes, the doctor knew that she was aware of the whole story.

"I—I thought I would rather see to this thing myself." Nothing more was said. He sat down again when they were gone, staring blankly at the fruit-strewn plates and the half-drained glasses. Her crumpled napkin fell across his knee, and as it fell he saw with a shudder a vision of a stiff, silver figure in the hospital mortuary. He could hear the ladies' silken trains and high-bred voices as they trailed upstairs. And the doctor knew that when that suave, desirable, but unrelenting woman had passed out of the door, she had also passed finally out of his life.

Not Yet Whipped. A French army surgeon, Doctor Sarazin, writing of his experiences during the Franco-German war, mentions two striking incidents of the disastrous battle of Froeschwiller.

Suddenly the Doctor looked up and saw a little French soldier, with his knapsack on his back and his musket in his hand, walking tranquilly up the street toward the enemy's position. At that moment a letter-box against the wall caught his eye. He stopped, took out a note-book, scribbled a few lines, folded the leaf, addressed it and dropped it into the box. Then he looked at the lock of his musket, and alone took up his march against the German army!

"What became of that brave boy?" Doctor Sarazin asks. "What incensate courage pushed him thus to the front, one boy against an army, when thirty thousand men were fleeing behind him? To whom did he confide his last thoughts? I would gladly have saved that letter, but the next morning the box was gone. The Prussians had carried it away."

Hardly had this boy hero disappeared, when the Doctor noticed six miners of the engineer corps, who came up with pickaxes to make loopholes in the walls of the buildings. They were a little late. There were no longer any men to put behind the loopholes.

So the miners reasoned, for presently the Doctor saw them conferring together. Then they put down their pickaxes, took up some muskets and cartridges, and like the boy before them, they marched against the German army!

It would like another room, landlords, said a mild young man at the office counter of a private hotel according to the Detroit Free Press.

"What's the matter now?" asked the landlord, "anybody committed suicide next door?" "Worse than that," said the mild young man; "the next room is the parlor of a suite occupied by a widow and her daughter."

"Exactly; you've hit it right the first time." "The daughter has a piano." "Well, do you object to the piano?" "Not in the least; but wait a moment. The young lady also has a lover."

"Oh!" said the landlord, "is he the obstacle?" "Let me state the case plainly. He bought her a new waltz, which they practise together every evening, but they will never learn it, never!" and the mild young man sighed.

"Why? Too difficult?" "Too difficult? No, sir; it's too easy. It's called the 'Kiss Waltz,' and at the end of every bar I hear him say, 'Now we kiss,' or she suggests, 'Here is more kissing.' Now, what I want to know is, why don't they give up either the music or the kissing? It's the combination that's killing me by inches."

The landlord told him that No. 13 was the only room vacant, but he said he'd take the chances, and moved in.

MILITARY PARKS.

THE PEACEFUL FATE OF FOUR FAMOUS FIELDS.

The Government Intent on Preserving the Scenes of Gettysburg, Shiloh, Antietam, and Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

AMONG the first bills passed by the House at the present session was one making an appropriation of \$75,000 for establishing a National military park at Shiloh and another appropriating \$20,000 for the dedication, next September, of the park already founded on the battlefields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, says a Washington correspondent.

The promptness with which these measures were acted upon is significant. Four of the most famous fields of the Civil War are now to be preserved for the wonder and study of future generations, and that, too, with a hearty co-operation and by the mutual desire of victors and vanquished on the field. It is doubtful whether there is anything quite like this to be found in history.

The first field to be set apart was naturally Gettysburg, the place of the most tremendous battle ever fought on this continent, one fraught with momentous consequences. A statement in Secretary Lamont's report of last year showed that, besides the large sum expended on the field by the Memorial Association and other bodies and by individuals, no less than \$863,017.82 had up to that time been contributed by States whose soldiers took part in the battle.

In this present report Mr. Lamont says that the movement undertaken by troops on both sides, as well as the lines which they held, have been in the main accurately established, and, after final verification, tablets will be placed at points on the flanks of each regiment in its various positions, while surplus cannon will in like manner identify the positions held by the batteries. When it is remembered that 256 Union regiments, with sixty-seven batteries and 189 Confederate regiments, with seventy batteries took part at Gettysburg, it will be seen how great is the labor involved. The suggestion, however, of self-interest that care should be taken not to overdo the details, and so confuse by needless minutiae a study so impressive and instructive in its broader and more general aspects. It can also be understood from the figures just given why so large an expense has been laid out upon this field, and why so many monuments, some of them costly and beautiful, mark this wonderful spot.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park is to the West what the Gettysburg is to the East. Chickamauga was the bloodiest of the Western battles, and if Chattanooga is added it towers up with a great strategic importance. When the bill for establishing this park was before Congress the House Military Committee made an elaborate comparison, based on the losses of the combatants in Napoleon's great battles, such as Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo, and again on the losses at Sadowa in 1866, and at Gravelotte, Sedan and other battles of the Franco-German war of 1870, so as to show the deadliness of the struggle at Chickamauga.

The committee declared that the "average losses on each side for the troops which fought through the two days were fully thirty-three per cent., while for many portions of each line the losses reached fifty per cent., and for some even seventy-five per cent." It concluded that such a field had "an importance to the Nation as an object lesson of what is possible in American fighting."

Mr. Lamont tells us in his present report that of the 5521 acres comprising the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park, 2100 have been cleared of underbrush to facilitate the work of the States locating the positions of their troops, and 600 remain to be cleared. So yet possibly the underbrush rather than the clearing may best represent the condition of the field in 1863.

Roads aggregating forty-one miles have been completed. A committee from the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and twenty soldiers there, are expected soon to co-operate with the Park Commission in establishing the lines of battle, and Alabama, Connecticut, Kansas, Maryland and West Virginia, which also have soldiers there, are expected soon to co-operate. Some of the lands on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, desired for the park, have been held at such exorbitant prices that the commission recommends the abandonment of efforts to purchase them; but the further purchase of about 1000 acres at Chickamauga is contemplated. The monuments of Massachusetts and Minnesota, and the fifty-five of Ohio have been completed, as have also the nine monuments to the regulars, while pyramids of shell mark where general officers fell. Various tablets for army headquarters and to mark corps, division and brigade movements are up, and seventy or more guns will denote the position of batteries by the end of the year.

Thus far the sum of \$651,710.63 has been appropriated for this park alone. Antietam is the third great battle field preserved by the action of Congress for determining and marking the lines of battle. Here, however, the task undertaken is different. The battle was fought on farms, and it is believed that by leaving the land in private hands, so that it may be used for farming, the best method will be taken for keeping it as it appeared to the combatants in September, 1862.

The same considerations might profitably be kept in mind in the management of the Gettysburg and Chickamauga fields, although there the establishment of a park requires somewhat different rules. Yet the purpose should be to keep them looking as nearly as they were in 1863, except for the monuments and identifying marks and the means of transportation. However, even at Antietam it is the purpose of the War Department to acquire certain lanes and roads along which the most severe fighting occurred, providing the land can be bought at a reasonable rate, and not otherwise. Then tablets and markers on such roads will be set up. The Antietam scene was, in fact, occupied with cleared fields and cornfields, and the famous "sunken road" ran from the Keedysville to the Hagarstown pike. It is to be hoped that the effort to acquire some of the old roads and lanes at a reasonable price may not be baffled. Still, at present it would not be correct to speak of the battle field as a park.

At Shiloh, however, a National military park is contemplated by the bill of Mr. Henderson, which the House has passed. Mr. Henderson explained that he and Mr. Black, of Illinois, and Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, had undertaken to look after the interests of the bill, and that options of the land had been secured at an average purchase price of \$12 an acre, whereas the Chickamauga Park had cost an average of \$28 an acre. The bill provides for a commission, to be selected from what were once known as the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Mississippi.

Thus two great battlefields at the East and two at the West will be appropriately marked for preservation, assuming that the Shiloh bill is to become law. They will form a remarkable series of memorials for future generations. Gettysburg and Chickamauga were in the broadest sense National battle fields. The former included troops from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota on the Union side, and from Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas on the Confederate. Chickamauga and Chattanooga, chiefly the latter, brought in eleven regiments and two batteries from Pennsylvania, sixteen regiments and batteries from New York, two regiments each from Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, and an artillery battalion from Maine.

All four were battles which the survivors on both sides can look upon with memories of pride as well as sorrow, and with the feeling that military laurels were won for both parts of the country.—New Orleans Picayune.

Talking Timepieces. There is no longer any necessity of asking, "What time is it?" as now the hour and minute are accurately spoken by a phonographic attachment to clocks and watches recently devised by M. Sivan, of Geneva. The nearest approach to this has been the repeating watches having a striking arrangement to give the hour and minutes. This is monotonous and too much like counting the strokes of an alarm bell to locate a fire. Sivan's watch is free from all these objections; the phonographic sounding plate is made of vulcanized rubber with striated furrows and a delicate point resting thereon as in the ordinary phonograph. On this rubber plate are forty-eight furrows, twelve of which correspond to the twelve hours and thirty-six representing the quarter hours traversed by the hands of the watch or clock in each circuit of the dial plate. The vibrating point vibrates with the sinusoides of the furrows translates the vibrations into spoken words as for instance: "It is 6 o'clock." "It is quarter of 8." "It is half-past 10," and so on through all the quarter-hours of the day. This rubber plate is only an exact reproduction upon a plain surface of the receiving cylinder of a phonograph. The possibilities of such a watch are immense. It can wake you in time for your early train or remind you that you ought to be hungry for your breakfast, or inform the long-winded statesman that he is wasting too much time and money on impracticable and tiresome oratory. What a welcome convenience such a pocket-piece would be to the convivial club man when in the wee small hours he could gauge his gait by the oral passing of time. However, this phonographic watch is practical and has come to stay.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sneezing. Dr. Sonnes Spicer, reading a paper the other day before the Chemists' Assistants' Association on "Sneezing," told his hearers that the act of sneezing has always been regarded as supernatural, and by many races was held in reverence. Hence arose the custom, not even now altogether obsolete, of making some remark directly after sneezing. Sneezing was regarded as a sign of impending death during the plague of Athens. Many classical writers make special reference to sneezing, and some supposed that during sneezing devils were expelled. Sneezing itself is a reflex nervous action, and is brought about by mechanical irritation to the ends of the nerve fibers which occur in the tissue of the nose. When this irritation occurs, whether it be due to a foreign body or change of temperature affecting the tissue of the nose, a nerve impulse is transmitted to the brain and certain nerve centres in the medulla oblongata are affected; this results in certain impulses being transmitted along the nerves to the muscles controlling respiration. By this means the egress of air during expiration is delayed, and the various exis are closed. When the pressure, however, reaches a limit, the exis are forced open, a powerful blast of air is expelled, and the patient sneezes.—London News.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious, and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh. She (Innocently)—"Landscape! Nature, indeed! Why, it's no more like nature than I am!"—Tid-Bits.

She—"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?" He—"A bachelor."—Pall Mall Budget.

"Why so glum?" asked a friend. "Aren't you doing a roaring trade?" "Yes, I am," admitted the basso, "but it is all on notes."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"But what earthly use is it to discover the north pole? I can't see." "It will save future expeditions."—Harper's Bazar.

Lady—"Are you full of gratitude for that meal I gave you?" Lane Walker—"Better than that, lady. I'm full of your splendid hash."—Philadelphia Record.

Papa—"Where did the count say his castle was—on the Rhine?" Agnes—"Yes; on a high cliff." Papa—"Guess it's on a high bluff, rather."—New York World.

New Boarder (shivering)—"This stove is too small for this room." Landlady (kindly)—"So it is. 'I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you."—New York Weekly.

Cholly Chumpleigh—"Yes; gloves are worn in bed at night to make the hands soft." Miss Coldean—"Indeed. Do you wear nightgowns, Mr. Chumpleigh?"—New York Weekly.

"Belin' funny," said Uncle Eben, "am sumpin' dat er man hez ter be mighty kyahful 'bout. 'Tain' so much in knowin' how ez 't is in knowin' when."—Washington Star.

Little Boy—"How old are you?" Miss Antique (confusedly)—"You should not ask a lady how old she is." Little Boy—"Oh, 'xuse me. How young are you?"—Good News.

Miss Passe—"Don't you consider it unlucky to get married on the thirteenth of the month?" Miss Rose—"Not so unlucky as not to be married at all, dear."—Boston Courier.

"You'll please look over this small bill," exclaimed the dun. The debtor took it; and then said he, with weary smile, "I'd rather overlook it."

"Why do I follow the vocation of a wandering tramp?" said the peripatetic sanderew. "I'll tell ye, marm. A tramp don't have to pay no tips to waiters."—Boston Transcript.

"I would kiss you if I dared," he said. "If I were a man," she replied, with a determined air, "I think I would dare anything." Just then a cloud passed over the moon.—New York Press.

"Colonel Spouter claims that the women supported him during his campaign, if the men didn't." "Yes; his wife took in washing and his mother plain sewing."—Buffalo Courier.

Policeman to Wheelman (who is riding on the side path)—"See here, young man, you can't ride there." "Can't, eh? Well, you just watch me." And he shot out of sight.—The American Wheelman.

We see all kinds of books— Those that are stupid and gay— But the flattest one we find Is the pocketbook of to-day. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Some women can't believe a word their husbands say," she remarked. "Well," confided the other, "I'm not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."—Washington Star.

Nettle—"What did Mr. Knowall write on the card he put in the basket of flowers?" Blanche—"For the one I love best." Nettle—"The horrid creature has bought them for himself."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Fenderson—"Evidently my friends think I'm smart, whatever you may say. I know that whenever I say a bright thing they remember it for months." Fog—"I should think they might."—Boston Transcript.

"I cannot live without you." The love-lorn suitor sighed; "And I could not live without you." The wealthy maid replied. —New York Morning Journal.

Friend—"Mercy! don't that drum and whistle drive you almost crazy?" Hostess—"No, I rather like the noise; you see we are going to move into the flat right above the lady who gave them to Willie."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Upton—"Don't you think that Mrs. Wabash was in rather an unseemly hurry to marry after getting her divorce?" Lakeside—"Godness, no! She waited until the decree was brought to her by a messenger boy."—Buffalo Courier.

No Use for His Feet. The first mot of the new czar was delivered upon the occasion of M. de Giers's official visit to the Emperor, who received him with the greatest demonstration of friendship, at the same time expressing the hope that, notwithstanding M. de Giers's reported wish to retire from office, he would still continue to work with him for many years. "But, your majesty, it is scarcely possible; look at my feet, they will hardly carry me." The czar replied: "I am very sorry for you; but, as far as I am concerned, I do not want your feet, I want your head."