Judge notes that in Kansas a woman who wants to vote needn't give her age to the registry; she merely testifies that she is over twenty-one. Thus there will be more votes and less perjuzy in Kansas."

The Improved Industrial Dwelling Company of London accommodates 40,000 persons in its houses. It is claimed that its system has reduced the tenement death-rate from forty to only eleven in a thousand.

One reason why it is so hard to get anybody hanged legally in the moun-tain regions of Kentucky, suggests the New York World, is that the dwellers in the towns fear that they will be haunted by the murderer's spook.

The New York World recently printed a list of about 100 stocks sold on Wall street, with their lowest and highest selling prices the 1st of January. From this list it appears that, on the whole, these stocks have appreciated in that time something like \$300,000,000, or about ten per cent.

"It is a pity the great auk is extinct," remarks the London Globe.
"A little breeding-farm of the birds, conducted with sagacity, would be so very lucrative. Things are flat in the auk-market at present, but even so, \$1750 guineas was yestorday offered and refused for a skin of the bird and an egg, though cracked, fetched \$900."

The fortune of the Rothschilds has The fortune of the Rothschilds has often been mentioned in print, but the Paris Signal gives some new and interesting information about it. According to this authority, the total wealth of the Rothschild family at the present time amounts to \$2,000,000,000, of which the French branch possesses \$200,000,000. In 1875 they had 000, of which the French branch possesses \$290,000,000. In 1875 they had less than half this sum, showing that their fortune had doubled in eighteen years. In 1800 the grandfather of the present generation of Rothschilds had nothing, his financial success beginning after the battle of Waterloo. It is estimated that in 1905 their fortune will, if continuing to grow as heretofore, amount to the stupendous sum of \$60,000,000,000.000. The interest of this capital would be sufficient to sustain 37,000,000 people, that is, the entire present population of France.

cases for her daughter, soon to be mare ried to a man she detests. It is her better fight against it, and even in Brooklyn, where it has had an exceptional record in the destruction of life, it is a necessity, declares the New York Independent. "The feeling against the trolley in Brooklyn has risen so high that a great mass meeting was held to give expression to it. Tha people speak of it as the great juggernaut. Considerably over a hundred lives have been sacrified by it, and hardly a week goes by that does not add to the list of victims. This is too high a price to pay for an admitted necessity, and it is evident that a more careful regulation of speed, particularly in narrow streets, is necessary. In Western cities, where the streets are wide, the trolley runs at a high rate of speed and has few accidents."

The bicycle epidemic is sweeping over the whole country, states the Chicago Record. In many cities the bicycle has inaugurated a serious

away, or do something. Oh, if Cousin Max were only here, he wouldn't let her do it. Oh, Max, Max, come home!"

The bicycle epidemic is sweeping over the whole country, states the Chicago Record. In many cities the bicycle has inaugurated a serious rivalry with the street car, and in Denver the effect has been so unuistakable that the local street railway company had to cut the wages of its employes in order to meet the great reduction in the income. The daily receipts of the car lines in Denver have never been so low and that the drop is caused partly by the introduction of bicycles is beyond a doubt. On wet days, when the wheels cannot be ridden, the receipts of each car area invariably over \$30 a day. As soon as the streets dry off the receipts drop down fully one-half. Formerly the large crowd of invalids and pleasure, seekers which is constantly pouring since Denver would that the does not be a supposed to the control of something. Oh, Max, Max, come home!" If Max Bennett had only heard that cry he would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step leave the would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step leave the would have flown to his little cousin, but he was far away across the step leave the would have flown the hund at last succeeded in stopping the tars. Mabel bathed her face and extree astonished when her mother told her he large crowd of invalids and pleasureseekers which is constantly pouring into Denver would take the cars out to the suburbs for their daily outing. Now the wheel is used instead. It is estimated that during the last year 4000 wheels have been sold in the city by local dealers, besides the large number shipped in by individuals. The estimate of 10,000 wheels in use is probably extremely low. Each of these wheels will take out of the pocket of the street railway company twenty or thirty cents a day. Taking the low estimate of twenty centsa day for the 10,000 wheels the amount would reach \$2000 aday, or \$730,000 a year. The contingency which has presented itself in such definite shape in Denver will have to be seed to serve the mother left with the count of the pocket of the street railway company then the room for something, went over and laidly when her mother left with the count of the pocket of the street railway company the lowest of the street railway company the toward the room for something, went over and laidly when her mother told her had not tell her than the had promised to destroy a mortgage he held upon their home the day Mabel had taken his adaptive. Make held upon their home the day Mabel had taken his able to mother and never dreamed he was "courting" her, as he called it.

She begged, teased and implored her mother not to make her mark her was "courting" her and laid of the had point the toward the was "courting" her and point and the lad promised to destroy a mortgage he held upon their home the day Mabel had taken his and promised to destroy a mortgage he held upon their home the day Mabel had taken his and promised to destroy a mortgage he held upon their home the day Mabel had taken his and promised to destroy a mortgage he held upon their home the day Mabel had taken his and promised to destroy a mortgage he held upon their ho these wheels will take out of the pocket of the street railway company twenty or thirty cents a day. Taking the low estimate of twenty cents a day for the 10,000 wheels the amount would reach \$2000 a day, or \$730,000 a year. The contingency which has presented itself in such definite shape in Denver will have to be met by street-car companies in many other cities, and instead of being abated this source of deprivation of revenue his source of deprivation of revenue s likely to become more formidable, especially during the summer months

WHEN BABY WAS DEAD

When baby was dead,
And the golden rays of sunlight
Into the quiet room, across the

down
To kiss the face, the eyes, the head,
And smooth the folds in the little night gown, I would have bartered my soul to hear him

And reach up his arms—like he used to do

When baby was dead,
Ah, my God! what a moan was wrnng
From a broken heart as heavy as lead—
From lips where a baby song lately hung;
Ears strained to catch the tiny, soft coo,
And hear him laugh out—like he used to
do!



RS. BREWSTER sat seving before a window which looked out upon a garden filled with

Outdoors everything seems at peace Outdoors everything seems at peace —roses blooming, bees humming, everything in tune. Indoors the air is filled with suppressed sobs, coming from a room upstairs over the one where Mrs. Brewster sat.

Mrs. Brewster is a stern-faced woman; one of those tall, thin, hard-working. New England women in whom the very blood seems frozen. As she stitches away upon some new material her needle makes a rasping sound, very trying to sensitive nerves, but she doesn't know she possesses nerves, ap-

a housekeeper is all you want? She's a far better housekeeper than I am." "What dew I want of an old woman like that?" he said, with a sickly smile. "She's younger than you are, Mr. Jenks."

'Mebbe she is, but I want somethin

"Mebbe she is, but I want something pretty and fresh."
"Please let me off, Mr. Jenks; tell mother I'm too saucy, and I will bless you forever; do, please."
"No, I shan't; you've got tew marry me, d'ye hear?" He yelled it at poor little Mabel, and as she heard her mother coming she went and sat down. Very shortly after this she said goodnight and left the room, and spent the night in tears.

night and left the room, and spent the night in tears.

The next day Mr. Jenks came to take Mabel and her mother over to his house, to see if there were any improvements to be made before he took his bride home. Mabel went, but took no notice of anything, and her mother had it all her own way.

Dorothy Knowles talked it all over with her mother one day, and finally said: "Mother, do go over and talk to Mrs. Brewster and see if she won't relent."

said: "Mother, do go over and talk to Mrs. Brewster and see if she won't relent."

"Yes, I will, said Mrs. Knowles, "but how shall I approach the subject? Although we have been neighbors for years, I have never felt acquainted with her; but I'll try, Dorothy, dear."

"Oh, mother, If you were Mabel's mother, she would not have to marry against her will, would she?"

"No, my dear; your mother will never hasten your marriage, and I hope it will not be for years. Find a truly good man, my dear; do not be in a hurry; the cares of life come soon enough."

"Indeed I shall not be, and Mabel is not; it is her terrible mother."

Mrs. Knowles went over to see Mrs. Brewster that afternoon. Mrs. Brewster showed her Mabel's trousseau, Mrs. Knowles all the time trying to screw her courage up to the all-important point. She began:

"Does Mabel care for Mr. Jenks, Mrs. Brewster?"

"Oh, well, perhaps not, but she soon will; I guess he'll be good to her."

"But can you bear to give her to such an old man?"

"Oh, ves; where will she get a better man? That's all very pretty—love in a cottage'—but I believe in a good, substantial home and a sensible man."

"Mabel, is very young, Mrs. Brewster only the age of my Dorothy, and I hope she will not be married for many years."

"Well, Mrs. Knowles, is Mabel my dentified and the sensible man."

"Well, Mrs. Knowles, is Mabel my

"Well, Mrs. Knowles, is Mabel my daughter or yours? Don't you suppose I know what is best for my own child? Good afternoon!"
She said this so decidedly that Mrs. Knowles left hastily. "Well, Dorothy, dear," she said, when she reached her gate, where Dorothy was watching anxiously for her. "I 'affed to make any impression upon that stone image."

was watching anxiously for her. "I falled to make any impression upon that stone image."

One evening Mabel ran over to Mrs. Knowles' to escape the dreadful Mr. Jenks. She told Dorothy if she married him she should have enough of him, and she thought she could dispense with his society for one evening. Dorothy sald: "If you marry him? Why, aren't you going to?"

"Oh. Dorothy, dear, how do I know? Do you think God will let me be sacrificed? Oh, if my father had only lived, or if Max were only here!"

Always that refrain, "If Max were only here!" Max Bennett's father and Mabel's had been cousins. Max had more influence over Mrs. Brewster than any one, simply because he did not stand in awe of her. He had saved Mabel many a solding and had given the poor girl many a pleasure in the past. No wonder she longed for Max.

The dreaded day came. Mabel allowed her mother to dress her in her bridal robes, and went with her to the church. As she walked up the alsie, her friends noticed an unusual brillance in her eyes, and an unwonted color in her cheeks, and a little deflant look, also.

They stood before the minister; Mr. Jenks answered the questions put to him. The minister turned to Mabel and sald:
"Mabel, do you take this man to be

ald:
"Mabel, do you take this man to be
our lawfully wedded husband?"
"No, sir, I do not," said Mabel.
The guests started as if they had recived an electric shock. Mabel conlund:

ceived an electric shock. Mabel con-tinued:

"My mother compelled me to come, but I will not marry him?"

"Very well," said the minister, "I will marry no one against his or her will."

'ill." Mrs. Brewster was so astonished she

will."

Mrs. Brewster was so astonished she could not speak.

Hurrying up the alsle came a young man. He took the minister aside and spoke to him; he waited while Maxfor It was he-went to Mabel.

"Mabel, dear, I am just in time; will you marry me here, now?"

"Yes, Max," she whispered.

He led her up before the minister. Mr. Jenks turned and fairly flew from the church, Mrs. Brewster following.

Max took Mabel to all the places she had longed to see. They were gone for months, and when they came back Mr. Jenks had married Mrs. Brewster.

Mabel's old home was for sale and Max bought it. Mabel's mother did not forgive her for a long while, but Mabel was too happy to mind it much. She can't bear Nehemiah, so I am afraid the two families will not visit often.—Boston Globe.

patience.
"Eyes to the front!" he cried; and
then, in deep disgust, he added:
"Just step out of the ranks, you set
of duffers, and come and see what you
look like!"

Hurrying Stranger (in Squeekawket)
—Is there time to catch the train?
Languid Native—Waal, stranger, ye-ve
out time enough, I reckon, but I'm
dead sure ye hain't got the speed!-

GLIMPSE OF LONDON.

CHAPTER ON THE SCENES A DOINGS IN A VAST CITY.

The Underground Railway, the Omni-bus, the Bridges, and the Park Sys-tem-"Refugees" in Busy Streets-Police Are Known as "Bobbies," Etc.

Eights in a Big Town.

Eights in a Big Town.

London is celebrated for the fog that envelops it in an impenetrable veil during the cold months. In summer occasionally there is sunshine, and even if Old Sol persists in hiding there is a clear atmosphere that makes traversing its streets an agreeable pastime. But with December arrives the season of fogs, of gas lamps burning every hour of the twenty-four and other discomforts arising from a hazy atmosphere that borders between darkness and light. And there are degrees in this atmospheric condition as there are in pretty much everything else. There is the black fog, the bottle-green, the yellow-green and the white mist. The black is the most dreaded and fortunately the most rare. The vapor takes on a dark lue and transforms the glare of midday into the blackness of night. It brings the activities of a mighty eity to a standstill, makes outdoor movement perilous and reders invisible the hand held an inch from the eye. While it continues horses have to be led by torch-bearers and pedestrians have recourse to lanterns to proceed on their way. The last time London groped its way. The last time London groped its way though black fog was in 1880, and however though black fog was in 1880, and however the last time London groped its way that the street of persons were killed or animed by collisions in the streets. The bottle-green fog is a familiar visitor. It shuts from view objects 200 feet distant and effectually obscures the sum. It also necessitates the burning of artificial light during the day and the slowing down of horses in crowded thorough fares. The third is the yellow-green fog that makes the pedestrian step can



ing and so dark that gas has to be burned all day. The odor of smoke is very much in evidence and you feel a sense of relief as the lighted bull's eye in the locomotive rounds the curve and the train comes to a halt. Then the smoke from the engine fills the station and as you enter the compartment you quickly close the door to save being suffocated. It is so thick you can scarcely discern a person through the glass partition on the doorway. While one fare gives you the best on the elegates quittion on the doorway. While one fare gives you the best on the elevated, ou must choose from three classes on the underground. The best is much inferior to the elevated, and the atmosphere between smoke and the foul-smelling lamps that furnish a sickly light is anything but agreeable. You have a minute service in rapid transit in New York; on the underground you have a train every five minutes. On the elevated you have clean cars, open the entire length, and daylight as long as it lasts—not cooped up in narrow and uncleanly compartments as in London. The smoke nuisance, however, is the most objectionable, as it is ever present on the journey. The stations are in long tunnels and you are hardly out in the open before the train plunges into another subterranean cavern so that the ears make breathing uncomfortable at all times. This prevents the asthmatic from using the railway. Until electricity or some other propelling force is substituted for coal the smoke objection will prevent the road soulit beneath the Thames and which have never returned its owners anything owing to the smoke that filled the cars in transit. There are two tunnels below the river, the last one built a few years ago.

The Bridges.

The Bridges.

The bridges that span the Thames are massive and the builders meant that a dozen centuries should clapse before they would crumble. The river is three-eighths of a mile wide in Lendon and the cost of bridging it has been enormous. The verification, the like of which is not to be encountered elsewhere. London br

THE JUVENILE STREET SWEEPER.

inch of his body, but so careful are the drivers and so alert the brave little fellow that he escapes injury. Sometimes you would imagine he would be crushed as he disappears in the jam, but a moment later he reappears doing his work the same as if

adjoins Ludgate circus, or Oxford circus, or Picadilly circus. At once you head for one of these, expecting to find the party desired adjoining a tented exhibition. But you look in vain for the circus in cannot be a supporting projecting poles rising one above the other. After inquiries that make you vexatious you find that the circus that does business every minute in the year in London is nothing more than the diametrical space where laif a dozon streets intersect and ..as neither clown nor ringmaster unless the policeman can be counted as such.

The uniformed guardians of the law in England are known as bobbies and in Ireland as peclers. The nickanese come from Sir Robert Peel, who acted respectively as secretary of Ireland and home secretary of England. Under his administrations he reorganized the police contingent of these countries and made them a formidable body of civilian soldiery. From 1812 to 1818 he held power in Ireland, and displayed a vindictiveness to Catholies that made him detested. O'Con-land, and displayed a vindictiveness to Catholies that made him detested. O'Con-nell called him an Orange Peel and taunted him so that he challenged the Irish statesman to a duel, which the police prevented. So the latter were dubbed peel-yen, which they retain to this day. As home secretary he overhauled the police in 1826 and made it a much more efficient body. Up to this time they were known as Charlies-from King Charles I., who improved the system he found in 1640-and they were afterwards known as bobbies, which grew from Robert. A monument is crected to Peel's memory near a spot where he was thrown from his horse In Hyde Park and received fatal injuries June 28, 1850.

STRANGE THINGS IN MISSOURI

They Are Found in the Hotels of That
Famous Old State.

When there are only two hotels in a
small country town the entente cordiale is quite frequently strained. For
instance:

THE REFUGEE IN A BUSY HIGHWAY.

Inxious to impart information to the inuiring. You are above the perils of the
oadway and from the vantage point car
tudy the life of this the createst of cities
attisfactorily. During leasant weather
he sents are cagerly soudst by tourists
and, if Americans, ply wifa questions the
condoner found sharing the elevation

The Park System.

The stretches devoted to parks are a surprise to the American looking over the city for the first time. If 19de Park, set down in the heart of the town, covers 406 acres. If it were cut up into building lots it would yield more than a thousand million dollars. No special pains are taken to add to its natural beauties, and the grass and the benches have a neglected look. The serpentine lake in its center contributes to its picturesque beauty. Regent's has 50 more acres than Hyde. Richmond Park, the largest, has 2.476 Richmond Park, the largest, has 2.476 Richmond Park, the largest, has 2.44 acres, the Battersa 198 and the Kew Gardens 170. None of them compares with Central Park in beauty, whether it be natural or artificial, but they provide breathing areas for the millions, and any encroachment upon them would arouse a growl from the people that would deter the abridgement. London is unique in insisting that driv

diale is quite frequently strained. For instance:
It was in Missouri. There had been a sudden influx of trade and the register contained six names, the record for the open. It was the evening of the second day, also supper time. The first man in the dinfing-room noticed the absence of butter. Quoth he to the Belle of the Ozarks who was distributing prunes and other delicacies:
"Kindly give me some butter."
The Belle of the Ozarks paused a moment. Then she decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair.
"Tim sorry, sir, but we ain't got none. There's none in town, except at the other hotel. and they won't let us have none. They're jealous because we've got you gents. Will you have some apple butter?"

The humor in a small hotel is not

apple butter?"

The humor in a small hotel is not always furnished by the people who live therein. In one case—also in Missouri—it was the letter head of the institution that furnished a smile. It was built something like this:

THE AVENUE HOUSE.

(Best in Town.)

(Best in Town.)
MRS. EDWARD SMITHERS,
Proprietoress.
Ed Smithers (husband), Clerk. Ea Smithers (husband), Clerk.
And yet the village gossips say there
is not a female suffragist in town.
They do not seem to realize they are
entertaining the "new woman" unawares.

entertaining the "new woman" unawares.

The man who is responsible for the following is not addicted to the fishing story habit, neither has he ever made a campaign affidavit. So his story is at least entitled to some consideration: "Just across the street from my room "Just across the street from my room "Has was was will missouri—was the town clock. I had left a call for 6, I was awakened by a vigorous pounding on the door, and when I responded 'all right,' the man who was doing the work of an alarm clock drawled out:

"Just wanted to tell you, stranger, that if you heard that clock strike 6 you have twenty minutes more to sleep. The clock's that much fast."

There's one town in Missouri on the

There's one town in Missouri on the santa Fe—not far from the scene of a recent train robbery—in which there are seven houses. Five of them bear the sign "Hotel." The others flaunt a legend "Rooms to Rent." As trains andly stop there to take water it's pretty hard guessling where the revenue comes in.

The Sphere of Silence.

There are things too low to be spoken of; which Indeed become low by being spoken of. The appetites are of this kind. They were meant to be the beginnings of action rather than the end of speech; and under the dropping of words they are as wholesome food analyzed into constituent poisons. God lights that fire, and does not want our breath to blow it, or the fuel of our thought to feed it. The inferior impulses in man are glorified by being placed at the natural disposal of higher sentiments; they are submitted to the transforming power of generous aspiration and great ideas. Wielded by these transforming power of generous aspiration and great ideas. Wielded by the sentiments are also the level of sense; and are not only controlled by conscience, but dignified by the light of beauty, and ennobled by the alliance of affection. Their just action is secured far less by repressive discipline against them than by nourishing the strength of the humantites that use them; by keeping them wholly inattentive to themselves; by breaking every mirror in which their own face may be beheld.

Purity of mind is forfeited, less by

Purity of mind is forfeited, less by needing rules of moderation than by needing them; by intuition to the inferior pleasures as such. There might be less of moral evil in the rude banquet of herole times, marked perhaps by excess, but warmed by social enthusiasm, and idealised by lofty minstrelsy, than in many a meal of the prudent idictican, setting a police over his sensations, and weighing out the scruples of enjoyment for his palate. Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our mancipation from the animal nature. Dr. Martineau.

Every sin also description it will strike no matter how Barm.

WISE WORDS.

We should quietly hear both sides Goethe.

Goethe.

He scatters enjoyment who enjoys much.—Lavater.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.—Shakespeare.

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.—Channing.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.—Shakespeare.

with the mind.—Shakespeare.

There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.—W. R. Alger.

Fugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

When the State is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus,

He who has bestly her heave and

He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything.— Arabian. Fear nothing so much as you moral heroism is completely

Simmons.

Prodigality is the vice of a stature, as avarice is of a strong

—H. Taylor.

He hazardeth much who depupon learning for his experience Roger Aschan.

upon learning for his experience.—
Roger Aschan.

To be happy is of far less consequence to the worshipers of fashion than to appear so.—Colton.

By gambling we lose both our time and treasure, two things most precious to the life of a man.—Lavater.

Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlylo.

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and he will receive you into his bosom.—Fielding.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into religion the end and the beginning of his life.—Goethe.

Manufacture of Wild Men.

Manufacture of Wild Men.

Manufacture of Wild Men.

There are many curious trades in the world, but the most strange must surely be the "artificial manufacture of wild men." Yet a well known dood to rin China has just certified from his own personal experience that this art is regularly practiced in the flowery kingdom.

First a youth is kidnapped, then bit by bit he is flayed alive, and the skin of a dog or bear grafted, piece by piece, upon him. His vocal chords are next destroyed by the action of charcoal to make him dumb; and the double purpose of causing "citiolation" of the skin and utter degradation of the skin and utter degradation of the mental faculties is effected by keeping him immurel in a perfectly dark hole for a number of years. In fact, by treating him like a brute for a sufficiently long time he is made into one.

At last he is exhibited to the entirely credulous Chiness as a wild man of the woods, and his possessors reap a rich harvest.

The priests, it seems, are adepts at the art. When a kidnapper, however, is caught by the people he is torn to pieces, and when the authorities get him they torture him and promptly behead him. Such is life under the rule of the son of heaven.

Trombone Cure for Lungs.

Trombons Cure for Lungs.

"When I was in the early 20s," said Mr. Eagene Coffie, of Albany, N. Y.,
"I worked in a shop devoted to the manufacture of mathematical instruments, and inhaled so much fine brass that my lungs became seriously aflected and my whole system seemed undermined. My doctor told me that if I didn't quit the business I'd make a premature trip to the bone yard, and threw in some advice gratis. He said the best thing for me to do was to take up some kind of brass instrument, a trombone, for instance, and blow it with great vigor and regularity. It would repair my damaged lungs and restore the organs to their normal condition.

"Well, I took his alvice, and ere long developed a fondness for all sorts of horn instruments. But best of all, I found that what the medical man said in regard to the effect of a trombone upon my health was verified. From being an emanutated wreck I became the proprietor of a double chin within two years, and when I paid a visit to the scene of my old labors not one of my former fellow workers knew me."—Washington Post.

The Toothpick Industry.

The Toothpick Industry.

Insignificant articles like the toothpick represent the investment of milicians of a long line of called labor, utilization of the latest quantities of wool, and the operation of a long line of complex activities, quantities of wool, and the operation of a long line of complex activities, quantities of wool, and the operation of a long line of complex activities, attenting every the manufacture of toys and all not really neal-reading to the latest the content of the working and producing forces that constitute the origin of civilization some European Nations live mainly by their work of articles that are really neal-reading to our productions all the ware that find favor abroad, while we have originated scores of noveties in the amusement line that are being sold attuiness, from the latest producing and producing forces that the United States we are rapidly adding to our productions all the ware that find favor abroad, while we have originated scores of noveties in the amusement line that are being sold the inventors of ingenious nothings to coin fortunes out of their trides.