

A new law in Michigan forbids the organization of military companies composed entirely of members of one religious creed.

In France if a structural defect in a bicycle causes an injury to the person using it, the manufacturer is legally accountable for damages.

Miss Mary Philbrook, of Jersey City, is the first woman to be admitted to the bar of New Jersey. She is pretty and twenty-two years old.

Several towns in Russia have elected women as Mayors, on the ground that they are best fitted to be instructed with the interests of the community.

The annual report of the Chicago Board of Health for 1894, just issued, asserts that Chicago is the healthiest large city, not only in the country, but in the world.

"The largest foreign population is found in Minnesota and Wisconsin, where over one-third of the entire number are foreigners," estimates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The New York Times exclaims: "It is all well enough to exclaim that the horse is doomed, to say that bicycles will soon send him to join the dodo and the great auk, but as a matter of fact the poor creature still has his friends ready and able to defend him. Until young men and maidens cease to be human and sentimental a comfortable American buggy, drawn by a gentle animal that can find his way through a moonlight summer night, or even a dark one, without any guidance from anybody whatsoever, will remain the ideal means of locomotion for no inconsiderable part of our population."

New York City is to have a great Botanic Garden. At a meeting of the incorporators it was announced that the fund of \$250,000 has been subscribed in full. This insures an adequate Botanic Garden for the city, for those engaged in the enterprise have fulfilled the condition exacted by the Legislature on which \$500,000 is to be furnished by the city for establishing such a garden, in addition to 250 acres in Bronx Park for its site. The land for the site has been provisionally selected; it lies on both sides of the Bronx River and is admirably suited for the purpose in view. The gentlemen who are engaged in this work are not satisfied with having raised the required \$250,000, which will be used as an endowment fund, but propose to go ahead and increase the amount to \$500,000. All the great cities of Europe have Botanic Gardens; in this country there is but one—the Shaw Gardens in St. Louis.

Harper's Weekly observes: The "honor system" of conducting college examinations without other precaution against cheating than an agreement of the students not to cheat is generally known in the North as the Princeton system. It has been in successful operation at Princeton for a number of years, and its entire success there has advertised it as a system of great merit. But it is not a new thing in this country, nor did it originate at Princeton. The Weekly is informed that it has been in use at the University of Virginia ever since that university was founded by Thomas Jefferson, and has succeeded perfectly there. In the rare cases where cheating has been practiced in spite of it the dishonest student was warned by his fellows to leave college, and has done so. It has also been in use for ten years or more at the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, and possibly in other Southern colleges.

While inventors of high explosives are searching for elements from which to manufacture effective war materials it will be just as well, suggests the Washington Star, for them to turn their attention to the merits of ordinary home-made catsup, which now comes to the front with strong claims for recognition as a powerful detonator. Mrs. Baxter, of Newtown, Long Island, has just been painfully and seriously wounded by the explosion of a bottle of this stuff, which she had withdrawn from its resting place for use on the table. It will be a mercy if her sight is preserved, while her face will always be sally scarred in consequence of the splintered glass which flew about her. The sudden fermentation of the ingredients composing this usually harmless mixture caused the trouble. The accident points to the necessity for the greatest care in the preparation of this commodity by amateurs. Perhaps, too, it may give rise to the appearance of some new destructive compound in the market under the name, say, of "Tomatoite."

## THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

#### Heroic Defense Against Indians—A Woman Towed by a Tarpon—Redskins and the Breech-Loader.

ONE of the bravest defenses ever made by settlers against Indians was one in which not a man figured, nor any boy above the age of fourteen. It took place on the banks of the White Man's Fork of the Republican River, in Northwestern Kansas, in 1867, on the occasion of the last great Indian uprising in that part of the country. The story is frequently told at firesides in Kansas, where most of the survivors of the fight live at the present day.

It was in June, in the year named, when a band of Indians, under the sub-chief Carter, swooped down on the settlement on the White Man's Fork and separated from the rest of the village a party of men who were on the lookout for them. Though the white men fought bravely, they were driven away by the overwhelming force of Indians.

In the centre of the settlement there was a hut or cabin belonging to a man named Carter, which had been built in such a way as to afford some defence against an Indian attack. It was twenty feet square, one-roomed; its sides were of cottonwood logs and its roof of poles, keds and stones. There was one door and one window, protected by shutters, and there were loopholes all around to shoot through. Though the sides were not bullet-proof, the cabin afforded some protection, especially as it stood in the midst of a cleared field.

In this cabin seven women, two boys of fourteen, and several small children took refuge. They had four rifles, a shot-gun and three revolvers, with plenty of ammunition; for the surplus ammunition of the whole community was stored in Carter's cabin. It had rained steadily for two days before, and the roof of the cabin was thoroughly soaked.

As soon as the women and children had gathered in the cabin, a resolute woman, forty years of age, a Mrs. Wellman, assumed command. She saw that the Indians were at the time busy with the other party and in pillaging the outlying cabins. She set the two boys to filling two barrels of water, and then to getting the sides of the cabin, so that it would hardly take fire if a fire were built against it.

Then the ammunition was made ready, and a pit was dug with shovels in the middle of the earthen floor, into which the children could be put, out of the range of bullets which might fly through the house. And now Little Bear and his Indians dashed up with a white flag. Advancing to within thirty feet, the Chief called out that he knew they were only women and children; and if they would surrender their lives would be spared, but if they resisted they would be put to death. Mrs. Wellman replied resolutely that they would not surrender.

The Indians waited half an hour. They counted upon the "weakening" of the women. Little Bear summoned them again to surrender, but they refused again. Then the Indians opened fire, and the women and boys answered it. The Indians began encircling the cabin, yelling and firing. Several bullets came through, but no one was hurt. Darkness came on, and during it the Indians dug rifle-pits as near as they dared, and remained in them, firing sharply. Several of them were hit by the besieged party as they were at work.

For three long days the siege was kept up. The two boys did excellent shooting, and Mrs. Wellman blazed away ceaselessly. At least a dozen Indians were killed and several others wounded. Many bullets came in. The small supply of provisions in the hut gave out, then the women fed their children and went hungry themselves. At the close of the third day the Indians fired a last volley into the hut and rode away. Early the next morning a company of soldiers arrived from the fort. The men of the settlement had the worst fears as to what had happened in their absence; and they were overjoyed to find their wives and children all safe, though half starved.

A Woman Towed by a Tarpon. With end of a rope about her arm and the other end tied to the tail of a silver king, weighing 150 pounds, Mrs. Richard Talbott was dragged through the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, at Grove City, Fla., on a recent afternoon at a terrific rate of speed. With her husband and her son, Willie, aged twelve years, Mrs. Talbott went down to the beach to search for turtle eggs. Mr. Talbott soon grew tired of this sport and got into his boat to go down the bay to fish, leaving Mrs. Talbott and Willie still hunting for eggs.

free of the rope and soon scrambled back to shore, but the rope was wound several times about Mrs. Talbott's arms, and the silver king, revived by the water, spun down the bay, dragging the woman behind.

Mrs. Talbott had given a piercing scream as she went into the water, and this was heard by her husband, who was fishing 300 yards down the bay. The husband in an instant realized that his wife was in deadly peril, and made preparations to save her, if possible. He rowed out into the bay so as to intercept the fish.

Soon the tarpon came by at a terrific speed. As it passed Mr. Talbott struck it a blow with an oar and partly stunned it. Then he dragged Mrs. Talbott, who was nearly unconscious, into the boat.

Stunned by the blow and greatly exhausted by dragging Mrs. Talbott through the water, the tarpon was easily captured, and Mr. Talbott rowed to land, towing the fish.

Mrs. Talbott was soon removed and found to be but slightly injured. Her arm was cut by the rope and wrenched by the strain. She says she remembers but little after having been dragged into the water. Her sensations, she says, were similar to those of one in a half sleep.

The Indians and the Breech-Loader. "I will never forget," said the general, picking up a breech-loading rifle, "the first time I ever saw or used one of these."

In 1859 I joined the Mexican Army and was sent after some rebellious Indians in Yucatan. "I was made captain. We got into Yucatan all right, but, after we were there, two problems confronted us. One was how to find the rebels, and the other how to get out. To make a long story short, we tramped through the dense forest far into the interior without seeing much of any one, except a few harmless natives. At last I received information that the people we were after were encamped about forty miles away.

"We reached the place and found them stationed in one of the most impregnable fortifications I ever saw. It was one of the cave dwellers' settlements, and could not be reached except by the gracious permission of those people. We commenced a siege, and for three long weeks we watched that cliff. Every day some Indian would come to the edge of this cliff, dance and make derisive gestures at us, then some of us would shoot at him.

"The only guns we had were these pan-fire rifles, and when the Indian would see the smoke from the pan he would drop, and thus gain ample time to avoid the bullet. As I said, this kept up three weeks, and we were becoming very sick of it. At the end of that time we received re-enforcements. There was a Yankee with them who had the first breech-loading rifle I ever saw, and about forty cartridges. I borrowed the rifle and waited for my aggravating Indians. In a short while the chief took his position on the edge of the cliff and commenced the usual performance. I took careful aim. Only the chief fell. I have never heard such a howl of surprise, and before they had recovered I picked off another. Then they fled. The next morning the cliff was empty. How they got away we never knew, nor did we ever catch them, but never after that did I see an Indian dance before a breech-loading rifle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Cool Captain. A good story is told of a sea captain, who died not long ago, and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion the ship caught fire, and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the debarkation, and, at last, everyone except himself was got safely into the boats.

By the time he was ready to follow, the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder, the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lighted it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation, and gave the order to push off.

"How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape. "Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat, there was likely to be a panic, and overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so unconcerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking about my curious behavior, and we got off safely."—Tit-Bits.

A Three-Week Sleep. A colored woman in Guthrie, Oklahoma, awakened a few days ago out of a sound sleep that had lasted a little more than three weeks. During that period all the efforts of physicians and others to awaken her were unavailing. When she awoke she quietly got up and started about the house as though nothing unusual had occurred. She did not know she had been asleep longer than over night, and though the doctors were able to give her but very little nourishment during her long sleep, she did not seem in any way weakened.

## ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

### STRANGEST BODY OF WATER IN THE UNITED STATES.

#### Impossible to Drown in Its Saline Depths—Queer Experience of Captain Boynton.

THE Great Salt Lake is seventy miles long and fifty miles across in its widest part. It has an area of 2000 square miles, and of late years its greatest depth has not exceeded forty feet. In early summer, says the San Francisco Chronicle, this remarkable sea is two feet higher than it is in the fall, owing to the melted snow brought down by its three largest tributaries, the Bear, Weber and Jordan Rivers. This influx of fresh streams does not appreciably lessen the saltness of the main body of water, though its proportion of solid matter varies with the oscillations of its surface, being naturally greatest when the lake is shallowest. Those engaged in the manufacture of salt here say that it takes six gallons of water to make one gallon of salt. If any one doubts that the water of the lake is taken up by evaporation, and leans to the hypothesis of an underground outlet, let him expose to the sun and wind of this high altitude a vessel of this same water and see in what an incredibly short time the liquid is reduced to solids.

The Salt Lake shores are mostly gray flats of indescribable barrenness. The scant dwarf sage on the water's edge is often beautifully flowered with a delicate frostwork of salt spray. On the northern slopes and down the western border there are numerous springs running pure brine. But stranger than this is the fact that in several places fresh water rushes out of the sand on East Antelope within fifteen feet of the brimming lake basin. The one perfect beach is at Garfield, a dozen or so miles west of where the Jordan River is crossed and at the feet of the Ogjirrh—a grandly picturesque range, in whose clefts like fallen clouds. The first bathing in the lake was done at Black Rock, on Garfield Beach, which has been a resort for picnickers since the early fifties.

The various groups of islands in this Dead Sea of the Western Continent are fragments of mountain chains gracefully strung out on the flashing bosom of this strange water. The largest and best known is Antelope, which was once used by the Mormons as a cattle corral for the church herd. This island is sixteen miles long by four wide, and lies twenty miles off the south coast. The next in size is Stansbury, which is fourteen miles in length, and Carrington two-thirds as long as Fremont. The others, Strong's Knob, Gunnison, and Dolphin, are grouped fifty miles to the Northwest of Antelope, and are superb limestone cliffs, almost wholly without vegetation, and haunted by millions of gulls and other sea-fowl.

The four largest islands are used as winter pastures for sheep or cattle, but all are uninhabited, and without fresh water except Antelope, whose one house—an ancient adobe, built here by the Mormons fifty years ago—is occupied by the island herder and his family. There are hundreds of acres of good grazing on the eastern slope, and a few years ago, when the Government set apart the Salt Lake islands as a reservation for our nearly extinct buffalo, some sixty American bison and forty elk were transported to Antelope. The owners of the island endeavored to breed the buffalo in with Alderneys, but so far have not succeeded, the shaggy, fierce-eyed beasts rebelling at every approach to domestication. The elk proved even more unresponsive, for after a few days of restless roaming they took it into their untethered heads to swim back to the main shore in a body, and landed on a point fifteen miles from Antelope, where they were promptly shot down by the settlers thereabouts.

Along the shores of the lake and in many of the island bays the water presents a remarkable appearance, a kind of madder red spread out for acres. Upon investigation the cause of this sanguinary color is found to be a thick layer of floating larvae, the chrysalides of worms the size and shape of an oat kernel. Where these accumulations exist an offensive smell is noticeable, and is the one disagreeable feature of these desolate shores. In early days the Utah Indians collected and dried the larvae and used the mixture as a mush.

In the fall of the year the marshes at the mouth of the rivers that empty into the lake are covered by flocks of wild geese and ducks, with sometimes a stately blue heron or swans with beautiful white plumage. Their cheerful clatter and the fresh green of the coarse grass and singing weeds contrast delightfully with the dreary tints and solitariness of the immediate desert. There are also numbers of sea-gulls, which visit the marshes to fish, coming thirty miles from their rookeries on Gunnison and its neighboring isles. The main food of the gulls is known to be the infinitesimal live things found in the bitter brine—a small winged shrimp, a smaller fly and its larva, the black worm before alluded to—the three atomic creatures that comprise the animal life of the lake.

Bathing in the lake is one of the most delightful experiences imaginable. It is next to impossible to sink in such dense water, and one floats easily with head, arms, knees and feet entirely exposed, and this without moving so much as a finger. The bathers wobble this way and that like so many corks cast adrift. Swimming the old way is evidently hard work, but an habitue of these waters will throw his body high out and go hand over hand with a speed not excelled in fresh water. Salt Lake people will tell you what hard work the famous Boynton had in 1886 of his attempted swim to Antelope Island and the terrible sufferings he endured while buffeted about in his rubber suit all one night. A wind from the northwest blew a stiff breeze, and the spray dashed in his face and hardened there into salt. In the morning the exhausted man was thrown up like a rubber ball in the marsh east of Black Rock, on the main shore, and afterward declared: "A man can't get this water on his head and stand it. If I were forty feet under water in the worst storm the Atlantic ever knew, it wouldn't be as bad as being under one foot here. It was the weight of the water that knocked me out, and there isn't enough money in the world to tempt me to try it again."

One of the many mysteries of the Great Salt Lake is its irregular habit of shifting its bed. Three years ago saw the completion of a fashionable bathing resort on a point called Lakeside. The first summer people came by the thousands, and were enthusiastic in their praises of the bathing at "Lake Park." But alas for the owners of the resort and the narrow-gauge railroad that made hourly trips back and forth to the city! Before the next season opened the row of bath houses stood up high and dry a quarter of a mile from the salt zone that confined the lake's liquid green; the red-roofed pavilion was deserted and wind-swept, and empty, sun-cracked benches were set forlornly about the unused walks; the lake had turned its back upon the "Park," and would have none of it. The handsome new buildings, whose sole tenants are now the "birds of the air" and the horned toad, but add full deserts to the wide, lonely waste of Lakeside. The long wharf, once the mooring of pleasure craft, is left to the desultory use of stockmen, who anchor an occasional "cattle boat" alongside after its bellowing cargo has been unloaded on the chute hard by.

One of the first things that strikes a newcomer is the comparative absence of boat life on the Great Salt Lake. A sail in sight is the exception, and has rather a startling effect on the otherwise empty water. There are several schooners owned by private parties, a kind of toy steamer called the Tuilla, that makes excursions out from Saltair, and the gay little Cambria. There are also two or three schooner-rigged cattle boats, which are really the safest boats on the lake, and are used chiefly to transport stock from Antelope and Fremont.

WISE WORDS.

An acorn is bigger than a saw log. The wounds made by a friend never heal. Thorns grow fast while a lazy man sleeps.

Behind the shadow there is always a light. Half-hearted service is the coward's tribute. The more we love the more we can see to love. Some people have more reputation than character. The man who has gold for his master wears iron fetters. To-morrow is the fool's seed time. To-day is the time to do. All other eyes are full of beams to the man who has a mote in his own eye. A mistake is sure to attract attention where a virtue would be overlooked. The poorest man is not the one who has the least, but the one who wants the most. There is more help in an ounce of encouragement than there is in a ton of good advice. A happy heart is worth more anywhere than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

The fellow who is doing nothing himself is sure to complain that nobody else is doing enough. The only reason why we don't see the face of truth everywhere is because we live too low down. Eloquence may sometimes provoke righteous indignation, but it cannot produce righteousness of life.—Ram's Horn.

A Lesson for Bad Boys. Nicodemus, the six-foot cat that took the first prize at the New York cat show, is a living warning to all wicked boys who have a weakness for testing the old traditions as to a cat with nine lives. Nicodemus was on way to the dock in the arms of a bad boy, who proposed to drop him into the river, when a man rescued him with a silver dime and sent him to the cat show. Ever since he secured the first prize he has been on exhibition in a dime museum, and \$1000 has been refused for him. Every bad boy who drops a cat into the lake should carefully consider the story of Nicodemus before he sacrifices the life of what may be the prize cat of the land.

Log Wire Without Support. A telephone wire is carried a mile and a half without support over Lake Wallen, between Quinten and Murg, in the canton of St. Gall, in Switzerland. The wire is two millimetres in diameter.—New York Journal.

For a Giant Ship. A spar 114 feet long without a knot or blemish, forty-eight inches in diameter at the big end, twenty-nine inches at the small end, was run into Lake Whatcom, Washington, recently.—Portland Oregonian.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum is being used in making the bodies of cabs.

In nearly all the arid land regions water can be obtained at a depth of 500 to 600 feet.

A Pittsburg company has secured a large foreign contract for aluminum for army purposes.

A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, with the standing rigging, as well as hull, all of steel.

The castor oil plant and the tobacco plant are both looked upon by the animal world with almost unanimous disapproval.

M. de Montessus de Ballore has calculated that in the known earthquake regions of the world a shock occurs on the average every half hour.

The Simplon tunnel in Switzerland will begin two and a half kilometres from Brieg and come out twenty-five kilometres from Domo D'Ossola.

A plumb-line suspended a few feet from the side of a large building inclines a little from the perpendicular, because the weight is attracted by the edifice.

There have been instances where bodies, when exhumed, have been found turned on their faces; but that has been explained as having been caused by some chemical action occurring during the process of decomposition.

The Bolivian tin mines are very rich, but they are generally situated at an altitude of over 14,000 feet above sea level, so that between high freights, lack of railroads and insufficient capital they are hardly developed at all.

A new device for utilizing coal dust for fuel is to mix coal, molasses and water, coal dust and petroleum. Another fuel mixture is that of sawdust, Irish moss, asbestos fibres and burned limestone, these being heated together and made into bricks with coal dust.

Take a polished knitting-needle and dip it into a deep vessel full of milk; withdraw it immediately in an upright position. Some of the fluid will hang on to the needle if the milk is pure, but if water has been added, even in small proportions, no milk will remain on the needle.

An engineer of the Chicago Drainage Board has figured out from careful experiments and computations that the level of the great lakes will be lowered permanently between one and a half and two inches by the big drainage canal. The effect will be greater on the upper than on the lower lakes. While genuine hydrophobia is not understood, there is an increasing suspicion among pathologists that many cases of what is supposed to be hydrophobia are merely acute hysteria. As it is as fatal to the sufferer, however, it will make no difference what it is called unless a remedy is found for it.

Making Wall Paper. It is very interesting to go through a wall paper factory and follow the processes of manufacture. The designs are the first things observed. Formerly there was a scarcity of these, but now there is a flood, and a manufacturer must exercise much artistic taste and business ability in making selections. Various designers have different specialties—some flowers, others architectural ideas, etc.—and of recent years architects have devoted many of their spare moments to originating wall paper designs. A complete design consists of three pieces—side wall, border and ceiling. The general width of patterns of the side wall and ceiling as used in the trade and manufactured by American machinery is eighteen inches, and the length of the repeat in the pattern is eight, eleven and three-fourths or fourteen and three-fourths inches, as suggested by the character of the design, the shorter repeats being the most satisfactory to the trade in general. Many of the best effects are produced in papers containing only four to six colors, but as many as twenty or twenty-five are sometimes used. Each color and shade in a design means a separate roller to the manufacturer.—New York Telegram.

Weight of the Hair. An interesting article was published in a Paris paper recently regarding the weight which a hair from the human head can support. "Hair," says the author, "has a force of resistance hard to believe unless one has convinced himself by the experiment." Bichat does not fear to say that nothing else, not even excepting a fibrous tissue, can support so large a weight in proportion to its volume. Grollier, who shares his opinion, has estimated that a single hair can carry a weight of 1034 decigrams (more than a hundred grams). According to Richter, a blond hair can bear more than six ounces, and a black one still more. One can thus appreciate the great strength of the ropes which the Carthaginians made of the hair.—New York Advertiser.

Startled the Congregation. The new canon of Westminster, England, is credited with a ready wit. A story is told of his having once been terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereupon he suddenly paused in his sermon, and interjected the remark: "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales."

The effect was miraculous, and a deathly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."—Pearson's Weekly.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

### STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

#### The Rose From Her Hair—His Bustling—No Longer Aristocratic—Talking Shop, Etc., Etc.

She gave him the rose from her hair; He had called and was going away; She gave him the rose, but she did not suppose He would keep it forever and aye. Yet the dead rose was carefully kept As he was too true to her, far! For the rose that she gave him found an odoriferous grave In his other girl's potpourri jar. —Washington Post.

#### HIS BUSINESS.

"You ought to see that fellow strike a balance."

"I suppose he's a bookkeeper?"

"No, he's a professional juggler."—Detroit Free Press.

#### OBLITERATED.

Probs—"So you were in the Iowa cyclone. At what point did the storm leave the town?"

Dobbs—"It didn't leave the town— took it along."—Truth.

#### NO LONGER ARISTOCRATIC.

Sayles—"You're surely not going to have Mrs. Naylor arrested! Don't you remember that she had kleptomania last winter?"

Thredd—"Yes; but her husband has failed since then."—Puck.

#### MIGHT BE DISFRANCHISED.

Young Wife—"You think of joining the army? Horrors!"

Husband (tenderly)—"Are you afraid I'll get killed?"

Young Wife—"No; I'm afraid you'll run."—New York Weekly.

#### HE HAD HIS DOUBTS.

Ziggys—"I think a man is a coward who would strike a woman, don't you?"

Perksy—"Well, I don't know. No coward would brook to strike my mother-in-law."—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### NOT AN ENCOURAGING EXAMPLE.

"Give me the man who sings at his work," quoted the citizen who believes all he reads.

"Well," rejoined the skeptic. "I'm not so sure about that. You know the mosquito does that."—Washington Star.

#### TALKING SHOP.

"Is my proposal accepted?" he asked of the daughter of the naval constructor.

"It is received and filed," she responded, "but I expressly reserve the right to reject any or all bids."—Judge.

#### EASILY EXPLAINED.

"I wonder what makes these buttons burst off so?" Dora petulantly exclaimed.

David looked at her tight-fitting dress. "Fores of habit, probably," he said after a thoughtful pause.—Rockland Tribune.

#### HER METHOD.

"Mrs. Brown never sits up to wait for her husband?"

"No?"

"No. When she expects him to be out late, she retires early, sets the alarm at 3 o'clock, and gets up, refreshed and reproachful."—Life.

#### DIDN'T PHASE HIM.

"So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a thirty-foot flight of stairs into a barrel of rain water."

"I think I can stand it," said the hungry man. "I was a tax collector for three years."—Tit-Bits.

#### THE REASON WHY.

New Parson—"Which do you like best, Willie, your day school or your Sunday-school?"

Willie—"My Sunday-school."

New Parson—"I am glad to hear that. Why do you like your Sunday-school the best?"

Willie—"Because it is only once a week."

#### TWO VARIETIES IN ONE.

Bass—"And of which variety is your wife, the clinging vine or the self-assertive?"

Cass—"A little of both. When she wants a new dress or a new bonnet she generally begins in the clinging-vine role; if that doesn't bring the money, then she changes to the self-assertive; and—well—she invariably gets the dress or the bonnet."—Boston Transcript.

#### THE DUPE WORKED.

At 7 o'clock in the morning two duellists, who are to fight to the death at a place in the suburbs, met at the ticket office of the railway station.

"Give me a return ticket, as usual," says the first duellist to the clerk, in a terrible tone and with a ferocious twist of his moustache.

"I—I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammered his opponent.

"Always."

"Then I apologize."—Tit-Bits.

#### DEVICES OF THE MILKMAN.

"I declare!" Mrs. Wiggins exclaimed, pouring a light blue stream out of the pitcher, "if the milk doesn't grow poorer every day! What shall we do with the milkman?"

Mr. Wiggins sawed gloomily at his meat.

"I suppose there's no way out of it," he grumbled; "I'll have to pay his bill."

And the next morning they had real milk for breakfast.—Rockland Tribune.