

Our colleges have at least \$100,000,000 whence they derive the income for their support.

The New York Sun wants the name of the city changed to Manhattan, which, it thinks, would mean something.

Colonel Waring, of New York, states that he can clean asphalt for two-thirds the cost of cleaning granite blocks imperfectly.

In the Loo Choo Islands in the Pacific, though there are neither vehicles nor public lighting, the inhabitants have letter boxes and telephones.

The fruit and market garden business of the South now brings into that section \$50,000,000 a year and the Atlanta Constitution predicts that in the next few years it will be doubled.

Recent statistics show, especially in European countries, that the number of horses used in cities and towns increases every year in a more rapid proportion than the population of the same, and is owing, no doubt, to the greater number of public conveyances and the traffic steam and electricity bring.

The Soldiers' Colonization Company, of Indiana, has just bought 113,000 acres of land in Wilcox and Irwin Counties, Georgia. It is estimated, in the New York Tribune, that 5000 families, or about 30,000 persons, will settle within the next two years on the land which has been bought. It is the intention of the colonies to settle on farms of sizes according to their means. They expect to be prepared out of their present savings and resources to tide over the period between this harvest season and the next. In addition to farmers, the colony will include artisans, fruit-growers and others seeking more favorable labor, climate and health conditions. They will come from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and other Western States. The company purchasing the property is a joint stock organization formed several years ago, and numbering about 7000 stockholders. Assessments have been paid in at intervals, and the stockholders will contribute their paid-up shares in purchase of farms in the section bought by the company.

Report is made of a new application of electricity which will drive a first-class ocean steamer across the Atlantic at an expenditure of \$200, whereas it now costs \$10,000. It is a tale of magnitude, surpassing that of the Australian kangaroo, which is larger than the animal it grows out of, but there may be something in it. So many wonders have been wrought with this unseen, mysterious force that the promise of a new one, no matter how great, need not excite incredulity. It is reasonable to expect it to be applied to the propulsion of all sorts of craft, ocean or other, but such a saving of expense as that promised is beyond anything heretofore dreamed of, and there may be some mistake about it. Its economies need not be so extreme to enable it to revolutionize the commerce and business of the world. One thing about the electrical force is apparent, and that is that its work is only begun. It is to spread through the whole system of man's activities around the world, with influences upon his career and destiny not yet measured or measurable.

According to the New York World the farmer who has hay to sell this year will find it a paying crop, and generally through the States east of the Alleghenies there has been enough rainfall to bring the yield nearly to the average. But in the valleys of the Ohio, the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri a deficiency of from six to eleven inches in the rainfall during the spring months has made the grass crop unusually short, a large proportion of the meadows being scarcely worth cutting. The hay crop of last year was nearly eleven million tons less than the crop of 1893, and the prospect of another and much greater deficiency in the marketable surplus has put a fancy price upon the available supply out West. Farmers can generally provide for home use a substitute in the form of corn fodder, or eke out a deficiency of clover and timothy by turning under winter wheat stubble and sowing millet. But a shortage in the hay crop is a big loss to the country. The farm value of this crop of 1893, according to the stationer of the Agricultural Department, was \$570,832,873, or more than twice the farm value of last year's wheat crop and \$16,000,000 more than the value of last year's corn crop.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

The Punctuation Points.
Six little marks from school are we,
Very important all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall;
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school.

One little mark with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school.

If out of breath you chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardians greet—
These little marks from school.

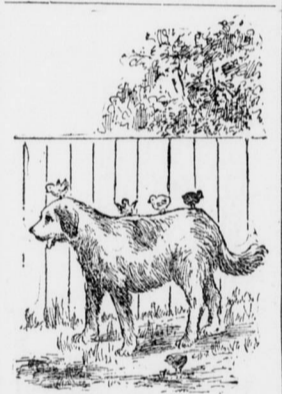
When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure
This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice—await replies,
To gather information tries,
This little mark from school.

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school.

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
Six little marks from school.
—St. Nicholas.

An Odd Foster Father.
"Bob" lives in a very comfortable way out on Warwick boulevard, in Kansas City. He is a water spaniel and one of the fattest dogs in town—and he is not such a heavy eater. He is simply so good-natured that he gets fat on nothing but a good conscience and an even temper, says the Star.
At "Bob's" home are many chickens, and they all look up to "Bob" as their foster father. A queer friend for a chicken is a big, fat water spaniel, but the chickens don't care what or who he is, he is just "Bob" to them. There is a brood of motherless chicks who are seldom away from him if they can help it. When he lies down they climb



OLD "BOB" AND HIS FRIENDS.

upon his back, which is so broad as to resemble the big, flat pad on the back of a circus horse. They crawl upon his head and peck at his ears. He does not shake them off, and they hang on tight when he walks slowly around the yard in his lazy way. When he lies down they nestle in near his paws, and he will remain motionless there for a half hour at a time.

The motherless brood are getting to be big fellows now, but they have not deserted him, although a brood of younger chickens have come up to climb his back and peck at his tongue and the end of his nose. It is astonishing to see the care and gentleness of the old fellow when the chickens are near him.

Playing Circus.



—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"You're It." Boys, do you know why you say, "You're it!" when playing tag? Of course not; the professor didn't, either, when we asked him the other day, but he promised to put his entire mind upon so important a subject and let us know at once.

This is what he says, though with some of his big words left out: "The people who live over in England do not think much of the letter 'h,' being in the habit of dropping it from the words where it belongs and putting it where it does not belong. What fun there is in it, or why do they do it, no one can tell; but they have been in the habit of it for a good many hundred years.

"So, when they played tag, as boys do now, touching each other with their hands, whenever one boy hit another

he at once shouted out: 'You're it!' for he could not say 'hit,' you know. "And all the generations of little boys who have since then been playing the game continued to say 'It,' instead of 'hit,' even after our fathers learned in America to always put their 'h' in every other word where they belonged.

"Now, boys, let me whisper a word of warning. Don't tell your teacher what the professor says. If you do she'll never give you any peace, but will rap on the window at every recess and tell you to say 'hit,' instead of 'It.'"—New York Recorder.

JAPANESE M. E. CHURCH.

They Dedicate Their First Edifice Erected in America. The first Japanese church in America was dedicated in San Francisco recently. Its outside is of brick, plaster and wood-carving. Its congregation consists of 300 Japanese Methodists, with a few Japanese girls of various sizes in charge of Miss Hewitt as chaperon.



FIRST JAPANESE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Inside there is a strip of Japanese matting in the aisle and chairs take the place of regular seats. The pulpit has a gay red carpet, and there is a red curtain between the choir and the audience. There are Japanese vases of dull blue pottery with a stork design full of flowers.

The church itself is in the upper story. Below are the chapel, school-room and offices, with the dormitories of the mission in the rear. The mission boys have intelligent, well-bred faces.

"MAN OVERBOARD."

A Lively Little Joke, but It Cost Him His Baggage.

"Steamship passengers frequently resort to practical jokes to relieve the monotony of voyages," said a retired sea captain yesterday, "and while the pranks, as a rule, are perfectly harmless they sometimes have a boomerang effect. Three years ago we were crossing the Atlantic and both the owners and myself were exceedingly anxious to make a speedy trip as a rival liner had the week before lowered the record held by our company. On the third day out, just about dusk, the cry of 'Man overboard!' rang through the ship, and a hurried investigation elicited the information that several of the passengers had heard a splash, followed by piteous appeals of 'Help, help—save me!' The engines were stopped, and the steamer put about, a close watch being kept meanwhile for the drowning man. A half hour was spent in cruising about without results and we started on our journey under the belief that the poor fellow had gone to the bottom. The inquiry that followed proved puzzling. No one was missing, and we came to the conclusion that a stowaway had committed suicide.

"The next day, however, an explanation came. We had a ventriloquist aboard, in the person of a very smart young man, who was too tickled over the success of his joke to keep the secret.

"Then the laugh was on him. As he had caused a serious delay and much annoyance I notified him that I had made an official entry of the circumstance on my log and the loss of time, and that on approaching shore I would detain him until a sufficient guarantee had been put up that he would answer in court to reply to a demand for financial restitution. I talked of \$50,000, being about the penalty under the Government mail contract, and it is needless to say he spent the balance of the voyage on tenter hooks. He disappeared before we docked, leaving his baggage behind."—San Francisco Post.

His Job Blew Through His Whiskers.

A story is told of a Philadelphia hotel keeper. Employed as a porter about the hotel was an elderly man named Mike, who had been an attaché of the hotel for eight years. His most prominent feature and one of which he was very proud, was a beard of luxuriant growth. One day last week the proprietor of the house was pacing the lobby when Mike happened to pass. The proprietor was in a very disagreeable frame of mind, and he stopped and looked at Mike with an evil light in his eye. "Come here, you," he yelled at the porter. "How long have you been here?" "Nigh onto eight years, sor."

"Well, you've been here long enough. You needn't come back to-morrow. I'm tired of seeing you about." The poor porter was thunder-struck. He went to his friend, the day clerk, and told him all about it. "What'll I do?" said he. "O'Ve a wife and family fur t' support, an' O' can't get another job." The clerk thought for a minute and then said suddenly: "I have it. You go home and shave off your beard, and then go to the boss and tell him you heard he needed a porter." Mike followed the advice next day and secured the situation, becoming his own successor. The proprietor has never suspected the trick.

Lacked the Opportunity.

Rev. Sam Jones, in Omaha, recently asked any man present who had never spoken a cross word to his wife to stand up. A round-faced, good-natured looking individual with a beard stood up. "Thank heaven, there's one man who never said a cross word to his wife," said Rev. Sam. "I'm a bachelor," shouted the round-faced man.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Killed a Big Rattler With His Bare Hands—Exciting Rescue of a Drowning Man.

VAN HESS, of Cannonville, N. Y., had an exciting fight with a rattlesnake the other day, and though the snake was killed, Van will not soon forget his experience. He and several others were sitting on the back porch of George Seymour's place when he saw the tall grass moving in the field opposite.

"There goes a snapping turtle," said Van. "I'll get him, and we'll cut the honored name of Hess in his starboard quarter."

Suiting the action to the word, he skipped over the fence and was soon alongside the body which was moving across the grass. Then the grass stopped moving, and so did Van. An instant later he was coming back to the store on a run, and from the looks of his face the others knew he had run up against a rattler. These snakes have been very plentiful in this section this season, and have shown fight wherever encountered.

But Van was game, and, when the boys began to gny him, said he'd kill that snake with his bare hands. Going into the store he pulled on a pair of high boots and took the largest sponge in the place. With this for arms he returned to the snake, while the rest of the "boys" came along at a safe distance behind to watch the fun. The snake was moving off as Van again approached, but, at the disturbance, with a rattle he "set" for fight. The angry head, which was swaying high in the grass, gave evidence that the reptile was a big one, and the continued rattling showed that he was angry in proportion to his size.

Van's nerve was shaken a little, but he advanced slowly toward the snake, holding the sponge at arm's length. The snake drew its head further back to strike, and as Van shoved the big sponge at it, suddenly struck his fangs deep into its peculiar meshes. The effort was a surprise to the snake, and with difficulty it released its fangs as Van backed a step.

A second time the sponge was pushed at the snake, and the head again shot forward harder than before. Before it could release the fangs Van caught the swelling neck close to the head with his right hand and squeezed with all his power. The snake uncoiled, and as Van shoved the head to the ground, sponge and all, and placed one big boot on it, the twisting, squirming tail settled around his leg in a grip that made Van yell with pain.

One of the other boys, encouraged by Van's wonderful display of coolness, ran to his aid, and with a big jackknife severed the head where Van's boot held it. The body was untwisted from Van's leg, and when straightened out by the head, the body was found to measure five feet and one inch. An investigation showed that the fangs of the snake were still entangled in the sponge.

Van's method clearly established his reputation as a snake hunter, and he wears the nine rattles on his vest as a souvenir of the encounter.

A Thrilling Rescue.

Much imperiling of life is demanded in the mid-ocean rescue of a drowning man, and such an incident always furnishes intense dramatic interest for a spectator. The Baron de Malortie, in a recent interesting work, recalls an exciting scene he witnessed years ago, while crossing the Atlantic. The ship was several days out when, one afternoon, he was idly lounging about on the upper deck.

Suddenly, he says, I saw a man approach the bulwark. He threw overboard some objects—we learned afterward that they were his Bible and a rosary—and followed them with a leader into the foaming sea. "Man overboard!" I cried, but the storm covered my voice, and I rushed up the bridge to call the attention of the officer on duty to the accident. Stop! half speed astern, and orders for the lowering of the boat were the affairs of a minute or two.

"Volunteers to man the boat!" shouted a young midshipman, cutting a life boat from the davits. Ten men came forward for every one wanted, and selecting four of the most powerful tars, the midshipman was lowering the boat when a young doctor, quickly pocketing a flask of brandy for a restorative, let himself down one of the ropes, and reached the boat as a monumental wave was dashing over it.

The men pulled with a will, and the gallant little nutshell fought bravely up and down the mountains of angry waters. As to the suicide, he was far astern, and only from time to time could we see something like a human form emerge on the top of a white-crested wave.

Oh, the anxiety with which we watched both the boat and its goal! Disappearing altogether at moments, when we feared we had seen the last of these noble fellows, another gigantic wave would toss them up again like a cork. It was exciting in the extreme. But the boat was gaining; never and nearer it came, whilst we were slowly following in its wake.

There! the doctor throws a life-belt. They are only some yards off now. But no, a cruel wave has tossed them past the object of their tremendous efforts. There they are throwing round her nose; they are tacking; the midshipman has passed the rudder to an old quartermaster, and armed with boat-hooks, he and the doctor stand ready for action.

Another second and the life-belt is hooked; the man is grasping it desperately, but he has no strength left; there he slips—all is lost, just at the critical moment.

But who is that jumping overboard? Three cheers for the brave man—it's the doctor! But he, too, disappears. Are there two victims instead of one? No, no! And there—hurrah!—there is the doctor, his precious burden before him.

The men pull like mad to reach the two ere they sink again. The gallant young midshipman is watching for the right moment. More life-belts are thrown, they help the doctor to keep above water; another pull and the boat-hook has done its duty, and whilst two of the men stick to the oars, the others are busy dragging rescuer and rescued on board.

The long, cold bath, the fright and the proximity of death had wonderfully sobered the would-be suicide, whom remorse for a drunken spree had driven to this mad freak. It did not require many restoratives to bring him to, and two hours later he had an opportunity of recapitulating his adventure in dire solitude, having been condemned to be kept in irons for the rest of the voyage, a well deserved punishment for exposing six valuable lives, the lives of six heroes, indeed, in this perilous venture.

Dying Luke Short's Shot.

"One of the coolest pieces of bravery I ever witnessed was enacted at the depot at Waukomis, Oklahoma, in the fall of 1892," said J. T. Lemon. "Luke Short, a United States Deputy Marshal, had arrested a fellow of the name of Littlefield, a member of the famous Dalton gang, and was taking him to Wichita for safe keeping. Littlefield was securely bound hand and foot, and was lying in the express car on a north bound Rock Island train. Short was sitting by him, and his close vigil was a guarantee that in due time his prisoner would be safely lodged behind the bars in the county jail at Wichita, where he would be beyond all possible hope of escaping. It was before the Cherokee outlet had been thrown open for settlement and the country along the line of the railroad between Hennessey and Caldwell was one wide spreading stretch of prairie which was not broken by a single homestead or settlement. The small depots which had been erected were more to accommodate the soldiers than for any other purpose and a soldier agent appeared as each train passed by and received the mail and express consigned to that particular station.

"As the train in question pulled slowly into Waukomis that memorable evening, Short leaped from the express car onto the platform and stood looking to see if any effort would be made by the members of the Dalton gang to release Littlefield. The latter had in some manner worked his shackles loose from his hands and the train started to pull out grabbed the messenger's Winchester and also leaped to the platform. He no sooner steadied himself than he raised the rifle and shot at Short, who was standing near the engine making ready to climb into the express car. The ball struck Short in the abdomen and he fell in a heap. He was fatally shot and seemed to realize it at once. I was a passenger in the smoker and at once started for the door to see what was the matter.

"As I gained the lower step I saw Short, who was as pale as death itself, deliberately raised himself on one arm and, pulling his big six shooter, fired at Littlefield, who was fast getting away with the iron still on his feet. The shot was a difficult one, but being made in all the desperation of a dying man's agony, was also a true one, for hardly had the flash from the revolver faded away when the fleeing desperado was seen to throw his hands high in the air and fall dead. Short, after his effort, released his hold on the gun he had so opportunely used and with a gasp and also expired. It was an eventful scene and one I will long remember, and displayed what sterling qualities are hidden in the breast of the average man who cleets to risk his life as a hunter of criminals."—Kansas City Journal.

The Nerve of a Customer.

A Washington philosopher observes that it is a very good thing in this world to have money, but if you haven't money—well, some kinds of nerve are a very good substitute for it. For instance, there's a young fellow who is not as intimately acquainted with the look of a dollar as he'd like to be, but he has something as good. He wanted a pair of shoes once upon a time. He went into a shop and was "fitted." Then he asked the price of the shoes. "Four dollars," said the proprietor. "Take them off," said the young man's resigned reply. "Take them off. I can't pay that much. I haven't got it." "What have you got?" "Two dollars." The proprietor gathered up his shoes indignantly and the young man started for the door. Before he reached it the shoe dealer was at his elbow. "You can have the shoes," he said, "but it's robbery. It's way below cost. I just give them away." The shoes were wrapped up. The young man waited till the string was tied and they were under his arm. Then he gave the dealer a \$5 bill and asked for the change.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Flower of the British Army.

The Queen's body guard of Yeoman of the Guard, which Field Marshal Sir Donald Stewart calls the "flower of the British army," is composed of warrant and non-commissioned officers who have had service in the field and have a clean good-conduct record. Each man wears several medals in recognition of distinguished service.—New York Sun.

AN UNCANNY OCCUPATION.

GRAPPLING FOR BODIES OF THE DROWNED AT NEW YORK.

The East River's Dead Recovered by Contract—Prices Received for Looking Up Bodies.

GRAPPLING for the bodies of the drowned is not a very attractive method of getting a living, but one cannot always choose an occupation these times, and if the bodies of the dead can help to keep the living alive, the end seems to justify the means. At least this is the philosophic reasoning of Mr. Edward Reardon, who is known all along the river front as the right man to send for when the waters of the East River have claimed a victim and the sorrowing friends want to recover the remains. Mr. Reardon is an expert at recovering drowned bodies, and well he may be, for he has put in a lifetime at the business, and his father before him carried on the same unsavory trade.

These included rescuing misguided animals who had fallen overboard from boats, fishing up old iron, old rope and anchors, and searching the river for floating corpses. A Mercury reporter who discovered Mr. Reardon sitting on the string piece of the pier one day last week found him in a rather despondent mood. Business was dull and many of the old branches of the business had become a dead letter by reason of the falling off in the rates. Reardon had just thrown up a job in disgust. He was hired by the father of a child who was drowned while playing on one of the docks to recover the body. After a vain search Reardon had resigned in favor of a rival, who found the body near where the child fell into the river.

"There ain't nothing in the business nowadays," said Mr. Reardon. "Time was when it was worth a man's while to go out on the river nights on the chance of picking up floating bodies. At that time I was paid \$10 apiece for every body I brought ashore. This money was paid by the Coroner, who got \$25 for his inquest fee, and after paying me he still had \$15 clear profit on the transaction. By and by, the Coroners concluded that they were paying too much for corpses and cut the rate to \$5. A man has to live, so even at this low price I was glad to go fishing for the drowned, but the Coroners got another fit of meanness and cut rates altogether, refusing to pay anything at all for the recovery of bodies. Since that time the river has kept its dead so far as I am concerned, unless I have a contract beforehand.

"My usual price for finding a body is \$25. I make a contract beforehand, and whether it takes me a day or a month to find a body I stick at it until my grappling iron hooks up what I am after. The longest time it ever took me to find a body was nine days. I remember being hired by the father of a young fellow named Gallagher. Young Gallagher walked overboard one night from the pier at the foot of Market street. His father, as everybody does under these circumstances if they can afford it, sent for me. I searched the river for nine days and hooked up nothing but barrels staves and old iron. After grappling for this length of time, I sat down in the boat and thought matters out. After watching the current carefully and studying the docks in the vicinity I concluded that the body was near enough for the body to have been washed under one of the docks. I got the pole tongs and began searching underneath the dock and very soon found the body.

"It is part of my business to make a study of the currents of the river, and it is only by the most careful calculation that the location can be hit upon. Occasionally a body can be found quite near where the drowning took place, but as a general thing I begin at a spot quite a distance off. In all, I must have rescued at least a hundred bodies in the river.

"When there is nothing to do in the body-grappling business I go out grappling for anything I can pick up. This includes old iron (which used to fetch a good price, but doesn't now), lost anchors, boxes or barrels from ships, and anything and everything that the river contains that will fetch a price. One day I was hired by a man who had accidentally dropped his watch into the river. My grappling iron fetched it up in about half an hour and I got \$10 for the job. At another time I was sent for to rescue a horse. Rescuing horses is a little out of the ordinary run of business, but I undertook the job. The horse had fallen over a pier while attached to a wagon, and the driver, for some reason best known to himself, had unfastened the traces and let him drop into the water. The animal swam out into the river and I caught him and hauled him aboard with my rope and tackle. I had to have five assistants on that job, and we got \$2 apiece when the money was divided up. Pretty cheap for rescuing a horse alive."—New York Mercury.

A "Sleeping Harness."

A German has invented a sleeping harness. Broad straps support the arms; they pass through a noose over the head, so that either arm can be lowered. The head is supported by a pad, which is attached to the upper part of the arm straps. The back, of course, rests against the back of the seat.—New York Dispatch.

King of Korea Invented Printing.

M. Maurice Courant is authority for the statement that the invention of printing is due to Htai Tjong, King of Korea, who had moveable types cast as early as 1403.—Philadelphia Ledger.

LOVE IS A GOD.

Love is no bird that nests and flies,
Nor rose that buds and blooms and dies,
No star that shines and disappears,
No fire whose ashes strew the years;
Love is the god who lights the star,
Makes music of the lark's desire;
Love tells the rose what perfumes are,
And lights and feeds the deathless fire.

Love is no joy that dies away
With the delight of dear embrace;
Love is no feast of wine and bread,
Red-ventaged and gold-harvested;
Love is the god whose touch divine
On hands that cling and lips that kiss,
Has turned life's common bread and wine
Into the Holy Eucharist.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Truth is not stranger than good fiction.—Pack.

Cultured people are people who know how to look at you without seeing you.—Galveston News.

Mary had a little lamb;
With her it used to stray,
But it fled when Mary read her piece
On graduation day.
—Washington Star.

Ransom—"Women are wedded to fashion." Ramson—"Yes, and they love, honor and obey it, too."—Tit-Bits.

Man with the gloomy liver,
Cease to deplore thy fate;
Get out toward the river
And go to digging bait!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Kato Field tells the girl graduates that cooking is the alphabet of their happiness. Many of them never get any further than let her be.—Lowell Courier.

Tommy's Pop—"Why is it the little boy who lives across the street seems to have no friends?" Tommy—"Why, his father's a baseball umpire."—Philadelphia Record.

Casey—"That mad Mulligan fall off do ladder? Did his fut slip?" Reilly—"It did not. O! told him a joke an hour ago, an' sure he jist now tumbled."—Philadelphia Record.

I love to swing upon the gate,
Say, joy at evening;
That is, it will be the weight
Of some one else beside.
—New York Herald.

Principal (to new apprentice)—
"Has the bookkeeper told you what you have to do in the afternoon?" Youth—"Yes, sir. I was to waken him when I saw you coming."—Dahem.

Lumleigh—"What makes you think young Phether Waite is a drummer for a bicycle concern?" Chamleigh—"Anybody can see that. He carries samples in his heel."—New York World.

Grant—"Can it be possible that Hawkins is in love with that fat girl? Why, she weighs 300 at least." Hobbs—"No; I don't believe he's in love; he's just infatuated."—Boston Courier.

She (in the art gallery)—"I wonder if my hat is on straight; everybody stares at me so." He—"Naturally they do. You're the most perfect picture here." And now the cards are out.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. McBride (entering the kitchen)—
"Bridget, didn't I see that polka-man kiss you?" Bridget—"Well, mum, sure an' yez wouldn't hev me lay meself opin to artist for resitui' an officer, mum?"—Harper's Bazar.

Why does the poet look so sad?
Why is his life a woe?
He always gets his poems back,
And never gets a check.

A correspondent of a poultry journal asks: "Have hens enough instinct to distinguish between a real egg and the porcelain counterfeit?" We think they have. A hen never lays a porcelain egg.—Norristown Herald.

Commuter—"What do you mean by saying that that house is only five minutes from the station? It's fifteen minutes if it's a second." Real Estate Dealer—"When I said five minutes I supposed you had a bicycle."—Boston Transcript.

Smart—"Whatever induced your uncle to marry the widow of a man who had been hanged?" Simpson—"He has been married to widows before, and said he was tired of having the virtues of former husbands flung in his face."—Sparto Moments.

Husband (whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence)—
"You often used to say before we were married: 'O! George, I do so love the odor of a good cigar.'" Wife—"Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital."—Texas Siftings.

"Do you believe," said the inquisitive man, "that these poets who write so exquisitely about the delights of early rising ever tried it themselves?" "Certainly not," replied the sluggard. "If they had they would never have written in that way about it."—Washington Star.

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said young Waller, nervously. "Oh, well, you can't have it," said Herrick. "I'm not doing out my daughter on the installment plan. When you feel that you can support the whole girl, you may call again."—Harper's Bazar.

"Doctor," asked the sick man, rolling up his eyes till only the whites showed, "why is it that in the days when I ate no melons except stolen ones they never bothered me in the least, and now that I am a man and buy my melons as an honest man should, they tie me up in seven kinds of knots?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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; 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.