

German iron now finds its way into India, Australia, South America and even Great Britain.

Vital statistics of Massachusetts show that in that State women are much longer lived than men.

The statement that the population of Kansas to-day is 100,000 less than it was in 1899 is probably within the truth.

Famine, floods and rebellion in China, it is estimated by the Rev. Timothy Richards, cause the death of 3,000,000 annually.

It is said that the fees of the United States Marshal of Oklahoma last year amounted to \$250,000. That office is five times as good as the Presidency.

A sharp observer notes that unmarried women will never own to more than twenty-two, and marriageable men make a sticking point of thirty-three.

The Atchison (Kan.) Globe man notices that "when a woman takes up literary pursuits the number of canned goods on her grocery bill steadily increases."

The Portland Oregonian is much concerned that after all that is done to discourage it the migration of Northern farmers toward the South continues unabated.

Mexico is said to produce anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar region.

Edward Simmons, the artist who designed the decorations for the new Criminal Court building in New York City, rejects the idea of blind justice, and has depicted that deity with both eyes open, holding her scales in one hand and the American flag in the other.

The Chicago Times-Herald thinks some uniformity should be introduced in the pronunciation of Iowa. It is variously spoken in Congress. "I-owah," "I-oway" and "I-ow," with the accent on the first syllable; "I-o-woy" and "I-o-way," with the accent on the second syllable, and "I-a-way," with the accent on the third syllable. None of these is correct. Senators Allison and Gear and the members of the Iowa delegation agree that "I-o-wah," with a little accent on the first and emphasis on the final syllable is the only right thing.

The conference of mutual accident insurance companies of the United States, which assembled in Boston recently to discuss the bicycle rider as an accident risk, has finished its deliberations. The results are disastrous to the bicycle riders. The following resolutions were unanimously passed: "Resolved, That the use of the bicycle should be covered by additional cost or a reduction of the amount of death and indemnity benefits, and it is recommended that this be provided for by either of the following methods: 1. The adequate increase of premiums to cover the added risk; or, 2. The classification, an occupation of bicycle riders in a class twice as hazardous as the preferred risk. 3. That benefits by accidents by bicycle riding be specifically reduced. 4. The inclining of bicycling under the policies to be covered only by specific permits at an extra premium." The next thing to come, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, may be the refusal of life insurance companies to take risks on the lives of bicycle riders.

Perhaps the most curious incident growing out of opposition to railway monopoly is found up in Minnesota. A farmer named Hines, who owned nothing in the world but a quarter section of mortgaged land and a spavined team of horses, suddenly concluded that the country was being ruined by railroads, and that the farmers must build a road of their own. He started out. The farmers did not have any money with which to subscribe for stock, but they pledged to many days' work on the road. Others made a gift of the right of way. Still others went into the woods and cut out the ties. Farmer Hines was much ridiculed when he started his agricultural road, but he has stuck manfully to his task, and now the chances are the road will be actually built. He has 150 miles of right of way, pledges for the earthwork, ties enough to cover the line, and is now in New York negotiating bonds for the rails and rolling stock. The road will run for Duluth west through the Red River Valley into North Dakota, opening up a new section of country. That is what an American farmer with a spavined team and faith in himself can do when he sets about it.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Child Tames Six Lions—Dangling From a Burning Balloon—Woman's Fight With an Eagle, Etc.

I AM reminded," said Keeper Sweeney, of the Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago, to a Record reporter, as he patted the high young lion Leo on the head, "of an experience we once had when I was with Wallace's show several years ago. The keeper stood near the lions' cages while the animals were being fed. He continued:

"I was employed as head keeper of the managerie. We had a cage of six lions that I had raised from cubs, which were named after the planets. A man named Dale rode in the cage with them on parade, and as a part of the performance Dale took his little three-year-old girl into the cage with him and executed various tricks with the lions in which the little one took a prominent part. She was never in the least afraid of the big brutes, and played with them as a child would with a big dog.

"Dale was a drinking man, and whenever he was under the influence of liquor he always had more or less trouble with the lions. They seemed to realize his condition and took offense at it.

"Finally the unexpected did happen. We were giving a performance in a little town in the South. The tent was packed with people, who sat breathless as the big cage was brought in and Dale, as Professor Jacques D'Aubignon, with his little daughter Mignon, entered the cage with the beasts. The little tot was dressed in a simple white frock, and her long golden curls and pretty blue eyes formed a striking contrast to the surly, majestic mein of the high lions. She walked fearlessly among them, patting them on the head and caressing them gently.

"Dale had been drinking that day harder than usual and was cross and irritable when he entered the cage. The lions had evidently made up their minds to stand no foolishness and went through their tricks sullenly. At length Dale allowed his temper to get away with him, and on some slight pretence struck Jupiter, the biggest lion, a sharp blow across the face. Instantly 'Jup' sprang forward with a roar and knocked Dale half way across the cage. He fell face downward, bleeding and unconscious—for aught we knew, dead—near the door. Some one of the keepers sprang to the door, and, jerking it open, dragged Dale forth. Dale before 'Jup' renewed the attack. Dale was carried into the dressing room, where it was found he was only slightly injured and would recover in a few days.

"Meanwhile all was confusion in the tent. The men made a mad rush for the door, women screamed and flinched and children cried. All the men of the circus crowded around the cage. "Little Mignon was still in the cage among the savage lions and liable at any moment to be killed. The great brutes were thoroughly aroused and paced wildly back and forth, roaring and growling. It was instant death for any man to enter, yet I resolved to go into the cage at all hazards and rescue the little tot before she was torn to pieces before our eyes.

"Meanwhile little Mignon had stood in the farthest corner of the cage, not knowing whether to be frightened or not. Her father had been removed, however, and as she had sometimes been allowed to stay in with the lions alone she soon made up her mind that it was all right, and boldly walked forward. By this time the managers had succeeded in quieting the crowd and all sat breathless awaiting what the next moment would bring forth. My heart sunk. I tried to cry out to the little one, but my voice failed to respond.

"The little tot walked straight to Jupiter and said, in her little childish voice: 'Nice 'Jup.' What made 'oo slap my papa so hard? 'Oo shouldn't be so wough, giving him a little slap on his great, shaggy head, as she spoke. Instantly the lions stopped and stood motionless for an instant. I expected surely that that was the last moment of the little tot's life. But they made no attempt to harm her. Their wild, fierce eyes, that a moment before were balls of fire, seemed to grow soft, and their great jaws closed slowly.

"Come, 'Jup,' let's lie down," said little Mignon, leading him by the mane to the front of the cage. The great brute slowly sunk down and the little one lay down on his powerful, fawn neck, nestling her golden curls in the great shaggy mane. It was a trick she had often done before, and she seemed to think it a matter of course. Pretty soon she sprang up, saying: 'Good-by, 'Jup,' old fellow,' and giving him a hug and a few parting caresses she slipped to the cage door.

"I was almost frantic in my haste to shoot the big bolts back and open the massive door, but she sprang into my arms and the door clanged behind her. Outside the crowd cheered and yelled itself hoarse. The performance went on, but no one paid the least attention to it. Every one was discussing the miracle he had just seen. Dale soon recovered, and so far as I know never drank another drop afterward. The little girl is now one of the famous lion tamers of the world, and was with a big show in England the last I heard of her."

Dangling From a Burning Balloon.
Miss Essie Viola, the young Australian aeronaut, who is now in San Francisco, has passed through some experiences that would make the hair of many a strong man turn white, and, in fact, greatly shorten, if not entirely terminate, his existence.

But Miss Essie's eighteen years rest lightly on her shoulders, and her hair, which is of a golden hue, ripples quietly down her back without the faintest suggestion of a silver thread in it. Her eyes are of a grayish blue, her nose turns up santly, she has a trim figure, and a hand that portrays a sensitive and refined disposition. And yet this young lady was no more disturbed when she was at an altitude of 2000 feet, hang on to a trapeze suspended from a parachute, and her balloon caught fire, than if she were at home crocheting.

It was at Gypcie, Queensland, that this occurred, last April, and, according to the Sydney Mail, the scene was a most terrifying one for the spectators. Just at the instant that the balloon was let go it swayed heavily about, and, displacing the damper used for regulating the flame, caught fire as it shot into the air. Miss Millie, her sister, tried to seize her, but the intrepid young aeronaut would not be stayed, and she went up like a rocket.

But she did not come down like a stick. Hanging by her feet, she went nearly half a mile and then commenced to drift away from the river, from where she started. At this stage the balloon, which at the start was noticed to be on fire, became a blazing mass, extending towards the parachute. Seeing the situation of affairs, there was intense excitement among the spectators. The huge balloon descended literally one mass of flames, with the frail girl waving her handkerchief in the most fearless manner. No help was possible until the earth was reached. Down the balloon came, and was watched with intense anxiety, until the intervening trees hid the spirited young lady and her blazing chariot from view. Long before this numbers of people were following her, to give all of the assistance possible, and she was extricated from the burning mass as soon as she touched the ground. On regaining a footing on the solid earth in a most resolute manner she requested the bystanders to try and save her parachute. The balloon was utterly destroyed, and the parachute badly damaged.

A Woman Whips an Eagle.
Mrs. John Hendrix, of Gulf Summit, Broome County, N. Y., is considered the pluckiest woman in that quarter.
For a month the farmers about there have suffered from the incursions of a monster American or mountain eagle, which has wintered in their neighborhood and lived upon their poultry.
On Sunday, while Mrs. Hendrix was alone in the house, the eagle, which had become a familiar object, was cawing above the poultry yard. A little chancier, which was no match for its antagonist, had made a gallant fight. With one swift stroke the eagle placed the little cock "hoers do combat."

Just then an avenger, Mrs. Hendrix, appeared upon the scene, armed with a billet of wood. She struck at the eagle which at once attacked her furiously with beak and talons, cutting a furrow in her face and tearing her dress. The woman retreated to the house, and, arming herself with a hatchet, returned to the yard and found the eagle preparing to fly away with the now dead rooster.

Mrs. Hendrix made a pass at the eagle, which resumed the fight. In a deft, quick movement, she struck the bird full in the neck with the blade of the hatchet, and the battle royal was over. Screaming, the eagle died, its head being nearly severed, and its blood covering Mrs. Hendrix, who, woman-like, swooned.

Some neighbors, who were passing, found her lying in the yard a few feet from the dead eagle. She soon recovered consciousness. She had the dead eagle, a disfigured face and a tattered dress as souvenirs of the battle.

The eagle, which measured six feet from tip to tip, and weighed thirty pounds, has been placed in the hands of a taxidermist, and when mounted will be presented to a Grand Army Post in Deposit. The farmers of Gulf Summit promise to give to Mrs. Hendrix a handsome silk dress.—New York Press.

A Horse's Wild Sprint.
Frank Pratt, of Batavia, N. Y., has a horse that should have the prize for both speed and luck, for it performed a feat that about caps the climax in both these directions. As Pratt and his wife were driving into the yard in the south part of the village after dark the cutter upset in the deep snow and the horse took flight, making for the Lehigh crossing.

When it reached the crossing it encountered a freight train bound west. There was scarce room to cross ahead of the train so the horse turned in on the track ahead of the train and ran for three miles, dragging the cutter across three long bridges and a number of trestles and over several crossing guards. It began to look to the trainmen as though the animal was going to make the whole distance into Buffalo ahead of the train when another train appeared on the other track. This headed off the horse and it plunged down an embankment into a gravel pit and fetched up in a snowdrift.

The train stopped and the men dug the rig out, then one man led the horse to a barn in the vicinity and left it. The other train reported the case to the owner, who took possession of the horse, expecting to find it half cut to pieces and the cutter smashed, but there was scarcely a scratch on the animal and the cutter was unharmed.

The Siam Shoe.
The Siam shoe has the form of an ancient canoe, with a gondola bow and an open toe. The sole is made of wood, the upper of inlaid wood and cloth, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented with colors, with gold and silver.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

TO SHINE 'MID FAIR TRESSES.

The jeweled side combs are another evidence of the excessive fondness the fashionable woman evinces for sparkling things, mock or genuine. When the hair is smoothly parted and drawn away from the forehead by these combs and the smoothly coiled back hair topped with a smart little bonnet or hat, the effect is extremely pleasing.—New York Advertiser.

A WOMAN DRUMMER.

A woman drummer for a Chicago brush concern has been doing a big business in Madison County, Kentucky, during the past week or so. She is said to have sold goods to merchants who were not in the brush business, and generally to have sold vast quantities more than any male drummer ever could, and at prices a man would not have dared to mention.—New York Sun.

A REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

Mary E. Wilkins wrote to an English magazine to correct a statement which had been made about herself, says the St. Louis Republic. The magazine had published an article about her in which it was said that Miss Wilkins was youthful and pretty. She wanted it corrected, as she was not young, she said, and had no pretensions to beauty. She is said to be about thirty-seven years old.

A BRAVE WOMAN REWARDED.

Mrs. Baker, wife of a London blacksmith, received a silver-plated teapot and a purse of gold from Police Superintendent Wyborn of the English metropolis recently in recognition of "aid rendered to the police in Great Suffolk street on December 17 last." Mrs. Baker ran to the rescue of a policeman who had been knocked down by a burly prisoner, and helped him to hold the latter until assistance arrived.

DANISH GIRLS.

Here is an interesting note about the Danish girl of society. She is confirmed between her fourteenth and sixteenth year, and is then considered "out," so that she makes her bow to society while English girls are still in the schoolroom. The result of this early entry into society can hardly be deemed satisfactory, for as soon as a girl has reached the age of twenty-two, and is still "in maiden meditation, fancy free," she ceases to be asked to dances or youthful gatherings, and, in so to say, "on the shelf."—Atlanta Constitution.

ODD UMBRELLA HANDLES.

The Dresden china handles, and of straight ones ending in a round ball, are decidedly shoddy. A few stray ones are seen here and there at the shops, left over from last season, but no new ones are being made. The straight handles of natural woods, pink up or some other appropriate and handsome stone, are in great favor just now for dress occasions. A pretty idea is to have one's monogram in gold fastened on one of these mineral balls. At least it secures its return by a conspicuous finder. Here are three good points to remember in choosing an umbrella. Select a handle of which there is no duplicate, one that is modest in design, and one which does not add greatly to the weight.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

BIG HATS DECLARED A NUISANCE.

It is interesting to note that the big theatre hat has at last been called by its right name, a nuisance, and been turned over to the proper authorities. Too long has the hat figured as a joke, and, if not as a joke, as a perfectly insurmountable difficulty, that neither law nor order, courtesy nor kindness, could alter or overcome. But now that Judge Johnson of Denver, has, in the words of the report, "approved an order requiring women to remove their hats and bonnets during performances at the Tabor Grand Opera House," it may be taken for granted that the example will be followed elsewhere. The practical common sense of such a measure is at once apparent. A thing is either a nuisance or it is not. If it interferes with other people's rights and comforts it is a nuisance, no matter how beautiful and costly it may be as a hat, nor how charming is the woman who wears it. And nuisances should be dealt with by the law, without regard to age, color, or sex. Just one thing remains to be said. No genuine gentleman, however blue blooded and beautiful and well meaning she may be at all appearances, would wear a big hat during a theatre performance.—New York Sun.

GOSSIP.

The Empress of China has a great passion for jewels.
Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz has been admitted to the New York bar.
The Princess of Wales recently ordered a tricycle for her own use, and selected a pattern which was obsolete. It had to be made expressly.
The Empress of Russia owns an ermine mantle which is valued at \$50,000. It is a present from her subjects living in the province of Kherson.

After a two years' struggle, the Chicago Woman's Club has allowed Mrs. F. B. Williams, an educated and refined mulatto, to become a member.
Buffalo, N. Y., employs as head window dresser a woman, a Miss Pope, to whom it is said the establishment pays the good salary such positions command.
A woman applied for an appointment as letter carrier at Grand Rapids, Mich., the other day, but the examining board ruled her ineligible on account of her sex.
Mrs. McKinley, wife of the ex-Governor of Ohio, spends the dull time of her invalid life making bedroom slippers for her friends. She has made and given away nearly 3000 pair.
Before long an institute of female physicians is to be opened in St. Petersburg. The privileges given to women who have obtained the degree of doctor of medicine are to be greatly widened.

Mrs. Phineas M. Barber, of Philadelphia, is about to erect and equip at a cost of \$40,000 a seminary for girls at Anniston, Ala., and give it to the Presbyterian Board of Missions for freedmen.
Mrs. Francis C. Ralston, Jr., one of the most exclusive of Philadelphia's exclusives, has shocked society there by opening a millinery shop. It is said that she is doing a big business successfully.
Two women servants in Paris are the sole legatees of their mistress who lately died possessed of \$120,000. This reflects credit upon both mistress and maid; good service substantially acknowledged.

Susan B. Anthony announces that anybody, who wants her autograph in future, will have to pay a cash consideration. The income will go to help the suffrage cause. It is said that she has been giving away thousands of autographs a year.
Ex-Empress Eugenie has recently deposited her will with a prominent London attorney, in which, true to her pledge, she has left a legacy to each of the 6834 male persons of France born on the birthday of her son, Prince Louis.
Dr. Mary Walker is now living on a farm about three miles west of Oswego, N. Y. She is a familiar figure on the streets of the town. She always wears a full suit of black broadcloth, with frock coat and silk hat, and walks with a cane.
Lady Aberdeen enjoys intensely listening to the parliamentary debates at Ottawa. She sits beside the Speaker, dressed in purple velvet, following the proceedings closely, but, like a true diplomat, never disclosing by word or look on which side her own sympathies may be enlisted.

WISE WORDS.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.—Saville.
Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this, that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it.—C. Baxton.
It is not error that opposes so much the progress of truth; it is indolence, obstinacy, the spirit of routine, everything that favors inaction.—Targot.

The juggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in the premises and in another sense in the conclusion.—Coloridge.
I have never met any one by whose side I have felt my invisible goodness aroused without his becoming at the same instant better than myself.—Maeterlinck.

It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung-heap, or in a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money.—Hawthorne.
The more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful, the human soul.—Lowell.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for sufficiency of thought; they mistake bafflements in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.—Longfellow.
The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide road made upon the soundness of his understanding.—Watts.
There is no doubt that there are particular moods of mind, aspects of feeling or of life, that can be adequately expressed only by particular kinds of music.—W. Knight.

A BEAR HELD UP A TRAIN.

The novel sight of a bear holding up a train was witnessed on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Deep Cut, two miles below Frackville, Penn., this morning. The train was the first to leave the yards at Delano.
The tracks lead across the mountain to Frackville, thence down the ravine to Pottsville. As they approached Deep Cut the engine headlight revealed a form on the track which the engineer thought was that of a man. The alarm whistle was sounded vigorously, but to no effect, and, as they neared the supposed man, the engineer saw his arms extended as he walked toward the train. This was enough, and the train came to a stand.
The blowing of the whistle had already aroused the trainmen, who thought a man had been run over. By this time Bruin reached the engine and stood with his paws on the bumpers. In the dim light the men could not distinguish the figure until they got near to it.

Just then the bear got down on all fours and made for the trainmen. They fled precipitately, Bruin following. The engineer had sized up the situation by this time and began to move his train slowly until his men got aboard. Several times the bear tried to mount the steps, but was not agile enough. He scampered off into the woods, evidently satisfied with the excitement he had created. It was a large bear seen on that mountain in fifteen years.—Baltimore Herald.

A BULLDOG'S GRIP.

Most bulldogs prefer to die rather than let go their grip, once they have fastened their teeth into flesh. This was the case with one at North Sayville, Long Island. On the evening of that day a Mr. Armbruster left a valuable pony in front of his house while he entered to get something. While he was in the house his bulldog, which was chained in the yard, became angry at the horse and tugged at his chain until he broke it. He then attacked the pony and lacerated it terribly. He bit through the tendons of the front legs, and was hanging to the pony's throat when Armbruster came out of the house. Seeing the trouble that the pony was in, and being acquainted with the dog's temper, he called a hired man and they attempted to club the dog off, but all to no purpose. The beast hung on to the pony's throat. Finally Armbruster got a double-barreled shotgun, loaded both barrels and blazed away at the dog, killing him instantly. The pony was badly torn, but will recover.—Buffalo Express.

BIBULIVOUS AZTECS.

The feminine direct descendants of the famous Aztecs are tiny creatures, exquisitely formed and refined in feature. They carry the heads with the upbearing grace of the full-blooded Indian; their skins are not red, but a clear, smooth copper color that shines like gold in the sun; their hair is coarse and black as ebony, and they are decorated with bright feathers and gay ornaments. These women make the most wonderful pottery that comes to us from Mexico, for they have kept the old Aztec forms and decorations in their art, and they also weave wonderful baskets and do exquisite embroidery.

FISH SPLITTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Provincetown, Mass., claims the champion pollock-splitter on the cape in the person of Captain James S. Atkins (Skipper Jim), now in his sixty-seventh year. During the recent great run of pollock he was employed by J. D. Hilliard as a splitter, and worked thirty-three hours at the splitting table. During that time he took the backbone out of 70,000 pounds of round fish, about 10,000 in number. Backbones were flying through the air in a continuous stream, averaging over five a minute. It took three men to pick up, prepare and pass the fish to the table.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Subtraction—His Calculation—Value of Training—Mean Thing—Proof—Beforehand, Etc., Etc.

"These problems in arithmetic are harrowing, I vow. Last leap year she was thirty. And she's twenty-seven now."—Washington Star.

HIS CALCULATION.

Inspector—"You don't carry enough life preservers."
Steamboat Man—"Oh, I guess there are enough for the people who would think of them in an emergency."—Puck.

MEAN THING.

"I took out \$10,000 insurance on my life to-day," said the meek man.
"I suppose you will live for sixty or seventy years now," said his wife in an aggrieved tone.—Indianapolis Journal.

PROOF.

Bridegroom—"My friend Meakes says he is afraid you didn't like his wedding present."
Bride—"Certainly I did! Why, I kept it a whole month before I exchanged it!"

VALUE OF TRAINING.

She—"It shouldn't think such a society man as you would care about football."
He—"I have to keep in training as a matter of necessity. When I go to receptions it helps me to get down to supper first."—Tid-Bits.

REFINED CRUELTY.

Employer (kindly)—"You are becoming very round-shouldered, Mr. Pathfall."
Bookkeeper (with hopes of a holiday)—"Yes, I fear that I am."
Employer (solicitously)—"Hadn't you better stop riding a bicycle?"—Boston Post.

BEFOREHAND.

He—"That little brother of yours is rather bright, isn't he? He told me just now he should expect a quarter if I kissed you."
She—"The wretch! You didn't give him anything, did you?"
He—"I gave him a dollar in advance."—Puck.

WANTED A SQUARE DEAL.

Dr. Kilsom—"Now, Freddy, if you're a good boy and swallow this medicine, I'll give you a dime."
Freddy—"Not much you won't! Dad says you charge him five dollars every time you come here; so if you want me to help you out you'll have to go halves."—Puck.

THERE WAS CAUSE.

"You have fastened the windows, dear?" she asked as they were about to retire for the night.
"No; what's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that hat, and we needn't fear burglars."
"But they might sit down on my hat, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

A POINT IN ETIQUETTE.

Yabsley—"Say, when a fellow calls on a girl, shouldn't he leave his hat and come in the hall, or take them into the parlor?"
Mudge—"Well, if the girl is living in a boarding house, and the hat and cane are worth anything, I think he had better hang on to them."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PARALLEL CASE.

Tommie—"You know when you was sick last summer the doctor sent you away for awhile—said a change would do you good?"
"Mrs. Figg—"Yes."
"I wonder if I wouldn't feel better if I was took out of school awhile and sent to the theatre every day instead?"—Indianapolis Journal.

TO SOME EXTENT.

"Seen Bill Brown when I was up to town," said the man with the gum boots, settling himself on the seat barrel. "Conductin' a street car."
"I thought Bill was goin' into business for himself," said the grocer.
"Wal, I follow he is to some extent, but the company ain't got onto it yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HER KIND WORD.

"Mr. Blykins thinks he knows a great deal," said one girl.
"Yes," replied her kind-hearted friend, "but you can't deny that he has some intellectual power."
"I haven't observed it."
"The very fact that you mention shows that he has a lively imagination."—Washington Star.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The Professional Revolutionist—"It's no use! I've seen a dozen of them, and not one will go into my conspiracy."
His Wife—"How is that? I thought they were all bitterly opposed to the Government."
The Revolutionist—"They are; but every one of them has a conspiracy of his own."—Puck.

THEN HE WENT HOME.

The young man who had traveled began:
"And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet."
"Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who has never been away, and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last car.—Indianapolis Journal.