Three Irishmen represent Scottish constituencies in the British Parliament.

A scientific sharp has discovered an intimate connection between the pernicious habit of early rising and insanity.

The Attorney-General of Illinois has ruled that a building and loan association has no right to borrow money to loan its members.

Germans objecting to the habit of holding the hands in the pockets have formed a society, the Antihandindenhosentaschenhaltenverein.

Before the present revolution Spain restricted the right of suffrage to 53,000 native Cubans, out of a total native population of 1,000,000, the ridiculous proportion of three per cent.

There are at present about 13,568,000 acres of forest in Maine, valued at $35,250,000. Two or three New England States could be hidden away in Maine's woods, calculates the New York Sun.

Skiographs, the new designation of the Roentgen X ray pictures—which it is impossible to call photographs—have nothing to do with the sky. The correct pronunciation is skee-o-graph, accent on the first syllable. It signifies "shadow-writing."

Bowery merchants of New York City claim that the effect of the song, "The Bowery," has been to seriously depreciate property values along that thoroughfare. They claim that strangers to the city believe the words of the song, and have come to regard all business men on the Bowery as brigands and bunco operators.

Some one asked in the British House of Commons the other day whether any Government officer could exercise general supervision over the poems of Alfred Austin before publication. An Irish member asked if the Post Laureate was not the successor of the Court Jester, who was always held to be irresponsible. Not a single man arose to defend the successor of Tennyson.

History is being made very fast in these days. The New York Recorder calls attention to the fact that the London press to-day is fully converted to the Monroe Doctrine. It was no longer ago than 1862 that the London Times declared Napoleon III. had done a great political service to the world in setting up Maximilian in Mexico, and thereby "extinguishing the Monroe Doctrine."

The probable outcome of the Venezuela question will be, according to Harper's Weekly, "surrender on the part of Great Britain," the "chastening of England," the strengthening and extension of the true Monroe Doctrine, "a better state of feeling" between the two countries, and success on the part of the United States in impressing "the rest of the world, and especially Great Britain, with that degree of respect which is sometimes paid to those who insist on their rights, reasonably or unreasonably."

Says the Philadelphia Times: The most encouraging results of the New Jersey road law are 100 miles of permanent road and an increasing public appreciation of the advantages of good roads. At first only a few counties were willing to assume the cost of trying the experiment. The number has grown in the two years from five to fourteen, or two-thirds of the counties in the State, and it is evident that public opinion will demand a large increase of the annual State appropriation, which up to this time has not exceeded $100,000.

It is not a matter for regret, maintains the American Agriculturist, that the promotion of horse meat as an article of food has proved a failure. The Oregon packing concern which last year began the slaughter of range horses has quit the business after a series of unsuccessful attempts to find a market for the 7000 animals handled. Several tons of the pickled horse meat shipped to Japan was refused and finally thrown into the ocean, and consignments to Europe met with as chilly a reception. As long as good beef, mutton and pork can be secured at such reasonable figures, both at home and abroad, consumers have no use for flesh from broken down horses or wild mustang ponies. With better breeding and a broader market, the development of the horse industry is bound to run in an entirely different channel. It is a fact, however, that horse meat is excellent for poultry, and constitutes the bulk of the poultry meat or concentrated feed that is largely used with such excellent results.

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

Some day, some day of days, treading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face.
Some day, some day of days, thus we may meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch lightly vale and hill;
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark separating sea.

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE MAJOR'S RUSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

THE fair feminine society of Portville was much excercised in mind when Major Trixon bought the great Brown House opposite the park.

Year in and year out that house had stood vacant. Summer suns had woven their threads of light through the closed blinds; winter snows had piled their white drifts against the threshold.

Some said the house was damp, others that it was haunted, yet others shrewdly surmised that it was in litigation, and couldn't show a clean title.

But nobody knew anything for certain, and when Major Trixon bought it, and an army of decorators, masons, painters and upholsterers took possession of it, the interest and curiosity of Portville was at the culminating point.

That the major was a bachelor was very certain. That he was forty years old, if not older, appeared an incontrovertible fact. That he was immensely rich, rather eccentric, and decidedly in want of a wife, everybody in town knew before the tittle-deeds of the big house had been twenty-four hours in the possession of the owner.

"Yes," the major had averred, seriously, when facetiously challenged on the subject by Mr. Miles Rideau, one of his most intimate friends, "I do want a wife. You may chaff about it as much as you please, but it don't alter the fact. But I want a wife, not a bundle of giggles and frizzes and Paris millinery."

"I'll introduce you to our first young ladies," said Mr. Rideau, cheerfully, "and then you can pick and choose for yourself."

Major Trixon was silent.

"A regular old bachelor," said Rideau, to himself. "He'll never marry. He wants perfection, and there's no girl living that can come up to his standard."

The ladies, as a matter of course, were much interested in the bluff, brown, elderly major. Miss Serena Silver, whose grandfather had been a commodore, and whose genealogical tree had more branches than a starfish, picked out the last gray hair from her tresses, and plumed herself for conquest.

"He'll want a lady of undisputable birth and position," she thought.

Alice Wood, the pretty dressmaker's assistant, pinned on an extra blush rose as she tripped to and fro to her work past the windows of the Brown House.

"The old story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid is always repeating itself," she thought. "And I'm not quite a beggar."

While all the beauties in Portville brightened up their armor and prepared to enter the lists.

Major Trixon went into society, and society was puzzled to know what to make of him.

"Twelve shirts!" said Gertrude May, holding up her hands in dismay.

"Twelve shirts!" echoed Mrs. Lacey, who was a pretty widow on promotion.

"But, my dears," said Mrs. Hedge, the mother of two dimpled, velvet-eyed beauties, "you must be mistaken!"

"We're not, mamma," said Bertha.

"He really did say so, mumsey," declared Ida.

"You see, Mrs. Hedge," explained Erminia Bruce, "he has founded a hospital or poorhouse or something out West, and he wants a box made up to send to the poor people there. And he has asked the young ladies hereabouts to contribute twelve shirts—one each, don't you see? And he wants them made by their own hands."

"So ridiculous," said Mrs. Hedge.

"But old bachelors always do have their quips and cranks," said Mrs. Lacey, complacently, as she remembered a garment of the late lamented Lacey's wardrobe which she promised herself to "do up" and pass on to the Western paupers as a piece of genuine domestic manufacture.

"Well, girls, you'll have to get out your work-boxes," said Mrs. Hedge.

"If it was worsted-work, now," said Ida.

"Or Kensington stitch," sighed Bertha.

"But shirts! Who ever heard of shirts?" said Gertrude. "However, we must all try. A rich old bachelor is worth a few pinched fingers, eh, girls?"

But Erminia Bruce, who had no liking for plain needlework, looked with disgust as the Wamsutta muslin, the card of buttons and the compact paper patterns on her table.

"I haven't time for it," said she to herself, "if I practice that sonata for the Thursday evening's musical. I'll put it out, and the major will never know that I didn't make it myself. A shirt, indeed! Why, he'll be expecting us to scrub floors and make soft-soap next. The Brown House is very nice, but I mean to be lady of it, without any of this odious drudgery."

So Miss Bruce, who was tall, with a superb complexion, flashing black eyes and a figure like Diana's own, rolled up the obnoxious materials and carried them to a little house around the corner, where a pale, dove-eyed young woman, no longer in her first youth, sat at her sewing.

"Agatha," said Miss Bruce, curtly, "I want a shirt made. Very nicely, now. And you must make it cheap; do you hear?"

Agatha Fontaine looked up wistfully.

"But, Erminia," said she, "I am very much hurried just now. If you could wait a week—"

"Very well," said Miss Bruce, with a toss of her imperial head. "Then I'll take my material elsewhere. It's always the way with you suffering poor! If one takes you work, you won't do it, and then you come and tell us all sorts of stories about your privations. But, mark my words, Agatha, if you refuse to oblige me now, I'll never employ you again!"

Miss Fontaine sighed softly. Five years ago she and Erminia Bruce had shared the same room in Madam de Froulignac's fashionable boarding school, and were inseparable friends. But poor Harmon Fontaine had failed in business, and recklessly drawn a razor across his throat, and here was Agatha toiling for her daily bread, no less than to support a delicate mother and a little brother who was ailing with spinal complaint. And Erminia had listened with a patronizing air to Agatha's humble request for work.

"I'll see what I can do for you," she had said, slipping the rich rings carelessly up and down her fingers. "But amateur needlework is never quite up to the mark. However, if you will consider that in your charges—"

"I will endeavor to work well and cheaply," said Agatha, meekly.

And after she was gone Erminia laughed exultantly.

"It's a regular stroke of good luck for us, mamma," said she. "Broken down gentry always work well, and at quarter prices!"

And so, when she turned coldly away upon this occasion, Agatha made haste to detain her.

"Leave the work, Erminia," said she. "It is true that I am very much hurried just at present, but you have been very kind to me, and I would not wittingly disoblige you."

"It must be hand made," said Miss Bruce, unrolling her parcel, "and very neatly, mind, and I'll pay you fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" echoed poor Agatha. "Our usual charge is—"

"I don't care anything about your usual charge!" said Erminia, impetiently. "If you can't do it for fifty cents, you needn't do it at all."

And she rustled out of the room, leaving a strong odor of "Bouquet de Caroline" behind her.

"Isn't it strange?" said Agatha to herself, in a sort of sotto voce.

"Isn't what strange?" said a pleasant voice from the adjoining room, where Major Trixon was sitting by Hal Fontaine's sick bed.

"This is the third shirt I have had brought me to-day to make," said Agatha, "and all in a hurry. I shall have to sit up until midnight every night to finish them."

"Indeed!" said Major Trixon.

"One is from Miss Ida Hedge and one from her sister Bertha," said Agatha; "and now Miss Bruce—"

"Miss Bruce, eh?" said the major. "Can't she make her own shirts, without bringing them here?"

"I don't know," sighed Agatha.

"She was the haughty young woman, I suppose, who was domineering over you just now?"

"Yes," acknowledged Agatha. "Not that she means to be unkind, but—"

"No, no—of course not!" said Major Trixon, drily. "Only that she treats you as if you belonged to an inferior race of creatures."

As he spoke he stooped over the bed and lifted the pillows, so as to alter the invalid's position.

"Is that any easier, my little man?" said he. "And now that the doctor is here, I will leave you for awhile."

"Indeed, sir," said poor Mrs. Fontaine, "you are very kind!"

"Kind?" he repeated, brusquely. "Nothing of the sought. Kind? Ought we not all to be kind to each other? And now good evening!"

"So," said he, "these are the shirts?"

And with a delicate pencil he drew a tiny cross in blue lead upon each one.

"These are what you call the neckbindings, aren't they?" said he. "That mark will do no harm. See, it is so small that no one would notice it but ourselves. I only want to identify these articles if I should ever see them again. Good evening, Miss Agatha! Now don't set too close at your needle."

And the major took his brown face and sturdy, tall figure out of the twilit room.

The shirts came to the Western packing-box in due time. Major Trixon eyed them critically.

"My old mother used to say," said he, "that a well-made shirt was the criterion of a woman's ability to make a good wife. These shirts are disgraces to the Portville girls—all except three, and each one of the three is marked with a tiny blue cross on the inside of the neck binding."

And Major Trixon chuckled as he packed the shirts into the big wooden box.

He met Miss Bruce on the favorite promenade an hour or so subsequently. She smiled sweetly into his face.

"I hope you were suited with the shirt, major," she said.

"It was beautifully made," he answered.

"I can assure you," she simpered, "that I worked most diligently upon it."

His dark eyes seemed for a minute to read her very soul.

She blushed, and turned her face away.

"Can he know," she thought, "that I sent it to Miss Fontaine to be made?"

The velvet-eyed Hedge twins were not far off; they advanced to meet him, with cherry cheeks and plumed hats to match.

"Oh, Major Trixon," said they, "did you get the shirts? And did you find out that we didn't make 'em at all? Mamma would be horrified if she knew that we told you. But we couldn't get the gussets and the gores right, and we pricked our fingers and lost our tempers."

"And so you sent them to Miss Fontaine, eh?" laughingly questioned the major.

"How did you know?" said Ida, with wide-open eyes.

"But don't tell mamma," added Bertha.

"Oh, I know a good many things," said the major, smiling. "And I assure you that your secret is quite safe with me."

Agatha Fontaine was walking absently along, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She scarcely saw the major, until he paused in front of her; then her cheek kindled into sudden fire.

"Major Trixon!" she cried. "The very one I wanted to see."

"Can I be of any service, Miss Fontaine?"

"The doctor's bill," she said, coloring. "It is so much more than we expected; and—and if you would lend us a little, Major Trixon, I should be so glad to repay it in sewing."

"I will lend you the money, Miss Fontaine," he said; "but as for sewing—"

"Your housekeeper may find something for me to do," said she, wistfully.

He turned.

"Let me walk along by your side," said he. "Let me tell you, Miss Fontaine, how closely I have studied your character since first Rideau took me to your sick brother's bedside. Let me confess to you how dearly I have learned to love you—how truly to respect your noble nature. I am a rough, brusque old fellow; I know, but I believe I could make you happy if you would but allow me to hope for your love."

"But me?" cried she, breathlessly—"me, who am but a poor sewing girl!"

"I love you," he said, simply. "I could do no more than that if you were a crowned queen."

So he married her, and the once poverty-stricken family live in the Brown House now, opposite the park, where hothouse flowers scent the rooms, and birds sing to amuse the crippled boy, while every luxury smooths his early saddened path.

And Miss Erminia Bruce never knew that her deceit about the special unit of the twelve shirts, which had fallen to her lot, was the straw which turned the current of Major Trixon's fancy. He liked and admired her before; he could not love her so again. And Agatha Fontaine was so good and innocent and true!

And, above all things, a wife's nature must be true. At least so reasoned the major, and he was no mean judge of human nature.—Saturday Night.

A Nihilist Tragedy.

Two years ago a Polish Count, who had joined a Nihilist club in Poland, was arrested by the Russian authorities and transported to the northernmost region of Siberia. Here he was told to till a snow-covered plot of ground or die, as seemed best to him. The Count, who had never done any other political wrong than enrolling his name as a member of an illegal institution, decided to attempt to escape, and for a year he tramped through Siberia and Russia, liable at any moment to be shot on sight, until he reached a neutral country. It is the custom of the cottagers in Siberia to place a little food and drink outside their windows for fugitives, and also to leave their barns open for them to sleep in. These courtesies, offered at the risk of losing their lives, enabled the Count to keep body and soul together until he succeeded in escaping, when he forthwith started for London, where he and his wife have since been living reduced to great poverty. The sufferings of that terrible journey exhausted his constitution, and he died recently, few knowing the great trials that the poor outlaw had endured.—New York News.

Celery Oil.

This is a new industry which Germany is endeavoring to foster. Distillers of essential oils have experimented with the distilling of celery during the past season, producing a new product. It is distilled from the green leaves, possesses the powerful aromatic odor and taste of the plant, and may arouse considerable interest among manufacturers of concentrated soups and preserved meats and vegetables. It requires 100 pounds green leaves to produce one pound of oil. If it proves feasible to distill celery for flavoring purposes, why not utilize other herbs in the same manner for like purposes?

POTATOES IN 1896.

The year 1896 is a red-letter year for vegetable growers. It marks the tricentenary of the introduction of the potato to civilized man. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had a hand in most things in those days, did the introducing. In the days when Sir Walter had to do with it the potato was not the everyday vegetable which it has since become. Sir Walter planted the first one, omitting appropriate ceremonies, on his estate at Youghal, near Cork. It took at once. It had not only found its favorite soil but it had discovered its chosen people. Nothing could have veen better suited to the land. It was the custom of the people, whenever a force large enough to make it practicable could be got together, to make raids upon the territory of their neighbors. The O'Brodar harried the lands

THE PEERLESS.

of the O'Brien, and as soon as the O'Brien recovered he harried the lands of the O'Brodar, doing his best to destroy all the food within reach of the O'Brodar family, that they might come to a proper understanding of their iniquities. The potato was hailed as a preventer of famine. Neither O'Brien nor O'Brodar could spare the time to sift carefully all the earth under the rule of the enemy, and nothing else would remove the plant. Such was the warlike beginning of the plant in Ireland, the home of its adoption.

About the time that the O'Brien and O'Brodar found their occupations as creators of famine taken from them people began to write long and learned discourses upon the new plant, as they do now on the X ray and other remarkable things. And they described it carefully, so that those who had never seen the plant could form some idea of its wondrous nature.

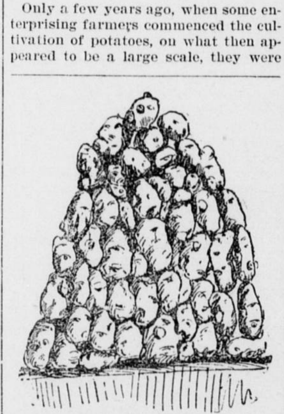
"The roote is thicke, fat, and tuberous; some of them as round as a ball, some ouall or egge-fashion, some longer and others shorter; which knobbie rootes are fastened unto the stalks with an infinite number of threddie strings."

But though it attracted much attention, it was long before outside of Ireland the potato began to receive popular approval. For more than a century it languished in obscurity in England. Little known and less prized, it was confined to the gardens of botanists and the curious, and when used at all as food, only at the tables of the rich, as a rare vegetable rather than as a standing dish. The potatoes furnished to the table of James I. bore the high price of two shillings per pound. In 1687 Woolridge writes of the tubers: "I do not hear that it has yet been essayed whether they may not be propagated in greater quantities for the use of swine and other cattle." Mortimer's Garden Kalendar for 1708 says, slightingly, "The root is very near the nature of the Jerusalem artichoke, although not so good and wholesome, but it may prove good for swine." Several reasons, besides prejudice, may be given for this neglect. Cultivation had not yet improved the wild stock to its present perfection. The proper modes of cooking had not yet been hit upon. And, lastly, vegetable food of any sort was less sought after, or rather less within the reach of the mass of the people, than it is now. At present it is the ubiquitous vegetable, without which no meal is complete.

Could a member of the Royal Society, which in 1663 adopted measures for extending the cultivation of the Solanum Tuberosum, with a view to prevention of famine in England and Ireland, have accompanied a newspaper representative through the wonderful potato region of Colorado on a recent occasion he must have been satisfactorily convinced that "things do move."

In the beginning of the sixteenth century potatoes were brought from America to Europe for cultivation in gardens as a curiosity. Last year there was forwarded, from one section of Colorado alone, 6000 carloads of "spuds," each car averaging 400 bushels.

Only a few years ago, when some enterprising farmers commenced the cultivation of potatoes, on what then appeared to be a large scale, they were


A COLORADO PYRAMID.

heartily ridiculed. Time has proven, and only a very short time at that, the correctness and sound judgment of the level-headed grangers who fully realized the special adaptability of the warm sandy soil, of certain portions of Colorado, to the successful production of the homely, unfashionable tuber.

While there have been in a few cases exceptionally large profits in this industry in the past, it has been a steady, profitable business for such men as are willing to give it attention. Idaho, Utah, and Montana have been enviously watching the success of Colorado in this line, and they are now energetically competing with the gold-silver State for the trade of Kansas and Nebraska. Freight rates, however, will not give them entree to the more Eastern markets—east of the Missouri river.

Probably there is no section of the agricultural world where the cultivation of potatoes is so simplified and systematized as in the Greeley district of Colorado. Seeing the enormous possibilities of this industry, an enterprising manufacturer of farming implements turned his attention a couple of years ago to machinery for preparing and handling this crop in all its stages. The result has been in the production of potatoes similar to the introduction of headers and thrashing machines in the raising of small grains—a marked decrease in the cost of production.

Only by the use of this machinery are the potato farmers of the far West to-day enabled to sell their product in competition with that of Illinois and Missouri in the markets of Chicago and St. Louis. They literally make a business of raising potatoes, and knowing that a too rapid continuation of crops is disadvantageous rotate their crop of potatoes from one section of the farm to another, alternating with wheat and the prolific and fertilizing alfalfa, thus insuring a constantly recurring replenishment of the light, sandy soil, which has proven so well adapted to potato growing.

In the planting season one of the ingenious machines above referred to is loaded with seed potatoes and started on its automatic labors across a field. It is accompanied by a wagon containing additional "seed." With the motive power supplied by two fine Norman horses and under the supervision of one man this machine will plant six acres per day. The planter may be adjusted to drill, drop, and cover in hills from ten to twenty-one inches apart, as may be most desirable.

The harvest of the potato crop usually commences about Sept. 15 and continues until the middle or latter part of October. During this season no one need complain of "no work." Men, boys, and even women and girls turn out en masse to hasten the harvest. Here, too, inventive genius holds sway. The ingenious harvester, drawn by four powerful horses, traverses row after row and leaves in its wake glistening lines of white and pink tubers as clean and neatly separated from their parent soil as if each had been carefully "sapolioed" before being released from its earthy repository. Each "digger" is attended by a driver and from six to eight "pickers" whose business it is to collect the potatoes, large and small, in baskets. These hands are paid from $1 to $1.50 per day and board.

In each section of the field is another contrivance called a "sorter," consisting of an oscillating screen hung at an

THE BURBANK.

angle of thirty degrees, into which the baskets are emptied. This screen has what is termed a two-inch square mesh. Those potatoes which will go through this mesh fall into a sack and are kept for seed the following spring. The larger potatoes roll from the screen into separate sacks, in which they are stored in peculiarly constructed cellars or "dug-outs" until conditions are favorable for marketing.

These "dug-outs" are excavations in the ground varying in size according to the requirements of the crop and approximately ten feet in depth. They are roofed over almost level with the ground and provided with ventilators. To such a considerable extent has this industry grown that at Eaton and Greeley enormous warehouses have been erected for the express purpose of storing and handling potatoes.

Greeley has become celebrated for her "Potato day," which is usually set for the 10th of October. On this occasion immense trenches are dug and the succulent roots, after being roasted to a turn by white-aproned experts, are served with appropriate accompaniments to an admiring crowd of appreciative people only limited by the capacity of the grounds.

During the last year there were about 2,400,000 bushels of this crop harvested in the northern portion of Colorado. There have been several train loads forwarded to St. Louis and Chicago, and many car loads have found their way to interior points in Iowa, Indiana, Tennessee, Ohio, and even as far south as Louisiana. One pyramid, which I secured a photograph of, contained exactly forty potatoes and weighed 120 pounds. A few selected specimens weighed a trifle over seven pounds each.

Wealth and Its Distribution.

Whatever may be the aggregate of the wealth of the country, and it is admitted that the United States is the wealthiest nation in the world, its distribution is very unequal according to George B. Waldron, writing on this subject in the Arena. According to Mr. Waldron, 4,000,000 families, or nearly one-third of all the families in the country, must get along on incomes of less than $400 a year. More than one-half the families (53.26 per cent.) get less than $600 a year; two-thirds of the families (68.01 per cent.) less than $900; while nineteen-twentieths (95.06 per cent.) receive less than $3,000 a year.

Some people seem to think that a man cannot behave himself unless he belongs to a church.

"Fine feafhers do not make fine birds."
But every harum-scarum
Is not a prince; so heed my words.
If you've fine feathers, wear 'em.
—Harper's Weekly.

"In battle musicians are always kept in the rear." "That's not fair. Many of them richly deserve killing."—Chicago Record.

"I never destroy a receipted bill, do you?" said Bunting to Giley. "I don't thing I ever saw one," replied Giley.—Amusing Journal.

"If I had your pull," said the small boy who was struggling with a large kite in a March breeze, "I could git purty high up in the world, too."—Chicago Tribune.

On the ball now keep your eye;
In a month or more
You will hear the same old cry:
"Mister, wot's de score?"
—Philadelphia Record.

"I had always been an American until I went around a curve in a cable car this morning." "What difference did that make?" "Then I became a Laplander."—Life.

R. R. Official—"You may not believe it, but this dining car cost $20,000." Planetree—"How long has it been running?" "Just a week." "Paid for itself yet?"—Life.

"I," wailed the poetic young man, "am ever misunderstood." "Then," asked the practical girl, "why do you not try to talk United States?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Jinks—"What's the cause of this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know?" Filkins—"Want to get it above the level of the women's hats, I suppose."—Brooklyn Life.

Dukane—Young Spiffins is the laziest man I ever knew. Gaswell—Indeed? Dukane—Yes, indeed! Even when he has nothing to do he is too lazy to do it.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"You say he is a remarkable man?" "Very." "In what way?" "He's the only scientist in the country who has not claimed an important discovery relative to X rays."—Chicago Evening Post.

He went out west to find a place,
Where he could have full swing,
Then stole a horse in Cripple Creek
And got that very thing.
—New York Herald.

Charley Hardupp—"What do you mean by sending my clothes home C. O. D.? Didn't I have a running account with you?" Kustem Made—"Yes. But it is all run out."—Brooklyn Life.

Tall Shopper—"Will you please tell me how long these skirts are?" Clerk (superciliously)—"They are the regular length, madam." Tall Shopper (meekly)—"Yes. But I'm not."—New York Journal.

Mrs. Moneybags—"Your son's extravagance is increasing. He wants a new plaything. This time it is a stable of race horses." Mr. Moneybags—"That's all right. I'm afraid he wanted to start a newspaper."—New York Weekly.

This world would be devoid of cares;
A resting place, where all is nice,
If coal would but come up the stair
As smoothly as it does the price.
—Washington Star.

"This is leap-year," remarked the maiden, timidly, "and I am disposed to avail myself of my sex's privilege. Mr. Tillinghast, I love you. Will you be mine?" "But can you support a husband," asked Mr. Tillinghast, anxiously.—Judge.

The old family cat awoke from a nap before the fire and stretched himself in the manner common to cats. Margie looked at him with distended eyes. "My doodness!" she exclaimed; "I dess ze tat's doin' t' boil over."—Truth.

"I'll kiss you for my sister's sake."
"Pray don't forget yourself," she said.
I straightway took her at her word,
And kissed her for myself instead.
—Truth.

"He stood at the top of the steps," she said, in telling about it afterwards, "and I mustered up enough courage to say: 'You know, this is leap year?' "Yes. What then?" "Then he leaned and I haven't seen him since."—Chicago Post.

Perry Patettic (in the road)—W'y don't you go in? De dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail? Wayworn Watson (at the gate)—Yes, an' he's growlin' at the same time. I don't know which end to believe.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"There's only one girl in the world for me,"
Is the song he was oft heard to holler;
And, come to find out, the one he adored
Was the girl on the almighty dollar.
—Yonkers Statesman.

"A fellow always feels satisfied with himself after having taken a little game," said the fellow coming out of the restaurant. "Well, it all depends on what kind of game he's been taking in," replied his friend, who had been out at the poker club.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Hardtack—Well, what we want is a nightwatchman that'll watch. Alert and on the qui vive for the slightest noise, or indication of burglars. Somebody that can sleep with one eye and both ears open, and not afraid to tackle anything. Mose Jackson (tremulously)—I see, boss. I'll send mah wife around."—Judge.