

President Eliot, of Harvard, opposes military training in the schools.

According to the Acheson Globe, so many men are wearing uniforms now that the surest way to attract attention is not to wear one.

The drummer is a privileged being in Great Britain. In addition to a room specially set apart for his comfort in every hotel, the leading railway companies have decided to let him travel on return tickets for single fare. This is for the purpose of letting him see his family over the week ends.

According to a report just made by the Acting Secretary of the Navy, out of a total of 11,550 bluejackets and marines, more than half (6289) are natives. This will be gratifying news to all patriotic Americans, exclaims the New York Observer. National defense can hardly be carried on entirely by proxy.

The thorough loyalty of the Boer people is shown by the fact that in attesting their regard for President Kruger they are going to keep a statue of Oom Paul standing in a conspicuous part of Pretoria. Observers of Oom Paul's pictures are aware that he is for use rather than for adornment, adds the Chicago Record.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, describes the bicycle as "that shoulder-contracting, mischievous, horrible machine that will take the manliness out of any Nation." The New Orleans Picayune adds: Time was when the worthy doctor's thunderings may have had some weight. That time was anterior to his invasion of this country some years ago. The experience which he then gained should have borne fruit ere this.

Something is wrong, maintains the American Agriculturist, when strawberries cost consumers in New York and New England cities from ten to fifteen cents per quart, while the producer in Jersey and on the Delaware peninsula only nets from two to four cents per basket. It does seem as though this condition of affairs went from bad to worse as the years roll on. The more perishable the fruit the greater seems to be the cost of handling and selling it.

A large insurance company has recently published returns for 17,375 deaths, covering a period of ten years from 1884 to 1893. Of this number 759 were the result of accident, including 76 homicides. This is an appalling proportion of murders. No country in the world, not even Sicily, could match it. Elsewhere sober, respectable, thrifty men who insure their lives are tolerably safe against murder. Here in every 2000 who die nine are murdered. Of these nineteen were shot in personal quarrels. Actually of the class which insures in this country for every 1000 who die one is killed red-handed trying to kill some one else. No such barbarism exists on the planet in any other land calling itself civilized.

One of the most remarkable men in public life at this time is Hon. H. W. Thompson, of Indiana, ex-Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Thompson is now in his eighty-seventh year, and has been in public life ever since 1836. This year he presided over the Indiana State Convention, and then visited St. Louis as a delegate to the National Republican Convention. In spite of his advanced years, his mind is still vigorous and unimpaired, while his body retains much of its former elasticity. He is to-day much stronger than hundreds of men who are twenty and thirty years his junior and is capable of doing more hard work. As far back as 1840, when William Henry Harrison was a candidate for President of the United States, Mr. Thompson was chosen as one of the electors from Indiana on the Whig ticket. Ever since that time he has been a factor in American politics, and has participated in every political campaign. Mr. Thompson is six months older than Gladstone and six years older than Bismarck, but while these veterans have laid aside the cares of office Mr. Thompson is still actively engaged in public affairs. On being asked the secret of his vigorous health at such a patriarchal age, he replied that he had never indulged in vicious habits or allowed himself to acquire a taste for intoxicating drinks. If a man possesses a good constitution at the beginning of life and does nothing to impair or diminish his physical birthright, in the opinion of the Atlanta Constitution, there is no reason why his days should not be long in the land; nor has he any excuse, provided he has a fair amount of brains, for not becoming a potential factor in his day and generation.

## MEN ATTACKED BY MICE.

### RISE AND FALL OF AN ANIMAL PLAGUE IN RUSSIA.

Fearful Ravages of the Rodents the Past Three Years—Scientists Find a Remedy for the Pests.

SOUTHERN RUSSIA and Siberia in the last three years have been the scene of the rise and fall of a pest of mice. In some places the destruction of property by rodents was a serious item in the total of the general misery of the peasant class. Great swarms of mice would suddenly appear in granaries, flour mills and storerooms, and in a few days little would be left except the barrels or sacks. The mice seemed to have lost their ordinary fear of cats and would even rush at them, relying on their force of numbers to make up for the loss of a few of their fellow mice.

All kinds of traps were tried, but seemed to make no diminution of the numbers. Some made their rendezvous in churches, and fed off the candles and prayer books. In the fields they were so numerous that the women, who do the most of the farming in Russia, positively refused to go to work, or, if they did, wore men's top boots, with trousers bound tightly around the knees or ankles.

The government of the province most infested finally offered a large reward for some means of exterminating the mice, and the bacteriological laboratories undertook the task of discovering some infectious disease that could be started among the mice that would make them die rapidly. There are a number of diseases which the lower animals at times develop which they alone are liable to. There are a number of human diseases which are fatal to animals also.

Thus, tetanus, or lockjaw, affects most animals as well as man, and mice are especially susceptible to it. Pasteur discovered a microbe, called the bacillus of malignant oedema, which can always be obtained by introducing under the skin of a rabbit or mouse a small quantity of ordinary garden earth. Mice, guinea pigs and rabbits, and many large animals are promptly killed by it. There is a special bacillus causing cholera and blood poisoning in chickens, rabbits and small animals, which rapidly proves fatal to mice. There is a bacillus of hog cholera, which also affects mice. There is a bacillus which is especially likely to cause erysipelas and blood poisoning in mice. It kills rabbits, white mice and house mice, but does not affect field mice.

One of the laboratories obtained a microbe from a guinea pig who died a natural death, which proved to be especially deadly to mice, who died at the end of two or three days after being inoculated. The trouble with these microbes was that the mice had to be caught first and inoculated with a hypodermic syringe.

After much investigation the Russian bacteriologists discovered a microbe which not only killed mice when injected into them, but proved fatal if placed in their food. The name is the bacillus typhi murium. It resembles somewhat the bacillus of typhoid fever. Though deadly to mice it did not seem to affect rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons or chickens.

To produce the new mice poison the poisonous germs are cultivated in test tubes of gelatine. Then they are mixed with bread and water and distributed where the mice abound. The mice die rapidly, and the dead mice seem to kill off more than the poisoned food.

The people in the province were overwhelmed with gratitude at the success of the scientists.

As an illustration of the abundance of mice before this method was tried, the United States Consul at Odessa writes that when the army of mice, swarmed over houses and huts through the country, not only the dogs and cats refused to molest them, but the mice attacked men. While he himself was waiting for a train on a branch line of the Southwestern Railway, a clergyman with long hair, who was walking up and down the platform, stopped for a moment and raised the end of a canvas which served as a cover for a large quantity of wheat, which was awaiting shipment. In an instant an army of mice ran over him, and his beard, hair and cloak were literally alive with them. To brush them off took some time, and when he finally thought himself free, he was dismayed to find a mouse in each of his trousers' pockets.

### A Young Girl and a Little Bear.

A few days ago Miss Grace Duckett had quite an adventure. While returning in the evening from one of her neighbors, Miss Grace met a bear. Instead of screaming and running, she, with the help of her dog, forced him up a tree, where she left him till she could go to one of the neighbors for help. A. D. McDougall went with her to the place where the bear was freed. Miss Duckett herself cut the tree down, and when it fell they succeeded in capturing the bear alive. It proved to be a fine cub, and is very lively.—Colville (Washington) Index.

### Plants the Color of Stones.

There are a few instances of protective mimicry in plants, though in general plants protect themselves by spines, hairs, and poisonous secretions. The "Stone Mesembryanthemum" of the Cape of Good Hope resembles the stones among which it grows, and thus escapes the notice of wild herbivorous animals. Mr. Weale has also observed that many plants growing in the stony soil of Karoo have their tubers so like the stones around them that when not in leaf one cannot be distinguished from the other.—London Globe.

## THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

### That Is the Record Made by Tom Linton, an English Cyclist.

Tom Linton, who has just created a new cycle record for the hour by going thirty miles and 214 yards at the Velodrome de la Seine, in Paris, is an Englishman with a record. Many long-distance riders have been trying for some time to crowd thirty miles into one hour's riding, but Linton is the first to accomplish it. A. A. Chase was the next nearest, he having ridden twenty-nine miles and 300 yards within the hour at the Wood Green track in England on May 19. Linton's great effort was paced, of course, and by the celebrated English Gladiator team. It was timed by A. Moore and E. Girard, and was witnessed by such well-known cycling authorities as Leon Hamelle, President of the Union Cycliste; Paul Bernard, Spoke and Badnet, besides an army of enthusiasts. Linton went at his task in a most determined manner and began record-breaking almost at the start. At the seventh kilometer he had beaten Barden's record, and then fell the records of Bonhours and Chase. During all his ride he kept up a furious pace. His pacemakers could not go fast enough to keep out of his way, and he was ready for another hour's ride when his first hour was completed. Linton's ride all the way up to thirty miles was remarkable, and the record

is interesting. He did his first five miles in 9:42, ten in 19:30 1/2, fifteen in 29:23 1/2, twenty in 39:29 1/2, twenty-five in 49:34 1/2, and thirty in 59:46 1/2. Chase, in his run at Wood Green, occupied 1:01:46 1/2 in going thirty miles, his record for the hour being twenty-nine miles and 300 yards.



TOM LINTON.

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## HUNGARY'S MILLENNIUM.

### A Brave People Celebrate Their 1,000th Birthday.

Just a thousand years ago the forefathers of modern Hungary, who had wandered westward from their original home in the region of the Altai mountains, established themselves in the country which has since borne their name and laid the foundations of the Hungarian state. For some months to come the Hungarian nation will be engaged in the appropriate celebration of the 1,000th year of its history. Fetes and congresses of all kinds are to be held at all the chief centers of the country at intervals throughout the next few months, and great events of Hungarian history are to be celebrated by the erection of many monuments.

The chief feature of the commemoration is the great Millennial exhibition which was opened at Budapest recently by the Emperor-King Francis Joseph, and which forms an elaborately faithful presentation of the gradual development of the Hungarian race from a state of barbaric simplicity to the complex civilization of the present time. Most of the great historical buildings are reproduced on an extensive scale in a rich medley of different architectural styles—Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, and their successors.

Time to Go. The late Sir Richard Burton was exploring an unknown corner of Afghanistan once, and had adopted the disguise of a Mohammedan fakir. He played his part so well in one village that the inhabitants formed a very high idea of his sanctity. Naturally, he was pluming himself on his success, when the elders came privately to him one night and begged him to go away at once.

"Do not the people like me?" asked Burton, in great surprise.

"Indeed they do," was the reply; "they were considering whether it would not be a good thing to possess your tomb, they are so enchanted with your holiness." Sir Richard made the best of his speed away.

Don't let your troubles blind you to the fact that your neighbor's sympathy is two-thirds curiosity.

## RAILROAD COLLISION MADE A PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

Unique Show Given at Columbus, Ohio.—Engines Under a Full Head of Steam Dash Into Each Other.



At Columbus, Ohio, twenty-five thousand people saw two monster locomotives deliberately put in terrific collision. The collision was arranged by the Hocking Valley Railroad Company as a means of drawing people to their new park. The machines were old-fashioned and worn out. Neither had been used for some time and both were early candidates for the scrap pile. A small expense put them in safe condition for the purpose. A special side track a mile long had been prepared and the locomotives, with four old freight cars attached to each and under full steam, were started, one from each end. It is estimated that they were going at the rate of fifty miles an hour when they met. The crash was heard for miles. The two monsters were of about equal weight and when they struck they mounted up in the air fully twenty-five feet.

sors. The Sultan of Turkey has contributed a particularly fine collection of treasures associated with his predecessors on the Turkish throne, whose sovereignty was acknowledged in Hungary. Side by side with this rich display of bygone times is a no less extensive illustration of the chief features in the life of modern Hungary. More than 170 different pavilions of spacious size are devoted to the exhibition of all that is most representative of the country, and, indeed, of its whole social and political life.



FORESTRY PAVILION.

High Woods of Tropical America. Of the High Woods, the dense primeval forests of tropical America, many, from Humboldt downward, have written, and written well; yet more words can never adequately render their grand, mysterious beauty. The brush, in the land of genius, might succeed; the pen must inevitably fail. It is of little service to tell of giant stems rising to a height of 200 feet or more before they put forth their strong, interlacing branches. The bare statement of the fact conveys no idea of the massive nobility, the columnar dignity and grace of their trunks. They shoot straight upward in grand and crowded array, the pillars of a dense roof of dark-green foliage; and from their branches hang festoons of bush rope, in strenuous though invisible combat, one with the other, to reach the soil, even as the great trees are in similar combat to force their way up into the sunlight and air. So thickly matted is the roof of branch and leaf, of pendulous rope and ivy, that the light is dim. You may travel for days and never see the sun save for slanting shafts and burnished gold that pierce the interstices of this natural ceiling; or for occasional clearances where some old giant of the forest has fallen, crushing down all the weaker trees that could not withstand its weight. The atmosphere is almost intolerably hot and dank. The ground is encumbered with a dense undergrowth of bush, making progress painfully slow, even over an Indian trail. The silence, too, is as oppressive as the heat. Just before day-break, in the ten minutes or so of half light, the forest will resound with the cries of monkeys and the notes of birds.

First Among Girl Cowboys. Jessie Findley is the champion girl cowboy of the West. She is only seventeen years old, but as a horse-breaker she has no rivals among her own sex, and but few among the sterner sex. She is a product of Oklahoma. She has lived an outdoor life always, and the broncho does not buck that she fears to tackle.

On one occasion she rode 250 miles in five days, and wore out the men who accompanied her. At another time she rode her pony into the North Canadian River when it was bank full, and swam across. Not one of her male companions dared to follow her lead. She has great success in taming bucking ponies which male riders can do nothing with. She seems to have a hypnotic influence over them they cannot resist.

Although possessing all the reckless daring of the cowboy, Miss Findley takes delight in feminine fancies natural to a girl of her age, dressed tastefully, and is not averse to frills and pretty ribbons.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Kate Field's Romance. Miss Field's death recalls a story of her youth that was first given publicly in the World's Congress of Journalists in 1893, and may contain the secret of her having never married. The story, as told by one who claimed to know, was that in the beginning of her journalistic career Miss Field worked on the Cincinnati Commercial in collaboration with Whitelaw Reid, who was at that time her accepted lover. When Reid became an editorial writer on the New York Tribune he sent for his old sweetheart to come and take a position on the paper. Until after the defeat of Horace Greeley for the Presidency the pleasant relation between Mr. Reid and Miss Field continued.

When Greeley returned to his old desk, defeated and broken-hearted, the stock of the Tribune was put upon the market at a very low price. By the advice of Mr. Reid the majority of the stock was purchased by D. O. Mills, and Reid was given full control of the paper. As a result of the relations thus established Whitelaw Reid married Miss Elizabeth Mills, the daughter of D. O. Mills, and became the owner of a majority of the stock of the Tribune. When the news of the engagement of Mr. Reid to Miss Mills became known Kate Field severed her connection with the Tribune, and left the office never to enter it again.—Chicago News.

The Walk of Women. "How women walk" has recently been the subject of discussion in a Parisian journal. According to this authority, the palm must be awarded to French women. The English woman, it states, does not walk; she travels. Her limbs appear to be moved by the engine of a steamer, and her feet have the proportions of an Atlantic liner! Concerning the gait of women of other countries, this interesting journal goes on to remark that the German is heavy, one feels the earth tremble beneath her tread; the Spanish woman "prances," the American resembles the pendulum of a clock, the Italian "skips," the Russian "skates," the Dutch woman "rolls," and the Belgian tramps about.

Now, although these remarks are ungracious and uncomplimentary to our own Nation particularly, we can not but own that there is a certain amount of truth in them. Numbers of women do not seem to care how they walk so long as they cover the distance they wish to traverse somehow. But if they could only see themselves as they appear to the casual onlooker, how very differently they would comport themselves! How often is a pretty face and figure spoiled by a stoop of the shoulders and a wriggling, bustling walk!

Corset women are models of queenly grace, and the reason is plain. They have a curious custom of carrying burdens, waterpots, etc., on their heads. I noticed a Corsican woman going on board a steamer at Marsailles not long ago carrying her baby in her arms and her portmanteau on her head. As nearly all the water in Corsica is carried from wells by women in waterpots, the women acquire from youth the practice of carrying burdens on their heads. An hour's

# NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

## A DOVE COLORED GOWN.

A very dainty dress that comes from Paris is of the soft gray blue that you see on a ring-dove's neck. The bodice is slit up twice in front, and from either slit emerges a fan-like pleating of deep lace, which hangs loose to below the waist. Above these slits the bodice is fastened together on either side by two enamel buttons. The fold collar is of cerise velvet, and the usual inside frill of cream lace falls over it, forming a pretty frill-like expansion below each ear. The sleeve, very full above and tight below the elbow, expands in a sort of sheath over the hand, and this sheath is slit up in front to show an inside pleating of black chiffon. The soft belt of cerise velvet matches the collar, and the toque of soft gray straw, ruffled with bluish gray tulle, has an erect panache, just over the right eye, of black ostrich feathers. Anemones, primroses and tuberoses are the favorite millinery flowers in Paris.—St. James's Gazette.

## Pearls are the latest craze in London.

Adelina Patti has earned \$5,000,000 as a vocalist.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand has but one hand, and that is the left one, but she can serve a ball that is very hard, indeed, to get at.

The fashionable wedding gift for bridegroom to make to the bridemaids is a pendant watch in enamel, of a hue to correspond with the tone of the toilet.

Mrs. Martin, the wife of the ex-Senator, has a collection of 500 pitchers of which only two are duplicates. One is of gold, an inch high, set with six jewels; another is made of \$3000 worth of bank notes.

The popularity of billiards among French society women is of comparatively recent date. It is now very pronounced, and almost as much of an indoor craze as wheeling is an open-air pleasure.

Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., proposes to build that city a polytechnic institute and endow it at a cost of \$1,000,000. She has already given the city a hospital, a church, a large park and a home for aged women.

Miss Lucie Faure, daughter of the President of France, launched, at Havre, a ship bearing her father's name. All Havre turned out to give an ovation to the President's daughter, who was surrounded by a group of former school friends.

Mrs. Jesse Seligman is making a collection of fans, while Mrs. Orden Goeltz has an odd fancy for handkerchiefs. She has many hundred, and one cost no less than \$200. It is an airy, fairy nothing. It is made of lace, but it looks like a cobweb.

Miss Mabel Kennedy, a woman not yet twenty years of age, is the cashier of the Merchant's Bank of Forsythe, Montana. She passes on the securities offered, makes the loans, receives the deposits, draws the exchange, and does all the important work of the establishment.

The accomplished wife of the Spanish Premier, Canovas del Castillo, was born in Washington, D. C., where her father was the Peruvian Minister. She and her sister Anita (now the Countess Casa Salsena), were known in those days as the little Iema girls. They carried great fortunes to their husbands.

The fourth woman to obtain the doctor's degree at the University of Gottingen is Miss Alice Luce, a graduate of Wellesley. She has been made doctor of philosophy, cum multa laude, by Gottingen. She had spent two years in philological studies at Leipzig and has been at Gottingen through one semester.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the famous traveler, is the guest of the British Consul at Seoul, Korea. Although an invalid, she is preparing for a solitary winter trip across to Peking. The passion for travel which distinguishes this woman, and her endurance, though always ill, may be said to be little short of marvellous.

Mrs. Nancy McKeon, of West Stoughton, Me., has the honor of having killed the largest bear ever captured in that region. The bear was chasing her sheep, when she attacked him with a club, and, after a hard fought battle, succeeded in laying him out. Mrs. McKeon is eighty-three years of age, in good health, and says she is ready for another bear.

## FASHION NOTES.

Some of the new proposals have very unique handles of crystal.

In jewelry the emerald is at present the queen of precious stones.

Pearl, yellow and pink tan shades are the correct colors in gloves.

Tortoise-shell spectacle cases are made with chased silver mouths.

Petunia and apple green are the predominating shades in everything.

practice of this exercise a day with, for instance, a book or a pillow on our head, would do wonders in the way of making us into types of grace and ease, when before we were the exact opposite.—London Figaro.

## Gossip.

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Pearls are in greater demand than ever, and are largely used for necklaces.

Grenadines are mostly made up over colored silks and used for dressy occasions.

## DAY-BREAK.

How pale the moonbeams, falling on the fountains!  
How soft the murmurs from the wood beyond!  
How vague the shadowy outlines of the mountains!  
How faint the lilies' perfume from the pond!

Fet not so soft as sweet young eyes' faint luster;  
And not so pale as fancy's pictures are;  
And not so vague as wavering thoughts that cluster  
In maidens' hearts when love is yet afar.

The day is born, and twilight's trembling glimmer  
Gives over when the sun comes forth in glory.  
Young love is born, and half-felt doubts grow dimmer  
When he begins to lip his wondrous story.

—David A. Curtis, in Truth.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Miss Conyng is rather coy, isn't she?" She—"Yes; decoy."—Puck.

The world is like a bike—it will throw down the people who don't keep moving.—Puck.

"Got your new tandem?" "Yes." "Tried it yet?" "Sh!—no; we've quarreled."—Chicago Record.

Jones—"Good morning, Benson. How do you find business?" Benson—"By judicious advertising."—Harlem Life.

Diner—"Here, waiter; this water is dirty—there's been milk in the tumbler." Waiter—"Why, boss, dat is milk."—Judge.

Tired Tatters—"Yes, sir, pard, it pays ter be honest." Wary Wraggles—"I know now why ye're so durn poor."—Louisville Truth.

Brauer—"Say, can you lend me ten till next week?" Facer—"Like to, old boy; but, fact is, I'm so short." Brauer—"All right; so long!"

"Pin my faith to the Mayflower," cried the college maiden neat. "And I, B'zob," said her father, "Pin mine to October wheat."—Washington Times.

Father—"Did you notice how the lieutenant enjoyed our lunch? He took a little of everything." "Yes, but none of our daughters."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Wallace—"Do you believe in signs?" Ferry—"Some. When you see a woman driving south and looking east, it is a pretty sure sign that she means to turn to the west at the first corner."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I am very much afraid that Jimmy is in mischief," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband. "I can't hear him," replied Mr. Snaggs. "That's why I think he must be doing something he ought not to."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What do you think of the bicycle craze?" "Great thing! I never took so much good exercise before in all my life." "Why I didn't know you were riding." "I am not, but I have to cross the street once in a while."—Chicago Record.

Customer (howlingly)—"This toothache stuff you gimme is the rankest kind of a fraud. And you warranted it to work like a charm." Druggist (blandly)—"Well, did you ever know a charm to work?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Sweet one, I love you," he whispered to his partner at the masquerade. "I should think you would," she replied, "seeing that I am your wife." "Didn't I know it, darling? What other woman do you think I would say that to?"—Boston Courier.

Wiggins—"Those railway tracks at the Pittsburg crossing will surely have to be sunk below the street level right away." Briggs—"What makes you think so?" Wiggins—"Three wheelmen have protested against being delayed by the safety gates."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He prided himself on speaking twelve tongues. He could trace its root any word you might name; But he read twice through a baseball report. And then couldn't tell what they did in the game!—Chicago Record.

"I might as well plead guilty, your Honor," owned up the penitent prisoner at the bar. "If it had been lace or diamonds you might have called it kleptomaniac and let me go, but I don't s'pose that would work in this case. I stole the hog, your Honor."—Boston Traveler.

## Ravages of a Bookworm.

An ancient, parchment-bound volume on the shelves of the dean of Columbus College is the sarcophagus of a withered specimen of that rare and interesting burrower, the bookworm. The discovery was made last week, while a student was turning over the pages of a history of the Frisians, entitled "Rerum Frisarum Historia." The book is an Elzevir, and was published in Holland in 1646.

From the appearance of the volume it has been many a day since the bookworm, in its predatory pursuit of knowledge, began to devour its contents. The little fellow opened operations on the inside of the back cover. Thence he plowed a path through several of the adjacent pages. He died in the harness, and his mortal shell, a mere thumb nail sketch, lies along the groove in which he presented his investigations. Perhaps Ubbis Emmas, the author of the book, never had another so devoted a reader.—New York Mail and Express.

## A Royal Plume.

The Prince of Wales, when he attends a state function in full dress, wears one of the most costly ornaments known to the British Court. It is a plume of feathers pulled from the tails of the ferriah, the rarest and most beautiful of Indian birds.