

Bismarck once said that it is better for an ambitious man to embark on the career of his life without a feminine cargo.

The Newport (R. I.) Herald remarks: A traveler says that in Russia the girl does all the courting. We believe it. We once saw a woman from that country. If there was any courting done, she'd just have to do it.

Boston intends to practice hygiene instead of, as heretofore, only teaching it. It is proposed to put from fourteen to thirty shower baths in the Paul Revere School House, an experiment which will cost the municipality \$2500.

Norway seems to be quite as hard a place for literary men to live at peace in as Paris is. It is now announced that Bjornson is finally on the point of shaking the dust of his native land from his feet and going with his family to live henceforth in Germany.

A statement published in the European Economist gives some facts with regard to the growth of population in the various countries of Europe during the decennial period of 1885-1895. The aggregate increase was 29,922,800. Some States have advanced greatly. For example, Russia added 12,510,800 to her existing population; Germany, 4,322,600; Austria-Hungary, 3,592,200; Great Britain, 2,452,400; Turkey, 1,100,000, and France, 67,100. The Figaro observes that the statistics point to a lamentable state of things for France, and it is not expected that the census to be taken this year will reveal any improvement.

The British Government pays the royal family \$3,600,000 yearly. Of this amount Queen Victoria receives \$2,000,000 besides her income from the Duchy of Lancaster, which amounts to \$250,000. The Prince of Wales gets \$200,000 a year for the labor of being her apparent. The pay of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is \$100,000. Italy pays her King \$2,500,000. The German Emperor receives \$4,900,000, besides a large revenue from estates belonging to the royal family. The Czar of Russia owns in fee simple 1000 square miles of cultivated land, in addition to a fixed income of \$42,000,000 a year. If young Alphonse of Spain saves his money he will be one of the richest sovereigns of Europe by the time he attains his majority. His present income is \$1,400,000 a year. France pays her President a salary of \$240,000 a year, while the President of the United States receives only \$50,000. Until 1873 the President's salary was only \$25,000.

Chairman Henry Gannett, of the United States Board on Geographical Names, an institution organized in 1890, has given out some interesting information as to the Board's researches in American nomenclature, announces the Chicago Record. During the five years of its existence the Board has decided over 2500 cases of disputed nomenclature which were submitted to it. In making decisions it has divided most names of towns, States, rivers or counties into two classes, those which are and those which are not established by local usage. In the case of the former, the members have acted upon the principle that local usage ought to prevail, but in the case of disputed spellings of names having the same origin they meet with a puzzling question. Which of the various spellings of Allegheny, Alleghany and Allegany should be adopted? Should they all be made alike? If so, should "Wichita," "Washita" and "Ouachita," which are all the same word, be spelled alike? How about towns like Wyandot, Wyandotte and Gwynandot? As a general thing, the Board does wisely in accepting the form of spelling already prevailing locally, not attempting to trace back the name to the original and derivative forms. The latter course would lead it to spell Wisconsin "Ousconsin" and Wabash "Owabash," while a purring Wisconsin stream, now called Rum River, would be traced back through its punning derivation from "Spirit River" to the "River St. Esprit." The fact is that, while a little may be done toward simplifying and correcting American geographical names, natural progress will accomplish almost all that is necessary, and the rest can safely be left to time. No country in the world, as Robert Louis Stevenson pointed out, has such varied, beautiful and picturesque names. They derive from all sources, and vary from poetic Indian terms to quaint variations of the names of old Europe. At all events, let us not make the mistake of "correcting" this picturesque nomenclature into the commonplace.

FREE SILVER COINAGE.

WHY IT WILL IMMENSELY BENEFIT THIS COUNTRY.

The World's Supply of Silver Dependent Upon the United States—The World Must Buy From Us, and at Our Price—Position of England.

We are told by the gold men that with the free and unlimited coinage of silver in this country alone, we would be flooded with European silver, and as a result our silver money would be greatly depreciated. That this proposition is untruthful and misleading is amply proven by the report of the Director of the Mint, dated June 24, 1894, which shows that the world's production of silver for the year 1893, rated at the ratio of 16 to 1, amounted to \$208,371,000. Of this amount the United States produced \$77,575,700, and Mexico produced \$57,375,600. The amount produced in the United States and Mexico was \$134,951,300, and all the balance of the world produced \$73,419,700. Put of this \$73,419,700 the South American and Central American States, all of which are silver using countries and equally interested with the United States in maintaining the price of silver, produced \$25,044,700, and the Dominion of Canada produced \$321,400, which makes a total production in America of \$160,317,400, and all the balance of the world produced only \$48,033,600. The amount actually produced in Europe was \$19,155,100. The amount produced in Great Britain, the country that now assumes the prerogative of fixing the value of the silver bullion of the world, was \$27,700. England's production of silver is less than two mills on the dollar of the total production. Instead of being able to dictate the value of silver bullion, she ought not to be consulted at all. She should have no voice in the matter. In fact, Europe combined could not, as against the wishes of America, exert much, if any, influence, on the value of silver. The amount of their production or of their actual consumption of silver is too trifling to have any material influence on its market value. Europe requires a certain amount of silver bullion annually to keep up her supply of token money, even though she might discontinue its use as money of ultimate or final redemption. The amount now being consumed by her for coinage purposes averages about \$32,000,000 annually, to which, if you add the amount consumed by her in the arts, it will be found that instead of having silver to sell she annually consumes more than double the amount of silver that she produces.

It may be a fine thing for Europe to allow her to fix the price of silver bullion, but it is contrary to all precedent and an outrage on the silver-producing countries. America produces more than three times as much silver as all the balance of the world, and more than ten times as much as the amount produced in Europe.

The total amount of silver produced in the world, outside of America, is not sufficient to supply the demands of Europe for coinage purposes and for the use in the arts. It is not sufficient to even supply the demand of India for coinage purposes alone. It would hardly be sufficient to keep the silver gods of China in decent repair, to say nothing about a new one now and then. It would be, therefore, an act of imbecility for America, producing as it does more than three-fourths of the silver produced in the world, and more than ten times as much as the European production, to allow Europe to fix the price of our silver bullion. We have no interest in common with Europe on the silver question. Europe is a heavy consumer of silver. She does not produce enough to supply her demands. She must enter the market and buy silver, not only for coinage purposes, but for use in the arts. It is her interest to buy silver at as low a price as possible. We can not combine with Europe, and why should we not combine with ourselves?

America commands the supply of silver bullion. The annual consumption of silver for coinage purposes, notwithstanding the suspension of the coinage of silver by the Latin Union, averaged for the years 1891-2 over \$143,000,000, and the consumption in the arts for the same years averaged over \$27,000,000 (see report of Director of the Mint for 1894), making a total annual consumption of \$170,000,000, only \$48,000,000 of which are produced outside of America. It will therefore be seen that after consuming all the silver bullion produced outside of America, the world must buy from us \$122,000,000 worth of silver bullion annually for coinage purposes, and they must pay the price fixed by us, if we have manhood enough left to fix a price.

The idea, therefore, that with the free and unlimited coinage of silver we would be flooded with European silver is a delusion which facts and history can easily dispel. Why, if we are the greatest silver-producing country in the world, should we not have something to say about its value? England is the great creditor Nation of the world; her imports are largely in excess of her exports; she is, therefore, interested in having dear money and cheap commodities. If commodities are cheap and money dear, but little money will be required to settle her balances of trade; and if money is dear, that is, if its purchasing power is great, the amount received as fixed charges on the interest-bearing obligations she holds against other Nations and the people of other Nationalities will be much more valuable and will go farther in paying for such commodities as she must obtain from abroad than it would

with a large volume of money in circulation. Shall we have a circulating medium in the interest of England or shall we legislate in the interest of ourselves? We believe the answer will be to legislate for America first, last and all the time.—New York Suburban.

THE FARMERS' SUFFERINGS.—How the Agricultural Interests Have Been Hurt by the Gold Standard.

Though labor in general has felt the depressing effect of the single gold standard, the burden of this iniquitous system has rested with peculiar force upon the farmer.

As a rule, whatever hurts the farmer also hurts the merchant, the banker, the mechanic and the laborer. The converse of the proposition is also true. Whatever benefits the farmer likewise benefits the merchant and produces a salutary effect upon the entire life of the Nation.

The great source of National wealth is in the soil, and there can be no genuine prosperity in this country which does not depend at last upon the American farmer.

This truth was strikingly illustrated in the recent speech of Mr. Bryan before the convention in Chicago. "Destroy your cities," said he, "and your farms will build them up again, but destroy your farms and grass will grow in the streets of your cities."

There are some who affect to believe that the farmers of this country, as a rule, are prosperous. Such a belief as this, if honestly entertained, can spring from nothing less than ignorance. It is used, however, as an argument in favor of perpetuating the present single gold standard.

Let us view the matter through impartial spectacles and see if these logicians are correct. If the farmers are prosperous they should be able to meet their obligations as fast as they mature and there should be no burdensome mortgages resting upon their shoulders. But is such the case? Unhappily it is not. There is not one farmer in three whose roof is not mortgaged over his head and who does not find it simply impossible to make buckle and tongue meet.

What do the records show? In the State of Iowa a mortgage indebtedness hangs over 33 per cent. of the farming lands. In Nebraska, 32 per cent. of the farms are mortgaged. Other Western States show a similar condition of embarrassment.

But if the Western farmer has a good reason for repudiating the single gold standard as the author of his financial hardships, the Eastern farmer has a much better reason for making the same complaint.

In Pennsylvania 41 per cent. of the farming lands are mortgaged; in New York, 45 per cent.; in Rhode Island, 42.59 per cent.; in Connecticut, 40.69; in Delaware, 44 per cent., and in New Jersey, 49.64 per cent. The average indebtedness on each mortgaged farm in the Eastern States is: \$1749 in New York, \$1716 in Pennsylvania, \$1525 in Rhode Island, \$1266 in Connecticut, \$2147 in Delaware, \$1323 in Massachusetts and \$1004 in Vermont.

In Nebraska the average indebtedness on each farm is \$1084, in Kentucky, \$1069; in Illinois, \$1084; in Indiana, \$972; in Michigan, \$890; in Minnesota, \$814; in Mississippi, \$619; in Missouri, \$853; in South Carolina, \$830, and in Tennessee, \$667.

No one can truthfully assert that such figures as these represent a prosperous condition. Instead of showing prosperity they only give evidence of sacrifice and privation. Under proper financial conditions there should not be one farmer in a hundred with a mortgage indebtedness hanging over his head.

Of course some allowance should be made for individual peculiarities. Some farmers are lazy and indolent, while others are industrious and economical. Such inequalities as these, however, could not possibly have wrought the conditions which prevail to-day and which admit of no other explanation save that furnished by the iniquitous operation of the single gold standard.

No wonder the farmers of New England, therefore, have joined hands with the farmers of Illinois and Nebraska in raising a cry of protest against such a manifest discrimination. No wonder the people of this country are stirred up as they have never been in any former campaign. What the American farmer wants is a change in existing conditions, and that change can be effected only by a restoration of silver to its former place in the currency of the Nation. With the support of the farming interests of the country, the success of the Democratic party is inevitable.—Atlanta Constitution.

Time For Gold Bugs to Retire.—The pestiferous insects that have been goading industry are becoming unbearable. And when the American citizen "gets up on his hind legs," the gold bugs had better crawl into their holes.—Silver Knight.

What Made the Trouble.—Over production of the silver mines is the claim made by the gold bug organs to explain why silver has fallen from its premium of 103 in 1873 down to its present low bullion value of 53 cents. This argument might have it some force were it not that the commodity value of the United States has kept pace with the increased output of the silver mines. This increased commodity wealth is due to the opening up and development of the great country west of the Mississippi since 1873. To keep pace with the growth of this country both metals, the gold and the silver, were needed. It is not the alleged over production of silver, but the destruction of silver as a money metal that has caused its depreciation in value.—Tacoma News.

LIKE SAUL OF TARSUS.

A Prominent Gold Bug of Ohio Now a Free Silver Convert.

Scarcely a day passes without some distinguished convert to the policy of bimetalism.

One of the most notable of these conversions recently occurred in the State of Ohio. Hon. John L. Lentz, who has been for several years a warm advocate of the single gold standard, and whose influence in controlling the German vote has been as strong, perhaps, as that of any other man in Ohio, now comes out and declares that he is heartily dissatisfied with existing conditions and will do all in his power to secure financial reform in the approaching election.

In speaking of his changed attitude in the money question, Mr. Lentz says:

"For many months I have diligently investigated and discussed the financial problem and supported the existing order of things, but I have found that one by one all the arguments in favor of a gold basis for the currency of the United States have been reduced to ashes. Were I an Englishman I should favor gold, but all the facts and conditions which confronts us as Americans persuade me fully that there are as many reasons for our opposition to the English gold standard and for a declaration of our monetary independence in 1896 as there were reasons for the declaration of our political independence in 1776. You may say to my friends in Ohio that I make this acknowledgement reluctantly, but deliberately, for I have argued with zeal against silver and with enthusiasm in favor of gold. Luke Paul of Tarsus, I have persecuted the silver Nazarenes, but from this time on I am enlisted in the cause of silver, not merely for 100 days, but to the end of the war. I have found the gold bugs greatly concerned about fifty-cent dollars, but entirely indifferent to the day when we shall have fifty-cent men, if we continue bending our necks to the heavy yoke of gold."

You may say to the Executive Committee that I tender my services, humble though they be, for campaign speeches and debates to demonstrate that the farmers will never find their lands worth as much as they were in 1873, nor will common labor ever again receive \$2 a day until we have liberated ourselves from the tyranny of the gold oligarchy.

The language of the above declaration is terse and vigorous. While indicating the depth of the Ohio man's conversion, it likewise shows what a power he will be in the campaign.

DEBT IS HIGHER THAN VALUATION.

A majority of the people in the United States to-day who own their homes are in debt.

Many of these are in debt for more than their property would bring at a cash sale. The total debts of the United States, public, corporate and private, are admittedly between \$30,000,000,000 and \$40,000,000,000. These debts are mostly due to the law, or the money-lending class. The enormity of it can best be understood when it is known that the estimated cash value of all the property in the United States is \$65,000,000,000 and the assessed value of all the property in the United States is \$24,000,000,000. The debts are greater than the total assessment.

The effect of these debts during a period of low prices, with little or no compensating profit to producers and manufacturers, is to drain the money from the people, in the payment of interest, to the money centres and into the possession of the money-lenders, whence it does not go into circulation again except in the way of loans that only tend to aggravate the evil.—W. H. Harvey, in "Coin."

How England Will Help.

I owe \$250 annually in interest to an English syndicate. They are human and want it always in the dearest money—gold. It is folly to expect them as a matter of grace not to oppose bimetalism because that will reduce the value of gold and the interest I owe them. If, however, this country adopts free silver at 16 to 1, and makes it legal tender, my English creditor will at once wake up and bestir himself to make this thing I am going to pay him with as valuable as possible—as good as gold. He will not wait for regular breakfast before he sets out to tell the news to the Frenchman and the German and the Austrian, and implore them to assist him in restoring silver to its place with gold as money. I am very sure he would not wait for me to implore him to do it. If the Republican party sincerely desired international bimetalism it would advocate and support independent free coinage of silver by the United States and make it legal tender for all debts, public and private. That is the only road to the goal they claim to seek.—A. G. Paxton, Vicksburg, Miss.

Must Have Our Silver.

Our silver is going abroad every week in shiploads to be coined into money for the use of foreign countries, which get it for about half its real value because we have closed our mints to its free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. They would have to buy it just as freely at \$1.29 an ounce as they now do at 68 cents an ounce, because they must have it for use in their currencies. How absurd it is for our Government to throw away \$30,000,000 a year in this way for the benefit of foreign Nations.—Denver Republican.

Rather Popocrats Than Plutocrats.

The New York Evening Post says that the silver men of all parties should be called popocrats. That is all right. We would rather be called popocrats than plutocrats.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

The Heroine of a Shipwreck—Nearly Drowned by His Pets—A Wife Saves Her Husband.

MRS. M. T. McARTHUR, who is visiting Oakland as the guest of Mrs. Ambrose, lives to tell a tale of hardship at sea which few women could have survived. She is one of the survivors of the good ship Milton, which burned to the water's edge in mid-Pacific in 1882. Despite her rough experience which has been her lot, she is a bonny little woman with a charming manner.

The Milton was a wooden ship, built in Nova Scotia to ply to and from Newcastle as a collier. The day that she was launched Captain H. T. McArthur was made her master, and together with his family took up quarters on the craft. Thenceforth until the ill-fated ship sank aflame upon the high seas Mrs. McArthur did not leave her except on one occasion when she was absent for a month.

On August 9, 1881, the Milton weighed anchor at Newcastle and put out to sea. Soon afterward sultry, disagreeable weather sent the captain to his bunk, a sick man.

Weeks went by, and he was still confined to his cabin. Finally one day, when those on board were occupied with thoughts of Christmastide, and were making preparations for its observance, the first mate, Charles E. Carroll, came to the bedside of the sick captain and reported a fire in the cargo with which he could not cope. The captain got up. Mrs. McArthur had to walk beside him to support him, and she literally carried him about the ship as he gave his orders for the fighting of the fire.

But the fire had gone too far. Captain McArthur climbed up on a coil of rope, and with his wife at his side and his little children clinging to his knees, he told the crew the ship was lost, and ordered the long boats cut away.

The Milton then stood 1280 miles from Cape St. Lucas. There was enough food on board to scantily supply each of the three long boats for forty days. The captain doled out the provisions, the boats were hastily equipped with blankets and extra oars, and as darkness came on that Christmas eve, the three boats pushed off.

The wretched group of shipwrecked mariners set as if in a trance all that night, watching the Milton's destruction. Long before the morning of January 1 dawned the Nova Scotia craft was no more; only a few charred timbers remained afloat, and they were soon carried from sight by the currents.

The three overloaded long boats started out in the direction of land. Although no one suffered from the inclemencies of the weather, it was not many days before all felt the pangs of hunger and were moved to desperation when they realized that the supplies were becoming exhausted.

In ten days the boat manned by the first mate disappeared in the night and was never again heard of.

Soon after the second mate's boat began to lag and fall behind, and finally they admitted that they had no one in the boat able to pull an oar. It was then agreed that each boat should shift for itself, and they separated.

There were two hams in the captain's boat, besides a jug of water and some lighter provisions. Eight people lay all day and watched their little pittance dealt out to them by the only cool head in the group, Mrs. Captain McArthur.

Three rations a day for the first two weeks were served, and then it dwindled down to two. One meal a day was soon a necessary limit, and before the month was out it was one every two days. The seaman began to suffer from the cravings of thirst, and two went stark mad, then died, and were rolled overboard by the plucky woman who was in charge. Captain McArthur, notwithstanding his weakness, manufactured a crude condenser and condensed a supply of water to drink. Finally death overtook Mrs. McArthur's little baby boy. She sewed his remains up in a sack, stowed them carefully away in the bottom of the boat, and then took to the rudder, which the men had given up.

For forty-six days this supreme misery was endured before the English ship Newbern hove in sight and picked them up.

On February 25, 1882, the Newbern sailed into this harbor and landed a quartet of sick, disheartened survivors of the Milton. The captain and his family went at once to the Hotel Devon, and the next day buried their child they had brought with them to place in a grave on land. One by one the remaining sailors have passed away, and barring the possibility that two of the second mate's boat still live, Mrs. McArthur and her family alone survive to recount that fearful experience.

A son was born to Mrs. McArthur soon after the party was rescued by the English ship, and she named him Newbern. Newbern McArthur is a great brawny fellow to-day.

dog on the dock while he gave the terrier a bath. The bulldog, in prancing about, got the check rope so tangled around one of Bietaset's legs that the brewer had to let go to free himself. The instant he released his grip the bulldog sprang into the river, and its master, being unprepared, was dragged from his footing into the water. He fell head first, and the two dogs, tugging at the rope, rendered it impossible for him to keep his head above water.

He struggled vainly for five minutes and was becoming exhausted, when a young man named William Walsh sprang into the water and held up the brewer's head. As he did so, however, the two dogs got the idea that he was going to hurt their master, and both sprang upon him. He had to devote almost his entire energy to beating the dogs off and keeping them from dragging their master's head under water. It was a desperate battle, and in five minutes Bietaset became exhausted and fainted away. His wife, who had been a helpless spectator of the struggle, gave a loud scream and fell back upon the pier in a faint. Finally some men got a boat and the brewer, Walsh and the two dogs were dragged ashore. Bietaset was unconscious, but was about in a few days. As he lay on the pier his two dogs sat beside him, licked his face and whined.

A Wife Saves Her Husband.

A few years ago my husband, then stationed in India, was stricken down by fever, and on me devolved the duty of watching him. Our bungalow lay at some little distance from the barracks, and on the morning of the day on which we expected the crisis to occur I was anxiously awaiting the doctor's visit.

When he arrived, after taking my husband's temperature, he would not, he said, utterly forbid me to hope, for it was still barely possible that the violence of the fever might even yet give way to natural sleep, and recovery might ensue, provided his slumber remained unbroken. For some hours my husband continued to toss and moan piteously. By and by he passed into a disturbed sleep. Seating myself at the foot of the bed, I prepared to watch till he awoke.

An hour passed, when, opposite me, through the veranda, I saw a large hooded cobra come gliding into the room. On it came, elevating its hideous head and emitting a hissing sound. As the venomous creature passed me the glare of its eyes made my blood run cold. It drew nearer and nearer to the bed; then, rearing up, appeared to be about to insinuate itself among the pillows, but finally dropped down and coiled itself among the folds of a shawl which lay beside the bed. I advanced softly, and raising my right foot, ground the heel of my right slipper down upon the vicious head. I felt it writhe and the tail twist violently around my ankle, but not until it relaxed its folds did I remove my foot. There, thank God, lay the cobra dead. The doctor found me lying unconscious soon after. My husband made a rapid recovery, and treasures as his most sacred treasure a blue silk slipper.—Golden Penny.

She Killed the Bear.

A party of Philadelphia sportsmen hunting deer in the wild portion of Clearfield County, in the centre of the mountains of Pennsylvania, were hurriedly called out one morning by the guide, who had discovered two bucks a few miles away. Hastily starting, the men did not carry a large supply of ammunition, and what they had was all used or wasted in bagging the deer. Starting back to camp, they encountered a bear, and as they could not shoot they all ran, each going in a different direction.

The bear chased the guide, and he took the direct course towards the camp log house where his wife was preparing a meal. With a yell he dashed into the house and up into the loft. His wife ran out of the back door, closed it, and as the bear had gone inside, she hurried around, closed the front door and made the bear a prisoner.

The intrepid woman then tied a dog to a pole, thrust the howling canine through the door and thus coaxed the bear out. As brain appeared she struck him with an axe and killed him at the first blow.

One of the hunters commented on her manner of fishing for a \$50 bear with a dog worth \$133, but the woman retorted: "We generally shoot 'em, but we never run from 'em."

Gave His Life for His Master's.

His faithful watchdog was all that saved an Iowa farmer named Daniel Fritz from death in an awful form, and as it is the dog is dead and Fritz has a broken arm and is badly hurt. Fritz and his dog were passing through a pasture in which a bull, which was not supposed to be dangerous, was feeding, when they were suddenly charged by the animal. Before he could reach shelter Fritz was caught on the sharp horns of the bull and tossed high in the air. His arm was broken, and, unable to escape, he shut his eyes just as the bull charged a second time. His dog, however, sprang at the bull's throat and held on long enough for Fritz to escape. The dog was gored and trampled out of shape by the bull.

Told to Hang Him Well.

Franz Conka, a famous seventy-year-old brigand, was hanged recently for murder at Essogg, in Slavonia. He smoked his pipe to the galleys, tapped the hangman on the shoulder and said to him: "Do your job well; don't make a fool of yourself." He was the most fearless of the band of Rosza Sandor, with whom he committed many robberies and murders in the Bakonyer forests.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Human Peculiarity—Where the Shoe Pinches—Family Jars—Boarding House Joke, Etc., Etc.—Each words the spot where he dwells is quite the hottest on this sphere, and so each man in summer flies to seek a cooler atmosphere.

And that's why Jenkins of Pohick Has gone to Hovells by the sea. Write Jones of Hovells every year Lives at Pohick contentedly. Washington Star.

BOARDING HOUSE JOKE.

Star Boarder—"Why is a great singer like an old salt?" Cheerful Idiot—"Because she makes her money on the high C's."—Detroit Journal.

JUSTIFIABLE.

Daughter—"Mamma, if I must write to Mr. Bray about his extortionate bill, should I say, 'Dear Mr. Bray?'" Mamma—"Certainly, under the circumstances."—Chicago Post.

TARDY.

Dora—"Can't you ride a bicycle yet?" Why, Mr. Silverspoon has been teaching you for three weeks." Cora—"I know it. But he hasn't proposed yet."—Louisville Times.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

Miss Stinger—"Well, you needn't complain; every woman chooses her own husband, you know." Mr. Nipper—"Yes, the only trouble is she doesn't always get him."—Truth.

A RANK SKEETIC.

Spirit (at Lily Dale seance)—"Don't you know me? I am the spirit of your mother-in-law." Investigator—"You can't fool me. My mother-in-law always brought her trunk with her."—Buffalo Times.

PROBABLY.

She—"I have often wondered what the wild waves are saying." He—"Judging from their roar, I should say they were joining in the general kick against the high prices at this resort."—Pearson's Weekly.

WHAT PAPA SAID.

Willie—"Mamma, have daisies got feet?" Mamma—"No, Willie, why?" "I heard papa tell Mr. Gayboy that he saw a couple of them walking down Broad street last night."—Philadelphia Record.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Mr. Slimpurse—"What! Want to get a new maid for Fashion Beach? Why don't you take the one you have?" Mrs. Slimpurse—"She knows how we live when we're at home."—New York Weekly.

THE MODERN FALL.

"You say that Deacon Smatters was not at church this morning? I wonder if it is possible that he can have fallen from grace?" "No, I understand that he fell from his bicycle and broke his nose."—Cleveland Leader.

FAMILY JARS.

Angry Wife—"Seems to me we've been married about a hundred years. I can't even remember when or where we first met." Husband (emphatically)—"I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table."—Fit-Bits.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"I understand that your side lost some men in an engagement with the Cubans." The Spanish officer glared and said nothing.

"Bad generalship, eh?" "No, Typographical error."—Washington Star.

HOW CHARLIE SAVED HER.

"That Charlie Spindles is a horrid fellow, isn't he?" "Yes, but he once saved me from a mad bull."

"How was that?" "I saw Charlie coming and went through another field."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

UNREASONABLE.

"Really, Jane, dear, said Mr. Bobbeter to his wife, as they sat down in the theatre, 'your hat is much too high. Take it off, and put it in your lap.'"

"Well, I like that," snapped Mrs. Wife; "if I put that hat in my lap, how am I going to see over it?"—Boston Transcript.

AN UNEXPECTED REVELATION.

Young Man—"Ah! How do, Dick? Is your sister at home?" Little Dick—"Which sister? The homely one what's goin' to have all of pa's money, because she's likely to be an old maid, or the pretty one what ain't goin' to have anything?" Young Man—"Um—er—both of them."—New York Weekly.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

Dr. Paresis—"I think a European trip would benefit that patient of yours." Dr. Kallowell—"I know it would." Dr. Paresis—"Why don't you recommend it? Are you afraid he can't afford it?"

Dr. Kallowell—"That's not it. I'm afraid I can't afford it."—Judge.

Emperor William has contributed out of his private funds the sum of \$3250 toward the building of a German school in Athens, Greece.