

The average duration of marriages is said to be thirty years in Russia and twenty-seven in England.

"Let's all get a move on us and meet the good times we are wishing for half way," exclaims the Silver Knight.

Robinson Crusoe's island and cave and inscription, instead of being at the bottom of the Pacific, are all right. And there is another good story spoiled by the hard antagonism of facts.

In a speech at Aberdeen, Scotland, General Booth said he was thinking of a scheme of universal emigration by which men could be passed from one part of the world to another and surplus labor brought to places where it was wanted.

The Chicago Board of Health has been called upon to investigate a peculiar case. A resident of that city complained that he had cut open a loaf of bread, bought from a baker, and had found curled up inside a live mouse, apparently none the worse for its experience.

The Baltimore News says that John Henfield, of that city, now seventy-seven years of age, is the oldest practicing photographer in the United States. During the gold fever in California he traveled through the West in a prairie schooner, fitted up as a photograph gallery, and made as much as \$85 a day.

Says the Boston Journal: The curious statement is made that many of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia have been so kindly treated, and are doing so much better than they can hope to in their own country, that they are petitioning the Italian Government to allow them to remain. This does not agree with the earlier tales of Abyssinian cruelty.

The total cost of maintaining the Federal, State and Municipal Governments of the United States for the year 1893 was \$915,945,953. Among the disbursements were the following: For charities, \$146,905,671; for education, \$145,583,115; for roads, bridges and sewers, \$72,282,000; for postal service, \$65,000,000; for army and militia, \$35,500,000; for police, \$24,000,000; for judiciary, \$23,000,000; for prisons and reformatories, \$12,000,000.

Observes the New York Press: "When we reflect that there are more farmers than there are laborers in all the manufacturing and mechanical industries, that there are 8,000,000 people earning a livelihood by work in the fields, more than one-third of all the men and women working in the United States, we understand that the prosperity of such a class means much for the prosperity of the whole country. This idea is emphasized when we think that the two-thirds not at work on the land are nevertheless quite as dependent upon land products for the food necessary to sustain life as though they themselves were tillers of the soil."

President Hobbs, of the Indiana Horticultural Society, believes that the day of extravagant prices for fruit has passed, never to return. Unusually low prices ruled last year, he says, because spring opened simultaneously over a wide range of country, and because all kinds of fruit bore liberally. But he looks for a long period during which the happy conditions will prevail of plenty of fruit at reasonable prices for the consumer and at remunerative prices for the producer. The reasonable price to the consumer, he says, is brought about by the cheapening methods of growing and handling and cheaper transportation, while the grower is to profit through wider markets.

Speaking of the Postoffice Department regulation that the letters "N. Y." must be put after the name of New York City in addresses, the Boston Transcript says: "Of course everybody but the postoffice people knows that the State of New York has its name from the city of New York, and that a reference to the State in something addressed to the city is superfluous and without reason. No doubt there is a postoffice named New York in Kansas, but that impertinent fact does not put on the real New York the duty of identifying itself in any such superfluous way. Boston, Mass., is not quite so absurd as 'New York, N. Y.," but it is, nevertheless, absurd. Even in old England a letter addressed simply to 'Boston' generally comes to Massachusetts, though there is an ancient and respectable town of the name in England; and a book which bears the name of Boston on its title page is never supposed in England to have been published in the town of St. Dotsoph.

THE HARBOR LIGHTS OF HOME.

I set my shallop on youth's shining sea
That smiled up at the sun.
"Hurrah!" I cried. "From home a rover free,
I'll breast life's waves alone."
And storm and night seemed faint and far away
And old wives' hints of woe,
Like fairy tales, the while the sunshine lay
Like gold upon the deck.
But when upon the canvas of the cloud,
I saw black in onward rush
And hoarsely mounting of the thunder loud,
The jagged lightning's brush
Lined me my folly with each vivid stroke,
Then, in the driving foam
And stinging spindrift as the tempest broke,
"Home! Home!" I cried. "My home!"
And through the inky curtain of the gale
There comes a thread of light,
And over the slitting of the useless sail
Home voices cheer the night.
For, see! Across the outer bar that lies
Smothered in creamy foam
There shines the welcome of a woman's eyes,
The harbor lights of home!
—J. L. Heaton, in the Quilling Bee.

IN PERIL.

It was night. I was in my bedroom at the Pera Hotel, listening to the silence, if you will allow me to make a ball. It was but half-past ten, and the Turkish city—never very wide awake—had now gone calmly fast to sleep; all lights were put out, and no sound was to be heard, even in Pera, but the occasional howl of a street dog that some bitten watchman had beaten with his staff; derisives had ceased their holy waiting and their demonic howling; priests had left their lofty minarets into a trance; the bazaars, where notions of all Nations are sold, were barred and bolted up; the coffee shops had quenched their charcoal fires; the beggars on the bridge had dragged home their stumps and sores, the soldiers of the Porte were in their barracks, dreaming of a revolt; viziers laid their uneasy heads on silken pillows; the "sick man's" dying city was dead asleep, and it made one sleepy to feel even near six hundred thousand sleepers. Human nature is imitative; when it sees eating it wants to eat, and when it sees sleeping it wants to sleep. Usuals did I not know that my countrymen in Pera were wavering in their allegiance to the pleasant king of midnight, and were half of them yawning and stretching over billiards and dominoes, and looking with alacrity at the two up-lifted clock hands. Turks, who have no amusements, go to bed early.

I was sitting at the window of my bedroom, meditative—one foot off, and one boot on—wondering if there was ever a minute, day or night, since Constantine was placed in his sporyrhy tomb, that some wild dog, but not barked in Pera, when a tap came at my door. I put my boot on, and bade the visitor open the door.

It was Antonio, my dragoman or courier, whom I had hired that day, and thus he spoke:
"Monsieur, sare, nous avons—we've got the firearm for the night."
"Firman, you must know, is an Asiatic word, signifying, in this instance, a passport."
"Oh, have you! All right, Antonio; I am ready," said I, buttoning up my coat to the last button, and adjusting my hat before the mirror.

"Vera good," returned my Albanian guide, who, by the way, had the most villainous face imaginable; "come on, sare."
That firman, the Sultan's gracious permission—gracious, but expensive—cost me 250 piasters, or about twenty-eight dollars.
Be it known unto you, reader, that ever so many Circassians, recently whipped by the Russians in spite of their devoted courage and the genius of their leader, Schamyl, had been offered a few piasters per diem to join the army of the Porte, had accepted the offer readily, knowing that Turkey was the natural enemy of the land of vermin and steppes, and had been apprised on arriving at Stamboul, after many hungry days of forced marching over countries innocent of bridges and of roads, that the Porte was unable to pay the native troops, let alone foreign ones. That was enough to make the hungry Circassians angry, was it not? A little way beyond the Valley of the Sweet Waters, which is a place of fashionable resort, equivalent or thereabouts, to our Central Park, those soldiers of a hundred patriotic battles had located their camp, and were muttering discontent in a way that was very disagreeable to the Turkish Government. It was in order to see them that Antonio and I left the Pera Hotel at eleven o'clock at night.

Escaping being torn to pieces by the rival hostmen of Tophana, I tumbled down into the cradle of a neat caïque, which, because it is a pattern boat, I will describe. It is long, and sharp at both ends, and is both ends it is boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I had my back against where the coxswain would be seated in an American gig, was lined with red cushions and white lamb skins.
There were two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters where we were to land, was far up the Bosphorus, and it was tolerably hard work, even for them, brawny and accustomed to rowing as they were.

Antonio, my scoundrel of a guide, held forth on the white minarets looking ghostlike in the moonlight and on the dark cypress trees throwing their heavy shaking shadows athwart the phosphorescent water. He bade me observe how the caiques (boatmen) fasten his oars by a leather loop to a peg on the side of the boat, which had no rowlocks—a simple plan, which prevents their ever being lost, unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosphorus. Every time I looked the boatmen laughed with all their teeth, and said, affirmatively, "Dono, Johnny," upon which I called out authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (quick, quick!) and of which they invariably replied by saying, "Yavash, yavash!" meaning, "No hurry, all in good time."

Antonio, as we progressed, gradually transferred his conversation from myself to the boatmen. At that time I knew very little of their sweet-sounding jargon, and naturally feeling uninterested, I closed my eyes and sank into a reverie, to be aroused therefrom by one of the boatmen using a Turkish phrase, the meaning of which was known to me, in tones of the deepest disgust. Their fierce and furtive glances, together with the frequent use of that one phrase, which might be translated thus: "Dog of an infidel," confirmed a sudden suspicion that I was in a serious scrape. I was so seated that, although my face was not seen by them, I could discern their features and gestures plainly.

"Chapuk!" I cried imperiously, knowing that it is generally best to show no white feather. "Yavash, yavash!" returned the boatmen defiantly.
"No hurry, sare," said Antonio, lighting his chibouk and puffing away complacently.
How I regretted having left the Pera Hotel at that unseasonably hour to see a parcel of Circassian ragamuffins, who were perhaps not worth seeing! How roundly I swore that, if it were permitted me to issue scatheless from that scrape, I would never be out again after dark in Turkey. Past the Maiden's Tower, a sort of legendary lighthouse that stands on a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn, opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark red wooden houses with broad-brimmed flat roofs, and cellar-like boat houses; past pine trees and cypresses, silent caïques and coffee houses, and here and there a dread lump of carrion, bobbing like a float in the moonlight, swollen and horrible—we reached at last the Sweet Water meadows, where the caiques were gathered thick as carriages round the door of the Theatre Francaise.

I had a mind to make those two villainous boatmen row me back again, because as we were near one of the Sultan's tinselly Italian palaces, neither they nor the audacious Albanian dare attempt violence just then; but, unfortunately, I was troubled with a weakness called pride, which troublesome infirmity I should advise my readers, if ever they are placed in similar circumstances, to conquer right away. Although I felt I thereby placed my life in jeopardy, I could not for the life of me take the certain way of escape that offered itself, and determined to pursue at all hazards the object for which I had set out.

The two boatmen jumped on land, and drawing the caïque almost high and dry, so that we should not wet our feet, stood with ready palms held out to receive their pay. I gave a few piasters to each and then an animated conversation ensued between my dragoman and them, conducted in Turkish, and in which the constant repetition of the phrase before translated again occurred.
"Day will wait, sare," said the Albanian, at its conclusion.
"All right," I returned, affecting more coolness than I felt, for I had no arms with me bigger than a penknife, and I had seen them produce, during the palaver, bright, ugly-looking knives from their voluminous sleeves.
"Chapuk! I want to get back soon."

Antonio uttered a valediction to his—as I supposed them—accomplices, and we entered a defile whose quickly lightening sides were topped with regular rows of cypress trees. In a little while, on either side, before and behind, there was nothing but impenetrable darkness visible, and above, the sky, now overcast with clouds, was starless and gloomy. The dragoman led the way, stealing on with a lithe, sure step, and waiting clouds of perfume from his chibouk. Trying to divest myself of the conviction that I was about to become the victim of an already concocted plot, bringing forth a whole array of arguments to justify that attempt, and yet peering nervously into the darkness right and left, and in the direction of the Albanian, and then shrinking behind me, I followed, without a protest, in his footsteps, just as a lamb goes to the slaughter house.

He carried a lamp, such as all dragomen carry in the night time, and suddenly bethinking myself of this, I asked him to light it.
"Presently, sare," he said; "we shall come into plenty light soon."
To the best of my belief we had now gone about half a mile. Once or twice I fancied I heard a footfall in our rear, and with a contraction of the heart, half turned to face an anticipated assailant, but nothing emerged from the darkness, and I resumed my journey, perturbed and painfully suspicious. The clouds suddenly thinned before the waxy moon, and the irregular walls of a mold tumble-down ruin formerly a mosque of much repute, but now a playhouse for all the little Turks in the villages round about, loomed directly before us, the defile abruptly ending at the mouth of a rude road to the right.
The Albanian proposed lighting the lamp in this ruin, as, on account of a gusty wind, it would be difficult to light it outside.

I thought his proposal rather uncalled for, since we had the moon, but acquiesced quietly, and followed him in the mosque, which had been built in that semi-Oriental Byzantine style that, back through Venice, spread throughout Europe, even in Canute of England's time. I was interested in this relic of another age, and momentarily forgot my suspicions. Antonio stopped entire, and which had ones, in all probability, been the refectory, where the dervishes, or priests, partook moderately of food. He opened the door of the gandy lantern, which would have reminded you of Aladdin's, and striking a match, lit the wick.
"You wait, me fill chibouk," said he, setting the lantern down.
I was seized from behind and thrown violently to the ground, falling with my hip on a sharp stone that made me lame for weeks after. I turned round without rising, being then unable on account of the wound I had received, and saw one stalwart assailant cover me with a gun, and the other behind him grasp the hilt of a disagreeable knife.

Antonio held the lamp aloft, and seemed to regard the whole affair as a capital joke.
The boatman with the gun spoke fiercely in Turkish, and the Albanian, turning to me, said: "Want money, sare. Give 'em money, you go safe."
It was very unpleasant looking up the muzzle of that gun, and feeling that the slightest movement might endanger my life, but I was an American, and disliked the cavalier manner of those Turkish dogs. I was just about to defy them to do their worst, when I heard the tread of men outside. I shouted out for help at the top of my voice, and six Turkish soldiers, headed by an officer, came into the ruin at a trot and halted at the entrance of the vault, covering us all with their matchlocks.

That villainous Albanian, as soon as he saw how quickly the tables were turned, ran forward and commenced a fierce denunciation of his accomplices.
"English subject?" asked the Turkish officer turning to me.
The English, you must know, have so bullied and brow-beaten the Turks that they would rather allow an English murderer to go scot free than come into collision with them.
"American subject," I answered, succeeding in a painful attempt to rise. Then I made him understand by suitable gestures that the Albanian and the two boatmen were all alike culpable, and they were presently deprived of their knives and the gun, each one of them placed between two men, and marched off toward the spot where we had landed.

Outside the ruin the road was full of Turkish soldiers, all going in the direction of the Circassian encampment, for purpose of overawing that brave and turbulent people. Judges are very corrupt in Turkey. The Albanian very corrupt to bribe himself out the clutches of the law, but the two boatmen were very properly punished.—New York News.

Antiseptic Qualities of Coins.

It is a well-known fact that paper money is liable to transfer bacteria from one person to another, and thus to spread contagious diseases. It is also supposed that coins, which are more in circulation than notes, might similarly act as agents for spreading disease, and investigations in that direction were made at the Vienna University when Austria changed its currency to the gold basis. A report about his observations was recently published by Dr. Vincent in the Vienna Medical Gazette, in which he states that metals act, so to speak, as antiseptics in regard to bacteria, or microbes, the fact being that these microscopic organisms have but a very short lease of life while on metals. The destroying influences of metals increase with their temperature, and also with the close touch of the micro-organisms with the metal. At a temperature of ninety-five to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, which is common in the pockets where money is carried, the destruction of microbes occurs within three hours. The various metals used for coins are somewhat different in this respect, silver being the most antiseptic, and gold the least. Copper and bronze hold about the middle between the two more precious metals.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Silent Club.

A club has just been organized at Vienna in which the occasionally delightful luxury of silence can be enjoyed whenever the members desire. This privilege is secured by a constitution which consists chiefly of a rule that under no pretext is a word to be spoken in any part of the clubhouse. All necessary communications including the giving of orders to waiters, must be made in writing, the members are forbidden even by nodding to recognize each other's presence. Applications for membership are coming in rapidly.

Attacked by an Eagle.

Carl Holzhauser, a farmer of Rushville, Kan., was attacked by a bald eagle which he had captured after a battle with it near Lake Contrary, where he was hunting. He had left his horse, and when he returned to it found the eagle on the animal's back, fighting it. When he beat it off the bird attacked him and tore his clothing and face before he could shoot it.

The Kaiser's Silver Cup.

The German Emperor proposes to celebrate the sixtieth year of his grandmother's reign in a very handsome way, says the Illustrated London News. He will give a silver cup three feet high to the winner of a race of British yachts from Dover to Heligoland and will present the cup himself at Kiel.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

GAY BIRDS ON PRETTY HEADS.

Peacock green and blue and gold breast feathers, yellowish green and blue green birds' heads, quills and wings are much used on black, dark green, grey and golden brown hats and bonnets, and wide watered silk bows with large buckles of Irish diamonds in the center, are used with good effect on black and green hats in Rubens, Sir Peter Lely and Duchess of Devonshire shapes—all large and spreading in contour.

WOMEN AND PAIN.

Dr. Ottolenghi, a European physician, has been conducting experiments with an instrument called a fradimeter to determine sensitiveness to pain as between men and women. He tried it upon 682 women with remarkable results.
He finds that women are less sensitive to pain than men, and that this sensitiveness is less in early life, increases to the twenty-fourth year, and decreases after that. The higher classes are most sensitive and the degenerate least. He found the later class very obtuse in the sensation of pain.—New York Journal.

A PRINCESS AND A GOVERNOR.

It is announced in London that in her capacity as Governor of the Isle of Wight, Princess Beatrice will next summer publicly unveil the memorial erected on the cliffs at Farringford. It gives the inhabitants of the island great delight and satisfaction for the Princess to appear in her official role, and furthermore she is, like the Queen, a passionate admirer of Tennyson's poetry, so that her unveiling of this memorial to the late Laureate will be something much more than a perfunctory duty. Princess Beatrice herself frequently reads Tennyson aloud to the Queen.

RED THE RAGE.

Red in every tone and semitone is in high fashion this season, not only as a prominent accessory, but forming entire gowns, wraps and head coverings. Formerly American women employed this color with greatest caution, and left red to be lavishly and artistically used by the French. All that is changed, and the gay Parisienne is no more prodigal with aggressive colors than we—only a French woman knows intuitively how to mix and mingle her tones. She never adopts a color for a very long time, and she never wears the same gown long enough to have it bear its date or tire the eyes of her contemporaries. A French woman keeps alert, vigilant, interested pace with fashion in all her flights, but many of our country-women and nearly all English women are apt to toil in the work of that erratic deity.

HARMONY IN FOOTWEAR.

It is difficult to say what is the correct slipper for this season's wear, so bewitching is the variety from which the dancing maid may choose.
They come in satin, kid and patent leather, and are as correct when headed clear down to the toes as when open three straps are worn.
Buckles either of jewels or beads are seen both with and without bows.
The well-shaped Oxford tie, so long as it is in harmony with the frock, looks very smart.
The edict has gone forth that the slipper must match the color of the gown exactly. Black slippers are only worn with black gowns, and white shoes with white frocks.
To have the footwear out of harmony with the exact color-scheme of the dancing dress is considered particularly bad taste this season.—New York Telegram.

THE DAYS OF LA VICTORINE.

The days of la Victorine are being revived and we find ourselves submerged in the most Russian of coats, ready to redoute, with its skirt reaching nearly to the foot of the dress skirt, and giving one a curious look of separatedness not at all becoming to all figures. There is a snugness and symmetry about these half-long wraps which make them very fascinating indeed, especially so for wintry weather. Beauties in this style are being built of all kinds of stuffs, velvets, broads, matelasses and heavy cloths of all kinds. A striking cloak of this sort is built of seal-brown melton, heavy with braiding a la busser, and showing a wide collar, cuffs and an accompanying muff of stone marten fur, together with huge horn buttons. The cloak is lined throughout with golden yellow and white broad satin. This garment is intended for driving wear, and with it goes a smart Viroi hat of dark brown beaver, with a high crown and narrow, straight brim, draped softly with creamy lace, and two floating ospreys of grass-green. Another smart Russian coat is built of black velours and finished at the bottom with a wide band of Russian sable, while a wide collar and cuffs finish throat and wrists. The muffs carried are of the largest size and look wonderfully cozy. Coats entirely enveloping the gown are built in all sorts of heavy materials, and made rich by trimmings of fancy furs and huge, richly carved buttons. A fetching model is made up in the softest gray shade of melton, topped off by a flaring

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Time to do well,
Time to live better—
To give up that grudge,
To answer that letter,
To speak the kind word
That may sweeten some sorrow;
To do now the good
You would leave till to-morrow.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"You seem to forget yourself, sir." He—"How could I do otherwise in your presence?"—Judy.
Friend—"I suppose everything you write now goes?" Author—"Yes, but most of it comes back."—Harlem Young.
"I know now," remarked the young man who was sued for breach of promise, "why they call it 'court'ing?"—Tit-Bits.
Editor—"Your story is flat." Author—"Yes?" Editor—"I wish to compliment you. Most stories we get are rolled up."—Puck.
Clark (excitedly)—"I tell you sir, this town isn't big enough to hold us both!" Fuller (calmly)—"Why don't you start a suburb?"—Puck.
She—"I think I might love you more if you were not so extravagant." He—"It's my extravagant nature that makes me love you so."—Life.
She boasts a pretty, gold-trimmed purse. The envy of the host.
But shopping leads from bad to worse. It is an empty boast.
—Washington Star.

Uncle Simon, what is a phenomenon?

"A phenomenon is a man who gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad."—Chicago Record.
Tagleigh—"Balloon sleeves were bound to go up in the end." Wagleigh—"Sure. That is why they were named balloon sleeves."—Boston Traveler.
Arthur—"I would marry that girl but for one thing." Chester—"Afraid to pop the question?" Arthur—"No. Afraid to question the pop."—Brooklyn Life.
"I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than ten minutes at a time." "Why?" "Nobody down there to talk to."—Chicago Record.
Mrs. Newlywed (in tears)—"You used to say that you would be glad to die for me." Mr. Newlywed—"Well, I would now." Mrs. Newlywed—"Well, you may now."—Judge.
Reporter—"Three men fell on live trolley wires to-day." City Editor—"Run 'em in the current events column." Chorus of groans from the force.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Why do people take so much interest in what they call Darkest Africa anyhow?

"I presume they have a kind of idea it would be a good thing to go there and grope with the country."—Chicago Tribune.
Jagson—"I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated." Bagson—"What did you say?" Jagson—"I said that the new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time."—Tit-Bits.

The Horse in History.

As late as the ninth century European horses were shod only in the winter time.
The first horses in New England were introduced in Massachusetts in 1629 or 1630.
The horse in the art of the Roman Catacombs is an emblem of the swiftness of life.
Queen Elizabeth had the reputation of being the most accomplished equestrienne of her time.
It is said by competent persons that over 100,000 horses are every year killed for food in Paris.
The first King of England to establish a royal stable for breeding purposes was Henry VIII.
Students of the equine race declare that the mule has all the faults of both his ancestral lines.
It is a tradition among the Hebrews that Solomon had 40,000 chariot horses and 12,000 cavalry.
The Arabian horses have, from the earliest times, been noted for their fleetness and endurance.

World's Greatest Fortification.

The most extensive fortification in the world, as every one knows, is the Chinese wall. According to recent surveys, this wall is 1723 miles in length, reaching from the gulf of Pecheleo to the confines of Turkestan. This remarkable structure passes up steep mountains, down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. It is 25 feet thick at the bottom, and 15 at the top, and from 25 to 30 feet in height, with flanking towers or towers 35 to 40 feet high, every 200 or 300 yards during its entire length. The exterior walls are of well-ent granite blocks; the interior is filled with earth and stone, and the passageway is paved with bricks one foot square. Its erection was begun in 211 B. C., and it was assigned to protect the northern frontier of China against the savage tribes of Siberia.

Avoid Extremes.

Subjecting children to extremes of temperature is a common cause of their taking cold. It does not seem to be generally understood that colds can be caught by going suddenly from a very cold temperature that has chilled the body into a very warm room; but this is the case. A child who has been out in very severe weather, and who is chilled through, should not be taken directly to the fire, but be kept away from it until he has been in the room for awhile, and the extreme chilliness has disappeared.—Home Queen.

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World's Greatest Fortification.

The most extensive fortification in the world, as every one knows, is the Chinese wall. According to recent surveys, this wall is 1723 miles in length, reaching from the gulf of Pecheleo to the confines of Turkestan. This remarkable structure passes up steep mountains, down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. It is 25 feet thick at the bottom, and 15 at the top, and from 25 to 30 feet in height, with flanking towers or towers 35 to 40 feet high, every 200 or 300 yards during its entire length. The exterior walls are of well-ent granite blocks; the interior is filled with earth and stone, and the passageway is paved with bricks one foot square. Its erection was begun in 211 B. C., and it was assigned to protect the northern frontier of China against the savage tribes of Siberia.

Avoid Extremes.

Subjecting children to extremes of temperature is a common cause of their taking cold. It does not seem to be generally understood that colds can be caught by going suddenly from a very cold temperature that has chilled the body into a very warm room; but this is the case. A child who has been out in very severe weather, and who is chilled through, should not be taken directly to the fire, but be kept away from it until he has been in the room for awhile, and the extreme chilliness has disappeared.—Home Queen.