

Newspapers are suppressed in Japan not merely for political reasons, but for publishing scandalous articles on the private life and family affairs of individuals.

A Boston jury recently decided that "Yankee Doodle" was not a fit tune for a Sunday concert, and now objection is being made by the New England Sabbath Protection League to a Sunday performance of Rossini's oratorio, "Moses in Egypt."

The salt industry of Utah is growing rapidly. Five years ago not over twenty carloads of refined, or, as commonly called, commercial salt, were sold annually to outside points by Utah men, says the San Francisco Examiner. Now the business is about 1500 cars of refined salt annually.

The Hartford (Conn.) Courant tells a story of Yale in the old days. The boys used to bribe the printers' "devils" to get proofs of the examination papers for them. When the college authorities put a stop to this practice a bright idea seized one fellow and he saved the whole suffering party. He hired one of the printers (it was summer) to wear a pair of white trousers to the office, and at noon to sit down on the "form" in which were locked the precious questions. The inky seat of that pair of trousers sold for a deal more than the clothes were worth in their original spotlessness, and relief was assured.

Cambridge, Mass., is indignant, justly it would seem to Harper's Weekly, because the Postoffice Department declines to recognize its existence officially except as "Station F, Boston." The city ordered the other day of the Government some thousands of stamped envelopes on which was to be printed the notice to return, if not delivered to City Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Word came back that the printing would not be done as ordered, but the letters would be made returnable to Station F, Boston. Of course Cambridge was indignant. It got its envelopes and had them printed privately to its own taste, and now its Citizens' Trade Association is on the war path, and its Congressman has been notified to make trouble. Harvard University, as located by the Postoffice printer, is at "Station F, Boston."

It is true the settlement of the West and Northwest has been largely by immigrants from foreign countries, but these immigrants have been of the best kind. The class of immigrants who find it to their taste to drift into the slums of the large cities have never come west of Chicago in large numbers, says the Sioux City (Iowa) Journal. The Germans, French, Dutch, English, Scotch, Scandinavians and Irish, who have gone upon farms of the West to make homes for themselves, or have built up the small towns and flourishing young cities of the West, have been intelligent and well educated, and they have come to the United States with fixed purposes and sensible plans. The fact that the undesirable immigrants are filling up the cities of the East and driving Americans westward is sufficient cause for alarm—in the East. It is this fact that gives to the movement for greater restrictions on immigration so much force. It is not desirable that we should receive fewer immigrants, but it is desirable that those immigrants should be of a better class.

The reasons for the interest with which the plans for a Pacific cable are watched in England are not altogether political or strategic, says the New York Post. The possible diversion of cable traffic from an old submarine system to a new is indicated in some figures given in London at the last meeting of the "Eastern Extension" Company, one of the greatest of the enterprises to which Sir John Pender gave his thought. The gross revenue is about \$1,000,000 a year; the working expenses run only about \$600,000 a year. Discussing the prospects of a Pacific cable competition, the Marquis of Tweeddale said that the loss of the Eastern Extension business might range from \$800,000 to \$1,250,000 a year. He hardly expected such adverse conditions, however, and meantime the new rival cables had not been laid. As to the possibilities of an augmented cable traffic at the antipodes and with China and Japan, it appeared that an increase of \$250,000 in the last half-year had sprung almost entirely from the activity in "Western" gold mining. As regards the stability of the English submarine cable enterprises, it may be noted that the Eastern Extension property is valued at a premium of \$10,000,000 on its capital value, and the allied Eastern Telegraphs at about \$20,000,000 more over the capital value.

WHEN THE WINTER SUN IS LOW.

When the winter sun is low
And the wind through waving trees,
Flinging frost both hurrying go,
Moaning like the moaning sea;
Through the fields bereft of cheer
Sad I walk and dream of thee—
All were sweet if thou wert here;
Love, why comest thou not to me?

When the winter moon is high,
And the blast across the world
Bloweth from the northern sky
Where the stars are glistening cold,
O'er the sighing fells alone
Sad I walk and dream of thee—
Sorrow never maketh morn,
O, my love, when thou'rt with me.

When the stars wax faint and white,
And gray dawns begin to shake
Through the skies her dappled light,
From my restless couch I wake;
Then my soul flies out to thee,
Swift to thee, her own sweet choice!
A! why comest thou not to me,
With the healing of thy voice?

Through the fields I walk in woo,
For thy smile is far away;
And the tears in secret flow,
Sorrow's rain, from day to day,
Oh, my sweetheart, oh my own,
Why shouldst thou and I be so
Hearts that God hath made as one?
Thou I claim, my heaven sent bride!

AN ARMY POST STORY.

BY CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

WILSON joined the battery at Fort Canby a little while before the Territory of Washington became a State. He had enlisted at Seattle as a recruit, and was therefore classed as a "prairie chicken," as soldiers then were who "took on" anywhere west of the Mississippi. We all had a good many reasons for believing, however, that Wilson was not quite so much of a recruit as his Seattle enlistment record showed on his face. None of us could remember having soldiered with him anywhere, and his face was unfamiliar to all. Nevertheless, from the day he arrived at Canby in charge of the Seattle batch of recruits, of which, according to the list he handed to the officer of the day, he was one, he carried himself too much like a soldier to fool those of us who had been in the outfit a long time.

Old Sergeant Fisher took the recruits out to the parade ground, the morning after their arrival, to begin to lick them into shape in the awkward squad. Wilson was among them. He tried to assume the recruit's clumsiness, but we could see that the job was a little too much for him. He was too naturally graceful a man in his carriage for that, and his shoulders were too square. At the command of execution he forgot himself every time, and stepped out with the left foot. A recruit never does that. It takes at least six months to teach a recruit that he is possessed of a left foot. Old Fisher gave "To the rear, march!" suddenly, and it caught Wilson napping. Alone of the squad, he whirled on the ball of his left foot and took a step rearward, while the rest of the squad ignorantly ploughed on. It was a bad giveaway, and Wilson's dark, handsome face flushed. Old Fisher's eye was sharp, if he had been canteen sergeant for six years.

"Halt!" he commanded the squad of recruits, and in their own time, one by one, they halted. "Wilson, fall out." Wilson fell out, and for a time stood by watching old Fisher drill the rookies in the facings. After awhile the sergeant, having brought the squad to a rest, walked over to Wilson, looked him over for a minute with a sort of half smile, and said: "What's the use?"

"None," said Wilson, probably seeing that the game was up so far as old Fisher was concerned.

All the same, not to make the officers suspicious, the drill sergeant took Wilson out with the awkward squad every day for a time. It was a fine thing to see Wilson handle his rifle when the guns were dished out to the rookies for the first time. A young lieutenant, fresh from West Point, happened to drop into the day room, and he stopped for a while to watch the new men trying to get through the manual. His eye naturally drifted to Wilson, who would have attracted attention in the middle rank of a regiment, for he certainly was a fine looking chap. Wilson was trying to handle his gun as if he had never seen one before. We couldn't help but grin jocosely as we stood around, although we were careful not to let the little West Point shavetail see us do it, for we all liked Wilson and didn't want to see him get into any trouble. Wilson tried so hard to make it appear that he didn't even know what a rifle was made for that he dropped it while the squad was standing at a rifle parade rest. It made a terrific clatter, and the little lieutenant's eyes snapped.

"Gawki!" he muttered, while Wilson, red and nervous, reached out and picked up the gun.

"Attention!" shouted the drill sergeant. Wilson alone of the batch was like a ramrod before the echoes of the command died away in the day room.

"Right shoulder—hums!" Wilson's gun came to his shoulder with a snap, the three movements perfect, while the other fellows of the squad were sluggish coming to port, a present, a carry, everything but a right shoulder.

"Fix—bay-o nets!" Wilson's was fixed with the rapidity and precision of an expert.

"Well," said the little lieutenant under his breath, as he turned away

with a kind of puzzled twinkle in his eye.

Wilson was put to duty the next day, and caught commanding officer's orderly the first time he went on guard. All of us who occupied bunks in the old-timers' squad room had to confess that Wilson was as fine a soldier as we had ever seen.

None of us ever asked him what outfit he had been in before he came to our layout as a recruit. Wilson was a very quiet man, well educated—we used to see him reading queer-looking books in foreign languages, as he lay on his bunk on rainy afternoons—and we didn't care to bother him with questions. It was none of our business, anyhow. A young whelp of a rookie was watching Wilson daddyack his cartridge belt one day, and like the pup that he was, he said so that the other fellows in the room could hear him:

"Oho, but hasn't Wilson done that a lot of times before, I'd just like to know!"

One of us reached over, caught the cub by the scruff of the neck and dropped him over the banisters of the double-decker quarters. Wilson said nothing, although there was an odd sort of gleam in his black eyes. There were no allusions to his past after that, you can bet.

Fort Canby is a beautiful, gloomy post. It is at the mouth of the Columbia River, under the shadow of the mountain that forms the extremity of Cape Disappointment. Oh, but the Pacific batters wildly, wildly at those black rocks. In the quarters we could always hear the roar of the sea. The sound used to break some of us up a little, kind of, at night, after the lights went out. I don't know why. The sea is mournful, anyhow, I think. A hundred salmon fishermen from Astoria and Il Wasco got upset and drowned on that wicked Columbia bar while we were there.

Well, anyhow, Wilson used to spend nearly all of the time that he wasn't on duty down by the sea. He had a big dragon tattooed on his knotty left arm, and a barkentine in three colors on his breast. Besides, he knew a great deal about Japan and South America, as some of us found out without being inquisitive, and we knew that he had been to sea. When, how, or in what capacity, we had no idea. But he was fond of the sight of the sea. Only once in a while did he join in the football game with the gang on the parade ground. When he did, he always kicked a goal. On pay days some of us used to go across the trail from the post to Il Wasco, three miles away—and there were a lot of ugly looking black bears on that trail, too. I can tell you—and well, we'd load up on Jawbones's barbarous Siwash whiskey. Jawbones was the half breed Siwash who sold it. Wilson never went along with us. He didn't drink. We kind of liked him for that, too, for, with big heads and sore stomachs, we were all swearing off every pay day—after our money was spent at Jawbones's.

No, Wilson put in his off duty time tramping through the pine and spruce forests along the beach, with a stick in his hand, always alone. One day the tide rushed in suddenly and caught him at the foot of the cape. He had to climb the 600-foot rock, which was almost perpendicular. I wouldn't have tried it for a million, even to save myself from drowning. He smiled a little when I told him so. He's been aloft on ships, you know.

Well, this is the finish. It has been a long time in coming, but you had to understand what manner of man Wilson was.

One bright day the sentry up at the lighthouse yelled down to the sergeant of the guard that an American man-of-war was coming over the bar. Canby is a saluting station, so that man-of-war are always reported by the guard. Wilson was walking number one post, in front of the guard house, and he repeated the lighthouse sentry's call to the sergeant inside. When the old guard was marched off, relieved by the new one, Wilson went up to the lighthouse with one of us to have a look through the glass at the man-of-war. He grew a little pale as he made her out through the coast guard's binocular, but said nothing. She was one of the old black ships of the old navy, and had dropped her mud hook off Astoria, ten miles across the bay. Her steam launch, dancing on the rollers away off in the distance, was heading our way as Wilson looked through the glass. As the launch began to come near Wilson went down to the little dock alone. The officer of the day and three men of the guard were on the dock, waiting to receive the naval officer in the launch, who carried the compliments of the commanding officer of the ship to the commanding officer of our post.

The launch pulled up alongside the dock, and as the guard came to a present, a fine-looking young naval officer stepped ashore. He was the living image of Wilson, only younger. All of the fellows of the guard noticed the resemblance instantly, but they did not see Wilson, who had hurriedly left the dock when his counterpart with the sword and the silver anchors on his blouse collar stepped from the launch.

The young naval officer and the officer of the day got into an ambulance and were driven to the commanding officer's quarters. Mess call went in a few minutes, and we were all marched into dinner. The mess hall was on the floor below the sleeping quarters. We had scarcely sat down and begun to bully the kitchen police before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs to find out what the matter was. As we scrambled up the ambulance carrying the young naval officer, returning to the launch from his mission, drew up in front of the quarters. The sea officer had heard the shot, and was hopping out of the ambulance to investigate.

Wilson was sitting on the edge of his bunk, in his shirt sleeves, His shirt was soaked with blood, and there was a big hole in his right breast. His rifle lay on the floor beside the bunk. He had taken off his right shoe and pulled the trigger with his great toe. He was very white in the face, but smiling.

"Well," he said in a low voice, as we stooped over to examine him, "you fellows can sit around the stove and have something to talk about on rainy afternoons now. But it's all right—all right—"

Just then the young naval officer pushed through the crowd of us around the bunk. When he caught sight of his brother's face he reeled, and one of us had to catch him to prevent him from falling.

"Jack! Oh, my God!" was all the young fellow with the silver anchor could say. It was easy for us fellows standing around to see how his heart was aching under his blouse.

"It's all right, Ed., all right—" We all sneaked away then. Well, no, I can't say that any of us felt very hilarious just then for a fact.

The little lieutenant of our battery went in. In a few minutes he came out, just almost carrying the young naval officer, a man about twice as big as he was.

We all volunteered for the firing party, and the four young wind-puffers who trumpeted for the batteries quarreled over which of them should blow "taps" over the grave. We'd all spent many an afternoon cleaning our guns after firing volleys who had passed from our outfit over the divide, but that certainly was the—well, the breaking-up funeral that Canby ever saw. Wilson's brother was there, in full dress. But the name that was printed by the post painter on Wilson's headstone was not Wilson. It was the same name as that of the young naval officer. The cemetery at Canby is only a couple of hundred feet from the roaring sea. In a few weeks two ladies, one quite old and white haired, the other young, pretty, but sad looking, came to Canby in mourning. They had "Wilson's" body sent somewhere back to the States.

It was a long time before we got at the inside of the story. Then we found out that "Wilson" had gotten his commission at West Point and had resigned a year after his graduation on account of some difficulty. He had shipped in the navy as a bluejacket. After his first cruise he had been drafted to a ship on which his brother, who had meanwhile graduated with distinction at Annapolis, was serving as a watch and division officer. The humiliation of it had been too much for him, and "Wilson" had promptly deserted. Then we got him. He had probably been meditating suicide for a long time, and the final sight of his brother's face in such an off-the-earth place as Fort Canby wrought upon him as the working of a fate that seemed to be crushing. Thus the rifle ball. We did not talk of him around the stove at all. But his gun was taken out of the rifle rack and stowed away out of sight.—Washington Star.

Sweeping With Air.

One of the greatest aids to the modern housekeeper is the pneumatic sweeper. This surprising new invention, which nobody seems to claim the honor of having discovered, and which is, therefore, open to all manufacturers, relegating the broom to the garret and takes the place of the mechanical carpet sweeper, which a few years ago was thought to be perfection.

All that is necessary to fit the pneumatic sweeper to any hotel or private house is a pipe connection for compressed air. When pneumatic sweepers have completely won their way pneumatic tubes may be carried into every house from a main in the street, as is now done with gas and water.

With such a connection the whole house could be cleaned from cellar to garret in a few hours and the labor of several servants could be dispensed with. The pneumatic sweeper can be applied to dusting the furniture.

The new sweeper consists simply of a long nozzle attached to the end of a rubber hose. The nozzle is about the same size as a broom handle.

One end of this pipe is inserted into the rubber house, and the other carries a brass arrangement about a foot in width across the face. Here there is a narrow slit running from side to side, and not more than 1-32 of an inch in width.

Through this narrow aperture the compressed air is forced at the rate of seventy-five cubic feet a minute. The household using the pneumatic sweeper passes it back and forth over the surface of the carpet.—New York Herald.

A Thought-Weighing Machine.

The cerebrum is the organ of the will and it is known that in the exercise of its function there is an increased supply of blood to that part. Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, has invented a thought-weighing machine, consisting of delicate balances so contrived that they weigh the varying amount of blood in the brain. The activity of the brain is in direct proportion to the amount of blood there in. According to a local newspaper report, the machine is so delicately constructed that it readily detects the difference in the exertion required to read Greek above that necessary to read Latin. Every youngster is ready to believe in the machine.—Medical Record.

The Czar's Horses and Carriages.

The Czar of Russia has four separate "services" of horses and carriages; namely, the Russian, French, English and gala sets. Each set comprises at least fifty horses. The Russian set accompanies the Emperor wherever he goes, and at Gatchina it is used, together with the English set.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Silliest Question—A Diamond in the Rough—Curiosities Attached to Number Nine—Bear Stops a Schoolma'm—Mumble-the-Peg, a New Game.

DEAR little girl with eyes of blue, And yellow curls and a dimple, too; And we loved to tease her, as some folks do, And ask her the silliest questions.

"Oh what is Poppy, say, little Ann?"

"Poppy? Poppy? Why, Poppy's a man," She smiled at us brightly as onward we ran

With the silliest, silliest questions.

"And what is Sissy?" The blue eyes gleam.

"Sissy's a gu-ur-l," she says with a scream

Of laughter as light as a rippling stream.

At this silliest, silliest question.

"And Botty? Botty is surely a toy Of golden metal with no alloy?"

"Botty? Botty? Why, Botty's a boy." The silliest, silliest question.

"Then, what is Mommy?" The blue eyes shed

A faint love glance, low dropped the head,

"Why, Mommy is Mommy," little Ann said

To this silliest, silliest question.

Oh, dear little girl with eyes of blue, And yellow curls and a dimple, too, Yes, Mommy is Mommy the whole world through;

So good-bye to the silliest questions.—Philadelphia American.

A Rough Diamond.

Walking down the street we saw two very ragged boys with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes upon which the soil of long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was perfectly jubilant over a half-withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find 'em, and these so poety and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find some bimbe-y-O, jolly! Billy, if dere ain't most half a peach, and tain't much dirty neither. 'Cause you ain't got no peach, you may bite first. Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long."

That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if men and women forsake him the very angels will feed him and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his usefulness illy repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly, and help his fellows besides.

Curiosities Attached to Number Nine.

It is by no means that eastern presents are given when made on a scale of great magnificence. "To the nines," expresses a state of perfection, as "dressed up to the nines," Chaucer, Heywood and Shakespeare speak of a nine-days' wonder; a cat has nine lives; a tailor is the ninth part of a man; Shakespeare makes Hotspur cavil on the ninth part of a hair; it was a number of magical power dear to witches, as we read in Macbeth; Shakespeare again has the "Nine Sibilys of old Rome"; we have the games of nine men's morris and nine-pins; the butcher bird is called the nine-killer, from its habit of impaling nine of the animals on which it feeds before it begins its meal; the nine of Diamonds is called the curse of Scotland; there were nine muses; nine planets; nine order of angels—angels, archangels, virtues, powers, principalities, dominions, thrones, cherubim, seraphim; the Etruscans had nine gods who alone had the power of hurling thunderbolts; the Novensiles were the nine Sabine gods; the Novendial ashes were the ashes of the dead buried on the ninth day; the nine worthies were Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; there were, too, nine worthies of London, whose chronicles were written by R. Johnson in the sixteenth century. Every ninth wave, as Tennyson sings, is said to be the largest; and last, not least, possession is nine points of the law. Pythagoras made three the perfect number; nine was consecrated by Buddhism, and is revered by the Meguls and Chinese. The peculiar property of number nine from a mathematical point of view is, that when it is multiplied by another number the digits composing the product, when added together, give nine.

Bear Stops Schoolma'm.

Some days ago Lucretia Ritter, teacher of a school in the Elk Lake district, Sullivan county, had a thrilling experience with a black bear, says the New York Press. Her school is in a sparsely settled part of the county, and the road from her boarding place runs through a mile of dense woods. When walking along through the woods she saw what she thought was a yearling calf in the path. She shook her lunch basket at the beast to see it scamper. It didn't scamper. She found that it was not a calf but a full-grown black bear. The bear

open. Miss Ritter ran to a crooked tree and managed to climb to a fork in the tree, twelve feet above the ground. The bear stopped to eat the contents of her lunch basket, while she screamed lustily for help. In her efforts to get higher Miss Ritter's clothing became fast in a broken limb. The bear made no effort to climb the tree, but kept the school teacher in the tree nearly three hours, when a farmer, Mr. Shurk, came along. The bear fled and the farmer climbed up into the tree and helped her down. Once on the ground Miss Ritter fainted and Mr. Shurk carried her to the nearest farmhouse, a mile away.

Grant's Game of Mumble-the-Peg.

"A favorite game with the boys of John D. White's subscription school, at Georgetown, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't play the game very skillfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to put it," says McClure's Magazine. "On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thickset boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades, and saw only one thing in the world—that was this stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final effort he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse, with his long beard switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in, patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head."

"Horses with Wheels."

"It was in the early days of railroad-ing in the south," remarked the gentleman with the stock of reminiscences the other day. "I was located in Florida about the time when the government had made vassals of the Seminole Indians of that state, and in order to impress the redoubtable 'Billy Bowlegs,' the Tecumseh of the Seminoles, it had invited that 'heap big chieftain' to make a trip to the seat of the national government. Billy was a bit dubious about accepting the invitation, fearing possibly that the Great Father at Washington might have designs upon his life or happiness, but he was prevailed upon to make the trip and he embarked on board of the train with a great show of courage. The trains of that period were not the flyers of to-day; in fact, on many of the short lines engineers were compelled to get out of their cabs and walk to lighten the train and permit it to proceed at an even rate of speed. When Billy Bowlegs returned from his visit he had overcome his trepidation and looked with scorn upon the locomotive. I visited Billy a day or two after his return and asked him how he liked traveling on the iron horse.

"Huh," he said, with an upward twist of his prominent proboscis, "horse wild wheels no good. Big hep no good. Me on horse better than two; run 'way all time. White man heap smart; In-jun heap better. Huh!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Another Palace of Hay.

Toronto, Ont., will have to step back with its palace of hay. One of our boys who lives in Sollitt, Ill., read the paragraph published last week about Toronto's scheme for such a building at the coming exposition, and he sat right down and wrote that the plan wasn't new at all. Here's part of his letter:

"About five years ago such a palace was built, and stood erected for two years within fifty miles of Chicago, at the town of Momey, where it was visited by large crowds daily, the baled hay being taken from the Kankakee swamps. It was handsomely decorated with grains and ornamental grasses of all kinds.—John S. Elliott."

Hurrah for Momey—our boys and girls will stand up for her and her palace of hay.

The Star Babies.

Over the trees and the blossoms,
Over the fresh green lawn,
The diamond sparkle of dewdrops
Greeted the sunny dawn.

The baby looked from the window
With bright and wondering eyes,
And then he sought for an answer
In the mysteries of the skies.

"Why, mamma," he softly whispered,
Seeing dewdrops far and near,
"See the stars' little babies;
They have come to visit us here."
—Marion Guthrie, in the Child Garden.

Starving Out Education.

In the province of Guadalupe there are something over 250 schoolmasters whose individual salaries do not reach 500 pesetas per annum. The school of Canameres receives an annual grant of 46 pesetas (\$8, roughly). In spite of this scanty payment, the department of education owes the schools and teachers of this single province 193,000 pesetas. And the schoolmasters of Velez-Malaga, literally at the point of starvation, have addressed a piteous circular, imploring aid, to the sovereigns and heads of other states, including the president of the French republic.—North American Review.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Not Particular—A Cutting Remark—Making Preparations—No Place for Her—A Tabooed Topic, Etc.

The men who always light upon their feet, no matter what they do, are men who are not worried if they light on someone else's too.—Truth.

A CUTTING REMARK.

"I hear they've laid off a number of hands down at the sawmill?"

"Yes; so the surgeon was telling me."—Detroit News.

NO PLACE FOR HER.

"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.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

Poots (meditatively)—"After 'all, there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught."

Grimshaw—"Yes, and very much better. The biggest ones always get away, you know."—Judge.

MAKING PREPARATIONS.

Emma—"And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?"

"Indeed I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A TABOOED TOPIC.

She—"Would you love me just the same, dearest, if I were poor instead of worth a million?"

He—"I have registered a solemn vow never to discuss the financial question again."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MODERN HERO.

Mand—"Who is that deformed young fellow talking to May Sailey?"

Ethel—"Why, that Mr. Dawkins, the famous fallback. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match."

Mand—"What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A NEW BREED.

"That's a nice looking dog," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in everything.

"Yes, sub. He looks all right," replied the colored man who was leading him with a piece of rope.

"He looks like a pointer."

"Yes, sub. Da's what he look like. Bat dat ain't what he is. He's a dis-appointer."—Washington Star.

THE WRONG TRAIN.

First Train Robber (out West)—"Hallo, Bill, how'd yer git along wid that job yer-day!"

Second Train Robber (sadly)—"Didn't git along noway. Got the wrong train."

"Eh? Didn't yer git the express?"

"Naw; we made a mistake an' struck an excursion of real estate agents, an' they took every cent we had."—New York Weekly.

STUCK.

"The female sex," said Monsieur Calino, lately, "is the most illogical in the world."

"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.

"Why, take my wife," answered Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."—The Wave.

FORGOT HE WAS IN IT.

The palm for absent mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Dusel, of Bonn. One day the Professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the Professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around, and I will reciprocate the favor."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

AN EXPLANATION.

Benevolent Gentleman (indignantly)—"You're a fraud. You told me the other day you wouldn't be begging but for your wife and two children, and I learn from the police that your wife had been dead a long time, and that your two children are grown up and in good circumstances."

Beggar—"Indeed, I told you nothing but the truth, sir. I wouldn't be begging, as I said, but for my wife and two children. My wife supported me till she died, and my two children might support me, but they won't. I wouldn't want to be begging with a lie on my tongue."—Truth.

A SKELETON EXPOSED.

The new woman orator waxed eloquent.

"And what," she demanded, as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?"

She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

"I know," he shouted.

"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."

"Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.—Chicago Post.