

A Vermont man, who has carried the mail twelve miles twice a day, and received the magnificent sum of one cent for the four years, is to have \$96 for the next four years.

Counting all classes of reserves, Germany can in twenty-four hours raise an army of 4,000,000 disciplined men. Young Germans know this, and they get out of the country before the raising takes place.

Comptroller Roberts, of New York State, calls attention to the fact that the unequal burdens imposed upon the small holder of property is breeding discontent, if not a revolt against existing methods.

Census Agent Holmes calculates that one-eleventh of American families own three-fourths of American wealth, while one three-thousandth own one-fifth. Dr. Spahr computes that one per cent. of the families own fifty-five per cent. of the wealth, while twelve per cent. own seven-eighths of it.

A prominent Chicago lawyer changed his office from the third floor of a skyscraper to the twelfth. "My friends use the elevator," he explained, "but I always walk both ways. My physician reported that my heart was weak and advised hill-climbing. A Chicago office-building is better than any hill I could find."

There are in the United States today about 75,000,000 people who must have food, clothing, shelter and fire. Besides the housing and clothing, each person must have about three pounds of food material every day, with fuel enough to cook it. Thus it is that from 325,000,000 to 350,000,000 pounds of foodstuff is consumed every day to keep the people alive.

Germany used to be a land of cheap and good music. The music is as good as ever, but it is no longer so very cheap as it used to be. In Hamburg, for instance, opera seats cost from 75 cents to \$1.50, or on special occasions \$2 and \$3. Concert tickets are not much lower, \$1 being charged even at chamber-music soirees. An attempt is also being made in Hamburg to enforce the wearing of evening dress in the parquet, to the great indignation of those who believe that fashion and music should be kept separate.

We take many of the mechanical wonders of civilization for granted without once thinking how much of skilled and ceaseless effort goes to the work of simply keeping these useful appliances in repair, muses the New York Observer. It takes, for example, thirty-seven specially constructed and equipped steamers to maintain the submarine telegraph cables of the world in working order. In this world of friction and ceaseless wear and tear things neither come nor stay as a matter of course. Eternal vigilance is the price of luxury as well as of liberty.

The Department of Agriculture has detailed Professor H. J. Webber, of Eustis, Fla., to make an investigation of the plant known as the water hyacinth, which has come so near blocking navigation in the St. John's River tributaries. Until last September little attention had been paid to the steady increase in the growth of the water hyacinths on the St. John's River. At that time a member of the Jacksonville Times-Union staff made a trip up the river, and at once began calling attention to the obstruction to navigation of the river by the hyacinths. Since that time the matter has been taken up by the War Department and the Agricultural Department, and it now looks as though something might be done to rid the river of the plants.

The expenditures of the various State governments have considerably increased within the last few years. In proof of this statement the Philadelphia Press gives a number of figures taken from the official records. Comparing the expenditures of the present year with those of 1899 the following marked differences is observed in some of the Eastern States:

State	1899	1905
Maine	\$62,503	\$1,528,408
New Hampshire	175,982	483,826
Vermont	191,536	609,606
Massachusetts	1,091,046	6,956,737
Connecticut	217,149	2,250,006
New Jersey	225,069	2,209,006
Maryland	1,306,043	2,454,750

What is true of the foregoing States is also true of every State in the Union, maintains the Atlanta Constitution. As population increases and the State advances in wealth and enterprise, its government necessarily becomes more complex and expensive. It is due to no extravagance, therefore, that the various States of the Union have increased their expenditures, but solely to the demands of progress and development.

MANHOOD.
Not till life's heat has cooled,
The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noisier years at last
Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah! not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame,
Hand-clapping and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave where
All paths will bring us, we're to lose our
days
We on whose ears youth's passing bell has
toll'd,
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we row gold.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for
then
We win to self-control
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there
rise
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those clearer thoughts that are unto the
soul
What stars are to the night.
—A. St. John A. Leock.

THE FAIREST OF ALL.

ORA O'DONNELL was a happy and blithe, standing at her father's door; for the freshness of spring was in the air, and the birds singing their little songs at the top of their voices. And Nora was singing, too. She had a voice like a bird herself; and I'll engage maybe she was aware of that same. A girl may be as good as gold and as innocent as a dove, but she can't help knowing if she has a good-looking face. And there's not the least harm if she has a little vanity on the score of being able to turn a tune well or dance a light step at a wedding or fairing.

And as she stood there, a brave young fellow, dressed in green, turned the corner of the mill with a quick, light foot. She turned about at the same time, and they looked at each other. He had a bit of a cap on top of his red mop of curls, and says he, laughing out and lifting the cap: "Good-morning, a colleen! You're by far the prettiest girl I've seen between this and London."

Nora dropped a courtesy, and says she, as quick as a flash back again to him: "The same to yourself, sir, as a gentleman. By all I've heard my father tell of him, you're the image and the repetition of that great king of all Ireland, Brian Boru."

The young man laughed again, and says he: "My fairy princess, will you be after giving me the pleasure of taking a cup of cool, fresh water from your lily-white hand?"

"The water you may have and welcome," says she, "harrin' the lily-white hand. For, sir, 'tis only grand ladies that have that, or that have any call to the like. I'm only a miller's daughter and a working girl."

Well, the compliments went on; and when he had the drink of water, he got the smell of the potatoes and bacon from the kitchen, and says he—he was in the door by this:

"I'm hungry from my long tramp; and if your father and mother are willing, nothing would please me better than to sit up with the family and take a bit of dinner for myself you."

"The bit of dinner my father and mother will make you welcome to," says she; "for they have never turned man or woman away from the door yet, let alone a fine gentleman like yourself."

"And what makes you call me a fine gentleman?" says he.
"Your speech, and the way you hold yourself, and your elegant manner, and the whiteness of your hand, sir," says she; "not to mention the bright shining jewel you wear on your finger."

"Faith, you are a clever girl," says he; "and you've read me rightly. I'm valet to the Earl of Arranmore, taking my first trip through this beautiful country of Ireland, where I was born, but where I never set feet before since I was a babe in arms."

"And what's a valet, good sir, may I ask?" says she.
Well, he explained, that it meant a gentleman's gentleman. And, for fear you wouldn't understand what that is, children, I'll tell you. 'Tis a man that waits on a grand gentleman—brushing his clothes and laying out his linen; and 'tis said that, nine times out of ten, the fellow is prouder and more conceited-like than his master, the real gentleman himself.

"I thought you were a gentleman, but you're not. If you were, you'd never be abusing the kindness of a decent man and woman like my father and mother by trying to steal their only daughter away from them. No, sir, I wouldn't give Ned Fagan's little finger for your whole body, if you were one mass of diamonds from head to toe; and I'd not go to London along with you if you paved every step of the road in gold blocks before me. So take that for your answer, and bother me no more."

With that she turned to leave him, but he called her back; and she told her grandchildren many a time that she liked him better at that moment than ever before; for his face was changed into a grave and serious manner; and says he, taking the ring from his finger:

"You are a good girl—the very rose of Ireland, as all may know. I'll trouble you no more. But take this as a token, and keep it safe; and if ever you need a friend send or bring this to London city, and you'll find him in the house of Arranmore."

At first she'd have none of it, but he persuaded her, and, so as not to vex him, she took the ring, for she had a kind heart, and thought it best to be courteous to him, after all.

When he was gone she showed it to her father and mother. "It's too like a real diamond not to be paste," Nora, said the old man. "I doubt not, but he's a wanderer of some kind; maybe he stole it, for that matter."

But the mother said 'twas a mean thing to malign a gift, anyway, and she bade Nora keep it safe. And so she did, and forgot all about it, in a little box of trinkets she had put away.

Time passed; the old man and woman died; the mill went to other hands; Nora married Ned Fagan and they were fairly well off and happy. Then the old Earl of Arranmore died himself, and the young one came into power—just about the time of the famine—not the greatest of all, but another one. The crops failed. The potatoes turned black in the pits. The new agent was a terror, turning people out into the road after raising the rent on them till they couldn't pay it. Ned Fagan took down with the fever, and when he rose up he was a weakly man. The rent was behind and Ned not able to earn a shilling; and one day Nora was crying up in her room, so he wouldn't see her; and, to divert her mind, she began fumbling about in her little box of trinkets that she had by her still. There she came across the ring, and she took it down to Ned and told him the tale, thinking to divert his mind as well.

"It's queer, Nora," says he, "but that seems to me to be a real jewel; and the setting is fine, as you can see. Maybe if you'd take it up to the city you might sell it for a trifle; and you know every little helps."

Just then there came a knock at the door, and Nora opened it. There stood the very man they were talking of, but dressed more sober, and looking older and changed since the day when Nora saw him first, ten years before. He put out his hand. But poor Nora, thinking of all she'd gone through since she saw him last, burst out crying. "I was Ned had to tell him the tale of their misfortunes, and of the woe and greed of the agent; how the tenants were in poverty through him and the fever and the famine; and how he threatened that the Earl himself would be down shortly and put what was left of them, body and bones, on the road, where they'd either have to die or go into the workhouse."

"I don't think he'll do that," says the stranger; "but I wouldn't call it much of a surprise to them that know if the agent was left on the road himself."

"And are you still in his lordship's service?" says Nora. "I divine you are, or you wouldn't be here."
"Yes, I'm thankful to say I'm with him still," says the other; "and I'm pretty sure of being that same till he dies."

"It's well for you," says Nora, with a sad smile. "It's far different with me, and I look far different now, I'm sure, from what I did in those days long ago."

"Yes," says the man, "you do; but the clouds are parting even now, and the day will break in joy and consolation before you know it. And have you the ring I gave you yet?" says he.
"It's here, on my little finger," says Ned. "My wife was showing it to me when you came to the door, and that for the first time since we were married."

"Sure, I forgot all about it, Ned," says she, giving a deep sigh. "It was to sell it we thought, we were that pushed at the present moment."
"Oh, don't do that!" says the stranger, rising up. "But I'll ask you one thing only. Come up yourself this very day, Nora, to the castle. I'll speak for you to the Earl when he comes; and take my word for it, some good will come of it. And fetch the ring along with you, for good luck, and show it to the servant at the door."

So he cheered them up till he left, and their hearts were lightened in them; and Nora promised to go up to the castle, as he bade her, in the afternoon. And then he went away.

The sun was setting as Nora climbed the long hill and made her way to the castle. There was a power of horses and carriages round about, and fine ladies and gentlemen on the terrace. Nora thought it queer to see the valet mingling in among them—but there he was, like one of themselves, talking to a beautiful lady, and a little boy playing at his feet. He saw Nora at once, he came over, and the lady along with him.

"And did you fetch the ring, Nora?" says he, laughing.
"I did," says she, handing it to him. "And will you be so good as

to speak to the Earl for me, as you promised?"
With that he took the ring from her hand and put it on his finger. "I am the Earl of Arranmore," says he; "and these are my dear wife and son."

With that poor Nora fell down upon her two knees (she wouldn't do it, if she lived in these days, to earl or king, I'll warrant ye, children; but that was in your great-grandfather's time, when people weren't too proud and ignorant to acknowledge their betters).

But the husband and wife each took her by the hand; and says the lady, in her sweetest tones:
"How glad I am to be able to see and help you this day! For my husband has told me all that little story, and how, for the time, he was so fond of you that he really and truly wanted to take you away to London and make you Countess of Arranmore."

"Nora was right, and I was mistaken," said the Earl; "and while I live hereafter neither she nor Nora shall ever want. From this day on I intend to live at the castle three months in the year, to know my tenants and care for them as a landlord should know and care for those who depend on him, and on whom he also depends. And during the time you are absent, and for all time, I appoint your husband and yourself caretakers here, with a comfortable stone house and a garden, and everything necessary for a good and honorable living."

For while poor Nora couldn't do anything but cry for joy, and blush with confusion at the ways she'd treated the Earl when he was coaxing her long ago, thinking of the sharp words she'd said to him that day.
"Oh, your lordship and your ladyship," says she, "what can I say! I can't say anything for the grand, good news. But my heart is bursting with gratefulness; and I wish I could fly, to be the sooner home to Ned with the joyful tale."

"You carry your heart in your face, Nora," said the Earl; "and we can read every thought that's in it. There's no need for a word of gratitude. Run away home now to your husband and children, and I'll be down myself in the morning. And by that time I'll expect to see the old light in your eyes and the old smile on your lip, and the same rose-flush on your cheek that a wandering stranger once thought the fairest in all Ireland."—*Notre Dame (Ind.) Ave Maria.*

Man and the Mammoth.

A remarkable discovery was made a few years ago in the sandstone rock at the Nevada State Prison. The "find" was considered wonderful, not only from a geological standpoint, but from an ethnological point of view also. While the convicts at the institution were unearthing some huge blocks of stone they uncovered some peculiar indentations in one of the slabs. Closer investigation proved that these queer marks were the tracks of some gigantic beast of antediluvian time—perhaps a mastodon or a mammoth. When the startling intelligence was announced to the prison officials they had the sandstone slabs containing the tracks carefully cleaned, whereupon another wonderful discovery was made. In the same pieces of stone, sometimes at the side and sometimes between the tracks made by the great prehistoric beast, were a series of human footprints, which proved conclusively that man and the mammoth lived not only at the same time and in the same age, but that the huge beast and the man had passed that way during the same year, and perhaps on the same day. These wonderful relics of a bygone age were found in a quarry at a depth of about fifteen feet from the surface and had previously been covered with the ages that had intervened between the date upon which the tracks were made and the scientists. Expert geologists who have since passed an opinion on the matter say that at the time the tracks were made that which is now hard sandstone was a "mucky" deposit of soft sediment, probably the border of a lake, where the man had been fishing and where the mammoth had come to bathe or drink.

A Vegetable Pumping Engine.

This is the title bestowed upon the ordinary tree by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. In a recent address, quoted in Cassier's Magazine, he says: "Hydraulic engineers would be sorely puzzled to explain how the large quantity of water required to supply the evaporation from the extended leaf surface is raised to heights up to 400 feet and above. We know that the source of energy must be the sun's rays, and we know further that, in the production of starch, the leaf stores up less than one per cent. of the available energy, so that plenty remains for raising water. Experiments have shown that transpiration at the leaf establishes a draught upon the sap, and there is reason to believe that this pull is transmitted to the root by tensile stress. The idea of a rope of water sustaining a pull of perhaps 150 pounds per square inch may be repugnant to many engineers, but the tensile strength and extensibility of water and other fluids have been proved experimentally by Professor Osborne Reynolds and by Professor Worthington and others."

Americans Abroad.

"There have been many estimates published of the total expenditures of Americans in Europe every year," said a steamship agent to a Mail and Express reporter. "I estimate that \$500 is the average expenditure of each tourist. I believe that 120,000 Americans went abroad last season. This would make the total expenditures last year, at \$500 a head, \$60,000,000."—*New York Mail and Express.*



KEEPING ONIONS.

Where large quantities of onions are to be kept over winter they should be placed on slatted shelves to the depth of six or eight inches, in some dry, airy place. They are capable of resisting considerable frost and will come out all right if they are not moved when frozen, but it is safer to cover them with some straw or hay when severe cold sets in. In a small way they do very well scattered on a barn floor and covered with hay sufficient to exclude frost. When kept in barrels these should have holes bored in the sides for ventilation and should be left unheaded until shipping time. —*American Agriculturist.*

FEEDING FOR A BIG FLOW OF MILK.

The amount of milk produced from our herd for the months of February, March and April last was 100,385 pounds or over fifty tons. The herd averaged during this time from forty to fifty-one milkers, writes A. B. Southwick in New England Homestead. Twenty of these cows had been milking from six to twelve months, the rest having produced calves at different times during the winter. All feed is given dry. The hay fed is what is known to the market as mixed clover. The grain is a mixture of oats and corn in equal parts, ground, with best quality wheat bran and middlings mixed in to suit the conditions of the various animals. Each animal is fed according to her condition and needs. The cow that feels the best and is in the most robust health all the time, if a good one, is the one that will produce the most profitable milk for his owner. I do not expect to get something from nothing, and I do not expect to get a good flow of milk without feed, but it is certain that more depends upon the perfect condition of the cow than a great amount of feed, when the amount of milk produced is considered.

Our cows evidently were raised in neighborhoods where excellent grade and native cows are kept and where good bulls have been used to the exclusion of scrubs. Appearances indicate that Holstein, Ayrshire and Short-horn grades are about the only breeds represented. It is found that good size, good form and a good mellow skin are desirable features to buy. Doubtless there are many herds that can show a greater record, but I think the doings of this herd can be considered good and it shows to a degree the advantage of weeding out poor animals.

I am a firm believer in keeping abreast of the times in dairying, and I feel sorry for the man who is willing to continue in the ruts, but when we consider the subject of feed for cows I question sometimes whether we follow common sense or fads. It seems to me there can be but one idea, and it is that whatever suits the cow the best—that which is the means of keeping her in the most robust condition of health, and causes her to produce the largest quantity of milk, rich in butter fat—is the cheapest feed and the only profitable one, whatever the cost may be. Green forage in summer, the best of pasture if possible, with good sound grain, as corn and oats finely ground, with best coarse wheat bran mixed with it in reasonable quantity, to suit the condition of the animal, is found to be reliable and satisfactory. In winter good, sweet, early cut hay, vegetables, same mixture of grain, is reliable and as cheap, all things considered, as any of the variety of methods now followed in dairy farming. What has nature provided the capacious stomach of the perfect dairy cow for if not for the purpose of receiving and digesting the sweet and fragrant hay and grass which produces the highest and most satisfactory results? One is disgusted with the gaunted appearance of the noble cow that is compelled to satisfy herself with a little stinky ration of ensilage, with some nostrum in the shape of grain, all for the reason that the cost is the lowest and reduced to the minimum. I do not believe it ever paid a man to ride a hobby, and I do not believe it ever will pay to feed ensilage indiscriminately, as the majority do. But I do think this class of feed has its place and can be used to great advantage when farmers become educated up to its most profitable use.

I believe farmers err in feeding too much grain at one time. Cattle that are receiving grain, and especially in this time of milder cows, would receive very much more benefit from such feed if the rations were given in smaller quantity and oftener. This plan is safer for the health as well. The cow that gets six quarts of grain a day will get the most benefit by giving this at six different feeds. This is extreme, as most of us are not situated so we can carry out such a plan, but it serves to illustrate the idea. I have found satisfaction in going slow when considering the advisability of changing any well-tried and highly satisfactory method of feeding for something new.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Use the best seed of the best varieties. If any colonies are queenless, unite them with others. Don't expect your trees to produce something for nothing. Feed them. Hunt the insect eggs and nests on your trees, and destroy the source of much loss to your fruit next season. The production and management of

manure deserves as careful attention as the production of any other farm crop.

For eggs alone, no breeds surpass the Leghorns and Minorcas. For eggs and meat, the Plymouth Rocks are better. Currants and gooseberries require lots of well-rotted manure worked down in the soil around them with good cultivation.

If the poultry is given a little of the care so freely allowed to the other stock it will pay a better percentage on the investment. Poultry can never be raised successfully if the poultry house be damp. Poultry must have dry houses and runs to be thrifty.

The farmer's garden is the most profitable piece of ground on the farm, if it only produces all kinds of garden crops for the family.

Keep close watch that the mice and rabbits do not injure the trees. Keep the snow tramped around the tree and protected with lath or wire screen up as high as a rabbit can reach.

There has been too much plowing—too much washing and waste of fertility of hilly lands. Plans should be formed which ultimately result in such lands being seeded down oftener and pastured more.

The ideal berry ground would be, first, a rich, sandy loam with clay subsoil. Second, a dark loam or gravelly loam mixed slightly with clay, and a clay subsoil, all having a southerly or easterly slope.

A Massachusetts farmer speaks kind words for the mole. He says they live upon worms which infest most seed land. They operate in rich, loose ground because worms are more abundant there.

You can never get a uniform flock if you use mongrel or grade males, or if you change the breed every year or so. Change blood often, but use a male of the same breed, and you will see improvement each year.

Give every tree that bears heavily last season a good top dressing of well rotted manure, out as far around as the branches extend. If the ground is in cultivation, fork this well down into the soil in next spring's cultivation. In every neighborhood where special attention is given to gardening or fruit growing there should be a horticultural society. There are always some good seed grown at these meetings, and they help to make one enthusiastic in the business.

Exercise is a necessity, both for health and for eggs. Confine a lot of hens and feed them to produce eggs, and unless some means have been provided to make them scratch for the grain given them, the result will be a lot of over-fat, lazy fowls that sit around and do nothing.

Where the peach tree is not pruned long, slender branches form, and these produce fruit mainly at their outer ends. The tree will carry much more fruit if properly distributed, and will produce more perfect fruit. The cutting will not be attended with injury if done while the tree is dormant. That the peach trees should be left to grow at will is an outgrown idea.

Give the children a chance to make some money. A couple of hens, ducks, geese or turkeys will start them to figuring and to working. The little money earned will be a great pleasure to them. You can afford to give them the grain to feed their fowls, if they will put in the work. They will thus be taught to study the needs of the poultry, and become wise in all that regards feathered stock. Their little trials and triumphs will be remembered by them in the years to come, and cause them to think with pleasure of the old home.

Hand Coverings.

Probably no period has shown more lavish expenditure of glove money than that of the French Restoration, from 1815 to 1830, says Elizabeth Ferguson Seat in Lippincott's Magazine. According to Chalmers, no well-dressed woman appeared un-gloved, not hesitated to put on a new pair every day. The popular color was a pale tan.

At no time in the history of gloves have they been more generally worn or more cheaply furnished than at the present day. The gorgeous jewels and embroideries of the past faded from sight with gold lace and knickerbockers, and with quieter colorings in dress have come the plain brown every-day gloves of this utilitarian age.

For the sake of those knights of old who wore on their hats the "gloves of their dearlings" and defended the tender tokens with their lives, in memory of those lordly, royal ones who held dainty, beautiful and splendid gloves to be their special heritage, the world-to-day bends low over a well-gloved hand and ranks its owner one of gentle breeding.

Separating Coin.

A recently patented coin separator and distributor has a long, flat metal feed chute into which the coins are dropped at one end, the other end being lower, so that the coins will roll down to the coin-holders, each holder having an opening into the chute through which the coin drops, the size of the coin determining which tube it belongs in.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Meek Little Suggestion—A Bad Break—A Give-a-Way—A Firm Grip—Overshot the Mark, Etc.
I had called her my gem and my jewel, and put names to lovers well known, but she pouted and peevishly asked me—"Why don't you call me 'your own'?"

A BAD BREAK.
"How did you get on with your skating?"
The One Who Got In—"Oh, swimmingly."—*Life.*

BADLY PAIRED.
"You can't expect any good to come of these ill-assorted marriages."
"No, indeed! And she had a very poor assortment."—*Puck.*

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.
First Spanish Soldier—"The insurgents have attacked the rear."
The Other—"Caramba! Let us hasten to the front!"—*Life.*

THE DEAD.
"Dear girl!"
"She's like ice to me."
In other words, she was not especially dear at this time of the year.—*Puck.*

OVERSHOT THE MARK.
Elmore—"What makes Harlan so hard up just now? Lost his job?"
Dayton—"Oh, no. He has a big raise in his salary and is trying to live up to it."—*Truth.*

JUST THE OTHER WAY.
Western Transient—"Did you ever live on the border, madam?"
Landlady—"No, indeed, sir, but I've had a good many boarders live on me."—*Boston Courier.*

A GIVE-A-WAY.
"She says she's twenty-five, but she's thirty-five. I can read it between the lines."
"What lines?"
"Those on her face."—*Harper's Bazar.*

FORESHOUGHT.
"Do you think Julia will accept the offer of her foreign lover?"
"No; her father says when they go abroad they may get something cheaper and just as good."—*Chicago Record.*

COUNTENANCE AGAINST HER.
Frederick—"That photographer is certainly chasing after the impossible."
Willie—"How is that?"
Frederick—"He asked Miss de Millions to look pleasant."

EXPLAINED.
"You say he hugged you like a bear."
"Yes."
"And you found it sweet?"
"Well—or—yes. It was like a cinnamon bear, you know."

EVOLUTION.
His Wife—"And you are to defend that shoplifter?"
The Lawyer—"My dear, she isn't a shoplifter. She was, formerly; but she has swindled so much money in the last ten years that she has become a kleptomaniac."—*Puck.*

HE DIDN'T STAY LONG.
Bobby (to early caller)—"Are you the gentleman sister Maud expected?"
Mr. Staylate—"I don't know. I suppose there are others."
Bobby—"That's what my sister said, but that won't appear to know it."—*New York Journal.*

A FIRM GRIP.
Mrs. Wainwood—"I was speaking with Miss Elder-to-Jay. She says that everybody tells her that she looks her age remarkably."
Mrs. Grimm—"Yes; she has been thirty for the last six years, to my knowledge."—*Boston Transcript.*

CERTAIN.
Mrs. Forster—"Why, good morning, Mr. Felton! Will Mrs. Felton be at home this morning?"
Mr. Felton—"Yes; she is going to be home all day. A family is going to move into a house right opposite ours to-day, and Mrs. Felton is not quite certain of the time."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.
Miss Antique (displeased with her photographs)—"This, sir, is the fourth sitting I've given you, and the picture is even worse than the first."
Photographer—"Yes, miss. The last sitting was a month after the first, and you were a month older, you know."—*New York Weekly.*

WHY THE TRIP WAS PUT OFF.
"Ah, Professor," greeted the student, "I hear that you are about to make a trip to San Francisco."
"You are misinformed, sir," the Professor answered. "From motives of economy I have decided to postpone the event until winter."

"You see," the pedagogue explained, "taking advantage of one of the great laws I expound in the natural philosophy class every day, I find that the trip can be shortened in cold weather. The principle involved is that law which relates to the expansion and contraction of metals. I find that a steel rail thirty feet in length contracts one-quarter of an inch with the cold. At the rate of 1700 miles to the mile in a distance of 3000 miles I make just about two miles and a quarter by traveling in winter."

"Quite a saving, Professor," said the student, and he walked on silently marvelling at the learned one's sagacity.—*New York Journal.*