It is estimated that the cost of vessels now being built at lake ship vards is about \$3,000,000, as compared with \$9,000,000 a year ago.

According to the statistics of the Weather Bureau, the property loss from tornadoes during the last ten years has been five times as great in Missouri as in any other State

Greece has only 2,200,000 inhabi tants, but every man of them is ready to fight like sixty. Her area is only half a great as that of the State of New York, but every acre of it is dedicated to the cause of liberty and civiliza-

That the gentler sex is fast becom ing emancipated is shown by the fact that in 1896 there were in the United States 32 women woodchoppers, 147 bartenders, 24 hostlers, 29 sailors, 4 locomotive engineers, 28 plasterers, 59 blacksmiths and 6 boilermakers.

A great emigration movement of Russian Jews from the Vistula provinces to Africa is taking place at present. The movement has reached uch proportions in several districts these provinces that the Jewish male population is greatly diminished and business in shops is principally carried on by women.

Rev. Miles Grant, of Boston, thinks he has solved the problem of living. He is a strict vegetarian, and never uses meat, pies, cakes, tea, coffee, sugar, salt or spices. His daily food is unleavened graham bread, vegetables, cheese and milk, and he says that he lives well at a cost of eighty seven cents a week, the result being that he is healthy and strong.

Of the \$200,000,000 war indemnity which Japan is to receive from China it is expected that nearly eighty per cent, will be expended in naval struction. It is therefore in order, declares the New York Mail and Express, to ascertain what portion of this vast sum can be acquired by the enterprise of American shipbuilders, steel forgers, gun makers and competitors in other mechanical industries. A country with that amount of money to spend deserves to be looked after by American manufacturers who

Modern science is beginning to throw all the tales of Munchausen into the shade. There is a rumor that Professor MacKendrick, of Glasgow, has succeeded in devising an appar atus which will enable the deaf and dumb to hear operas. He uses tele phones connected with the stage at ne end, and at the other with vessels filled with a saline solution, into which the deaf insert their hands. No sooner have they done so than their faces are illuminated with the joy of a new sensation. They can hear the singers and the orchestra distinctly. This sounds "American," as foreigners say, but after the Roentgen rays and kinetoscope everything seems possible. Naturalists believe that insects have senses utterly different from ours, and it is not impossible that with the aid of electricity and Roentgen rays man may practically acquire a new sense or power to perceive the unseen world.

There have been printed recently some astonishing facts about the abandoned farm lands of England. Some of these farms, although within an hour or two of London city, go begging for tenants. Earl Darrington, tho has for many years owned 23,000 acres of land in Bucks and Linconshire counties and whose every dollar is invested in agriculture, says the depression of the industry in England has been largely due to the extravagance and bad management of the landlords themselves—keeping up costly country houses, and neglecting repairs and improvements, piling up mortgages, driving away tenants, etc. When he took charge of his estates, they were burdened with a debt of \$2,000,000. He disposed of the great country house, with its tremendous expenses, repaired the buildings on all the farms, lowered rates one-third, and encouraged tenants to work small plots In spite of almost constantly decreasing prices of farm products, during the past twenty years he has of the original debt, and yet his estates are not as well situated as regards markets as are many farms near London that are practically abandoned. While conditions are entirely different in America, it is true that thousands of farmers in this country have, on a smaller scale, by prudent management, paid for their farms and are to-day comfortably well fixed, as the result methods during the past ten of the system of increasing competition, lower years of increasing competition, lower prices and readjustment of rapidly functions.

any difficulty in filling in the cone, you're looking very pretty to-night. I must go, dear; this is my dance with Laura." methods during the past ten or twenty

newhere region that's ever In the glow of the Someday sun, s a castle that rears its columned height Where the mirroring waters run.

Where the mirroring waters run;
Where the tranquil moments like music flow
To answer each longing the heart can know,
And the air grows sweet with the gentle sight
Of the roses kissed as the zephyrs fly.

Like the fabled tokens of magic's power

Like the fabled tokens of magic's power It rises, as swift as thought. From the wistfulness of an idle hour Are its dazzling sylendors wrought. But alas, to dust are its glories flung, By the passing jest of an idle tongue! They are gone, those beauties of form and the part of the state of

That were built of the things you meant to

There's another place where the roses are, Though it boasts no arch nor spire; It rests to the hitherward, by far, Of the land of the Heart's Desire

'Tis built of the things that you've real! And the hours smile back at the gliding sun

And you love it well—though you sigh anew For the House of the Things You Meant To

# MAGGIE'S BRACELET.



OU'RE the

-Washington Star.

OU'RE the most punctual girl alive, Maggie; and how sweet you look!"

Lady Carew surveyed her cousin's figure approvingly, as Mrs. Fawcett's maid put the last touches to her toilet.

"Do you really like me?" and Maggie Fawcett turned slowly round that no item of her dainty ball gown might be lost.

"My dear, you'll be the success of the evening; and oh, what an exquisite bangle that is?" and, with an exclamation of delight, Lady Carew caught her cousin's wrist, on whice glittered a magnificent becolds tea with diverse to cousin's wrist, on which glittered a magnificent bracelet set with diamonds and emeralds. "Surely that's new, isn't it? It wasn't a wedding present,

was it?"

Mrs. Fawcett flushed nervously.

"No; you haven't seen it before—I culy had it yesterday."

"You lucky creature, to get promiscuous presents like that! Who gave it von?"

the dust presents have that it was given by you?"

The flush on Maggie's cheek deepened. "Eric, of course," she replied, with a laugh. "He spoils me dreadfully, you know."

Lady Carew's lips quivered into an indefinable expression.

"My dear," she answered, smiling, "beware of a husband's unprovoked answered."

and intimate friends, there was no necessity for conversation between its occupants.

Maggie Fawcett's appearance at the Hunt Ball was something of an event. She was the bride of the occasion. Early in the spring she had married Eric Fawcett, and this was the first winter she had spent on his estate in Darshire.

Now and again Lady Carew glanced at her cousin. Maggie leaned back in her corner, the white fur of her wrap I nestling round her throat, and her tsmall head resting against the cushions of the carriage. It struck her companion that the young wife's face was a little pale, and that is wore a look of I suppressed excitement, mingled with isomething which seemed almost like lanxiety. "What can be the matter with the girl?" murmured Lady Carew to herself. "She it evidently disturbed about something. How she plays with that bracelet! I wonder—but, no! Maggie is the best little sout alive; and, besides, there isn't an eligible man within a dozen miles. Still, I never should have expected the Fire Fawcett to have turned out a model husband;" and she laughed softly to herself.

Laura Carew was a good six years older than her couvin, and she remembered very distinctly that at the same ball last year before Maggie had flashed

Laura Carew was a good six years is older than her cousin, and she remembered very distinctly that at the same ball last year before Maggie had flashed upon his firmament, Eric Fawcett ind been her very devoted slave, and naturally she smiled at the recollection—a little pityingly, perhaps, for Lady Carew could not quite understand an admirer deserting her for Maggie; and though she was fond of her consist, she

Maggie Fawcett bit her lips. She wouldn't have minded people seeing that she was in love with her husband, and that she thought him the handsomest man in the room; but men were different—very different—and her heart swelled as a rush of memories came upon her. She answered her partner's not very abtruse remarks mechanically. It was doubtless bad form, but her eyes sought her husband's figure; he was waltzing with Laura—it seemed to her that he was always waltzing with Laura—it seemed to her that he was always waltzing with Laura—But, then, perhaps, Eric might be thinking the same thing of her, for she had certainly dawced a great many times with this Mr. Dobson—Dodson—she was not at all sure of his name, and she really did not care at all who was her partner. The Darshire Hunt Ball was not amusing, she thought, and it was a little embarrassing that so many people noticed and admired her bangle; she touched it doubtfully, twisting it on her arm so that the diamonds flashed in her eyes. It was very pretty, but—

"Maggie Fawcett bit her in husbands—flowers and strinkets—and so as you—as you did not think of them, I bought them, I bought them myself and said you'd given them to me."

Eric held her at arm's length. She race suddenly and looked at him.

"If wanted people to think you were in love with me still."

Eric Fawcett did not return to the Delawares, and a couple of days later the diamond and emerald bangle had a companion, which was clasped on Maggie's arm by her husband himself.—London World.

About the Spices.

Jamaica has the allspice which gets the credit of taking the place of many different spices; South America rejoices in the chile, which is used in great quantities. Cinnamon, a small portion of which was one held a a present which kings were glad to reverse the credit of taking the place of many different spices in the chile, which is used in great quantities. Cinnamon, a small portion of which was one held a decompanion which was one held a present which kings were glad to reverse the credit of tak

pretty, but—

"Maggie seems to be putting in a very good time to-night," observed Lady Carew as she strolled into the conservatory with Eric Fawcett; "she appears to be enjoying herself tranger doubt."

"Not half as much as I am," replied Eric, with a laugh. "It is quite like old times, isn't it?" he added, draw-ing a low seat forward for his com-

"Ob, my dear Eric, don't try to be sentimental? But really, I begin to think my warning to Maggie was not uncalled"

attractive."
"Is that a challenge?"
"Not at all; besides, Maggie is my cousin and my friend, and I think it

cousin and my friend, and I think it right to warn her."

"Are you in fun or in earnest? What do you mean by warning her?"
Lady Carew broke into a laugh.

"Only that I told her to beware of a husband's presents—that a magnificent diamond and emerald bracelet often meant more than met the eye."

"Really, I haven't the smallest idea of what you mean!"

"Mean? Why, the lovely bangle you gave her yesterday!"

"I gave Maggie a bangle yesterday?"

"Certainly. She is wearing it tonight."

The flush on Maggie's cheek deep d. "Eric, of course," she replied, in a laugh. "He spoils me dreadly, you know."

andy Carew's lips quivered into an lefinable expression.
"My dear," she answered, smiling, "and very sorry," she said quietly, "I am very sorry," she said quietly, "I am a raid I have been indiscreet; but how was I to guess?—oh, what are you going to do?"

For at that moment Mrs, Fawcett entered the conservatory on the arm

"What do you mean" usawa anagste quickiy.
"Only that their source is more often a guilty conscience than an overflowing affection."
"Laura, why will you say such things? Come, the carriage is ready."
"So am I; but isn't Eric coming?"
"Not with us; he was lunching with the Delawares, and sent over for his

ing succeeded in persuading him that his calculations were out, and that it was precisely this dance she had given

disdisdisMaggie rose, too, but her husband
laid his hand on her arm.
"No; stay here, I want to speak to

you."
"But—"
"I can't help engagements or anything else. I must speak to you

now."
"What is it?" asked Maggie, looking up at him "Why, Eric, what is the matter?"
"I wish to know who gave you this

"I wish to know who gave you this bangle."

The color flew over Maggie's throat and face and her lips trembled.

"I—I can't tell you."

"So I suppose, or you wouldn't have lied to Laura Carew about it."

"Eric!"

Three was compelhing so pathatic.

"Eric"

There was something so pathetic about the girl's expression as his name generally are sorry for Eric. Women generally are sorry for the men who marry some one else.

But, in spite of Lady Carew's moderate estimate of Maggie's powers of attraction, her card was full before she had been in the room ten minutes—as full, that is, as she would allow it to be; for she valiantly resisted all efforts to preserving.

She was standing by her husband in the midst of a group of people. She put her hand gently on his arm, we can't dance together twice—it you waltzes."

"Two!" and he laughed as he looked this one. I don't suppose you'll have any difficulty in filling in the other; you're looking very pretty to night.

"There was something so pathetic about the girl's expression as his name burst from her lips—she looked so mist rable out the girl's expression as his name burst from her lips—she looked so mist rable obtentions the next morning those around the table must morning those around the table thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.—Tit-Bits.

It may not be generally known that there is cruelty in the keeping of gold fish.

It may not be generally known that there is c There was something so pathetic

About the Spices.

Jamaica has the allspice which gets the credit of taking the place of many different spices; South America rejoices in the chle, which is used in great quantities. Cinnamon, a small portion of which was once held a present which kings were glad to receive, is a native of Ceylon and has been known from the most remote time. It was first carried to Europe by the Arabs. Cassia bark is a relative of cinnamon, and is prized for flavoring liquors and chocolate. The Malabar coast of India furnishes the natives with gardamom, and mustard natives with cardamom, and mustard comes from the East Indies.

The Spice Islands have given the world few things more popular than the dried buds of a tree shoked and dried in the sun, named in Latin, from their resemblance to a nail, clavus, and called by us cloves. In the same group of islands are planted entirely in the same group of islands are planted entirely in the same group of islands are planted entirely in the same group of islands are planted entirely in the same group of islands are planted entirely in the same group of the same group in the same group in

the same group of Islands as small collection of Islands are planted entirely in nutmeg trees. Caraway comes from the northern and central parts of Europe and Asia, is used as flavoring in cooking and drinks, in cheese, cakes and bread. Sweet marjoram, native to Portugal, and capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa. Asafoetida, which has an unsavory reputation among us, is highly prized as a condiment in Persia and India and is used in France.

Sugar, which we class among the indispensables, was wholly unknown among the ancient nations, and for that reason they used honey as we use sugar. Honey was therefore a very important article of diet. Salt was almost entirely produced by evaporation of sea water. If the entire ocean were dried up it would yield no less than 4,419,360 enbie miles of rock salt, or about fourteen and one-half times the entire bulk of Europe above hich that 4,415,500 choic miles of rock sait, or about fourteen and one-half times the entire bulk of Europe above high watermark, mountains and all. Eva-poration is still practiced on the seaboard, Portugal produces annually 350,000 tons; Spain, 200,000 tons Italy, 165,000 tons; Austria, 190,000

# Salaries of the Church of England As matters now stand, it costs a cretty penny to maintain the pomp of that church of which "the Queen is

Is a guilty conscience than an over-flowing affection."

"Laura, why will you say such things? Come, the carriage is ready,"

"So am I; but isn't Eric coming?"

"Not with us; he was lunching with the Delawares, and sent over for his things. He will go with them, and he goes back there to sleep."

The two women took their places in the snug brougham. It was a fairly long drive to Treloar Hall, where the Darshire Hunt Ball was to take place; but there was absolute silence in the carriage, partly because, as cousins and intimate friends, there was no necessity for conversation between its occupants.

Maggie Fawcett's appearance at the Hunt Ball was something of an event. She was the bride of the occasion. Early in the springs he had married Eric Fawcett, and this was the irist winter she had spent on his estate in Darshire.

Now and again Lady Carew glanced at the crousin. Maggie leaned back in her count. Maggie leaned back in her conser, the white fur of her wrapnost of the carriage. It struck her companion that the young wife's face was a little pale, and that is wore a look of suppressed excitement, mingled with something which seemed almost like saviette.

A Husband's Dilemma.

He had bought himself a fashionable pair of trousers. On trying them on, they proved to be considerably too long; so he took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut off about two inches and hem them over. The good lady, who was not very well pleased with the pattern, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and his daughter.

daughter.
But before bedtime the wife, relent-But before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the bags, and, cutting off two inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely, and put them on a chair. Half an hour later her daughter, seized with compunction for her untilial conduct, took the trousers and, cutting off two inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sisterin-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment.

When he appeared at breakfast the next morning those around the table thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.—Tit-Bits.

of that bangle."

"I-oh, Eric, I'm ashamed!" and she turned her face away.

"Tell me, dear."

There was a moment's pause.

"Well, then, I bought if myself!"

"Yes. Oh, don't think L want, to blazze you, Eric, but the other women where the ring was hidden.



He sings aloud to the clear blue sky, And the daylight that awakes him, is sweet a lay, as loud, as gay, The nightingale is trilling; With feeling bliss, no less than his, He little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh Peers through her lavish mirth, For the lark's boid song is of the sky And hers is of the earth. And hers is of the earth. By night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive away all sorrow: To drive away all sorrows. And we may come to-morrow.

## The Stolen Baby

The Stolen Baby.

One afternoon about sunset, while May and her little baby brother, Dodo, were walking in the garden, a woman, with a dark face and a red handkerchief bound about her head, looked over the fence and said:

"Little girl, will you give a poor, woman a drink of water?"

"Yea," said May, "I'll bring you a glass from the well."

Seating Dodo on the soft grass, she darted away to the well at the back of the house, and flew back with the water, but the glass fell from her hand and lay shattered at her feet, for the gate stood open, and both Dodo and the woman were gone. One glance up and down the shady road, and May scrambled over the bars of the opposite field, for she caught sight of a red handkerchief at the farther side, and saw the woman walking away with a great bundle over her back.

"She has stolen Dodo," thought May in terror, "but she shall not get off with him. I will never lose sight of the wicked woman until she gives me back my Dodo," and on she sped in hot pursuit, tears pouring down her cheeks.

May followed the woman down into great common where she saw a mot-

cheeks.

May followed the woman down into a great common, where she saw a motley crowd of men, women, children and 
dogs. Trembling from head to foot, 
she watched the woman make her way 
to a covered wagon, and lift the baby 
from her back. May slipped from one 
tree to another, until she stood so close 
to the wagon that she could almost 
touch it. The baby was crying. 
"Stop that, or I'll slap you," said the 
woman, fiercely. But though the baby 
screamed louder than ever, the woman 
did not carry out her threat, but called 
out: "Shut up your eyes and go to 
sleep," as she walked away. 
As soon as she was left alone, May 
slipped from her hiding place and 
climbed up on the wheel of the wagon 
and peeped in. It was too dark to see 
now, so she put her hands in and felt 
around. Presently they were selzed by 
two chubby fists. 
"Oh, Dodo! Darling little Dodo," 
whispered May. 
"Do-do," repeated the baby. 
"Why, I never heard him say that 
before," thought May, hugging and 
klissing him rapturously. 
May looked behind her apprehensnevly, but there was no one in sight, so 
she gently put his arms around her 
neck. "Now, Dodo," she whispered, "hold 
"Todo of the common 
whispered "hold" 
"Now, Dodo," she whispered, "hold 
"Todo of the common 
whispered "hold" 
"Todo of the common 
whispered "hold" 
"Now, Dodo," she whispered, "hold 
"Todo of the common 
"Todo of the common 
whispered "hold" 
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"T followed the woman down into

"Now, Dodo," she whispered, "hold on tight, and we'll get away from this dreadful place as soon as ever we can."
"Do-do," squealed the baby at the top of his small voice, and he squeezed her so tightly that it almost took her

eath away."
"He don't act like himself. He's beer rightened, and, oh! how heavy he is, thought May, as she sprang down from the wheel on which she had bee

tanding.

Dodo's weight caused her to fall. Dodo's weight caused ner to fail, but as baby was not hurt she seized his hand and hurried toward the trees and bushes, keeping her eyes upon the group of people. Near the hill she heard terrified screams from the gypsy

As his voice rang out on the quiet air May heard the crash of heavy steps be hind her. Snatching up the child, she ran, for fright gave her strength, and she never stopped until she reache she porch of her own house, an dropped him in his mother's lap, cry

"Hide him, quick; they are after

"Why, May," cried her mother,

him"
"Why, May," cried her mother,
"what is the matter, and who is this
dirty little child?"
"Don't you see? It's Dodo," said
May, "The gypsy carried him away
and put him in her wagon; hut I followed and got him back. She has
changed his clothes and painted him
gypsy color, as they always do in the
stories; but when you've washed it off
I guies he will look like Dodo again."
"My dear May," said her mother,
"when you left your brother on the
grass while you ran for water for the
gypsy woman, I went and brought him
in. He is now asleep in his crib. I
am afraid you have been stealing a
baby yourself."

She carried the child into the house,
and looked at it by the light of the
lamp. "Yes, this is the gypsy woman's
baby," she said!! "Did you not see she
had one under her cloak?"

syrbay woman, crying:

"Here he is! Here is my Romany
boy! Were the ladies crazy to think
they could steal my Romany boy?"
and she snatched him to her bosom.
Other dark eyes glanced in at the
window.
May's mother tried to explain, but
the gyspy only scowled. Then the lady

May's mother tried to explain, but the gyspy only scowled. Then the lady tried another plan. She laid two big silver dollars in the baby's grimy palm. On this the gypsy showed her white teeth in a smile. The crowd at the window smiled also, and they all went away laughing and singing and carrying their treasure with them. Them May began to cry. "Tm so ashamed of myself," she said. "Ah! but I am proud of you," said her mother. "Even if you did make a mistake, you are a brave little darling."

Then May was comforted.—New York Ledger.

A Happy Meeting.

A most touching scene was witnessed in the streets of Paris recently. A little girl of about five years of age was rolling her hoop; the hoop rolled up against a gentleman sitting on a bench, and the child, going up to him to get it, looked at him involuntarily, and suddenly cried out: "Oh, if there isn't the gentleman of mamma's miniature!" This exclamation of course, atture!" This exclamation, of course, at-tracted the attention of passers-by, and a young woman, who immediately came up to the child, and, giving a glance at the gentleman, fainted away. He appeared stupefied, and stared from the child to her mother as if he were losing his senses; but when he saw the

the child to her mother as if he were losing his senses; but when he saw the latter fainting on the ground, he caught her up, clasped her in his arms, and covered her with kisses. She soon regained her senses, and fell weeping on the gentleman's bosom. An officer, coming up, led them off, with the little girl, and, calling a carriage, put them in; but the bystanders had already learned their history from their different exclamations. Five years before they were married, with every prospect of happiness before them; but the husband, being young, was led astray by dissipated associates, and, becoming jealous of his wife, treated her so unkindly that she finally left him, and took an humble lodging in a different quarter of the city, where she soon after gave birth to a little daughter, and since that time had supported herself and child by her needle. The husband had sought his wife in vain, and had at last come to the sad conclusion that she had put an end to her existence. This thought had such an effect upon his mind as to cure him, not only of his jealousy, but of his vices, and he had since been living a most exemplary life, consecrating all his thoughts to the memory of his lost wife.

## The Millionaire and His Clerk

The Millionaire and his ciert.

Girard, the infide millionaire of

Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all

his clerks to come on the morrow to

his wharf and help unload a newly ar
rived ship. One young man replied

"Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sun

days."

"You know our rules."

"Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

on. "But," said the banker, "you dis-

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him."

"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.

# The Safety of the Public

The Safety of the Public.

When a corporation acquires the right to build and manage a rapid-transit line of any sort, kind or description, it takes upon itself, with such acquiring, certain responsibilities. The plant is valuable, and the profits are, as a rule, large.

Of course, these profits come largely from the patronage of the persona living along the line of the road. That a corporation or company cannot conduct such business without giving due regard to the safety of the public is a self-evident fact. They are in duty bound to provide every reasonable appliance required to prevent injury to those who have occasion to cross the lines they operate. If these lines run through a populous city, the danger to the public and the responsibility of the company are greatly augmented.

Queer Conduct of a Tree.
From the Spokane Spokesman-Review: An unusual incident occurred
in the timber near Fossil, Ore, the
other day. Beaber and French sawed
through a tree measuring thirteen feet
in circumference, and though they
camed mult the teeth of the saw came sawed until the teeth of the saw came through on the opposite side, though the tree top was free from all support, though they pried and chopped and wondered and talked, still that tree stood there, and still the saw remained pinched in so tightly that it could not be moved. At last they were shilted be moved. At last they were obliged to go home, leaving the tree standing on its stump. Next day the tree was down. It had apparently sprung or slid from the stump, striking perpendicularly in the sandy soil at first, making a hole five feet deep and as fa-

CLOSE TO NINETY.

John Howard Bryant, an only surviving brother of William Cullen Bryant, aged about ninety years, resides in Princeton, ill. The Rochester (N. Y.) Times says of him He is unknown to fame, but not for want of native ability which, judging from the following freshly-written gen, might have made him as illustrious as his brother. The lines are entitled, "Close to Ninety." and wers evoked by the action of a Bellefontaine (Ohio) Bryant literary society in making him an honorary member:

Here now I stand, upon life's outer verge, Close at my feet an ocean wide and deep, Oark, sullen, silent, and without a surge, Where earth's past myriads lie in dream-

less sieep.
'Tis here I stand without a thrill of fear,
In loneliness allied to the sublime;
The broken links of love that bound me

here, Lie shattered on this treacherous shoal of

But still I cling to friends who yet remain Cling to the glorious scenes that round mo

lie, Striving to stay the haste of years in vain

As swifter yet the winged moments fly.

Idly, I seek the future to explore,

I partly know what is, but naught that is

before. —John Howard Bryant.

# HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He-"Her face is her fortune." She
--"Then she is a self-made woman."—
Yale Record.

Edith—"Did he whisper sweet nothings when he proposed?" Ethel—"Oh, yes!—swore he'd be ever true, and all that."—Puck.

that."—Puck.
Young Solicitor—"Make yourself easy, my dear sir; the successful management of your case shall be the task of my life."—Tit-Bits.
"What is 'pronunciation, Uncle Jim?" "It is something you hunt up in a dictionary one day and forget the cext."—Chicago Record.
Ada—"Which was the most serious argacement Cantain Slasher was ever a present the serious of the serious seriou

Ada—"Which was the most serious engagement Captain Slasher was ever in?" Jack—"The one that led to his marriage, I presume."—Larks.

"Now, they speak of her as an upto-date girl. What do you understand by that?" "My boy, a girl that is upto-date is up to anything."—Puck.

Mrs. Gray—"Do you like steam heat?" Mrs. Brown—"Really, I don't know. You see, we only have steam cold in our flat."—Boston Transcript. "Spring is here," the poet said, And as the storm door hitched its belt, And slammed him down ten flights of stairs, The force of his remark he feit!

—Cincinnati Tribune.

A sportive youth will feel compli-

A sportive youth will feel compli-mented if you call him "a gay young dog," but not if you refer to him as "a fresh young puppy."—Philadelphia

Dorathea-"There goes Jack with his wealthy bride, girls." Theodosia

-"Yes; aren't men fickle? To think
that only last summer he was engaged
to us!"—Truth.

to us!"—'Iruth.

First Artist (patronizingly)—"'Van
Dike is a good fellow, but he never
will be a finished painter." Second
Artist—"'No; all of his figures are entirely too life-like."—Judge.

tirely too life-like."—Judge.

There are over sixty millions of people in this country, and at least fifty millions of them have been cured of something at one time or another.—West Union (Iowa) Gazztte.

Cumso—"Why don't Mr. Gilgal and Miss Perkasie get married?" Cawker —"Shyness on both sides." "How do you make that out?" "She is a shy little thing by nature and he is shy of cash."

"Do you see anything coming our way?" asked the morning star of a companion. "Not yet," was the reply; "but I see a servant below there who is about to light her kitchen fire with kerosene."
"That Willie Feathers is the most impudent man I ever met." "Really?"

"That Willie Feathers is the most impudent man I ever met," "Really?" "He is. I told him I had never been kissed by a man in all my life, and he said 'I can well believe you.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tommy—"Paw, what is adding insult to injury?" Mr. Figg—"Well, I once had a dentist at work on my teeth for half a day, and when he got through he said he hoped I had a pleasant time."—Indianapolis Journal

she—"You are always talking about the fashions. Now, honestly, do you think you would know the latest fashion in hats if you were to enter a milliner's?" He—"Gertainly." She—"How?" He (ruefully)—"By looking at the prices."—Come Gnts.

The theosophist gazed at the opposite wall with a far away smile. "Be become what we eat," she murmured. "That is a great truth." "Great Jehosophat!" exclaimed a voice in the corner; "what kind of a menagerie do I become when I eat hash?"—Washington Capital.

ington Capital.

Chumpley—"That hypnotis is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night." Pokley—"O course, he had some excuse." Chumpley—"Yes, he said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh."—Detroit Free Press.

# Making an Artificial Skin,

A process has been patented in Ger-A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use in wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibers are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic soid a tissue is produced which take the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely abgorbed during the healing process.

# European Population.

A Buffalo firm is now turning out what is claimed to be an absolutely dreproof wood. It is red birch treated by some secret process.