King Menelek, of Abyssinia, has ordered a battle picture from a Rusartist, to the commemorate thrashing he gave the Italians.

Only six of the forty-five States o the Union indulge in the extravagance of annual sessions of the Legislature, Georgia, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island and South Caro lina, all belonging to the origina thirteen.

A number of liberal citizens of De troit, Mich., are about to present to the Salvation Army of their city a building valued at \$74,000 in appre-ciation of the army's work for the re-lief of the poor and distressed during the past winter. It is said the whol amount needed has been pledged, Mr. Carlton A. Beardsly starting the sub-Forigitions with \$15,000. Secretary Alger is credited with giving \$10,000.

The long-talked-of project of a rail road connecting North and South America is being revived. The nego tiations between Mexico and Guatemala, which were interrupted two years ago by the strained diplom relations of the two countries, have been resumed, and Mexico has just appointed a commission to act with similar commission to be appointed by Guatemala. It will be the duty of the joint commission to select a feasible route for the proposed road.

An abstract of some statistics con piled in France on lightning accidents shows that during the past sixty-seven years for every one person killed three or four are wounded. In the month of March the average deaths amount to 1 per cent. ; in April, 3 ; in May, 7; in June and on September, 30, 20, 31 and 15 respectively; in October, 12. Most of the cases occur in fields and roads, but particularly under trees. In a period of thirty years 1700 persons were killed under trees, who probably would not have been injured if they had not taken refuge there; and one out of every four has been killed while sheltering under branches. In France there have been eight deaths per 100,000 inhabitants, and in Great Britain two.

Thirteen American cities have now experimented with the system of va-cant lot farming which Mayor Pingree of Detroit (now Governor of Michigan) invented three years ago as a means helping destitute citizens to help themselves. The cities are, beside Detroit, New York, Buffalo, Seattle, St. Louis, Toledo, Boston, Brooklyn. Cincinnati, Duluth, East Orange, Si Paul, and Minneapolis, and in every one of them enough of benefit has been derived from the innovation to warrant a continuation of it. Next summer it is believed that the plan will be adopted in many other places. Its chief advantages are that it gives a teady means of distinguishing the worthy poor who are willing to work from those to whom any form of in-lustry is distasteful, and that it is a form of charity which tends little or not at all toward pauperizing those to whom it is extended.

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REMEMBERING It may be years since one much loved Was locked in death's mysterious sleep; It may be that the flowers we keep Because of them, e no more wet with tears.

Are no more wet with tears. Our lives go on without them; The aching void that Death has ie. Is filled by other loves, And we are lease bereft Than when we heard the duil thud-thud That crazed us with its utter hopelesness; But when we see a certain shade of hair, Or tone of voice, or even but the lifting of hand, It all comes back As something we have known before, And we, remembering, understand.

And we, remembering, understand. -Edna Heald, in Woman



2 C

explore the quaint old town. The jaunting car rattled along through the crooked streets, and turned into a wide, smooth avenue, whose hawthorn hedges were white with blossoms, and whose wayside trees covered it with a cool, deep shade; then back again into the crooked streets, where a datachment of soldiers passed them. "Look!" A band came next, followed by sev-eral carriages, while a noisy rabble of hooting, barefoot children and bois-teroos men and women straggied after. "What is the matter?" she asked of the driver, who had stopped his horse to let the procession pass. "It's O'Brien, mis," he explained quaint old town.

"It's O'Brien, miss," he explained. "He'll be after spakin' in the park, the day, and they're fearful av a riot, "is".

The procession was a long one, and miss." The procession was a long one, and they waited several minutes for it to pass. Just as they started on again, Emily, happening to look across the street, saw a man, evidently a tourist, hastily shutting up a small camera. "Annte," she almost gasped, "I actually believe that man has been taking a photograph of us!" Miss Briggs looked quickly, but they had turned a corner, and he was out of sight. "Well, it can't be helped," she said laughingly, but with an indigannt pink flushing up into her checks. "It serves us right for making a spectadle of ourselves by getting on to such an outlandish conveyance." On the following day, while Miss Briggs sat alone in the parlor of the

Briggs sat alone in the parlor of the

Briggs sait alone in the parlor of the Imperial Hotel, busily engaged with her journal, Emily entered, her hat awry and her face glowing. "'Look!" she cried breathlessly. "Here is a sketch I made this after-noon, auntie. I did it in sepia. And oh, I've had such an interesting ex-perience! We all went up to Shan-don churchyard, and old Mr. Lumb took me up in the tower to read the inscription on the bells. When we came down again, you couldn't guess who was standing in the churchyard, by Father Prout's tomb." Miss Briggs held the sketch off at arm's length, surveying it critically, and shock her head. "Well, it was that man who took

"Well, it was that man who took our picture yesterday. As soon as h saw me, he came directly towards me He took off his hat with as friendly land.

saw me, he came directly towards me. He took off his hat with as friendly a smile as if we had always known each other, and said, 'Pardon me, miss, are you not the young lady whom I saw procession was crossing the bridge?' I was so amazed I did not know what to say, and he began at once to apolo-gize and explain. He said he was out with his camera, taking pictures of interesting types of Irish character, and was attracted by our coachman's face. He paid no attention to us un-til we were driving away. Then he saw me, but did not notice you par-tecularly. While he was developing the picture, that atternoon, he was al-most startled, he told me, as your fea-tures gradually appeared on the plate. He said : 'They bear such a striking re-semblance to one 1 knew years ago. Carolne Briggs?'' Emily paused to note the effect of her words, and Miss Briggs? Miss

writing material. Emily looked at her writing material. Emily looked at her curiously, wondering if thera' could have been a spark of sentiment in such a severely practical mature. "He showed me the photograph," said Emily, as they climbed the stairs together. "It was bad, even for an amateur. Only the back of my head was taken, but you were in a strong light that made you squint and wrinkle up your face, and your ieet looked im-meme."

When Miss Briggs went down stairs to dinner that evening, she had laid When Miss Briggs went down stairs to dinner that evening, she had laid aside her customary gray serge dress, as homely as it was serviceable, and wore a dark blue, tallor-made suit. Remembering that Emily had said her feet looked immense in the photo-graph, she had carefully changed her neavy, broad-soled boots for dainty, low-cut shoes. She stopped a moment in the hall, hearing a familiar laugh. She remembered that the last time she had heard that voice it had bidden her good-by in hot anger. Then she pushed the door sjar and entered the parlor, where the party had congre-gated to wait for dinner. Dr. Frederick Powell was standing by a window in animated conversation

If all comes back
Isomething we have known before, and we, remembering, understand.
--Edna Heald, in Womanind.
ON A JAUNTING CAR.
BY ANNIE F. JOHNSTON.
T was a Jume no r ning in cort in g in cort in the hall, hearing a familiar langh. She remembered that the last time she coold recall no suprement horror than and already been related.
Just then the hall intornated driver, having fallen behind the others, took was first gas and had bread that voice it had bidden her parly at the borg in cort in g in the diver where the parlor, where the parlor where the scale dual to the scale dual to the scale dual to the scale dual to the tort were than the fair mine. Hooked up while and lashed the hooked up while and lashed the hooked up while and lashed the hore was dual the scale the dual the fair mine. Hooked up while and lashed the hooked up while and lashed the hooke arg while and lashed the hooked up while and lashed the docor or the scale dual the scale the scale dual the scale the scale dual the scal

ships had always existed between them. Miss Briggs was not so well pleased f with her survey. "He's getting stont." she thonght critically, "and a triffe-bald. He's not the handsome man he used to be." Emily was charmed with Dr. Powell. She found him entertaining and agree-able. He praised her sketches. He told her interesting incidents of his travels in many lands, and amusing anecdotes of his professional life. When the party wont sight-seeing, he was her tete-a-tet if they rode. When they walked, he was always at her side to hold her umbrella. Seeing this, Miss Briggs calmly re-volved in her solitary orbit-a triffe more independent in manner, perhaps, and if possible more outspoken in her radical opinions. Emily tried in vain to persuade her and that he old serge was too unbecoming for further use-fulness. Every morning she put it on with the grim satisfaction of carrying ther point, and looking her worst. The days went by too fast in the old town. Night and morning and noon, they listened to the chiming of the bells in the ruy grown Shandon tower, and then it was night and morning and noon again. Still the litte party lin-t gered. One day, after lunch, they started

gered

Done day, after lunch, they started One day, after lunch, they started out to make a farewell wisit to Blarney Castle. Dr. Powell and Emily gaily led the way on a jaunting car. Sor-eral of the party followed on horso-back, and the rear was brought up by a light wagonette. Miss Briggs rode in this, nct being an excellent horse-woman, and having a mortal antipathy to jaunting cars.

In this, het origing a mortal antipathy to jaunting cars. It was a drive none of them could ever forget. But by the time they had reached the castle, the sunshine had faded out, the landscape was gray and blurred, and the rain began to pour in torrents. There was nothing to do but sit down and wait for it to stop, but sit down and wait for it to stop, but sit peculiarity of the weather in Ire-land.

land. An old woman came to the door, begging. They tolled her in with a shilling, and she entertained them with gruesome tales of the banshees and witches that inhabit the bat

finally stopped, and they started back to the hotel. There was a shifting of seats. The wagonette led the way, followed by those on horses, and when Miss Briggs came through the gate, Dr. Powell was waiting to help her on to the insuring one

Dr. Powell was waiting to help her on to the jaunting car. They drove along in silence some time, before the doctor remarked un-casily, "The drivers have been drink-ing. I hope they'll not get us into trouble." "I have never been in any kind of an accident," answered Miss Briggs. "I have always thought I should like to be, just for the sensation." For a short distance they enter-tained each other by recounting the

fore he had sent a cab to their assist-ance. "Caroline," said the doctor, as they drove back in the twilight, "I have always been impressed with the rapid-ity with which the brain acts. Man thinks at lightning speed." "That depends on the man," Miss Briggs interposed laconically. "When we went flying through the air." he went on, without noticing the

Driggs interposed inconcally. "When we went dying through the air," he went on, without noticing the interruption, "it flashed across my mind that I should find you lying stanned and insensible—that I would pick you up tenderly in my arms, and kiss you, as I did long ago—that I would claim yon for my own again." "Well," she answered provokingly, "I suppose the shock of such a fall, to a man of your weight, would natu-rally bring him to his senses." "I't was not that," he said, a little confused and nettled by her cool re-ply, "but the situation was not as ro-mantic as I had imgcined—as I hoped it would be." "You had hoped, then, that I should be stranned?"

be stunned?'

"You had need?" "Oh, Caroline," he remonstrated, "She rever to be anything but misunderstandings between us? You must listen to me, for it is fate that has brought as across the sea to find each other at last. I was sure of it when I first met you, although you seemed so stolid and indifferent. Think of the time when we were all in all to each other." began Miss Briggs.

all to each other. "I thought Emity—" began Miss Briggs. The doctor laughed happily. "No! No! Emily is not as blind as her aunt. She has known what I wanted from it the first. You have not said no," he i added presently, as they rode on a through the darkness, "and I shall not let you say it now. You are mine— r and a thousand times dearer than o when you were the sweetheart of my boyhood." He slipped his arm around her, and felt her shaking with suppressed sobs. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "I dor't know," she answered. For a ence she could not fathom. The ten-ter ence the could not fathom. The ten-ter wadercurrents of her nature, frozen

"Six months," ejaculated the judge. -Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Yeast-"I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home at nights." Mrs. Puncheon-"Get him a bicycle." Mrs. Yeast-"That would take him Mrs. least - Inst work case show out more than ever." Mrs. Puncheon.—"Oh, no. it wouldn't! My husband got one the day before yesterday, and the doctor say he won't be out for a month."— Household Words.

The Silding of Bogs. Recently disaster overtook a small locality in Ireland by the sliding of a bog. Many lives were loss in the vast mass of miry peat. This bog was about forty feet deep in the centre ard in a liquid, Laif-swampy condition caused by a downpour of water, forming a stream from half a mile to a mile broad, which overflowed the land, ruining crops and stored fuel, cattle and provisions. This unusual catastrophe is not without precedent. The "flowing moss of the Solway" was on a larger scale. So long as the moderately hard crust on the surface of the bog was not dis-turbed the mud did not flow over, but toome peat diggers impudently tam-pered with this and the mud broke bounds. One night a farmer who lived with the moss was startled by an un-usual sound and making a light he osaght sight of a small dark stream which was the herald of a deluge. No less than 304 acres to bog overflowed 4000 acres of land, burying farms overturning building shalt octtages to the roofs. Many persons were only rescued by being got through the roofs, the black night and their terror at the ea-lamity, which they did not understand, adding to the dificulty of the situa-tion. The staff flowed along like thick, THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

The Sliding of Bogs

book called "For Dear Life"—quick-sands are a common end for a bad sharacter in astory. Carver Doone, it will be remembered, was thus dis-posed of. But to be engulfed in flow-ing mud is not pretty, and if Hercu-laneum had been buried in this way instead of by lava it would lose its romance.

The Care of Shoes.

A Rats' Nest Worth \$1000. While workmen were engaged last week in demolishing a barn on the Thompson property in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., they found under the floor a rats' nest which was made of green-backs. The money had been badly torn and chewed, but most of it, if not all, is redeemable. Professor Thomas F. Thompson, who now owns the property, asys the money was probably hidden under the barn floor some years ago by his father, Robert Thompson, who began to act queerly in 1889, and became possessed of a fear of banks, lawyers and corporations. After that he carried his money about him. He seldom, if ever, allowed anyone but himself to visit the barn. Mr. Thomp-son, Sr., died September 18, 1893, and Professor Thompson's mother lived until December last. By her will the estate, which consisted of \$3000 and the house and and, was to be divided equally between

consisted of \$3000 and the house and land, was to be divided equally between Professor Thompson and his brother. The Professor took the house and his brother the money. In equity the money found in the rats' nest belongs to Professor Thompson. The professor is a blind musician and has composed a number of ninces.

number of pieces. The total amount of money in the ats' nest is thought to be about rats' nest is thought to be about \$1000. It is in \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Lightning in a Kentucky town knocked a stave out of a rain barrel and deprived a family of its water supply for wash day.

a number of pieces.

A Rats' Nest Worth \$1000.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

TO POLISH BRASS KETTLES.

To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalie acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.

BATH BAGS

A bran bags, one of the most grate-ful of all toilet accessories. It is more cleansing to the skin, and much more refreshing. It is made by filing a muslin bag with two quarts of bran, one onnce of orris root, one onnce almond meal and one small cake of castile soap cut in small pieces.

THE CORN BEEF NOT TO BUY.

THE CORN BEEP NOT TO BUY. It is a good thing to know that brisket is one of the cheaper onts of beef and that it comes from that part of the animal just above the front legs, but it is better to know that butchers never corn meat that can be kept any longer and that the corned beef already cut and rolled is the corned beef not to buy.—New York World.

TO FRESHEN WINDOW SCREENS

TO FRESHEN WINDOW SCREENS. Window and door screens may be made more durable and to look better by an occasional coat of varnish or paint. If the wire netting is not faded or rusty it is better to give it a coat of good coach varnish, but if faded or rusty apply a coat of paint. Use a good quality, and thin with turpentine until it will run, or it will fill the meshes of the netting. Black is a good color, as it makes the netting almost invisible from a distance. Paint the frames the same color as outside of window sash.

USES FOR CHEESECLOTH.

USES FOR CHERSECLOFH. The following is a list of some of the household purposes for which cheese-cloth may be used. For polshing windows and mirrors. For cleaning windows. For cleaning brass ware. For drying and polishing glassware of all kinds.

of all kinds. For dust-cloths. For shining bronzes. For stainers in cooking. For dish-towels. For scrub-cloths. For bread-cloths.

CLEANING HINTS

CLEANING HINTS. To remove ink stams, cover them with a solution of starch; when dry rub off the hardened starch, and repeat the process until the ink has entirely disappeared. If the stain is not too old, ink may be re-moved from paper as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub but pat the stain, when it will gradually disappear. If one application does not remove the stain, let the paper dry, and repeat the pro-

cess. Limp, forlorn and rusty black lace

Limp, forlorn and rusty black lace can be renovated by a simple method. Wash it gently in soft, soapy water, rinse in clear water, and squeeze in-stead of ringing it. Dip it in cold coffee into which a little gum arabic has been dissolved, and then smooth it with a hot iron, taking care to press it while damp and cover it with a clean cloth. The coffee darkens it, the gum, arabic stiffens it, the ironing smooths it, and if it is slightly pulled with the fingers after the ironing it is made flexible and lace-like,

RECIPES.

BECIPES. Broiled Potatoes, Parsley Sauco-Slice five large, cold boiled potatoes lengthwise in rather thick pieces and broil brown on a buttered gridiron. best up a tablespoonful of butter into a cream with as much minced parsley, and after dusting each slice of potato lightly with salt and pepper rub a lightle of this sauce on each slice.

Ittle of this sauce on each slice. Chipped Beef and Tomatces, French Style-Cut a slice from the stem end of five good, solid canned tomatces, then with your finger take out the seeds; put seeds and slices in a sauce-pan, boil and strain. Put into a bowl one cupfal bread crumbs, add quarter-pound dried beef, picked in small nices: a quarter-tespaconful penper

one cupfal bread crumbs, add quarter-pound dried beef, picked in small pices; a quarter-tenspoonful pepper and one tablespoonful melted butter. Mix, add strained tomato juice and fill into tomatoes. Stand them in a baking pan and bake slowly filteen minutes, basting once or twice. Cracked Wheat, Lemon Sauce-Prepare the cracked wheat as usual, care being taken that it is thoroughly cooked. To prepare the sauce, rub a descrispoonful of cornstarch smooth with a little cold water; stir it care-fully into a pint of boiling water and cook until it thickens. Score a large lemon with the tines of a silver fork and when the oil is exading rub a small quantity of sugar over the sur-face to flavor it. Cut the lemon and squeeze the juice from it. Add the juice and one-half cup of the flavored sugar to the hot cornstarch mixture; allow the whole to boil up once, stir-ring constantly. Germ wheat is de-licious when served with the lemor sauce.

sauce. Ban Loaf-One quart of sifted flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, rabbed, light with two of of powered sugar, half an yeast cake dissolved in a large cupful of luke-warm water, a cupful of currants (washed, dried and picked over), half-teaspoonful of sait, cuarter-teaspoon

(washed, dried and picked over), half-teaspoonful of sait, quarter-teaspoon-ful of soda; mix all the ingredients together in a soft dough, except the currants; if stiff, add a little warm water; when you have an elastic mass on the board, set to rise until very light; knead again; mold into a loaf when you have worked in the currants; dredge with dry flour and leave to rise for an hour; bake in a steady oven, covering with paper as it rises. Eat fresh, but not warm.

sauce

of all kinds

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

lucements—She Knew Best– Restaurant—A Safe Locatio Alternative, Etc., Etc.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"May I kiss your hand?" he asked. She removed her veil. "No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."-Life.

A SAFE LOCATION

Jimmy—"Say, fellers, if youse want o play ball, come around my way." Tommy—"What for?" Tommy—"What for?" Jimmy—"Dere's a fat cop on da Deat dat can't run."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

IN THE RESTAURANT. Brown-"Was that beef a la mode you asked for?" Smith-"It was a la mode when I asked for it. The fashions may have changed since."-Pack.

NOT'A YEARLING

amity, which they did not understand, adding to the difficulty of the situa-tion. The stuff flowed along like thick, black paint, studded with chunks of peat and filled every nook and crevice in its way. The odor was something frightful. In some cases this over-flowing of a bog is heralded by a noise like thunder—the bursting of a bog. The last occurrence before the recent one in Ireland happened in 1853 in the wild region called Enagh Monmore. The moss was a mile in circumference and many feet thick and moved on for twenty-for hours. The best known quaking bog in Great Britain is Chat Moss, of whose breaking out the historians of the time of Henry VIII, tell us. Though slid-ing and moving bogs have been intro-duced into stories only once—in a book called "Por Dear Life"—quick-sands are a common end for a bad Bridges-"Why, sure, with such a past she must succeed on the stage !" Brooks-"And yet I'm fearfal. The juality of her past is all right, but think of the quantity."

SHE KNEW BEST

SHE KNEW DEST. Prime Donna-"Those flowers ara not for me." . Conductor-"Yes, they are." Prima Donna-"Well, they're not the ones I paid for."-Pick-Me-Up.

A FORCED CHANGE.

Mr. Frospect Heights-"Before I was married 1 always said I would never wheel a baby carriage." Mr. Papleigh Push-"You changed your mind, eh?" Mr. Prospect Heights-"No; my wife did."-Puck.

HIS OFFENCE

HIS OFFENCE "The New Woman's Club will never hire Tenor, the singer, again." "Why so?" "He was billed to sing four times at their annual dinner and each time he warbled 'What is Home Without a Mother !! "-Truth. The expensive russet shoes will last for two or three seasons, but they cost at least twice as much as the shoes that look well through one season and then become shabby and suddenly break down all around. Footwar is then become shabby and suddenly break down all around. Footwar is cheaper than it was a year ago, so far is the use of superior qualities of leather in the general manufacture of goods is concerned, and yet the prices are the same. The reset shoe is es-sentially an article of summer wear; still, expensive makes have been sold for winter as well. It is surprising, however, what a difference there is in the quality sometimes of two pairs of cheap shoes manufactured by the same house. Shoes that sell for \$3 and \$3.50 sometimes go to pieces in a few weeks, while others last for months. The fact of the matter is that all the stitching is done by r achinery, and such shoes are weak or strong ac-cording as the girl or man who runs the machine has been careful or care-less.

GREAT PROSPECT

Blanche—"You don't tell me that on are engaged to a hotel waiter?" Cora—"Yes; but he'll be rich some

iay." "Nonsense !" "Certainly he will. Don't you kn that all things come to him who wait

FIRST, LAST AND ONLY. Mrs. Jones-"Do you remember hat night in June, Henry, when you inst ingle in dune, Henry, when you list asked me to marry you?" Mr. Jones-"If you refer to that first, last, single, solitary and only occasion upon which I ever asked you to marry me, I do-and you never gave me another chance, remember."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The Fiancee-"'I'm very much dis-bleased with Jack, and I'm half in-bleased to break off the engagement." The Confidante-"You won't do

hat, will you?" The Fiancee-"Well, I dislike to do it, because, you know, mamma has been so violently opposed to our mar-riage."-Puck.

UNUSUAL FEE.

cording as the girl or man who runs the machine has been careful or care-less. When the boot is muddy let it dry belore trying to knock the mud off. Then lightly rub, being eareful not to rub it into the leather. Take a soft cloth, duating carefully, when it will clean with very little stain. Take a damp woolen cloth, which will remove all the stain. Warm water is best to use. This simple process will keep the shoes in nice order, while if the shoes are blackened each time, the grain soon becomes so filled with it it will stiffen and crack. If you should in a storm get them very wet, wipe them dry as possible with a soft cloth, fill them with paper to shape them and put them in a warm place to dry. If this is carefully carried out your boots will be stiff, but with an old loose glove on the hand work some vaseline, a little at a time, all over the shoe. After standing a few hours the leather will absoft it, and ary good blacking will give it a nice polish, being also pliable aud soft.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporte. A Rats' Nest Worth \$1000. Mrs. A. Quitt- "So you cleared that poor Mr. Liftem from the charge of stealing that turkey? Well, I'm glad of it, but he's such a worthless characof it, but has such a worthless charac-ter that I don't believe you will ever get a cent for your pay." A. Quit (the famous criminal law-yer)--"I may not, but I've got a blamed good turkey out in the wood-shed."-Truth.

PLED DEGENERACY.

PLED DEGENERACY. "Yon admit you are an impostor?" said the judge. "No, 1 didn't, your honor." "You claimed to be blind, and yet yon have an unimpaired eyesight." "That's true, your honor; but I'm morally blind, sir, and not being able to see the harm in my innocent decep-tion--"

CURE FOR THE CLUB HABIT.

THERE ODANGER.

THERE @ PANGER. "It seems od," remarked Mrs. Ten-spot, "that with all the words in the English language an ordinary person's vocabulary is only aboat two thousand five hundred words." "It is odd, my dear," replied her husband, "and it behooves you to be careful." "Me careful? Why?" "You go through your vocabulary so many times a day there is danger that you will wear it out."—Judge.

People who sell newspapers in the streets of Moscow, Russia, are com-pelled to appear in uniform.