

The sea has no herbivorous animal. It is a great slaughter house where all the inhabitants prey on each other.

The North Carolina House passed a bill requiring all teachers in the public schools to read aloud to their pupils at least twice each year the Constitution of the United States and that of the State.

In German schools French is taught to a greater extent than English. In the higher class schools English is an optional subject; in the commercial schools more time is devoted to French than English.

The feeling in Cape Colony, South Africa, over the Jameson raid still runs high. A meeting of Dutch and English farmers in a certain town not long ago was called to order in English, whereupon the Dutchmen left the room in a body.

Two months ago an act was passed in the New Zealand House of Assembly which allows women to practice at the bar. Strange to say, there has been no rush on the part of would-be women barristers, and things seem much what they were.

The Biddeford (Me.) Record thinks it a solemn fact that whereas fifteen years ago it took a man a day to color 300 pounds of indigo blue, a boy can now do a ton in the same time at half as much pay, and a new change in the mill will now enable a man to do what two have been doing.

A German physiologist who devoted himself with great patience to the counting of the hairs on different heads, to ascertain the average number on a human head, found that, taking four heads of hair of equal weight, the number of hairs according to color was as follows: Red, 90,000; black, 103,000; brown, 109,000; fair, 140,000.

A delegate to the recent brickmakers' convention in Buffalo, N. Y., excited most of the others to violent protestations to the contrary by asserting that a genuine fireproof brick is as yet an "unknown quantity." He was urged to modify his assertion, and said that he had only expressed his personal opinion, and the convention was not bound by it in any way.

The New York Independent says: "Our hearty congratulations go to Miss Ellen Hinsdale, daughter of Professor Hinsdale, of Michigan University, who has just received the degree of Ph.D. from the Göttingen (Germany) University, the first woman to receive the degree in philology at Göttingen. That a woman should be allowed to receive the degree after earning it nearly drove one of the Professors of Philology into feminine hysterics."

In 1868 the average price of steel rails was \$158.50 per ton, and that year total production in the United States was only 4651 tons. By 1873 the price had declined to \$120.50 and the output increased to 115,192 tons. Ten years ago over 2,000,000 tons were produced, the largest on record with the average price down to \$37.12. In 1896, the price was uniformly \$28, and the output only 800,000 tons. Through the break of the steel rail pool contracts were made as low as \$17, which the American Agriculturist thinks is a remarkable showing in price changes of a generation.

During the next four years twenty-nine railway systems of this country will have bonds maturing to a total par value of \$223,000,000 in round numbers. The larger proportion of these bonds bear interest at six and seven per cent. The total annual interest charge which the companies have to pay amounts to \$14,500,000 in round numbers. Between 1901 and 1905 twenty-nine other roads will have maturing bonds to the amount of \$262,000,000, on which the annual interest charge is not less than \$16,000,000. In nine years, therefore, railroad bonds amounting to \$500,000,000, and calling for annual payments of \$30,700,000, will mature.

Immigration to this country from Europe has lately undergone a marked decline, notes the New York Mail and Express, the arrivals at all ports during the last seven months having been 45,523 fewer than for the corresponding period the year before. This decrease appears to have been due partly to industrial depression here, but more largely to the inducements which the South American countries are offering to new settlers. The agricultural development in progress in South America is attracting a large immigration, and will continue to do so for a long time to come, but with a revival of business in this country there will be another rush to our own shores.

"TIS YOU!
The world is waiting for somebody,
Waiting and watching to-day,
Somebody to lift and strengthen,
Somebody to shield and stay,
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!
The world is waiting for somebody,
Somebody brave and strong,
With a helping hand and a generous heart,
With a gift of deed or song,
Do you doubtfully question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!
The world is waiting for somebody,
The sad world, bleak and cold,
Where wan-faced children are watching
For hope in the eyes of the old,
Do you wonderingly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
And has been, years on years,
Somebody to soften its sorrow,
Somebody to heed its tears,
Then doubting question no longer, "Who?"
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!
The world is waiting for somebody,
A deed of love to do,
Then up and hasten, everybody,
For everybody is you!
For everybody is you, my friend,
For everybody is you!
—Ida Iddings Gals.

RIGHTED.
WO years after my father's death my mother died. The long, wasting disease took an acute form, and after three months of painful illness she left me to my father.

My uncle came to me at once, and took me home. We had a funeral from the large house, and then I folded my hands and prayed to die. There was nothing for me now, I said, in my wicked reining; other hands could distribute my money among the poor, and I could die and meet all I loved in heaven. No words can describe the bitterness of those days. The old sorrow had been comforted and soothed by the tender love that I had lost now. My mother, my lifelong companion, was gone, and I was alone in the world.

Uncle Stanhope was very kind, Lizzie and May affectionate, Harry sympathizing; but they all had their own interests and duties, while I stood alone. Lizzie was going to be married, and had her trousseau to arrange, her lover's visits to receive. Harry was preparing for a tour; May was deeply interested in the study of German; uncle had his business to attend to, and the interests of three children at heart. I, only, was alone.

Judge, then, of my deep gratitude when Mrs. Hall wrote to invite me to make my home with her. She was very feeble, and needed a daughter's love; would I take her in my dead mother's place, and let her love and comfort me? Uncle grumbled a little, but let me go.

"Remember," he said, "Agnes, this is only for a long visit. Milford cannot spare you always, and this must be your home. Promise me to think of my house as your home. And, Aggie, when you are able to bear gaiety, you will come to the New Year's party? Lizzie will come home, then; May, too, if she marries. Let it be a family reunion for the future. You will come?"

I promised all his kind love demanded, and then went to New York. My welcome there was a loving, cordial one, but I found a new member in the quiet family.

"My niece, Martha Hall," said the old lady, after greeting me; and a tall figure rose up from a corner and said: "Good evening," and then sat down again. I did not get a good look at her until the next morning, when she burst into my room. Then I saw a blonde, tall, fair and gloriously beautiful, dressed in an eccentric way that my experience did not recognize as "fashion."

"Good morning," she said, abruptly. "How do you like it?" "Like what?" was my astonished inquiry. "Why, this slow, stupid place. Oh, I forgot, you are in mourning, so you can bear it. I suppose I am in mourning, too, or ought to be, but I won't wear black. What's the use? I never saw papa for eleven years. Went off, you know, to Russia, and left me at boarding-school, and there died and bequeathed me to aunt and Gerald. I've plenty of money somewhere, they say, and next year, being of age, I mean to use it, and be gay. Till then I've got to vegetate here. Oh, mercy, I did hope when I heard there was a young lady coming there would be some life, but you look as slow as the rest."

"I am afraid you will never be gratified."
"No, I suppose not, especially since you are here to keep him in countenance. Perhaps I'll marry him perhaps I sha'n't. Is the blue thing becoming?" she said, abruptly, walking to the glass to see the jaunty little jacket indicated. "I like red, but I can't wear even pink without looking like a Dutch milkmaid. You could, now, with all that splendid black hair. Where on earth did you get your complexion, with black hair and eyes? You're as fair as I am, though you have no color. But what a little thing you are. I could carry you in my arms like a baby."

"I was always small," I said, scarcely knowing how to answer her. "Well, I didn't suppose you had grown smaller at your age. Heigh-ho! Shall we always stagnate this way?" and she sat down and began to nurse her own foot. I looked at her in perfect wonder. In my quiet life, in our own little town, I had never met with a specimen of the fast young lady, and this beautiful, vehement creature puzzled me amazingly. All her hair was worn in a little crop of short curls, wonderfully becoming; her fair complexion was tinged with glowing color, and her tall figure was perfect in all its proportions; the little hands nursing the pretty foot were small, and yet full of nervous activity.

"You'll read to auntie, now, won't you?" she said, "and I can practice more. The only comfort I have is making that piano ring." "I will read to her," I said. "Well, go then—it's her hour—I say—" and then she hesitated. "Kiss me. I am not half such a heathen as I look, and your face is as pure and perfect as Madonna's. You must not hate me. I am not half so bad anywhere else, but I am half stifled in this horribly dull place."

"I kiss her at once." "You can come here," I said, "and talk, if it does you any good. I suppose it is rather sad for a young girl full of life."

"Anybody would think you were eighty at the least," was the reply; and then she darted off, and in a few moments the great house resounded with music. I never heard such a voice, even in a concert room. A pure, clear soprano, yet with the deeper notes marvelously perfect. She played brilliantly and sang exquisitely.

How can I describe the life that opened for me? All the morning I spent with Mrs. Hall, reading, and having, by her taste and desire, open to me the real treasures of literature, a complete course of the best authors. We read history, poetry, fiction; we wandered over the old authors; we dipped into newer works; we thoroughly enjoyed the hours. What was really a keen pleasure for her, was a never-ending delight for me. The afternoons were devoted to walking, reading or driving.

Martha, or Mattie, as she preferred to be called, rode splendidly, and I attended a riding school, and soon became sufficiently accustomed to the exercise to join her and Gerald in their long rides. Our evenings were spent in music, or else quietly in Mrs. Hall's room, for Mattie soon formed a circle of friends, and plunged into the vortex of New York society. A relation of her mother—Mrs. Marsfield—one of the votaries of fashion, undertook to chaperone the brilliant beauty, and Gerald was often released from attendance upon her, and joined his mother and myself in our quiet sitting room. I learned to accompany him as he played the violin, and to blend my voice with his duets, and if we could not translate melody as brilliantly as Mattie, we, at least, enjoyed our music as fully.

I would like to pause here, and leave the rest untold, and yet—well, you will guess it. I who knew that the cousins were engaged, knew that Gerald was willing to marry Mattie, and considered himself bound to her; I, who was there because I was considered true to my first love; I, a double traitor to past and present—loved Gerald Hall.

I did not know my own heart for many long months. It was a dear brother's love I received, a tender sister's affection I gave, I said to my heart; and so unconsciously I left his image grow to my soul, till I could not tear it away. Charles faded away, and a face, his—and not his—took his place. The merry, sunny laugh was never so dear as was now the grave, tender smile. More than a year had gone by, and December chill was in the air when Mattie came to my room one morning, with unwonted clouds on her fair face. "Here's a confusion" said she, taking me as usual into her confidence. "Auntie reminds me this morning that next week I shall be of age, and you know all about Gerald and me. I think myself he's in love with you! Gracious, don't jump that way, Agnes. Of course, I don't suppose you care for him, you quiet mouse; for you are infinitely too proper to love another woman's fiance, and then there was that wonderful Charles. But he is fond of you. If it were not for auntie, now; but you see she's set her heart on the match. Well, there'll be one snide, for Guy Howard will hang himself!" "Guy Howard?" "You don't know him, Mrs. Marsfield's nephew; a man after my heart, with some spirit. Well, never mind him!" But she did mind him I saw for she sat quiet for some moments. "We'll have to submit," she said, at last. "It is a mercy you don't care for Gerald, for it's all arranged now. You'll come to the wedding, I suppose, and please wear white, for I am superstitious about colors at a wedding."

strange turmoil of pain and irresolution. I could not stay! I loved him! Not with the girlish love I had given Charles, but with a woman's whole heart. I loved him! I could not stay to see him married, and married, too, to a woman who loved him not. Some wild scheme of warning him of Mattie's feelings rushed through my brain, but I discarded it, and resolved to go away. I would go somewhere and hide myself and my new sorrow from all eyes. Then I thought of my uncle. Only two days more and he would welcome his guests to a New Year's party again. I had met Charles there; I had first seen Gerald on that anniversary; I would go, and live one night in memory of happier days, and then—then—well, the future would decide. So I went to Mrs. Hall and told her I was going to Milford.

"You will return soon?" she said, wistfully. "You will be alone," I said, "when Gerald takes his wife for a wedding tour. Then I will return." She held my hand a moment, looking into my face with a loving pleading gaze that nearly unnerved me. "Yes," she said, "I will be alone. It was her father's will, you know, and I would like to see Gerald happy." I kissed her for answer. It was not well to talk about it, and then I bade her farewell. I felt that I could not meet Gerald again.

My uncle's welcome was cordial—nay, more, it was very loving. He was glad that I remembered his first anniversary, and I promised to lay aside my mourning for that evening, and try to forget sorrow for the time. Lizzie was home with her handsome husband by her side; Harry was engaged, and had another new face to present to me; Harry was back again from his tour, and uncle was in his element. The evening was clear and cold, pleasant as a winter's evening could be. Early hours were kept at Milford, and the rooms were well filled by the time that Mattie would have been dressing her hair. I wore a white silk dress, and Lizzie had twisted some jasmin sprays in my hair.

The dancers were all in motion, everybody gay and full of life, when I stole out into the library for a moment's repose. It seemed as if my heart would break. The rush of memory and present pain was so keen, so bitter, that I could scarcely keep from crying. So, standing by the window, pressing my hot forehead on the cold glass, I tried to still my anguish and maintain the composure necessary for the time. While I stood there a step crossed the room. It was my uncle or Harry I said, and did not stir till I was drawn into a close embrace, and the voice I loved best spoke: "Agnes, my darling, my love."

"Let me go!" I cried. "He loosened his hold at once." "Oh, Agnes, do you not love me?" "Where is Mattie? How can you come here?" I said. "Mattie! Agnes, do you think I care for Mattie?" "But your mother?" I said. "My mother would not see me an unloving and unloved bridegroom. We have had our explanations, Agnes. Mattie is engaged to Guy Howard, and I have come to seek my wife here. Is she here Agnes?" "I don't know; shall I inquire?" I said, saucy for the first time, in the flood of happiness. And then I nestled into his arms, and let him tell me his love, while he read mine, I am sure, in my face.

But this was not all. Uncle Stanhope came in, Lizzie was called, a long pause followed, and in a sort of blissful dream I found myself under Lizzie's long, lace wedding-veil, standing by Gerald, the old clergyman of Milford facing us, all my old friends and neighbors surrounding us; and Uncle Stanhope's party was transformed into my wedding breakfast.

A Watch That Winds Itself.
The latest novelty in the line of time-keepers will appeal to lazy and forgetful people. It consists of a watch which does not require any winding. All that is necessary for its owner to do, in order to have the time with him always, is to walk half a mile a day. The watch does the rest. These novel watches are got out in several varieties of cases, some extremely ornamental but the kind most commonly seen in Chicago is made with a plain black case and an open face. The winding mechanism consists of an ingenious contrivance by which a small weight is raised and lowered from the jar of walking. The motion of the weight works a small ratchet arrangement, which winds the spring to its full tension, and then is automatically held until more winding is needed. A course of staking up and down for a few minutes will answer the same purpose as a stroll afoot, while all the jolts and jars of ordinary existence are likewise made useful as a means of winding.—Chicago Tribune.

Farms Under Glass.
A popular lecturer, in estimating the number of people who would inhabit this globe a thousand years hence, was asked by one in the audience how such a vast multitude could be fed. In reply to this question he is quoted as saying: "We know not what discoveries may be made to render the earth more fertile, or to increase its productive power, but long before that time enough of the sands of Cape Cod and New Jersey may be converted into glass to place a roof over the lands devoted to growing crops, and beneath its shelter the farmer, in a climate of perpetual summer, may grow his crops in continuous succession, and with the waters of the deep springs and the lakes under his control, may be free from dangers of floods and drouth as well as from the frosts and snows."—San Francisco Examiner.

NOVEL USE OF A BICYCLE.

A TEXAS DEPUTY MAKES HIS PRISONERS RIDE BEHIND HIM.

Easier Than Horseback—He Says It Is a Much Safer Method—One of His Peculiar Experiences.

JOSH MESSERGER, a Deputy Sheriff of Grayson County, Texas, has a brand-new device for bringing in prisoners whom he has arrested. He is probably the first peace officer in the United States to adopt it. The device is nothing more nor less than that of bringing them in on the rear step of his bicycle. "I should think you'd be afraid to risk yourself in your prisoner's power to that extent," suggested one of an interested circle of auditors the other night in the rear of Gibb's drug store as Mr. Messerger had been explaining how it is done.

"Well, that was what that fellow thought the other night when I brought him in from Southmayd," was the reply, "but I didn't have a bit of difficulty in explaining to him how matters stood. As a matter of fact, it is every bit as safe to bring a prisoner in standing on the rear step of your wheel as any other way, and possibly safer. If the fellow is on one horse and you on another he may make some motion and get the advantage of you before you can help yourself; but if he's standing on the step of your bicycle he's got to hold on to your shoulders. It don't make a bit of difference how dark a night it is, if he goes to make the least unusual motion you can feel him, and you can throw him off the wheel before he can wink an eye. Before he can get up again you can cover him with your gun, and there he is."

"How about that fellow you brought in from Southmayd?" asked Gibb. "Oh, I almost forgot to tell about him," was the reply. "About 10 o'clock one night a month or so ago we got a telegram from Southmayd stating that a man had just been shot out there. I reckon you all know that Southmayd is the first little station west of here on the T. P., and is about twelve miles away by the wagon road. The telegram didn't say how bad the fellow was hurt, and we didn't know but maybe some fellow'd been murdered outright. The Sheriff told me to go out and see about it, so I jumped on my wheel and off I went. When I got out there I found that some fellow had shot a man there in the dark, the shot going through the hat and inflicting merely a scalp wound. It was a close call, but no serious damage had been actually done. The fellow who was shot said he had no idea whatever as to who had shot him. Well, I spent a couple of hours fooling around, talking to various folks, and trying to get some idea who had done it. Finally, after midnight awhile, I considered I had done all I could, so I started home. When I came to where the wagon road crosses the railroad just by the 'seven-mile track,' as they call it, I thought to myself I'd look at the tank—or pond, as the Eastern folks call it—and if there was any ducks or geese on it, I'd take a few cracks at 'em with my six-shooter. While I was fixin' to do this I noticed a dim light shinin' through the cracks of a little old shanty that had been built for fishing parties right by the side of the tank. Now, if I had been ridin' a horse, instead of a bicycle, the racket of his hoof falls would have scared away the fellow in the shanty before I could have got to him, but as it was I slipped up, and peeked through the cracks before he knew I was anywhere around. There was a pretty tough-looking citizen on the inside, and he was just cooking his supper. I thought it would be a very strange thing if any honest man were cooking his supper there in that lonesome place at 10 o'clock at night, so I got the drop on him with my gun, and made him surrender. When I searched him I found that he had a six-shooter on, and that one load had been shot out of it. He admitted having passed through Southmayd a few hours before, so I thought I had good ground for believing he was the very fellow that had done the shooting out there. Anyhow, I knew we could get a case against him for carrying a pistol, so I concluded to take him in. After some little argument I persuaded him to get up behind me on the steps of my bicycle."

Here Mr. Messerger paused a moment and smiled rather sardonically. "What arguments did you use?" asked one of the crowd. "Oh, I just persuaded him," was the reply, with a significant emphasis. "Of course I took his gun away from him, and then he got up behind me all right enough. After we had gone some little distance he seemed to take a notion to talk. "You seem to be a sort of expert with a bicycle," he said. "But how do you know I may not be just as good myself? I can feel my thigh pressing your six-shooter, but what is there to prevent me from taking it away from you, shooting you and then riding off on your wheel?" "I just sorter laughed, and said, 'Oh, I don't reckon you'll do anything as bad as that.' "Just about that time I felt him make some peculiar kind of motion. I never did know whether he was in earnest in trying to escape, or whether he was just joking. I'm not even sure whether he himself knew or not. The first thing he really did know he was crawling out from under a barbed-wire fence, and was looking up with the barrel of a big navy six-shooter, with the moonlight gleaming down it, and me at the other end. As soon as he could catch his breath he gasped: "I understand now why you wasn't afraid of me, but you needn't have explained things quite so hard."

"After that he got up behind me again, and never said another word till we got to Sherman. It turned out that he wasn't the man who had done the shooting at Southmayd after all and Maxey said he didn't know whether or not he could make the pistol-toting case stick, being as the fellow was a traveler, so we turned him loose. I'll bet he never monkeys with another officer on a bicycle, though."

Mr. Messerger weighs 175 pounds himself, and as his prisoner on this occasion weighed about as much, it will be seen that the total weight on the wheel was considerable. It is a regular \$100 wheel of a well-known make, weighs twenty-five pounds, and has no special features except that it has a step on each side in the rear, instead of on only one side. This slight variation was made for the special accommodation of the prisoner who has to stand behind. Mr. Messerger says that the only changes he would suggest in the construction of wheels is that the spokes ought to be made heavier and the pedal cranks thicker. With these changes he thinks the strength would be increased in such a way as better to suit his purposes. Instead of using the toe of his foot for pedaling, he uses the hollow, close to the heel. By so doing he thinks he gains in extra strength what he may lose in speed, and, of course, strength is needed in propelling a wheel with a prisoner's extra weight on it. He is contemplating buying a tandem, on which he expects to be able to bring in two prisoners at a time instead of one.

Mr. Messerger claims that the bicycle has numerous advantages over the horse for the uses of a peace officer. He claims that it is not only safer and more noiseless, but that it is cheaper and far speedier. He got his wheel last May, and has spent only sixty-five cents on it for repairs up to date. As to speed, he recently rode from Spear to Whitesboro, stopping along the way to summons three witnesses, and still covered the nineteen miles in less than two hours. Considering the stops, it would have taken an extra good horse to have done that well. As to the safety of bringing in prisoners in this way, it is only fair to observe that this doubtless depends much on the officer himself. Mr. Messerger is a man of powerful build, and has the reputation of being as brave a Texas as ever faced bullets and gunpowder. He is by no means a man whom the average citizen would care to get into a fight with. In the case of an officer of a different kind, this device might or might not work so well.—Globe-Democrat.

WISE WORDS.
Nothing can work me damage but myself.—Saint Bernard.
Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be. He who is well subdued may subdue others.—Buddha.
Not broken will, not crucified will, but consecrated will, does he seek to pour his will through.—Samuel Longfellow.
For with all our pretensions to enlightenment, are we not now a talking, desultory, rather than a meditative generation?—J. C. Shairp.
When thou wouldst help another, study to please, not thyself, in the doing, but him thou servest. So shalt thou be unselfish indeed.—Fiegl.
Hope is the transpiring of human action; faith seals our lease of immortality; and charity and love give the passport to the soul's true and lasting happiness.—Street.
How near must a person live to me to be my neighbor? Every person is near to you whom you can bless. He is the nearest to whom you can bless most.—William Ellery Channing.
In proportion as man gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will.—Charles Kingsley.
It is with some so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a friend good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.—Steele.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Brighter Lights—Her Standard of Beauty—Not Reciprocated—Wise Advice—A Good Reason, Etc.
My sweetest rides her wheel at night, Yet shows no lantern proper; Her eyes, so bright, shine full of light, And foot the watchful copper. —Cincinnati Commercial-Tribuna.

WHENEVER AWAKE.
New Boarder—"What is the land-lady scolding about?"
Old Boarder—"About two-thirds of the time."

A GOOD REASON.
Smyth—"What makes you thi Doggett is a good bookkeeper?"
Browne—"He never returned the ones I loaned him."—Twinkles.

AMATORY.
Leola—"Don't you think they are two souls with but a single thought?"
Hazel—"Well, I shouldn't wonder. They are both making fools of themselves."—Truth.

A DEFINITION.
Schoolmaster—"A poet is called a word painter; now, Tommie, can you name me a great poet?"
Tommie—"Dad! He paints signs." —New York Herald.

NOT RECIPROCATED.
Mrs. Newrocks—"I like our new butler very much."
Mr. Newrocks—"So do I; but, somehow, I'm afraid he has a poor opinion of us."—Puck.

A NATURAL QUESTION.
"My little girl's eyes are the color of the sea," said Margie's Papa holding the small miss in his arms.
"An' is zat why ze tears tas' so salty?" she asked.—Puck.

THIS IS GHASTLY.
"You are doing right well to-day," said the natch.
"Oh, yes!" answered the natural gas. "It is a cold day when I get turned down at headquarters."—Indianapolis Journal.

IN THE JURY ROOM.
First Jurymen—"That lawyer was very complimentary to us in summing up."
Second Jurymen—"He was, indeed! He flattered us so eloquently that I forgot he was wasting our time."—Puck.

AN OPINION INDORSED.
"Dis here piece," remarked Plodding Pete, "sounds an impressive note o' warnin'." It says us Americans orter take longer for our meals."
"So we ought," replied Meandering Mike. "We orter take more time, an' not waste a minute of it, neither." —Washington Star.

HER STANDARD OF BEAUTY.
"She said she thought I was looking well," remarked the young man who was looking pensive.
"U'm—yes. But you'll notice that the next minute she asked me if I didn't think her pet bulldog was the handsomest animal in the city." —Washington Star.

WHERE REFORM BEGINS.
"Josephine has an interesting measure to put before the mothers' congress."
"What is it?"
"She wants a law compelling every woman who has a son to remember that he will probably be some other woman's husband."—Chicago Record.

A RUTHLESS SUGGESTION.
"I wonder," said the young man who is able but exceedingly loquacious, "why it is that a genius is not appreciated until after he is dead."
"Perhaps," was the cold-blooded answer, "it's because in so many cases he insists on boring his friends up to the time of that occurrence." —Washington Star.

HOW THE ADMIRAL WENT AWAY.
The Admiral is paying a semi-official visit to one of the battleships, and has signalled to the flagship for his flag lieutenant to come to him.
The flag lieutenant, dubious as to the correct dress, goes in quest of the cabin door sentry (a marine).
"Sentry, did the Admiral go away in his cocked hat?"
Sentry—"No, sir, in his steam launch."
Collapse of "Flag Jack."—Answers.

AN APPREHENSIVE FATHER.
"I think," said Mr. Blykins, "that I'll send a note to Willie's teacher and tell her to stop his geography lessons till next term."
"I don't see why," replied his wife. "The class has just started in on the map of Europe; and the higher he passes in his examination the harder it will be to start in and learn it all over again when King George and the Sultan get through with what they are going to do to the boundary lines." —Washington Star.

This Cow Died on Nails.
M. H. Reynolds, of Factorville, Penn., a few days ago sold a cow to a butcher, who killed it for beef. When dressing the carcass he noticed something very hard in the stomach, and, upon investigation, found over a quart of assorted nails, from a stub of a horse nail to a ten-penny nail. Strange as it may appear, the cow never suffered any inconvenience from the nails being in her stomach.