

There is a new industry in the West, robbers knocking men's teeth out to secure the gold fillings.

An illustration of the ferment that is going on in Russia is found in the number of new religious sects constantly arising.

An addition of \$11,000,000 a year will be made to the Prussian Government expenses by the proposed increase of the salaries and pensions of officials, teachers and their families.

"Coal lands, iron lands, copper lands, in fact, under the present system of taxation, every district in which wild lands have a great natural value, practically escape taxation," asserts the American Agriculturist.

Experiment stations of the United States are institutions that have assumed large proportions. There are fifty-four of them, all but two of which are mainly supported by the Hatch fund of \$15,000 per year from the Federal treasury to each State. The total payments from that source last year for experiment stations was \$729,000, and the New England Home-Steak thinks it will surprise most people to know that the various States contributed aid to the stations to the amount of \$268,000, while individuals and communities gave over \$5000, and fees for fertilizer analyses and other work amounted to \$52,000. Farm products were sold to the value of \$70,000.

His Majesty the King of Siam, who will return to his country by way of the United States after a visit to Europe this summer, is expected to reach New York in the early part of September, and will remain in America about a month. The Bangkok newspapers say this about the trip: "The European tour is expected to occupy about eight months, and, according to present arrangements, his Majesty's suit will consist of T. R. H. Prince Sommat, Mahit, and Sanphasat, Phya Srisidi, Nai Rajanat, Mom Anuyat, and two royal pages. During the voyage to Europe H. R. H. Prince Sanphasat will act as aide-de-camp to his Majesty, but on arrival those duties will be undertaken by H. R. H. Prince Chirax. H. R. H. Prince Swasti Sobhon will also meet the King in Europe." On his visit here the King will visit Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. He will take passage at San Francisco on one of the Occidental and Oriental line steamships to Yokohama, where the royal yacht will meet him and convey him back to Bangkok.

Harper's Weekly says: A symptom of the modern tendency in rural life to approach urban compactness, which the trolley car has been one of the potent influences to help along, has taken on recently a new form in the attempt made to revise the old-time district school. In most country towns of New England, and in the Middle and Western States, the system dividing a township into from five to twenty school districts still prevails. A generation ago no one could have conceived of the practicability of any change in this plan. From the very beginning of our nation's history it has been the district school that has furnished the loftiest and most inspiring theme for the orator and the poet. In Whittier's poem of "The Little Red School House" all of us who have grown up from country-bred childhood find our earliest and most tender memories refreshed. It certainly was a boon in its day; but it would seem there are reasons now for replacing it by a better species. In some of the Western Reserve Ohio towns schools of this sort have already been abolished, and in their stead may be found in a central part of the township large two-story structures, usually made of brick. The school having this liberal space can, from its systematized and various grades, make education more complete and carry it further than the best district school has ever been able to do. To this central point all the school children are brought in stages furnished for free transportation by the town. The vehicles hold about twenty-five pupils, are comfortably fitted up, and are arranged so as to be either open or covered. The routes, which are made to pass every house, are open to competitive bidders. The drivers of the stages go in the morning to the extreme limits of the township, and blow a horn when within ear-shot of a house to notify the children who are to take passage. When the school hours are over, the stage reappears, and the scholars are taken home. The system has been going about two years, but it is said to work perfectly. It needs no argument to show that this massing of scattered forces brings many advantages.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

When the weather was murky, he gazed at the sky.
And he worried about it;
He watched the gray cloudlets go scurrying by.
And he worried about it;
"I'll bet it will rain," he would say to a friend.
All manner of dire disaster portend;
His life was one fret from beginning to end,
For he worried about it.
He had a few troubles, as human kind will,
And he worried about it,
The good he belittled and magnified ill,
And he worried about it;
His health was high perfect, but then, if you please,
He fancied he had mostly every disease,
And marveled his ailments in columns of three,
And he worried about it.
No doubt when he entered the world long ago,
He worried about it;
As a matter of fact, when he married, you know,
He worried about it.
And when he departs from this scene of despair,
And mounts on light wings thro' ethereal air,
When ushered right up to a heavenly chair,
He'll worry about it.
—St. Paul Dispatch.

THE LOST ISLAND.

He had called at Mauritius on our way from Liverpool to Bombay in the ship Farewell, and were five days out from the island when the adventure occurred by which we lost the captain and laid the foundation for this story.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day, and the ship was not making above four knots an hour. What sea there was on would not have bothered a quarter boat, and the ship lifted to a wave only at long intervals. The second mate and I were superintending some work forward, while the captain was alone on the quarter deck. All of a sudden, and without the slightest warning, the sea began to boil and heave under and around us in the most violent manner, and for five minutes every man had to hold on for his life. In her pitching the craft shipped three or four green seas, which cleared the decks of everything movable, but we were congratulating ourselves that all had escaped when the captain was found to be missing. The man at the wheel had had a narrow escape from being swept overboard, and for two or three minutes had lost sight of Captain Graham. The last sea we shipped had no doubt carried him away, and by the time we had come to this conclusion it was too late to make any move.

The sea had been disturbed by an earthquake. Just where we were when the agitation began, the chart showed the depth to be a full mile. Three months later, when soundings were taken by a French vessel, it was found that a mountain, two miles in circumference at the base, had been heaved up until its crest was only forty feet below the surface. The set of wind and wave before and after the agitation was to the westward, and ten minutes after the ship had come back to a level keel the wind changed to the east and blew half a gale for the next seven hours. As a matter of record, the ship pursued her voyage and made the port of Bombay without further adventure, and the remainder of the story relates to the captain. He was swept overboard by the last wave, just as we concluded, and presently found himself far to leeward among a lot of spars and casks which the same wave had taken from the main deck. While the man seized a spar and passed a lashing around his body, he had no hope of rescue.

Almost before he realized his position the ship was a mile away, and he felt sure that no boat would be lowered to make a search for him. The spar to which he was lashed drifted away to the west and evening came on. Between five o'clock and sunset four ships passed the drifting man, but all too far away to see or hear, and when night came down he felt that there was no longer the slightest chance for him. He drifted to the westward, as I have told you, but how far has never been known. Night passed and another day came, and toward the close of that day Captain Graham lost consciousness. He may have drifted a day after that—perhaps two days. When he came to his senses again he was lying on a sandy beach, with his feet in the water. He had been cast ashore on an island. It was surely an island to the north and west of Madagascar, but for reasons which will be explained later it cannot be more definitely located. For an hour after opening his eyes the man could not unlash himself from the spar. When he had finally accomplished that object he had to crawl on hands and knees to reach the shade of the bushes. It was high noon and the weather hot, and the Captain was so exhausted that if he had not found fresh water and wild fruit at hand he must have perished. He ate and drank his fill and then slept, and the sun was just rising next morning when he awoke.

The island, when the castaway came to survey it, was about two miles and a half long by one mile in breadth, and its average height above the sea was not over fifteen feet. It was of volcanic origin and was entirely covered with verdure, and there were six or seven different sorts of wild fruits. Along the beach were oysters and shellfish in abundance, and the Cap-

tain soon assured himself that starvation would not be one of the perils of his situation. What struck him curiously was the entire absence of life on the island. There was neither animal nor bird, reptile nor insect. There should have been a dozen varieties of birds and an abundance of insect life so far a spot with its tropical climate, but it was simply tenantless. And yet there was life there, and where the castaway least expected. He had been on the island a week or so, and had twice walked clear around it, when one day as he was gathering fruit in an open spot he was suddenly and fiercely attacked by a naked man. The surprise was great, and the Captain had not yet recovered his strength, but, shaking the man off, he seized a club and laid about him so vigorously that his assailant ran away.

It was a white man, and from the marks on his hands he must have been a sailor. How long he had lived there and how he reached the island in the first place are matters for conjecture, but the fact of his being nude went to show that he had been there long enough to wear out his clothes. In breaking away from the Captain he ran for the beach. The latter followed at his heels, shouting for him to stop, but the unknown ran to the water, plunged in, and swam straight out to sea, looking back now and then and seeming to be in a terrible fright. He held to his course until he could no longer be seen, and there was no doubt he went to his death, as he did not return. In a dense thicket the Captain found a rude shelter which the man had used, and among the dried grass forming his bed were a few fragments of cloth, which had once been a pea-jacket. There was also a sailor's pipe and an empty tobacco box. Living there alone for years and years, with neither the note of a bird nor the chirp of a cricket to cheer him, the man had lost his mind, and looking upon Captain Graham as an intruder, had meant to take his life.

When the castaway had been a month on the island without sighting a sail, he made up his mind that the fate of the poor fellow who had dashed into the sea would some day be his. Only the surf beating on the shore and the wind sighing through the trees broke the maddening silence brooding over the island, and the man shouted with delight when a gale swept out of the west and blew down scores of trees about him. He felt that he would soon lose his mind unless he made a great effort to divert it from the gloomy situation, and he began a closer survey of the island. The centre of it was considerably higher than elsewhere, and exactly in the middle was a single tree, surrounded by a thicket which he had never yet penetrated. In carrying out his explorations he entered this copse, finding a hard beaten path, evidently made by a crazy man. Piled up at the roots of the tree the Captain found a great stock of small, iron-bound boxes, and it needed but one glance to satisfy him that they were treasure boxes. There was the cavity where they had once been buried, and the boxes were weather beaten as if long exposed. Two or three large shells lay about, which had doubtless been used to dig out the dirt, and one of the boxes had been opened.

The Captain shouldered this box and carried it down to the spot he called "home," and there inspected its contents. It contained about \$6000 in gold coin of all nations, but principally English, and not a coin among them was of recent date. In fact, there were some which no longer circulated in England or India. From the material and construction the Captain judged that the boxes had been made by a ship's carpenter. In the pile at the foot of the tree were fifteen other boxes of the same size. One was broken open, and its contents found to be the same as the first, and the amount very nearly the same. There was a total, as the Captain figured, of \$100,000 more or less. This was based on the supposition that all the boxes contained gold, but as he looked into only two he could not be sure of the contents of the others. How came the treasure there? Captain Graham believed it to be a pirate's cache, and that the gold had been there long years before he was thrown on the beach. Perhaps the mad sailor had been one of the pirate crew. It was certain that he had unearthed the treasure at any rate, and it was hardly probable that he stumbled upon it by accident.

Well, there was a big fortune there, and it belonged to the finder, but it might have been so much sand for all the good it could do him. Days and weeks and months passed away, and one day the castaway counted the pebbles he had laid in rows along the beach to mark the time, and found that he had been eleven months on the island. On that day there came a furious gale from the east, with a very high tide, and from some wreck at sea the waves brought in a vast quantity of stuff. There was nothing to eat or to wear among the wreckage, but a carpenter's tool chest, and as soon as the storm had abated the castaway went to work to build him a raft. He had determined to leave the island at any hazard, and after four or five days' work he had his raft completed. It was a rude but stout affair. Wild fruits were taken for provisions, and fresh water was taken in a wine keg which had come ashore with the wreckage. From one of the boxes the Captain took \$500 in gold pieces, and one morning when the wind was from the west he launched his raft and drifted off before it. By his reckoning, which is probably correct, it was seven days before he was picked up by the John J. Speed, an American merchant vessel, homeward bound. The raft had made good weather of it, drifting most of the time to the east, and the captain judged her total drift to have been one hundred miles.

His loss had been alluded to in the newspapers and talked of among sailors, and he was given a hearty welcome aboard the American. He related his adventures in full, except as to the treasure, and in due time was landed at Cape Town. He had figured out the latitude and longitude of his island to his own satisfaction, but the chart on board the Speed failed to show any such island. Captain Graham at once set about finding a ship to bring the treasure off. A brig was finally chartered, but after a cruise of months she failed to find the island. Where Graham said the island ought to be lead found bottom at forty feet, and in the immediate neighborhood a mass of trees and bushes was found floating about.

But for certain things the whole story would have been put down to sheer imagination. It was a fact beyond dispute that Captain Graham was swept overboard. He was picked up off a raft eleven months later. Where had he lived in the interval if not on an island? There was the raft to prove his story, and how about the gold pieces? Some of them were so old as to have an additional value as souvenirs, and scores of people at the Cape handled them. Where did he get the money if not from one of the treasure boxes on the island? In the space of two years he made three different voyages in search of his island, and when the story leaked out three or four other expeditions were fitted out, but in all the sailing to and fro no human eye could find the looked for spot. It had been raised from the sea by a volcanic disturbance. Had a second disturbance caused the sea to swallow it up? There are many reasons to believe that this was the fate which overtook it. About ten years after the captain's last voyage a volcanic island, which was simply a barren rock about a mile in circumference, was pushed above water about where his island was supposed to be, and it is there today with a fringe of trees all around its outer edge. It has been searched inch by inch for treasure, but not a single gold piece has yielded up.

Flowers Delivered by Wire.

If you wish to send a box of American beauties to some person in San Francisco to-night you can buy them in Chicago and have them delivered fresh and fragrant within half an hour. If your fair one resides in New Orleans, Boston or Philadelphia, or any other large American city, you can do the same thing in the same way. It can be done even in the European capitals.

Florists of the United States are in a pool for the rapid delivery of blossoms. The pay for the service is effected by a system of trade balances through a sort of clearing house. You go to a florist in Chicago and tell him you want to send two dozen American beauties to so and so in San Francisco. He makes out a bill, plus the cost of a telegram, takes the money, and the flowers are in the hands of the recipient almost as quickly as if delivery were made in Chicago.

The telegraphic delivery of flowers is called into play frequently. If a friend is to be married and some one who hoped to attend the ceremony cannot do so for any reason, it is a pleasure to know that a absent one. If he likes, his card may be attached to the white ribbon that binds the long stems loosely together.

When death comes suddenly a tribute may be placed upon the casket of the departed almost as if laid there by the loving hands of the sender. In Piccadilly and Regent street, London, there are two French florists who carry on a sort of international floral clearing house. There is no agency or member in Chicago. But from New York one can order flowers sent to friends in London, Brighton, Paris, Berlin, Nice, Rome, Madrid, Alexandria, Constantinople, Vienna and St. Petersburg.—Chicago Tribune.

Third Set of Upper Teeth.

Mrs. J. J. Lower, an aged lady, residing at Orrville, Wayne County, Ohio, is experiencing a singular freak of nature in the way of cutting her third set of upper teeth, she having lost her original second set ten years ago, after a severe attack of sickness. Early last fall she suffered greatly from weakness of her eyesight and an inflamed condition of her eyes. Since then she also suffered from much swelling and pain of the gums. The result is a large-sized eye tooth, which is almost full grown, while other teeth are rapidly pushing their way through the gums. Dr. Eugene D. Yager, who extracted and made Mrs. Lower's artificial teeth, pronounces the case almost unknown in the history of dentistry.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tree Clock.

Professor Roberts, of Cornell, has growing around his house what he calls a "tree clock." Trees are planted in such positions that one of them will shade a portion of the house at every hour of sunlight. For example, explains Rural New Yorker, at 9 o'clock in the morning the "9 o'clock tree" shades a part of the piazza, while, as the sunlight changes, the "10 o'clock tree" shades another part, and so on through the day. On a hot summer day this "tree clock" insures a succession of shady places around the house.

The Banana King's Gift.

John G. Garibaldi, of Chicago, known throughout the Northwest as the "Banana King" is to build a home in Chicago for aged and indigent Italians. The Italian colony in Chicago numbers 30,000 and they have never had such an institution. Mr. Garibaldi came to the Western metropolis from Italy in 1863, a penniless boy, and by his industry and business sagacity he has become a millionaire.

SHARKS BIG AS WHALES.

MARINE MONSTERS THAT INHABIT THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Some are Seventy Feet Long—So Powerful They Easily Drag Boats Beneath the Water's Surface.

SOME years ago, said an ex-consul to one of the Indian Ocean ports to a reporter of the Philadelphia Times, I spent nearly a year on the island of Mauritius, making a study of the natural products of the country for a commercial firm in London, and, incidentally, I was a member. Among other things I investigated was the fishing, and I soon learned that there was an extraordinary swordfish, known as the sailfish, on the coast, which was supposed to be very dangerous, and when attacked often turned on the boat and destroyed it.

As one of the risks of the country I looked into it and found that there were at least two or three accidents yearly in which no one returned to tell the story. But I soon made up my mind that the swordfish had nothing to do with it, a fact which I proved in a singular and unexpected way. I hired a boat, or a pirogue, one day, with half a dozen men, to go on a hunt for a sailfish. I discarded their crude methods and took a regular harpoon, with a good stout rope for towing and a keg to throw over, after the fashion of the New England fishermen.

Once in the offing, beyond the reef that was a garden in its beauty of coral growth, one of the men pointed away on the horizon, where he said he saw a sailfish. The boat was turned in the direction indicated and soon I observed what appeared to be a beautiful sail. The nearer we approached the more charming it became in its coloring; rich yellows, greens and purples combined to make it a magnificent picture, and I could think only of a mimic and diminutive galley of Cleopatra, where all the sails were rich in coloring.

The fin was so tall and large that from a little distance it seemed exactly like the small sail of a vessel, and quivered and scintillated as the fish moved along. The fish paid little or no attention to the boat, so that it was an easy matter to run alongside. A few minutes later we had the harpoon in it, and it was towing the buoy away over the water, exactly as does the American swordfish. It was ultimately captured in the same manner.

I then set the sail and we went four or five miles out to sea to a certain reef to try the fishing. While there the men suddenly became very much excited at the sight of the fin of a large fish coming near the boat. Some of them wanted me to strike it, others were vociferous in their demand that we should pull for the shore, but in my sublime confidence, the result of perfect ignorance, I ordered the anchor pulled up and we rowed toward the fish. It permitted us to run alongside, as a whale would, and when almost over it the harpoon was thrown.

I have had a somewhat extended experience with large fishes and have even been behind a seventy-foot whale, but the result of this strike surprised me. Immediately an enormous tail and body rose into the air, by a miracle missing the boat, the tail coming down with such force that had it struck the light craft it would have broken it into splinters.

The same moment the animal sounded with such impetuosity that the bow of the boat was jerked under water, and when the rope broke, as it fortunately did, we floated half full of water, which was with difficulty bailed out. One old native in the crew said that we had had a fortunate escape, and had the line held we should have been hauled beneath the surface as it fouled. Such a result was very apparent, and I saw at once the cause of the mysterious losses.

This fish was so powerful that with comparative ease it could drag a large boat beneath the surface in case the lines fouled and were strong enough. Several of the natives told me of incidents illustrating the remarkable power of the fish, and some of them had been in boats or canoes that had been jerked beneath the surface and had made their escape by the breaking of the rope.

The fish was undoubtedly the largest shark in the world, a spotted marbled monster that weighed almost as much as a large whale and attained a length of seventy or more feet. It was a singular creature, with mouth not placed beneath the head, as in the man-eater, and with enormous gill openings. Its teeth were small and it had a series of whalebone-like fingers in them, calling to mind the bone shark of American waters.

This shark, rhinodon typicus, as it is called by science, is well known at the Seychelles Islands, where the pirates of the natives are often destroyed by it. It is often mistaken for a whale and harpooned, when its lightning-like rushes either carry the boats beneath the surface or destroy them. Very few specimens of this fish have been examined by white men. There is one specimen in the Colombo Museum which is twenty-three feet in length, and which was taken in a net by some Cingalese.

Dr. Wright, of the Dublin University, observed one of these sharks that was fifty feet in length, and had the assurance of competent witnesses that they had been taken seventy or eighty feet in length. One hundred years ago there were giant sharks near Cape Cod, where a monster almost as large as the rhinodon was followed with such persistence that the rest almost entirely disappeared, only one now and then being taken.

The largest on record was about seventy feet in length, and was taken

by the schooner Virgin. When hauled alongside it was seen to be longer than the schooner, that was of sixty-eight tons burden. The Virgin harpooned another, which was apparently still larger. Such a shark is more active than a whale, and could easily carry a large boat under water, and to these fishes may be laid many of the mysterious casualties of the deep sea.

WISE WORDS.

Great people always have small enemies.
To be a lion for a day, would spoil a sheep forever.
Habitats are the rats worn in a road habitually traveled.
The hardest problems to solve are the providences of God.
The secret of a secret is to know how and when to tell it.
Grief is an outcast, and no man grasps his hand cordially.
Every man is our neighbor, who needs our compassion and help.
The knack of easy travel is in knowing how to keep ready all the time.
The man who wears a face like a coffin, should not complain if he finds no welcome.

The giants who frighten us most, often turn out to be common-sized men on stilts.
The man who gets up in this world by putting another man down, loses more than he gains.
Teach a boy no higher morality than that honesty is good policy, and he will only be honest when it is policy.

The man who falls on a banana skin once will have sympathy, but he will only make fun for the boys the next time he lands on his back.
There is nobody we like better than the man who is willing to speak his opinions, except the man who is willing to keep them to himself.
It is doubtful if even angels ever weep any over the man who never finds out where the mud is, until he gets into it up to his neck.—Ram's Horn.

Music in the Bible.

Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Smithsonian Institution, lectured in Philadelphia at the Mickve Israel Synagogue, under the auspices of the Mickve Israel Congregation, on "The Musical Instruments of the Bible and Their Modern Representatives." The lecture was illustrated with a number of stereoscopic pictures of ancient musical instruments as shown in statues and bas-relief and their prototypes of the present day. The different musical instruments of the Bible were described in detail by Dr. Adler, under the following three classes: Instruments of percussion, wind instruments and string instruments. The only musical instrument used among the ancient Israelites of which we have a contemporary representation is the long trumpet preserved in the arch of Titus in Rome. This resembles the modern "n'feer" of the Moors. The only instrument used in ancient times which is still in use is the "shofar," or ram's horn, blown in the synagogues on the Hebrew New Year Day and the Day of Atonement. Other ancient instruments which have their representations in modern forms are the tabret and or band drum, cymbals, the flute or pipe, the double flute, the bagpipe, the harp, the psaltery or dulcimer. Various instruments not certainly identified, mentioned in the Bible, are evidently instruments intended to accompany particular Psalms, and these are named according to the instruments which were used in the accompaniment to their rhythmic rendering.

Steel Mantels.

The introduction of steel mantels is being largely favored by Eastern builders in the construction of dwellings. In these, all the surface below the slab is composed of twenty-gauge wrought steel, pressed into the desired shape or style by heavy machinery, the outside surface being enamelled to imitate any kind of wood or marble, the nature of this enameling being such that the material will withstand all changes of temperature without injury. Of the advantages pertaining to such mantels, in addition to their economy, prominence is given to that of diminished weight, as compared with the slate or marble mantel, which they take the place of, one of the latter weighing, say, some 400 pounds, while one of steel weighs only 100, this also including seventy pounds for the metal mantel-pieces. Such mantels hold their shape if the house settles, as there are no joints to part; they are fireproof, and act as a radiator of the heat instead of absorbing it.

What Scoury Is.

Though scoury is popularly supposed to appear only during long sea voyages it has been known in besieged cities, camps, prisons and even among a destitute rural population. Dr. Joseph Jones, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army, estimated that nine tenths of the great mortality in the prison at Andersonville, Ga., during the Civil War was due directly or indirectly to scoury. Many causes, such as depressing mental emotion, fatigue, exposure to cold and wet, neglect of ventilation and cleanliness, and insufficient food undoubtedly contribute to the production of scoury. Its essential cause, however, is a deficiency of some important constituent of food.

Always Hungry.

The greatest living authority on Indian statistics calculates that from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 people scarcely ever lose the sensation of hunger—in fact, do not know the feeling of a full stomach except in the mango season.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Shop—Assurance—In a Barber Shop—An Offensive Request—A Woman's Reason, Etc.

Illustrious Greece! Here's health to you, Who dares the Turk to brave, While greater Powers to keep the peace Would leave poor Crete a slave.
Let lose the dogs of war, and when The battle's din shall cease, Here's hoping Europe's map will show A larger spot of Greece.
—Charles S. Carter.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

"Why does Mrs. Van Meter hate Mrs. McMasters so cordially?"
"Somebody told her they looked enough alike to be sisters."—Chicago Journal.

AN OFFENSIVE REQUEST.

"What was the nature of the trouble you had with your last nurse girl?"
"She didn't like it because I asked her to stay at home with the children."—Judge.

IN A BARBER SHOP.

Barber (putting on finishing touches)—"What'll you have on your head?"
Customer—"A little more hair, please."—Judge.

ASSURANCE.

He—"Will you come to my wedding?"
She—"Whom are you going to marry?"
He—"You."—Tit-Bits.

CYNICAL.

The Happy Man—"I tell you, old fellow, a man doesn't know what real happiness is until he's married."
Cynical Friend—"Then he finds that it consists in being single."—Brooklyn Life.

A CHRONIC WEAKNESS.

Mr. Backpedal (tenderly, to Miss Breaker, as they wheel down the Boulevard)—"Are you tired, Miss Breaker?"
Miss Breaker—"No; but my wheels is."—Judge.

CONFESSION.

Mrs. Talkerly—"So you are going to marry Colonel Landly, my dear. And I hear you love the ground he walks on?"
Miss Sharpless—"Yes; it belongs to him."—Tit-Bits.

HOW HE FOUND OUT.

Con Vivial—"Doctor, my wife suffers greatly from insomnia."
Physician—"Insomnia? How do you know?"
Con Vivial—"Why, every time I come home at two or three o'clock in the morning I always find her wide-awake!"—Puck.

SAVING TROUBLE.

"I guess I'll propose to Marietta," said the young man, thoughtfully.
"I had supposed you admired Matilda most."
"Oh, I do admire her ever so much. But I've got some poetry addressed to 'Marietta'—a young woman who married last month, and I'm afraid it would be a good deal of work to go through it and make it rhyme with Matilda."—Washington Star.

MATRIMONIAL PROGNOSTICATIONS.

"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter a serious consideration?"
"Oh, I have, sir," was the reply.
"I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked on a load of his hair, and been to one of those astrologers, and to a meejum, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless like, sir."—Household Words.

FEMININE FINANCE.

Mrs. Blockley—"John, do you know that Royal Worcester vase I bought yesterday for twenty dollars? Well, they reduced them to ten dollars this morning."
Mr. Blockley—"Then you're ten dollars out by not waiting until this morning."
Mrs. Blockley—"No; only five. I went down to-day and bought another one for ten, making two of them averaging fifteen dollars each."—Puck.

HE KNEW THE KEY.

A young man leaned up against the counter of a branch telegraphic office where two pretty young ladies are employed as telegraphers. He had been chatting with them for about an hour, but had forgotten to say that at one period of his life he himself had been an operator. During a lull in the conversation one of the young ladies "opened" her key and said to the other:
"What do you think of his nibs at the counter?"
"Don't think much of him," was the reply.
"Why?"
"Oh, he makes me tired—he talks like a parrot."
"He makes me tired, too—wish he would sneeze."
The young man broke in at this juncture and said: "Ladies, I thank you for the compliments you have bestowed upon me, and as you are tired of my company, I'll sneeze."

The numerous colors of the rainbow would not be sufficient to describe the changes that took place in the young ladies' faces. There is a moral attached to this tale and young ladies in branch offices and elsewhere would do well to take heed.