

Bismarck is tired of life. He says that he takes no interest in anything. His wife is dead, agriculture bores him, and he is weary.

Says the Chicago Tribune: "Colonel Watterson is not a prophet of evil, but he sees trouble ahead unless the trusts change their methods. There is—for the trusts."

Length in female clerks is required for some reason by the British post-office, which proposes to discharge all girls who at nineteen are not five feet two inches tall.

The most unfortunate being on earth is the man who can sing a little or play the piano a little. He is made unhappy by being constantly asked to parade his lack of ability, and makes others unhappy by consenting.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who occupies Beecher's old pulpit in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is having trouble with some conservative preachers in his denomination because he said the book of Jonah in the Bible "belonged to sarcastic literature."

Canada does not seem to know how to manage her postoffice like the mother country. The report for the year ending 30th of June, 1896, shows a deficit of \$611,587, or about \$30,000 less than the previous year. The expenditures for the year reached \$8,605,601.

The Orange Judd Farmer announces that the value of farm animals increased \$27,000,000 during 1896 and that the turning point has come to the period of long depression in live stock. This journal makes an annual estimate of this sort, and the result of its investigation is very encouraging.

Some railway building was done last year in the countries bordering our own on the north and south. Our records show 232 miles of track laid in Canada on ten lines, and 161 miles in Mexico on seven lines, and final returns will probably increase this somewhat; while there is prospect of a considerably greater addition during the present year.

Horatio Hale, who died recently in Canada, is the author of a paper published in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly concerning Indian Wampum Records; and it is claimed that the use of wampum as money and the recording of events by means of patterns traced on wampum belts are evidences of high intelligence on the part of the red man in times gone by.

Professor Ludwig Edinger, whose address is twenty Gartnerweg, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, has issued an appeal to anglers all over the world to send him fish stories, the result of personal observation, that tend to show the possession by fish of memory—that is, of the power to profit by individual experience by avoiding or seeking the duplication of conditions which have had painful or pleasurable effects upon them. There is a general impression that fish do have this faculty in some degree, though certain acts of theirs, like seizing a second hook with jaws torn and bleeding from the wounds just inflicted by a first, would seem to disprove. The question is one of importance to psychologists and physiologists, for the reason that in the higher vertebrates the brain cortex is supposed to be the seat of memory. Now, no fish have a brain cortex, and if they really can remember anything and are not mere automata, moved by instinct, then the theories in regard to memory in men and animals may have to be revised.

There are some people foolish enough to laugh at the homely virtues of a farm life. They are fortunately few, and they are fortunately growing fewer. But it is well sometimes to look at the list of great men who came up from the farm—not all of them, for that would fill a thousand volumes, but some of the most able ones that flash into mind in a moment. Nearly three-fourths of the men who have been chosen by the people for the great offices of the Nation are men who were early familiar with wooded hills and cultivated fields, says the Kansas City Times. For example, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greeley, Tilden, Harrison, Hayes, Blaine and many others almost equally conspicuous in current events or living memory. Among journalists, Henry Watterson spent his early life in rural Kentucky, and Murat Halstead was born and lived on a farm in Ohio. Whittier and Howells spent their youth in villages, the former dividing his time between farm employment and his studies. Follow the list out yourself and see how long it will become.

HOPE'S PROMISE.

While the life of a man
Moveth smoothly along
And his walks lie apart
From the sorrowing throng,
He may coolly deary
Faith's "unreasoning prayer,"
And assert with a calm,
Philosophical air
That the grave is the sum
Of humanity's gains—
The reproach and reward
For its pleasures and pains:
But Philosophy flees
From the presence of Woe
Like an fly abashed
In the face of the foe.

O, parent whose eyes
Deathless longing revealed
In that glance ere by Death
They were silently sealed;
O, babe that has passed
To the Presence above,
Art thou gone for all time
From the presence of love?

And thou who wast more
Than all mortals else dear,
Art thou lost to the soul
That was one with thee here?
Ah! 'tis false; sophists turn
From the lowly that grieve,
But the Father sends hope
Unto them that believe.

And their hearts in the years
Thy thereafter abide
Are the sweeter because
Of Hope's promise inside.

—Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

IRMA'S BETROTHAL.

None of the turret-rooms of Reitzenberg Castle a young girl, arrayed in a simple dress and white apron, sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused in her work; at the sight of a hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good-looking, tall, and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked, standing on the threshold. The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish?" she said, indifferently.

He walked across the room. I have a proposal to make to you, Baroness Irma. Will you give me your attention for a little while?"

She looked at him indignantly; she had a sweet oval face and deep gray eyes.

"I prefer not to listen to you, Count Albrecht."

"I thought that you would say so!" (there was something like a ring of triumph in his voice) "but indeed my proposal is very harmless. Let us come to an understanding."

"There was uncertainty, distrust, in her eyes.

"Yes," continued the young officer, "I know that you have every reason to be offended. You have been most unfairly treated."

"I have been invited to this house under false pretences. I came because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who fills, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right, and my relative Frau von Wolde is in the plot, and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I as the heir of Reitzenberg Castle—you will excuse my mentioning my name first?—have received orders to offer my hand and my debts, in marriage, to the Baroness Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed of so large a fortune that she could free the Reitzenberg estate with a stroke of her pen. Nay, hear me out; this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that her friend and chaperone could not resist the temptation of giving her a hint as to how matters stand, after she had become the guest of the castle. Is this so?"

"Yes," she stood by his side now, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived, cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compact even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Buchow, will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor which you have shown me. I will not."

They stood facing each other, and as Irma looked at her strange wooer she saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate; he really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their hasty tempers.

"You admit," she said, after a pause, "that I have been awkwardly pleased."

"If possible?" His good humor was irresistible; she burst into a merry laugh. For another half hour the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the heiress, and at the end of that time they, too, had a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the Baroness Irma were to pretend to be on amicable terms, and the two conspirators (the Count and the chaperone) were not to learn until the last day of the visit expired that their hopes had failed.

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome to you as possible," explained the heir of Reitzenberg; "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes" (there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner), "I think that I can trust you."

"Come," he said gently, "Baroness Irma, as it is a trace between us signed and sealed?"

He took her hand in his, and, bending over it, raised her fingers to his lips.

The master of the Castle was the first to begin hostilities. One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant she perceived that something was wrong. Frau von Wolde had been shedding tears, the old Count's brow was clouded with anger, and Albrecht—Irma hardly dared to look at him, so changed was his aspect. It was too clear that the termination of the pleasant companionship of the last few weeks was to be war.

"My dear Baroness Irma," said the Count, advancing to meet his young guest with ceremonious politeness, "I am exceedingly pleased to see you. Your visit here has given me great satisfaction. You honored this house with your presence, with the full consent of your guardian and my esteemed cousin, Frau von Wolde. I had hoped, not without grounds, that the friendship between you and my heir was gradually ripening into a deeper and more lasting feeling. The alliance is one which must give satisfaction to all interested in our families. Imagine my distress on hearing to-day from my nephew that you have refused his proposal of marriage."

Irma looked toward Count Albrecht; something that she read in his wrathful mien made her hesitate as she answered: "It is quite true; we are friends, and nothing more."

"It cannot be, my dear young lady, that so young a maiden should have given away her preference without the consent or knowledge of her guardian? Answer me candidly: are your affections already engaged?"

The color surged into Irma's cheeks and left them pale again. She glanced at Frau von Wolde. There was no help for her there. "This is a question which you have no right to ask, Count Reitzenberg, and which I refuse to answer. I must beg you to excuse me."

"The Baroness Buchow is right!" burst in Albrecht. "She has suffered enough at our hands already. She shall not be thwarted in her will. If she honors me with her friendship, I accept it gratefully. Listen to me, my uncle, I refused to be a party to your scheme."

He rose and held the door wide open. There was no smile on his face now; his eyes were full of trouble as they rested on hers. He did not offer to take her hand in farewell. He stood there in mute distress as she passed by—a fair, girlish figure in her white dress, her laces and blue ribbons—and she passed him without a word. The truce between them was over.

The forest spread its wide wings even as far as the Castle garden. Irma loved the green path and quiet shades, and here she came with her book the morning after her interview with the Count, and pretended to read. But, though she kept her eyes on the pages, she read there only Count Albrecht's parting words—he accepted her offer of friendship gratefully! Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save her, that was what he had said. During the last three months she had come to understand something of his uprightness, his high sense of honor. He would never marry a woman—though she were a princess—to whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Irma, "that made him nearly hate me at first. Did he hate her now?"

She shut up her book and wandered still further into the wood, down a hillside covered with fern and moss, toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way. On the further side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood and bright with heather. The stepping-stones were half covered with water to-day; the current was running fiercer than its wont. She thought herself of a rustic bridge a few yards further down.

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough pine stems; it was a picturesque but a fragile affair. Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail—how noisy the stream was!—it snapped off at her touch, one wooden plank tottered under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water below. She had plenty of courage; she was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could easily leap that formidable-looking gap and gain the bank. She was about to make the attempt, when she was stopped by a peremptory shout:

"Gently, gently! Jump from that projecting stem; it is safe!"

She looked up; on the edge of the heather-covered rock stood Albrecht Reitzenberg.

She paused uncertain, half inclined to retrace her steps. Perceiving her hesitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the rushing water:

"Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?" She nodded assent. "Step there—to the left. Do not look back!"

Involuntarily she obeyed. He held out his arms, the gulf yawned between them, he could be of no help. "The stem will bear your weight. Do not be in too great a hurry."

"Why does he look so grave?" thought Irma; "is he still angry?" "I had better return the way I came, Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account."

"No; do as I direct you. You see which is the best place to stand? Drop your book, it might be in your way, and jump as far as you can. Now!"

One spring, and Irma was safe on the moss and heather, while the plank on which she had thought to stand slipped slowly but surely into the foaming water. Albrecht held her hands clasped in his.

"Thank Heaven that you are safe!" he cried. "Oh! Irma, my Irma, I could not stop you. I came just too late for that. I could only look on in agony. Are you frightened? Are you hurt?"

"I am not hurt. I did not know that it was dangerous; I did not, indeed."

She saw him turn pale at the thought of her peril, and the tears which she had not shed for herself fell fast for his distress.

"The bridge should have been destroyed long ago; it shall be done to-day. I did not dare to join you, or to speak till you had passed the worst. If you had been killed—ah! I cannot bear to think of it—I should never have known another day's happiness and it would have been my fault—mine! How could I let you wander about alone when I was longing to be with you? My Irma, my best-beloved! Thank Heaven that I have you safe at last. Surely we have played at being friends and enemies long enough? Look at me and say that you love me!"

When he had made her an offer of marriage three long months ago she had been ready with her refusal. Now, when her whole heart was his, she could find no words amid her tears except, "I love you! I love you!"

It was enough for him. "My bride, my wife!" he said, and held her in his arms.

The green ferns rustled and whispered, the beeches tossed their boughs in the sunlight, the red squirrels played in the oak trees, the whole world was full of life and joy at that moment when the lovers pledged their troth.—The Woman at Home.

A Frightful Record.

The old French convention lasted three years, one month and four days, says the New York Tribune. It had 749 members and passed 11,210 decrees. Of its 749 members fifty-eight were guillotined—Dury, June 26, 1793, being the first and Bishop Huguet the last, October 6, 1796; eight were assassinated and two shot; fourteen committed suicide; five died of grief; six perished in abject misery; three died on the highway, to be eaten by dogs; one, Armonville, the last wearer of the red cap, perished in a drunken fit; four died mad; two were killed in the army; one was carried away by the Prussians and never heard of; three died suddenly; one expired in prison; one fell dead of joy on learning that Bonaparte had disembarked at Frejus; 138 perished in exile or in penal settlements, twenty-three were never heard of from the date of the eighteenth Brumaire; sixty-five vanished after the coronation of Napoleon, and twenty-five died in poverty and obscurity. The convention had sixty-three presiding officers, of whom eighteen were guillotined and eight transported; twenty-two were outlawed and six sentenced to imprisonment for life; four died in malhouses and three committed suicide.

Italy's Deserted Cities.

No more romantic places exist than the deserted cities of Italy. They are to be found all over the country, but chiefly in the marsh of Ancona and the old grand duchy of Tuscany. In these you may see great marble palaces, to which a bit of string does duty as a bell-pull; and, if you enter, you will find a corner of some grand saloon, often with a ceiling by an illustrious artist, screened off by an inhabitant to live in. The inhabitant may be some Italian or English lady, who has the smallest possible independence, and she may get such a palace, where some Cardinal or Marchese formerly lived, for a very few pounds a year.

Trapped a Bear in His Cart.

William Delong, a Carmel (Penn) butcher, while returning home from a trip to a neighboring town saw a big bear standing in the road ahead of the wagon. The brute aimed to the rear of the wagon, raised himself into it and proceeded to feast on a ten-pound leg of mutton which was hanging in the air. One of the bear's paws accidentally struck a lever and the doors flew shut. Delong lashed the horses and drove toward Carmel, four miles away. The bear tried to get out and struck his head through a glass near Delong's face, but could not get out. Reaching Carmel the bear was shot.—New York Press.

A Three-Legged Rooster.

Garret Dalton, who lives between Carbondale, Penn., and Honesdale, is the owner of a three-legged rooster. The third leg is used principally as an instrument of battle, and it has caused many a game cock to crow its last crow. The bird has another peculiarity—it will crow only at certain hours of the day—at 6 o'clock in the morning, at noon and at 6 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Dalton's eating hours.—New York Press.



GAPES IN POULTRY.

As a general rule, poultry on the farm are much freer from disease than poultry which is got under more artificial circumstances. There is one disease which is often more prevalent on the farm than in other places and more especially where the surroundings of a farm are old and have been long in occupation. The disease is one which is very fatal to young poultry especially, and no steps should be left untraced to get rid of it.

The gapeworm to which we refer is rapidly picked up by chickens and turkeys from the soil, on which the ova of this parasite has been deposited in a natural way by the older birds. Many poultry keepers on the farm often wonder at their non-success in increasing their flocks, and we have frequently seen cases where a great loss has been sustained through the dying off of nearly all the whole season's production of young turkeys, where these have been raised for many years. We have seen orchards and fields, where poultry have been kept for many successive seasons, thoroughly contaminated, and where it has been impossible to successfully raise poultry. Frequently people do not recognize the cause of this, though in some cases we have known farmers to be aware of it and refuse to take the necessary means to put an end to it.

Where the land has become fouled in this manner, it should be well dressed with lime, and all poultry should be kept from it for two or three years, if possible.

Not only is infection conveyed by the ova which is taken up from the soil, but it is also contracted through drinking water which has become polluted through the medium of the older fowls and birds. Another precaution to be taken is the destruction by burning of the heads and necks of the birds which have suffered from this disease. There are several remedies which are used for fowls suffering from this disease, most of them well known to farmers, but the best one of all is that of prevention, which can be successfully adopted if any moderate amount of care is exercised in the raising of poultry on the farm.

It does not pay to work with dull or otherwise inefficient tools. Bad plows, broken harness, poor teams and unsuccessful farmers are usually found together on the poorest farms. The disease of inefficiency is contagious and is sure to spread from one to another until every factor of the farm problem is down with it.

Grass is king of all the products of the field; it nourishes more of God's creatures than all other products combined. In clothing the earth with a carpet of grass the Almighty knew what He was about. But vain man thinks he knows best, and labors to destroy grass enough to support two oxen that he may grow corn enough to feed a calf.

GROWING EARLY LAMBS.

In a recent letter from Professor Thomas Shaw, of the Minnesota experiment station farm, to the Farm, Stock and Home, he says that where winter lambs are not grown, there is still an open door for the grower of early lambs. Almost any breed of sheep properly fed and managed will drop lambs as early as February. Now, suppose the grower can obtain his lambs in February, or even early in March, and if he feeds them well he can put them on the market in about sixty days, and can get a better price for them than later lambs will bring that are kept through the summer.

To better illustrate this point I will give a bit of experience with such lambs at our experiment farm. We have some very common grade ewes that were purchased for the reason that they could be used in pasturing off green crops sown in the summer. As this was practically an untried field it was feared there would be some loss in the animals thus pastured. So it was thought better to have them of the common sorts, since they would serve for grazing as well as the pure breeds without as great financial hazard. These ewes were mated with a Dorset ram; and let it be noted here that this ram had nothing to do with the early breeding of the ewes in this instance, as they were not possessed of any Dorset blood. The time of breeding would have been the same with any other ram. They dropped lambs from the last day of February until about the 20th day of March. As the females were wanted for breeding uses the lambs were not put upon forced ration, nor were their dams. The food was such as was deemed suitable for breeding ewes nursing lambs that were to be retained. It consisted of bran and oats, with a little oil-cake added, also hay of a somewhat inferior quality, and a taste of roots. The ram lambs were sold May 5 at seven cents per pound, live weight. Selling them thus early was an afterthought, or they could have been put upon the market sooner and at a better price. They were of an average age of fifty-seven days when sold. The average weight was 41.15 pounds, and the average price received for them was \$2.88 per lamb. This, of course, was not a large sum, but the point to be made here is that it is more than the average lamb brings in the autumn, after it has been kept all summer. If the lambs had been dropped in February and sold about the closing days of March or the early days of April they would have brought a much better price, and there is no real difficulty in getting lambs thus early after one has been able to select for a year or two.

But there's no use in trying to raise early lambs without first having a fairly warm place for the ewes when they drop their lambs. It should not of necessity be a costly place, for poles and an abundance of straw will suffice for material. After the lambs are two or three days old they will amply take care of themselves under ordinary conditions as are considered suitable for old sheep. And there must be plentiful supplies of good food on hand, such food includes almost any kind of early cut and nicely cured hay, pre-

ferably clover, wheat bran and oats, with oil cake in the absence of roots. Some corn or barley may also be used with much advantage. Where roots can be fed they are great producers of milk. And when lambs are sold thus early the ewes may also be sold to much better advantage than when sold in the fall.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A cheaply constructed manure shed would be a most paying investment on many farms.

When weeds grow in the field the field is too large or the farmer too lazy. The size of the field and the industry of the farmer should correspond.

If you must double crop the orchard don't sow oats, but plant some hoed crop; put on more manure that the crop will consume and give thorough tillage.

Superfluous branches on the trees are like weeds in the cornfield—a useless drain upon the resources of tree and soil and an injury to the crop. Cut the rasicals out.

For best results in wool, as well as in other respects, the sheep must be kept on the upgrade. A check in growth always injures the fleece. As spring approaches watch the lambs closely; they must produce growth of both fleece and carcass—a double demand—and should have extra feed and attention.

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The trouble with people who are supplying fresh eggs is that they become careless, and if they find a nest full of eggs that look clean, they will turn them in whether they know their age or not. That is no way to keep a trade for fresh eggs. Neither will dirty eggs help a fresh egg trade. In fact, dirty eggs sell for less than clean ones on the general market.

If a wagon for each of the riggings is not at hand there should be some convenient method provided to lift the boxes and racks on and off the wagon. A frame for the box, hay rack, wood rack, etc., built as high as the hind wheels of the wagon, upon which to keep them, will be better than lifting them off the ground. Contrivances for lifting are sometimes expensive.

If you allow a draught of air to flow over your fowls at night, the probability will be that you will find their heads and eyes swollen in the morning. The first thing to do is to remove the cause by stopping up the cracks of the ventilator hole at the top of the poultry house. The best remedy is to apply the head and eyes with a few drops of a mixture of one part of spirits turpentine and four parts sweet oil.

Chestnuts give early and regular returns, with little or no cost for care or culture, with a certainty of finding a ready market. They are a concentrated product, thus lessening the percentage of freight deduction, and are not perishable, like pears, strawberries and milk, which necessitate expeditions and expensive shipping and prompt sale. Competition is scanty, but pioneers report such profit as to soon insure increased numbers.

The Oldest Book.

The oldest book in the world, to which a positive date can be assigned, is an assortment of proverbs somewhat after the style of the proverbs collected by Solomon. The work is accredited to Pish-hotep, an Egyptian King, and Egyptologists assign to it an antiquity of at least 3000 years. B. C. Abraham was called to leave his home in Ur of the Chaldees, 1921 B. C., so that this volume was written 1100 years before the beginning of Hebrew history. The date is placed by most chronologists at B. C. 2348, so the book, if its dating is correct, must have been written before the flood. Methuselah was born B. C. 2317, so that this papyrus was prepared and these proverbs were collected when the oldest man on record was a lively young fellow of about 300 years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stanton Was Doubtful.

Perhaps the most brilliant achievement of Frank Thomson, the new President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the construction of new lines of railway and the reconstruction of abandoned ones in Virginia. He was then only twenty, and it is related that Secretary Stanton, on taking his advice, said to Colonel Scott: "Is it possible that we have waited for three days to get the opinion of that red-headed stripling?" The "stripling" is now at the head of the greatest railroad system in the world.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Sentiment and Frugality—That's All—A Domestic Use—A Bright Groom—Proof Positive, Etc., Etc. Each day his roses are surprised. Come, if he know, the staid thing, That in two months at present prices, He'd save enough to buy a ring!—Life.

THAT'S ALL. "He's a poet, isn't he?" "Oh, no. He merely writes verses for a valentine publisher."—Life.

FINE CHOICE OF WORDS. Editor—"I see you have written an article on the boarding-house." Assistant—"Yes, sir." Editor—"Re-hash, isn't it?"—Truth.

JUST THE TROUBLE. "Yes, I've been hunting for him all day. He seems very much engaged, lately." "He is; and both girls have found it out."—Puck.

AUDIENCE SUPPLIED THE EGGS. The Villain—"We made a bad mistake last night. In the barnyard scene we got the eggs." The Comedian—"Yes, but the audience didn't."—ENOUGH.

She (at the masquerade ball)—"Do you think my costume becoming?" He (with enthusiasm)—"Yes, indeed; but you would be lovely in any disguise."—Harper's Bazar.

A DOMESTIC USE. "It is certainly wonderful how much science can do for us." "Yes; Mrs. Frontrow has learned to hypnotize her baby, and she didn't miss a club meeting the whole week."—Cleveland Record.

ENTANGLED. "Husband, I think Mr. Woozle is very much in love with our Clara." "Has he proposed to her?" "No, but he stole her photograph—taken at three weeks—out of the family album."—Chicago Record.

GROUND FOR THE ACCUSATION. Papa—"I ought to have that young fellow arrested for trying to get money out of me on false pretences." Mamma—"Why, he's coming here three or four times a week pretending he's in love with Maud."—Puck.

END OF THE HONEYMOON. She—"I'm sure you love me no longer. Now do not deny it. I can see the change in you. I'm no fool. You should have married somebody stupider." He—"I couldn't find one."—Judy.

NOT BUNCOED, ANYWAY. "Certainly," rejoined the Circassian girl, "we are sold when we are married, and it doesn't take us six months or a year to find it out, either." And the beautiful barbarian glowered back at her sister of civilized estate.—Detroit Journal.

A BRIGHT GROOM. New Irish Groom (to feed store)—"Sind me up two bags of oats and a bale of straw." Voice from feed store—"All right. Who for, sir?" Groom—"The horse, ye blamed fool, ye."—Punch.

PRECISE. Counsel—"Well, after the witness gave you a blow, what happened?" Prisoner—"He gave me a third one." Counsel—"You mean a second one." Prisoner—"No, sir; I landed him the second one."—Fun.

ILLEGAL. The Court—"What is your age, madam?" The Plaintiff—"Must I answer?" The Court—"You must." The plaintiff—"Why, Judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves."—The Green Bag.

PROOF POSITIVE. Realty Agent (exhibiting flat, beamingly)—"Do prove to you that the walls are perfectly sound-proof I have just run over into the next flat and told the gentleman there to play the piano." Mr. Flatleigh (wearily)—"Yes; my wife and I heard you telling him to play very softly."—Puck.

HE CUT NO ICE. "I can get you a job at cutting ice if you want it," said the member of the Association for extending Assistance to the Worthy Poor. "I'm much obliged," said Perry Patetic, "but since as how I don't cut no ice socially, I guess I might just as well keep stum along other lines and not bust me reputation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Medicinal Spring in Indiana. The water of a spring near Richmond, Ind., is said to have rare medicinal properties, and the black mud found about the spring is alleged to have caused many wonderful cures during the past few months. Mr. Reed, the owner of the spring, makes no charge whatever for the water or mud, and hundreds of gallons are taken away each month by citizens of Richmond. There are a number of prominent people who attribute their complete cure of rheumatism to the use of this remarkable water, and to the application of the mud upon the afflicted parts.—Chicago Chronicle.