

Dancing masters agree that the bicycle has dealt a cruel blow to their art.

Living is nearly forty per cent. cheaper in London than in New York City.

The Dallas News says: One county in Texas will produce this year more corn than Jacob's agents found in all Egypt.

Sociologists have been paying an unusual amount of attention of late to the questions of prison reform, reduction of the criminal classes and the like.

A correspondent who evidently is worrying about a gift wants to know what we consider best for a wedding. We can't recall anything more appropriate than a girl from this locality for such a function.

Figures just compiled by the Statistical Society give the amount of money in the savings banks and similar institutions of the world as \$7,000,000,000. The United Kingdom has \$1,235,000,000 laid away in small savings.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, presides over the greatest Catholic see in Christendom, comprising the city and county of New York, the counties of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Ulster, Sullivan, Orange, Rockland and Richmond, and also the Bahama Islands. The Catholic population of this archdiocese was estimated a few years ago at 800,000.

Some great scientists have had the indecency to go prying into the question of the age of the earth. A few weeks ago we told what one conclusion was in this regard. Lord Kelvin, the great Scotch astronomer and mathematician, in an address in London, said he was able to declare with confidence that the earth solidified between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 years ago. The latest estimate of the time required for the formation of all strata since the beginning of the Cambrian rocks is 17,000,000 years. Lord Kelvin asserted that the earth could not have been habitable more than 30,000,000 years at the most.

The reasons advanced by the English for continuing to occupy Egypt are resented in a curious fashion by the papers of Cairo. The British assert that the great prevalence of crime and violence renders necessary the interposition of a foreign power to keep the peace. In order to answer this the Cairo papers publish each morning reports, taken from the London papers, of crime in England, and print long editorials full of statistics showing that an Egyptian army ought to take possession of Great Britain and maintain the order which the reports they quote seem to indicate the British are unable to preserve themselves.

The New England Homestead says: The biggest speculation since the palm days of the Argentine boom were the dizzy transactions at London last year in Kafir shares of gold mines in the Transvaal region of South Africa. The bottom has gradually dropped until to-day forty leading stocks, which one year ago represented a "value" of \$600,000,000, are selling on the basis of one-third that sum. Here is a decline of more than two-thirds in less than one year. And this after the London market had been sorely bitten by Argentine, Panama and previous wild speculations. We have been taught to regard London as the center of financial conservatism, but of late years it has been the scene of some of the wildest speculations on record. This Kafir bubble may even be compared to the notorious schemes of Law which almost ruined the French people about a century ago.

The Nashville Banner says: "At the Tennessee Centennial Exposition are exhibited the old cabin birthplace of two famous American citizens. These cabins are genuine, as certified by affidavits in the possession of the owner and exhibitor. The Rev. W. G. Bigham, a Methodist minister, while traveling a circuit which embraced parts of Todd and Hardin Counties, Kentucky, bought the two log cabins and the land on which they stood. One of the cabins was built by 'Tom' Lincoln, and in it he lived with his wife, Nancy Hanks. In this cabin, without a floor, 'Abel' Lincoln was born in the year 1809. Every log, except a few which did not withstand the ravages of time and the weather, is preserved. The other cabin is one in which the President of the late Confederacy was born. It came from near Fairview, Todd County, Kentucky. Mr. Davis was born there in 1808, and when sixty-six years old was given a banquet by old citizens of Fairview in the very same cabin."



Orchard Preparation.

A correspondent of the Toronto Globe thinks too little attention is paid to the preparation of the land before planting orchards. Once, the fruit could be grown without it, because we had virgin soil. Now, long cropping with different farm crops has exhausted the food required by the trees and left the soil hard and baked. Three to five years, the writer thinks, is none too long to give such soil proper preparation. He is now treating fifteen acres in the following manner: The first year, after good tillage, he sows wheat in the fall, seeding with clover next spring. It takes the second year to get the clover established. Third year clover is plowed under, using a heavy logging chain. Then the soil is thoroughly cultivated to assist decomposition by storing moisture, continuing till early fall, when the pieces are furrowed out and ditched, no water being allowed to lie on it. Next spring clover is again sowed, allowed to become established, plowed under in the fifth year and land cultivated. In the spring of the sixth year the land is cultivated and trees are set. While there is an apparent loss of time and labor by this method, it will be more than made up by the quality and quantity of apples grown in soil so prepared, as compared with fruit produced on that prepared in the ordinary way.

The Melon Louse.

The New Jersey station in a recent bulletin on the melon louse, which attacks plants of melons, squash, cucumbers, etc., says that they make their first appearance in New Jersey in June, but appear earlier south and later north of that latitude. They are also sap suckers and feed on the under side of the leaves, causing the leaves to wrinkle and curl, then dry up and die. They multiply and spread with astonishing rapidity. Like the harlequin cabbage bug, they spend the winter in sheltering rubbish. A favorite winter place is a thick weed patch, on the roadside or in fence corners. Take all such places, piling the rubbish in fall and burn it during the winter. This louse cannot be reached by sprays. The only effective remedy is bi-sulphide of carbon applied as follows: Lay one barrel hoop on the ground, cut another into halves, cross these halves in the middle and tack the ends to the first hoop. Paste tough paper over this dome shaped frame, or tack cheap cloth over it and oil same to preserve it. Gather the vines of a hill in a bunch and cover with the dome, pressing the bottom hoop into the soil a half inch. Before doing so, pour a teaspoonful of the carbon bi-sulphide into a clam shell or other shallow receptacle and set this on a part of the vine stiff enough to hold it up, or on a large clot of earth, or a small mound. The liquid soon evaporates, and as the vapor is heavier than the air, it sinks, and would escape under the hoops, if the latter were not pressed into the soil. In an hour remove the cover and every louse will be dead. As soon as a curled leaf is noticed, treat that hill, and watch daily for others. A few days of watchfulness and care will catch them all. Fifty covers will be enough for a large field, and they can be put away in nests as a merchant keeps hats, for the winter and will thus occupy very little room and will last several years. They are also handy to protect the earliest fruit of vegetables from late spring frosts. Do not use too much liquid, or the plants may be injured. A teaspoonful to the hill is sufficient. On a small patch of vines, these lice may be destroyed by wiping off every affected leaf with a sponge dipped in soap suds.

Weeding Out Cows.

Some time ago I was asked by a dairyman who had just bought a milk-tester what per cent. of butter-fat a cow should show to justify her being retained in the herd. First of all, it must not be forgotten that the per cent. of butter-fat in milk is only half the problem, the other half being the amount of milk to which the per cent. of fat is applicable. For instance, twenty pounds of five per cent. milk is not so available as thirty pounds of four per cent. milk. In other words, quantity must be considered as well as quality; and, further, regard must be had to the habit of the cow in the matter of keeping up the milk flow. Many cows that never exceed a ten or eleven pounds' milking period with more milk to their credit than some other cows that yield a much larger amount when fresh. An average of twenty pounds per day for 300 days amounts to 6000 pounds, and if the average test should be, say, five per cent., the total fat would be 300 pounds, which is equivalent to 350 pounds of butter. Reduce the total yield of milk to 5000 pounds, and, allowing the same average quality, the butter equivalent would be about 290 pounds.

From this we see that every cow should be judged rather by the total fat produced than by any arbitrary standard of quality. A short time ago one of the experiment stations carried out a year's trial with their herds to ascertain, if possible, which of the cows were the best and which of them were actually returning a profit on their cost and food. Each cow's milk was weighed twice a day for the year, what she ate was charged to her at market prices, and the manure was credited to her. The result was that about one-third of the cows were profitable, one-third just paid their way, and the remainder were in debt all the time. If this is true of this herd, selected with skill, managed and fed in the most approved manner, what is the state of affairs with the ordinary dairy, which produces the bulk of its milk in the summer months, when butter is at its lowest, and has to be supplied with comparatively high-priced foods in the winter? Every one knows that he has cows that give twice and even three times as much milk as others, and yet consume no more food. Although it is very easy to say that all these inferior cows should be sent to the butcher at once, it is in practice another thing to do it. Of course, the poorer ones can go, and should, but what of the average cow? Herds can be slowly improved, but the fair cows are more common than the good ones. A cow that will in the year yield 6000 pounds of milk is what should be an average, but the average cow that does this is far from being a fact, and, with all the preaching and teaching of the last ten or twenty years, we suspect that the cows are still classed as at the experiment station just mentioned.—C. G. Freer-Thonger, in Farm and Home (London).

Farm and Garden Notes.

If your hens lay double-yoked eggs it is an indication that they are too fat; in a better condition for roasting than laying.

Don't waste the droppings from the hen roost. Poultry manure is worth at least fifty per cent. of the cost of the poultry feed used.

The young calves will do better, besides be more comfortable, if provided with shade. If no trees are in the pasture a good, cheap shade may be made with a few posts, some poles and straw. See that the calves have shade.

Lettuce is good for growing chicks, and the common garden beet is an excellent winter poultry food. Grow some this summer for next winter, and also a few dozen heads of cabbage which are most valuable when other green food is scarce.

When the weather is warm a good deal may be done towards getting the milk to the factory in good shape if the cans in the wagon are covered with heavy blankets or a canvas wet in cold water. If the drive is long they may be wet once or twice during the journey.

If farmers were disposed to make the most of the circumstances they certainly have it in their hands to put upon their farms for future use a class of horses which will meet the demands of modern day methods. The present lull in horse breeding operations is conducive to the general extermination of the scrub.

One of the strongest pleas for organization on the part of farmers is found in the success with which other organizations have at times been able to prey upon those so-called "independent" farmers who were going it lone-handed. However, it is possible for farmers to work together in many ways without going into partnership or organizing secret societies.

Heaves may be described as a chronic disease of the breathing organs, without inflammation, characterized by a peculiar breathing, the breath being drawn in with ease, but breathed out with difficulty, and by two distinct efforts. The immediate cause is the rupture or debility of the small cells in the lungs, so the animal cannot expel the air he has drawn in without an extra and double effort.

A Gamecock Fights His Image.

One of the gamecocks in St. Louis, Mo., gave a chance audience a rare treat. He fought his image to a finish. By chance a mirror had been left in the back yard at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Pine street. The cock was strutting about the yard looking for trouble when suddenly he came face to face with his image in the glass. His fighting blood was up. At last he had met a bird that he considered worthy of his prowess. He eyed the supposed enemy critically. His anger grew as the image mocked him. The feathers began to rise on his neck and in another instant he made a lunge at the glass. Picking himself up from the ground, where he had been doubled in a heap, he backed off a few paces. The cowardly image also backed away and mocked him. He made lunge after lunge at the glass, each time backing away thoroughly surprised. Finally he got tired of retreating and began a fierce face to face contest with himself. He fought until he fell from sheer exhaustion.—New York World.

A Four-Footed Fire-Fighter.

H. H. Burns, of Traverse City, Mich., has a dog that has established a record as a fireman. On two occasions it has extinguished fires that would have destroyed the houses but for the dog's efforts. It puts out the fire by rolling on it. Once it lost most of its hair before the flames were subdued. The dog is a hand-some cotter spaniel and is very popular in Traverse City, where its exploits are well known.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Sour Milk in Cooking.

When sour milk is to be used in cooking, a few vigorous whisks with the egg-beater in the bowl or pitcher will mix the curd and whey so thoroughly that it can be poured as easily as cream and will obviate the unpleasantness of finding cake or puddings interspersed with particles of curd. Soda used with sour milk should not be put into milk, but be sifted into the flour like baking powder.

Good Way to Keep Butter.

If you have no ice box, a fairly good way to keep butter is as follows: Put the butter in a porcelain bowl, and set this bowl in a soup dish which is filled to brimming with cold water. Turn over this so that it will sit on the edge of the soup plate in the water a large cheap unglazed flower pot, which has been dipped in water. Lay over the top of it a folded wet cloth. The constant evaporation of water oozing through its pores will keep the butter several degrees cooler than the outside temperature. The flower pot must be kept wet all the time.

A Picnic Drink.

There is nothing better to take to a picnic to drink than cold tea, which has been steeped five or six minutes—tea is one of the things which can be satisfactorily steeped "to taste"—then poured off the grounds into a bottle, and when cool tightly corked. It should not be strong. Taken without milk or sugar, it is very refreshing. An old wooden stocking leg, if such a thing can be found, or a piece of flannel sewed up to fit the bottle, is valuable to cool the tea, if there is any water in the vicinity of the picnic ground. Dip the bottle with its wool covering in the water, hang it on a tree, or even standing on the ground will do, and as the water on the outside evaporates the contents of the bottle will cool.—New York Times.

Sick Room Hints.

For cramps or pains in the stomach try a few drops of essence of camphor.

For a nervous headache a cup of moderately strong tea, in which two or three slices of lemon have been infused.

For tired feet put a handful of common salt into four quarts of hot water. Place the feet in the water while it is hot as it can be borne. Then rub the feet dry with a rough towel.

For making a clear complexion stir two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur into half a pint of new milk. Let it stand awhile, and then rub the face over with it a short time before washing.

For binding up cuts and wounds always use linen, not cotton, as the fibres of cotton are flat and apt to irritate a sore place, while those of linen are perfectly round.

To Make a Good Cup of Tea.

Have good tea to begin with; then be sure that you have freshly drawn pure and filtered water of which to make the beverage. The water must not have been standing for hours exposed to the weather nor simmering on the range. It must be fresh, and then, if you have a brisk fire or the hot flame of a spirit lamp, bring it quickly to the boil. A flat-bottomed kettle is to be preferred, as it has a broad surface to expose to the heat, and the boiling is soon accomplished. Water is boiling when it bubbles and the steam comes in white puffs from the spout of the kettle. It does not boil when it begins to simmer and sing—that is only the sign that it is near to boiling. You must make your tea when the water has just boiled. A kettle which has been standing on the back of a stove all day, filled up now and then by a dipper or two more of water, will not make good tea. You must boil the water on purpose.

An earthen pot is better for tea than a metal one. Pour a little boiling water in the pot to heat it, and after a minute or two pour it out. Now put a teaspoonful of tea for every cup of hot water—an even, not a heaping, spoonful—and add an extra one for the pot. Pour on as much water as will fill the number of cups you wish to make. Let it stand two minutes, then with a long-handled spoon stir the leaves once through the water and instantly cover the pot again. Three minutes more and your tea is done. Never let tea steep or boil or stand a long time. It is a quick, neat, nice process from beginning to end.—New York Journal.

Recipes.

Pineapple Fritters.—Half a cup of flour, half a cup of milk and two eggs. Beat together the flour, half the milk and the yolks, seasoned with half a saltspoonful of salt. Add gradually the balance of the milk. Stir in a teaspoonful of finely chopped pineapple, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot buttered griddle. Cook till a delicate brown on both sides.

Egg Puffs.—Take one egg for each person to be served. Separate the whites from the yolks, keeping the yolks whole. Add a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper to the yolks. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat stiff. Drop in teaspoonfuls on hot buttered griddle, and lay a yolk on top of each spoonful. Cover each with another teaspoonful of white. Turn quickly to brown the other side. They will be almost balls.

Banana Cake.—Put in a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of lemon juice, six tablespoonfuls of orange juice, and place over the fire. Peel and slice thin six bananas and add to the liquid; cook five minutes. Make a sponge or cup cake, and bake in a biscuit tin. When the cake is partly cooled split it, and spread one-half of the bananas over the lower part; place the top of the cake on the fruit, and put the remaining bananas over the top. This is very nice and should be eaten warm.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Mistake of Some Road Agents Who Undertook to Rob a Sheriff—Extraordinary Heroism of a Young American Naval Officer—A Dog Saves His Master.

"One of the biggest and most satisfactory surprises ever rung in on a stage load of passengers," said a young commercial traveler in the New York Sun, "occurred when I was traveling in Colorado almost twenty years ago. There had been a great many hold-ups on the stage line then recently started between Pueblo and Leadville, so, as I was making my second trip over the route, the passengers were less astonished than they might have been when, at about 10 o'clock of a moonlight night, the driver pulled the horses up short at a sharp command from some one by the roadside ahead, and a face masked with a red handkerchief appeared at the window. A pair of cocked revolvers emphasized the words: 'Hands up. Get out, every one, and be lively.'"

"There was nothing to do but get out, and one by one men and women alighted and, nine in number, all holding their hands above their heads, were silently ranged into line along the trail by two masked men, each holding in his hands a pair of revolvers. A third robber, near the horses' heads, kept the driver covered with a pistol.

"Keep perfectly quiet," said one of the robbers, "and nobody'll be hurt." "Then, while one man stood guard over the passengers with his pistols, the other searched the passengers, one by one, relieving them daintily of watches, purses, pocketbooks, jewelry, weapons—all of which he dropped into a flour sack that he carried. I stood seventh in the line, and next me was a man whom I had picked up on acquaintance with on the trip. He looked to be about thirty years of age, and was very quiet of manner. He was rather reserved in talking at first, but as this wore off proved a pleasing and interesting traveling companion. From his dress and evident knowledge of the country, I had taken him to be a ranchman or small mine owner. He had thrown hands up at the word, and came out of the stage with the rest of us, and seemed to be taking the hold-up very coolly—so much so that a suspicion crossed my mind that he might be a confederate of the robbers.

"The man who was searching the passengers had thrust his revolvers into the scabbards at his hips, so as to leave his hands free. He had come to me, and, feeling for weapons in my hip pockets, had stooped forward a little. I was following orders in keeping my head well up, and so could not see just how it happened. But I saw the robber start backward, make a movement with his right hand toward his pistol on that side, just as a revolver shot crashed directly in front of me, and the robber went down on his back. Before he struck the ground the revolver cracked twice again, and the robber who was covering the crowd with his pistols dropped them, spun half around and fell on his face. As the robber had stooped to search my hip pockets the man beside me had snatched one of his revolvers from his scabbard and shot him dead with his own pistol, then killed the other robber before the latter could fire a shot.

"Before I could fairly realize what was taking place my fellow-passenger sprang toward the man at the horses' heads. They exchanged shots, and then the robber turned and dashed into the darkness among the trees and rocks, the passenger following him. The flashes and cracking of three or four pistol shots came to us out of the darkness, and then the passenger returned with an empty pistol. He had had a running fight with the robber and was himself unhurt. Whether any of his shots had landed he could not tell. He made a torch of pinion pine and examined the two dead robbers, taking from their bodies whatever might serve to identify them, keeping each man's things carefully separate. He also asked the rest of us to look to see if anyone recognized either of the robbers. The valuables in the flour sack he took charge of until we got to the next stage station, where each owner claimed his property.

"The business-like way in which he acted throughout the whole affair was explained when we learned that our quiet fellow-passenger was Jim Haskell, the resolute dead-shot sheriff of one of the southern Colorado counties, traveling on affairs of his own. The two dead robbers were found where we had left them, and were identified as tough Leadville characters who had gone out on the road to raise a stake. Their death gave a setback to the road-agent business for a while, but it soon picked up again and flourished, with its ups and downs, until the railroad up the Grand Canon took the place of the stage line."

Heroism of an American Naval Officer.

It is told of a Roman sailor that in trying to climb from a small boat into a ship he and his companions were struggling to board and capture, he was clinging to the ship with his right hand, when it was cut off. He caught hold again with his left, and that was cut off, but not till he had driven his head up to the deck of the boat, and with both hands gone, he still clung on with his chin and elbow, and it was not till his head was struck off that he fell back into the water. That was old Roman fighting with a vengeance, but in the annals of our own navy there is a true story of still greater pluck, for our hero used his head, and saved others in the midst of his own awful sufferings.

Lieutenant Edward Smith, in 1826, was in command of a schooner called the Maggie, and it was wrecked in

water full of sharks, and the Lieutenant and six of his men escaped drowning by clinging to a capsized boat. The Lieutenant was the youngest of them all, except a lad named Wilson, but he was also the coolest and cleverest, as a commanding officer ought to be. He ordered the men to get off the boat and endeavor to right it. They obeyed, all the time they were in the water waving and kicking to scare off the sharks they could see swimming about. Lieutenant Smith then ordered two of his men into the boat to bail, while the rest clung to her sides. With so much water in her she could not bear up more than two men. Soon, though, so much water was bailed out that he ordered two more men into the boat, and the bailing was going on fast when one of the two men beside himself who were still in the water was seized by a shark, and with one cry sank. This so frightened the men that, horrible to tell, they once more capsized the boat, and when that was done put two men in it again to bail. As they got to work, a shark, with one bite, took off one of Lieutenant Smith's legs, and he, the more than stoic hero, made no sign, lest fright again cause his men to capsize the boat. They did not know he was hurt. In a moment or two the rest were ordered into the boat, he waiting to enter it last himself. Just as he was ready to ask the men to help him a shark caught his remaining leg. He fell back in the water, but his men saved him, and lifted him into the boat to die. With his last breath he told the boy Wilson to report to the Admiral that all the men had done their duty.

A Dog Saves His Helpless Master. Tige is only a dog, and a "yaller dog" at that, but his mixed breed has given him a shaggy coat and a bushy tail, and nature has given him a deal more sense than the man who owns him stands possessed of, says the Temple (Texas) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

Tige's master is a rancher, so-called, who lives on a rocky little place south of here, and who yesterday came to town bringing a bale of cotton on his rickety wagon. After disposing of the cotton the good-for-nothing fellow straightway proceeded to drink up the proceeds, and before the day was far spent he and his money were pretty far gone.

Toward evening he climbed into the wagon, perhaps with an idea of going home, as he unhitched his shaggy ponies from the post in front of the grocery where they had been standing all day without a bite of food or a drink of water, and only Tige curled up under the wagon to keep them company. But, having gotten into the wagon the man was overcome by a "jag," and fell down on the floor and went to sleep.

Meantime the poor, starved ponies began grazing about, picking a wisp of green here and there, till presently they got out on the edge of the town and had climbed up the three foot of railroad embankment, dragging the wagon after them and nipping the grass between the cross-ties. In the midst of this state of things the north-bound train came around the curve, bearing straight down upon the wagon, the engineer blew his whistle, but the man in the wagon was too far gone to hear. A Mexican tamale vendor some distance off saw the danger and ran down the embankment whistling to the horses, but they were too hungry to heed so slight a warning.

But there was Tige, the dog, the ponies' faithful friend. Realizing the danger on the instant, Tige bounded up the embankment and began barking and biting at the horses' heels with such persistence that they in turn set to kicking and backing down upon him, all the time getting further and further out of harm's way, till, just as the train sped by, they had gotten themselves and their sleeping master out of the path of its destruction.

A Man's Fight With a Rat.

One of the most unique and thrilling adventures yet recorded comes from Sandusky, Ohio. The story told in brief is as follows: "Frank Rubruska, a Polisher, who makes a living by hunting, trapping and fishing in the Crane Creek Territory and lives alone in a hut on the edge of a big marsh, was awakened the other night by a stinging sensation in his right cheek, and raising his hand to his face grasped what proved to be a rat, which had bitten him in the cheek, and which, when he seized it, instantly bit him in three places on the hand. Rubruska raised up in bed and hurled the rat so violently against the wall that he killed it, and as he was about to spring from the bed he felt sharp twinges of pain from bites in his back, neck and shoulder, and felt a swarm of rats running over him and heard some of them jump upon the floor and scamper away. He felt one of them clinging to his neck and threw up his hand to knock the animal off, and as he did so the rat caught his index finger and bit it to the bone, and then leaped to the floor. Rubruska sprang from the bed and in doing so he stepped upon a rat, which bit him severely in the foot and hung on until he kicked the animal loose. In the meantime rats were heard scurrying about the room, and one of them seized Rubruska by the ankle. Rubruska struck a light, seized his shotgun, and fired at a pair of gleaming eyes in one corner of the room. The report of the gun frightened away all the rats except the one it which he shot and which was killed. Rubruska dressed his wounds as best he could and sat up until morning and at daylight went to secure the services of a surgeon."

A can of boiling lard was on the cook stove, and Miss Stella Evans, of Colorado Springs, put an egg in it to boil. In an instant the egg exploded, and the lard was splattered with flying

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Clever Lad—Literal—No Scope—Had Been There—Non-Suited—His Seventeenth Question—A Drawback—Better Than He Expected—Still Funny, Etc.

The boy stood on the burning deck Till all but him had fled, And then he put the fire out, And went and cruised ahead. And when he'd had enough of that He sailed into the slip, And got a thousand dollars down As salvage on the ship. —Harper's Bazar.

Literal. The Rescuer—"How did your come to fall in?" The Rescued—"I didn't come to fall in, I came, to fish."—Harper's Weekly.

His Seventeenth Question. Little Clarence—"Pa?" Mr. Callipers—"Well, my son?" Little Clarence—"Is postage-stamp collecting a profession or a disease?" Puck.

Has Been There. The Tramp—"Can you tell me how I can get some work, sir?" The Citizen (crustily)—"Yes; buy a bicycle, and try to keep it clean!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Non-Suited. Brown—"Did you ever try that tailor I recommended to you?" Green—"Yes. Too expensive. Got two suits from him—one dress suit, one law suit!"—Punch.

No Scope. "I bought little Tommy a trumpet because he was so lonely, but he did not seem pleased." "Well, no; you see his old grandmother is stone deaf."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Brute. Mrs. Hoon—"Why do you persist in referring to the folding-bed as 'he'? Why isn't it just as appropriate to call it 'she' as it is a ship?" Old Hoon—"Because it shuts up occasionally."—Judge.

A Drawback. He—"I'd willingly go round the world for your sake." She—"I wouldn't like that." "Why not?" "In that case you'd come back to where you started from."

Hotel Rates. Hewitt—"I had a nightmare the last time I was at that hotel." Jewett—"What of it?" Hewitt—"I foolishly mentioned it to the clerk the next morning and he charged me for the use of one horse."

Suspicious Advantage. "The rooms are rather small," said the prospective boarder. "The advantage of that," said the hotel-keeper complacently, "is that not so much fresh air is required to keep them cool."—Philadelphia North-American.

Not Lost. Traveler (to the driver on 'fording the river')—"Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?" Driver—"No, sir!" Sam Mason was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."—Judge.

Better Than He Expected. "The question is," said the Turkish Minister, "how much indemnity Greece will pay." "Is that it?" asked Abdul Hamid, cheerfully. "I thought the question was how much indemnity Greece would owe."—Puck.

Still Funny. Mr. Twynn—"The romance of Mr. Bride's honeymoon lingers still, although he has been married five years." Mr. Triplett—"How do you know?" Mr. Twynn—"He jokes with his wife about her millinery bills."

Personally Interested. Weary—"Dis arder-day tree-plant-in is gittin' ter be a great thing." Raggles—"Yes; an' I'm opposed ter it, too."

Weary—"Why?" Raggles—"Why? Jes' 'nk av de snap we 'nd hev gittin' meals of wood wuz too skeerce ter be used ez fuel."—Judge.

The Ruling Passion. The fine will be three dollars and costs," announced the Police Magistrate.

"I'm willing to make it ten dollars and costs," said the scorching, "if you'll have it entered on the printed record that I was going twenty miles an hour and my machine was a Greased Lightning, geared to eighty-four."—Chicago Tribune.

At the Prison. Fair Visitor—"Poor fellow! And what brought you here?" Mike (the slagger)—"It wuz all becauz of dat unlucky number thirteen, miss." Fair Visitor—"Indeed? Do tell me how!" Mike (the slagger)—"Well, you see, dere wuz de jury, twelve, an' de jedgo made thirteen."—Judge.

Pickered Swallowed by Snake. G. W. Platt, who is employed as salesman at E. S. Hunt's furniture store, at Essex, Conn., while out for a stroll near flat rock at the factory pond saw a large water snake come out of the water and crawl upon a rock on the bank. Mr. Platt killed the snake with a blow from a stick. On looking closely he saw a fish in the snake's mouth. He pulled it out and it proved to be a good-sized pickered, which came to life when he put it in the water. The snake was over five feet long.