

By a curious coincidence Captain Marryat's "Starley-yow," the only novel reviewed in the reprint of the London Court Journal for June 24, 1837, was also reviewed in the literary papers for June, 1897, as a new edition has just appeared.

There are two piles of gold in New York City which aggregate 260 tons. One pile is in the Sub-Treasury vaults, is valued at \$77,940,000, and weighs 150 tons. The other is in the cellars of the Clearing House, weighs 110 tons, and is valued at \$55,180,000.

The doctor who settled at Peak's Island, Maine, found before long that the people were so healthy that he gave up hope of making a living, and decided to quit. The islanders, however, concluded to contribute a certain amount yearly, sick and well alike, besides the amounts paid for services, to get him to stay, and he remained.

Dr. Kandt, a German explorer, has started out to find the ultimate sources of the Nile. Having the promise of assistance from the Congo authorities when he reaches their territory, he has set out from German East Africa, intending to make his way to Urundu, Uiba and Ruanda. There he will ascertain the size of Lake Akenjuru and measure the volume of water in the rivers Kagera, Ruvuru, Nyakirongo and Akenjuru in the dry and wet seasons. He will trace that having the greatest volume to its source.

Part of the surplus revenue, which Great Britain is happy in having this year, is to go towards improving the postal and telegraph services. It seems that there are about 16,000,000 of letters annually which the Government does not attempt to deliver into the hands of the persons to whom they are directed. These letters are directed to persons living in the sparsely populated districts and are left by the officials at some central point where the owners can call and get them. This is to be remedied, and direct delivery of letters to every house in the kingdom is to be made. Greater scope is to be given in the matter of parcels, and the charges on delivery of telegraphs outside the set limits are to be materially reduced.

Much good is done in Minnesota with an annual appropriation by the State of \$10,000 to encourage the establishment of school libraries. Twenty dollars the first year and ten dollars annually thereafter are given by the State to any school district which raises an equal or a greater amount, the stimulus of which proposition has resulted in an excess of private giving over the State appropriation. In the ten years during which the appropriation has been granted libraries have been established in over 1800 schools, the average number of volumes in each library being sixty-five. This number is not large, but the growth of each library is continuous. Moreover, the rules governing the choice of books give these little libraries a value not represented in the number of volumes. The books are not chosen at random or promiscuously, but each season's purchases are confined to some one subject, the purpose being to create good reference libraries to supplement the instruction by the teacher and the text book.

Says the Atlanta Journal: "Texas has furnished a large share of the lynchings in this country for ten years past. An attempt to institute a reform is seen in the anti-lynching law passed by the Texas legislature at its recent session. It makes all participants in a mob which for any reason whatsoever inflicts death upon any person guilty of murder in the first degree. Texas, like all other States, had a law against lynching before this act passed, and in the eye of the law all participants in lynchings are guilty of murder. It was thought, however, that the enactment of a specific statute against lynching would have a salutary effect. Governor Culbertson took this view, and in a special message to the legislature urged the passage of just such a law as has been enacted. The press of the State has very generally commended the action of the legislature, but it remains to be seen if the new law will have any effect. In nearly every instance where a lynching occurs the community has been shocked by some hideous crime and is in sympathy with the mob. Under such circumstances it is impossible to convict anybody connected with the lynching. The Texas law is an official condemnation of mob violence, but it will not change the nature of men or make them less easily driven to frenzy by the perpetration of those crimes which are so frequently visited with vengeance at the hands of a mob."



TRIFLES.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were
brave
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I craved,
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are
By love or strife?

Yet, you! a look the fainting heart may
break,
Or make it whole;

And just one word, if said for love's sweet
sake,
May save a soul.
—May Riley Smith.

AUNT SHEBA'S BEAUTIFIER.

By CLARA ODELL LYON.

MILDRED doesn't change a bit," said Patty, carefully polishing off the glass bowl she was wiping. "Only she gets prettier every day. Really, Aunt Sheba, she is lovely, and I'm not the only one who thinks so. I'm so glad she is," the girl went on, "for I love to look at pretty things, and it would positively weigh on my spirits to live with anyone who was downright homely. Not that I have any beauty myself," she added, with a glance at the little mirror over the mantle. "Who would ever think we are sisters? Here's an inventory of my charms: Item one, pug nose; item two, green-gray eyes; item three, what papa calls my 'peaches-and-cream' complexion; it wouldn't be bad if it were not for the freckles, and I suppose that I shall have more than ever now that I'm out in the country."

"Never mind the freckles, child; they're real becoming when you've only got a few—kinder like so many beauty spots."

Patty laughed gaily.

"I'm so glad you think so, but talking of beauty, what a delicious place this is!"

It was Aunt Sheba's turn to laugh.

"What, this kitchen? I like it because it's home, I guess, but I never thought there was anything very edifyin' about it."

"Oh, I don't mean the kitchen particularly, though it's nice and homey, but just look out," and Patty put down her dish-towel and stepped to the door to feast her eyes on what lay before. The hillside with its orchard of bloom, the rough stone wall, the well in the foreground, all appealed to the girl's innate love of the beautiful.

"It's a perfect picture," she exclaimed; "Milly must come here on her wedding trip, but it won't look the same in the fall, will it, Auntie?"

"Not exactly; I always thought myself them peach blows was a sight worth seeing," admitted Aunt Sheba, not without a certain satisfaction that her surroundings should find favor in the eyes of her city-bred niece on this her first visit to the farm.

Patty had come to the country for a stay of several months preparatory to settling down as homemaker in Mildred's place when the latter should be married.

"Just as much of a little girl as you can," her father had said in parting, and Patty was glad to lay aside her dignity, and forget the weight of her eighteen years. There was a freshness and freedom about the country life that charmed the girl—a lack of conventionality in those whom she met most refreshing to the town-bred maiden.

Patty had been at the homestead but a short time when a change seemed to come over the house. The sun looked into the best room every day instead of once a week; the chairs had a more inviting look drawn away from the wall and arranged with less military precision, while apple blossoms bloomed indoors as well as out. Nor was the girl's influence confined to one room. In the kitchen, Aunt Sheba found dish-washing a pleasure with Patty's nimble fingers to help, and Patty's tongue making a lively accompaniment to the rattle of plates and cups, while Uncle Eph took a new pride in his possessions since a certain little figure, crowned with a large straw hat, often accompanied him on his rounds about the farm, and never failed to be interested in what she saw.

Uncle Eph was a jolly, good-natured man, with a genial warmth of manner that won him many friends; some one had once said that "when Eph Hawley wa'n't makin' jokes himself, you could depend on it he was laughing at somebody else's." No one knew better than his wife, however, that underneath this fun-loving exterior lay a substratum of deep and tender feeling, and when he called her "mother" she knew that he felt particularly tender toward her. She knew he was thinking of the time, years before, when their home had been brightened for a few short months by the presence of a baby girl, who had never learned to speak the word so dear to a mother's heart. It was Uncle Eph's delicate way of showing his sympathy for his wife after they had ceased to openly mourn their loss; it was his loss as well, but he felt that her sorrow was the greater.

Yes, Aunt Sheba was lonely at times, and Patty's coming had infused the new brightness into all her life. How heartily she echoed her husband's wish that they might keep her! but she knew it was impossible; all she could hope for was to win the girl's affection as to make a yearly visit possible. Was Patty fond of her? She longed inexpressibly to be attractive in the girl's eyes. And one thing stood in the way. How could the girl love an old woman like her? For Patty loved beautiful things, and she could never be beautiful. Those words of her niece so thoughtlessly spoken often recurred to her mind.

"It would weigh on my spirits to live with anyone downright homely." Was she "downright homely?" In her self-deprecation Aunt Sheba felt that she was. She was old and wrinkled and gray, and then her skin! She had never thought much of it before, but how very dark and brown it looked beside Patty's fresh complexion! But there was one thing she could do—fix up a little like Uncle Eph. He never came to the table now with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and only once since Patty had been a member of the family—the day that St. Jennings got the best of him trading up—the cow and got him sorter worked up—only that once had he forgot to put on his necktie.

This resolve once taken, Aunt Sheba determined to lose no time, and the next day found her turning over the contents of a box, bits of finery, treasures of her young days, in search of something that might make her more pleasing to her niece. She smiled as she turned over the bits of ribbon and lace, for each had a story connected with it. This pink bow, for instance, how well she remembered the first time she had worn it! Ephraim had told her he would rather look at her than at any other girl he knew, so the bit of pink ribbon had been cherished as marking the beginning of their little romance.

"No, I can't put that on," said Aunt Sheba to herself. "Pink is a color for young folks, sorter bright and rosy like them. But there must be something in here that'll do." The next minute she laid a trembling hand on a crumpled red rose, the sight of which called up a flood of tender memories.

"How the baby did eat that day! If the minister hadn't come all the way from Five Corners just to baptize her, we wouldn't 'a' had it done. She wouldn't stay with her pa, so I had to hold her all the time, and Ephraim stood there lookin' so awkward, and feelin' awkward, too, he told me afterwards, with nothin' in his hands—and nothin' would pacify her but the rose in my bonnet, and she kep' a-playin' with it and pullin' it, till just at the most solemn moment, when the minister laid his hand on her head and began 'Elizabeth, I baptize thee,' she jerked away from him and gave a great pull at the rose, and when I looked at her she had the whole thing in her hand; it was a wonder I had a bit of a bonnet left on my head. How everybody laughed, and Ephraim told me I had roses in my cheeks if I didn't have them on my head." And Aunt Sheba smiled as she wiped her eyes which had grown dim at sight of the torn rose, so vividly calling to mind the baby Elizabeth, whose early death had left a void in her life, which nothing had ever seemed to fill.

"Just think, she'd been almost as big as Patty. Well, there's no use in repinin'." I won't look at these things any longer. I've got Ephraim, and I'll be thankful for him, and for Patty, too, while she's here. If she'd only come every summer, I'd most feel as if I had a daughter of my own. I believe I'll put on this lace collar of mother's—she used to look nice in it—and this pin that Ephraim gave me so long ago. There, that does look better. If I can only please Patty, I'll be satisfied." Aunt Sheba replaced her treasures, and went out to prepare supper and see what the effect of her experiment would be. She was more than satisfied with Patty's, "How nice you look, Auntie!" and Uncle Eph's look of approval as he took his seat at the table.

After that many little improvements were noticeable in Aunt Sheba's dress, while she and her looking-glass were on terms of greater intimacy than they had been for years, as she needed its assistance daily in the adjustment of the various collars and bows that now formed a part of her afternoon toilet.

But the mirror reflected not only the pretty and becoming neckwear, but also held up to view all her defects, chief of which was the complexion that was a source of no little anxiety to Aunt Sheba. It seemed to grow more muddy each day, and if she herself noticed it so much, how very disagreeable it must appear to Patty. It was with a resolve to try to remedy this that Aunt Sheba one hot day in early July found herself in the one drug store of Brownville, a little village about two miles from the farm where Aunt Sheba did her shopping.

"Good mornin', Mis' Hawley," said the clerk affably as she entered. "What can I do for you to-day? Somethin' for the skin? Yes'm, certainly; was down to the city last week and brought up some new goods. This is Cream O' Roses; sounds as if it ought to be good, and make any one fine complexioned, but they told me the best thing in the world for tan an' freckles is this here Beautifier. Just the thing for your niece, though, 'pon my word, shouldn't think she needed anythin' of the sort, but them city girls can't stand a freckle or two like country folks. And the young man rattled on volubly, while Aunt Sheba stood in great distress at this allusion to her niece, for her honest soul revolted at anything like deception.

Seeing her confusion, he hastened to her assistance.

"S'pose these things ain't quite in your line, Mis' Hawley, but if I were you I'd take the Beautifier; you don't have to use so much of it, only two or three times a week, and 'one application will last for several days,'" concluding with a quotation from the wrapper.

"Well, I guess this'll do; if it don't suit—"

"She can try the other. Any time she comes down I'll be happy to show her anything I've got," and he deftly wrapped up the Beautifier, at the same time wondering what was the matter with Mrs. Hawley that she should be so unlike herself.

She waited to give no explanation, however, but slipping the precious package into the depths of her capacious pocket, Aunt Sheba hurried homeward. It was nearly twelve o'clock when she reached home, almost time for the midday meal which Patty had undertaken to prepare for the first time herself. The girl was not in the house when her aunt arrived, so Mrs. Hawley proceeded at once to her bedroom. What better time could she have to surprise them? Could anything be more opportune? Their positions were reversed. Patty was playing cook; she would play the lady. With eager fingers she drew from her pocket the package, unfastened the wrapper, disclosing a small round box, very insignificant looking, but of so much importance to the woman who turned it round and round, and read the directions curiously. They were very simple—"Apply evenly with a soft cloth."

"I'm glad it ain't hard to fix—any one could do that. Guess I can see well enough without opening the blinds and lettin' the flies in." And soon she was absorbed in her work of covering the objectionable skin with the preparation which, as it dried, formed a coating of white on the dark features.

"What a difference it does make, to be sure!" thought Aunt Sheba, contemplating the unfamiliar face. "I wish it didn't look so strikin', though; makes me appear sorter ghastly, but I guess I ain't used to it, that's all—my skin is so dreadfully dark. Patty's used to fair-complected people; it won't look that way to her."

With hands that trembled like excitement, she changed the dusty dress for a fresh one, fastened her lace collar and stepped back to look at herself. In the semi-darkness of the room she saw a little woman in black, with softly-waving gray hair, and a pair of dark, bright eyes in strange contrast to the white face. Aunt Sheba began to feel queer. She hoped the change in her appearance would not be so noticeable to the others as it was to herself, but she brightened as she thought that the change was certainly in her favor, and, with this comforting thought in mind, she went boldly out to find her niece.

"Why, Auntie, when did you get back? I didn't hear you come in. I must have been out at the well. 'But how pale you are!' exclaimed the girl, looking at her aunt through a veil of steam rising from the dish of potatoes in her hand. "Don't you feel well? That long walk must have been too much for you. Uncle Eph says it is such a hot day!" and Patty put down the potatoes and anxiously approached her aunt.

Aunt Sheba's faint protest that she was well, was lost in Uncle Eph's hearty voice exclaiming:

"What have you been doin' to yourself, Sheba? You're the color of the fence Job's been whitewashin', and I declare, I believe that's just what you've been a-doin'—whitewashin'!" for his keen eyes had caught sight of the dividing line between the face and the neck still brown, which Aunt Sheba, in her ignorance of cosmetics, had not thought to cover.

"Well, well, Patty, we are gettin' gay since you've been here. I thought I was fixin' up considerable, puttin' on a necktie every day, but your aunt beats me," and Uncle Eph went off into peal after peal of laughter in which the girl could not but join, until a sound from Aunt Sheba checked them both—a sob which she vainly tried to repress. Her husband's fun, though well meant, was too much for the overwrought nerves of the poor woman. All the love and longing, hope and fear of the past few months found vent in tears, while sobs shook her from head to foot.

Uncle Eph was not a little surprised and alarmed at this display of emotion.

"What is the matter, mother? I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's; 'twas only my jokin'; you never minded it before."

Aunt Sheba struggled to speak, but her words came brokenly. "No daughter—wanted Patty to care for me—so ugly."

Uncle Eph comprehended in a minute. "Poor little mother!" he thought. "And me standin' here makin' fun of her. I feel as mean as can be. I guess I won't say anything more now, but wait a spell till things clear up a little." "There, don't take on so, Sheba," he said aloud, "I'm goin' out to the barn a bit," and he added affectionately, "There's one good thing about that there powder, you only have to use it once in a lifetime," but the words were accompanied by a gentle pat on the shoulder, which went farther to comfort his wife than anything he could have said.

"What do you mean, Aunt Sheba?" exclaimed Patty anxiously as soon as Uncle Eph's stent figure had disappeared. "I'm sure I never thought you were ugly, but the dearest and best auntie in the world."

Aunt Sheba tried to explain, and in a moment Patty's arms were round her neck and Patty's voice, full of remorse, was exclaiming: "To think that I should have given you so much trouble by my foolish talk!" and the girl's tears mingled with those of the woman, at thought of the pain she had so unconsciously given.

There is no telling how long they would have sat thus, had not Aunt Sheba, just at this touching moment, suddenly raised to view a face that was too much for Patty even in her contrite mood. Tears had washed away the powder in little streaks from the cheeks, Patty's kisses had taken off another spot from the forehead, and poor Aunt Sheba's face presented a mottled and spotted appearance that was very comical.

"Oh, Aunt Sheba, do come and wash that stuff off; it makes you look so funny," said Patty, laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, child, I may's well, and I don't know but what it's done its work well after all, since it helped me to find out what I wanted to know all the time, that your old aunt wasn't so ugly, but what you could learn to like her."

Patty's answer must have pleased her aunt wonderfully, for she brightened up at once, and was soon at work with soap and water trying to remove all trace of the cosmetic that had had such a different effect from what she had expected.

"There, child, I guess it's off now, ain't it?" said Aunt Sheba after a few minutes' vigorous rubbing; and she turned to her niece a face that could never appear homely, for love, the great beautifier, glorified the plain features, and the brown skin was forgotten in the light that shone in the dark eyes, telling of a kind heart and beautiful soul within.—The Housewife.

A MESSAGE ON AN EGG.

It Resulted in an Oklahoma Farmer's Marrying a Chicago Girl.

On a farm in the Cherokee strip I sit a sad and lonely bachelor, thinking sadly over my fate and would love to come off the nest and join my life with that of some comely young lady of not too many summers' growth. Should the message on this egg meet the eye of some fair one who is matrimonially inclined on short acquaintance, and who thinks she would enjoy a prairie life with a student of nature's beauty, address Ross Williams, Enid, Ok."

Such was the love-orn message written by Ross Williams on an egg which he shipped to market. In due time this reply came:

"Dear Mr. Williams: From the quiet precincts of my boudoir I write thee. I am lonely, too, and have often longed to quit city life and go West, where the tall wild grass sways in the wind as if listening to the songs of chinch bugs. I was about to break an egg into a pan when your message met my gaze. It seemed like a dream of a lost, unknown love. Perhaps our fates would trot along together. I am comely, but not so fair. Age, twenty-three, no money, but plenty of grit. Let us exchange photographs. It may all end in another American union, long to be preserved. Methinks I know you now. Bessie Carroll, Chicago Ill."

They were married a few weeks ago.

Genesis of the Match Industry in America.

The first manufactory of friction matches was located in the centre of the Connecticut Valley, in the historic community known as Chicopee Street. The principle of this invention had been thought out in Europe, but bright Yankee minds were quick to catch the idea from across the water, and the manufacture progressed as rapidly here as there. The credit for this invention is probably due to John Walker, a chemist, who lived in England in Stockton-on-Tees. He was experimenting with chlorate of potash, and found that it could be instantly ignited by friction, when coated on a stick with phosphorus and drawn through folded sandpaper. This discovery was made in 1829, and the attention of Michael Faraday being called to the new idea, it soon became popular, and the manufacture was started nearly simultaneously in Europe and America. The first factory for the making of friction matches on a large scale is stated to have been established in Vienna in 1833, but the factory on Chicopee street was running nearly as early as this; if not before.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Seed Blowing Off the Ground.

A terrific storm swept over the Arkansas valley in southwestern Kansas the other day. The wind blew at the rate of forty miles an hour. The great valley, which averages ten miles wide, is in a bed of sand, and passengers who arrived on the trains from that section to-night say people were driven to their homes for protection against a cloud of dust and sand which no human being could face.

Many farmers will have to replant their corn. The storm was so violent that corn planted two inches under ground was blown with the dust and sand for miles, while the irrigation ditches are full. Engineers could not see ten feet ahead of them, and windows and ventilators in the cars were closed to protect the passengers from being smothered.—St. Louis Republic.

A Parsee Practice Stopped.

Announcement of deaths among the Parsees, according to immemorial custom, are made in Parsee streets by Parsee criers, who are specially engaged for the purpose, preference being given to those who have powerful lungs. The number of Parsee deaths being unusually large at present, and it being deemed unwise to make these frequent announcements, which might alarm the nervous, the practice has been discontinued for the present by order of the trustees of the Parsee Panchayet Charitable Fund.

To Make Paper Fireproof.

To make fireproof paper nothing more is necessary, says Hardware, than to saturate it in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flames.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Summer-Made Manure.

Manure made in summer wastes much faster than it does in winter. The warm weather hastens its decomposition. But it is easy to prevent serious loss by keeping the excrement piled and so covered with earth that no ammonia can escape. Where cows are allowed to lie in the barnyard during the night, much of their liquid excrement is wasted. All such wastes detract from the profit of dairying, when as milk and butter prices now are, the most must be made of everything to keep the balance on the side of profit.

Poisoning Males.

For years we tried in vain to check the ravages of those pesky little fellows by the use of various vegetable products, such as corn soaked in poison and dropped in their burrows, writes H. E. Tweed. We met little success and now it develops that the mole is not a vegetarian but feeds nearly altogether on insects, such as grubs, earthworms, etc. This conclusion was reached by the examination of the stomachs of a number of specimens. Hereafter we will procure insects of various kinds and after soaking them in a solution of water and arsenic will drop them in roads where it is hoped that our moleship will find his death.

Feeding Cows.

The Wisconsin Experiment Station is authority for the following:

1. That it seems clear that the quantity of milk given by a cow is quite easily influenced by the amount and kinds of food used in the ration.
2. That although there are a few notable exceptions, the weight of the evidence seems to warrant the statement that the individuality of the cow is the main factor in determining the composition of the milk, while the food has very little, or at least, a very uncertain effect upon it.
3. That the effect of the food on the churnability of the cream is unimportant.
4. That certain foods impart to the milk and its products peculiar flavors, although it is uncertain how far skill in feeding may avoid these flavors.
5. That the hardness and color of the butter are varied by certain changes in the food.

Value of Coal Ashes.

Some years ago, says a writer in the National Stockman, I spread a number of loads of coal ashes thickly on part of a low, wet piece of land. In the winter this land was plowed for corn, the ashes turned under, with the result of a marked difference in yield where the ashes were. Next year the same field was put in corn, an additional lot being covered with coal ashes, and the same marked difference was noted on the two plots. After the second crop the bottom was sown to wheat and grass, and while it cannot be said that any difference was noticed in the yield of these, after the land had been in grass three years it was again plowed and put in corn, and the ash-treated places could be noticed in the yield. Before the ashes were applied the soil was heavy and soggy; but the following summer, in tending the crop, a marked difference was noticed in its condition. There is no doubt that in this latitude—southern Ohio—coal ashes are beneficial on wet or clayey lands. There may not be much fertilizing property in them, but they are an excellent neutralizer and loosener of heavy soil.—New York Independent.

Lime for Chickens.

The following letter explains itself and also gives the cause of the unfortunate results. Whenever lime is recommended for the use of chickens, or for scattering over the floor of the hen house to destroy lice, or over the ground in the yard, where young chickens range in the spring, to destroy the gape worm, slacked lime is always meant to be used. Unslacked lime, in contact with any moisture, easily slacks, and in the operation greatly increases in bulk and produces a large amount of heat. If in contact with a small amount of water, heat enough is quickly produced to burn any animal's flesh, and this is what happened to the hens which ate the unslacked lime and the increase in bulk choked them. It is a wonder that more were not killed. Unslacked lime often produces heat enough in slacking to ignite any easily combustible material with which it is in contact.

Care should, therefore, be taken in storing it in a dry place where it is not in contact with anything easily burnt. It will slowly slack when for a time exposed to the air.

This is air-slacked lime, and is now cool and harmless. Chickens can dust with this and eat it without harm.

Miss Mitchell's Electric Footprint.

A severe thunder storm occurred recently at Melbourne, Fla. The lightning struck the gable on the west side of James H. Baker's house. Mr. Baker's sister, Miss Mitchell, was pumping water on the porch. The stocking and shoe on her right foot were torn to pieces, and the imprint of her foot was stamped an eighth of an inch deep into the hard pine plank. Dr. Brown pronounces Miss Mitchell out of danger, but it will be a long time before she will be able to be around again.—Florida Times-Union.

Caught Mink and Trout Both.

A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, of Kineo, Me., went in a canoe fishing on the Moose River, where Mr. Cunningham hooked a big trout. After considerable effort he got the fish to the side of the boat and Mrs. Cunningham slid a net under it, and just as she did so a mink leaped from the shore after the trout and landed in the net, in which the trout and mink became badly entangled, requiring over an hour to separate them.

How One Bank is Run.

It is a pretty tough story for a paper to tell on its own town, but this does not seem to have occurred to the Dighton Herald, which says that a man went into the local bank to get a check cashed and had to wait until the banker and a friend finished a game of checkers. Every silver dollar in the institution was being used as a checker.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

NIGHT.

How colorless the sky and dreary,
Which wore by day a smile so bright!
The clouds, as if of tears aware,
Like beggars mute sweep through the night.

Their little heads the flowers hang sleeping;
Not even one leaf moves on the tree;
Only the waves, to my feet creeping,
Exchange soft kisses dreamily.

The forest stands in deepest silence,
The birds have long since ceased to sing;
But faintly, from the ghostly distance,
The breeze a bell's low note doth bring.

Upon the moss in worship blissful
I kneel; my tears like dewdrops fall.
Oh, holy nights, calm, starless, peaceful,
How fervently I love ye all!
—Johanna Ambrosius.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I can't buy the bicycle. It's too heavy." "Well, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."—Standard.

Miss Wantokno—"What did you think of Niagara Falls?" Miss Intense—"O, they are simply too quaint for anything."—Truth.

"There's one consolation about insomnia," remarked the sufferer. "What is that?" "While I lie awake I don't have nightmares."—Judge.

"One gets a certain finish abroad, I fancy." "Yes, one goes over there, and they tell her she can't sing, and that's the end of her."—Detroit Journal.

It has a tendency to weaken one's faith in human nature when one sees the apothecary shaking hands effusively with one's physician.—Boston Transcript.

"Too bad about Wellington getting killed by a live wire." "Wasn't it, though? Hereditary, however. His father was killed by lightning."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

May—"I wouldn't break my heart over the best man in the world." Chaperon—"Certainly not, dear. It is over the worst man that girls break their hearts."—Truth.

She—"Are you sure you will like married life as well as you do the club?" He—"Oh, yes!" She—"And are you so awfully fond of your club?" He—"Not very."—London Tid-Bits.

"What is the matter with the India-rubber man? He is using dreadful language," said the fat lady. "It's raining hard, and he can't find his gosholies," said the skeleton dude.—Harper's Bazar.

Bakon—"Do you think the race is degenerating?" Shikspur—"Well, when I look back to my young days—" Bakon—"Oh, I didn't mean anything personal! I referred to the race generally."

"Why are all the boys dodging?" "Because the teacher is about to throw the ruler at bad Tommy." "Then why doesn't Tommy dodge?" "Because the teacher is going to throw at Tommy."—Truth.

"Hello! old man, how are you?" "Wretched! wretched! I've had an attack of the grippe, and it's left me so weak I can hardly crawl." "What do you want to crawl for? Why don't you walk?"—Puck.

Lawyer—"I am afraid I can't do much for you. They seem to have conclusive evidence that you committed the burglary." Client—"Can't you object to the evidence as immaterial and irrelevant?"—London Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Henpeck—"Young Mrs. Bagley, who was married on last Thursday, tells me her husband left almost immediately for the West on a business trip." Henpeck (viciously)—"Yes, he writes me that he finds married life a very happy existence."—Philadelphia North American.

Patient—"Isn't it a little dangerous to administer anesthetics? Must be terrible to have one die in your chair after you have given him ether." Dentist—"Yes; it was for that reason that we adopted a rule that where an anesthetic is administered the patient must pay in advance."—Boston Transcript.

A poor Irishman on his death-bed was consoled by a friend by the commonplace reflection that "We must all die once." "Why, dear, now," cried the sick man, "and isn't that what vexes me? If I could die half a dozen times, I would not mind it for this wast."—London Household Words.

A judge, when on circuit in the West lately, in delivering the charge to the Grand Jury, said: "Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. The indictment says the prisoner was arrested for stealing pigs. The offense seems to be getting a common one. The time is coming when this must be put a stop to; otherwise, gentlemen, we shall none of us be safe."—Standard.

Flowers and Perfumes.

There is a century plant at the White House which is known to be seventy years old. It has recently taken a fresh start in growing, and the White House gardener says it will bloom in August. The central stalk is now shooting up at the rate of five feet in six weeks.

Perfumes exercise a peculiar influence over one's nervous system. A faint, subtle odor is nearly always enervating, while a pungent, rich perfume often has a bracing effect. Civet induces drowsiness, a faint breath of musk invigorates, and the perfume of the aloe and the citron is positively soothing and comforting. The delicate, spicy odors of pinks, carnations, apple blossoms and sweetbriar are thought to be beneficial.—New York Tribune.

How One Bank is Run.

It is a pretty tough story for a paper to tell on its own town, but this does not seem to have occurred to the Dighton Herald, which says that a man went into the local bank to get a check cashed and had to wait until the banker and a friend finished a game of checkers. Every silver dollar in the institution was being used as a checker.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.