

The new standard postal card will be a trifle smaller than the card now in use, so that it can be inclosed in business envelopes of ordinary size.

"Gone to Klondike" is beginning to acquire some of the unhappy significance that "gone to Texas" used to have, declares the San Francisco Chronicle.

The city question appears to be more of a problem in the United States than in Europe, inasmuch as Europe has four times as many cities as it had in 1891, and the United States fourteen times as many.

In an interview on vivisection, Dr. E. C. Spitzka, the famous New York brain specialist, said that very little of what is now done for the relief of disease and for the maintenance of public health would be possible but for the vivisection operations of the past.

Out of every 100 farms in New Jersey, about sixty-eight are cultivated by their owners and of these thirty-five were owned free of debt in 1890 and thirty-three are owned with mortgages. It is believed that most of the other thirty-two per cent.—farms that are occupied by tenants—are held by their owners free of debt. The rate of interest is comparatively low and the average amount of each mortgage on farms is small compared to their value.

Senator-elect Money, of Mississippi, who has taken a deep interest in the cause of Cuba, said that in the death of Canovas Cuba had lost one of its bitterest enemies. He said that before Campos resigned he reported to Canovas that there were but two alternatives in dealing with Cuba, which were that the demands of Cuba must be granted or the Cubans would have to be exterminated. Mr. Money said that Canovas expressed himself in favor of a policy of extermination, and that Campos positively declined to be a party to such a heartless policy. The result was that Campos was recalled and Weyler was substituted in his place as Governor General of Cuba.

The Attorney-General of Massachusetts has rendered an opinion that the new law intended to prohibit the wearing of the feathers or bodies of birds for personal adornment does not apply to birds taken or killed elsewhere than in the Bay State. "In other words," adds the New York Mail and Express, "it is a prohibitory law that fails to prohibit, while preventing bird slaughter—and especially the slaughter of song birds—for millinery purposes within the borders of that commonwealth. Birds are migratory beings, and the Massachusetts bird-to-day may be the New York, Rhode Island or Connecticut bird of to-morrow. The new law will never be worth much until it prohibits importation and sale from other States.

The Atlanta Journal says: Spain may have soon regretted the sale of Florida, and France the sale of the splendid empire known in history as "Louisiana," but Russia surely did not expect to regret the sale to this country of half-frozen Alaska. She sold it for \$7,200,000. At the time it was thought that Russia had the best end of the bargain, although she claimed she parted with Alaska because of her friendship for this country, and her belief that we should control American territory. The land thus sold was held by right of discovery. It was first seen by Captain Bering (without the h), a Dane, employed by Peter the Great. This was in 1741, and Russia held it until its transfer to us in 1867. Ever since that time it has attracted attention. It has been a rendezvous of prospectors. Its seal herds became a source of wealth. Coal was soon found. Valuable timber, in the southwestern districts, was located, followed by discoveries of silver and gold, and even of petroleum—the unkindest cut of all, for Russia is very proud of her gushing petroleum wells. Alaska is indeed a land of mineral deposits. True, the Klondike district is over the line; but the prospecting that Alaska will soon be subjected to, will doubtless lead to the finding of rich additional places within the boundary meridian. Next season it is not at all improbable that a single vessel will bring to Seattle or San Francisco as much gold as Secretary Seward bargained to pay for all Alaska. We bought wealth locked in by frosts, and American skill, endurance and courage—working perhaps under a cabin that serves at the same time as dining room and bedroom—have broken nature's locks and brought to the use of mankind the wealth that has been accumulating ever since Alaska became dry land.



SONG AND SEQUEL.

"Long lane without a turning,
But—keep the end in sight!
Far off the fires are burning
Like beacons in the night."

"Far off the bells are chiming—
Away with sigh and tear!
The hill was hard in climbing,
But the summit's cool and clear!"

"The sun'll rise to-morrow
And all the dark destroy;
So, leave the house of sorrow
An' clink a cup with Joy!"

(That's what the poets sing—
They'd have us be content;
But all the songs they bring us
Don't settle up the rent!)

And all the bright suns rising
In sweet to-morrow's skies,
With golden beams surprising,
Don't make the biscuits rise!

WHALEN'S SHEEP-RANCH.

WHALEN'S luck was copious, and it became proverbial; the facts here recorded are but specimen pages from the book of his experience.

When the Consolidated Canal Company went into insolvency, its assets consisted of a mortgaged right of way through the sagebrush and several completed but detached sections of a big ditch.

Mr. Brick Whalen, the contractor on section three, had finished the heavy work there and was preparing to move camp to section six when the company went broke. It was, in fact, upon the very day the suspension was posted that Whalen, having had his contract work inspected, took the engineer's certificate up to headquarters to get his check. He received instead a statement that the company was in temporary difficulties and an assurance that it would soon resume.

Whalen had before this worked for shaly corporations; he knew better, and lost no time in acting on his knowledge.

"No good howlin' over a broken pipe or tryin' to save the pieces," he told himself. To his gang of twenty men, he said: "B'ys, the company's broke and so am I. I can't pay ye and I can't feed ye. You got to rustle."

"What's the matter with us taking the mules?" said one.

"Them mules and scrapers don't belong to me, as I've often told ye," said Whalen, whose custom it was to refer to a legendary backer. "This ditching outfit is the property of Martin, of San Francisco, and any man that meddles with it will get the Sheriff after him."

"I'll take one, just the same," said Shorty, "and tell Martin he can have him again when my wages is paid. That's about fair."

A few others took the same view of the equities involved, and took mules, to which Whalen made only a wordy resistance. Most of the men were induced to accept orders on the defunct company for the amount due them, payable with large interest. "And if you don't get it very soon, the interest will double your money," said Whalen.

When the last man had gone, Whalen went out to the corral and counted the mules. "Forty-one head; that was a pretty close call," said he.

It was late in the season to find another job of scraping, but the mules could not live on sagebrush and were at once started for the railroad. On a small stream where camp was made one night, a band of trail sheep was also camped. Whalen eyed them disdainfully.

"I see the beggars eat sage," said he.

"Why, certainly," replied the sheep-man, "that's the finest kind of feed for sheep."

"I wish work-mules would do that," said Brick. "I never was so near a sheep in my life," he continued; "the smell of 'em a mile away is enough for me. Funny little fellows, and they look some like mules, with ears and tails cut off. What do you do with them?"

"Double our money on them every twelve months," was the reply.

No extended description of sheep-farming would have impressed the fancy of the veteran mule-skinner, but "double your money" was his own familiar phrase for describing any hopeful venture, and on that evening he smoked many pipes of black plug over it. A brute that can thrive on a brush diet and double your money every year is an interesting creature.

At daybreak Whalen was in the sheep-camp negotiating a trade of sheep for mules on a basis of fifty to one, and prepared to accept much less. Three days later he sat in the door of the shack which had long done duty as mess-house on section three of the canal, as many an evening before he had sat watching the mules come in from water. To-night there was never a mule in sight. Down the breeze came a pungent odor and a tinkling of little bells. Over the crest of an adjacent hill appeared the flock browsing on the rank sage.

"They do look some like mules," he soliloquized, "and I'll bet I'm the only Irishman in America ever owned a herd of sheep."

Winter came and passed, and the only Irishman prospered. By roofing in a cut with brush he had commodious sheds, and cross sections of poles divided the broad ditch into as many corrals as he chose. The sheep were fat and carried heavy fleeces.

Whalen had for help two boys, who had wandered there and asked for work. He had proposed to hire one of them, but the boys protested that they had never been separated, and that if they got jobs at different ranches "the other one wouldn't know where the other one was," a contingency which they could not abide. So Whalen offered to take the two at the price of one, and on that basis they shared with him the shack, herded the flock and cooked the grub. They soon flock as much, or as little, about sheep as Brick himself; and the proprietor found opportunity to break the monotony of camp life by occasional trips to the railroad and once to San Francisco.

"I'm going to see my friend Martin," he told the boys. "Now tend to business and don't let any get away." And the boys gave their word that not one should escape.

During Whalen's absence in the city he went out of the sheep business even more abruptly than he went into it the previous autumn. The instruction to the boys was fulfilled to the letter—not a jot got away.

It happened on a hot day in June, when, contrary to usual custom, the boys brought the flock to camp and the shade of sheds at noon. It never rains in that arid region, but sometimes pours. This was one of those times. Charged with ice and water a great black cloud drifting down the wind and emptied out its load upon the camp and the hillside above it. The canal, curving around its base, formed an eave-trough for the whole mountain and poured several thousand inches of water into Whalen's improvised sheep sheds. The flood very soon subsided, but when the cloud had passed and the sun again shone forth, there were no living sheep. Not many minutes are required to drown a rat in a hole.

Meanwhile the boys, greatly frightened by the sudden storm, and with no thought for the safety of the flock, were in the shack. The hail pounded and the wind shook it. Water covered the floor.

"Pray, Billy," said the one on the barrel.

"No, you do it," he answered from the table-top.

The shack had no window, and, with the door closed, it was pretty dark in there. When Whalen reached home two hours later, the floor was still wet, and the boys were yet roosting on table and barrel, but outside, in the bright sunlight, the ground appeared already almost dry. A solitary goat stood upon the shed roof; he had been among the sheep in the pen.

"You can't keep a good man down any more than you can a goat," was Brick's comment on the catastrophe.

While Whalen was working the boys double time at pulling the wool from the dead sheep, he had the happy thought of stocking his ranch with bees. Having money enough for the proceeds of his wool sale to buy a hundred stands, he promptly carried the thought into effect.

Again he sat down in the door of his shack to "double his money."

"This is better than sheep," said he; "for they herds themselves. And they are like mules in one thing—you are liable to get hurt if you fool with 'em."

This wave of prosperity broke up as soon as former ones had done, for he had imported a bad case of foul brood, and within a year the hundred swarms had perished out. When he went down there last summer in the interest of a new company which has taken up the work of completing the canal, Whalen gathered the bones out of the old shed in the cut and hauled them to the railroad, where he sold them for fertilizer, realizing enough to buy two more mules. With his four-mule team he is at work in the ditch for day's wages. Somewhat grizzled now, and not so brick-red of hair and whisker as formerly, he is happy as ever, and sanguine that he will double his money.

"Here's hoping" that he may—

An Amusing Tank Drama.

A game dealer has of late had a lot of terrapin and a large number of frogs in the same tank, and it has been funny to see the frogs pile on the terrapin's backs, whether to get their feet out of the wet or to enjoy a ride is not known. Yesterday the tank was partly filled with water and a huge sea turtle placed in it. At once the terrapin crawled on the back of the turtle and the frogs followed and climbed on the terrapin, and the whole outfit sailed around as gay as a picnic party. One old frog that had succeeded in reaching the highest point began to croak exultantly, and seemed to be saying, "More room at the top; more room at the top."—Portland Oregonian.

Weird Japanese Mythology.

The mythology of Japan abounds with beautiful, romantic and weird stories, the foundation of much of its art and poetry. As the intellectual progress of the people, their art and literature, were developed, the need of a religion higher and more spiritual than Shintoism—as their old religion was called—was felt. This was found in Buddhism, which came from China in the sixth century. The influence of this religion was not confined to the daily life, but acted upon the literature and art. For a time it seemed as if Buddhism would supplant Shintoism and become the religion of Japan, but instead of that it elevated and spiritualized Shintoism, so that it regained much of its hold upon the people.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Girl's Awful Peril—Awaited Rescue

While the Waves Swept Over Her—Rock Pinned Her Down—Bravery of a Soldier Who Was Thought a Coward.

One of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed on the Greenville shore of New York Bay occurred a few mornings ago near the Greenville Yacht Club house, at the foot of Linden Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Charles Roeder and his sister Lillian left their home in Jersey City, to go crabbing. Arriving at the bay shore they went to the "cove," a retired nook in an old-fashioned stone pier, about two hundred yards south of the Greenville Yacht Club's house.

The top of the pier was about six feet above the surface of the water, which at that point is eight feet deep at high tide. The tide was making flood. Miss Lillian slipped and fell in. Her brother grabbed for her and lost his balance. Both found themselves struggling in the water.

"They saw nothing to fear. Both were expert swimmers. Young Roeder, a member of the crews of the yachts Ensign and Frank, is at home in the water. His sister, the best skater in her set, a wheelwoman, a thoroughly athletic girl, is nearly his equal. Standing on the rock jutting from the pier they found themselves in only four feet of water.

"Stand here, Lillian," said her brother, "while I climb up, and then I'll give you a hand and pull you up."

He grabbed hold of a big boulder in the side of the wall to draw himself up. Under his weight it pulled loose, and to his horror crashed down directly on top of his sister. She fell backward, the rock, which weighed fully four hundred pounds, tumbling on her right leg.

She screamed and her brother dropped back, expecting to see her come up again, but she did not come to the surface. He went under the water after her. There he found that the heavy boulder had pinned her down and he was powerless to extricate her.

Putting his arms under her neck he raised her face above the level of the water. As her head was lifted above the water she gave a faint gasp and cried:

"Don't raise me too high or you'll snap my leg off."

Her brother was at his wits' end. He could not get her lips more than a bare two inches above the water. Every now and then a wave, higher than usual, would cover her mouth. The only way she avoided strangulation was to cease breathing until the wave had receded. His arms were steadily growing weaker. There were some small boys on the pier and to them he shouted:

"Call for help, boys, for God's sake. I can't stand this much longer."

At the first cry for help Charles Johnson, of the Greenville Yacht Club, accompanied by his son John, and Albert Lightbody, jumped into a boat and two pairs of oars soon brought them to the scene, not a moment too soon.

"Don't waste any time," called Roeder, "for my sister is pinned fast, and the tide will cover her in a few minutes."

Johnson dived and tried to remove the stone with his hands, but could not. Every movement of the rock caused the girl excruciating pain, but she bore it with fortitude, and said:

"Don't stop for the pain, but let me get one good breath."

Lightbody was helping Roeder hold up his sister. John Johnson hurried ashore for a hickory shad pole to use as a lever. Even with this the men found their task still difficult.

They were afraid that a sudden shift of the rock would throw it over on the other leg or cause the young woman to faint with pain.

The water rose steadily. Mr. Johnson had to remain almost constantly below the surface to get the pole into the proper position. Other men arrived and lent their aid. The rock was removed and Miss Roeder rose to the surface.

She was put into the boat and rowed to the club house, near by, where stimulants were administered until the arrival of Dr. Lineberger. He found the right leg broken and so painfully mangled that she had to be removed to the hospital.

Seth, the Mule Driver.

No one supposed Seth Hawkins had spunk enough to fire a gun. He had drifted along through a year or so of service without being required to do much more than to drive tent stakes for the camp and mule wagons for the march. The captain kept him pattering around a little at odd times, and once or twice had tried cooking for his company, but that was really too dangerous. The boys didn't like his style. In fact, poor old Seth didn't seem to fit in anywhere, and he hadn't sent in any satisfactory reason why he was living. Not that he ever did any one any harm! Lazy as he was, I believe he would have driven his mules out of the road and up a ten-foot bank rather than run over a crippled bird or anything weak and helpless, but he didn't seem to have any calling for soldiering, and the boys used to say they'd be blessed if they knew why he had ever enlisted.

One day in '63, if I remember right, we were making a forced march to join the rest of our command below Resaca, and some way—I never knew just how it happened—Seth was put in charge of the hospital train, and drove the ambulance filled with the poor fellows who had been wounded in the skirmish the day before. The wagon headed a motley procession of pack mules carrying the camp furniture, the commissary supplies—under

escort—and a few stragglers. There were not more than twenty men—even if Seth were counted—and they joggled along slowly, falling gradually further and further behind until only a cloud of dust proved that the regiment was still in line in front of them.

Seth was half-dozing on the driver's seat, and the little company moved on to the clink-clank of the frying pans and kettles dangling over the sides of the mules.

Suddenly a shot rang out from the clump of underbrush a little distance from the road; then another, and then another! Seth woke up and sprang to unhitch the mules, lashing them forward. Away they went, until the cloud of dust first veiled, then absorbed them; when Seth, suddenly transformed into a man of action, worked like mad to draw the pack mules up in a living barricade around the wagon containing the wounded, and even then under fire from the enemy. The animals were laden with tent canvas and blankets high enough to reach to the top of the ambulance, and to form excellent breastworks for the little company, massed and put into good fighting shape by the mule-driver, who then swung his own rifle to his shoulder, and for the first time raised its hammer for a purposeful blow. There was some good fighting on both sides; a bold sally to capture the wagon was abandoned only after the Confederate captain was killed by Seth's bullet, but before the detachment from the front, warned by the arrival of the ambulance mules that something was wrong, came to the relief, the little band had the Johnnies routed.

"You will wear chevrons for this, my man," said the captain, when he heard of the strategy and repulse. Seth shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other, and looked uneasy.

"Wall, I dunno," he said at last; "I dunno as I keer to be pestered with them tarnal things." And he swung up again and cracked the long whip over the backs of the mule team.

Held Prisoner by a Ferocious Dog.

"I was reminded the other day of one of the most horrible experiences in my career. A brief engagement on a skirmish line during the war was a picnic alongside of it. One hot Sunday afternoon several years ago, when the late Bill Foster was jailer at the old Fourth street jail, I called on him in the pursuit of news, for I was pursuing news, in those days for my daily bread. Confined in cells on the upper floor were the notorious Eastman rioters, and as the day had been set for their execution, there was considerable interest in how they were passing their last days. It so happened that on this particular day the Sheriff of Dodge County, when the execution was to take place, came to Macon on a visit that he might size up the unfortunate candidates for hemp, and with him were some curious friends. Foster was doing the honors, and so busy was he with them that he allowed me to run upstairs alone and talk to the prisoners, and while thus engaged, forgetting all about me, he went away with the visitors. When I had gathered all the news I wanted I started downstairs, to be met at the bottom of the stairs by Foster's most ferocious dog, a regular terror. This dog had been trained to allow anybody to come into the jail, but no one could leave unless accompanied by the jailer. He signalled me to stop. I stopped. Having uttered the warning, he stretched his ugly self in the doorway and pretended to sleep, though I could see he had one terrible eye on me. How long I played the role of a marble statue I do not know, but it seemed an age, but by lowering myself about the sixteenth of an inch per minute I finally reached a sitting posture without exciting suspicion on the part of my watcher. The afternoon was frightfully hot, and the perspiration fairly rolled from me. I thought a thousand things I wanted to do, and a thousand places I had to visit, but I knew that my only hope was in Foster's return. I was a prisoner, and might as well have been confined in the darkest dungeon, because I dare not speak, dare not scarcely breathe. By dark Foster returned and called off the dog. To that afternoon I charge up several white hairs on my head."—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A Maryland Hunter's Narrow Escape.

Harry Lauman, a resident of Baltimore, who is visiting in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Buena Vista, Md., while out on a gunning expedition after doves came suddenly upon a large blacksnake of the rarer variety that was sunning itself upon the fallen trunk of a chestnut tree. Hearing a hissing sound he looked around and saw the reptile darting its head toward him. He raised his gun and fired at it, but missed, and the snake sprang at him.

Losing his presence of mind, Lauman started to run. He had not gone twenty steps before his foot became entangled in brush and he fell to the ground. The snake overtook him, and, twining itself about his body, began to tighten its folds around him. Shouting at the top of his voice, he attracted the attention of a wood-chopper near by, who came to his rescue and dispatched the snake with a club. The snake was six feet seven inches long.

Queer Church Etiquette.

A novel case was tried in the Circuit Court at Dixon. Jesse White, a minister of the Gospel, was fined \$29 for disturbing religious worship. White was conducting a sanctified meeting at Chalybeate Church. The church had made a rule that no young man should sit on the women's side of the house, and when one Mr. Crooks came in with a girl and took a seat beside her the minister left the pulpit and arrested him. Crooks made some resistance, which caused a disturbance, for which White was fined.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

FOOD IN TABLET FORM.

ALL MEATS AND VEGETABLES CONDENSED INTO SMALLEST SPACE.

A Year's Supply Will Not Weigh Over Thirty Pounds, and Can Be Packed Into a Vialse—Compressed Tea, Coffee and Soups Carried in a Belt.

The rush to the Klondike has stirred up the dealer in condensed food and the chemist who condenses the nutrients from meats and vegetables into the smallest space. Said one of these men the other day, speaking of the heavy weights of food prospectors are taking with them:

"Why, man, in an ordinary vialse I can put enough food to last a healthy man a year and give him a menu just as varied as he could find in a first-class hotel. He can easily take another one of those vialses, and when he reaches Dawson City he can sell it for \$2000. That's what a year's supply of good food is worth there. If he wants to load himself down with a good sized burden he can take four or five supplies, and he will be a comparatively rich man the moment he reaches his destination.

"Two years ago a commission, appointed by the Secretary of War and composed of experienced army officers, made thorough investigations, and in their subsequent reports it was shown that it would be possible for a large army to move a distance from its base of supplies without the usual attendant wagon train and beef 'in the hoof' by supplying each soldier with a packet of condensed foods. It was, however, reported, that, while foods of this kind could safely be used in event of emergency, it was not advisable to furnish them when fresh foods were obtainable.

In the Chino-Japanese war the soldiers of the Mikado executed several long marches with unusual despatch by the use of condensed foods. Each soldier, in addition to a cartridge belt, carried what was called a dinner belt. This was filled with a large assortment of capsules, pills, buttons and small packages, none of them larger than a medium sized pocketbook. The dinner belt weighed but ten pounds, but it contained enough nutriment to sustain the soldier for thirty days.

The present scheme is to furnish Klondike voyagers with an assortment of condensed foods, somewhat similar to that carried by the Japanese, but adapted to the peculiar needs of the men in the diggings.

"Anything in the eating line can now be put up in compressed form. A good cup of coffee or tea is crowded into a mass as thin and as small as a medium sized button. It is already sweetened with a saccharine product of coal tar which is two hundred times sweeter than sugar, and accordingly requires but a very small amount. One of these buttons dropped into a cup of hot water becomes immediately a cup of good coffee or tea.

"All kinds of soups are prepared in the same way. The buttons contain a mixture of meat and vegetables, fully seasoned and ready for the hot water. A sausage-like affair, not as large as a frankfurter, and made of pea meal, fat and bacon, makes twelve plates of nutritious soup.

"One of the essentials for Klondike will be desiccated beef, an ounce of which is equivalent to five ounces of fresh meat. It is put up in hard little chunks—so hard that an ordinary knife makes little headway against it. A tiny machine like a coffee mill grinds it into fine shavings, which can be spread on bread or used for soup making.

"A loaf of bread is compressed into a mass not much bigger than a soda cracker. When soaked in water it swells up like a sponge, and when dried out makes very fair eating. A loaf of the same size is composed of a preparation of flour, beef, fat and salt, and contains all the essentials of a plain but hearty meal. This is somewhat similar to the pemmican ration used in the British army. Ten pounds of onions, carrots, potatoes, turnips, cabbage or any other vegetable are, by the condensing process, crowded into one-pound cans, and for soup making purposes are said to be excellent.

"The man who counts upon being a millionaire through his scheme does not expect to do anything this season, as the time for leaving for Klondike is practically over. He expects, however, to be in shape to launch his project early next spring, when the first steamer sails and when the food supply in the mining district is practically exhausted."—New York Herald.

German as She is Spoke.

Here are some sentences heard in the Reichstag and reported by a German paper, which seem to show that forensic eloquence is much the same in all countries:

"With closed eyes you have watched the flood rising."

"The periodical sanitary reports are submitted to us after each decade of three years."

"We do not bury the battleaxe. On the contrary, we shall give it renewed life."

"Grave reflections have saluted the apparition of this project."

"This plan is the beloved son of my heart."

"I shall refute the merchants of Koeningberg upon this table."

"I speak, not as a deputy, but as the person sent by my electors."

See-Saw Rat Trap.

A new and simple trap to catch mice and rats has a flat strip of wood hinged near the centre to a spring clamp, by which it is attached to the edge of a table, the bait being placed on the outer end with a bucket of water or wide-flanged pail below, so that when the rodent starts for the bait the strip of wood will tip down and drown or capture it.

THE LASS THAT LOVES ME.

The wheat bends down
With its golden crown—
Then ho! for the lass that loves me!
It's a brief, bright way
To the parson's town,
Then ho! for the lass that loves me!

For her eyes are bright
As the twinklin' light
O' the stars in the wheat fields shinin',
And never I roam
But they light me home,
Where the lass for me is plain'."

Let the golden crown
O' the wheat bend down—
It's all for the lass that loves me!
The parson's town
An' a weddin' gown.
An' the lips o' the lass that loves me!
—Frank L. Stanton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What is the objection of the politicians to the civil-service reform system?" "The examination questions."

—Truth.

"What a queer look that fellow across the corridor has!" "Yes, he has the pedestrian face. Doesn't ride."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Freddie—"Ma, what is the baby's name?" Ma—"The baby hasn't any name." Freddie—"Then how did he know he belonged here?"—Tit-Bits.

"Hit am er unfawehnit fack," said Uncle Eben, "dat de more reason a man hab' fog indignation de less comfort he's gwinter git out of it."—Washington Star.

"The doctor put my husband on his feet in a week," she exclaimed. "It was no trouble at all. The bill he presented fairly lifted him out of bed."—Chicago Record.

"She insists that her baby is the picture of its papa and it doesn't look a bit like him." "Ah, yes; she has much of the true artist about her, after all."—Detroit Journal.

Fair Critic—"I always admire the characters in your books." Novelist—"You think them bright, eh?" Fair Critic—"Well, they all seem to be very widely read."—Truth.

"My wife will be the first Klondike widow." "Why? Are you going?" "No; but I'm being talked to death by men who want to borrow money to get there."—Chicago Record.

First Boarder—"I wonder the landlady lets him stay. Everybody can see that he drinks." Second Boarder—"Yes; but he never has any appetite in the morning."—Puck.

He—"Will you fly with me?" She—"Certainly. Bring your air-ship around at 3 o'clock, and I'll be all ready but putting on my hat. Then we can start at 4."—Somerville Journal.

Carrie—"He said he would go to the end of the earth for me." Maud—"What did you say?" Carrie—"I proposed that he compromise, and simply go home."—Philadelphia North American.

"Want your money for sweeping the chimney, do you? Look at the beastly mess you've made on the carpet. You can ask till you're black in the face before you get any coin from me!"—Judy.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. de Cycle. Mazie has spoken of you so often. Oh, excuse me, do you ride a wheel?" "Of course I do, Mrs. Van Gear. What a funny question!"—Detroit Free Press.

New Woman—"Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name." Old Bachelor—"That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own."—Judge.

In the Park: "Little Miss Muffet—I don't suppose I ought to go around all alone with a gentleman like you, Mr. Donkey Boy, but Igueth it's all right. The donkey is as good as most chaperons."—Harper's Bazar.

"They say, Grumpy, that the Queen of England has sixty pianos, and doesn't play any of them." "I'm a little bit cramped this spring, but I'll buy my daughter fifty-nine more if she'll follow the Queen's example."—Household Words.

"Mamie, if I were you I wouldn't go with Jay Burd. He is a very irreverent young man. I don't believe he ever gets on his knees. 'Maybe not, ma, but I know somebody who does.' And then she blushed."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."—Tit-Bits.

The seashore boarder was accosted in the dark lane leading to the hotel by a man with a gleaming revolver. "Hands up!" shouted the thug. "Oh, I say, landlord," replied the boarder, "you're not going to collect till my week's up, are you?"—Philadelphia North American.

"I am very much shocked," said the European Statesman, "at the tone of your country's protest. It was not polite." "Well," replied the man from the United States, after some thought, "maybe they thought that what you did to call forth the protest wasn't very polite, either."—Washington Star.

A Remarkable Mule.

Professor T. D. Boaz has found a mule that he says is thirty-eight years of age. The animal is now the property of "Hub" Crider, in the eastern portion of the county. He was raised by the professor's father, and during the war was hidden on several occasions to prevent his falling into the hands of the soldiers. He was sold when twenty-four years of age, and that, the professor says, was fourteen years ago, making the animal now the remarkable age of thirty-eight. He is still in pretty good fix, and will probably live to be forty, if not older.—Mayfield (Ky.) Monitor.