

The Greco-Turkish disturbance has had the effect of making Friday afternoon in the country school fairly redolent of "Marco Bozzaris."

Twenty years ago a new postmaster in New York City would have the power to appoint 2000 subordinates, while now there are but two positions not covered by the civil service rules.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: Viewed from nearly every standpoint the outlook for the farmer is becoming more encouraging. We have divine assurance that seed time and harvest shall not fail, and if our crops do not continue in over-abundance we are sure of enough and to spare. The misfortunes of India and of the Levant will inure to our benefit. Unquestionably a better day seems dawning for our great agricultural interests.

Mr. Germain, United States Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, reports that within a year the price of aluminum will fall to about twenty-seven cents a pound, so that only three commercial metals—iron, lead and zinc—will be cheaper. Last year the output of aluminum, owing to its comparatively high price, was 14,740 pounds daily, of which 4193 pounds daily were produced in the United States. This year the plants will be increased to bring the daily product up to 42,460 pounds.

Says Professor Davidson in the Forum: "The true test and proof of Greece's indomitable spirit of culture is her educational system. I have visited Greek schools throughout the land, from the infant school kept by the peasant in the open air, against a sunny hovel wall, to the Arskelion, or girls' academy, and the noble university, with 2200 students. Greece is amply able to govern and civilize the lands now wasted by Turkish misrule. The sums of money given by rich Greeks for schools, and the hardships undergone by the children of the poor in remote districts to avail themselves of these, have no parallel anywhere, save in the United States and Scotland."

The managers of a Massachusetts watch factory are trying to replace high-priced men in what has hitherto been an exclusive employment with low-priced women, states the New Orleans Picayune. The finishing work in a watch factory is said to be a trade secret, and the possessors of the secret are forbidden by their trades union rules to teach the process to women. Some one has, however, been teaching women secretly at the factory. For a number of weeks past several girls have been employed in what has been known as the "emergency-room," which has been shut off from view. A number of finishers were taken from the main room and put to work there in order that the girls might observe exactly how the work was done. It is stated that there is only one woman finisher in this country, and she learned the secret from her father in Switzerland. Women are well adapted for the work, and it will be only a short time before they will become expert finishers.

The strangeness of truth has often been commented upon as exceeding the most fanciful flights of fiction. An illustration of this is furnished in the career of John Joseph Nouri, who has been crowned patriarch of the Chaldean Pontifical Cathedral at Trichur, Malabar, and is ruler of the Syrian Chaldeans. Four years ago he was committed by Judge Walter H. Levy to the asylum for the insane at Napa, Cal., and there he remained until September, 1893, when, by the efforts of M. M. Foote, President of the California Association for the Protection of Persons, he was restored to liberty.

When released from the asylum Nouri claimed to have been robbed of four medals studded with diamonds, valued at \$2000, the gift of the Chaldean Greek church, of a negotiable note for \$2500 and of his credentials. Dr. Chalmers Easton believed in him and helped him on his journey eastward. Later on he displayed his knowledge of Greek, and in Washington, D. C., at the Smithsonian Institution translated the hieroglyphics on some tablets there with surprising ease. Intent on making his journey around the world, he traveled on to London and from there came in May, 1894, the story that he intended to sue the United States Government for \$5,000,000 damages for his ill treatment while on his sojourn here. Now comes the climax to the story in the letter from Rev. John H. Barrows, of Chicago, who is traveling in India, declaring that John Joseph Nouri, the deposed King of the Chaldeans, has been restored, that his claims have been recognized and that the man who was booked as "unkempt and with lack-luster eye of a lunatic" is living in splendor in a palace in Trichur.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

She Said She Would Be Boss.
The candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools in Henry County, Kentucky, is a bright young Southern girl, whose past record shows her to possess many qualities necessary for such a position. Miss Rose Jessie—that is the candidate's name—began her public career at the age of fourteen. To assist her mother in supporting a large family she succeeded in getting a position as a teacher. Her opening speech at the beginning of the school term was worthy of the daughter of a gallant Colonel in the Confederate Army. It has become historic.

"I will be boss here," she said, "and I need no assistance from any one." This was said before the assembled parents of her young charges, and, history says, gave them particular pleasure and confidence in her methods.—New York Times.

Mrs. Benton McMillin.
Mrs. Benton McMillin, a Louisiana lady, is the daughter of James M. Foster, of Louisiana, the largest cotton planter in the world. Under a single fence he has more than 11,000 acres of rich alluvial land, and his annual output exceeds 10,000 bales. He is a strong manager of men, and upon his rich domains his word is law. Before daylight on Monday morning he leaves his home in the city of Shreveport, and for a week his home knows him no more. He spends his days and his nights on his magnificent plantation. His children have had every advantage that money would bring. One son graduated at West Point and died shortly after his service in the army began. Mrs. McMillin, who was Miss Lucille Foster, was educated where Mrs. Cleveland enjoyed similar advantages, and every element of culture became hers by right of honest, hard work. Mrs. McMillin is a prospective heiress to the extent of half a million, and the Tennessee Congressman has a helpmate who is both intellectually and financially far above par.—New Orleans Picayune.

London Women Americanized.
London society has become Americanized in tone in the course of the last quarter of the century. The restful and domesticated women who were content to sit at home and work embroidery by the square mile survive now only in the country, if they are to be found even there. To them has succeeded a new generation, which loves not rest and adores action. The fair ones of our time love to be up and doing. Like their American sisters, they are endowed with a high proportion of nervous energy, which has to be worked off once in the twenty-four hours. They have an infinite capacity for "getting through things." They will do as much in the morning as would have satisfied their grandmothers for a week, and then are prepared to skate or pay visits all the afternoon, drive out, and go to a succession of parties in the evening. To women of this calibre what would have seemed to the ladies of a preceding generation a whirl of dissipation is merely a common round which serves just to occupy the day. With less they would be dull. They are prepared to do twice or thrice as much in "the season." And the second reason is like the first.

During the quarter of a century referred to above there has been gradually growing up in the upper strata of the social system a change similar to that which came over Europe in the Renaissance period, and again in the middle of the seventeenth century.—London World.

The New Woman in a New Role.
The new woman will not be afraid of spooks, that is one comfort, and consequently that infantile superstition will die out, which will be a great gain. It is related, in this connection, that on Tuesday, at Mills Valley, in New York, Egbert Sears was beaten and severely injured while masquerading as a ghost at the residence of Julia and Etta Hart, two maiden sisters living alone. Sears secreted himself before daylight in the woodshed dressed in the conventional white robe and with his face painted a ghastly hue, and gave out some ghostly groans. When the sisters appeared upon the scene, the ghost stated in a hoarse voice that years ago he had been murdered near the place, and that his spirit would haunt it forever. Did the timid sisters scream and faint? Not much. They simply armed themselves each with a heavy cudgel from the woodpile, fell upon that poor ghost and beat him to unconsciousness. Then they proceeded after the usual fashion to resuscitate him and to send him to his home in the neighborhood, where he is receiving medical attention to heal his numerous wounds and bruises. The sisters are not a bit sorry, either, that they punished him so roundly. They think it will be a salutary lesson for him, as well as for other practical jokers who think it a smart thing to try to frighten unprotected women. "And so say we all of us."—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Gossip.
The Colorado Legislature has passed a bill making women eligible for the militia.
Manual training for girls is to be introduced in the public schools of Chicago.
An actress who has turned evangelist has been holding meetings in Topeka, Kan.

There were only 563 women among the 15,740 physicians in the Russian empire on July 1, 1895.

Connecticut has fifty-four women who are daughters of soldiers who fought in the revolutionary war.

A few women have served as letter carriers in England for several years and have given general satisfaction.

Methodist conferences in New Hampshire and Maryland have voted in favor of the admission of women as lay delegates.

Mrs. Charles Howard, of Baltimore, Md., is the only surviving child of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

An amiable English woman is expending her energies on the formation of a society for the encouragement of cycling among domestic servants.

In New York City the other day a young woman while bending over a washtub was killed by a corset steel which broke and pierced her heart.

Mrs. John Sherman is exceedingly well-read and deeply interested in current events. Next year she and Secretary Sherman will be able to celebrate their golden wedding.

Elle Scarlett, the elder sister of a young Lord Abinger and daughter of the former Miss Magruder, of the United States, has begun the study of surgery at the London Hospital.

Mrs. Georgia A. Stebbin has been keeper of the North Point Lighthouse, Milwaukee, Wis., twenty-three years, and is one of the oldest women in point of such service in the world.

Miss Mary A. Ingleton, of Newark, recently deceased, bequeathed \$3000 to the New Jersey Historical Society, the income to be expended in indexing and cataloguing its books and records.

A Philadelphia woman suffragist has prepared a flag which she calls the "woman's flag." It is a blue field, with four white stars—one star for each State where woman suffrage prevails.

The will of Mrs. Maria Moeen, widow of Philip L. Moeen, of Worcester, Mass., bequeathed \$10,000 to the Hartford Theological Seminary and numerous smaller sums to other institutions.

A marble bust of Frances E. Willard is to be presented to the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., by Mrs. J. C. Shaffer, of Chicago. Miss Willard is an alumna of that institution.

Lady Foley, the last of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids, save Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, has just died. She was a Howard, the daughter of the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of the once famous "Pathfinder," is living at Long Beach, Cal., and still keeps up an active interest in the philanthropic work to which much of her life has been devoted.

Only three ladies of the royal rank survive who lived in the Tuileries. They are the Empress Eugenie, the Princess de Joinville, and the aged daughter of Louis Philippe, the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg.

Nowadays, when women are just venturing to ride horseback astride, it is interesting to know that Queen Anne, consort of Richard II. of England, was the first woman to ride a side-saddle, previous to that woman riding as did the men.

The Empress Frederick is rapidly completing her plans for making the old Schloss at Kronberg a historical museum, which she will present as a gift to the town of Kronberg. It is being restored at great expense under her supervision, and art treasures will be added.

Fashion Notes.
Foulard silks are among the very fashionable summer fabrics.
Cantotier cloth is a new fabric used in making yachting costumes.
Turkish red is the latest shade of this extremely fashionable color.

Cloth and silk and wool costumes in tailor style are just now receiving special attention.
Tabs of white lace of white chiffon or mousseline-de-soie, edged with lace, are also popular.

There is an indication that the colored-ribbon stock has had its day and that its popularity is on the wane.
Black lace over colored silk is once more in vogue, and the organdies and transparent lawns are sufficient to tempt the most austere of women to extravagance.
Some of the new touter costumes have bolero fronts and narrow position backs. The vest is a fitted blouse of fancy silk, laid in soft folds across the front or else tucked to form a deep yoke.
Many waists and vests to wear under open-fronted jackets are made with inch wide or even wider tucks, across the yoke portion, a fashion very favorable to slender figures, but by no means becoming to those who need nothing to accentuate width. Horizontal trimming is most popular, but, as just stated, it is better suited to tall shadow women than to those whose inches are fewer and whose breadth is considerable.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Fried Bread Instead of Vegetables.
Cut some bread, which, though stale, is still light and soft, into fingers half an inch thick; dip them in milk and let them drain for a while. Dredge a little flour over them and fry them in a little hot butter in a frying-pan. Pile them, pyramid-fashion, in a hot dish and serve with gravy.

Oxtails and How to Use Them.
First always cut the tail into neat joints and soak for an hour in salted water. Next set in a stewpan, cover with cold water, add salt, and bring slowly to a boil. Strain off the water, rinse the pieces of meat in warm water, and set in a stewpan sufficiently large for the oxtail to lie over the bottom, add vegetables to flavor. Cover with water and stew very slowly for three hours. After that time remove the smaller joints and allow the larger to cook for another hour. It is very necessary, when preparing oxtail, to let it cook slowly.—Chicago Record.

An Asparagus Omelet.
Eggs seem to have a peculiar affinity for asparagus, their combination being possible in a number of ways. An asparagus omelet is one of them. Boil a pint of asparagus tips, cut in pieces a half inch wide, in salted water for twenty minutes, drain, and keep on a hot plate; beat six eggs until they are light and foamy, add one-half teaspoonful pepper and one cup of milk. When the walnut-size lump of butter is hot in the chafing-dish or omelet-pan, put in the mixture, cover, and let stand till firm, folding in the asparagus just before turning out on a hot platter.—New York Post.

Brain Cakes.
Wash about five ounces of calves' brains in cold water, then set in a stewpan, cover with cold water, season with salt and two sage leaves. Set the pan on the stove, and when it comes to the boil skim the broth thoroughly and simmer for ten minutes, take out the brains and put on a plate; when the brains are cold cut into small pieces and mix with three ounces of bread crumbs; wash some parsley, squeeze dry and chop a small teaspoonful. Place a level teaspoonful of butter in a stewpan, put it on the fire, and when melted add one ounce of flour, half a teaspoonful of stock and the chopped parsley. Stir the sauce till it boils and thickens; add the bread crumbs and chopped brains to the sauce, and season with grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Beat the yolk of an egg, add it to the sauce and stir over the fire till cooked, then turn the whole mixture onto a plate and let it cool. After an hour make the mixture into cakes of equal size, dredging them with flour to prevent their sticking. Brush over with egg, roll in bread crumbs and set in a frying-basket, cook in boiling fat until a golden brown; this will take about two minutes, and the cakes must be touched very little with the hand. Stand on thick paper to drain near the fire. To serve, arrange tastily on a hot dish and garnish with fried parsley.

Household Hints.
Vegetables that have been a little touched by the frost may frequently be restored by soaking them for a time in cold water.
Put a tiny bottle of flaxseed in the traveling bag. Should a cinder be blown into the eye a flaxseed will soon find it, and may save a great deal of pain and an inflamed eye.
A cooking teacher says that the whites of eggs can be beaten most quickly if a pinch of cream of tartar in the proportion of an eighth of a teaspoonful to each egg be first added.

Fruit brought from a cellar to be eaten unpared should be rubbed vigorously with a damp cloth to remove the invisible germs of bacteria which flourish in a damp, close atmosphere.

Clean finger marks from painted walls with a damp cloth dipped in whiting. Rub discolorations caused by scratching matches with a cut lemon, followed by the damp cloth dipped in whiting.

Keep a box of powdered borax near the work table. Add a little to the water in which the dish towels and dish cloths are washed. They will wash easier, keep sweet longer, and the borax will aid in keeping the hands soft.

Brighten the colors in a carpet by sweeping it with a broom dipped in salt water, shaking well to remove all surplus water. The broom should be damp, not wet. Use damp earth to remove the dust when carpets are lifted.

Before broiling steaks open all the draughts to make the coals bright and clear. Hold the meat a few minutes at first close to the glowing coals, then turn. This will seal the juices, when it may be finished at a distance of several inches above the coals. From a broiled steak little or no juice should escape.

Loops for hanging up garments are always wearing out and breaking, particularly with children's cloaks and coats. To make a serviceable loop cut a strip of kid from an old glove, roll it in a piece of coarse string, and sew the edges of kid neatly together. This loop, fastened securely to the garment, will stand any amount of pulling without wearing or breaking.

Wash silver that is not in daily use in soapy water, wipe and dry a few minutes in a warm oven, then wrap in tissue paper. Do not allow one piece to touch another. Place tissue paper between. Put the teaspoons and other small pieces in a quart can and hermetically seal. Put knives, forks and tablespoons in a two-quart can. They will not tarnish, and will require no polishing when wanted for use.

A healthy man or woman averages seventy steps a minute in walking.



Artichokes.
The wonderful productiveness and ease with which the improved artichoke can be produced is always a surprise to those who cultivate them for the first time.

They are excellent food for cattle, sheep, hogs and horses, and one of the cheapest and healthiest foods raised for hogs.

For milk cows they exceed any root grown for increasing the flow of milk. Last winter they were tested at the Fremont Creamery on a small scale and the report was good.

The nutrition of an artichoke is in the form of sugar in solution, therefore always ready for use with very little internal preparation on the part of the user. They are highly important because no insect, blight or rust has yet struck them, and the tops make a fodder superior to corn when properly handled.

An acre will keep from twenty to thirty hogs during the fall and winter months.

The improved variety is very easy to be eradicated after once being planted. My plan is to keep the hogs in the patch a little late in the spring; they will take the last one in the ground.

The variety I grow is the Improved White French; they grow to be about six feet high, and in the fall are covered with a yellow blossom. They grow very compact in the ground, making it very easy digging them.

They often yield as high as 800 bushels per acre.

Low black soil which is too frosty for corn and many other crops is fine land for the artichoke, for freezing will not hurt them.

I must give my method of keeping them through winter, for this is very important. Last winter I kept 700 bushels in pits without losing a bushel. I picked out a dry spot and shoveled out a pit not over ten inches deep and about five feet wide, and as long as convenient. I piled the tubers up to a peak and put on a shallow layer of straw on top to keep the dirt from rattling through, and then I shoveled on dirt not to exceed five inches deep. If more dirt is put on they will surely heat and spoil, and if they freeze it will not injure them in the least.—J. H. Van Ness, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

The Awakening in Horse Breeding.
It is somewhat refreshing to notice the change that has recently come over the spirit of the farmers' dream in regard to horse-breeding, says Alexander Galbraith in Breeders' Gazette.

They seem to be awakening at last from their Rip Van Winkle slumber of the last few years only to discover that their position is similar to the foolish virgins who had no replacing oil for their lamps when the present supply gave out.

The farmer realizes that neither he nor his neighbors have any colts growing up to take the place of the old horses, nor to supply that constantly-increasing demand from the cities for more and better horses. He hears of splendid prices being paid for heavy-harness horses (a neighbor of mine sold a high-stepper for \$400 last week), but of course regrets he has no horses to sell and may even require to buy one or two for spring work. He has for the past two years admitted theoretically that good horses were bound to become scarce and dear, but somehow had not the courage to resume breeding when everybody else had abandoned it.

Now the situation is becoming serious and appeals with a good deal of force to his better judgment, so without waiting for his neighbors to act the thoughtful, intelligent farmer has determined to breed every good mare on the farm this spring and perhaps to purchase one or two additional mares for the same purpose. Not only so, but he is equally determined to patronize nothing but the very best stallions that can be obtained. He reasons as follows:

"A offers me the services of his stallion for \$5. The stallion being of no particular breeding or merit the colt would probably bring me \$50 at maturity. The service of B's horse is \$15, but in this case the stallion is a good individual and well bred, and, barring accidents, the colt will sell for \$100 to \$150. Consequently I cannot afford to use the cheap sire, as there is but \$10 difference in the value of the colts. That \$10 judiciously invested in the services of a good sire will yield a far better return than anything else I know of."

It has been the writer's privilege during the last three winters to discuss the subject of horse-breeding and our horse supply at the farmers' institutes throughout the State of Wisconsin, and it is really remarkable to observe the increased interest shown by the farmers in this subject during the past season. Two years ago few would listen with any degree of patience to anything that might be said on the subject. Last year they generally admitted the force of the arguments, but nothing more, while this year they have not only shown an intelligent interest by their numerous questions and ideas, but many have remained after the meetings to inquire specifically about breeding stock, and indicated their definite intention of resuming breeding operations this spring.

And there is one thing on which they are all agreed, and it is a hopeful sign, viz.: that in order to succeed they must breed for a specific purpose and that they cannot raise draft horses worthy of the name from light 1200-pound mares nor carriage horses from mares of draft blood. If the farmer has draft mares of 1500 pounds or over let him select from the breed of his choice the best draft stallion in his district, possessing weight and quality combined, and if there are none in the district try to procure one from some reliable breeder either alone or jointly with his neighbors. Probably never will such a favorable opportunity occur again in our time for obtaining first-class, highly-bred draft stallions and mares greatly under the cost of production. If, however, the farmer has trotting-bred or light-harness mares he should select for use a 1200 to 1300-pound sire of the hackney or coach or carriage type possessing the indispensable characteristics of style, quality, action and good back-breeding, and if he uses ordinary judgment in mating and raising his colts he will without doubt find himself eventually on the high road to success.

Farm and Garden Notes.
In perfectly ripe cream, fifty-two degrees is the point of best separation, and because it is warmer often causes failure.

Experiments at the Minnesota station show that the early castration of lambs has the following advantages: They reach a greater weight, are less trouble, they have less offal when killed, their meat is better in flavor.

When it requires more time to save a thing than the article is worth after it has been cared for we are losing money. The person who expends a dollar's worth of time to save twopence will prove a business failure if he follows the plan throughout life.

Jumping from shallow to deep plowing all at once usually results in a decreased crop yield at the succeeding harvest. The soil should be gradually deepened by letting the plow bring up a little of the subsoil each year till the desired depth is reached.

There is no reason why a farmer should pay fifteen cents for beef and sell his chickens for less, nor should he be content with pork and potatoes when he can have poultry on his table. If the markets are dull and prices are low the best place to dispose of the surplus is at home.

Get special customers for your butter and furnish it every week. It is worth a few cents per pound to the customers to know that they are eating pure, clean butter and not oleo, or some other manufactured stuff, and there is a big difference between cash and trading out butter.

Corn fodder contains more starch than clover, while clover is richer in protein. A ration of both clover and fodder is excellent where no grain is allowed, as is sometimes the rule in warm weather. A mixed ration is better at all times than to rely entirely upon one kind of food, and for all classes of stock.

Parsnips are highly relished by all kinds of stocks and can remain in the ground during the winter. They produce from 400 to 1000 bushels per acre, according to soil and cultivation. If only a small plot is devoted to them they will be found a welcome addition to the stock rations in winter by affording a greater variety.

If manure has any value, it is probably fermenting, even in the coldest weather, if left in a pile. A slight covering of dry earth will absorb ammonia, and will, if left on while the manure rots down, make it nearly or quite as rich as the manure itself. Its work in absorbing ammonia continues even when the pile is turned.

The average yield of milk per cow for all the cows in the country in 1850 was 700 quarts a year. In 1890 the average was 1300 quarts per cow for a year. This increase has been accomplished by the greater use of improved breeds, and is equivalent to nearly doubling the number of cows by estimating from the amount of milk derived in 1890.

Butter and eggs seem really made to go together, and nothing fits better on a dairy farm than a moderate lot of chickens. Not only do the latter consume the waste milk products with profit, but those who pay the best prices for golden butter will be quickest to buy the fresh eggs and the fat poultry. They mutually help each the sale of the other.

The Railroad Man's Condition.
Among a batch of stories attributed to President Lincoln is the following good one on President Tyler: "During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son 'Bob' to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the President, and informed 'Bob' that his road did not run any special trains for the President. 'What,' said 'Bob,' 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, 'and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road.'"

Water Carried the Current.
At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power-house, the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo-room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamo to be shut down they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames.

In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence, and the hose sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued they quickly recovered.—Electrical Review.

A Series of Coincidences.
The sixty-second double wedding anniversary was recently celebrated, in a small town in Indiana, of Moses and Isaac Marty, twins, who married Tabitha and Lavinia McCormick, twins. Each couple has had seven sons and five daughters, the first children being born within a few days of each other, and the last children also being of almost exactly the same age.—Medical Journal.

SUNSHINE.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining."

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget the toil and care,
And "note bright hours only."

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning.

And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side
And bless the gracious giver.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"There's Charley Skates in black. I wonder if he is in mourning for his sins." "No, I don't think they're all dead yet."—Truth.

Jinks—"Was his father a great man?" Binks—"I guess so; he doesn't seem to amount to much himself."—New York Advertiser.

Spyles—"Do you have any trouble meeting your creditors?" Spokes—"Not at all. I find my trouble in dodging them."—Detroit Free Press.

Freddy—"What is a bucket shop, papa?" Papa—"A bucket shop, my son, is the business place of the broker across the way."—New York Advertiser.

"Did you get your name cleared in that investigation?" asked the Alderman's friend. "No, was the gloomy answer. "It is still mud."—Philadelphia Journal.

Blizzard Bill—"I have seen cyclones out West that blew the bark off trees." Texas Tom—"That's nothing. I saw one once that blew the bark off a bulldog."—Truth.

"Reader!" "To-morrow will be Wednesday. To-morrow isn't Wednesday, substantially for the same reason that yesterday isn't Monday. Grasp it!"—Chicago Tribune.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch says that there is no State in the Union in which anybody but a funny writer says "sah" for "sir." Yes, sah; that's so, sah.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"At what age does a man really begin to feel the weight of years?" "Usually on his twenty-first birthday; and it takes the sensation at least four or five years to wear off."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"And would you love me just as much, count, if I were a poor girl?" "How can you doubt me? I would love you just as much as you would me if you should find out that I wasn't a count."—Standard.

An Unconscious Explanation: First Chappie—"I wonder now, Charlie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the—er, emblem of stupidity?" Second Chappie (with a yawn)—"Don't know, I'm sure, deal boy; it must have been before our day."—Brooklyn Life.

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a Liverpool clipper, feeling his way along the banks of Newfoundland in a thick fog. "I wouldn't mind what they said," rejoined the mate, "if we only knew where we are ourselves."—Household Words.

Philadelphia Man—"Well, you can make all the fun you want to of our slowness, but I know one country chap who came here and made \$500,000 in three months." New Yorker—"Is that so? How did he make it?" Philadelphia—"Got a job in the mint."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Slurs of the Ignorant: "There are entirely too many offices," said a private citizen. "How you fellows do like to hear yourselves kick," said the officeholder, with much warmth. "Too many offices! And here I am so overcrowded with work that I have to give up two good hours every day from my business to attend to my job."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

An Ideal Citizen.
The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers, and that the nation is merely an extension of his family, to be loved, respected, and cared for accordingly. Such a man attends personally to all civic duties with which he deems himself charged. Those which are within his own control he would not trust to his inferiors than he would leave the education of his children to kitchen servants. The public demands upon his time, thought, and money, come upon him suddenly, and often they find him ill-prepared; but he nerves himself to the inevitable, knowing that in the village, State and Nation, any mistake or neglect upon his part must impose a penalty, sooner or later, upon those whom he loves.—John Habberton.

Water Carried the Current.
At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power-house, the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo-room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamo to be shut down they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames.

In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence, and the hose sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued they quickly recovered.—Electrical Review.

A Series of Coincidences.
The sixty-second double wedding anniversary was recently celebrated, in a small town in Indiana, of Moses and Isaac Marty, twins, who married Tabitha and Lavinia McCormick, twins. Each couple has had seven sons and five daughters, the first children being born within a few days of each other, and the last children also being of almost exactly the same age.—Medical Journal.