

One hundred and twenty-eight ministers of the Presbyterian Church died last year. The average age was sixty-six years.

All reports from sections of the country where peanuts grow indicate that the crop will be short and the quality inferior this year on account of the drought.

The horses of German cavalry regiments are to be entirely shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

A German paper calls attention to the extraordinary fact that at Aachen alone 800 tons of steel wire are used up annually in the manufacture of needles—4,500,000,000 in number, valued at \$1,500,000.

A pretty New York deaf and dumb girl has sued a deaf and dumb man for \$50,000 for breach of promise. The young man's father is a millionaire. The chief witness is also deaf and dumb. Love, too, is deaf, dumb and blind, but money talks.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The Treasury Department estimates that the population of the United States is increasing 2,000,000 a year. That is fast enough without admitting great numbers of illiterates from countries with which we have nothing in common."

The fact that the Japanese are a live people, if somewhat conceited over the amount of belated progress they have realized, is shown by the fact that the Japanese Government now issues every day three weather charts, which include observations in China and the Lin-Kiu Islands.

Massachusetts has expended \$700,000 fighting the gipsy-moth, and it will require \$100,000 annually for several years more to exterminate this destructive insect. If the work is successful, as it now promises to be, the money will be well invested, for the gipsy-moth devours everything green that grows, and is capable of doing incalculable damage.

United States Consul Charles Denby, at Peking, gives the substance of a representation recently made by Mr. Brennan, British Consul on Trade in China. Brennan states that the currency of China is copper much more than silver, and that the relative value of gold and copper is an important factor in the consideration of trade problems. It is undoubtedly true, says Brennan, that the ordinary business of China is done in copper cash, and he incloses a translation of an imperial decree, in which it is shown that the price of copper cash has been enhanced over twenty per cent. at the same time that prices for ordinary articles of consumption are materially increased.

The recent loss of three lives by the drifting of a disabled sailboat over the falls of Niagara has led to the suggestion that a safety cable be stretched across the Niagara River at a point just above the head of Goat Island. The scheme seems to be a wholly humane and practicable one, but as the co-operation of the Governments of the United States and Canada will have to be secured to lay the life-guard, it is probable that it will not play the part marked out for it for some time to come. But no precaution should be spared to protect unwary or unskillful voyagers in the Upper Niagara from the fatal terrors of a plunge into the rapids and the cataract.

The marvelous success of the English in keeping 300,000,000 East Indians in subjection with a handful of men is explained, believes the San Francisco Chronicle, by the fact that the example set by the French has been consistently followed. When Frenchmen were operating in India they speedily discovered that there was no such thing as national feeling, and they took advantage of the discovery to hire natives to subjugate other natives. It appears, however, that this policy has not been so successful in the hill country, where the natives are now in open rebellion. But Sir William Lockhart has been given a free hand since the outbreak, and we are informed that as he is not to be bound by red-tape regulations he will probably bring the recalcitrants to terms in a short time. Just what this means it would be hard to tell, but if Sir William Lockhart follows the example of some of his predecessors in India, who were also unrestrained by red tape, the concluding years of the century may be marked by brutalities which the jubilee writers told us were things of the past.

## FEW ARE BURIED ALIVE.

### THE SIGNS OF DEATH SURE BEYOND MISTAKE.

When the Heart Ceases Beating, the Jaw Drops, the Eye Loses Lustre, and the Gray Veil Covers the Face, the Physician Knows That End Has Come.

Many persons live in fear of being buried alive. This is a pity, since it is so easy to distinguish apparent death from real death. When asked to talk about premature burial, and more especially how to distinguish apparent from real death, Dr. George F. Shrady, of this city, said: "It is really astonishing how many persons fear being buried alive, and more astonishing the number who have their dead disinterred to see if they have been buried alive. This is done quietly and does not reach the ears of the public. A child takes a notion that its mother has been buried alive or a husband concludes in his hopeless grief that perhaps, after all, his wife was not dead, and the bodies are taken up to satisfy distorted imagination.

"There is little if any danger of a body being buried alive. All of these horrible stories about premature burials are on a par with the ghost stories told in the nursery; the more improbable they are the more readily are they believed. These stories are circulated usually in times of an epidemic, when bodies have to be disposed of quickly.

"In almost all cases where burials are said to have been premature they have been investigated by unscientific persons. Physicians do not make any tests of death ordinarily when a patient dies. It is altogether unnecessary for them to do so. A scientific man is never in doubt in his practice as to whether a patient is really dead or not. I don't think there can be such a thing as premature burial where a body can be examined by a scientific physician. The physiognomy of death is so well known that it hardly needs a description. In truth, it seems almost absurd to talk about it. There is the pallid lip, the dropped jaw, the lustreless eyes, and so on. Besides, any old nurse can see the approach of death. The poet speaks of it as a gray veil, and that describes it about as accurately as anything.

"Of course, death approaches differently in different sets of diseases; sometimes it comes through the brain; sometimes through the heart, and again through the lungs. All signs in each are well understood by physicians, and death is expected by them. Death comes as a regular, logical conclusion, and I have never yet heard of a scientific doctor pronouncing a live patient dead.

"Cases of apparent death are very rare, so of course cases of premature burial are still rarer. There are conditions of trance where patients are apparently dead for days at a time, to the ordinary observer. A person in such a condition might be buried alive out on the plains or in the woods, or we might say that a miner could fall in a cataleptic state and be buried prematurely by his fellow miners; but these possibilities would not be realized once in a million cases. There are too many conditions to take into account. The seat of vital power is the heart. When that ceases to beat, a person is as dead as Julius Caesar. An imaginative, excitable layman could not listen to the heart and distinguish a case of apparent from real death, but a doctor has no trouble in doing this.

"The greatest danger of premature burial, if there is any at all, is in cases of sudden death in times of epidemic. Over a century ago several mortuary chambers were established in Germany. The first was at Weimar, and the second at Munich. Dead bodies were brought to these places and watched closely by medical men. During the first forty-eight hours after death a bell rope is attached to the hand of the corpse so that in case death was not real the slightest movement will ring the bell. In all of these hundred years only once has the sound of a bell been heard in any of those mortuary chambers, and then it was due to the relaxation of the stiffened hand of a corpse.

"To distinguish apparent from real death many things have to be taken into account. The signs of real death are manifold. There is respiration; breathing, however, often stops before the heart ceases to beat. The disappearance of the pulse at the wrist is another sign. Almost the instant that death occurs the eye loses its lustre, the pupil dilates, and a film comes over the eye. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, thought the moving up and down of a patient's Adam's apple an infallible sign of real death. That motion is due to paralysis of the respiratory centre, and patients never recover after this condition is reached. Inability to swallow, which shows the inability of the nerve centre to preside over the inherent vital forces, also points to the approach of death. But all these signs, except the ceasing of the heart to beat, are merely corroborative. That by itself is an infallible sign of real death.

"Persons who fear premature burial often make a request to be bled in order to be sure that death is real. One man I know of left a request in his will that one of his toes be amputated, and this was done to carry out the provisions of his will. There is a fallacy about this bleeding test, however. Immediately after death one is not apt to bleed; later the blood oozes out on account of the pressure of the gases on the heart and other organs. The eye becomes relaxed at the moment of real death, but not at that of apparent death. The tension of circulation is taken off and a peculiar speck comes on the white of the eye which has the appearance of a speck on parchment. This indication of death was observed first by fishermen, who used to watch the eyes of their fish.

## One, I might say, absolute sign of death, is a blue spot in the right groin; this is almost infallible. There is a peculiar odor about the body even at the moment of death. It is not that of decomposition, for it is too early for decomposition, though when the body once becomes stiffened this signifies the commencement of decomposition. It is said that this odor explains why dogs come around and howl when some one dies. A tradition that bees fly away at the approach of death unless some one taps their hives and speaks to them is prevalent throughout Pennsylvania and New York State. This may be due to the odor which accompanies death.

"Not all persons when they die are absolutely cold. Different diseases produce different temperatures. The higher the temperature has been the longer it takes the body to cool, and young persons hold heat much longer after death than old ones. A corpse often has the appearance of breathing to those looking at it. This is the association of the habit of vision with life.

"All this talk about death, apparent death, and premature burials brings us down to one vital question, How long could life be maintained in a coffin? An experiment on a dog in a coffin showed that the animal lived five or six hours. A body in an ordinary coffin gets only three or four cubic feet of air, and that would keep one alive only fifteen or twenty minutes. So those who trouble themselves about being buried when only apparently dead may rest assured that, if such an improbability were realized, they would not live to hear the last hymn sung at their funeral."—New York Sun.

### WISE WORDS.

A place for everything and everything in its place.—Franklin.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of all pleasures.—Vanvenargues.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan of loses both itself and friend.—Shakespeare.

We know accurately only when we know little; with knowledge doubt incurs.—Goethe.

A good face is a letter of recommendation, as a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity fresh into smiles.—Irving.

We must not judge of a man's merits by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.—Rochefoucauld.

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.—Voltaire.

A brave man knows no malice; but forgets in peace the injuries of war, and gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.—Cowper.

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years; meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbuluz.

This way upward from the lowest stage through every other to the highest; that is, the way of development, so far from lowering us to the brute level, is the only way for us to attain the true highest—namely, the all-complete.—Henry Jones, M. A.

True poetry is truer than science, because it is synthetic, and seizes at once what the combination of all the sciences is able at most to attain as a final result. The soul of nature is deified by the poet; the man of science only serves to accumulate materials for its demonstration.—Aniel's Journal.

Falseness is so easy, truth so difficult. Examine your words well and you will find that, even when you have no motive to be false, it is very hard to say the exact truth, even about your own feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth.—George Eliot.

If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—Emerson.

### Value of the Egg in Sickness.

The value of egg albumen in food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton, says the Pacific Medical Journal. When fever is present the appetite is nil, he says; what one wants is an aseptic article of diet; the white of an egg, raw, serves both as food and medicine. One way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening about half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the yolk remaining inside the shell; add a little salt to this and direct the patient to swallow it.

In typhoid fever the mode of feeding materially helps us in carrying out an antiseptic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen, to a certain extent, may antidote the toxins of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a raw egg; but the quickness with which it goes down without the yolk proves it to be less disagreeable than they suppose, and they are then ready to take a second dose.

### A Strange Fad.

Lady Rosslyn, the mother of the Duchess of Sutherland, has a very strange hobby. For many years past she has collected skulls—not only human ones, of which she has eight, but all sorts of china and metal death's heads. She often wears a unique watch concealed in the head of a small ivory skull, which opens with a spring, revealing the face of the timekeeper.

## FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Climbs a Tree to Escape the Clutches of a Wounded Bear—A New York Policeman Who Has Saved Twenty-Nine Lives—A Brave Young Sailorman.

Miss Jessie Loughran, of Jersey City, N. J., who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. James Davis, near Woodford, Vt., has had a lively adventure with a large black bear. She is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, and when she came from Jersey City she brought her bicycle with her. She had gone about five miles from her aunt's house and was returning home when she heard the sharp crack of a rifle. Miss Loughran would probably not have paid more than passing attention to the shot had she not heard immediately afterward a heavy body crash through the undergrowth skirting the roadside. She turned around, and doing so lost her balance. To save herself from a fall she dismounted.

Hardly had she left the wheel when a large black bear burst out of the woods in full view of her. It was evident that the animal was wounded, for it was snorting with rage, and endeavored to lick its left shoulder. Miss Loughran screamed and made a desperate attempt to remount her wheel. Never before did her wheel behave so disreputably. It wobbled as it never wobbled before, and evinced with all the wickedness of an unbridled bronco. At last, that is what she thinks it did.

No sooner did the bear see Miss Loughran than it gave a snort and made a dash for her. Half-frightened to death Miss Loughran made another desperate attempt to remount her wheel, and this time was successful. Just as her feet caught the pedals and the first burst of speed was acquired, the bear shot up alongside her and with one dart of his paw tore a jagged piece out of the side of her flapping skirt. The wheelwoman looked down upon the enraged bear, and wondered how long the race would last. So long as the bear did not get tangled up in the wheels, and she ran against no obstruction, she was reasonably sure of getting away from the animal. But fate had not decreed that Miss Loughran should escape absolutely unscathed. The bear got over the ground with surprising celerity. Once when rounding a turn in the road the bear drew so near the wheel again that it tore another piece from Miss Loughran's skirt. The sharp claws even went deeper and scratched Miss Loughran's leg. At that Miss Loughran screamed at the top of her voice.

"It's a wonder I was not heard in Woodford," she said afterward. "I thought every minute was to be my last."

Not a mile had been covered in the race with the bear, yet Miss Loughran imagined that she had gone at least half way to the New York State line. The bear, though panting hotly, was beginning to gain steadily on her; the excitement of the race was telling on her and she was rapidly losing both nerve and strength. She began to pedal with renewed vigor, but the spurt was made too late. The bear was upon her. Both its forepaws fastened themselves on the hind wheel of the bicycle. The claws sank deep into the tire, and wheel, rider and bear went toppling over, a confused mass, in the dusty highway.

When Miss Loughran struggled to her feet she was covered with dust and bleeding from a scratch in the face. Turning about, she saw the bear making desperate attempts to free itself from the wheel. Then Miss Loughran did what few city girls are capable of doing. She climbed a tree. She knew that it would be worse than useless to run away, for it would not be long before the bear would be free and after her. How she ever got up that tree she will never be able to tell lucidly. But after desperate struggles and many sobs she got as high as the lower limb, over which she swung herself. In her excitement she forgot that bears can climb trees. It was not until she was perched there that this thought came to her.

"Great goodness! Suppose that bear should climb this tree!" she cried. The thought made her shudder. Happily for her, this occurrence was averted. Just as the bear had succeeded in getting itself untrampled from the wheel a pack of hunting dogs ran out into the road a short distance above. The bear immediately turned about and fled into the woods on the opposite side of the road, followed by the dogs. A minute later two young hunters came into view. Both were running. When they saw the bicycle they stopped.

"I wonder where that bear got this wheel?" said one of the hunters.

"If you please, it's mine," said Miss Loughran.

The hunter looked around in astonishment.

"I thought I heard a voice, Harley," said he to his companion.

Miss Loughran slid down the trunk of the tree, rather the worse for her experience, yet relieved to know that her peril was past. It took a few words to tell her story. Beyond the fact that the rear tire was badly punctured the wheel was not much injured.

Miss Loughran insisted on trundling the wheel herself to her aunt's home, though she was accompanied the greater part of the way by the two young men, one of whom was from New York and the other from Rutland, Vt.

"I never expected to have such an exciting time in quiet old Vermont," said Miss Loughran, "but then one cannot always tell what is going to happen. My only regret is that the horrid bear was not killed."—New York Sun.

### Saved Twenty-Nine Lives.

In the Century there is an article by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, entitled "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police." In speaking of promotions for gallantry, Mr. Roosevelt says:

Among the first promotions we made were two which illustrated the attitude of the Board toward cases of this kind, and which also incidentally illustrated exactly what we mean by "taking the force out of politics"—that is, by administering it on principles of decency, and appointing and promoting men on their merits, without regard to their political backing. The first case was that of an old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, who was at the time a roundsman. I happened to notice one day that he had saved a woman from drowning, and had him summoned so that I might look into the matter. The old fellow brought up his record before me, and showed not a little nervousness and agitation; for it appeared that he had grown gray in the service, had performed feat after feat of heroism, but had no political backing of any account. He was a Grand Army man, but not one of the "political" type; and so had not received any attention from the former Police Boards; and now, at last, he thought there was a chance for him.

He had been twenty-two years on the force, and during that time had saved some twenty-five persons from death by drowning, varying the performance once or twice by saving persons from burning buildings. Twice Congress had passed laws especially to empower the then Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, to give him a medal for distinguished gallantry in saving life. The Life-Saving Society had also given him its medal, and so had the Police Department. On examining into his record carefully, we found that it was wholly free from complaints of any infraction of duty, and that he was sober and trustworthy. We felt that he was entitled to his promotion, and he got it. We did not know his politics, nor did we care about them. It is very unlikely that the woman whom he had saved, as he swam out towards her, felt any special interest as to whether he had voted for Cleveland or Harrison; nor did we. He had risked his life freely again and again in the performance of his duty; he had conducted himself so as to be a credit to the department, and a credit to the city; and we felt that he was entitled to his reward.

It is worth while mentioning that he kept on saving life after he was promoted to a sergeantcy. On October 21, 1896, he again saved a man from drowning. It was at night, nobody else was in the neighborhood, and the slip from which he jumped was in absolute darkness, and he was about ten minutes in the water, which was very cold. The captain of the precinct, in reporting the case, said: "The sergeant was off the bulkhead and into the water after his man quicker than it takes to say 'Jack Robinson.'" There was no way in which the board could reward him for this, except by telling him he was an honor to the department; for he had been given all the medals, and bars to the medals, that he could be given. It was the twenty-ninth person whose life he had saved during his twenty-three years' service in the department, and he was fifty-five years old when he saved him.

### A Brave Boy Captain.

With death walking the deck by his side, short handed, officers dead or disabled with fever, through seven weeks of disaster, danger and fear, a boy of sixteen years of age performed an act requiring rare force of will and character in the south seas recently. His name was William Shotton, and he is the son of an English sailor.

The Trafalgar, his ship, a four-masted bark of 1700 tons, sailed from Batavia on October 29, 1896, with a cargo of petroleum for Melbourne, Australia. Fever broke out among the crew even before the ship left port, and Captain Edgar was invalided. The command devolved upon the next in authority, Mr. Roberts. But scarcely had the ship weighed anchor when he, too, was stricken, together with several other able-bodied members of the crew. The ship carpenter next succumbed to the fever, and on the same day Officer Roberts leaped overboard in delirium. The entire charge of the ship thereupon devolved upon Shotton. Luckily for all concerned he was born of a race of sailors and had received some instructions in navigation.

For a time the wind was moderate, but the fever still pursued its deadly course, and on December 7 the cook died, the sixth victim of the disease. Port Fairy, Australia, was the first place sighted on the mainland, but this was by no means the end of the boy captain's troubles. A few days later a fearful storm broke out, and Shotton was of the opinion that nothing could be done but run before it, since to attempt to withstand it would almost certainly mean destruction in the weakened state of the crew. All of the crew who were half fit for duty were ordered on deck and the necessary steps were taken to put the ship in order to carry out the decision. Day and night the young captain was on the bridge, giving his orders amid the awful tempest with a coolness and calmness which would have moved many a gray-haired skipper to envy. Finally the wind moderated and the vessel was able to resume its journey to the Victoria coast.

### Named in a Spirit of Waggonery.

The little town of Peculiar in Cass County, Mo., got its name in rather a curious manner. Its founders got into a controversy over what they should christen it, and finally referred the matter to the Postoffice Department, saying that they didn't care what name was given the place as long as it was peculiar. One of the Washington officials then, in a spirit of waggonery, named it accordingly.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### How to Carve Tongue.

A tongue should be carved in very thin slices, its delicacy depending on this. The slices from the center are considered the most tempting, and should be cut across and the slices taken from both sides with a portion of the fat at the root.

### Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France as well a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of coffee beans and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out the flavor and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which is so greatly admired.

### Old Fashioned Gingerbread.

To any one in whose breast there still linger haunting memories of the topography of the genuine old-fashioned New England "hard gingerbread," that flourished during the early part of this century, there will come a feeling of thankfulness for this family recipe, handed down for several generations from mother to daughter: Two cupsful of Porto Rico molasses, one cupful sugar, one cupful drippings (or half butter and half lard), one cupful cold water, a dessertspoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful soda, and flour to make a rather soft dough. It may be baked as of old, in sheets about two inches thick, barred crosswise with the sharp edge of a tin, or rolled into cookies. In either case, it will be found an admirable concomitant to the morning cup of coffee; or an assuager of that "aching void" with which the small boy commonly returns from school.—Washington Star.

### Removing Stains From Silver.

To remove stains from silver, especially such as are caused by medicine or by neglect, use sulphuric acid, rubbing it on with a little flannel pad, then rinsing the articles most carefully at once. For less ingrained stains, the pulp of a lemon, whose juice has been used for lemon squash, may be recommended, as both efficient and harmless. Indian silver and brass are always cleaned by natives with lemon or limes. It may be as well to warn housekeepers in these days, when pretty serving is such a consideration, that where one has to reheat food in a silver dish from which it is impossible to shift the etable, a baking tin should be half filled with hot water, a doubled sheet of paper should be placed in this and the silver dish stood upon it, after which it will take no harm from the effects of the oven heat. Again, as eggs and vinegar are alike apt to discolor plated or silver dishes, always run a little weak aspic jelly over the silver dish before dishing the mayonnaise, etc., to be served in it, and if this coating is allowed to set before putting in the other materials the dish will suffer no damage that hot soap and water will not easily remove.

### Recipes.

Tomato Preserves—Peel red tomatoes. For each pound use three-fourths pound sugar, half cup raisins and teaspoon cinnamon. Make syrup of the sugar; add fruit and seasoning; boil half hour; skim out the fruit into jars; boil syrup thick and pour over.

Lemon Cake—One cup butter, two of sugar, one-half cup milk, five eggs, beaten separately, four cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder. Mix butter and sugar to a cream and add yolk of egg, and beat; milk, lemon juice, a little salt, flour and baking powder, sifted; egg whites last. Bake in loaf one hour.

Entire Wheat Puffs—Mix together two cupfuls of entire wheat, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar. Add one cupful of milk to the beaten yolks of two eggs, then add one cupful of water and stir this into the dry mixture. Add the whites beaten stiff and bake in hissing hot gem pans thirty minutes.

Pickled Onions—Peel small white onions and put in salted water (one teaspoon salt to gallon of water) overnight. Rinse in water several times, then drain for an hour. Then pack in jars with teaspoon each of whole cloves, peppercorns, allspice, and two of broken stick cinnamon. Celery seed or chopped celery, for each quart. Pour scalding vinegar over.

Cucumber Sauce—One peck cucumbers the size for slicing; pare and cut into dice. Slice and separate four large onions into rings. Sprinkle over the whole a pint of salt and drain seven hours on a sieve; add teaspoon black pepper, teaspoon (level) cayenne pepper, three blades of mace, eight tablespoons salad oil. Fill jars two-thirds full, then pour vinegar over, put weight on; tie closely.

Pickled Cabbage—Chop firm white cabbage fine. To two quarts allow one bunch crisp celery and one onion chopped fine. Make spiced vinegar by steeping in cup vinegar half ounce each cloves and stick cinnamon, and teaspoon peppercorns. Set bowl in hot water, covered, for an hour. Bruise the spices and pepper. Put the materials in jar, add spiced vinegar when cold to other cold vinegar and fill over the pickle. Tie closely; keep cool.

### A Lighthouse Monument.

Penmark lighthouse, on the Britany coast, with its 10,000,000 candlepower electric light, 180 feet above sea level and visible sixty miles away, is a monument to Marshal Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, his daughter having given the French Government \$50,000 for the purpose.

Pars rubber trees are being planted in Ceylon. Hundreds of tea planters are trying the experiment and hope to have the same success that they have had with cinchona (Peruvian bark).



Clara—Are you not afraid, Maud, to marry old Doderley? I hear he gets horribly jealous without any cause. Maud—Don't be anxious, dear; I'll take care he never does that.—Pick-Me-Up

"Two hours of sleep before midnight are better than four after that hour." "Fiddlers! Two hours of sleep after one in the morning are better than all the others."—West Union Gazette.

"Bless my soul!" cried the shade, as he entered the golden gates and they gave him a trumpet; "I never learned to play this thing!" "That's the reason you're here," remarked St. Peter.—Bazar.

Reporter—Well, I got the great Dr. Slasher to sign that article for next Sunday's edition. Editor—Good! But what kept you so long? Reporter—Why, the idiot wanted to read it.—Judge.

"My wife is rearing Bobby very carefully. When he is disobedient he goes to bed without his dinner." "Isn't that rather severe?" "No; she always carries his dinner up to him."—Chicago Record.

Wheeler (who rides a Lightning)—You ought to get a lock for that wheel. Scorer (who rides a Blue Streak)—Think so? Wheeler—Yes. Some one might steal it—for the lamp.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Myke Dorlan—Hallo, Bill! How did you like being a caddie? Billy Nolan—Ah, I didn't like it at all, at all. First de feller he towld me ter kape me eye on the ball, den he gave me de ball in de eye.—Bazar.

"Do I get my riparian rights with this wheel?" asked the lady of language. "Get what?" asked the clerk, surprised into rude abruptness. "Riparian rights, I said. Do you repair it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Rouser—How accurately are the ills of a nation reflected in the breasts of her loyal sons. Watson—What do you mean? Rouser—Take me, for instance. I'm desperately in need of more revenue.—Philadelphia North American.

"So that young man says he would lay his fortune at your feet?" said Mabel's father. "Yes." "But he hasn't done so." "No." "And perhaps you can tell why?" "I guess, father, that he hasn't had 40 told yet."—Washington Star.

"It is the nature of a child to be wanting to do something," said the enthusiastic kindergarten. "As far as I have noticed," said the mother of six, "it is the nature of a child to be wanting to do something else."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Batterton Banged—No, mum, it's ag'in' me principlus 't' chop 'nuff wood fer ye 't' cook me bre'k'fuss wid, but ef you've a mind ter kook it on dat gas stove, I'll break de iron-clad rings 'f de associashun I b'longs to, an' turn on de gas.—Puck.

"I may have bitten off more than I can chew," remarked the bon-constrictor, as the young gazelle disappeared within its capacious jaws; "but, thank fortune, I don't have to chew!" And it curled itself up for a six-weeks' nap.—Chicago Tribune.

He—Er—these stories your father tells about the things he saw out West, you know. She—Well? He—Ought I to laugh at their improbability and make him think I am smart, or ought I to pretend that I believe them?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Cyclist—I always get nervous when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me. Second Cyclist—So do I. They have so many pins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is almost sure to puncture a tire.—Spare Moments.

"The Tatters"—Uv course 't's none uv my business, pard, but wuz you ever married? Rambling Rube—No! Wot makes you ask? Torne Tatters—Why, I was wonderin' how you ever acquired dat habit uv sleopin' wit yer hands in yer pockets.—Puck.

"Colonel, we are intending to erect an artistic drinking-place in the center of the park, and thought perhaps you might subscribe a small—" "The project is sheer nonsense, sir. Do you imagine for an instant that the city will grant a license?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"These stripes," sighed the convict, "make a man feel small." The kind woman who had come into the darksome place to cheer him smiled radiantly. "Only think," she urged, "how much smaller they would make you if they ran up and down your suit!"—Detroit Free Press.

Stern Parent—Well, sir, I don't know as I am particularly desirous of becoming your father-in-law, young man! Cholly Seeke—Er—eh—I n-never thought of that. You w-wo-would b-be my father-in-law, wouldn't you? I guess we'll let the er—m matter drop; g-good d-day.—Truth.

She—I would like a marriage license, He—Well—er—madam, but it is customary for the gentleman to— She—Not in this case—the gentleman can't come. He objected, an' for a time it looked as if there wasn't goin' to be any wedding. He'll be able to be around to-morrow; so you can just give it to me.—Judge.

### Sun at Sea.

Smith—Did many of the passengers go to hear Dr. Fourthly preach in the main cabin this morning?

Brown—Yes, but most of them left when he announced his text.

"What was it?"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."—Life.