

British landlords are said to own 20,000,000 acres of land in this country.

Germany's proportion of suicides is larger than that of any other European country.

Years ago Prince Bismarck used to spell his name without the "e." The present spelling does away with the monetary significance of the name Bismarck—two marks.

The London Echo gives a list of large land owners in Australia. One of them has 620,000 acres, another 1,200,000, a third 3,600,000, while the Union Bank owns no fewer than 7,800,000 acres.

According to the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission the amount of railway capital in employment June 30, 1895, was \$10,556,865,771. This is about thirteen times the size of the present national debt.

The London police are much worried over the problem of what to do with drunken men when in charge of electric cabs. They don't know exactly how to stop the cab and they don't know what to do with the cab when it does stop.

Florida expects to send 200,000 boxes of oranges North this season, about double the quantity shipped last year. That, however, is but ten per cent. of the yield before the great freeze and will not count for much in the market.

An Ohio poultryman says that the best way to prepare high-bred chickens for poultry shows is to pluck them in the summer. He says he plucks them clean and then rubs the birds with grease. By fall they have a beautiful second coat of feathers. He adds that it doesn't hurt the birds a bit. The birds didn't testify personally.

The social democrats in Germany, which means everybody who objects to Emperor William's absolutism and believes in a greater share in the government for the people, are preparing to get representation in the Prussian diet. They already poll more votes and have a larger number of representatives in the reichstag than any other party in Germany.

A member of the British Parliament can not resign. When he wishes to resign he accepts the stewardship of the Chiltern hundreds, a nominal office in the gift of the crown, and paying a salary of twenty shillings a year. No member of Parliament can remain in his seat after accepting a Government appointment other than a Cabinet position, and this fiction of the stewardship has thus been perpetuated for at least 600 years.

The increase of the British army is evidently very seriously considered by the present administration, and the Solicitor General of England, speaking at a public meeting in Scotland, said that as a large increase in both the army and navy might become necessary, conscription may be introduced. The statement has called forth comment in all the London papers, for there has been no conscription in Great Britain since the battle of Waterloo.

The destruction of an Abyssinian Army in Somaliland is a striking bit of Fate's stern irony. The Italians invaded Abyssinia and were overwhelmed by those who were far beneath them in the scale of civilization. Then the Abyssinians in turn invaded Somaliland, and were likewise vanquished by those who were as far below them as they were below the Italians. Complete fitness now requires the Somalis to get beaten by some still lower tribe, if such can be found. They might, for example, suggests the New York Tribune, invade Amhara and fall prey to the baboons.

It is an unusual compliment that the German Government has paid to David C. Sanford, engineer of the Connecticut Shellfish Commission. At the urgent solicitation of the Germans he goes over there to present to German scientists in a series of lectures the results of his study of the oyster and its enemies. Mr. Sanford will take with him his collection of oysters and their destroyers, said to be the most complete in the world, and tell of the methods followed in cultivating the oyster and destroying its enemies by the planters of Long Island Sound. Germany is trying to restore to its waters the oyster beds that were once a source of considerable income to German fishermen, but that neglect has practically ruined. Mr. Sanford will investigate the trouble and try to find a remedy to suggest to the German Fish Commissioners.

## FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

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

Farmer Lloyd's Quick Shot Prevented His Little Son Being Carried Off by a Big Eagle—Botanist Saved From a Monster Rattlesnake by a Companion.

It was just inside the New York of the future—a mile within the boundaries of the great city. The dusk was closing in upon a perfect day.

From somewhere out of the boundless expanse of blue that marked a cloudless sky, says the New York World, a tiny speck appeared, grew larger, blacker and became the likeness of a gigantic bird. In wheeling circles it flew ever nearer to the earth, uttering fierce screams of hunger every now and then, and ever coming nearer to the earth. It was an eagle, as wild and savage as any that have brought terror to the Andes. Yet it was hunting within the circle of Greater New York.

Round and round it swung on pinions that seemed motionless, in a spiral which meant death to some poor creature. As it reached the lower stratum of air above the present village of Cedarhurst, in what will soon be the Borough of Queens, there came a sudden and mighty clamor of crows. They rose from wood and harvested field, an army of frightened and vociferous cawers, for they knew that a terrible enemy was near. Their alarm probably saved a human life.

Right over the farm of prosperous Thomas M. Lloyd the eagle hovered, looking for prey. Soon its sharp eyes found it, for there back of the barn was playing little James Thomas Lloyd. He was a boy of three, fat and chubby, a most delicious morsel for bird or cannibal. Above him the fierce bird hovered, preparing to descend, its talons drawn up to strike. Yet the fierce bird hesitated, for there were men in sight.

His hesitation was fatal. While it was hovering undecided the cawing of the crows attracted the attention of the farm hand Max. He thought some hen hawk must be menacing the poultry yard and ran out to see what was the matter. He almost fainted when he beheld the ponderous bird circling above the child of the house, the only son.

"The gun—the gun!" he screamed to Farmer Lloyd, who was luckily not far away. And then he ran toward the child, swinging his arms and shouting.

A moment later Mr. Lloyd appeared at the door of the barn, a shotgun in his hand. In an instant he had taken in the scene. His nerve did not desert him. He saw the eagle swooping toward his boy. He saw the latter on his knees, looking upward without fear, wondering at the big bird over him. And then he let fly the contents of the gun straight at the savage bird. The charge entered its wing and the eagle flopped, floundered and then pitched headlong to the ground. The foxy bird closed its eyes, laid its head upon the ground and feigned that it was dead.

"Go get a bag," said Mr. Lloyd to Max.

The huge bird never opened its eyes nor made offer to move while the child was gone. But when he came back with a potato sack, and the two men started to throw it over the head of the bird, it suddenly came to life again and fought with a fury of beak and talons that left red streaks across the hands of its human enemies. It was caught at last and placed untrammelled and savage in a large hen coop.

Farmer Lloyd was completely unnerfed by the excitement was over. He took his little boy in his arms and wept over him like a child.

"What was it, papa, a snake?" asked the little fellow, looking up in wonder at his father's tears. He had often heard the latter talk about going out to shoot snakes, and he thought that this must be one.

An attempt was made to measure the pinions of the bird, but it fought so fiercely that its captors were glad to let it go. It was estimated that they would measure full twelve feet from tip to tip, and perhaps even more. It was a monstrous bird.

The eagle made short work of a woman visitor's pet dog that tried to make friends. The bird reached out a hungry bunch of talons between two slats of the pen and the dog was translated to the happy hunting ground.

### Chained by a Rattlesnake.

Professor Charles Rice, the botanist, had a thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake one day last week, and it was only his coolness and presence of mind that saved him from death. Professor Rice and Doctor Tynan, the biologist, were up in the higher altitudes of the Sierras in search of rare specimens, and were camped at a place called Moore Creek. They had a small tent with them, which they had pitched near a stream of water that was fed by a spring higher up on the side of the mountain.

Friday evening of last week the professor and his companion, who were completely worn out with their day's tramp in search of rare flowers and bugs, retired to their tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and were soon in dreamland. Just as daylight was breaking the professor was awakened from his slumbers by feeling a soft and clammy substance crawling over his face and down onto his chest, and on raising his head a little to his horror he discovered it was a monster rattlesnake. The reptile had coiled itself, with its head raised about a foot, and ready at the least movement made to strike.

Cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore of the Professor's body, while his muscles became as rigid as bars of iron, and his eyes became fixed with a stony glare as he

gazed at the head of the monster, which was about six or seven inches from his face and swinging from one side to the other with the regularity of a clock pendulum. The suspense was becoming unbearable, but still he knew that the least move that he made meant death in the most horrible form. How long he remained in this terrible position he does not know, but it seemed ages, when suddenly he felt his muscles relax, his vision grow dim, everything around him became dark, and in a few seconds he was oblivious to everything around him. The doctor was quietly sleeping a few feet away, unconscious of the terrible danger of his companion. When he awoke the sun was brightly streaming into the tent, and as he rolled over in his blankets toward his companion his blood seemed to chill in his veins at the sight presented to his view. His companion was stretched at full length upon the ground, with his eyes closed and his face as white as a piece of marble, while coiled upon his breast was a huge rattlesnake, apparently asleep.

He quietly seized a shotgun that was standing near by, and cocking both barrels, raised it to his shoulder and was about to fire, when he realized that if he did he would probably injure his companion. Just at this moment his companion moved a little, and the snake gave a rattle and again raised his head. The doctor, seeing his chance, fired, and at the report of the gun his companion gave a yell and jumped to his feet, throwing the reptile some three or four feet away from him in its death struggle. The doctor's aim was true, for the reptile's head was blown completely off.

On being measured it was found to be four feet nine and a half inches in length and had seventeen rattles and a button. The professor's nerves were so shattered by his terrible experience that he was hardly able to walk, and the following day, in company with his companion, he returned to this place, where he is at present recuperating under the doctor's care.—Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle.

### A Hero of Chitral.

Charles Lowe contributes to the Century an article entitled, "The Story of Chitral." Mr. Lowe says:

It was 7.15 when the fort was regained by Townsend's party, and at eight o'clock Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch also returned, staggering along under the burden of poor Captain Baird, who had been mortally wounded early in the action; hence the failure of his flanking force of fifty men to co-operate at the expected moment with that of Townsend in a bayonet rush upon the loopholed village. But for the most unfortunate wounding of the gallant Baird, the Chitral drama might have taken a very different course.

Whitchurch had brought in Baird by a circuitous route of nearly three miles, in the face of great difficulties and dangers. With a little guard of a dozen devoted Ghoorkas, several of whom were killed and wounded, they had to fight their desperate way back to the shelter of the fort. Repeatedly had they to set down their wounded charge and rush with the bayonet on sundays, or stone breastworks, thrown up right across their path. Whitchurch himself frequently using his revolver with effect. Baird was again twice hit by the bullets. That the little party reached the fort at all was regarded as a miracle.

But a still greater miracle, almost, was the coming in, or rather creeping himself, of Jemidar (Lieutenant) Rab Navaz Khan, of the Fifteenth Bengal Lancers.—Robertson's political news-writer, who, in crossing the polo-ground, had been set upon by the enemy's swordsmen, and received no fewer than eighteen tulwar slashes, but who lived to tell the tale and positively thrive upon his wounds. Out of the one hundred and fifty of Townsend's two hundred men who had actually been engaged, twenty-three were killed and thirty-three wounded. What the corresponding loss of foe was could not be ascertained; but the British expenditure of ammunition on this disastrous day had been 15,935 Snider rounds, or about 106 cartridges per man engaged, though much of this was lost through the men lying down with open pouches.

### A Cougar Shot in His Doorway.

"If I had left my house five minutes later one morning not long since I should have stepped upon a seven-foot cougar in the vestibule," said T. F. Drew, a mining man from the West. "It was not a camp in the wilderness, but my house on Pike street in Seattle, Washington. It was a misty morning when I walked out at the door to go to my place of business. Five minutes later I heard several shots fired back of me in the direction of my house. It was not until my return at noon that I learned that the shots which I had heard had killed a cougar in my doorway.

"The beast had got lost in the fog and wandered into the town. He was first seen just after I had left the house by the motorman of an electric car, crouching by the wayside in readiness to spring at the car. The motorman sounded the gong and cracked on speed, and at that the cougar turned, ran into the vestibule of my house and crouched at the door sill. The motorman hailed my neighbor, Mr. Chapin, now President of a leading bank, and told him about the cougar. Chapin stepped back into the house, got a Winchester rifle and shot the creature where he lay. It was rather an odd combination, a booming city, the electric cars and a cougar crouched in your doorway, but things quite as strange happen now and then in this town that spring up overnight."

Death has all seasons for his own, but the football season is undeniably one of his favorites.



### Batter Washing.

Years ago it was generally supposed that in order to make really fine butter one must not allow a drop of water to touch it. Of late years, since we began to hear so much about granulated butter, we have been instructed to wash it in successive waters until this was drawn off clear, or clear from milkiness. It is my opinion that neither one of those policies is the right one to follow.

I have tested this matter of washing butter for a number of years, and have come to the conclusion that either extreme is to be avoided. To wash it, even in granular form, until the water runs off clear will give us a butter that will not decay or turn strong so soon as that not washed so thoroughly, but it washes out much of the flavor. On the other hand, while the flavor is enhanced by the washing, the buttermilk left in after working will tend to putrefy, for, as we all know, there is nothing which more quickly spoils and becomes ill-smelling than buttermilk.

To work out all the buttermilk breaks the grain and makes the butter salty. Of course we do not want to do this, so we will wash it in granular form through two or three waters (depending upon quantity of water used and also upon temperature of the butter), work in the salt until thoroughly incorporated, and call it finished.—Mrs. E. R. Wood, in Jersey Bulletin.

### The Hoof of the Horse.

Dr. D. S. White, of the Ohio State University, writes: The hoof is separated into three distinct parts. First the wall, which is that portion forming the front and sides of the shell. Second, the continuation of the former reflected inwardly at the heel and extending forward in converging lines as two strengthening bars of bone and known as the "bars." Third, the sole, which is the floor of the hoof, occupying the space between the wall and the bars.

The hoof-horn is secreted by the continuation of the skin of the body which extends beneath the hoof and covers the tendons, bones and ligaments, like the sock on the human foot. Horn is simply modified hair. Though to the casual observer the hoof may appear a simple piece of anatomy, we find it to be one of the most complex and beautifully arranged apparatuses of the whole body.

About ninety per cent. of the cases of lameness in the horse find their seat in the hoof, and as nearly one-half our horses become lame after five years of age, it is seen that the care of the hoof is second in importance only to proper feeding and stabling.

The care of the hoof should begin with the foal. In case of irregular wearing away of the hoof, they should be rasped into proper shape. With colts kept in the stable the wall-horn becomes too long (high) and the layers separate, resulting in the "hollow-wall." The wall near the heel becomes bent under the sole, producing "hoof-bound." The timely and intelligent use of the hoof-knife is the remedy. The outer edges of the hoof should be rounded off carefully to prevent splitting of the horn. In paring the hoof we must have regard for the natural form and position of the foot. In very young animals irregularly shaped legs can be improved by judicious paring. Shoeing colts to young interferes greatly with the growth of the hoof.

The shod hoof of the adult horse needs even more care than that of the barefooted colt. Shoeing at best is an evil, but it must be resorted to. The shoe should be removed every four or six weeks and the hoof shortened. The popular demand for "plenty of foot (hoof) under the horse" is a grave error. There may be arguments in favor of allowing the hoof to grow to abnormal length to gain in length of stride, but such a procedure must, in time, lead to disease of the hoof, i. e., the tendons and joints.

Moisture is very essential for the proper development of the hoof. Smearing the hoof with fat is beneficial. It requires no specific formula or patent ointment. Pure lard suffices. Glycerine should never be applied, as it dries it. Salves should never be put on a dirty hoof. Wash first. No ointment can directly stimulate the growth of the hoof, though some may contend to the contrary. In very wet weather add a little turpentine or wax to the lard. This prevents the hoof from becoming too soft. Use very little oil and apply with a cloth to the upper part of the hoof, to the sole and frog.

### Farm and Garden Notes.

You can not afford to let those inferior apples go to market with the good ones.

Saving the old mulching and using it a second time? Don't! It's loaded with insects and fungi. Burn it.

Orchardists who are using bolts to keep apple trees from splitting claim the boring and bolting does not injure the trees.

Crested ducks are a most attractive poultry novelty. The birds are not quite as large as Pekins, but are pure creamy white, and the drake is especially gamy and stylish.

Professor Bailey says that an annual application of potash should be made

on orchards. If muriate of potash be used, it should be applied at the rate of 500 to 700 pounds per acre.

There is a rapidly increasing number of fanciers with fowls on exhibition. The quality of fowls has been increasing equally fast, however, so that the honor of winning at the show is worth going after.

Peach trees should have the ends of long shoots shortened in, that bushy specimens may result. A bushy tree yields more fruit than an unpruned one, and nicely shaped trees are pleasing objects to look upon.

Experiments in grafting the apple at the Kansas Station developed the conclusion that whole root-grafted apple trees are of no greater value to the buyer than trees grafted on piece-roots of five, four or 2½ inches in length.

Not only does exercise promote egg production, which consequently gives the poultryman the expected profit, but the health of the entire flock will amply repay the little trouble and expense of providing them with a place where they can work for their living. It is not so much the kind and amount of food as it is the way it is fed that brings the profits.

It sometimes comes handy to utilize a row of shade trees for fence posts (and they make good ones, more rows of trees should be planted with this end in view). The wires should not be stapled directly to the trees, but laths an inch thick and two or more inches wide should be first nailed or bolted to the trees and the wires stapled to the laths.

It is very often that the nest in which the chickens are hatched is so foul with parasites that the chick has a hard time getting a start. This is one advantage of artificially hatched chickens, for they come into the world with rarely a bug or insect upon them. This alone helps to reduce the loss by death, and aids in building up a strong and healthy flock.

It seldom pays to retain strawberry plants more than two years. S. Powers, strawberry specialist to the Florida Experiment Station, says that a careful, energetic grower, can turn his beds under every spring and replant them outright in the fall more cheaply than he can fight crab-grass all summer, laboriously scrape and pick it out of the beds in the fall and refill the many missing places. To adopt this bold course he should make sure of a generous provision of vigorous young plants early in the fall or late summer, then he may do it fearlessly.

### Alaskan Vegetation and Climate.

"I was surprised to find that a large number of things are grown in the section of Alaska which I visited, and I am certain a number of other things could be grown if interest would be taken in this respect. People do not seem to wish to bother with agricultural pursuits. They are willing to pay \$25 a ton for hay, when they might raise it there themselves. It has to be obtained from San Francisco or Puget Sound.

"I found a large number of native berries growing in the part of the country I visited. These comprised blueberries, cranberries and strawberries. The latter have the finest flavor for the wild variety I ever tasted.

"I found that southeast Alaska is very thickly timbered. In the interior and southwestern section grass grows luxuriantly. Most of the timber is spruce.

"There is a generally mistaken idea in regard to the climate of the southern coast of Alaska. The popular idea is that it is very frigid. The coldest it gets in the coast region is only ten or twelve degrees below zero. The coldest I ever heard a report of there was thirteen degrees below zero. The annual temperature is not much colder than it is here. Of course, this is only the coast region, where the Japanese current washes and warms things by its tropical heat. It seldom gets down to zero in that region.

"Fish and game are pretty plentiful. There are two syndicates engaged in the salmon canning industry, and they have their seines all through the waters."—Washington Star.

### Steering by the Nose.

French newspapers are suggesting a new system for the prevention of marine accidents, which proposes to place strongly smelling chemicals in floating receptacles to be attached to the existing light buoys and bell buoys. Cliffs and dangers shoals are very often hidden by thick fogs, which does not allow light to penetrate nor sound to be heard until too late, while the strong smell of some chemical substances would be carried far away and would indicate to the seafarer with a keen olfactory sense at great distance that he is nearing a dangerous coast.

There are a number of strong-smelling salts that might be used, but it is feared that the distribution of the odor would depend too much upon the wind. While sound travels, at least to some extent, in an opposite direction to that of the currents of the air, the odor of aromatic chemicals would never be wafted any other way but that the wind was blowing.—Philadelphia Record.

## WISE WORDS.

If a man has kin it is equivalent to having troubles.

A dollar in a man's pocket is worth ten that he owes.

"No man ever distinguished himself who could not bear to be laughed at."

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

The trouble about sowing wild oats is that the same hand that sows must do the reaping.

A man's cynicism is bounded on the north by his vanity and on the south by his digestion.

There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weakness.

The diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of high moment both to character and opinion.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?

It takes a life-time experience to teach us that we are our own best friend; that we are our own worst enemy we never learn.

A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

Pleasant retrospections, easy thoughts and comfortable presages, are admirable opiates. They help to assuage the anguish and disarm the distemper and almost make a man despise his misery.

When a healthy body helps to make a healthy soul, the reverse is yet more true. Mind lifts up, purifies, sustains the body. Mental and moral activity keeps the body healthy, strong and young, preserves from decay and renews life.

One mounts to eternal life now—not in some vague to-morrow, but today. Eternal life is a condition, not a period. Live in immortal energies, in noble purpose, in true lift of soul, and one lives at once, and here, the immortal life. His soul has already put on immortality.

Development is nowhere so conspicuous as in the history of human inventions; the gun, the watch, the steam engine, have all passed through many stages of development, every step in which is historically known. So it is with human, social and political institutions, when they are all advanced.

### What is a Creole?

What is a creole? A creole, properly and in strict sense, is the child of any foreign parents who is born on American soil. The accepted use of the term, however, is one who is born of French parents in the Franco-Latin States of the South, especially Louisiana, Alabama and Florida. In these States the creole is the high-caste native, but the term has been misused to designate the mixed mulatto races, descended from French or Spanish fathers and Indian or other native mothers; but this use is incorrect in toto. The word comes from the Spanish "criollo," or the word "criada," signifying "born here." In the Gulf coast region the generic term "Daygo" (a corruption of the Spanish name, "Diego") is used to cover all the mixed races except the creole proper. He is the very Hidalgo of the coast country; the F. F. V. of the South, as it were. He is ever proud of his blue-blooded descent, and not infrequently comes from an old and titled family. He is proud, gracious, fond of cigarettes and sometimes abstinence, and has an inborn boycott on labor. The creole women have a languid and stately beauty and grace of their own, rarely equaled by those of colder blood and skies. It is a fad with the old creole families of New Orleans not to mix socially with the American society. A type of the class is Madame Latour, in De Leon's novel, "Creole and Puritan," a grand dame of eighty, who knows no word of English and has never crossed Canal street.—Atlanta Journal.

### The Decrease of Immigration.

The report of the Treasury Department for the last fiscal year shows that the tide of immigration is at the lowest point since 1882. While the diminution of the number of the most undesirable classes of immigrants is gratifying, it is not reassuring to know that the most acceptable classes, those from Germany, England, Ireland, Sweden and Norway are becoming fewer each year, and that their places are being taken by Russians, Poles, Italians and Hungarians. The changed conditions mean that the superior nationalities are giving way before the hordes of the inferior ones; that literacy is yielding to illiteracy in immigration; that instead of the better classes of Europe coming to us to become citizens, the bad and indifferent classes, who do not propose or desire to become citizens, are pouring into our ports. No immigrant is a desirable one who is not healthy in mind and body, and who does not intend to become an American citizen in fact as well as in pretense.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Passing of a Historic Spot.

Washington Point, one of the old landmarks of the Palisades of the Hudson, which tradition says was where General Washington watched the deportation of the American Army after it had crossed the Hudson in its retreat from Fort Mifflin, is rapidly disappearing, being blown down by a firm of street contractors for use as macadam for roadways. The point was purchased by these road contractors some time ago, and the blasts remove from 100,000 to 600,000 tons of it at a time. A blast is being prepared now which will dislodge 600,000 tons of rock.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Just Like Her—Profitable Patient—Literary Note—Selfish—Another Use of It—Consolation—Chainless Joke—Out of His Class—A Last Resource, Etc.

"I never shall love again," he cried; "Ah, yes you will," said she; "A year from now you will wonder how you could ever have worshipped me."

He went his way—when a year had passed He had learned to love again, And it made the girl who had sent him hence "As mad as a settin' hen."—Chicago News.

Profitable Patient. She—"I'm sorry to hear you've lost your patient, Dr. Jones." He—"But he was ill a long, long time."—Punch.

Literary Note. "What wonderful guides and counselors books are." "Yes; especially bank books."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Use of It. "Oh, dear! I wish I had money enough to be charitable." "And if you had?" "I'd take a trip to Europe on it."—Life.

Chainless Joke. He—"You won't know me when I get my new chainless wheel." She—"Why?" He—"Because I'll be riding around incog."—New York Sun.

Out of His Class. Schoolma'am (encouragingly)—"Come, now, Harold; spell chickens." Harold—"Please, ma'am, I'm not old enough to spell chickens; but you can try me on eggs."—Judge.

Selfish. She—"You pay fifty dollars a month for cigars, and yet you grumble when I want ten or fifteen dollars for a new hat." He—"Well, I don't smoke hats."

A Last Resource. Rev. Mr. Dullboy (who is calling)—"Can I help you with that wakeful baby?" Mrs. Wearywife—"Yes, you can, Preach a sermon, please."—The Yellow Book.

Emptied. Mrs. Neward (proudly)—"I knew nothing of house-keeping when we were married, but it didn't take me long to get my hand in, did it, John?" Neward—"Not according to my empty pockets."—Life.

Consolation. "There is one idea that every spinster secretly cherishes." "What is it?" "That lots of men wish they had married her instead of the girls they did marry."—Chicago Record.

To Part Forever. He (trembling)—"I have one last wish to ask you before we go part for ship." "What is it, George?" He—"Wi-when you meet me on Th-Thursday, as usual?" She—"I will, George."—Judy.

Repartee. "Where can a man get a shave around here?" asked the stranger. "I get shaved on my face," answered the policeman. "Indeed?" replied the other. "That barber is taking chances when he trusts you."—New York Journal.

Early American History. "A door," said Aaron Burr, "is not a door when it is ajar." "There are many points to that joke," was the comment of Alexander Hamilton, as he sipped his port, "because it is a chestnut, Burr." The duel followed.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Explanation. "Miss Passeigh says she thinks flowers are the most suitable birthday remembrance that a friend can give," remarked Willie Wishington. "Yes," commented Miss Cayenne. "She wants something that won't last from year to year."—Washington Star.

The End of Her Earth. "Before we were married," she protested, "you declared you would go to the end of the earth to make me happy!" "Yes," he replied, coldly. She shuddered. Had he already run through her real estate?—Detroit Journal.

What They Do. "What does your Auxiliary Society at the church do?" asked Mr. Hawkins of Mrs. Hawkins, when that good lady returned from the meeting. "We take the garments made by the young girls in the St. Jonah's Guild and make 'em fit to wear," replied Mrs. Hawkins.—Harper's Bazar.

Her Uncertainty. Ethel—"Oh, dear! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love, and that would love me." Edith—"Well?" Ethel—"Well, I don't know whether he means himself or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!"—Tit-Bits.

The Qualification. Her Father—"You have the nerve to ask me for my daughter, sir; the joy of my old age, the priceless jewel in my diadem?" Her Adorer—"That's what—and I want the jewel and the diadem thrown in."

Her father—"In that case you can have her. I'm looking for a man with nerve for her."—The Yellow Book.