

Experiments on sugar beets by the Missouri Experiment Station demonstrate that it would not be profitable for the Missouri farmer to raise beets for sugar purposes. Experiments have been going on since 1890.

More pig iron was produced in the United States last year than in any previous year. It is estimated that the total output reaches nearly 10,000,000 tons. The total production of pig iron in this country in 1896 was 8,623,127 tons. Twenty States produced pig iron in 1896, Pennsylvania's proportion of the output being forty-six per cent.

In forty-nine no women went to California. The difference between that period and this is strikingly shown, notes Judge, in the fact that thousands of women are going to the Klondike. They have the requisite courage for any kind of business that men can do, and it will turn out probably that they have the endurance, too. Great are the changes as to women within these memorable fifty years.

Says the Chicago Times-Herald: "Mrs. Josephine Henry, of Versailles, Ky., solemnly predicts that the United States will yet have a woman president. Mrs. Henry is a forceful, brilliant woman, and she is said to be one of the best public speakers in the country. With the exception of Belva Lockwood she is the only woman who has been prominently discussed for the presidency of the country, her own sex being her most enthusiastic supporter, believing her to be the best and most fitting candidate for the greatest office in the gift of the people. For five years Mrs. Henry has been contending for the rights of married women in Kentucky, and her efforts have at last been crowned with success, the legislature having passed suitable laws for the just and equitable division of property between husband and wife. In 1890 Mrs. Henry was the prohibition party's candidate for the Supreme Court of Kentucky, and it is a significant fact that, although a woman and a prohibitionist, she polled 5000 votes."

In the Forum Mr. E. I. Thomson, the electrician, gives a summary statement of the electrical advance of the past ten years. He makes it very clear that the progress of civilization (which means man's command over the forces of nature for his own advancement and utility) has received a greater push since the year 1880 than in any similar period since the world began. The most important of these advances are the practical development of the telephone (first exhibited in 1876), the "step-up transformer" by which electrical power can be transmitted over long distances at small expense; the incandescent electric light; the electric railway in its various forms, and the Roentgen rays by which opaque substances can be made more or less translucent. The use of the step-up transformer has found its largest development in the service of the Niagara Falls Power Company, which is now carrying the energy of the falls to the city of Buffalo by dynamos of 5,000 horsepower each. It is a remarkable fact that the discoveries in electrical science which have made this transmission possible in an economical sense, have been made since the Niagara Company's money was invested in the great plant now at work.

It has been freely stated that the monumental railway enterprise of the nineteenth century will be the trans-Siberian railroad. Considering that when this tremendous length of line is completed the Pacific littoral will be brought into direct railway communication with the North Sea, one cannot but pause for a moment to admire the enterprise of a nation which in some quarters has been looked upon for many years as one more or less barbaric. There is no question that Russia is marching onward with firm and vigorous steps, and in engineering bids fair to compete with any of the older, and presumably, more intelligent countries. Its latest engineering scheme is one which is likely to put into insignificance any other undertakings of a like character. It is nothing less than to build a gigantic waterway from the Black Sea to the Baltic; in other words, a canal deep enough and wide enough to carry cargo steamers from the North of Russia to the South, or vice versa. At the present time the country of Russian Poland in the watershed of the Dnieper is being actively surveyed toward this end, and early next year it is expected that the work of constructing this gigantic canal will begin. The estimated cost is \$100,000,000, which includes a system of electric lights along the canal's whole length of one thousand miles.

## RATS USED AS SENTINELS.

THE TRICK WORKED BY CRIMINALS IN AN OHIO PRISON.

Two Convicted Men Who Trained Rodents to Give Them Warning of the Approach of Keepers While They Sawned the Iron Bars of Their Cell.

A story told by W. R. Ryan, an old Ohio Sheriff, illustrates the ingenuity of criminals. Ryan, says the New York Sun, was Sheriff of Cuyahoga County for several years, and refused a third or fourth nomination for the office for the reason that the County jail in Cleveland was so old and dilapidated that the watching of the seventy or eighty prisoners was more of a job than he cared to keep. While he was still in charge a notorious criminal named Foster and an accomplice were convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary. At that time the jail was crowded and Sheriff Ryan was compelled to place both convicted men in the same cell.

The Sheriff lived in the County building, and on the night following the conviction of Foster he went to bed soon after supper, intending to get up early the next morning and take the two prisoners to the penitentiary. About midnight he awoke with a start. He was trembling violently and was convinced that trouble was brewing in the jail.

"There's something wrong in the jail," he said to his wife, "and I'll bet Foster is about ready to break out. I'm going down stairs to look around." Dressing himself he put a revolver into his pocket and noiselessly went down to the chief jailer's room on the first floor. Abe Abrams, his deputy, was guarding the jail door.

"What's the matter?" asked Abrams. "What's wrong in the jail?" returned the Sheriff.

"Nothing," replied Abrams. "Haven't you heard the noise of saws?" asked Ryan.

"Nope, and they ain't been working, or I'd heard 'em, as I've been laying might quiet."

Ryan was suspicious and listened attentively at the jail door. There was no noise, except an occasional snore of one of the prisoners.

"Abe," said Ryan, "I'm certain Foster and his pal are up to mischief. I've been feeling it in my bones all night, and I'm going to sneak in two tiers under their cell and listen."

He opened the jail door noiselessly, and crept through the jail until he was under Foster's cell. He had not made the slightest noise. Of that he was certain. He breathed regularly and with as little noise as possible, and he could not detect a sound which indicated that an effect was being made to saw the cell bars. Nevertheless, he could not get rid of his suspicion, and remained there perfectly quiet until 5 o'clock. Then he went to breakfast, called a deputy, and placing the handcuffs and leg irons on Foster and his confederate, prepared to take them to Columbus on an early train.

"As soon as we leave," said the Sheriff to Abrams, "you search the cell and the telegraph me the result at Columbus."

When Columbus was reached, about noon, this message was handed to Ryan:

"Found two dozen fine saw files in cell. ABRAMS."

Ryan handed the telegram to the prisoners, and when they read it they laughed.

"You see, boys, that you may be pretty foxy, but you couldn't beat the old man," said the Sheriff.

"That's right," said Foster. "But what made you come into the jail last night and stay so long? Who put you on?"

"Nobody," answered Ryan. "I just guessed it. But how did you know I was there? Did you hear me?"

"Not a sound. You make a quiet sneak for such a big man," said Foster's pal.

"Then how did you know I was there?" persisted the Sheriff.

"Now, see here, Mr. Ryan," replied Foster, "we're in for long term, and if you will put a good word in for us we'll tell you our secret."

"Agreed," said Ryan.

"Well, where we got the saws is neither here nor there, and none of your business," said Foster, "but we knew you were watching us, and knew that if we wanted to give you the slip we would have to exercise more than ordinary or human vigilance. Now, the jail is full of rats, and jail rats, having been killed so often by way of amusement for the prisoners, are tame. Rats like meat. We saved some of our meat at supper every night and scattered it in front of the cell. The rats soon realized that we meant them no harm, and after a number of experiments they would allow one of us to feed them while the other watched. Rats have a keener sense of hearing than men, and if an outsider should appear they would run. Well, when you sneaked into the jail last night we didn't hear you, but the rats did. They scampered and we quit. When you left the rats returned, but it was too late then, and the game was up."

The records of County Commissioners show that on the following day a requisition was received from the Sheriff's office calling for two dozen rat traps and a case of rat poison. Pigeon-holed in the prosecuting attorney's office is an indictment, entitled "State of Ohio vs. Rodent, for aiding and abetting the attempted escape of certain prisoners of the State from the county jail of Cuyahoga County, State of Ohio." This charge never came to trial, and the defendants suffered capital punishment whenever captured without even having a hearing.

## WONDERFUL FOOTGEAR.

In the Clary Museum, Paris, is a collection of shoes which would make any woman covet them. Three hundred pairs represent footwear from the fifteenth century down. Several pairs of Turkish shoes are seen with gold thread and incrustated with gems. An Indian war shoe has an upturned sole and a protection of chain mail across the instep and around the heel and toe. Curious articles are the other Indian shoes, ornamented with beetle's wing trimming and embroidered in pure silver thread.

A pair of shoes made of yellow silk once belonged to the famous Marquise de Pompadour, and are the identical pair she is depicted as wearing in the pastel portrait of her which hangs in the gallery of the Louvre. They are neither particularly small nor very shapely, but are exceedingly well preserved.

One of the most beautiful sixteenth century shoes is a Venetian pattern, the white leather work of which is so finely wrought that it resembles beautiful guipure lace. African shoes are mostly of leather, bizarre in design and in the coloring of the silks and wools used for their embellishment.

Among the shoes ecclesiastical are those of Clement XVI, gorgeous in crimson velvet and with a foliated cross on each toe worked in gold thread. Their owner's chief claim to historical notice was his abolishing the Order of Jesuits.

A singularly unshapely pair of shoes are those once belonging to wasp-waisted Catherine de Medici; square-toed, embroidered, and long in shape with a large flap coming over the instep.

A long French shoe, whose absolute square toes would delight the heart of a hygienic bootmaker, is that which belonged to a famous governor of the province of Languedoc, Henry de Montmorency by name. The chief ornamentation is formed by a large fleur-de-lis stamped on the instep, which emblem is repeated on the sole.

Clever Attempt to Escape.

A scheme which was clever enough to deserve success was discovered by the warden of the Missouri penitentiary at Jefferson City a day or two ago. Among a big batch of prisoners who were brought to the prison to begin their sentences were Jim Johnson and Roy Griffith, whose sentences were three and two years respectively. Jefferson is an unincorporated town of fifteen years and in Utah is served by the State for ten years, having escaped from the prisons of both States. His identity had been discovered after his trial in Missouri had begun, but of course that State had first claim on him, but at the expiration of his three years' sentence he would be turned over to one of the other States for his punishment there. In order to escape with only his Missouri term he arranged a scheme with Griffith, the two-year man, by which the pair were to trade names when they were registered at the penitentiary. In this way Johnson would be released at the end of two years and get away before the California or Utah officers could get him. Then when he was safely out of the way Griffith, still in prison, would tell the truth of the matter, and as he would have served his full sentence, the officers would be compelled to release him. The scheme worked all right as far as the registration at the prison went, but a day or two afterward the warden, in looking over the pictures of his new prisoners in the rogues' gallery, discovered the mix-up in the names and questioned the prisoners, who finally told the whole story.—Detroit Free Press.

Jefferson's Violin.

Genuine Nicholas Amati violins are as rare as they are costly, but when such an instrument comes into possession of a musician of the present, after having once been the property of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, its value is enhanced threefold. Such a historic music maker is just now being manipulated by Mr. David L. Bartlett, to whom it was loaned by Albert Hildebrandt, the well-known connoisseur collector of this city.

The manner in which the rare old fiddle was secured is decidedly interesting. Not long since Mr. Hildebrandt, who is a 'cellist of ability, together with Fred H. Gottlieb, flutist; Isidor Dubowitz, violinist; and Richard Meyer, pianist, went to Charlottesville, Va., to give a concert for the benefit of a charity organization there. Just after the concert Mr. Hildebrandt was told that Richard Scott, a ninety-three-old negro, living at the foot of the Monticello Hills, had in his possession a violin which was apparently of great value. Quick to see an old-time instrument, Mr. Hildebrandt went in search of Scott, and found him at work in a field near his cabin. The old man stated that the fiddle had been handed down to him by his father, who had been a slave in the family of Thomas Jefferson. Scott readily agreed for a consideration to part with the violin, which, upon inspection, proved to be a genuine Nicholas Amati, which ranks with the Stradivarius for value and rarity.—Baltimore Herald.

Diet Rules For Dyspeptics.

1. There must never be less than five hours between each meal. 2. No solid food is ever taken between meals. 3. All with weak hearts should have their principal meal in the middle of the day. 4. All with weak hearts should have their meals as dry as possible.

A Wonderful Photograph.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000 stars.



## Jeweled Buttonholes.

A notion just shown in Paris is a jeweled buttonhole, sold in graduated sizes, for the front of bodices. Some are of paste, others in gold, steel and amethysts and steel and strass are put together. These sometimes resemble old drop earrings placed horizontally on the dress; others are of a lozenge shape, but all are novel.

The New Muff.

The new muff of velvet is very large, and made with frilled ends and lined with satin or silk in some bright color. The latest fad is to make the sides dissimilar. For example, one side has five narrow frills of velvet, lined with silk and edged with a tiny puffing of the same bright color, overlapping one another like the ruffles on a gown, while the other side has only one gathered heading. Lace is a feature of nearly all the fancy muffs, and it is arranged in a knot with a fancy buckle on one side, or in frills at the ends to fall over the hands.

Women as Coffee Planters.

There are several women coffee growers in Hawaii, but the richest of them all is Miss Wildwood, a girl of twenty-three. Two years ago she was a stenographer in a law office, with only a capital of \$1250, which had come to her as a legacy and which she was reserving for the proverbial "rainy weather," against which lonely spinners often try to fortify themselves. Hearing of the coffee plantation possibilities of Hawaii, Miss Wildwood decided to risk her little capital and to try her luck as a planter, and so well has she succeeded that in two years' time she believes that she will be making an income of \$10,000 a year.

Some Old Recipes.

A New England gentleman early in the century wrote the following quaint recipes in her notebook in a beautifully clear, even hand:

A friend to the ladies would take this opportunity to advise them to supply their toilets with the following valuable articles—viz: 1. Self-knowledge, a mirror showing the form in the most perfect light. 2. Innocence, a white paint, beautiful but easily soiled, and requiring continual care to preserve its luster. 3. Modesty, a rouge giving a delightful bloom to the cheeks. 4. Contentment, an infallible smoother of wrinkles. 5. Truth, a salve rendering the lips soft and delicious. 6. Gentleness, a cordial imparting sweetness to the voice. 7. Good humor, a universal beautifier.

A lady who possesses all these toilet articles must certainly be well equipped. They are probably as efficacious now as they were nearly 100 years ago. Doubtless they were composed and presented to the lady in question by some gallant beau—an observer of, as well as "a friend to," the ladies.

Dutch Women Progressive.

More progress has been made by women of the little country ruled over by Queen Wilhelmina in the last ten years than perhaps any other nation in Europe. In Holland women have learned the advantage of co-operation and organization, and instead of being divided against themselves, as in England, they have worked together, with a result that they are winning all along the line.

They have formed a large number of societies of a philanthropic character, thus showing the useful and practical side of the movement. There is, for example, a society for assisting working women to obtain homes of their own; a society for aiding the children of poor working people; a society for making flower and vegetable gardens among the poor; a society for the aid of sick working women; a society for the insurance of sick working women and girls; and a society for the education of servants. Practical work of this kind among women is the best earnest of the suffrage which will surely come.

Last year the Government passed a law conferring almost an equal suffrage upon women and making them eligible to nearly all municipal offices. This year, in token of this progress, Dutch women will hold a world's fair at The Hague, which is to be devoted solely to the exhibition of women's activities and industries. Side by side with this progress of women's work there has been an advance in the political field.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Little Aids For Vain Women.

The young woman of the present moment need not go home when she wants to see if a speck of city soot has landed upon her fair face—not yet does she have to rush into the nearest store to find out by the elevator mirrors that her hat is or is not on straight. Most of all, she does not have to go powderless through a windy day and a long walk or shopping tour.

The portable mirror has come to woman's aid. The blundering man who thinks that all this distracting loveliness is kept in place by the mere fact of some sort of unknown law of gravitation is mistaken, for, as usual where a woman's wiles are concerned, it is the tiny confidential mirror that does the deed.

It is worn like a concealed weapon

of beauty in every conceivable place that comports with a woman's street dress.

First of all, for I saw it on the street this week, there is the hair comb in which is set a small oval looking glass of about one inch by two inches, surrounded by wrought silver and tortoiseshell patterns that make it seem like some strange, colorless gem where it glitters in the coiffure. That is the latest and queerest, and is altogether the most Oriental of all the styles that ever struck a woman's fancy.

They can be worn as high combs for evening use or as serpentine twists in the hair, or yet as Mercury wings with the cheval glass either displayed to add to the ornamentation or hidden for use when the right moment comes behind some palm.

No one needs to sniff at these delicious tricks, for they are really a boon to every woman who has not grown so finely spirituelle that she has risen above caring whether her hat is on straight—a question that she would probably ask in the face of appalling doom.

Again do these adorable little things come in the tops of umbrellas. The top of the handle rises up at the touch of a spring, and behold! there is a fine French glass. In the space below a powder box lies coyly concealed, with a puff coyly hid in the midst.

The chateleine has a small, bevelled edge mirror, with a long handle (about three inches or four), and is most elaborately gotten up to aid and abet the destruction of hearts.

And the innocent comfit box, or bonbonniere, glories in a secret lid that when pressed back reveals the woman's most truthful friend. If one woman asks another, "Am I pale, dear?" or "Is there a spot on my eyebrow?" ten chances to one that dear will answer "No," all regardless of the facts.—New York Herald.

Fashion Notes.

Gray silk waists are trimmed with white lace and chinchilla fur. Gold-crown toques are trimmed with fur tails and tiny ostrich tips.

Handsome gold and rhinestone buttons are popular for fancy silk waists. Blouses of red silk, with revers, yoke and collar of dark blue are worn.

Light cloth jackets have an inlaid collar and cuffs of contrasting velvet. Colored velvet fleeced with gold tinsel is used for vests, collars and cuffs.

Black and white neck ruffs are edged with a cluster of vari-colored stripes.

A novelty in veiling is black spotted net lined with white net, slightly tinted with pink, which makes it very becoming.

A very stylish finish for a cloth costume is one band of fur broadtail around the bottom and a collar band covered with fur. Velvet and lace complete your decoration, but no more fur.

In silk moires will be in great demand for the coming season. Lightweight silks will be much worn, and the range of color and variety of design make it easy for one to select a charming gown.

Dress goods showing braided effects are exceedingly popular. On colored grounds the designs are black, in wavy and zigzag soutache effects. The material is an all-wool satin finish. The favorite grounds are brown, green, heliotrope, blue and red.

Beautiful toilet sets, consisting of tray, brush, comb and mirror, powder-box and hairpin receiver, are of delicate china, decorated in dainty and picturesque design. They are newer than the silver-backed sets, and are thought by many to be far prettier.

A new material, which is most serviceable for petticoats, is silk moreen. This comes in all colors, and can be had to match any gown. The petticoats are especially pretty made up with silk ruffles. As there is no question of the better wearing qualities of the moreen over taffetas, the former will be much in demand.

Styles depend quite as much upon correct accessories, if not more than it does upon material and cut. Girls as a rule are quick to recognize the fact and to seize upon every new item as it appears. This season unusual opportunity is allowed and a more varied choice than is commonly the case.

The latest shape of fur capes is extremely short, reaching scarcely to the elbow. Cloth and velvet capes are also made of this length, and are frequently fashioned of three graduated flounces. A favorite trimming is a band of cross-cut velvet or cloth, stitched down in the centre. The velvet when put on in bands is usually a deeper shade of the same color as the cape.

Sashes and scarfs are alone a study, and with them well selected and carefully arranged a plain gown becomes chic and tasteful, as by the touch of a wand. Among the many it is difficult to choose one or another as better or preferable. The only law which it is safe to lay down declares in favor of simplicity for the growing girls and gives preference to ribbon and the material over frilled silk and elaborately arranged chiffon.

## THE HORSE WANTED SHOES.

Showed That He Knew a Blacksmith's Sign When He Saw It.

If his mistress is to be believed, (and who dare say she isn't?) the old horse Jerry, some of whose exploits have been related before, can read. The other day he was put into the carryall and driven to a town some four miles away. The roads turned out to be unexpectedly slippery, and Jerry was smooth-shod. He had so dreadful a time in getting down the hills that all the people had to get out and walk, and as he was trying to pull up one hill he actually so lost his footing that the carryall began to run backward, pulling the horse down hill after it, and if the driver had not expertly cranked the wheels into a bank there must have been a bad accident. The mistress declared that if she got the horse to the town alive she would have him sharp-shod there. They did get to the town at last.

As they were driving through the streets—the way being easy enough it to the town—they came to a place where the sign of a blacksmith's shop hung at the head of a little alley. The shop itself was not in sight—only the sign to direct people down the alley. The horse had never been shod at this place nor anywhere else in the town, but as soon as he came abreast of this sign he attempted to turn down the alley, and his driver had difficulty in getting him past. After some other matters were attended to, the driver went back to the blacksmith's shop to get Jerry shod, and he headed directly for the shop in the alley without any guiding. As the man was shoeing him, he— that is, the man, not the horse—remarked: "That horse don't need a word—he knows just when to take up every foot and just when to put it down—he understands the whole business."

Now, on his way home, the old horse never slipped once, and you cannot convince his mistress that he did not know that what he needed was sharp shoeing, nor that he was not aware that that sign pointed the way to a blacksmith's shop.

"Look here," said the Listener, when he heard the story, "was there a horseshoe painted on that sign?"

"Ye-yes, there was," said she, summoning up her mental picture of it.

"Then that accounts for it. The horse did not really read the sign—he saw the picture of the horseshoe, and knew that it pointed the way to the place where he could have some of the same sort of things put on his feet."—Boston Transcript.

Why Russia Wants China.

The intimacy of China and Russia has most profound causes. The Chinese have a very distinct feeling of their interests. Between Russia and Chinese interests there is no opposition. England, the United States, Germany and France have only one object; to make of China an immense market for the product of their industry, to impress upon it, by force if need be, their merchandise. On the contrary, Russia and Japan seek to facilitate the exportation into Europe of Chinese products. Russia, with its railroad, will be the middleman between producing China and consuming Europe. The Russian provinces produce nothing which China furnishes; they have every advantage in being put in contact with the innumerable population of the celestial empire.

The immense current of exchanges which will be established between China and Russia by the new railroad will carry life and prosperity into the Siberian steppe. In exploiting China the Russians will with the same stroke throw Siberia open to improvement; they will rapidly make it one of the greatest centres of agricultural production in the world. In the economic development of China, Russia has nothing to lose and everything to gain.—The Chautauquan.

Languages Number 800.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Baldj enumerated 800, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5000 which may be regarded as dialects.

Adulgnas, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3064 languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and as this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large.

It is said that there are little islands lying close together in the South Seas the inhabitants of which do not understand each other.

Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Baldj, eighty-nine belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 123 to Asia, 417 to America, 117 to Oceania—by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindoostan and South America.—Tit-Bits.

Stole the Funeral Ribbon.

A novel industry was brought to light by the arrest of Nellie McConnell in New York City. It is customary for fashionable florists in that city to garnish their floral devices used at funerals with long streamers of broad ribbon of the richest silk or satin. It was for stealing these ribbons from the various cemeteries that Nellie was arrested, and when she was brought in to court she declared that she had no intention of stealing, but thought it was a pity that such lots of fine material should be allowed to spoil in the open air. The occupation of gathering the ribbon was a profitable one, as the proceeds of a single morning's work were about \$25.

When Life Began on Earth.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the time since the earth became sufficiently cooled to become the abode of plants and animals to be about 20,000,000 years, within limits of error ranging from 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years. From similar physical data Clarence King has made an estimate nearly agreeing with this. Warren Upham says that geologists generally regard this period as too short.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Talent—True Enough—Blow For a Blow—The Point—No Returns—What He Was About—The Usual Fate—The Infant Idea—A Villanous Schemer, Etc., Etc.

Congress gettin' ready  
Far to make a stand,  
Legislatures meetin'  
All around the land.  
Young men makin' speeches,  
Boys a-studyin' law;  
Girls learn elocution  
So's to line in the burrah.  
Who could be distrustful,  
Lusin' sleep at night,  
With all them folks in trainin'  
Far to run the country right?  
—Washington Star.

True Enough.  
Edna—"Say, Tom, what is the greatest curiosity in the world?"  
Tom—"A woman without any."

No Returns.  
"Do you think there is any money in politics, Jimson?"  
"You bet there is. That's where all mine went."—Detroit Free Press.

Blow For a Blow.  
Mr. Oldboy—"Girls are not as handsome now as they were twenty years ago."  
Miss Cate—"Well, are you?"—Chicago News.

Useless Worry.  
"I'm afraid Wizey thinks a little hard of me."  
"You're foolish. There's a man that can't think hard on any subject."—Detroit Free Press.

What He Was About.  
Lawyer—"I'm afraid you will have a hard time proving your innocence."  
Bill the Burglar—"Well, hang it! that's what I hired you for."—Philadelphia North American.

The Point.  
"Old Mr. Million (passionately)—  
Miss Gushly, if you were my wife, I would die happy."  
Miss Gushly (calmly)—"Possibly; but would you?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Infant Idea.  
Tommy—"What is the guest of honor at a dinner?"  
Willie—"Don't you know? He's the one that gets the gizzard and liver saved for him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Villanous Schemer.  
"Why have you decided to let your whiskers grow?"  
"I heard my wife's mother say the other day that she couldn't see a man with whiskers eating without losing her appetite."—Chicago Record.

The Usual Fate.  
"Hopkins has quit telling funny stories."  
"Any special reason?"  
"Yes, he says whenever he tells one he has to listen to several poorer ones from the other man."—Detroit Free Press.

Expensive.  
"Gobang has lost all his property."  
"Gacious! How did it happen?"  
"He was talking to his wife over the telephone wire between Chicago and New York. They began quarrelling, and each one insisted on having the last word."—New York Journal.

The Way It Sounded.  
"What school of music does the Professor represent?" inquired Mrs. Cumrox.  
"I don't know," her husband answered; "but from the way it sounds to me, I should say it was the kindergarten."—Washington Star.

A Home Thrust.  
"No," said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find time to marry."  
"Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am now surprised to hear you say so. It certainly would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you."—Chicago Record.

The Fangs of Death.  
First Colonel—"Have you heard the news?"  
Second Colonel—"No; what is it?"  
First Colonel—"Our old friend, Major Fuller, has quit drinking."  
Second Colonel—"Do you mean it sho'?"  
First Colonel—"Yes. Positive fact."  
Second Colonel—"Deuced sorry to hear that. When does the funeral take place?"

An Odd Prelate.  
By the death of Mgr. Dusserre, Archbishop of Algiers, the French Church loses a very remarkable personality. He had not only been a soldier before he entered the Church, but had fought in several campaigns. His manners were a singular mixture of the sacred and profane. He enjoyed the company of soldiers, and especially of young officers, whom he would frequently invite to dine with him, and afterwards, throwing off his long soutane, amuse himself and them with fencing and broad-sword exercises, in which he excelled. This estimable prelate and whole-hearted man was greatly beloved in Algeria by all classes and creeds. He succeeded to the Archbishopric of Algiers in 1892 on the death of Cardinal Lavergne. He had, however, been Bishop of Constantine since 1878, and was, therefore, as he used to say, "almost an Algerian."—London Chronicle.

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