

Cambrat, France, boasts of a servant "girl" who has been seventy-one years in one family, and, although eighty-four years old, is still working faithfully. This establishes a new record.

Although the cycle seems to be catching on in China it is only in and around the towns that riding is possible. From town to town and village, with one or two exceptions, there are nothing but mere cart tracks, unrideable in most places.

An Irishman was thrown out of a restaurant in New York City by a German waiter for creating a disturbance after being refused Spanish mackerel, and was hailed before an American magistrate, who fined him. Rather an interesting case this of international complications.

In 1879 Sir Henry Thompson said: "The vegetable-eater pure and simple can extract from his food all the principles necessary for the growth and support of his body, as well as for the production of heat and force." Now he writes in the Nineteenth Century that "few persons can sustain their health and a fair amount of strength on a strictly vegetable diet."

That the daring of the great "Pathfinder" has descended to his son, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, of the torpedo boat Porter, is shown by the lieutenant's bravery in making the first landing on Cuban soil to obtain information wanted by Rear Admiral Sampson. Every admirer of the old General who found the paths to the Pacific will be proud of the son, observes the New York Herald.

Chancellor Henry McCracken, of the University of the City of New York, advocates in New York Education sociological field work as a definite study for high schools. He considers how only a tenth of the students of high schools ever go to college, and asks why cannot one afternoon a month be given toward the study of the "well-being of our neighbors." He would have the class visit asylums, prisons and hospitals (classed under the "abnormal" of our neighbors), and a great mill or factory, a stock exchange, a church or mission foundation, and the places of amusement (classed under the "normal" conditions of our neighbors).

Wisconsin has at this late day about 9000 Indians of various tribes, all of whom, with the exception of the Winnebagoes, wear practically the ordinary clothing of the white man. The Winnebagoes alone cling to the native mode of living, occupying their wigwams in even the coldest weather. One-half of the members of the other tribes, the Milwaukee Sentinel says, speak enough English for the purpose of ordinary conversation, and more than one-half read the English language. They are fast learning to recognize the legality of matrimonial relations. Eighty-five per cent. of them are engaged in pursuits of civilized life; ten per cent. in hunting, fishing, and root gathering and the like; only five per cent. live exclusively on Government rations. Of the 1800 Oneidas, the 1300 Menominees, and the 500 Stock-bridges and Muncies all live on labor in civilized pursuits. Many of the Oneidas compare favorably in thrift, cleanliness and rational life enjoyment with the whites in their vicinity. In the opinion of the Sentinel observer they are fairly good material for citizenship.

According to the Superintendent of the Boston public schools, the service rendered by about one-fourth of the teachers is inferior, in various degrees from that described as "not quite good" down to "unsatisfactory." This fourth he further sub-divides into three classes, one being the superannuated, who have done good work, but now lack in strength and efficiency; another, those who are yet young in years and in experience, but who promise good development, and the third those who have always been inferior and of whom no improvement is expected. These latter have missed their vocation, the Superintendent says, and should seek some other occupation, but he apparently has not the power to force them out. He hopes, however, to prevent any accession to their number through a new regulation which requires a teacher to pass satisfactorily through a probationary period of two years before being placed in the permanent service. As to the worn-out teachers, the Superintendent recommends, inasmuch as there is much opposition to a pension system, that they be retired on a moderate stipend for such service as they may still be able to render, serving generally as supernumeraries.



"WHAT IS TROUBLE?"

One day, forecasting peril in the game my little man was playing so heedlessly, I cautioned him. "About the consequences, saying: 'You'll get in trouble, Paul; take care; I'm very much afraid that club'll swing back and hurt you. Turning then He asked me, 'Dada, what is trouble?'"

Somenow—perhaps you'll understand—so unexpected was the query, that I spate paternal wisdom, I had no words ready for my dearie. I halted; then his mother called. And, whirling from me like a dancer, My little questioner made off. And did not press me for an answer.

But after he had gone—oh, long After the echoes of the patter Of wet footfalls had died away I sat and thought upon the matter; I thought of Paul's three seamy years, And of the world that stood before him, Waiting with smiles and lashes to Give him its welcome and to score him.

And through my mind there ran a prayer: "Dear God, in Thy land of hereafter May he come once again to me. His heart unpurged of joy and laughter, And as with manhood's eyes he looks Upon the world that stands before him, Floats out and leaves its, may he ask The question, 'Father, what is trouble?'"

—Chicago Record.

A CONFESSION

"O!" said she, holding out the innocent-looking little book with the flowered cover. "You promised."

"I must have time to think it over," I protested.

"That would never do. The confessions have to be quite impromptu."

"But suppose I can't make up my mind?"

"It would be a reflection upon the mind," said she severely.

I turned over the leaves doubtfully, and shook my head. "The questions are terribly searching. Why, I should have to confess enough to hang me!"

"Why not—if you deserve hanging? I dare say you do, you know," I hadn't looked at it like that.

"Yes, but I'm not in a hurry."

"I am." She opened the book and laid out the blotting pad. "You see, your confession is very important. I haven't been able to get a really bad and depraved character previously," I groaned.

"To-morrow, perhaps—"

"Now," said she, firmly. "This is a J pen—you use a J, don't you?" She planted the writing material in front of me with an air of determination.

"Well—if I must—" I took up the pen and stared blankly at the ceiling.

"What am I to do?"

"First you write your name—here." She came and stood beside me, and pointed over my shoulder. So I subscribed myself hers to command. "Now, your age."

"What does that matter?"

"It shows how much wisdom may be expected."

"Five," I proposed promptly.

"No, no!" she cried, catching hold of my hand. "You mustn't be silly. Of course, I didn't mean to be, but I was bound to pretend if it made her do that."

"Thirty-one, then, if I must. It's awfully old, isn't it?"

"No—no; not for a man. Now the date. That's right."

"I hadn't better add my address—for birthday presents?"

"Oh, bills? You don't know who might see it."

"No; that's the dence of it. And the next?"

"Now, you must answer the questions. What is the thought uppermost in your mind?"

"If any?"

"A mind," said she positively, "is assumed. What is the thought uppermost in it at the present moment. That is the question."

"Your pleasant company."

"Oh, whatever will people think?" "That I've got one answer right," I leaned back triumphantly in my chair.

"But you shouldn't. They might think you really—"

"Meant it?"

"Of course not."

"But I do. Shall I add a sworn declaration?"

She laughed and shook her head. "I won't have perjury in my dear little book. Now you must be quite serious, please. This is a very important question. Is life worth living? No? You are not to write till you have told me the answer."

"At the present moment—yes."

"You must answer generally—for always."

"In the present company—yes."

"You are not to mention me. I won't have it." She nodded her head decisively.

"Then my inspiration's gone." I laid down the pen.

"Please!" I took it up again.

"If the liver works. Will that do?"

"It isn't original," she objected.

"Four people have written it already."

"I know," said I, seizing the book and writing rapidly. "It depends on the answer to another question, when I ask it."

"That's altogether too vague."

"Shall I make it more explicit?" I looked right at her, and she went prettily pink.

"There's no room for any more," said she hastily. "Now you turn

over. You have a lot more questions to answer."

Then I committed myself to the statements that my favorite author was Shakespeare (she wouldn't hear of Kipling!), my favorite composer, Wagner (which wasn't true), my favorite drink, and various other important facts.

"That's very nice," she said approvingly when I had recorded that my motto was "Pluck for luck" and my favorite recreation reading sermons.

"Now for your esthetic tastes. Your favorite colors?"

Blue in eyes and brown in hair; Whatever color my lady wear!

"Shall I add 'gray at present?' I inquired. Of course that was what she was wearing.

"I don't know what color your lady wears. I didn't know you had a lady."

"There is one I should like to have."

"But that isn't the question," she said quickly.

"But it's going to be."

"Never mind. Go on. Your favorite name?"

"Edith, of course. That is her name you know."

"You're making game."

"Indeed, I'm not."

"O, but you are! And you mustn't. Now your favorite qualities in woman. Seriously, mind! I really want to know."

"Yours," I announced decidedly. She hastily removed the ink pot.

"I won't have any more nonsense."

"You told me to put down the truth."

"I shall have to tear it all out."

"Well," I sighed, "I'll put some thing else, but it won't be so true." She released the ink. All, I wrote.

"Your favorite proverb?"

"'Faint heart never won fair lady. I'll try not to be faint-hearted.'"

"The addition was quite unnecessary," she commented severely.

"Everyone knows you are dreadfully forward!"

"The next question is a poser," I remarked. "If not yourself, who would you be?"

"Some great hero—or writer—or painter?" she suggested, looking over my shoulder. Her hair just brushed me—and that made my mind up.

"I'm not so ambitious as that."

"Well, put down whatever you wish, so long as it is something nice."

"She—it—is very nice."

"But it mustn't be anything silly."

"Um! I'm afraid, perhaps, what I want—"

"Want to be."

"To have."

"Oh, no! That's not the question at all."

"But suppose that my ambition is to possess something—or somebody—"

"That isn't the point," she interrupted. "Do answer properly."

"I know. Whomever you liked best. You will make me smudge the book," I remonstrated, as she attempted to snatch it away.

"Everybody will laugh at you."

"I don't mind." I nibbled the pen-holder thoughtfully. "Is marriage a failure? What am I to say to that?"

"Well—er—you can't know."

"I might say I'll try."

"Ye-es—but—"

"With some one's assistance?" She blushed furiously. "Do you know, Edith, it's a very difficult question to answer—alone?" She toyed with her handkerchief.

"Perhaps you'd better skip it," she advised.

"I don't want to skip it," I answered firmly, laying down the pen.

"What I want is some one to help me in answering it. Some one of whom I am very, very fond." I stood up and took hold of her hands. "Will you try, Edie—my dear?"

The answer is going to be a very big "No," for little Edie—my Edie—said "Yes."—Black and White.

Low Wagons For Manure Drawing.

It is heavy work pitching manure all day, and is especially so if it has to be done into a high wagon box. A low truck wagon with box not higher than the wheels of an ordinary wagon will do the work of drawing manure much better than will the wagons used for marketing. Such a wagon almost any farmer can have cheaply made, if he has old wheels whose hubs are good, but which cannot be made strong enough to bear up when long spokes are used. The low wagon can be used for years after it is cut down for a truck wagon. It will be all the better, however, if the outer rim is made wider and is enclosed in a broad tire, so that the wheel will not sink down when going over the land.

Care of the Farm Team.

At this time of year the farm should be in the very best condition to stand the hard work the horses will be called upon to perform. A great many farm teams, through improper treatment and feeding, are not able to meet the expectations of their owners.

Horses that have been kept in foul stables during the winter, with little or no exercise, and fed on improper food, will not be in good condition to stand the sudden strain of hard work. They should be provided with clean, well-ventilated stables, fed a good wholesome, well-balanced ration, watered often and regularly, make the acquaintance of a good currycomb and brush, allowed to exercise every day in an open lot and worked moderately at first, gradually increasing the food as the work increases.

See that the harness is in good repair and well oiled. Take the first rainy day to go over them, repairing all broken or weak parts; wash thoroughly, dry and apply a good coat of oil, rubbing it in thoroughly. Always keep the harness clean and soft, especially on the inside of the collar. The perspiration, if allowed to accumulate, will cause irritation and produce galls. The collar should fit closely, allowing just room enough at the bottom to insert the hand. If it is too tight it will obstruct breathing and choke the horse down. If it is too long or too wide, it will wring and draw the skin, producing sores or knots.

Tools should be kept sharp and well oiled, as this, besides other advantages, will lessen the draft on the horses.

And last, but not least, treat your horses with the kindness due such an obedient and faithful servant. A team that is treated well and talked to kindly will do more and better work than if treated harshly.—Lew Cole, in the Epitome.

Sugar Beets as Cattle Food.

The indirect benefit to the farmers of having a beet-sugar factory established in the neighborhood is frequently overlooked. The food value of beets is something that must be considered, and where a factory is located stock-raising can be conducted on a much larger and cheaper scale. The sugar beets are superior to mangels, turnips, rutabagas and carrots; and sheep and milch cows not only like them, but they thrive on them.

A dairy located near a beet-sugar factory should receive a new impetus that ought to increase its profits ten per cent. The beet pulp loses only sugar in the process of extraction, and is nearly as nutritious as corn ensilage. The pulp can be kept in the silo just as well as corn, and for winter feeding it is unexcelled. It is better than corn in some respects. It has a distinct influence upon the digestive organs of the animals that helps to keep them in good condition in the winter when grass and succulent food are scarce.

Farmers can thus make dairying and cattle-raising a success while they raise the beets for the factories. The two industries should go hand in hand. The establishment of more beet factories throughout the country will thus in the end help greatly to solve the problem of winter feeding.

A winter diet of 100 to 125 pounds of beet pulp and fifteen pounds of hay a day gives better results with milch cows, cattle and sheep than almost any other form of food. The animals fatten on it and gain in health and strength right through the winter. The beet pulp keeps the bowels open and prevents costiveness in both cattle and sheep.

Other roots can be grown more cheaply than sugar beets, and when there is no factory to take the sugar beets it pays to raise some of the cheaper roots. But when the sugar beets can be sold and the pulp brought back at a small sum, it is certain that there is no crop that will return more money for the trouble and outlay than sugar beets.—E. P. Smith, in Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Who Were These People?

Professor Allison, of the Berlin Geographical Society, thus describes a remarkable archeological find:

"In Dawson Island, in the Pacific, he found a table-land three miles in extent devoid of vegetation and covered by masses of wonderful ruins in all stages of decay. Remains of buildings show them to have been well-formed structures, but of the crumbling walls only a few feet remain standing. In the far distance a huge pile crowded the extreme edge of the plateau. The natives took us to the side of the mountain where the work- shops of the long dead people were located. The mountain, a hard volcanic rock, rose in a series of ledges of ten or fifteen yards each to the peak, several thousand feet high. Upon each ledge a number of gigantic stone heads, some cut off at the neck, others with the bust shown, range ten to thirty feet high, and all hewn in the solid volcanic rock. All of the faces bore a striking resemblance of expression. The most sinister head had a long protruding chin and expanded nostrils."

Eccentricity in Bicycling.

The bicycle fad is assuming more eccentric forms abroad than in this country. In Switzerland a new style has the rider sit inclined backwards, on about the same position as a person rowing on a sliding seat. An English novelty requires the owner to thrust his legs downward, so as to obtain the impetus of his weight. In Paris high wheels are in use, some six and seven feet high. Italy, always gallant, has a tricycle, where the lady occupies a front seat and steers, while the gentleman, on a seat behind her, does the propelling. Germany has a machine on which the user employs both arms and legs in locomotion. The inventor, who predicted that it would pass all other styles was grievously disappointed when it proved very slow.—New York Mail and Express.



main for several days. If the branches are still shriveled, they are worthless. They should be plump when removed.

Remove all bruised and injured roots with a sharp knife or pruning shears. Also cut off all fibrous rootlets, as new growth starts from the large roots. Cut back the top quite severely, the peach to a whip and the pear and apple to three or four short branches equally distributed around the trunk and not more than three feet from the ground. The branches should not exceed the roots in length and quantity. Dig a hole large enough to admit the roots in a natural position. In the center of the hole place a small amount of earth. On this set the tree and gently press it into the earth. This insures sufficient soil among the roots to prevent any open space. It is these open spaces which often cause the death of a tree. Pack the soil above the roots as fast as it is filled in, leaving the upper three inches loose to act as a mulch to preserve moisture.

It is best to set the trees a little deeper than they stood in the nursery. This place may be known by the difference in color of the bark. It is customary to set a tree as near vertical as possible, but I have learned that it should be set so as to lean slightly toward the direction of the prevailing winds, then as the tree grows, it gradually straightens and at maturity is able to maintain that position. A tree should never be mulched the first year, as it will cause the roots to grow near the surface. There is nothing better than frequent and shallow cultivation to conserve moisture and promote new growth. It is better to grow some cultivated crop among the trees than to allow the ground to become occupied by weeds and grass, but all seeds should not be planted closer than four feet to the tree. Careful attention should be given the new growth, cutting back any branches which are growing out of proportion to the others, keeping the top as nearly balanced as possible. Rub off all shoots on the trunk which are not needed for main branches.

Fire in Coal Cargoes.

At a meeting in September last F. M. Syme addressed the Insurance Institute of Victoria on the subject of "Causes of Fire," and gave some very interesting information with regard to what is commonly known as "the spontaneous combustion of coal cargoes." This phenomenon, by which many good ships have been destroyed, was at one time attributed either to the oxidation of iron pyrites, an impurity always present in coal, or to the influence of moisture. Experiment has shown that both these theories were untenable, and it is now believed that this mischief is due to the chemical action set up by the absorption in the coal of atmospheric oxygen. Large coal, where the proportion of surface to bulk is comparatively small, is the safest, and any heat that may be evolved is rapidly carried off by the air spaces between the lumps. But, owing to the rough manner in which coals are generally dumped into a ship's hold, the coal is broken up into fragments, and it is prepared, as it were, for spontaneous combustion. It is found, moreover, that the fire invariably begins just below the hatchway, where a cone of broken coal is formed by this rough method of loading. It has also been ascertained that a large bulk of coal is more liable to combustion than a small one, and that loading during a high summer temperature has a direct bearing upon the liability of coal ships to this form of accident.—Chambers Journal.

Caste in Cuba.

A Spaniard was born in Spain. His son, who was born in Cuba, is not a Spaniard, but a Cuban. If a Cuban should go to Madrid when he is two weeks old, and spend all his life in the palace, he would still be a Cuban, and not quite as good as a Spaniard. If a Spaniard should go to Havana when he is two weeks old, and spend all his life in that city or upon a plantation, he would still be a Spaniard, and enjoy a distinction and social position which a Cuban can never attain. The sons and daughters of a Spaniard are Cubans if they are born in Cuba; but the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of a Cuban must always be Cubans, no matter if they were born in Madrid and spend their whole lives in that city. No Cuban can ever become a Spaniard, no matter what happens to him, and from the Spanish point of view he is a degenerate.—The Chautauquan.

Strange Tales From the Antipodes.

Two strange tales come from the antipodes. On November 19, the Catholic Church at Minyip, Victoria, was partly blown over by a storm, and, propped up by heavy timbers, spiked to the ground. A few days later another storm arose and blew the church plumb on its foundation again. The ship Nelson arrived at Wellington, having struck a rocky point, and had several holes in her bottom. Divers found one hole stopped up by a large piece of rock and another hole caked by a fish, that had been squeezed in tail first. The stories are interesting, though we cannot vouch for their authenticity.

The Right Way to Set Fruit Trees.

B. A. Wood, of Michigan, says: When any kind of a plant has its roots exposed, it is sure to suffer loss of vitality by evaporation. These should be kept covered with damp straw or cloth, and if to be kept several days before setting, placed in a cool place. Trees sometimes arrive in a shriveled condition, caused by delay in shipment or transportation. These should be immediately placed horizontally in a trench and covered with puddled earth and allowed to re-

Wise Words.

Iniquity builds its own jail.
Truth is the weapon of honesty.
When money is king, misery is queen.
Loss of first love is the first mark of apostasy.
A man without principles never becomes a martyr.
Prejudice is the chain of error holding its deluded devotee fast.
No matter how many kinds of trouble a man has he is apt to feel that he would prefer some other kind.
There are more people cross-eyed in the tongue than in the eyes; they talk one way while they are thinking the other.
Many a man who claims to be looking for work wouldn't recognize a job if it stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder.
The blossoms of spring are the prophets of autumn. So a joyful service in youth promises a rich fruitage in after years.
Most of us in our apprentice days feel mighty enough to bear the burden of success, but how many have the strength to fail?
You must try to be good and amiable to everybody, and do not think that goodness consists in a melancholy and morose life.
Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest; there are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.
There is a deportment which suits the figure and talents of each person, it is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another.
Despair is the thought of the unattainableness of any good. It works differently in men's minds, sometimes producing uneasiness or pain, sometimes rest or indolency.

Children's Hours of Sleep.

One of the most fruitful sources of the illness of children is the habit which some parents have of allowing them to stay up unduly late at night. It is one of the greatest mistakes of those who have charge of them to let them have too little sleep. It is confessedly a difficult matter always to get little ones to bed at the time they ought to go; they, of course, plead for only a little longer to stay up; but if parents would only realize the importance of plenty of rest they would remain obdurate to all such entreaties. It should not be forgotten that children are naturally wakeful in the morning, and in consequence of having to be off to school betimes are frequently called before they have finished their morning nap. Children, as a rule, ought to sleep ten or eleven hours, and to do this they ought to be put to bed early enough at night so that they may have this amount of uninterrupted sleep. If children do not get the necessary amount of rest it is no wonder that they become nervous, fretful and difficult to manage. Their nerves, inherited in many cases from despondent parents, are keenly alive to every sound, and their tempers are irritated by being called out of bed when they are so much inclined to sleep. During the earlier years of childhood, whatever else may be done, there should be ample provision for long and undisturbed sleep.—The Ledger.

Recalls a Strange Story.

A statement given out at Louisville, Ky., by Miss Theresa Wales, a nun, establishes the identity of a man who was the principal character in a dark affair in the history of the United States Navy. In 1842, during President Tyler's administration, a mutiny, led by Midshipman Philip Spencer, was discovered on the United States brig of war Somers, as the craft was off the coast of Madeira. W. T. Wales, pursuer of the boat, informed Captain Sidell Mackenzie, who was in command, and after a trial in which he protested his innocence, Spencer was hanged on board ship with two fellow-conspirators.

Miss Wales says that Wales, the informer, was her father. He died at Louisville some time ago. Although it is not generally known, Wales was discharged from the navy by Secretary Spencer soon after the attempted mutiny, and the latter pursued Wales relentlessly. After leaving the navy Wales drifted from place to place, seeking curing employment in many cities, only soon to lose it, some unknown influence seeming to be at work against him. He drifted about until he finally shook off his pursuers and lost his identity at Louisville.—Chicago Record.

Change of Temperature.

Scientists and all observing persons are interested in the statement that the climate of France is quite rapidly growing colder. For some time this was disputed, but a careful examination of the conditions of vegetation appears to confirm the idea beyond the shadow of a doubt. Certain trees and shrubs that a few years ago flourished luxuriantly are gradually dying out, and in some localities have dis- appeared altogether. Lemons form erly flourished in Languedoc and oranges in Roussillon, but these have altogether disappeared, as have many indigenous plants that at one time grew in the more northerly districts.

The Queen's Railway Car.

The railway carriage which Queen Victoria always uses on her continental journeys, and which is her own property, has just been thoroughly renovated and redecoreated at Brussels, where it is kept at the Gare du Nord. It is an immense double saloon, one half being furnished as a sitting room, while the other half is divided into compartments, one of which is a comfortable bedroom (with two beds), and another is a dressing room, with a large metal bath.

WHEN THE DAY COMES.

When the day comes
With thunder of the drums,
And blowing of the bugles, we shall be
No craven band
On crimsoned sea or land,—
To heroes tracing our high ancestry,
And, under God,
On glorious sea and sod,
Cleaving a path of freedom for the free!

When the day comes—
Either rejoicing drums,
And victor-flags above the ranks to wave,
Or, where the dust gleams red
With blood for Freedom shed,
The glory of the dying of the brave!
Life for the land to give—
For Freedom still to live,
Or her loved smile to light us to the grave!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Papa?" "Well?" "How tall is the man who is above criticism?"—Judge.

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "Not if you leave them alone."—Detroit Free Press.

Jack—"I want to marry my opposite." Maud—"I don't know of any girl bright enough to suit you." Judge.

"Baffled!" muttered the great detective. He threw his wife's dress to the floor and strode gloomily from the room.—Judge.

Foreman of Torrent Engine Company (gazing at the smoking ruins, but speaking cheerfully).—"Well, boys, we saved the engine!"—Puck.

She—"Love is like sea-sickness." He—"Why?" She—"Because you can have it awfully and yet can't describe it."—Detroit Free Press.

Jasper—"They say that Hustler made a fortune in the Klondike." Jumpuppe—"Yes; he carried fools up there and carried wise men back."—Puck.

Mrs. B.—"The lady Dabbs is going to marry a highly intellectual. She speaks three languages." Mr. B. (condolingly).—"Poor Dabbs."—Boston Traveler.

"Pa's got a awful temper," said Jamie. "I tried t' sand-paper my pencil on his chin while he was takin' a nap, an' he woke up an' got real mad about it."—Judge.

A Quaker once, hearing a person tell how much he felt for a friend who needed assistance, drily observed: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"—Tit-Bits.

"Ain't I little bow-legged?" asked the dubious young man. "Bow-legged?" said his tailor. "The idea! Your lower limbs, sir, are absolutely without a parallel."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well," said the adjuster as he set down his valise, "I investigated that Wigglesworth death claim." "How about it?" asked the president of the company. "Straight as a die."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dumlow—"Tell Closefist I want to speak with him, will you?" Bogstow—"I don't want to disturb him now." Dumlow—"Why not?" Bogstow—"He's counting money, and I shouldn't care to interrupt him at his devotions."—Boxbury Gazette.

"My son wants me to buy him a trolley line, and I think he would make a lawyer. In the one case he would cut people up, and in the other merely pull their legs. What would you suggest?" "I'd make a doctor out of him. Then he can do both."—Puck.

High-Priced Doctor—"You are now convalescent and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir; but your walking should have an object." Patient—"All right doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill."—Standard.

He (wondering if that Williams has ever been accepted).—"Are both your rings heirlooms?" She (concealing the hand).—"Oh, dear, yes! One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer and (blushing) only dates from the conquest."—Harlem Life.

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, you aurely don't consider these windows washed?" Bridget—"Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so ye can look out; but I intentionally left them a little dirty on the outside so them ignorant Jones children nix door couldn't look in."—Truth.

Dinguss—"Old man, you're accommodated me a great many times, and I wouldn't strike you now if it wasn't a matter of absolute need. I'm suffering for the lack of \$10." Shalbolt (reluctantly handing it over).—"What's the trouble, Dinguss?" Dinguss—"My wife has got her heart set on a '98 wheel, and I need the \$10 to make the first payment on it."—Chicago Tribune.

He (desperately).—"Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands between us?" She (suddenly).—"Ye-es." He (with a ray of hope).—"I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged uncle who is very rich, and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive. He—'How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?'"—New York Weekly.

Repeaters by John Wesley.

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, was brought before the mayor at a certain town, charged with having wrought disturbance by street preaching. "You ought to have known," said the mayor, "that this sort of thing is not permitted by the mob." "Pardon," said Wesley, "but I wasn't even aware that this town of yours was governed by a mob."

A Dutiful Son's Advertisement.

A dutiful German son advertises in the Leipzig Tageblatt: "Marriage—I seek for my father, a strictly respectable man with a quiet business, an elderly, solitary widow or maiden with some property in cash. Address with a statement of conditions. —"