

Japan is getting there is wonderful shape. Her foreign trade has quadrupled since 1883. The Yankees of the Occident must look to their laurels, lest the Yankees of the Orient surpass them.

German professors are beginning to exercise a little common sense. In one of the universities of Berlin a professor declined to accept a challenge to fight a duel from a student who had been turned down. The students, generally, denounced the professor as a coward, but the papers and people sustain his action, and predict from it a long-needed reform in university customs.

The Scottish piper who piped never so merrily as when wounded he piped a Highland regiment on to the charge at Dargai, finds himself the blushing hero of an offer of marriage from a lady who proposes settling upon him, if accepted, \$25,000 a year. For years societies have been organized, satirists have written and laws have been passed to discourage the bagpipe, and all the good done is upset by this one offer of marriage. The soul of the reformer must need be of stern stuff and his patience abounding.

Many are the hobbies of the adult princes of Europe, and science has claimed several as her disciples. The prince of Naples has chosen electricity as his favorite study. For many years he has been interested in the application of electricity to light, sound, motive power and offshoots of such studies, such as electric rays in connection with photography. Since the discovery of the X rays he has been most fully occupied in experiments, and has been a most successful operator in this direction. His home in the Quirinal was more like a scientific laboratory than a royal residence in his bachelor days, but doubtless this has been altered recently.

The mode of procedure in bringing about the disposition of a prize vessel is to bring an action in a prize court. This proceeding commences when the captured vessel is brought to port by an officer of the vessel that made the seizure. In this country he puts in a libel—that is, a petition in the District Court that an inquiry be made—and with this libel he forwards the ship's papers. Notice is given that any person having an interest in the property may appear and claim it. An enemy, of course, cannot put in a claim. If the court find that the vessel is a legitimate prize, it is appraised, condemned, and then sold at auction by the United States Marshal. If she is taken by the Government, then the court takes notice of her value as shown by the inventory. According to the act of 1865, all the prize goes to the captors when the vessel making the capture is of equal or inferior force to the prize. If the captor is superior, only half the value goes to the captors and the other half goes to the Treasury. The prize money is divided between the officers and crew of the vessel making the capture. The commander of the squadron is entitled to one twentieth of all prizes made by a ship of war attached to his command, and the Fleet Captain is entitled to receive a one-hundredth part of the prize value.

The local tradition in New York that the Scandinavian inhabitants of the city are to be found generally "along the water front" is not supported by the facts. The truth of the matter is that the total transient river and river front population of New York—sailors, canalboat men, steamship stokers, ship cooks and man-of-war's men—does not amount collectively to more than 6000 or 7000 persons, all told. In the month of February, 1895, an accurate census was made of these residents in what are now the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx and they were shown to amount collectively at the time to 4323, in a total population of nearly 2,000,000. The water front population of the Borough of Brooklyn, never large, has not increased since consolidation, and the present total in all the boroughs is probably not far from 6500. But there are in the whole of New York more than 35,000 Scandinavians, and in New York borough the Scandinavians are chiefly to be found in the district of the town between Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth streets on the East side. There are two Swedish churches in this neighborhood, a Swedish branch of the Salvation army, and five intelligence offices, making a specialty of supplying to employers Scandinavian domestic servants or gardeners or coachmen. The Scandinavian inhabitants of New York are tranquil and unobtrusive, and two-thirds of their number are to be found on the Brooklyn side of the bridge.

LIFE.
A kissing of the lips of dawn,
And then we wake,
A chase for sunbeams on the lawn,
Our way we take.
A kissing of the lips of fate,
A kissing of the lips of strife,
A struggling while the day grows late,
And this is life.
A broken sword placed back in sheath,
A stealing back to nature's breast,
A kissing of the lips of death,
And then we rest.
—William Willard Campbell, in the Sketch.

MISS DUBARLE'S RESOLVE.

MISS DUBARLE was five-and-forty years of age on the nineteenth of March, 18—, well, no matter what year. And she was stout, and short, with no visible waist, and hands that were red and fat, instead of white and slender; and features that belonged to no Grecian type or Roman mold, but seemed to be setting up, sui generis, each on its own special account, with no reference whatever to the others. For the world is not altogether stocked with Venuses and Hebes, whatever the romance writers would like to make us believe, and there is no reason why a plain female cannot be a heroine in spite of her looks.

But we have not mentioned the most important fact of all. Miss Dubarle had forty thousand dollars of her own. And that was, without doubt, the reason that her relatives sent her pressing invitations to "come and visit them," and dispatched cases of wine and hampers of game and boxes of new books down to Dubarle Farm; and little girls worked hideous pin cushions and tidies to decorate her rooms; and young men wrote acrostics for her birthday, and everybody listened politely to her speeches, however prolix they might be. For a rich old maid is worth cultivating, and it wasn't at all likely now that Miss Dubarle would ever marry.

It was a bleak afternoon, the red and brown leaves whirling round and round in the blast, and the great wood fire upon the hearth, sending, every now and then, spiteful little gusts of smoke into the room where Miss Dubarle and her second cousin and companion, Janet Heath, sat together, working croquet roses for a counterpane.

"Janet," said Miss Dubarle politely, "you're a fool!"
"Janet looked up with a flush of color on her pale, pretty cheek. She was not at all unaccustomed to these little complimentary remarks on the part of Miss Dubarle."

"Be a sensible girl," added the elder female. "Give him up, and I'll buy you a blue-silk dress and a black-lace shawl."
"But I love him, Miss Dubarle."
"Oh, pshaw—a-aw!" grimaced the spinster. "Love, indeed! I never was in love!"

"And," added Janet, growing more rosy than ever, as she stooped to pick up her ivory needle, "he says he would be miserable without me. Don't, please, be angry, Miss Dubarle; but indeed, indeed, I must marry him."
Miss Dubarle jumped up so suddenly that the dozing blackbird in its cage uttered a shrill note of consternation.

"Very well," she said—"very well, Janet Heath. Pack your trunk as soon as you please. I can dispense with your services at once. And pack mine first, if you please, Janet Heath."
"You are not going away, Miss Dubarle?" queried poor Janet, in consternation.

"I'm going to visit my relatives," said Miss Dubarle, with pursed-up lips. "And then little Janet knew that her own fate, as far as any worldly advantages to be derived from her kinship to the heiress, was sealed."
"Put in the black silk gown, Janet," said Miss Dubarle, in a tone as lugubrious as if she were giving orders for her own funeral. "Of all sins, I regard ingratitude as the basest— and the China crape scarf—to think that I have nursed a viper to turn and sting me at last! And don't forget my easy slippers—though I don't know either why my corns should be entitled to any more consideration than my poor bruised heart."

And then, as Janet Heath began to cry, Miss Dubarle marched out of the room.
"I never could endure the vapors," said Miss Dubarle. "I'll go to my niece Maria, or maybe I'll make Herbert Smythe a little bit of a visit; he's always saying how delighted he would be to entertain me in his bachelor quarters. They both love me, although I haven't done half for them that I have for this little serpent's tooth of a Janet. I dare say she expects to be my heiress, but she'll find out her mistake, I guess."
And Miss Dubarle, who allowed no suns to go down upon her wrath, took the first train for New York, and slept that night in the fifth story of a marble-fronted hotel.
"I didn't think I should miss that child Janet so much," she said, rather dolefully, to herself, the next morning, as she tried to comb out her tangled "back-hair," and nearly strangled herself trying to button up her own boots—"but I don't care! I won't give up to her love-sick whims, and I will go to see Maria Brooks and Herbert Smythe. Maria's little girl wrote me a beautiful letter last month,

and all out of her own head, her mother said. Let me see—Eudocia her name was. Perhaps I'll adopt Eudocia."
And Miss Dubarle ordered a carriage and drove to the mansion of Mr. Secor Brooks, on an aristocratic side street.

"They seem to live very nicely," thought the rich relation. "I didn't know Secor's income justified such a style as this."
The servant showed Miss Dubarle into a reception room, furnished after the style of Louis Quinze. His mistress was out, but would return presently, he explained.

"I'll wait," said Miss Dubarle. "A wizened little girl, with her hair braided in long Chinese plaits, and red, chill-looking elbows, was tinkling away at the piano. She looked round as the guest entered.

"You are Eudocia, I suppose," said Miss Dubarle, affably.
"Yes," said the child, "I'm Eudocia. And who are you?"

"I am Miss Dubarle," said the heiress, graciously. "You have heard your mamma tell about Miss Dubarle, haven't you?"
"Oh, yes," said Eudocia, her small, fishy eyes lighting up. "You're the old maid that mamma says is so out—"

"Out of health?"
"No; some very big word."
"Outrageous!" suggested Miss Dubarle, somewhat discomfited.
"No—not that—outlandish! And you're going to die and leave me all your money and then we're to travel in Europe. But papa says he don't see but what you're going to hold on forever. What is it you are holding on to, Miss Dubarle?"

"Hem!" said Miss Dubarle. "So your mamma's kind enough to consider me outlandish, is she?"
"Mamma's going to invite you to visit us," went on the unweary communicative Eudocia. "When the Fitz-Roy Fortresses are gone. She says she don't want them to be shocked with your Noah's ark ways. I had a Noah's ark once," added the enfant terrible, "with a dog in it and Slem, Ham and Japheth."

"I dare say," said Miss Dubarle, checking a strong inclination to laugh, although she felt herself growing purple in the face with indignation. "I think I won't wait any longer, Eudocia; good-by."
And Miss Dubarle shook the dust of the Secor Brooks mansion off her feet.

"A pretty hypocrite's nest I should have got into there!" she said, half aloud, as she entered the vehicle she had been wise enough to bid wait. "Janet Heath, with all her faults, was at least frank and truthful enough. Drive to twenty-seven Bachelor Square, coachman!"

Twenty-seven Bachelor Square was a tall, brownstone building, full of studios, offices and sets of chambers, and Miss Dubarle was well-nigh out of breath before she reached a door at the very top, on which a card, neatly tacked, bore the inscription, "Herbert Smythe, Artist."
She beat a brisk tattoo on the panels with the handle of her sun umbrella, and a voice answered:

"Come in."
But to her amazement, the occupant of the apartment, instead of a young artist in a black velvet painting-robe, was a grim female, sitting very upright on a gothic chair, with tattered gloves and a bonnet bent on the side.

"Is Mr. Smythe in?" asked Miss Dubarle.
"No," answered the stony female; "he ain't. But if you're wise you'll sit down, like me, and wait until he does come in. I s'pose you've come after your bill?"
"Have you?" asked Miss Dubarle, taking the first part of the hint, by depositing herself on a sofa.
"Yes—for the seventh time. He owes everybody—Smythe does. I'm his landlady, but you can ask the landlady and the wine merchant, and the tailor and the hatter, and—"
"Then," curtly observed Miss Dubarle, "I should think you were all great folks for trusting him!"

"Indeed, indeed, Miss Dubarle, I do!" sobbed Janet, with her old foolish trick of tears.
"And so," said Miss Dubarle, "you can marry that Harry Dart of yours, and he can come here to live, and we'll all be a happy family together. Untie my bonnet-strings, Janet—they've got somehow into a knot—and make me a cup of tea. Those railroads are enough to shake one into a jelly!"

So Miss Dubarle settled back into the old groove again, and when the letters from New York came she sent them back unopened. And when Mr. Herbert Smythe and the Secor Brooks family arrived in propria persona she obstinately refused to see them.

"I won't be bothered!" said Miss Dubarle; "Janet's my heiress, and there's an end to the matter."
And the relatives discovered that they might as well attempt to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to alter Miss Dubarle's resolve!—New York News.

Eloquence at Bay.

It was a preacher who had that "fatal fluency" for whom an acquaintance laid a trap. He had a way of promising to preach, and on beginning would say something like "I have been too busy to prepare a sermon, but if some one will kindly give me a text, I'll preach from it." One determined to cure him. He therefore asked him to preach. The invitation was accepted. The time came, and the visitor began his usual introduction: "Brethren, I have been so pushed for time to-day as to have been quite unable to prepare a sermon. But if some one of you will give me a text, I'll preach from it. Perhaps my brother here, 'will suggest a text.'"

"Yes, brother," came the ready reply; "your text is the last part of the ninth verse of the first chapter of Ezra, and its words are 'nine-and-twenty knives.'" There was a pause; an ominous pause, as the preacher found his text. He read it out, "Nine-and-twenty knives," and began at once. "Notice the number of these knives—just exactly nine-and-twenty; not thirty, not eight-and-twenty. There were no more and no less than nine-and-twenty knives." A pause—a long pause. Then, slowly and emphatically, "Nine-and-twenty knives." A longer pause. Then, meditatively, "Nine-and-twenty knives." Again he rested. "Nine-and-twenty knives"—and if there were nine hundred and twenty knives I could not say another word."—Harper's Magazine.

Dreaming is a Mental Recreation.

The popular idea or impression is that when persons dream much during a night to that extent their sleep is interfered with," remarked a well-known physician to a Star reporter, "and it is a frequent thing to hear persons say that they dreamed so much during the night that they did not sleep or rest well. Now, the fact is, dreaming is as much rest or mental recreation as actual sleep in some respects, although it may not appear so on first thought. It is hard to prove this by actual experiment, because the conditions are so difficult to produce. There is a certain amount of evidence which can be used, however, to prove the proposition. Time and time again when persons have been waked up by others they have explained as a reason that they did not respond quicker that they were so engaged in dreaming that they did not hear the call. It is as clearly proven as anything can be that persons who are in a dreamy condition are much harder to wake than those who are sleeping, as they suppose, soundly. Take a parent, for instance a mother, when she is sleeping soundly, as she thinks, she can hear her child when it turns over or moves in its crib. Now, the same parent in a dreamy condition would hardly hear a knock at the door or other loud noise. The dream so controls the brain that during its pendency the sense of hearing is blunted."—Washington Star.

The Czar's Eccentric Physician.

Dr. Zakharin, the late Czar's favorite physician, who recently died, started life as a humble butcher's boy. Turning his attention to medicine he soon attracted the notice of his sovereign, and becoming the best known doctor in Russia, before middle age had secured a handsome competency. He was somewhat of a character, and his feats of eccentricity added to his fame. With so much patronage at his command he always insisted upon being obeyed. When the state of the late Emperor became alarming the Governor of Moscow received a message from St. Petersburg ordering him to send Professor Zakharin without delay. The Governor dispatched his Aide-de-Camp to the doctor. "In two hours," said the officer, "the express train will start." "The express?" "What do you mean?" exclaimed the Professor. "The Emperor is ill, and you talk to me about a train leaving in two hours! Go to the railway manager and command him to get a special train ready for me in twenty minutes!" At the end of that time the train was speeding out of the depot with the doctor aboard.

The Kind of Power Used.

"The statement that General Hampton lost a leg in the war reminds us of a little story," says the Montgomery Advertiser. "In the days before the war there was a hotel on top of Stone Mountain, in Georgia, and the water for use of the guests was raised by a force pump from below. A Northern traveler who knew something of the use of hydraulic rams accosted the landlady with: 'This is fine water, landlady; it is raised by a ram?' 'Ram, thunder!' snorted the landlady, it's a blamed big mule! And that's the way Wade Hampton lost a leg."

THE BALTIC-BLACK SEA CANAL.

The Czar's Vast Engineering Project—An Outlet For Russia's Ships.
The Siberian Railroad is not the only vast project which Russia has on hand for the development of her resources. The young Czar is ambitious, and has set his hand to a work which will do much to revolutionize the trade of the western half of his dominions. I allude to the project for uniting the waters of the Baltic with those of the Black Sea by means of a canal. A glance at the map of western Russia will show that the head waters of the Dvina flowing into the Baltic, and those of the Dnieper flowing into the Euxine, approach within measurable distance of each other. It is proposed to unite them, and the configuration of the land renders this quite possible.

The Baltic end of the canal will be at Riga, and its course will be up this river as far as the city of Dnaburg. From Dnaburg artificial excavations will be made for 125 miles as far as Lepel on the Beresina, and as Beresina is on the Dnieper, there is thus a complete waterway to Kherson on the Black Sea. The entire distance from Riga to Kherson will be about 1000 miles. The beds of the Dvina, Beresina and Dnieper will be deepened so that the surface breadth of the canal will be 216 1/2 feet and its bottom breadth 116 1/2. The depth of water in average seasons will be twenty-eight feet, so that ships of heavy draught will find no difficulty in steaming along the whole length of the canal. I hear that all the preliminary surveys have been finished, and that the work can be commenced in the spring of this year.

The Russian engineers compute that the entire cost of the undertaking will not exceed \$25,000,000, and that the time required for its completion will be under ten years. Both from the commercial and strategic point of view, the Baltic-Black Sea Canal will be of the first importance. Seventeen towns and cities of considerable population will be touched by the canal and brought into direct communication with the sea. The chief of these are Kief, Kremenchug, Dnaburg, Ekaterinlav, Alexandrovsk and Niekopol, all of them immense grain emporiums. Grain, therefore, and the other staple products of southern and central Russia will be shipped from these districts to the north and west of Europe in one-half the time and at less than one-half the present cost.

But it is, perhaps, from the strategical point of view that Russia will reap the finest benefit from the completion of this vast undertaking. At the present time the Russian Black Sea fleet is locked up; not a single warship can pass through the Dardanelles without the consent of Turkey, or without raising a storm among the powers which signed the treaty of Paris. With the Baltic-Black Sea Canal in working order, the powerful fleets in the harbors of Sebastopol and Nicolaeff could reach the Baltic in four days, or the Baltic fleet could be sent down to the Euxine within the same time. It is said that the Czar is carefully going into every particular himself, and is determined to make his canal a success.—New York Observer.

Where Marriage is a Lottery.

A cynic or a sage once remarked that marriage is a lottery. In the Province of Smolensk, in Russia, this aphorism has been reduced to a quarterly fact, for each three months there is held the most remarkable lottery ever devised.

Husbands and wives are chosen by the chance drawing of a lottery ticket. The tickets cost one ruble each. There is only one prize to be drawn, and it consists of the entire sum yielded by the sale of the tickets, amounting to 5000 rubles, together with a lady described as of noble blood.

The tickets are sold only to males, and the lucky winner of the prize will have to marry the damsel if he takes the 5,000 rubles. If, however, he be already married, he is at liberty to turn over the money and the lady to any friend whom he may wish to put in for such a good thing.

If the winner should be willing to marry but is not found to be to the damsel's taste, then they are to be excused from matrimony and permitted to divide the rubles.

It is not hard to imagine a condition of affairs where the lady in the case refuses her chosen lord and prefers to take the cash, deciding that 2500 rubles is more to be desired than a more or less doubtful happiness with a husband of whom she knows nothing.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Just What He Wanted.

One of the first men to reach San Francisco with a hoard of Klondike gold was an Irishman named Finnegan, who had been very poor before he struck it rich, and who, consequently, was unfamiliar with many ordinary usages of a life of luxury.

"O! say, yez kin bring me two dozen oysters," he said, airily, as he took a seat in one of the finest restaurants in Frisco.

The oysters were soon set before him, and Finnegan, looking about him for something to put on them, and hardly knowing what the something should be, spied a bottle of Tabasco, and proceeded to season the bivalves not wisely but too well.

LIKED BOGUS MAPLE SUGAR.

Boston Firm's Customers Objected When It Sold Them the Genuine.
That patrons of one of the largest wholesale and retail grocery houses in New England have been buying spurious maple sugar for years was demonstrated recently by a test made in Boston.

For the past six or seven years the chief buyer for this firm had been purchasing several tons of maple sugar from one man, paying a fancy price and retailing it at twenty-two cents per pound. It was of such exquisite and delicate maple flavor that the patrons of the house preferred waiting for it than accept an inferior substitute. Last summer the chief buyer for the house made the acquaintance of a Vermont sugar maker, and as a result this year's consignment of sugar was bought from him at a rather cheaper price. The sugar to be consigned was warranted to be pure maple sugar, and the buyer had confidence enough in the maker to believe him.

The sugar arrived and was put on sale. It was somewhat darker than usual, and the head of the firm was the first one to condemn it. His opinion was shared by the customers, apparently, for complaints began to pour in, and finally the buyer was told that the consignment was a failure.

He was naturally wroth, and at once dictated a letter couched in strong terms to the consignor, who replied briefly that in a few days he would be in Boston and would prove that his was genuine maple sugar.

When he arrived he told the buyer that he would not only prove that his was real maple sugar, but that the other, which the firm had previously bought was bogus. He needed a fire and a kettle for "sugaring off" his product, so he and the buyer went to the company's warehouse where these could be had. The firm had a small sample of maple syrup which one of the members had seen reduced from the actual sap, and this was first taken by the Vermont sugar expert and boiled down to sugar. It had the exact flavor and color of the sugar which the house was unable to sell.

Then the Vermont man called for two pounds of granulated sugar and a sample of the poorest maple sugar they had in stock. A hunt was made through the warehouse, and a condemned lot was found, thick, black as molasses, and smoky in flavor. The expert reduced the granulated sugar to syrup, mixed it, half and half, with the black syrup, and "sugared off" again.

The sample of maple sugar he produced was the exact counterpart in color and flavor of the sugar which the house had been selling its customers for seven years at a fancy price as the only genuine and unmistakably pure article.

Another sample was made of brown sugar, and the three were taken to the head of the firm. He sampled each, and at once pronounced the granulated mixture the genuine article. A sugar expert in the wholesale district also had an opportunity to distinguish himself. He did it by picking out the genuine at once. Somebody doubted his ability, and he offered to try again. This time he picked the bogus granulated, and then the brown sugar mixture.

The Vermont sugar man had, however, made his point, and his consignment was pushed at once, though the firm was under the somewhat embarrassing necessity of telling its customers that for several years they had been buying bogus sugar for the real article.

Remedy For a Long Palate.

"If you have too long a palate," writes a Northern woman who has been spending the winter in Athens, Ga., to a friend in New York, "let me give you a popular remedy that the children's old mammy gave me and wanted I tried on the baby."

"Take hold of a little bunch of hair on the top of the head," she said, "and tie it tight with a string. Then take a tablespoon and put in it some pepper and salt, and hold it in the mouth. Get hold of the bunch of hair and pull it up; at the same time touch the tongue to the salt and pepper in the spoon, and the palate will go up and never come down again."

This remarkable performance has been tried on the woman, and "worked," so she said, but the Northern woman added: "I cannot vouch for it, but give it to you for what it is worth."

UNDER THE FRESH GREEN GRASS.

Love and affection for some, and existence perennial May;
Yearning in vain for others, as seasons go on their way;
But all of it ends at last—the laughter as well as the sighs—
Under the fresh green grass, under the old blue skies.

Greenness and glory for some, and the tribute of praise and song;
Obscurity alone for others, "as long as life is long";
Yet glory shall naught avail,—no matter that fate denies.
Under the fresh green grass, under the old blue skies.

Heaven's not bought with a price, earth's not hidden in fees,
And leveled are east and degrees far over the jasper sea;
And sweet shall the sleeping be to happy and tearful eyes,
Under the fresh green grass, under the old blue skies.

A political job is one where you have to do the greater part of your work before you get it.—Pack.
Fax—"The diamond is the hardest known substance." De Witte—"Yes—to get."—Tit-Bits.
"Miss Autumn told me her age was twenty-four." "I always said that girl wasn't up to date."—Life.
"Why do they have such noisy music at the exhibition?" "To drown all comment, I suppose."—Flegende Blätter.

"Did you hear old Longbow's latest story?" "Nope." "Says he saw a hoop snake with a rubber tire."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Hills—"Browne says that he is saddest when he sings." Hulls—"That's why they call his audiences sympathetic."—Harlem Life.
"Julia still loves her husband madly." "How do you know?" "She says he can read poetry better than any other man alive."—Chicago Record.
"Going to the shore this season, Miss Elderly?" "Yes. Now that the coast-defences are to be improved, I suppose that there will be some moor there."—Detroit Free Press.

First Tramp—"I hear they are building a new jail, with all modern improvements." Second Tramp—"That won't do us no good. You'll need a pull to get in there."—Flegende Blätter.
Wife—"The doctor orders me to the mineral baths at Carlsbad, and you refuse me the means to go. That shows how little you value me!" Husband—"On the contrary, I do not wish to lose a pound of you."—Flegende Blätter.

First Senator—"You lie!" Second Senator (advancing towards him)—"Say, I'll—" First Senator—"I dare you! Come outside!" President of the Senate—"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" [Derisive laughter in the galleries.]—Chicago Tribune.
"Ah," the fond mother sighed, "you say you love my daughter now, but will you love her when she is old?" Steadily looking her in the eyes he replied: "She will never get old. Any one can see at a glance that she takes after you."—Chicago News.

"Here is a paper," he said, "that advocates a movement to compel women to take off their hats in church as well in the theatre." "In church!" she exclaimed. "That's what it says." "Might as well abolish Easter entirely," she said indignantly. —Chicago Evening Post.
Mrs. Younglove—"John, do you know that you haven't kissed me for a week?" Mr. Younglove—"Yes, darling, I was just waiting to see how long it would take you to notice it." John, it will be observed, had his presence of mind right with him.—Cleveland Leader.

Jones—"Funny about Deacon Pratt. Awfully absent-minded, you know." Brown—"What's he been doing, now?" Jones—"At the prayer-meeting last evening Elder Goode asked him to lead in prayer, and before he knew what he was saying the Deacon replied, 'It isn't my lead, I dealt.'"—Boston Transcript.

The following true tale, from Lippincott, is a most curious example of living well on nothing a year without breaking the laws of the land:
About twenty years ago a steam packet company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a "stay at home spinster," as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon such a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right, at any time during her life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels.

When the agreement was closed she sold her furniture and went on board the packet company ship belonging to the packet spinster lived nearly all her time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to the agreement. This was always a person who would otherwise have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at a reduced rate by paying the spinster instead of the packet company.
The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up the privilege, but this she would not do. Her reply was, "You got the land cheap, and I like sailing, so we ought to both be satisfied."

A Remarkable Elephant.

The Berlin Zoo is to be enriched by a remarkable elephant. This creature, which is eighty years of age, has long played the part of executioner in an Eastern country where criminals may not be put to death by human means. Hence, an elephant is retained to crush the victim's head.—London Globe.