

The public debt of France is the largest in the world, and amounts to about \$80,000,000.

Fifty railways report earnings for the second week of June at the aggregate rate of more than a million dollars a day—the income of a mighty empire.

In Great Britain 99.9 per cent. of the coal used is from the home mines; Germany uses 92 per cent. of home produce; the United States uses 99.2 per cent.; Russia, 80 per cent.; France, 73 per cent.; Sweden, 10 per cent.; Spain, 50 per cent., and Austria-Hungary, 64 per cent.

The recruits who go to camp now will have matters very considerably smoothed for them. It does not take long for men to fit themselves to camp conditions, and those who went to the front at the start with respect to that may be considered veterans, and their example to the new men will quickly cause assimilation.

The New York Post says: Is there any reason to think that our established types of John Bull and Uncle Sam will in the course of time be modified? We doubt it, because, grotesque as they are, there is nothing in our present circumstances to afford the groundwork for a new national type on either side of the ocean.

Thirty years ago New York and Pennsylvania were the greatest wheat producing States, and nearly all the cereal raised was grown in the States to the south of the great lakes, and it was brought to market by the railways. But the opening up of the Northwest has changed all that, and to-day the Dakotas and Minnesota leave all other States far behind in the quantities of wheat they yield.

The Spanish Admiral Manilla tries to excuse his defeat by the claim that the Government did not supply him with the ships and torpedoes that he needed. As he had two torpedo launches destroyed in an effort to reach the Olympia it is difficult to understand what he could have done with more torpedoes. He had good Krupp guns on the Cavite batteries, but he had no good men behind them. That was what ailed the Admiral and he might as well admit it.

The nations are running over one another in their eagerness to testify affection for the United States. The Eagle looks on placidly, not unwilling to respond to sentiments of amity, even when it knows well enough that they are merely verbal and conventional, and the mask of quite another set of feelings. It is not so easy as it may look to pull the felon's hood over the eyes of our wary and watchful National bird, just now in more need of all its resources of vision than ever.

The New York Sun observes: There must be a certain curiosity about bachelors. No test is better or more conclusive than the naming of plays. A new drama entitled "A Bachelor's Widow" has just been produced in London. Then there have been at various times the "Bachelors' Wives" of Samuel Beazley; the "Bachelor's Wife" of Frederick Watson; "Bachelors," "The Bachelors," "Our Bachelors," "Bachelor's Hall," "Bachelor's Torments," "Bachelor's Vow," and many others. In fact, from the attention that has been paid to this technically solitary individual and his doings, it is plain that he occupies an important place in the economy of society.

Prior to the last revolutionary outbreak the amount of yearly tribute which Cuba was forced to pay into the treasury of Spain fell little short of the average sum of \$25,000,000, observes the Atlanta Constitution. In view of the comparatively small number of people living in Cuba the enormous burden entailed upon them by this exaction becomes at once apparent. In 1884 Spain extorted from Cuba in the way of revenues the outrageous sum of \$34,269,410. She applied \$12,574,485 of the money thus collected to the payment of old military debts incurred in subsidizing popular outbreaks in Cuba; \$5,904,084 to the use of the War Department in carrying out needed improvements, and \$14,595,096 to the payment of salaries, pensions, etc., to Spanish officers and clergymen. Out of the immense revenue collected from Cuba in 1884, only \$1,195,745 returned to Cuba in the way of benefits. This fact in itself, without the prolonged effusion of blood which drenched Cuba's soil in consequence of her effort to free herself, more than vindicates the righteousness of that cause which the United States assumed in undertaking to expel Spain from the western hemisphere.

WOMAN'S WEAPON.
"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl,
She dropped her lashes shyly
And stroked a velvet euri;
Then consciously she murmured—
"This rosebud newly out—
"I have a strong suspicion
Her weapon is a pout."
"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true,
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue,
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile,
And eagerly he answered:
"Her weapon is a smile."
"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then,
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen,
"Oh! I could name a thousand,"
He cried in accents clear;
"But woman's truest weapon,
I grant you, is a tear."

AN AFFAIR OF THE SEASIDE.

It was holiday time by the sea. A time to drink the fresh, full breeze into one's lungs. A time to dabble the oars lazily over the shining face of the water. A time to think lightly of love, and dwell on lingering glances from eyes which meant nothing.

The waves lap in and wet your feet. Laughing, you move farther back, till the dancing waves follow you again and again. There is something marvellously exhilarating in this battle royal with the sea. The same waves wash away the children's sand-castles; but, spate in hand, they build others just as quickly. It is nothing to have one's best castles swept away by the glistening sea.

When the merry holiday bustle had reached its zenith, two people came to the biggest boarding-house on the seacoast. They had not met for years. Face to face without warning, it startled them both, and brought back old memories sharp and bitterly.

"My poor son," the woman said lowly, "is dead. He was drowned—may be you heard. He was made the scape-goat of some one's evil-doing; but whose? I have often tried to find out."
The man smiled condescendingly.

"Your son, madam," he said, "was a rogue. You know it, as every one did. He ruined our time-honored firm, and fled. Don't treasure any further notions of your son's innocence. It is wisest to realize the worst from the very onset."
Then—as though to wipe out the effect of his hard words—he made much ado about cheering her up. It is the business of all people at the seaside to cheer each other.

They sat the whole morning through on the shingles, talking of bygone things, and watching the children. The woman had no one now that her son was dead. The man had his daughter, a merry girl, full of youth and the hope it brings, and with an overpowering confidence in the man beside her who was shortly to be her husband.

"Father has just told me how you lost your son," once she whispered to the older woman. "I am very sorry—though life could not have seemed much to him, hunted as he was. The sea takes so many of our dear ones. Isn't it a bright, happy-looking thing, isn't it?" she broke off, with a low, sweet laugh.

The others smiled also.
"On such days as these one can never be expected to realize that the glorious sea has other, darker moods," Elsie Trevors added. "How people do enjoy it! That patch of sunlight on those tan sails yonder—isn't it magnificent, Mrs. Fenwick? Dolook, Harry!"
Her eyes sparkled. Many, as they passed, gazed at her wonderingly, then caught the spirit of her great happiness.

"Yes, my son was hunted—mercilessly," Mrs. Fenwick said aloud. "Your father hunted him more than any one—why, I do not know. He was terribly anxious to see him in the hands of the law, and I have not forgiven him."
"My dear Mrs. Fenwick, let bygones be bygones," Mr. Trevors muttered pompously. "Your boy was a scoundrel—a scamp of the worst order—excuse me for speaking my mind—and he ruined the business his father and I had fought so long to keep together. The disgrace made a widow of you. My duty was to find the boy, for the sake of those our failure robbed. But he was missing—now he is dead. Ah! as I thought!"—suddenly consulting his watch—"it is the luncheon hour. Come, Elsie."

A bronzed fisherman came to their help just in the nick of time. He was a strange, restless being—always abroad in his little boat when the sea was running highest.
As he held Elsie Trevors in his starmgaze for the moment, his gaze fell on her white face.
"Merciful Heavens!" he breathed sharply. "And I have saved her!"
He lifted the slender form into his own boat.

Next day the storm died. The sun shone more brilliantly than ever in the old places. The sea danced and sparkled joyously, and fishing-smacks were hastily made ready for another voyage.
"That, father, is the fisherman who saved Harry and me," Elsie Trevors said, pointing to a stooping figure sitting on the edge of a fishing boat. They neared him.
"You will do something for him, won't you, father?" the girl questioned.

"Ay, ay, child! To be sure." Albert Trevors looked up into the stalwart young fisherman's bronzed face.
"My good fellow," he began, "you saved my bonnie wee Elsie, and—"
He drew up suddenly.
The two men stared at each other for a long while in silence. Elsie watched.

"Thank him, father," she whispered. "Tell him that you will do something for him."
But the fisherman was walking rapidly away.
"Why did you let him go, father?" she asked wonderingly. "Why did you? We came here to thank him—to do something for him in return."
"Patience, Elsie! patience, child! He saved my little girl. I am going to do something for him in return—in return," he muttered. "Good Heavens, and what!"

When they reached the boarding-house on the sea-front, Victor Trevors had an interview with his daughter's fiancée. The latter learned that little Elsie was not an heiress, after all. The money, that very day, had gone from her forever. Her fortune, for some reason he refused to explain, had suddenly disappeared. The man caught the next train up to town, promising to write. Victor Trevors smiled grimly as he departed.

"Poor little Elsie!" he said to Mrs. Fenwick. "It will hurt her badly when she knows the truth. But I've had my suspicions before that he only wanted her for the money. He wasn't good enough for her by a long chalk. I've a hunch, however, that in view of my bonnie wee girlie."
"Who?"
"The fisherman who saved her life," he announced complacently, pretending not to notice Mrs. Fenwick's expression of utter blank astonishment.

"I will do my best to bring it about—and quickly at that. He saved her life, and he shall have her if he wishes, when he has come to care for her. It's the only reward I can offer him. Do you agree with me, Mrs. Fenwick?"
She certainly did not.
"But you may," he answered, "when I've introduced you to the fisherman."

He was brought from the fishing village—he came reluctantly in his rough fisherman's clothes—to the mansion on the sea-front. The visitors who met him on the stairs eyed him curiously.
Mrs. Fenwick was with Elsie Trevors in their private sitting-room. Mr. Trevors had asked her particularly to be present.

The fisherman stood before them—he appeared from out of the shadow of the door, slowly just at first. His gaze wandered from Elsie to her companion, and remained there. Then came recognition, and with a wild sob, the widow threw herself into his arms. Mother and son had met once more. For a few odd seconds she hardly recognized him; it was all so terribly unexpected. The dead had come to life!

Then she was devouring him with her loving eyes, kissing his forehead, blessing Albert Trevors for having found him and brought him to her. A moment later she started back, and there was an expression of wild fear in her eyes. "But why did you find him?" she demanded. "To give him up to the law?"
"Madam, he saved my little girl!" was the only answer. And for once there was no pomposity in the man's voice.

"Whose guilt were you hiding, my son?" his mother asked at last.
He did not speak. "Tell me!" she persisted. Still silence. "Tell me!"
"My father's." He turned away that he might not see her pain.
Albert Trevors let it stay at that for several minutes. Why not forever? The boy had spoken of his innocence; he suffered to keep clean his dead father's name.
But he saved Elsie's life. It was a marvelous argument—the only one that could ever have appealed to Albert Trevors. He had promised to do something in return; he must go the whole way with his reward.

"Madam," he said, and the glory of his old pomposity was full upon him, "your husband—as well as your son—was innocent. Boy, you wronged your father!"
Not waiting for any interruption whatever, he proceeded slowly, grandly:
"You declared once that you could never forgive me, madam, for hunting down your son. Maybe you never will, though perhaps it would be just as well if you did. However, let that pass. I robbed the firm. I ruined it. I did it to make my Elsie a rich woman. Yes, child, I—your own father, confesses his guilt here—a guilt which was incurred for your sake."

"I reasoned it all out when I thought you were drowned. Then I realized the impotence of money, and knew that it was best to have my bonnie wee girlie with me; yes, even under these circumstances. I make this confession willingly, in return. Elsie, to the man who has restored you—at risk of his own life—to the one on whose shoulders rests the guilt he has borne so unselfishly."
Who ever would have expected Albert Trevors to grasp the situation with such clearness and so quickly?

"The money I kept for Elsie—the theft of which has caused so much misery—shall be returned to the people I took it from, if Mrs. Trevors deems this the wisest plan"—making a splendid bow in her direction. "Of what use is it, child, when that man who went up to town this afternoon would have married you for it alone?"
"And now, Mrs. Fenwick, if you decide to overlook the past, you can give me up to the law at once. If you decide to overlook, well—"

She glanced from her boy to Elsie, from Elsie back to her boy. When her eyes eventually met those of Albert Trevors, and she nodded, he read there all he desired to know.
"Well, spend this evening together on the pier, madam," he concluded. "But your son in fisherman's clothes—well, I dare say we can manage to knock up a change for him."
That night the moon shone whitely on the sea. Two young people watched it intently. Who shall interpret their thoughts on the strange events of that eventual day? But there was a look in the eyes of both—born of gratitude on the one hand, and long-standing admiration on the other—suggestive of the fact that ere long the young people might discover that remedy which their parents had already chosen.—New York Weekly.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.

Information about the Canary Islands is in big demand now. The islands lie in the North Atlantic Ocean, near the African coast, between latitude 27 and 29 north and longitude 13 and 18 west. There are seven principal islands in the group, covering an area of 3250 square miles, with a population of about 500,000. These seven islands are Tenerife, which is the largest; Grand Canary, Palma, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura, Gomera and Hierro. The area of these range from 877 square miles for Tenerife down to eighty-two square miles for Hierro. The distance from the nearest of the islands, Fuerteventura, to the African coast is about sixty miles. There are numerous other small islands, but they are uninhabited and unimportant.

In commerce the Canaries are important, and British interests there are large. The soil is productive, and cereals and potatoes are raised in quantities sufficient to supply the home demand. In one year it is possible in some places to raise two crops of corn and one potato crop from the same piece of land. Wine is produced in large quantities in Tenerife, but its quality is not up to that of Madeira. Canary seed, sunae and some flax are grown, but the principal product is cochineal. The exports of this product are very large. Very good olives, oranges, figs, bananas, pineapples and other fruits are raised in the Canaries. The silk worm is cultivated extensively, and there are some important silk stocking manufactures. Goats and sheep are plentiful, but cattle and horses are rare.

The climate of the Canaries is peculiar, but by no means unpleasant. The islands are overhung all summer with a dense canopy of clouds. The wind blows steadily from the northeast in the summer, beginning at 10 a. m. and lasting until 5 p. m. These winds form sea clouds in two layers. During the winter the wind blows hot from the southeast, sometimes bringing locusts, which, it is said, settled in 1812 to the depth of four feet on the fields of Fuerteventura. The climate is mild and dry.

Sport and Manhood.

The rules of amateur sport, written and understood, are really, though in different phraseology, the rules for the making of the highest type of manhood. Certainly it is not book-learning, ability to pass examinations, or any racial brilliancy of intellect, which have made the British successful colonizers, while the French have failed signally. The ability, the personal independence of a man often obliged to take care of himself away from the artificial resources of civilization, a certain gentleness which belongs to the strong, and confidence which grows rapidly with success; these qualities make the colonizer and the effective ruler, and these qualities are bred in great masses of men only by the drilling of the army, or the large boys' schools, or well-conducted sport. The Frenchman, the Italian, or even the Spaniard is a far quicker man mentally than the Englishman, but they are all far inferior to the American or the Englishman in the fundamental virtues that make a first-rate man. Steadiness, truthfulness, loyalty, resourcefulness, endurance and gentleness; these win as over against any other qualities. And they win logically, because even weaker races see that such virtues are the more lasting. As a result, in India the natives will lend their hoarded wealth to their English rulers, while they hide it from their native rulers; and the Anglo-Saxon's word has come to be more valuable in the markets of the world than other men's bonds, and all because there is a man behind it.—Outing.

State Lands in Sweden.

Sweden has now 12,056,246 acres of forest lands owned by the State, an increase in the State's holdings in thirteen years of 3,300,972 acres.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

An Infallible Test.
The readiness of wheelmen to find fault with the condition of most highways, at times, aroused much unfavorable comment, particularly in the earlier days of good roads agitation, when the subject was far less understood than at present. The public-spirited crusade which they inaugurated was ascribed wholly to ulterior motives, and it was not until they began to demonstrate its universally beneficent effects that the position of the cyclist began to be at all appreciated.

For generations, those who used the highways had been satisfied to plod along as best they might, behind steeds that could voice no intelligible complaint, taxcoaches as little as possible in the bad seasons and never considering the many ways in which they would be advantaged if firm roadways in every direction emancipated them from the reign of King Mud.

But the bicycle opened fresh vistas and started new lines of thought. The patient beast no longer trudged along through mud, over rocks, ruts and stumps, up-hill and down, while the driver indolently bounced along in the vehicle behind him. On the wheel the rider, driver and motor are one, and immediately awakens to a keen and realizing sense of the road beneath him. Every change in grade registered by human nerves, every depression, rock or stretch of sand causes a shock to a human backbone, and calls for greater energy. With bad conditions a severe strain is put upon the attention, pleasure is destroyed and wearisome labor takes its place.

The bicycle showed conclusively that roads were wrong, and it largely indicated the extent of their imperfection. It thereby set in motion the forces that have in ten years accomplished much and are working toward the accomplishment of much more under the power of the inevitable logic of events.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Good Roads League.

Without giving the matter an earnest thought it might seem remarkable that such a progressive idea as that of numbering county houses by the ten-block system, which is commended without a serious objection being raised against it, should be so slow in becoming established.

There are some difficulties to be met and overcome, but they are not serious ones. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. There is no money in it directly and personally for those who work to establish it. It has to be done but once in a place, and the same set of men would have no opportunity to profit by an experience either in getting the supervisors to act or in doing the field work of establishing it.

The Good Roads Leagues all over the country would be doing a particularly good thing if they would add the ten-block system to the educating work they are doing for good roads. The two should go hand in hand and the organization would be equally available for both lines of work. The work done in one locality would give knowledge, practice and experience which would help in other places.

About all that is needed is to establish it in the very best way in a few prominent counties, and it would then, as a matter of course, go into all other counties. Will they not add this feature to the line of good work that they are now doing?

Are Not a Luxury.

The Road Commissioner of New Jersey, Mr. Budd, points out that it costs three cents a bushel to haul wheat on a level road a distance of five miles, and at least nine cents to haul it the same distance on a sandy road, which goes to illustrate the practical economic importance of good roads. This is a point which deserves the serious attention of farmers. Sandy and rough roads are wearing out their horses and vehicles and increasing the cost of their farm supplies and of the marketing of their produce. Though little recognized, this is a fact most potent to the careful observer, and most pointedly and truly expressed in Mr. Budd's report. When this fact penetrates the minds of farmers more generally they will begin to realize that money and labor expended on road improvement will save money for them in reducing the actual cost of hauling and in saving vehicles and horses.

It is high time to dispense with the idea that good roads are luxuries, mere fancy frills, and to regard well made highways as among the necessities.—Easton (Penn.) Free Press.

Bad Roads—Bad Business.

A late dispatch from Casper, Wyoming, says that "on account of muddy roads the wool hauling business of this part of the State is almost at a standstill, many of the loaded wagons being stalled along the roads leading to this city. The wool market is extremely dull and few sales have been made. The clip will be a large one, and of superior quality."

Shots at Bad Roads.

The road improvements petitioned for under the new law in New York are almost entirely in the suburbs of large towns.

The city depends on the country; the farmer's welfare is the public welfare; money in his pocket makes the farmer prosperous; good roads aid him to accumulate coin.

The wide-tire law is still being discussed in many places despite the fact that where it has been tried it has proved successful. The reasons for the long deliberation over the matter are numerous, but many persons would like to see the law adopted at once.

THE PARROTS OF CUBA.

They Are Intelligent, Companionable, Talkative and Edible.
A company of prisoners from Cuba recently arrived in Chicago, coming unchallenged through our line of battleships, passing our coast guards unmolested, and reaching the interior of the country without harm, albeit the sentiments of each and all are for war. And these prisoners neither speak our difficult language nor understand it, their native speech being the Spanish vernacular. They are the latest and perhaps the last importation of Cuban parrots, and they reached New York under many difficulties, but they are now in the homes of Lake Michigan, released from their dismal wooden cages and petted to their hearts' content, but still moping and melancholy for the loveliest land that ever the sun shone on. That was what Columbus said of Cuba when he carried the first consignment of Cuban parrots back to Europe, introducing them to the delighted ladies of Seville.

In Cuba when that lovely land saw Tacon reigning in his glory. These latest arrivals from the beautiful and unhappy Cuba will probably be the last consignment made for many a long day, and the pretty birds with their red breasts and brilliant green plumage and white-topped heads are as savage and misanthropic as human prisoners might be under the ban of exile. They bite savagely and hurl Spanish anathemas at all who approach them, and whether they are rebels or patriots cannot be determined from their actions. But a few words of Spanish spoken by a visitor produced a wonderful change, as well as a babel of discordant jargon. They chattered as if in their native forests, and their bright, wicked eyes smirked with satisfaction and they crooned to themselves like the uncanny folk they are with diabolical effect.

These birds recall the fact that the Spanish sailor has an abnormal love for parrots and is nearly always accompanied by one of those trick birds when he sails the Spanish main or adventures into distant ports, where he finds himself compelled to part with his harlequin friend in exchange for gold to pay his score. He is sorry, but not so sorry as the parrot, whom he has peddled and taught and whose homesickness lasts long after the master she loved has forgotten her.

A poet wrote a pathetic ballad of such a case. In a strange country the lonely parrot was adopted by kind people, who made much of it, but the bird could never be induced to speak a single word—during the years of its enforced exile it preserved an unbroken silence. As it grew old its melancholy increased, and left it itself it brooded over its past life until one day a stranger passing its cage gave it a glance of recognition. The poet tells the climax:
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flew round its cage with joyous screech—
Then dropped and died.

Some Americans visiting Cuba a few years ago were much shocked while dining at a fashionable restaurant to hear an order given for "two Cubans on toast." They felt relieved on learning that Cuban parrots were the delicacy ordered. It is known now that the birds have been an article of diet for some time, the 10,000 parrots that were formerly sent to the United States in the season being now sacrificed to feed hungry families deprived of other sources of food.

The great popularity of the Cuban parrot in this country has been traced to the fact that they come to us with unoccupied brains, the few words the young birds have learned being easily obliterated to make room for a new vocabulary. The Cubans themselves have as much reverence for the bird that talks as the old Romans had in the days of Nero, when its uncanny utterances were regarded as oracles.

Guarding Against Risk.

"I understand that just before Walter Brown left for the war you promised to marry him."
"That's true," admitted the beautiful girl.
"And that the following day, when Tom Smith was starting with the naval militia, you also became engaged to him."
"Quite right," admitted the beautiful girl.
"And that you accepted an engagement ring from Harry Jones just before he left in answer to the second call for troops."
"That is correct."
"I'd like to know how you reconcile such actions with your conscience."
"My conscience!" exclaimed the beautiful girl. "Why, it was my conscience that drove me to it. Any girl that wouldn't do what she could to make the defenders of her country happy isn't a patriot; and, besides—"

Ham. Fish Saved a Child.

Hamilton Fish will long be remembered in San Antonio, Tex., as the hero of one of the most thrilling episodes that took place in the camp of the rough riders. On the day before the "terrors" left for Tampa they gave an exhibition drill, which was witnessed by thousands of persons. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt was in command, and ordered the entire regiment to charge. As the thousand troopers were dashing upon a hill a ragged little Mexican child scampered out in front of the galloping column of horses.

Hamilton Fish was one of the few who saw the danger. He spurred his horse ahead of the column, and while galloping at full speed snatched the child up with a dexterity that would have done credit to an Arizona plainsman.—New York Press.

A Remedy For Sunstroke.

In cases of sunstroke, where the head, face and body are extremely hot, apply cold water to the head. Cold water can often be gotten from cold-water springs. If possible get ice water. If near a hotel put the patient into a bath-tub of water about the temperature of the body; then lower the temperature until the patient is cooled off. Such treatment is beneficial in case of sunstroke.—Outing.

THE PORTRAIT.

When lonely, late and far from love,
I restless through my chamber move,
Or brood, with sad remorse,
One gaze yet clings to me as its thrall;
My lady's picture from the wall
Looks down, in silence noting all,
And follows with her eyes.

Dear eyes, so tender, frank and sweet,
Aye, smiling when our glances meet,
As if to bring me cheer,
Forgive the thankless humors black
Which sometimes drive your comfort back,
Vext that herself I still should lack
Whose portrait bides so near!

Forgive me that from you I turn
To where, like jewels in their urn,
Her letters lie concealed;
That slow I eon them, line by line,
Till from each treasured page doth shine
A flame that leaps to mate with mine,
Her very soul revealed!

O, haunting pictured eyes, I know
How constant is the debt I owe
Your witchery of art!
For you're my heart's content at best,
While here her absolute self express,
Tells me from farthest east to west
She follows with her heart.
—Rev. A. Capes Tarbolton, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

PITH AND POINT.

"That Mr. Hugging has a hard face." Daughter—"It never felt that way to me."—Standard.
"Oh, Bridget! I told you to notice when the apples boiled over." "Sure, I did, mum; it was quarter-past eleven."—Bangor News.
"He—'I only paid fifty cents an hour for this boat.'" She—"That's why I like it. It's a regular bargain sail."—Harper's Drawer.
She—"I hope you were polite to papa, dear?" He—"Indeed I was, I gave him a cordial invitation to make his house my home."—Tit-Bits.
Mrs. Prye—"Tell me, dear, do you ever quarrel with your husband?" Mrs. Lamb—"Never. But he often quarrels with me, the hateful thing!"—Standard.
"Come, my child, let us away to the fiddlerland," said the German cow to her offspring, as they made in the direction of the waving field of corn.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you sing, Mr. Sims?" asked the hostess. "Only a little," he replied. And yet he was in the middle of his fifth song when the last guest took a hurried farewell.—Standard.
Muggins—"Do you believe it is unlucky to have thirteen at table?" Buggins (who has had callers at dinner time)—"Yes! If you've only made preparations for two."—Standard.
Hicks—"I have only this to say against Charley, that the only enemy he has is himself." Wicks—"Oh, he would have other enemies, I suppose, if he was worth it."—Boston Transcript.

"How have you taught your baby to talk so young?" "Mamma—" "It's just as easy as can be; I sit down at the piano and sing, and she naturally tries to say something to her papa."—Standard.
"That," said the man who was showing a visitor the sights of Madrid, "is one of our greatest generals." "Ah!" was the interested rejoinder; "long hand or stenographic?"—Washington Star.

"I refuse to give you money with which to purchase a wheel," said the stern parent. "You are a thorn in my flesh." "And you," replied the disappointed youth, "are a tack in my path."—Chicago News.
"Pa," said the youngest of seven, "why don't you go to the war?" "I have all I can do to keep the reconcentrados in this house from starving," replied the parent, sadly.—Philadelphia North American.

Visitor—"What was the strength of the regiment you sent to the front from here?" Kentuckian—"Four hundred and eighty-six colonels, fifty generals, one hundred and forty majors and six privates."—Truth.
"Don't say good-bye forever," she pleaded. There was reason in her request. He had been nearly half an hour at it already, so her suspicions that the process might project into the boundless regions of eternity were well founded.—Standard.

The Secret of Sardou's Success.
Victorien Sardou has lately attributed his success as a dramatist to his handwriting. With some seriousness he has been telling his friends that after having tried many managers without success, he finally sent "La Tareine des Etudiants" to the Odeon Theatre in the hope that it might make some impression there. It had been placed on a table along with half a dozen manuscripts from unknown writers that were to be returned without being read. They were on a table in the room in which rehearsals were held, and by chance the glance of Mlle. Berenger, a noted actress of that day, fell on the pile of manuscript. Thoughtlessly she turned several of the pages over, and her eye fell on the beautifully written pages of Sardou's work.
"What a wonderful handwriting!" she said.
Some of the actors with her glanced at the writing. So did the manager, and he decided to read the work which was so carefully and clearly written. The result was that the play was accepted and the writer saved from the troubles which were impending at that time. He is a millionaire to-day, but he was very near starvation then.—New York Sun.

A Remedy For Sunstroke.
In cases of sunstroke, where the head, face and body are extremely hot, apply cold water to the head. Cold water can often be gotten from cold-water springs. If possible get ice water. If near a hotel put the patient into a bath-tub of water about the temperature of the body; then lower the temperature until the patient is cooled off. Such treatment is beneficial in case of sunstroke.—Outing.