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Glasgow, Scotland, in its twenty-five years of municipal ownership of the gas works, has spent $3,000,000 in improving the gas plants it bought for $2,600,000, and has paid off half the debt, accumulated a sinking fund, reduced the price of gas from $1.14 to $0.54, and earns $150,000 per year net in the city.

The heroes of the Spanish-American war whose bodies now rest in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, came from every section of the Union, and each newly made grave is a pledge and assurance of an indissoluble bond of national unity under the Stars and Stripes. Those brave men who gave their lives for their country in Cuba and Porto Rico did not die in vain.

Under authority given by a law just enacted by the Michigan Legislature, the Common Council of the city of Detroit has appointed three commissioners with power to buy the street railways of that city and manage them on municipal account. The voters of Detroit several years ago, when the question was submitted to them, decided in favor of municipal ownership of the street railways. The new law goes farther by providing for municipal management as well as ownership.

The world is so surfeited with machinery, it hears so constantly of new machines invented and of old ones perfected, that people forget that evolution in any new line of machinery is almost as slow and painful and full of failures as evolution in animals—at least when directed by men. The bicycle and the American trotter, so often contrasted as rivals, afford an interesting study in comparative development. They are nearly of an age; the trotter perhaps ten years older, with the pacer considerably younger than the bicycle. And the bicycle is one of the simpler forms in mechanics, much more so than a watch, or a threshing machine, or a printing press. Looking at the bicycle from the point of view of the present act accomplished, it seems as if it might have been produced in a few years. Yet it is thirty years old, and the latest development, the chainless gearing, is the growth of the last two years; and while the bicycle now seems as near perfection as we may attain, no one in the light of past events would dare declare it so.

Riding a Whale.

A story comes from Cutler, Me., to the effect that William Davis, a lobster fisherman, recently had a brief ride on the back of a whale. Mr. Davis was in a small boat, fixing his lobster traps, near Libby Island, when a great whale's back loomed out of the water only a few feet away from the boat. The giant creature began to spout and the spray from the column of water blinded the fisherman. In a few seconds the boat had drifted on the whale's back, and before Davis could make a motion toward escape the whale flapped its tail, nearly filling the boat with water, and disappeared in the deep sea. Davis reported that the whale was from sixty to ninety feet long. It was the first seen in the locality for several years.

Experiments have been made lately by French Government officials with a new telephone, which enables persons to converse without putting their mouth and ear to the apparatus, the words being distinctly audible in any part of the room.

The Chinese tael is a coin which has never existed. It is simply a unit used for convenience.

Worse Than New York.

In the first four weeks after the opening of the electric railroad at Cairo, Egypt, it is said that no less than eighty persons were killed, and since that time the weekly average has been one or eight. This very high rate of casualties is supposed to be due in part to the imperfect sight of many natives in consequence of the prevalent eye diseases, but mainly to the fact that they are unfamiliar with such swiftly moving vehicles.

It requires $100,000,000 capital to make candy for our nearly 80,000,000 inhabitants.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

Mist upon the mountains, and mist on field and plain,
But ever sunlight gleaming in the silvery drops of rain.
Should any heart be sorrowful, and sighing, still complain,
When the mist but fills the lily-cups for honey-bees to drain?

Unknown, in all our sighing, Love is leading us to light—
See, where the great sun glimmers o'er the iron hills of Night!
And all the sweetheart-roses—for all the storms that beat,
Are blooming for the lips of Love in many a red retreat!

The Strange Story of John M. Smythe.

Compiled by John G. Rowe, From the Narrative of John Smythe Baxter, Grandson of the Hero of the Adventures Herein Recorded.

The gold fever was attracting "all sorts and conditions of men" to the newly-discovered fields of Victoria in the year 1851. Rich and poor alike of every nation, as the reader doubtless already knows, threw aside their ordinary occupations to flock to the then infant colony and start digging for the precious metal. To such an extent did immigrants pour into Victoria that the arrivals in Melbourne are said to have numbered over two thousand a week. The crews of all the ships in Melbourne Harbor at the time of the news of the first finds deserted to a man, and shipmasters and shipowners were at their wits' end to know how to get men to work their vesse's home again from Australia.

It was during the first excitement of the rush to the gold-fields that the sailing vessel, Chesapeake Bay, arrived in Melbourne from Liverpool. Her crew were no better than those of the other ships in port, and among the first to desert and run away to the "diggings" was the hero of this authentic narrative, an able seaman, named John Merryndew Smythe. This man had at home in England a wife and daughter, the latter a child of seven at the time. Smythe, along with others, who, like himself, had high hopes of making their fortunes in a very short space of time at the mines, succeeded in making his way to Ballarat—the El Dorado of that period.

He did not stay long in the town itself, however, but started prospecting with, at first, very indifferent success. But after some months of dogged perseverance and semi-starvation he at length "struck it rich," as the saying goes. In less than another half-year he had got a tidy sum of money out of his claim, and was able to send $1000 home to his wife. She started in business for herself in Liverpool as a broker, and prospered from the very commencement, so that she was soon in very comfortable circumstances. Her husband, however, instead of returning home to England and enjoying the fruits of his labors, continued to work his claim until he had amassed quite a respectable fortune.

All was going well with him, when he suddenly took to drink and gambling. He sold his claim for $1500, and from that day forth haunted the drinking saloons and gambling dens, which were as plentiful in Ballarat at that time as blackberries in autumn. The town was full of the scum and refuse of civilization—the sweepings of the earth—attracted thither by the universal greed for gold; and such places did a roaring trade, all day and all night as well. Smythe, fuddled with liquor, would stake handfuls of his hard-earned gold on the mere turning of a card. Yet, as his vile associates often swore, he had "the devil's own luck." He always won, somehow, and never returned home without being richer by scores of pounds. Undoubtedly, he would have frequently been robbed as he left the gambling saloon, scarcely able to walk through his deep potations, had he not had the staunchest and truest of chums in his partner—steady-going, temperate Joe Mannion—who piloted him home safely every evening, and as regularly emptied his pockets of most of the money and banked it for him.

After about two years of this wild, reckless life, Smythe saw the error of his ways, and, bidding good-bye to Ballarat and its evil associations, he made arrangements with his bankers to forward his money to England. He then made his own way to Sydney (1854), intending to return home. To this end he booked a passage aboard the vessel Western Star, and sailed for England.

When only a few weeks out the ship encountered very heavy weather, and finally ran on a reef off the Falkland Isles. The greater part of the crew and passengers were drowned, but Smythe and three others—the carpenter, a seaman and an apprentice lad named James Roche—succeeded in fighting their way through the surf and making the shore. Here they were met by savages, who, however, received them very kindly, and gave them food and drink.

They lived among these natives for no less than two years on the friendliest terms—that is to say, Smythe, the sailor, and the boy did; for the carpenter fell ill and died some months after their escape from the wreck. One day a barque put into the island for water, and when a boat came ashore, Smythe and his two white companions ran down to the water's edge and hailed its occupants. These latter, however, were seized with a panic at the sight of the three, whom they mistook for savages, as they wore no clothes (like the natives), and the boat's crew thought their frantic gestures and shouts were evidences of dangerous hostility. Scrambling pell-mell into the boat again, they were pushing off in a great hurry, when one of them perceived that the skins of the supposed savages were white. Still the sailors did not feel inclined to stop and parley, so they shoved off and rowed out a bit into the bay.

When they had put a small stretch of water between themselves and the shore, they lay on their oars and one of them commenced a palaver with the white savages, whose actions whilst the boat was being rowed away from them would certainly seem to have warranted the supposition that they were unfriendly—not to say frantic. But when Smythe hailed the boat's crew, in English and explained how they had been cast away there, the sailors plucked up courage and rowed back. The three Crusoes were then taken into the boat and rowed out to the ship, whose captain at once promised to take them back to Sydney (1856). He was as good as his word, and Smythe and his companions in misfortune were landed in that port.

It was well for Smythe that he had taken the precaution of having his money sent to England by the bank officials, otherwise it is only right to believe he would have lost it with the sinking of the Western Star, and been thrown on his own resources for a bare living again. As it was, though, he still had his snug little fortune in the bank, and was able to draw upon it. He purchased a complete outfit, which he wanted very badly, for he had come away from among the savages without even a shirt to his back, and once more he booked his passage to England, this time in the steamship Great Britain. She was bound for Liverpool—Smythe's native place—with a cargo, passengers, and specie. After a pleasant voyage of nearly two months she came in sight of Old England (1857), and now the most extraordinary misfortune of all befell our luckless hero.

Smythe's reason actually became unhinged at the sight of the shores of his native land, the thoughts of all he had gone through, and the bitter reflection that he had never once written to his wife since he sent her the $1000 some years previously. The unfortunate man went raving mad, and the captain of the Great Britain had to place him in confinement. On the ship's arrival in Liverpool he was handed over to the care of the police, who, after making futile inquiries for any of his relatives, eventually sent him to Rainhill Lunatic Asylum, outside Liverpool.

We will now, with the reader's permission, leave Smythe in the asylum, and go back to his wife. She had long since given up the broker's establishment and left the old locality, having removed to Aigburth. Here she made the acquaintance of Captain Jose Diaz, who was the master of the Spanish steamship Porto Rico. In the full belief that her husband was dead, Mrs. Smythe married Captain Diaz, and a child was born, a son, who was christened Charles. Meanwhile, Maggie Smythe, her daughter by her first husband, had grown to be a woman, and received several offers of marriage, which, however, she declined. In 1862, Mrs. Smythe's second husband, Diaz, lost his life by drowning in the Coburg Dock, and, curious to relate, it was in 1862 that the long-lost husband and father, Smythe, was discharged, perfectly cured, from the asylum.

The unfortunate man paid an early visit to his bankers, and, having easily proved his identity, learned he was entitled to the very tidy fortune of $95,000. During the several years he had been immured in the asylum his original account had been steadily accumulating by means of compound interest. He now sought his wife and daughter, but could find no trace of them. The old home knew them no more, and no one in the neighborhood could be expected to be cognizant of their whereabouts, seeing the long time that had elapsed since their residence there.

Smythe, however, spared neither efforts nor money to find his loved ones, but ere long he was at length obliged to abandon the quest, and settled down quietly into private life, taking a house, which, as it happened, was situated within less than half a mile from the door of those he never expected to see again on this side of the grave. But most strange and incomprehensible are the workings and ways of the Almighty. In such extraordinary coincidences, as the one we are now about to relate, we can easily trace His guiding hand.

John Smythe, one Sunday morning in 1863, attended early Divine service at St. Nicholas' Church, and, among the several wedding parties present, he was particularly struck with the face of one of the brides. Somehow, he thought it strangely familiar, and this idea grew so strongly upon him, that he determined to wait and ascertain her name. Lingering until after the service, he was gratified by hearing the names of the respective parties called out by the officiating minister, and to his intense joy he heard the names, Margaret Merrydew Smythe and John Baxter, pronounced. Simultaneously with the cry of surprise from his lips came a scream from the vestry, and the fall of a heavy body was heard. The sudden revelation was too much for the poor old man, and he had fainted away.

He was carried into the vestry by those around him, and restored to consciousness, when he quickly made his identity known. His daughter's amazement and delight can be better imagined than described, we think, at this unlooked for reunion with a father she had so long mourned as dead; and we venture to say that a more dramatic incident than their meeting would not be found in the pages of the most sensational romancist.

Maggie Smythe took back with her from her wedding not only a husband, but a long-lost father as well. We will pass over the meeting between that husband and wife, who had not looked upon one another's faces for so many years.

John Smythe and his helpmate, Hannah, both lived to a good old age, and their daughter, Mrs. Baxter, is a happy wife and mother in Liverpool at this moment—or perhaps, I had better say she was, for it is some years since I first learned the story I have recorded above.

Charles Diaz, the half-Spanish stepson of the old sailor-Crusoe, is now an officer in the Mercantile Marine; and James Roche, the one-time apprentice of the Western Star, who spent two years with John Merrydew Smythe, among the Falkland Islanders, was, the last time Mr. J. S. Baxter saw him, chief mate of the old packet ship, Isaac Webb. He attended the funeral of his old shipmate, Smythe.

THE SAMOAN AT HOME.

When Not at War They Lead Very Easy and Agreeable Lives.

When native Samoans are not at war they seem to foreigners to have a very easy and agreeable life. There is never very much to do, and what there is is not arduous or tiring. The old women, for instance, braid mats, or sit upon the rocks and beat and strip the bark for making tapa, the native cloth. The brewing and perfuming of cocoanut oil is another industry in which women play a prominent part. The men spend much of their time in making fishing nets and tackle.

In spite of the simplicity of the national attire, the Samoans are rather vain and spend a good deal of time in beautifying themselves. The hair is often plastered with white lime, giving it, when dry, the effect of a white wig. The lime is washed off by night. The result is a gradual change in the color of the hair from a red to a bright yellow. Apart from this strange fancy the Samoans quite share the European ideas in regard to beauty. They particularly admire tall persons.

The common dress for men and women is a simple kilt, the manner of whose adjustment seems to foreigners nothing short of miraculous. The natives seem to have no difficulty, however, in keeping the garment in place. The children are less scare of themselves and often lose the bit of calico that serves as outdoor costume. The brown babies wear no clothing at all.

A fad of the young man of Samoa is to wear the name of his sweetheart tattooed upon the forearm. As the Samoan wears no sleeves this ornament is always visible, and he is very proud of it, which is easily understood, as the young lady herself always does the tattooing, it being impossible to intrust to a professional workman a task so full of sentiment.

He Knew It.

Rent day in Paris is a very important occasion. The landlord is king in a realm where exactitude is not only encouraged, but enforced. An Englishman says he once went to see the apartments of a Frenchman who had been doing business in Paris, and the question of rent payment came up. The Frenchman proved to be a very suspicious and inquisitive old gentleman, who had made his fortune in the candle trade.

"What do you sell?" he inquired.

The Englishman acknowledged that he made his bread by writing for the magazines. The landlord shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid," said he, "that you will not be exact with your rent on the fifteenth of the month."

He evidently had old-fashioned notions of literature, as well as other arts, and preferred that his tenants should be, like himself, comfortably in trade. So in order to vindicate his vocation, the Englishman went in person to call upon his landlord on the fourteenth with rent in hand.

"I told you so!" exclaimed the precise old merchant. "I knew you wouldn't be exact, at the day or hour fixed. You have brought your rent twenty-four hours too soon!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

New Process of Photography.

To be in the swim one must have one's photograph taken by the new process, which gives a raised surface like bas relief. For the lover who yearns to carry his sweetheart's picture always with him these new photos may be reduced to fit into a small locket. The newest fad in these locket or watch photos is to have a small magnifying glass set into the cover, which when opened releases the glass by means of a spring and enlarges the portrait so as to give a lifelike appearance.

Renting Rooms in a Mexico City.

Strangers sometimes mildly wonder what newspapers or sheets of blank paper are tied on the windows or balconies of certain houses for. A sheet of paper thus arranged is a sign meaning that there are rooms to let in the house on which it is displayed, and is just as significant in its import as three golden balls over a pawnbroker's shop are in other countries.—Mexican Herald.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Feeding Bran With Cornmeal.

Where cut feed is fed to horses, a mixture of corn and oats ground together makes the best meal to put on the cut and moistened hay. If the oats are not to be had, grind the corn and mix the meal with twice its bulk of wheat bran. Cornmeal alone is too heavy a feed to put on cut hay, but mixed with bran and the whole chewed as cut hay is sure to be, the saliva from the horse's mouth will be mixed with it and enable it to digest without fermenting in the stomach. When we fed corn and oatmeal on cut hay to horses, we usually put in some bran also, and think the horses liked it better, as the combination of the three feeds gave the whole a very appetizing flavor, especially as hot water was used to moisten the hay.

Harrows and Rakes in Corn Culture.

As soon as the corn is three or four inches high, I put on a large smoothing harrow which covers three rows, letting the team walk astride the middle row. After the harrowing is completed let the boys go over it and uncover any plants that may have been pulled down or covered with the harrow. This work can be done by means of small hand rakes made as follows: For the head take a piece of board 1x1½ inches. On one edge drive fourinch wire nails one inch apart. For a handle use an old broom handle or a rake handle cut to the proper length.

Cross harrow in about eight days, if the corn is not too large, and uncover with a rake as before. After this discard the harrows and use one horse cultivators for the remainder of the season, going over the ground at intervals of from eight to ten days, according to the weather, whether weeds are present or not. This mode of culture may seem cruel to some, as dehorning cattle or severely pruning an orchard. However, it has been my plan for the last two years, and my neighbors all admit that I have one of the best cornfields in our part of the country. Scarcely a hill is missing and the field is perfectly clean.

Some may want to know how the corn escaped the fate of the weeds in its early treatment. The weeds at this stage are on the surface and a single stroke of the harrow turns them out and if not completely destroyed, the second stroke eight days later will kill them entirely, while the corn on the contrary has been planted two or three inches deep. The roots strike down, and are so thoroughly set by the time the plant is from three to five inches high that a very few hills will be disturbed by the harrow. The ground is thoroughly stirred around the roots, which is a benefit to the crop afterward. On light, loamy land, care must be taken to use a light harrow.

For corn ground all strawy manure or stable should be well plowed under. If this has not been done the harrow will be clogged and the cultivator interfered with later. The more frequent the rainfall the more frequent must be the cultivator, for the crust must be broken as soon as possible after the rain. A light harrow on corn sown broadcast for feed will prove beneficial. This harrowing should always be followed by the raking so as to uncover the hills that may have been disturbed.—J. W. McKenzie, in New England Homestead.

Charred Grain For Stock.

It is always customary with farmers who feed much corn to fattening hogs, to give them a little charcoal daily, to correct acidity arising from its fermentation in the stomach. It is frequently taken from the wood stove, using the remains of fires that have died down before the wood was wholly converted into carbonic gas and ashes. It is the ashes mixed with this charred wood which corrects acidity of the stomach. As for the coal itself, it is only partly burned vegetable fibre, and even when charred it cannot furnish more nutriment than would be found in sawdust from the same kind of wood. Charred grain, of which only the outer husk is vegetable fibre, is different, and by charring carefully it can be fed in quite large amounts with decided advantage, as it is quite fattening, besides not being likely to cause souring of the stomach. If popcorn is not thoroughly dried, many of the grains will not open showing the fleecy whiteness of the starch they contain, and as these grains will naturally fall to the bottom of the popper they are likely to be burned. Both hens and fattening hogs will eat these charred grains with great avidity. A still better grain to char is the oat, as it contains more of the strength giving and egg producing qualities than does corn. In charring oats for hens and we think also for hogs, it is best to expose the grain to enough heat to burn off part of the husk of the grain. The oats will then be eaten with avidity, and if the grain is itself charred it will be a nitrogenous charcoal from which the more easily burned carbon has been removed.

In extreme cases, as when a horse has colic or a cow has bloated, grain that is pretty thoroughly charred may be given, but only in small amounts, and to restore tone to the stomach. It should not be continued nor given very often, as the effect of potash which the charred grain contains is to debilitate the stomach instead of to strengthen it. We never gave charred grain except very rarely to any animals except those which we were fattening, and those we were sure to correct evils of diet, which we learned afterwards to avoid. A few weeks before fattening hogs were to be killed, it seems often better to give them some charred grain as a preventive than to a breeding sow or to any other animal that we meant to keep long except to a hen. The gizzard of a hen is so strong that it probably does no harm to punish it with some charred oats, which with the hull burned off are as good as wheat, and are perhaps even better. In the coldest weather in winter we have fed charred oats to both fattening hogs and to poultry while the grain was still warm. They were very greedy for this warmed grain, yet it is probably really no better for them than if the grain were eaten cold. Taking hot victuals and drinks into the stomach is bad for human digestion, and it also probably is for the digestion of animals.—American Cultivator.

Cream Ripening and Butter Flavor.

The process of cream ripening is a kind of fermentation, just as the formation of alcohol or vinegar is a fermentation. The cause of the fermentation which takes place in cream is the growth and development of an immense number of bacteria. The proper ripening of cream takes place when the right kind of bacteria produce the fermentation, and the process is allowed to proceed to exactly the right point. Some bacteria produce substances that give fine flavors, others produce butter which is almost worthless. The chemical nature of the substances constituting the flavor is not known, but it is probable they are decomposition products from the milk sugar. Hundreds of creameries are losing thousands of dollars each year, because cream ripens improperly, due to injurious kinds of bacteria. Considerable trouble can be avoided if the creamery operators use the proper methods. One of the Iowa dairy school instructors is often sent to creameries that are unable to produce the desired quality of butter and he assists them to fix the trouble and provide a remedy. The methods this instructor generally uses to correct these faults are to require strict cleanliness about the buildings and utensils, rejecting milk which has not been cared for in such a manner as to prevent it from becoming tainted, and by the use of good starters. These are all applications of the principles of bacteriology.

Good, clean milk is absolutely essential to produce the best results. No buttermaker can take milk foul with dirt and filth and all that goes with them and make a first-class product. There are, of course, certain ways in which such milk can be improved and serious results somewhat averted. What we want to produce a good butter flavor is cream that will sour with no other taste, especially of unpleasant taints suggestive of filth contamination. To secure this there are two points to be always kept in mind: First, undesirable fermentations must be kept out; the second point to be kept in mind is desirable fermentations must be present, i. e., those which cause souring. Simply keeping bad flavor out is not always sufficient. The germs which produce a good flavor must be added if not already there. This is accomplished by the use of starters.

As used in dairying a starter is a portion of milk or buttermilk containing a large number of the germs of fermentation supposed to give a good flavor. The purpose of its use is sometimes to hasten the souring, but its greatest value is in controlling the flavor. I consider the use of a starter as absolutely necessary if the buttermaker expects to make uniform high-grade butter. Under the best conditions, that is when the milk is clean, free from filth bacteria, as is more apt to be in summer, butter can be made with no starter probably sometimes just as good as with one, but at least in the state with which I am most familiar, it is impossible to make good butter in the winter time without a starter. When a starter is in the proper condition it has a sharp acid taste, with no unclean or disagreeable taste or odor. It does not whey off as soon as it thickens, but remains in a solid curd with no bubbles showing gas. The only way to tell when a starter is right is by taste and odor, and the user should learn to judge this correctly. The temperature at which milk is ripened is not so material if the ripening is stopped at the proper stage. It can be ripened at fifty-five or ninety degrees. At high temperature it must be watched very closely, as ripening advances very rapidly. However, prefer about seventy to seventy-five degrees in the winter and sixty-five to seventy-five degrees in the summer. Some means of testing the acidity of the cream is very useful. When not sour enough the butter shows a lack of flavor; if ripened too high the flavor is sometimes rancid.—C. H. Eckles, Iowa Dairy School, in the American Agriculturist.

Extinction of the Prairie-Chicken.

To-day the reign of the old-time "chicken dog" is done in America, and the day of the great brown grouse is also done. One can see no future for this, one of the most noble, though easily the most helpless, of all our game birds. To-day the centre of the chicken country is no longer at Dwight. It moved West from Illinois into Iowa, then up into Lower Minnesota, then a short way into lower Dakota. It crossed the sand hills of Nebraska and the wheat belt of Kansas, tarried for a long time in the Indian Nations, and then dropped swiftly down across the State of Texas. I should be disposed to say that to-day it is perhaps located in some of the lower tiers of counties of Texas, and closer to the Gulf coast than most persons would imagine. There are some prairie-chickens left in Wisconsin, yet more in Minnesota, and, together with the sharp-tailed grouse, these birds yet furnish sport in widely scattered localities over North and South Dakota and Nebraska.—Harper's Weekly.

TAKING IT TO HEART.

There are two sorts of people who bother me so
That I hate to look into the news;
There's the man with the ready grandiloquent flow,
Who never was known to refuse
A chance to stand out and make comments about
All things between heaven and earth;
Who roars and who bores till you really doubt
Whether life's not more work than it's worth.

And then there's the other who could if he would
Clear up these confusions which fret;
Who could make these dark problems so well understood
If he didn't decide to forget!
It's entirely their fault if my hair's turning gray
And my spirits grow saggy and weak—
The person who talks and has nothing to say
And the person who knows and won't speak.

—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"If Wiggins called you a liar you ought to make him prove it." "What good would that do?"—Chicago Record.

"What kind of a tree is the hardest to climb?" asker the teacher. "One that hain't got no limbs," little Albert replied.—Chicago News.

"I don't see what is to become of all these new doctors!" "Oh, new microbes are being all the time discovered."—Detroit Journal.

"Would you call Uncle Amos a stingy man?" "No, I should say he had all his generous impulses under perfect control."—Chicago Record.

Jones—"You needn't be afraid to place that book in the hands of your children." Smith—"H'm! I guess you don't know my children."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"I'm sure I've cast my bread on the water many a time, and I don't see any results." He—"No; I guess your bread would sink, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

"The idea of her having the nerve to claim she first saw the light in 1878." "I would not judge her too harshly. Perhaps she meant the arc light."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss P.—"If he really loves me, as you say, why should he be silent?" Miss S.—"He may not be in a position to get married." "But he knows I am."—Detroit Free Press.

An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

"When your parents first refused me your hand I was so wretched that I wanted to throw myself out of the window." "And why didn't you?" "It was so high!"—Lustige Blaetter.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "I'm saddest when I sing." "Then," he replied, "you must be an exception to the rule." "What rule?" "The rule that people are oblivious of their own defects."—Chicago News.

"How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?" said a lady to a sea captain. "Why, by a compass. The needle always points to the north." "Yes, I know. But what if you wish to go south?"—Tit-Bits.

The Artist—"A flattering likeness! No, indeed, Mr. Cashleigh. It's only the matter-of-fact, stingy, purse-proud man of pedigree we artists have to flatter. The artistic, generous, modest, self-made man, never!"—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Staylate—"I hear your mother's step on the stairs, and I shall be able to bid her good night." Sleepy Beauty (wearily)—"It can't be mother. She's a late sleeper. Probably it is the servant coming down to light the fire."—Standard.

The whizzing autotruck may come, the horseless carriage, too;
The elements may do the work that horses now must do;
But as long as men keep striving on for fortune or for fame
You will find that money'll always make the mare go, just the same.

—Chicago News.

"What I can't understand," remarked Biffles, "is how Tottenham died and didn't leave a debt in the world." "Oh, well," responded Sloops, "folks sometimes do that." "Yes, I know," continued Biffles, "but just think how popular Tottenham was. Everybody liked him, and that's why I can't understand how he came to die without owing one cent of borrowed money!"—London Judy.

About Cold Storage Game.

Dr. Robert T. Morris has contributed valuable testimony to the movement against the use of cold storage game. It is proved that the selling by restaurants of frozen game results in a much greater slaughter of birds than would be the case if only enough were shot to supply the market during the open season. Frozen game is distinctly inferior to fresh birds. It lacks juiciness, while being so flat in taste that any one with a normal palate and the slightest knowledge of game can tell the difference at the first mouthful. It is now recognized that cold storage game is not served at any decent restaurant, as its lost flavor keeps away the most desirable class of patrons. Dr. Morris proposes that every first-class restaurant will find it to its advantage to state on the menu that no cold storage game is served, to imperil the stomachs of its guests.—Chicago Record.

The Editor and Her Gown.

"We, the editor, were dressed in black and white, and were an ermine cape lined with brocade, and a large black picture hat with white feathers." A correspondent sends us the cutting from a Sunday paper of a leading article on the recent Women Journalists' Matinee containing the above marvellous sentence. As our correspondent says, "it is a grand attempt to combine the personal with the anonymous."—The Academy.