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The new wolf scalp bounty law of Kansas is giving the clerks of the various counties considerable trouble on account of its ambiguity. The new law offers a bounty of $1 for all wolf scalps, except those of the "lobo" species, the scalps of which are worth $5 each. The county clerks don't know what a "lobo" is, and have been unable to obtain any information which would enable them to distinguish the $5 scalps from those of the ordinary wolt.

The fact that one can travel hundreds of miles by trolley cars without a break is an interesting thing to contemplate, but it is not likely that the trolley system, at least as it is now known, will ever become popular for long-distance traveling. As a means of transporting light freight, however, there seems to be a vast field open to it. Still, it would be rash to predict a definite future for the trolley system. The latter is still in its infancy, and no one can say what improvements in it may be in store.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine's model school will be erected in Chicago during the coming year in the vicinity of Hull house. While the two institutions will have the common purpose in view of elevating mankind, they will be different in that the model school will endeavor to occupy the same relation toward the children of the crowded district that Hull house has taken toward their parents. One hundred thousand dollars will be devoted by Mrs. Blaine to the founding of this school as a sort of adjunct to the college for teachers which her philanthropy has assured for Chicago in the near future.

Some interesting figures as to the proportion of farmers' boys among college students have been gathered by the American Agriculturist. It has returns from 178 universities and colleges, reporting an attendance of 62,000 students, out of a total of 97,000 in all the higher educational institutions in the country. In its analysis of the figures the Agriculturist reduces the number of students considered to a little under 52,000, for some unexplained reason, excluding, it says, "a few city colleges, like Harvard, Pratt Institute, University of Rochester, Fisk University and others. Out of this total of about 52,000 it finds that nearly 21,000 are from the agricultural classes, or a percentage of 40 2 from the farm. This percentage varies largely in different sections of the country. It is 50.9 in the South, 45.8 in the far West, 40.1 in the central West, 29.4 in the Middle States, and 29.1 in New England. "In no other nation will any such condition be found," comments the Agriculturist.

The government has been fully reimbursed for the outlay made to aid in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad. The government issued what are commonly referred to as subsidy bonds, which the railroad company disposed of to provide funds for the construction of the line. The last installment of these bonds fell due Jan. 1 of this year. In anticipation of the Union Pacific defaulting in repayment the government took steps to dispose of its property at public auction, but settlement was finally arranged, and the principal of the loan amounting to $27,226,512, was refunded to the government with $31,211,711.75 which represented the interest in full. The total indebtedness has been repaid and the government did not lose a dollar by the transaction. Of the total amount of Union Pacific bonds issued all have been redeemed by the government except $38,000, which are still outstanding and have never been presented for payment. As soon as they are presented they will be canceled and destroyed.

An uncommon disease caused the death of Mrs. Rose Funk, a resident of Bloomington, Ill. Portions of her flesh had become as dry and hard as bone.

HOW MOTHER DUFFIELD GOT THE BETTER OF THE BOOM.

HE town must be burnin' up; I wisht now that I had staid a little longer. It's drefful, though—dreful to think on. Mother, I'm going up to the hill field to get a better sight."

The glory of the September sunset, which Squire Duffield had not noticed, had scarcely faded when another light, which he at once perceived, filled the heavens in the direction of Swanton, a sleepy old county seat with a population of about 5000 souls.

Latterly a new influence had manifested itself in Swanton. The young people had surrendered themselves to it completely, and even their elders, bred to slow thought and action and to a distrust of innovations, were weakening under it. I had all happened within a few months. One day a well-dressed, smooth-spoken stranger had put up at the Swan House, and had hired a horse and buggy and had driven about the country asking mysterious questions of the farmers. Then he disappeared, but shortly returned with a man whom he introduced as a capitalist. That sort of personage was unfamiliar to the Swantonians, and they spent much time in speculating upon his probable past and possible future.

There was a lurking suspicion that the presence of the strangers boded no good, which became active when they were joined by an engineer and showed a disposition to prowl about other people's property. But this being followed by proposals to purchase land at liberal figures, the resentment died out. It was only an acre here and another there, with an option on larger tracts, but $200 an acre for $50 land was an effective antidote to distrust. The cupidity of the farmer was quite as well understood by the keen city men as his hesitation and suspicion, and they had no difficulty in getting what they wanted.

Natural gas was the ostensible object of their search, and Swanton was in two minds about the desirability of discovering such a commodity. That it was not a familiar agricultural product was to its discredit, but there were those who were sanguine over the easy acquisition of fortune and the establishment of a prosperous and populous city. The editor of the Weekly Banner, after a talk with the capitalist, unhesitatingly said that Swanton's golden opportunity was at hand.

The madness began to get in its work when the Buckeye Improvement and Development Company opened spacious offices on Jefferson street and the sound of drills woke the echoes through the peaceful countryside. Deals were made, openly and surreptitiously, and enterprises and rumors of enterpsises quickened the sluggish blood of even the most conservative.

Already gas had been found in small quantities in several wells, but the excited community would be satisfied with nothing less than a "gusher." One was expected in the big well on old man Hartman's place at the edge of town. There has been difficulties from salt water and from the breaking of machinery, but the experts were sure that gas would be found in immense quantities. Indeed, it had been making considerable commotion for several days. Squire Duffield said he was "mighty glad that he didn't live near the pesky thing; he didn't want it on his farm; he preferred a good crop of wheat."

This light, which seemed to indicate a tremendous fire, confirmed his previous judgment. "Some fool has dropped a light cigar and started the thing off," he argued, "and if's spread to the hull town. I declare ef I wasn't so beat out, I'll drive in an' see what's happenin'.

"By gracious, maybe it'll burn the bank up—I'm goin'.

"Jake, Jake, hitch up Jinny quick's ever you can! I'm goin' to town," shouted the Squire; and five minutes later he and his hired man were urging the unwilling "Jinny" toward Swanton. The distance was five miles, but "Jinny" could be counted upon to cover it in an hour and to get back in half that time.

The country grew brighter and the roaring increased as the mare trotted briskly over the smooth pike. It's queer," muttered the Squire; "the fire don't seem to change. We see it better 'cause we're gettin' closer, but it don't get bigger nor act like an ordinary fire."

Every time the Squire thought of his $3000 he touched "Jinny" with the whip.

"It don't seem to be spreadin' much; they're keepin' it well toward Hartman's place," he said, as they got near town; but Jake couldn't hear him for the fierce roaring of the flame. The mare was so frightened by the time they had come within a half mile of the well that her master determined to put her up and to proceed on foot. "How far has the fire spread?" he shouted in the ear of the hostler who came out to take her.

"No further'n Hartman's well," screamed the man grinning.

Squire Duffield couldn't believe that. Accompanied by Jake he went to see for himself. It was true. A mighty column of flame shot up into the air, the earth trembled and people looked weird and ghastly in the uncanny light as they read one another's lips, for no voice could be heard; but there was no conflagration.

"How'll they ever put it out?" Jake's lips asked.

"How?" the Squire's lips repeated as he shook his head.

Up to that night Squire Duffield had ranked as an ultra conservative among the boomers, but the sight of that tremendous manifestation of power had shaken him out of his old ideas and habits. He felt dazed and uncertain for several days, when he became restless and had an irrepressible desire to go to town and hear more of the wonders that were coming to pass. All of the farmers near town were planning to plot their land for house lots or factory sites and the Squire sighed, reflecting that his land was too far from town for any such purpose.

There was to be a shoe facecry, a plate-glass factory, an optical glass factory and ever so many othey works that would employ hundreds of men and bring in thousands of dollars. The greatest enterprise of all was to be the rolling mill which the suave and imposing Major Gloss was exploiting. It was reported that the company which he said he had formed represented a capital of half a million dollars. A billion could scarcely have impressed the Swantonians more. Squire Duffield's brother-in-law had sold his farm at a fancy price for the site of the new mill, and massive buildings were being erected for the accommodation of the machinery, the largest and heaviest of its kind in the world, which was being brought from Furnacetown, Major Gloss assuring the Swantonians that he could not think of remaining in a place where there were only 40,000 people when he saw opportunities presented by a city with such a future as Swanton. The rolling mill and the Buckeye Development and Improvement Company were the biggest things in sight, and some people intimated that the two were one; that is, that the same men were promoting both.

"Well, what of it?" returned the boom-mad speculators. "Ain't they prominent men and capitalists? Of course, they want to be on the inside wherever there are millions to be made, and they're lucky who can get in with 'em."

There was a wild scramble for this privilege—it was the stock exchange transferred to a virgin field. Swanton never had seen so much cash or dreamed of so many notes, deeds and legal documents of various sorts as floated about in these days. The County Recorder had to hire extra deputies and clerks, notaries and real estate dealers sprang up on every corner. A pawnshop was started to enable the boomers to turn their last possession into cash. Loutish country boys and commonplace town clerks were alike stung with the mad desire for speculation, and older heads were lost with equal precipitation. "Paper" was indorsed readily and unquestionably, and promptly discounted by the bank, which had hired an extra room and three times as many employes as ever had been required before.

Ready-made houses were brought to town in sections and set up like ridiculous toys on twenty-five foot lots in Snyder's subdivision, a worthless piece of swampy land between the creek and the canal which the Buckeye Development and Improvement Company had bought and plotted, theirs also being the ready-made houses. Mass meetings were held in the town hall and in the public square and enthusiasm was without bounds.

Squire Duffield could withstand the allurements of the craze no longer. His hoarded $3000 and all the money that he could raise by mortgaging the land, including what he had acquired through frugality and industry and the homestead that had come to him from his father, were invested in the rolling mill and in allied enterprises promising a speedy return of dollars for cents. Farm work was neglected for the first time in his life—it was not worth while to grub a living laboriously from the soil when a fortune was to be had by such facile means.

The Squire's sons were swept off their feet, and from steady, hard-working young fellows, took to driving recklessly about the country at all hours of the day and night, drinking and gambling and pursuing a general mode of life detrimental to their manners, morals and finances. Miss Fannie, the Squire's only daughter, saw at last the coveted avenue of escape from social isolation and household drudgery and adopted late rising and dawdling over her toilet as the first requisites for a life of refined and elegant leisure.

Only Mrs. Duffield, untiring in her industry, frugal in her habits and homely in her disposition, took no pleasure in her changed prospects. Despite the querulous objections of the family, she clung to her accustomed routine of household duties, made as many pounds of butter a week as usual, looked after her garden, sold eggs and poultry, and in all ways conducted herself as if she never anticipated living upon a higher social plane. It was a day of sore trial for her when it was decided, in view of the growing importance of the family, to remove to town and occupy the mansion of the late Judge Bigman. Ruefully the good woman went over and over the place, doing last offices and laying injunctions upon the tenant's wife who was to succeed her, about what to do and what not to omit. Her lack of pride and of adaptation to her bettered fortune disturbed the rest of the family sadly, but their removal was marred by a far more ominous occurrence.

There had been for several days an ugly rumor that the gas was giving out. The Squire pooh-poohed the report, but a week later it was not to be thrust aside by any such contemptuous methods, and there was no denying that the Hartman well was less strong than formerly. But what did that signify? It would be an easy matter to sink more wells and find more gas,

Before this could be done, however, the capitalists back of the Buckeye Development and Improvement Company withdrew from the field, leaving the Swantonians in a tangle whose labyrinthine difficulties they could not understand—except as to the depressing detail that they were pledged for more money than they could pay or could earn in a lifetime. On the heels of this calamity came an interruption in the rolling-mill project. The building was there and the machinery was there, but the business halted. Major Gloss was absent in some vague locality on unknown business, and no one else had authority, means or ability to proceed. It did not become known for some time that this rolling-mill machinery existed only for effect in boom towns and that it traveled from one to another in pursuit of this end. Since it left Swanton it had been in a dozen other booms, but never had turned a wheel for work.

The fabric which Squire Duffield and his sons and daughter had reared in fond anticipation crumbled into dust, and their consternation when an appreciation of their predicament was forced upon them was pitable.

"I am ruined, utterly," wailed the old man. "Not an acre of land, not a dollar, can I call my own. I don't see anything left for us but to go to live in Snyder's subdivision, and I'll have to try for day's work."

At this prospect Miss Fannie lifted up her voice in anguish, and the boys, having nothing to suggest but their debts, went out to drown their troubles in drink while they still had a little credit.

But Mrs. Duffield looked more cheerful than she had done since she left the farm. "Oh, it ain't so bad but that it might be worse," she remarked, philosophically, as she went on with her darning.

"How could it be worse?" the Squire demanded, turning roughly upon her.

"Well, I've got a little money saved up," she replied calmly. "I've been married thirty year, almost, an' you never interfered with my doin' as I liked, father—leastways, not till we come to town to be grand folks—so I've saved up considerable. Whenever I had a hundred dollars, I've given it to Brother Dan to invest for me, knowin' him to be a careful and an honest man, and I've got a matter of 'most $7000 out at interest, besides nigh on to a hundred dollars in my stockin' that I hadn't given him yet, so I guess we might make some arrangement 'bout the mortgage an' move back to the old place. We'll get the rest of it paid off if we leave gas and improvements alone, I guess." And perhaps there was a sparkle in the old lady's eyes.

"But how did you get so much money?"

"Butter an' eggs an' garden truck. I wasn't never ambitious, you know."

And the Squire had the grace to say, "Mother, you've saved the family, an' I shan't never go against your advice in anything again."—New York Press.

Hunting Peccaries in Texas.

"Hunters have been known to undertake the foolhardy task of hunting peccaries on the plains of Texas," said an old ranchman in the New York Sun, "by killing one in a drove and getting to a safe place in a tree, when the entire drove will at once gather about the tree and wait, with every eye fixed upon the hunter, for the vengeance their instinct or reason or whatever it is tells them is inevitable. Well provided with ammunition, hunters have been able to pick off, one by one, every member of a drove, and then make an escape from a tree, but it is a dangerous risk for a hunter to run. Every peccary but one in a drove may fall before the hunter's bullets, but the solitary one will remain on guard until he dies of starvation. If the hunter has no ammunition and one peccary is left alive, it become a question of which has the more endurance, the hunter or the peccary. Plainsmen are a fearless and often reckless lot, but they never hunt peccaries. There are too many terrible stories as to how such rash undertakings have terminated.

"'Physically as well as morally,' said Joe Parker, 'the peccary seems to be an abnormal sort of creature. It has the general appearance and habits of the hog, but the hoofs and the three stomachs of the cow. On its back it has a gland which secretes a musk, and three minutes after a peccary is killed its flesh will be entirely pregnated with the secretion. Just what this composite construction of the peccary is for—a reminiscence of the hog, the cow and the muskrat—no one seems to have exactly found out yet. But one thing is certain—it is tough and absolutely without fear. But they are harmless as doves if you treat 'em right. You can go out any time, over yonder in the Big Valley, and sit right down on the edge of a feeding drove of peccaries and watch 'em all day, if you want to, and they won't touch you or notice you so long as you don't rile 'em.'"

The last mule-car has disappeared from New Orleans.

MAXIMS MADE MILLIONS.

AMERICAN MAGNATES TELL HOW THEY HAVE WON FORTUNES.

Russell Sage, C. P. Huntington, Mrs. Hetty Green and John D. Rockefeller Reveal the Rules of Conduct on Which Their Lives Are Based.

The Saturday Evening Post, the unique and popular paper which Mr. Curtis, of the Ladies' Home Journal, is now conducting, publishes the following remarkable article made up of contributions from the leading financiers in the United States:

Formulas Worth Twenty Millions Each.

Russell Sage, the dean of American financiers, set out in pursuit of his present $100,000,000 as an errand boy in a country grocery store. His maxims are these:

1. Be temperate and you will be happy.
2. Plain food, an easy mind and sound sleep make a man young at eighty-three.
3. Opportunities are disgusted with men who don't recognize them.
4. Despair is the forerunner of failure. Next to a fat purse is a "stiff upper lip."
5. When a man "loses his head" he mustn't complain about the other fellow taking an advantage. Keep cool and freeze out the enemy.

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A Millionaire Who Never Borrows.

Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, who is worth $6,000,000, and who began his business career as a clerk in a small store, suggests the following seven maxims as embracing the essentials of a successful business career.

1. The dignity of labor is the greatest of all dignities; the genius of work is the greatest of all geniuses.
2. Industry, integrity, economy and promptness are cardinal requisites to certain and honorable success.
3. Merit is the trade mark of success; quality the true test of value.
4. Success is not in time, place or circumstance, but in the man.
5. Credit and partnerships are the scourge of commercial history and the bane of commercial experience.
6. Beware of the gifts of the Greeks; they allure that they may destroy; credit is tempting, but ruin surely follows in its path.
7. Burn the ledger and learn to say No; this is best for both buyer and seller.

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Some Tools For Making Millions.

Henry Clews began life as a messenger boy in an English woolen factory. He is now worth $8,000,000, and attributes his rise in life to his belief in these simple mottoes:

1. It requires other things than ambition to become a millionaire; making everything count for something is one of the other things.
2. Sobriety, honesty and industry are the three graces of a successful business career.
3. Save without parsimony; spend without lavishness.
4. Sound health, a clear head, wise economy and work, work, work will declare big dividends for any one who looks well after the original investment.
5. Shun wild speculations, and be satisfied with slow but sure returns for money invested.

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Work Makes Wealth and Goodness.

Darius O. Mills, financier and philanthropist, started on his road to fortune with nothing but a good physique and a large determination. He is now worth $25,000,000, and he has acquired that amount of money by observing these rules:

1. Work develops all the good there is in a man; idleness all the evil; therefore work if you would be good—and successful.
2. Sleep eight hours, work twelve, and pick your recreations with an eye to their good results.
3. Save one dollar out of every five you earn. It is not alone the mere saving of money that counts; it is the intellectual and moral discipline the saving habit enforces.
4. Be humble, not servile or undignified, but respectful in the presence of superior knowledge, position or experience.
5. Most projects fail owing to poor business management, and that means a poor man at the helm.
6. Success is measured by the good one does, not by the number of his millions or the extent of his power.

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Some Practical Pessimisms.

Joseph Downey, one of the wealthiest contractors in Chicago, takes a pessimistic view of every business venture. He says that he is always expecting the worst to happen, and is agreeably surprised when the reverse occurs. To his intimate friends he often gives these terse bits of advice:

1. Never figure what your profits are going to be.
2. Calculate what your possible losses will be on a venture.
3. Figure what the lowest return will be in a business proposition with all things unfavorable. If matters turn out favorably you can stand the prosperity that follows.
4. Buy all the property that you can, but never build to suit yourself. Construct buildings to please others and they will sell.

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In Praise of the Still Tongue.

Collis P. Huntington laid the foundation of his fortune of $50,000,000 by peddling hardware in California during the feverish days of 1847. His business maxims are:

1. Don't talk too much during business hours.
2. Listen attentively; answer cautiously; decide quickly.
3. Do what you think is right and stand by your own judgment.
4. Teach others, by your conduct, to trust you implicitly.
5. Never let your competitors know what your next move will be: time enough to talk after you have acted.
6. Have a definite aim, and keep your eye on the objective point.
7. Be bold with caution, prudent with boldness.

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Mrs. Hetty Green's Recipe For a Fortune.

Mrs. Hetty Green is the wealthiest woman in the world. Without capital, friends or influence she has built up a fortune estimated at $60,000,000. The maxims governing her business life she has formulated as follows:

1. Invest in real estate; buy a house for $5000 that can be soon sold for $6000.
2. Be satisfied with a profit the proportion of which corresponds with the size of the investment.
3. Women are seldom successful in commercial undertakings because they do not appreciate the importance of minding their own business.
4. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but the good of it all lies with the things imitated. Success is a stranger to imitation. People with money to invest should pay no attention to the doings of others, but look on things from their own point of view.
5. The goal of success is not always reached by the roughest road; the path is an easy one to find. That is why so many people miss it.

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Wherein Millionaires Differ From Poets.

George G. Williams, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who is worth $5,000,000, has worked his way from a clerkship to the head of one of the soundest financial institutions in the country by conduct founded upon the principles in his five favorite dictums:

1. There is no royal road to success. Work is the keynote.
2. Learn to do one thing well and do it thoroughly.
3. Ambition and common sense will win success for any one along legitimate lines.
4. The really successful man is made, not born.
5. Determination is the lever of the great machine of life.

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Practice Economy; Avoid Extravagance

Mr. D. K. Parsons, millionaire, philanthropist and patron of colleges, says that the rules of life can be summed up as follows:

1. Practice steady economy. Do not spend until you have it to spend. Be strictly honest and never take advantage of men. Avoid show and extravagance. Use your money to educate the poor.
2. Be your own executive. Trust no man to administer upon your estate. You cannot carry out of this world any amount with your dead hands. There is no use for money beyond the grave.

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Entrapping Opportunity With Capital.

Jacob Franks, who is reputed to be worth $2,000,000, went into business in Chicago, when nineteen years of age, with the determination to follow the rule—save money. His formula to-day is:

1. Good fortune cannot come unless you are provided with capital with which to seize opportunity when it appears.
2. Save money and be ready to invest.
3. Never borrow capital, and never owe a dollar that you cannot pay on demand.

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Four Laws For a Lawyer.

A. S. Trude, one of the wealthiest attorneys in the West, has long followed these rules:

1. Get the confidence of clients and keep it. Such confidence is accumulated capital.
2. Form a morganatic alliance with clients.
3. Buy during panics when others are frightened and expecting the bottom to drop out of securities.
4. When the storm is raging and forked lightning appears in the financial sky, invest in property that others fear will be injured.

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Mr. Rockefeller Dreads Debt.

John D. Rockefeller, the "Oil King," whose wealth touches the $125,000,000 mark, won his first start in a business way by working on a New York farm twelve hours out of the twenty-four for twenty-five cents a day. He has earned his position as a multi-millionaire by adhering to the principles of the following maxims:

1. It should be every man's duty to get all the money he can, keep all he can and give away all he can.
2. Buy only what can be paid for, and look upon debt as an ogre that first paralyzes and then kills.
3. Live within your means, and don't think too much of your neighbor's good fortune.
4. Keep a record of all expenditures and receipts so that at the end of each year you can tell whether you are saving enough money to provide against the inevitable rainy day. Anyone can make money; few can save it.
5. Live as though every act of yours was under the scrutiny of your bitterest enemy.

A Very Busy Preacher.

The Rev. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, pastor of the Central Church, Chicago, is not altogether unoccupied. In addition to his ministerial duties, Dr. Gunsaulus finds time to act as President of the Armour Institute of Technology and to lecture, write novels, biographies and poems. In the course of a single day he will prepare a sermon, oversee the institute work, write a chapter in a new book, and in the evening deliver a lecture. He works with refreshing ease, and is always ready for a joke or story in a spare moment.

A hymn-book once used by General Gordon has been sold for $150 for the benefit of General Kitchener's college fund.

JIM CROW.

Oh, say, Jim Crow,
Why is it you always go
With a gloomy coat of black
The year long on your back?
Why don't you change its hue,
At least for a day or two,
To red or green or blue?
And why do you always wear
Such a sober, somber air,
As grim as the face of Care?
I wait for your reply,
And into the peaceful pause
There comes your curious, croaking cry—
"Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

Oh, say, Jim Crow,
Why, when the farmers sow,
And the corn springs up in the row,
And the days that once were brief
Grow long, and laugh into leaf,
Do you play the rascally thief?
I can see by the look in your eye—
Wary and wise and sly—
That you know the code in vogue;
Why will you then, oh, why
Persist in the path of the rogue?
I harken for your reply,
And into the empty pause
There rings your graceless, grating cry—
"Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

And say, Jim Crow,
With all of the lore you know—
Lore of the wood and field,
Lore of the clouds, and the clear
Depths of the atmosphere,
To our duller ken concealed—
Why is it you ever speak
With a mingled squawk and a squeak?
You, with your talents all,
And your knowledge of this and that,
Why must you sing like a squall,
And talk like a perfect "flat?"
I listen for your reply—
But in the lapse and the pause
All I hear is your impudent cry—
"Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

—Clinton Scollard, in the Woman's Home Companion.

PITH AND POINT.

Inquiring Boy (to his mother)—"Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"—Harper's Bazar.

Askington—"Is young Lanks, the poet, generally read?" Teller—"No; he is generally blue because he is not read."—Puck.

She—"No, I wouldn't marry the best man living." He—"Well, I'm not asking you to."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

"The prison brass band plays very well." "Yes; you see, the musicians all have a good idea of time."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

She—"I don't think mother likes to have me sit alone with you." "Why not?" "Well, she is afraid you might try to kiss me."—Life.

Bates—"Is your wife a good cook?" Yates—"Not exactly that, perhaps, but she is a good woman. She never tries to cook."—Boston Transcript.

He wasn't superstitious,
Ne'er read between the lines;
But as a first-class letterer,
He had great faith in signs.
—Philadelphia North American.

"Clementine, what did you do with that curtain goods you bought last week?" "Well, it was entirely too loud for curtains, so I made a shirt-waist of it."—Chicago Record.

She—"Indeed, it's not an easy thing for a girl to get a husband." He—"Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets." She—"But it's the fifth that she wants."—Harlem Life.

"Mamie," said her father, "I can't tolerate that young man's presence in the house after 11 o'clock." "Why, you oughtn't to mind so much, pa," she answered; "I have to entertain him."—Philadelphia North American.

Bill—"I met that fellow Boggs yesterday." Jill—"Did he borrow anything from you?" "Not on your life! Before he had a chance I asked him to loan me a dollar." "I see; you struck him in self-defense."—Yonkers Statesman.

Client—"That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the walls." House Agent—"Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect at the rent—orchids?"—Tit-Bits.

Fuddy—"That was an odd predicament that Ben Thayer and Addie Moore found themselves in." Duddy—"They are deaf mutes, aren't they?" Fuddy—"Yes. They clasped each other's hands at the critical moment, you know, so that he couldn't ask her to marry him and she was unable to reply if he had."—Boston Transcript.

Alters the Portrait Annually.

There is a peculiar portrait in Washington which has created much interest among those who know of its existence. Its peculiarity is that every year it has been changed to show the changes which time would have made in the original. The portrait is by a Washington artist, and is that of his wife, and was painted many years ago, when she was a young bride. A few years after the portrait was painted the young wife died, and so great was the grief of the artist that he determined to keep her likeness with him all the time, and to do so he decided that year by year he would change the portrait so as to make it grow old with him and thus keep her, as it were, ever with him. Every year, on the anniversary of his wedding day, the artist locked himself in his studio and changed the lines of the face of the portrait, adding what he thought would make the difference of one year. There have been many anniversaries of that marriage day, and consequently many changes in the portrait. To-day the picture is that of an old woman, the hair turned gray, the face wrinkled and pale, but still beneath the marks of time, as made by the brush of the artist, can be seen the early beauty of the bride and the attractiveness of the young woman.—New York Mail and Express.

Anti-Kissing Myook of Hmawza.

Two Burmans, one of whom is a lad of seventeen, were sentenced to six months and four months' rigorous imprisonment each by the Myook of Hmawza for attempting to kiss a young Burmese girl.—Amrita Bazar Patrika.