

NOTHING IN IT.

This is a hard winter for traditions, for institutions, for ancient landmarks, says a writer in success. It is an idle and profitless day in which some antique theory is not exploded, some illusion shattered. Here are a few fatalities of the month:

Cheese is not indigestible. It is acquitted of this charge by the department of agriculture after a year's careful experiment in which the subject was confined in a sort of cage and fed on cheese. A bulletin is to be issued upon cheese as a substantial meal.

There is no such thing as catching cold. Dr. Brady, who writes on the subject in the Medical Record, does not deny the existence of colds, but maintains that they come not from cold air and draughts, but from excessive heat, bad ventilation, unhygienic clothing and diet. The reader who is careful of his phraseology will no longer "catch cold."
—Ex.

MILD RESULT.

The courtroom was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling pins and stinging invective seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out: "I sneezed."—Everybody's.

OFF THE TRACK.

Some amusement has been occasioned out near Paolo, Mo., by a kink in a railroad track which pitched a mail clerk through the door of the car the other day and landed him in a hay stack.

This recalls the story, perhaps unrecorded, of the brakeman who was making his first trip on an Illinois road which ran for some distance under the Mississippi bluff. The ride was one violent wrench after another, and the brakeman had just about made up his mind that he was lost when the train suddenly shot out upon a piece of straight and comparatively smooth track across the foot of a hollow. Leaping from his seat he snatched up his lantern and dashed for the platform.

"Jump for your lives!" he shouted. "She's off the track!"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

INEDIBLE.

An unwise providence had guided Giles toward a fairly fashionable restaurant.

He could not understand a word of French, but, determined that he would not unnecessarily display his ignorance before the waiter, he pointed to an item and said:

"I'll have some of that, please."

The waiter looked compassionate. "I am sorry, sir," he said, gent'y, "but the band is playing that just at present."—Ideas.

Mrs. Skipton made a trip to her old home in Corvallis in order to observe Memorial Day customs. She saw many of her former friends.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a beautifully printed invitation to attend the closing exercises at the Grant Institute of Genoa, Nebraska.