CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

ne is etched with wondrous tracery; interlaced with curve and line with line, btle measures of sweet harmony rmed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

graceful vines and tendrils of such sort never grew save in fairy world ad up from roots of misted silver wrought sough tulip flowers and lilies half unfuried.

firs and hemiocks blend with plumy palmi sed cacti spring from feathery forns and sea-blooms such as rock in Southern calms

gle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds at there are flights of bir is with iris wings at shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume, ad scintillating shoals of swimming things hat seem to float in clear green ocean gloom,

nd there are diamond-cruste I diadems, nd ones are transconversated diadems, and orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale gold, norst up in crystal grottes, lit with gems ad paved with emeralds of price untold. d marvellous architecture of no name,

les and shafts of loveliest form and hue. ion pinnacles and turrets tipped with flame, and fretted domes of purest sapphire blue.

these the Genii of the Frost last night ought through the still cold hours by charm and rune;

and rone; and now, like dreams dispelled before the light, hey fleat away in vapor on the noon.

## HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

Men who love their wives are so likely assume that they are loved in return hat Gerald Bryce was almost the last acnaintance of Mrs. Bryce to realize that e lady he had married had become ery fond of a man who was not her hus-and. The fortunate man, as his friends egarded him, was Mr. Jasper Masten. ad as he had neither good looks, wit or mey, qualities which Mrs. Bryce held a the highest regard, Bryce was very low to imagine that he could be at all langerous. Perhaps Mr. Bryce had langerous. een equally unsuspecting when Masen began to seek her out at parties and drop into her parlor once a fortnight. Mr. Masten seemed constitutionally a dawdler, and Mrs. Bryce detested dawdlers.

But as Mrs. Bryce was not particularly pretty, and her husband was not rich, here were not many men who paid her special attention, so she soon came to an-icipan Masten's languid courtesies, enbeir number.

Although she did not know it, she ras quite tired of her husband, for, thile he had no great faults, he was only one man; all of him that her rather small mind could comprehend, she had earned and wearied of in the first of the bree years she had been married. Masa talked of things neither good nor ad, that never interested Bryce, his comments were formal and elaborate inlead of familiar, and he so carefully oided rising above the level of Mrs. lryce's intellect and tastes that he soon seemed to the silly little woman a man after her own heart. He never talked of asuccessful business ventures, or the prices of provisions or the necessity of sonomy. He was always, when Mrs. ryce saw him, in full dress, whereas Bryce sometimes lounged, unshaven and over-large slippers, in a rather shabby

essing gown. And he had such a way of looking at her, as if he wished he might say something very tender, and she did so wonder what it was, and how he would say it if he dared! Bryce often said tender aings; said them so often that frequently hey were tiresome; besides, Mrs. Bryce, before she was married, had enjoyed a variety of pretty speeches, while marage had reduced them to a sameness hat at times became almost unendur-

When Bryce was compelled to see what reryone else had seen he became by ms puzzled, angry and heart-sick, and nally he was all three at once. He began in a manly way to make love anew his wife, but the result only added to his discomfort; his wife would yawn ough an evening of his devotions, elling him not to be silly, and that if he eved her he might prove it by giving her new dresses like some of her acmintances wore. Occasionally such renings would be suddenly changed in meter by the unwelcome appearance Masten, when Mrs. Bryce would brighten with great rapidity, even in her manner to her husband although what the said to him had generally enough scidulous raillery in it to drive him to a from and a brandy bottle in search of an

After finding love-making unsuccessfal and caning his brother for officiously uggesting a quiet divorce, Bryce set self to work to devise some new nethod. He thought of retaliation, but between unwillingness to subject good fomen to scandal, and reluctance to have his own name coupled with that of any woman more pretty than particular, he son found himself in a quandary. As he discussed the subject with himself one evening at a musicale, in his interfearked attention that Masten was payag Mrs. Bryce, right before his eyes, a low voice, almost at his ear, said: "Why don't you teach her that two an play at that game?"

He turned quickly and saw Miss larion Albrough, with whom he had layed whed they were both children. s Albrough was old enough to be alled an old maid, but handsome sough to attract much attention. As she had been addressed by many suitors rejected them all, she acquired much reputation as a flirt, particularly as she was very vivacious. With Bryce se she was very vivacious. With Bryce she had always maintained her early friendship in ways that were hearty and thirely honorable, so the troubled husband instead of resenting her suggestion, merely answered:

"You know well, Marion, that caldn't be mean enough to make a tool of any woman."

"You've no occasion to do so; all you seed is to pretend a sudden and violent egard for me." You?"

"Certainly. With whom could you safer? You know I'd box your ears oundly if you were to say a single word

"But what will people say?"
"Oh, shey'll be spiteful enough to say
on mean it all."

"Never mind what they say about me; I ean, what will they say of you?"
"Leave that to me. Now, do as I tall "Leave that to me. Now, do as I tall and pays the stockholders 6 per cent. style," given he

anything, try to look something, and see how jealous I will make your wife be-fore the evening is over."

Bryce laughed and made some careless

remark, Miss Albrough lis ened with an expression of adoring interest. They conversed about music, but the lady's manner would have persuaded any one that tender confidences were being exchanged. Her example was contagious, and Bryce soon found himself exchanging eloquent glances with her during an interminable four-hand piece for the piano. The actions of the couple did not long escape Mrs. Bryce's notice, for several ladies who had no cavaliers took pains to whisper to her from time to But Mrs. Bryce, though astonished, was merely amused, in a stupid way, although she took occasion to whisper to her husband later in the evening, that it did not seem to her entirely necessary that so healthy a woman as Marion Albrough should have leaned so heavily on him during the promenade

Before the entertainment ended, Miss Albrough had made Bryce promise that any notes she might write him should be left where his wife could see them. Bryce kept his promise, though some of the notes, harmless enough in their purport, were somewhat startling in their familiarity. In spite of all, however, Bryce informed Miss Albrough, when they next met, that his wife was not in the least jealous.

"You must give her time, Gerald," was the reply; "don't be impatient, and do be persistent. You've no idea what fun it is to me.'

Bryce was right in saying that his wife had not begun to be jealous, but he did not know that she was pretending jealousy, in a sentimental way, to Masten, and was hearing many expressions of indignation in return. What troubled Mr. Bryce most, however, was that Masten did not improve an opportunity that was almost an invitation to make love: his entire mind seemed occupied by disapproval of Bryce's conduct and Miss Aibrough's notes, all of which Mrs. Bryce showed him.

When the pretended flirtation was again visible publicly, Mrs. Bryce began to be annoyed by whispering intended for her ear, which she could not wonder at, for the couple did seem totally absorbed in one another; they even sought the semi-seclusion of a deep window with heavy curtains. "Isn't it dreadful?" whispered Mrs.

Bryce to Masten. "Infernal!" exclaimed Masten with so much vehemence that Mrs. Bryce wondered whether, after all, her admirer was only the gentleman he pretended to be, instead of the lover she had fondly im-

agined him. For several weeks Bryce did not miss a single opportunity to meet Miss Albrough in society, and although he warned her that people were already talking, he was told that people had talked before, yet never in-jured her reputation in the least. Before long Bryce had the pleasure of informing his fellow-plotter that her plan was succeeding, for Masten did not call as frequently as before, and he did not restrict his attentions in company to Mrs. Bryce. He said that evidently wife was feeling frightened, and Miss Albrough agreed with him; he also said it was strange that his wife did not call him to account, and again Miss Marion admitted he was right.

At the end of a month he said: nake; my wife has fallen in love with me again. I suspect that pique at Masher to her senses."

"Are you sure he has entirely discontiuned his attentions?" asked Miss Albrough, with unusual earnestness. "Quite sure," said Bryce.

"Then I, too, have an important announcement to make; Mr. Masten will never renew them." "Are you sure of this?"

"Entirely,"
"May I ask your reasons?"

"I'm willing to tell you one of them, said Miss Marion, with a smile that Bryce first thought quizzical and then puzzling, "but mind that you tell it to no one else without my permission. Mr.

Masten is soon to become my husband."
"Your husband! Masten? Why, when
—where—how—Upon my word, Marion, this is extraordinary, though I can't imagine any bachelor observing your deportment toward me in the past few weeks without falling dead in love with you. May I ask when he proposed?" "About two years ago.

"What! And during all the time he has been flirting with my wife he-"He has been engaged to me all the

while; at least, he refused to consider our engagement broken, although I re- longing." fused from the first to let it be made public until he ceased flirting with married ladies."

"And all the time in which I've imagined you playing a part to save an old friend from trouble, you've really

-Been doing my best to save my own silly heart from any further tor-ments. Dreadfully selfish and deceitful, am I not? Really, Gerald, Masten is not a bad fellow, except when he flirts, but he has done that so long, that I had almost despaired of him when your trouble gave me a good excuse to dispose of mine

"Marion, you're a sly witch!" "Oh! no; only a determined woman."

Never omit service on account of the fewness of those present. The late Bishop Randall was announced to preach in an Eastern church in behalf of his missionary work in Colorado. Only six persons appeared. For a moment the good Bishop hesitated. Finally he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment. The question of congregation was none of his business. Accordingly the service went on and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed was a single offering of \$200. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman asking him to call at such an office. The Bishop responded. "I am the one," said the gentleman, "who gave you the \$200 last night. But after getting home, I did not feel quite satisfied with doing that. I propose to make up the sum to \$1000, and here is my check for the balance."

A co-operative store in Philadelphia, began eight years ago by a few workmen,

#### The Old Minstrel.

The Opera Hall was crowded, for the famous minstrels were giving a benefit performance. They had just concluded the sweet refrain of the "Swance River." The tumult of applause was hushed by the appearance of a ragged old wreck crowding to the front.

Lifting his banjo as a sign of brother-hood, he cried, with a choking voice, "Boys, sing that song once more—once more for a poor old minstrel's sake. It brings back the lost and dead; my old home rises before me, where I was once good and happy all the day. I learned the song there of my mother. The vis-ion of her smiling face praising her boy comes back with the ringing notes of the banjo and the memories of long ago. I wandered away to sing and play for the world. It listened and applauded. I was flattered, feasted, intoxicated with fame and the whirl of pleasures. But I wrenched it all. Now, old and broken in heart and strength, I am left with but one friend-my banjo. No one listens to it, for the world has found new favorites, and the old minstrel is turned away. She who first praised me died while I was playing for the world-died without seeing me for years. The song she taught her boy led him from her side. He left her for the world. The world has forsaken him as he did her. Boys, sing my mother's song again, and let my old heart thrill with a better life once more.'

The house signaled its assent. The old minstrel sat down in the front row. When the solo reached the concluding lines of the second stanza, the singer's eyes turned pityingly upon the wan-derer, and with voice trembling with emotion came the words:

"All up and down this world I wandered, When I was young: Oh, many were the days I squandered. Many were the songs I sung."

The stranger sat bending forward, the tears coursing down the furrows of care. his fingers unconsciously caressing the strings of his battered banjo. All the summer of his life came back to his heart again-mother, home, love, and all his boyhood dreams.

The chorus began, and the shrivelled fingers sought the chords, and with a strange, weird harmony unheard before, the strains floated along the tide of song. The house was spell-bound. The timeworn instrument seemed to catch its master's spirit, and high above the orchestra accompaniment rang the soullike chords from its quivering strings.

When the interlude came, the minstre leaned over his banjo with all the fondness of a mother over her babe. Not a sound from either was heard. The solo rose again, and the almost supernatural harmonies drifted with it. bowed like a mourner over the dead. Every heart in the audience was touched and tears of sympathy were brushed away by many a jeweled hand. The singer's eyes were mist, and with plaintive sadness the last lines were sung: When shall I hear the bees a humming

All 'round the comb, When shall I hear the banjo tumming , Down in my good old heme."

The last chorus followed. The hoary head of the minstrel was lifted, and his face shone with the light of a new dawning. His voice joined with a peculiar blending, perfect in harmony, yet keep-ing with his banjo high above the singers, ringing like a rich harp string long overstrained. The memory of better "I've an important announcement to days, the waywardness, sorrow, reemorse, and despair of all his wasted seemed pent up in those marvellous ten's entire desertion of her has brought tones. The chorus closed and his head sauk down, the long white locks shrouding the banjo.

The manager came before the curtain and said: "The minstrels give one-half the benefit proceeds to the wandering brother." The house approved with loud demonstrations. A collection started in the galleries and swept over the hall like a golden shower. The two sums were heaped together on the stage. Such a contribution never graced the footlights before. Again the audience broke forth in round after round of hearty good

cheer. But the banjo was still hushed under the shroud of snow white hair, and no word of thanks or token of gratitude came from the silent figure toward which all eyes were turned. They called him to the stage and the manager went to es cort him there. He laid his hand on his bowed head-the soul of the old minstrel had wandered away once more. He was dead. His heart had sung the last song on the borders of the spirit landsung it as the bird sings when it escapes the prison bars which make life " and dreary," and flies away from the scene where "the heart grows weary

# Enormous Enters.

The eating wager-two quails a day for thirty successive days-now under way at Gabe Case's, has induced a correspondent to send the following printed item to the New York Sun. The sender says it was first published in the Schoharie Republican, October, 1880:

For many years there lived in Albany or Wateford a man named Peter Ellis, or Ellison. He died about three years ago At the time of his death he must have been nearly seventy years of age. The writer saw him at Saratoga Springs in the summer of 1876. He was then large, loose-made, big-boned man, not much under six feet in height. He was known as an enormous eater. A dressed turkey, weighing twenty-one pounds, was roasted, and on a wager Ellison ate the whole of it at one sitting, or within about the usual time occupied at dinner, together with bread and some kind of wine. A dozen years ago a New York sporting man made an offer in the way of a bet to the late John Morrissev that he cepted.

At the time alluded to, when the writer met Peter Ellison, the old man related the particulars of an eating match between another and himself which took place many years before at Snediker's, on Long Island, then a well-known roadside inn much frequented by lovers of the horse. The dinner was to consist of broiled spring chickens, bread and wine. The chickens were to be split given him by the carver and referee. Springfield Republican.

Ellison ate thirty-two halves, being six-

teen chickens and won the bet. In the spring of 1845, at the season of making maple sugar, a student of the seminary at Manchester, Vt., Albert Pettibone, then 15 years old, after eating what he wanted of hot maple sugar at the house of his father, in that town, finished up by eating twenty-four handboiled eggs. This was witnessed by a number of Pettibone's fellow students, whom he had invited to the house to eat maple sugar, and see the process of

'sugaring off." During the first cholera season in this country, that of 1832, two women living in the Marcley or Kniskendorf neighborhood, now in the town of Esperance, Schoharie county, sat down by themselves to a dinner of boiled green corn. After eating awhile they bantered one another as to which could eat the most of the succulent dish when green and properly boiled. One of the women ate twenty-six ears of corn and the other twenty-nine. The latter felt no ill turned to her own country, where she effects from her extraordinary meal. The now holds the position of private dentist

### Rows.

The bow, that "touchstone of good breeding," says a French writer, has undergone strange mutation since the obsequious days of the Georges. Now the body must not be bent, only the cording to circumstances; genuflexions masters, whose palmy days are now a record of the past.

In the time of the Merrie Monarch the plumed and jeweled hat was doffed with a sweeping grace to the very ground, and there held until the lady so saluted had passed or retired. Now the hat is simply raised in recognition of a fair acquaintance, who must give the initiative by a slight inclination of the head, and we are informed by an aristocratic authority on matters of etiquette that "a gentleman returning the bow of a lady with whom he was but slightly acquainted, would do so with a deferential air," but if there was an intimacy he would raise his hat with greater freedom of action, "and considerably higher."

In France it is the gentleman who bows first, and, there, too, the bow is the signal of recognition between members of the sterner sex.

In England a nod is quite sufficient. The two most polite-in the old-fashioned sense of the word—of our Kings, Charles II and George IV, took off their hats to the meanest of their subjects. A lady's obeisance to royalty fifty years ago was an acrobatic feat. The knees were bent and the body slowly brought forward in graceful and reverent guise, the equilibrium being recovered by a backward movement very difficult to perform with ease. But our monarchy waxes old, and republican manners, assertive of independence, make high-flown courtesy ridiculous. Now a courtesy to royalty is merely a deep dip, a sudden collapse, as if on springs, and as sudden a reattainment of the perpendicular.—|All the Year Round.

King Theebaw, of Burmah, has been celebrating the birth cf adaughter. During the first year of their wedded life his favorite spouse presented him with a daughter, and His Majesty, disgusted with the gift, forsook his wife and took one-fourth of that amount. The ladies Puck. up with several of her rivals. The Queen, nowever, coaxed him back, and as a pledge of reconciliation the fond husband caused the rivals to be strangled. In due time the Queen bore unto Theebaw-another daughter. This was too much. The King went upon a tremendous and protracted spree, wagering a wilderness of pea-green monkeys against a jungle of scarlet anacondas upon his ability to drink thirty gallons of gin-which is the Burmese equivalent of our rum-in thirty consecutive days, during which period his loyal subjects waited with patient perturbation for further developments. At the end of this time the King came to what are regarded in Burmah as his senses and immediately killed his mother-in-law. He followed up this proof of returning reason, however, by opening all the prisons in the country and turning their occupants loose. His act has complicated a situation which for one brief moment seemed comparatively clear, and Burmah is now indoubt whether the letting loose of the convicts or the stranging of her grandmother is to be regarded as the especial compliment the King meant to pay to his child.

# another Swindle.

The January swindle now being worked upon the honest grangers is as follows: An agent will visit a house and exhibit a wonderful powder, ask for the loan of a lamp, and placing a pinch of the stuff in the oil, he will dip a lighted match into the fluid. The lamp will be extinguished as if dipped into water. This wonderful stuff is nothing but common salt, colored blue with ultramarine, and, of course, utterly worthless in preventing lamp explosions or insuring against the breaking of chimneys. As the vapor of the oil, and not the oil, is what burns, the agent experiences no difficulty in playing his artful trick. The swindler claims that this powder is especially adapted for the prevention of lamp explosions and insures against the breakage of lamp chimneys.

# Bride, Mules and Coat at One Sweep.

The Talledga Reporter publishes the following:

One Sunday, not many weeks since, Thomas Hayes was married at 2 P. M., to Miss Fike, and spent a happy afternoon. At 9 o'clock the bride threw her husband's overcost around her shoulders could produce a man who could call the produce a man who could be twenty-three pound turkey, roasted, and when he named Peter Ellison as the Mr. Ruggs, of St. Clair county, was very devoted to the young lady, and it very devoted to the wrote her a note the day she was married. A pair of Mr. Hayes' mules are also said to be missing. It is thought that the eloping couple have left for Alabama or Texas. It is rather hard for Mr. Hayes to lose his bride, a pair of mules and an overcoat at one full swoop.

Only 2 per cent dividends are declared by the savings banks on the last six months' business, which looks as though open at the back and broiled whole, or the Saving Fund and Loan Association as Peter termed it "in spread eagle or good times were making it difficult style," and each man to take the half for the banks to invest their deposits.—

## A Lady Tooth-Puller.

Miss Jessie F. Detchon of Philadelphia, a younger sister of Miss Adelaide Detchon, the well-known reader, having taken the full two years' course at the Philadelphia Dental College, and passed her examination with flying colors, has established herself in practice. Miss Detchon being the first lady who ever received a degree from the institution, a Record reporter called at her office in Girard street recently, in order to ascertain what sort of an opening the profession of dentistry offered to the gentler sex. The young lady was found in very comfortable and artistic quarters. In reply to a question, she said:
"No, I am not the only lady dentist in

Philadelphia, there being one other; but I do not think that any are to be found outside of this city. In Europe there is one, a German lady, who came to this city to study, and who after graduating at the Pennsylvania Dental College, renow holds the position of private dentist other was almost immediately taken sick to the Empress Augusta. I am surand died within thirty-six hours. The doctor said she died of Asiatic cholera. it offers them a wonderfully good field, and there is no reason why they should not be successful, since the other lady dentist in Philadelphia and myself have large and constantly increasing practices. When I made up my mind to study dentistry, and the students of the college were told that head inclined, cordially or otherwise, ac- they were to have a lady student come among them, they were very indignant are relegated to dancing and posture and threatened to make it too not for any woman who essayed to take the course, and so I started in with some little nervousness. From the outset down I was treated with the greatest courtesy. Why," said the young lady, enthusiastically, "they were so nice to me that when I graduated I felt as though many of them were as dear to me as real brothers would have been.'

"Have you many gentleman patients?" asked the reporter, who was sorry he had no aching molar.

"No : a great majority of my patients are ladies. I also attend to the teeth of a great many children, as they are not so nervous with a lady as with a gentle-

Miss Detchon said that she thought the profession of dentistry a much better one for women than of medicine, which she had also studied, as the former was one in which regular office hours should be observed, while to be successful in the practice of medicine a lady must be ready to sally forth at all hours of the day and night, and must undergo no small amount of exposure.

#### Alarming Extravagance.

A writer on social topics in New York who has seen the world and knows what he is talking about, says the rich men of Europe do not spend anywhere near the amount of money that is considered necess ry for "keeping up appearances" among the capitalists of New York; and declares that within the last two or three years the extravagance in the latter city has become simply appalling. There are a thousand men there who annually spend an income of \$100,000, most of which is wasted, and as many more who manage to get away with from \$25,000 to \$75,000 annually, when they could get just as annually, when they could get just as for an apple, when he is in reality only much comfort and enjoyment out of waiting for a horse car to come along. of wealthy families encourage and ere the extravagance, indulg expensive whims and fancies which a few years ago would have been considered not only wickedly wasteful, but indicative of lunacy. It is not an uncommon thing for \$400 or \$500 to be expended for flowers at a reception, and dinner parties costing as many thousand are given every week. A recent ball given by one of the leading society ladies is known to have cost \$30,00 and when the lights were turned out there was nothing in the hands of the hostess or the guests of permanent value. It was all expended for flowers and wine and food and clap-trap. Delmonica is said to do an annual business reaching over a million dollars, with an enormous percentage of profit, and Pinard, the Bruns wick, and other fashionable caterers do a proportionate amount of entertaining.

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE HAMILrons .- I am glad to learn that, with the proceeds of the recent sale of the Hamilton Palace collection, the duke has been enabled to become a free agent again. He has rid himself of the trustees in whom, five years ago, the management of his estates was vested, and has appointed Auldjo Jamieson, Writer to the Signet, as his estate commissioner. The interior of the palace, I gather, is by no means in such a denuded state as one might imagine, the blanks having been filled up with valuable pictures which had been stowed away, and the furniture rearranged. Altogether the ancestral home of the ducal family of Hamilton is yet a place of which not only its owner, but Scotsmen generally, might be pardonably proud .-- | Loudon Society.

Here is a sample of the way a column of society news reads in a Tombstone, Arizona paper: "Pools on to morrow's races will be sold at Joyce's to-night .-Miss Jessie Peel returned yesterday from her visit to Los Angeles.-For hot Tom and Jerry call on Andy Mehan, at the Capital saloon, corner of Fifth and Fremont streets.—Mr. M. McDonnell, accompanied by his amiable and accomplished wife, arrived in the city to-day .-There will be lots of fun at the Cockpit saloon, on Allen street, between Sixth and Seventh, to-morrow evening. All lovers of sport should be in attendance.'

NORTH CAROLINA FORESTS.-There are 40,000 square miles of almost unbroken forest in North Carolina, comprising pine, chesnut, oak, maple, beech and hickory timber in their finest growth. It is estimated that in ten years the timber alone in North Carolina will exceed in value the present total valuation of all the property in the State, including land. The State grows nineteen vari eties of oak, and its pine forest are of the heaviest. The building of new railroads will rapidly open this region to the Northern and Eastern lumber markets.

The blood-hound of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company broke loose and killed the donkey. The manager, in dire distress, had the donkey's skin removed, and sent an actor on in it to personate the part, but the fellow, for the first time in his life, failed to make an ass of

#### SHORT BITS.

"Yes," says the boy, with a vacant look; "I take no interest in the pleasure Figures worth reflecting upon: In the last five years 20,763 persons have per-

Chicago Tribune:-The Republican party is being betrayed by its leaders nto a corral.

R. McKinstry of Hudson, N. Y., owns the largest apple orchard in the world— 30,000 trees on 300 arces.

The manufacture of fine porcelain pottery is among the new industries which have recently sprung up in Ionia, The total number of manufacturing

establishments in the United States is 253,852, according to the last census bulletin. American furniture is coming into use in Scotland "because it is so comfortable

and easily kept clean,"says Consul Wells of Glasgow. A falling off in the trade of Raleigh, N. C., the past year is credited to hostile discrimination in the matter of freight charges by the railroads.

The first order ever received in the United States for wood-working ma-chinery for China has been given to a manufacturing concern in Concord, An odd thing in toys is a savings bank

with a monkey, which enters each deposit in a book. The inventor caught the idea from seeing human cashiers monkey around deposits before scooping A Pittsburg man 84 years of age has just been married. He felt that it was

an awful undertaking, but he knew it would not be for long and he gueseed he could worry through till death came to his relief. Germantown, Pa., has a man who can

eat a pound of soap, a half pound of cau-dles, and drink a pint of lard oil at a single meal. He should be sent to Rus-sia as an Embassador Extraordinary.— N. Y. Com. Adv. A Cleveland dentist says that the big

men give him the most trouble. Naturally a large man is the most likely to give a roaring pounding to the abomin-able liar who told him that it wasn't going to hurt a bit .- Boston Post.

Rockland Courier: "The Pendleton Civil Service bill has passed," remarked Mr. Wigglesworth from the interior of his paper. "Well, I'm glad of that," said his wife, "and now I hope our hired girl will have a little more manners.' In New York the wholesale rates of

beer are to be increased, but the price per glass will not be affected. The talented bar-keeper will learn to draw a glass of beer with an inch more of head on it than usual, that's all .- [Norr. Herald. Did it ever occur to you that the band

usually stops playing just after you have opened the window, knocked down a shutter and destroyed a lace curtain or two in endeavoring to hear it more plainly?—[Chicago World. Nothing is better calculated to destroy

man's equanimity than to have a lady walk up to him while he is lingering near a fruit stand and offer him two cents A Western preacher whose congrega

it intimated that he would discuss a family scandal the following Sunday. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was "Adam and Chicago girls never go to the theater with a young man without taking along

tion had begun to fall off somewhat had

enough money to buy tickets for both.

Then, if the chap discovers that he has been "robbed," they don't have to walk around until the play is over.—[Detroit Free Press. Things one would rather have left unsaid—Hostess: "What, must you go already, Professor?" The Professor:

'My dear madam, there is a limit to even my capacity or inflicting myself on my friends!" Hostess: "Oh, no-not at all —I assure you!" St. Louis has a horse which chews tobacco, and the Detroit Free Press man, who has interviewed the animal, says when it comes to spitting ten feet and

striking a freshly-polished boot, it has to take a back seat. Its mouth is too long to get the right pucker. It is a somewhat significant fact that a larger number of rich men's houses on on Fifth avenue are guarded at night by private watchmen than ever before. On one block alone there are no less than three watchmen, and so much snoring is

getting to be a nuisance. At a dance given in South Carolina the other night, one man was stabbed, one shot, two clubbed, two had bones broken, one woman had an eye put out, and the house burned up. A lady who attended said the affair was ridiculously recherche. -[Boston Post.

A Cincinnati butcher found the thumb of on adult on his chopping block. As subsequent search failed to develop the rest of the person, he thinks the owner of the decapitated member must have got away with more meat than he left behind him. - [N. Y. Com. Adv.

"Is it better to feed horses with oats whole or crushed?" has been answered by a French experimenter, who has discovered that oats eaten whole produce a more excitant power per hour than crushed oats, but that the latter produce a more immediate effect.

An amateur performance of "Camille" by a colored dramatic club in Maryland was broken up at the scene where Amand hurls the money at Camille, real money being used, and every member of the company making a grand plunge to grab the coin as it scattered on the floor.

Herbert Spencer says the coming American will be a more powerful man than has heretofore existed. This must imply that he will be more wealthy than Vanderbilt, for the richest man is the most powerful. We have a vague notion that we are not the "coming American." -[Nor. Her.

"Indeed, I shall not buy my wife a sealskin sacque," remarked a Phila-delphia man. "They are so hard to get delphia man. off that the fair owners keep them on when making calls, and are sure to take cold when they go out again in the open air. I love my wife too much to expose her to such dangers."-[Phil. News.