

NATIONAL PRINTING.

The Enormous Number of Volumes Printed by the Federal Government. There are 63,063 titles in Major Ben Perley Moore's recently published "Descriptive Catalogue of Government Publications."...

THE PERSIAN ARMY.

The Help It Could Give England in a War with Russia. I have lately been surprised (1) at the orderly regularity of their camps; (2) at the fair show of discipline and neatness of dress when on duty; (3) at the cleanliness of their rifles, which in the regular army are all breech-loaders...

ATLANTIC CITY.

The Peculiarities of a Somewhat Noted Summer Resort. At the junction, a small collection of wooded shanties, where the travelers waited an hour, they heard much of the glories of Atlantic City from the postmistress, who was waiting for an excursion some time to go there...

JAPANESE HOUSES.

Why They Are Far Ahead of American Houses in Real Beauty. It is getting to be very embarrassing, this civilization, especially to women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated...

LIFE IN BOATS.

Japanese Families Who Live and Die on Frail and Dirty Boats. In Poland some families are born and die in salt mines, without ever living above ground, and in Japan some are born and die the same way on boats, without ever living on shore...

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Trustee Pullback Meets With Rough Treatment as a Delegate. It was within three minutes of the opening of the meeting when Brother Pullback received a message to the effect that his wife was in a fit. He left for home in a manner neither too dignified nor too hurried...



He thinks there was a conspiracy. Trustee reached home after enduring hardships which would have killed a United States senator, and has been in bed nearly ever since.

JACKSON'S CONFIDANT.

A Man Who Was Worthy of the General's Confidence and Friendship. "Even so self-reliant a man as General Jackson," said a member of Congress to a reporter, "had his confidant, whom he freely consulted about everything, public as well as private affairs."

A WILLOW FARM.

An Interesting and Profitable Plantation Near Macon, Georgia. About a mile below the city of Macon is the osier willow farm of Mr. I. C. Plant. The willow switches, at the end of two years, are from four to seven feet long, and are cut and gathered into bunches like sheaves of wheat.

THE ROAD-RUNNER.

How a Comical-Looking California Bird Destroyed Rattlesnakes. This is the name of a very singular bird belonging to the cuckoo family. It gets its name from its speed and endurance as a racer. This is remarkable. It is a quiet-colored bird, with a sense of humor. Its tail is longer than its body, and tilts up and down and bobs around constantly.

SOLID SENSE.

Rules Whose General Observance Would Make Life Brighter. Every time I borrow a newspaper I do a very small act. Every time I tell the truth I add to my strength of character. Every time I oppress a servant I am guilty of a sin against God.

A TALKING MACHINE.

The Unique Contrivance Invented by a Viennese Professor. The machine can't be minutely described because of its intricacy. The following, however, as a rough sketch, will suffice: The lungs appear in a stout bellows, with pedal attachment. A rubber larynx operates for the human larynx, containing for vocal chords membranes of ivory. The tongue and lips are of rubber, and in articulation perform the part played by them in producing human speech.

IN HIS MIND.

Two Darkies Who Are Approaching an Uncertain Fate. We were at the depot in Griffin, Ga., waiting for the Atlanta train, when a colored man came along with a wheelbarrow and purposely collided with a brother of color who was coming down the street. There was a war of words for a few minutes and then the one who had been hit limped to the platform and said: "Ize gwine to hurt dat man afore he gets fer wid me."

WHEN BRYANT WAS SIXTEEN.

A gentleman of international fame, whose word is as unquestionable as his genius is great, said a few days ago: "I was sitting beside Bryant at a dinner one day. Turning to him I said: 'Mr. Bryant, will you kindly set my mind at rest on the widely agitated question as to your age when you wrote "Thanatopsis"?' Mr. Bryant answered: 'I had finished every line and word of that poem before I was sixteen years of age.' There is no doubt as to the truth of this."—Detroit Free Press.

FORGETFUL JOHNNY.

Mother (calling after Johnny, who has just gone upstairs)—Johnny, didn't I tell you that whoever went upstairs first must carry up a scuttle of coal? Johnny—Oh, I forgot that, or I wouldn't have gone up first.