TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

There is a charming elasticity about a girl of eighteen springs.

Riding a tandem may be as good as a play, but if the girl does have a front seat she doesn't wear a big hat.

A Brooklyn judge granted five divorces within thirty minutes the other day. Wonder what delayed him.

Still, to see indications of a political ring even in the center used for marking on the ballot, is carrying pessimism too far.

Even as a monarch the only concession possible to the Emperor William when he talks through his hat is to use the crown.

There is no time when the better classes of citizens should fail to take interest in election, apart from those who lay wagers on results.

Let no man scoff at a young couple occupying both sides of a front fence in the twilight. Not only a gate but a wedding may hinge upon it.

How ruling passions do show themselves. When bicyclists can't go out, it's said they spend their time running over accounts of century runs and such matters.

Bismarck doesn't like the Monroe doctrine either, but as a law it's still got to stand except when this country lays it down for the benefit of foreign nations.

Sword duels upon bicycles are the latest diversion in France. But fencing does not trouble our American wheelmen, except when it puts itself in position to be run into.

Edward Bellamy has kindly arranged a plan for all of us by which every man is to draw $4,000 a year and retire on a pension at 45. What's the use of looking further? Let's accept the offer.

One of the campaign speakers in New York is credited with this delicious bull: "That avalanche that drowned him last year is returning in the ocean, and will land him high and dry in the arms of victory."

The difference between religious enthusiasm and sectarian zeal finds its latest illustration in that Western town which Bishop Cranston pictures—"a little village of some seven hundred people, with thirteen church organizations."

The capsizing of a German torpedo boat resulted in the death of eight members of its crew. The question whether most of the modern vessels of war are more dangerous to those on board than to the enemy is yet to be answered.

A section hand working for $1.25 a day on a Western railroad is a graduate of two European universities and a master of eight languages. This goes to show that education without push availeth a man but little. Less education and more grit would be more effective in this case.

A woman recently recovered $3,000 damages from a cemetery company in New York, for being poisoned with poison ivy growing in the grounds. Thus civil law upholds that of the social and intellectual life, that we are responsible not only for the products which we cultivate, but for those which we fail to root out.

American women, lovely, graceful and altogether winsome, are despite all their concentrated charm sadly lacking in one attribute which enhances the feminine witchery and emphasizes the attractiveness that the weaker sex has for its stronger opposite. This attribute so woefully missing is repose. The average American woman is a feminine fidget, a beautiful bundle of nerves ever on the qui vive, restless, impatient, wearisome.

A Kansas editor calls a halt in the matter of hygienic and sanitary worries and scares. He holds that people are driven to death by taking too much careful care of their health, and using so many nostrums. "Give us a rest," quoth he. "Keep your body clean and comfortable, eat a moderate supply of wholesome food, occupy yourself with cheerful work, and forget all about your health."

Posthumous fame, or notoriety, sometimes depends more upon an incident than upon a life-work. A public man of good ability, upright, respected by all and beloved by his friends, a holder of high official positions and a faithful officer in each of them, was recently called from this life. In the newspaper accounts of his death he was universally designated as the man who, in a moment of impatience, kicked his way through a closed door in the hall of the national House of Representatives.

The great increase in the number of suicides throughout the country justifies to some extent the sneer of older civilizations that we are a nation of emotionalists rather than of reasoners. It used to be said that a German's idea of revenge was to kill himself rather than to kill his enemy. We have advanced even from that idea. We kill ourselves to spite fate. Any misfortune, from the loss of wealth to a cold in the head, is deemed justification for self-murder. There may be some climate influence which is partly responsible for the epidemic, but whatever the cause the results are startlingly apparent. Let us hope that we are not degenerating into that morbid condition which, during the second empire in France, inspired the sending out of invitations to banquets to be followed by the suicide of all the guests.

Englishmen now, it is said, are emulating the French in the absolute disinclination to marry. When they do decide to take this important step they now frequently insist upon that not which is part of the French ideas of a successful and convenable marriage. The real fact of the matter is the ordinary modern Englishman has no desire to disturb his bachelor estate. If he has no title, no special wealth, no great historic name to hand down to posterity, single blessedness is good enough for him. This state of mind is attributed by many to the growing independence of women. Possibly this is true, probably it is not. Mercenary spirits boldly assert that marriages in England will, on the whole, never be successful until women bring dots to their husbands, since gold inspires respect if not love. Marriage on a strictly business basis is evidently the future for all Englishwomen to look forward to.

Harry A. Millis, writing in the Charities Review on tramp legislation throughout the United States, thus sums up his statements: 1. With the exception of twelve Southern and Western States, all the States have settlement laws. While a residence for a given time is usually sufficient in some of the Northern and Eastern States, a qualification of self-maintenance or other property qualification is found. 2. A number of the Eastern and Northern States check immigration of paupers into the State, while a still greater number discourage such immigration into the county or town. 3. As a rule paupers without a settlement in the State are gotten rid of in the easiest way. There are, however, some striking exceptions to this. 4. Tramps are usually, but not universally, treated as criminals and confined in some penal institution, hard labor sometimes being required. 5. This punishment is most severe in the East, and gradually becomes less severe as we move West and South.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in speaking of American competition in iron and steel, apropos of recent iron and steel contracts obtained from Japan and recent sales in England, makes the noteworthy admission that "the causes which are giving the United States such a favorable position are permanent, and everything points to the United States remaining the cheapest steel-producing country in the world." The attention of England has naturally been drawn to this subject through the long-drawn-out and stubborn fight the engineers are making for an eight-hour day, therefore, if they are successful, still further increasing the cost of production in England, as the success of the engineers would soon be followed by strikes in other trades and workmen's organizations. At present, according to the editor of the London Iron and Coal Trades' Review, the cost of producing Bessemer pig iron in this country is from 10s. to 15s. per ton less than in Great Britain, and in some cases is from 25 to 35 per cent. lower, although the rate of wages in America is materially higher than in England. As one instance of cheapened production he mentions that while iron works in England have to pay from 15s. to 17s. per ton for their coke it can be obtained at Pittsburg for one-third that amount. Under these circumstances, successful competition of English manufacturers in steel and iron with America is practically impossible.

Railways in Malay.

United States Consul General Pratt writes from Singapore:

"As the result of a movement inaugurated by the enterprising Resident General of the federated Malay states, Sir Frank Athelstane Sweltenham, the Secretary of State for the colonies, recently approved a loan of $5,000,000 (Mexican) for the building of new lines of railway in the Malay Peninsula, to be constructed in sections, as follows: First, from Kuala Prai to Ulu Sa' Petang, 50 miles, from whence there is a line already in existence to Taipeng; second, Taipeng to Kuala Kangsae, 20 miles; third, Tapuh road to Tanjong Malim, 50 miles; fourth, Tanjong Malim to Kuala Kubu, 16 miles; fifth, Kajang to Sermaban, 31 miles. When completed these lines will give through communication from Kuala Prai, directly opposite Penang, to Port Dickson, a total distance of from 315 to 320 miles, without counting the lines from Taipeng to Port Weld, 8 miles; Tapuh road to Telok Anson, 17 miles, and Kuala Lumpur to Kuala Klang, 29 miles, making a total of some 370 miles of railway, which it is expected to have in operation here within the next five years. Work has already begun on section 2, and is shortly to begin on sections 1, 3 and 4. It is not yet determined how the loan referred to is to be negotiated, but it is considered probable that a portion of it will be subscribed for on the spot. The present undertaking, which is, in my opinion, but the beginning of a general extension of the Malayan railway system, might, I think, be turned to the advantage of steel rail manufacturers and car and locomotive builders in the United States, and it is with this object that I am now seeking for fuller information to submit on the subject."

Science on Brains.

The following extract is from Havelock Ellis' book, "Man and Woman:"

"Again, until quite recent times it has over and over again been emphatically stated by brain anatomists that the frontal region is relatively larger in men, the parietal in women. This conclusion is now beginning to be regarded as the reverse of the truth, but we have to recognize that it was inevitable. It was firmly believed that the frontal region is the seat of all the highest and most abstract intellecual processes, and if on examining a dozen or two brains an anatomist found himself landed in the conclusion that the frontal region is relatively larger in women the probability is that he would feel that he had reached a conclusion that was absurd. It may, indeed, be said, that it is only since it has become known that the frontal region of the brain is of greater relative extent in the ape than it is in man and has no special connection with the higher intellectual processes that it has become possible to recognize the fact that that region is relatively more extensive in women."

Just So.

Young Dude (to tailor)—Is there anything new in trousers?

Tailor (facetiously)—Oh, yes; the new woman.—Judge.

Some men are indifferent as to what others think of them; but what they say of them is another matter.

ABEL, HULDY, AND THE RAM.

ONCE I was passing through the little town of Greenville, in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman "and stopped at the tavern there. The only man I saw at first was a jolly looking, red-faced little old man, on whom care or sorrow seemed to have never laid a finger.

"'Fine day,' I said, getting off my buckboard.

"'P'tic'lar fine an' cheerful,' the little old man said. 'I hain't see a cheerfuller day in forty years an' better.'

"Then he went down the road whistling. I was gazing after him yet when some one said:

"'It's a leetle queer that Uncle Abel went away without waitin' to see whether you wa'n't going to buy sumpin' an' ast him in; but he's feelin' overpowerin' glib to-day, an' mebbe thought nothin' could make him feel any better.'

"This speaker, as I saw when I turned to look, was a tall and slim and lanky, and was whittling a stick. He had come from the barn, and, as I found, was the landlord. I walked in.

"'Yes,' said the lanky man, 'Uncle Abel is feelin' overpowerin' glib to-day. You wouldn't take him to be a lone an' lorn widderer, which the pardner of his bosom was only laid away yiste'day, now, would you?'

"I had to admit that the old gentleman was a trifle chipper and cheerful for one so recently bereaved.

"'Yes,' the landlord went on, 'Aunt Huldy's left Uncle Abel at last. It was sort of an accident like, though. I don't think she ever would a-thought o' doin' of it, 'cause Uncle Abel was four that Aunt Huldy had handled, an' she had wore black bombazine fer three on 'em, an' it was jest as good as ever, that black bombazine was, an' there ain't no kind o' doubt that she had a stiff idee o' wearin' it fer Uncle Abel, an' mebbe fer somebody that had the courage to be No. 5. You see, Uncle Abel is the harmlessest man that ever sot round, an' Aunt Huldy's disposition was sot sumpin' like a cross-cut saw, an' when she got to movin' she was a ripper. How would some fresh tansy schunched in a glass and moistened with about three fingers o' J'maky rum strike you?

"I was willing to risk it, and the lanky but garrulous landlord scrunched the tansy and moistened it per recipe.

"'Yes, sir,' he went on, having scrunched and moistened for himself also, and taken pay for both. 'Aunt Huldy was a ripper when she got to movin', and the trouble was she was movin' most o' the time. I've knowed Uncle Abel to roost in an apple tree on his clearin' all night, waitin' for Aunt Huldy to quiet down, an' I've heerd him say, more'n wunst, that it was a good thing he'd been kicked in the head by a mule wunst and got over it, or he'd be afeared o' the conseqences if Aunt Huldy got to movin'.

"'Aunt Huldy she was tremendous sot ag'in Uncle Abel goin' fishin', an' Uncle Abel he'd ruther go fishin' than to the circus. Last week he couldn't hold out no louger, and he went over to Ben Runnels' pond to troll for picker'l. The fact is, though, that the pond ain't Ben Runnels, 'cause there ain't no setch person as Ben Runnels, nor hain't ben this twenty year an' better, an' when there was a Ben Runnels he didn't own the pond. The last day there ever was a Ben Runnels he went fishin' on that pond. If the fishin' hadn't ben so uncommon good that day ben mowt be with us yit. Ben had half a pint o' fish worms with him in an old tomattus can, an' half a gallon o' worm o' the still in a jug. This was for exhilaratin' purposes. Ben alluz exhilarated arter ketchin' a fish, but the fish bit so fast that day that they kep' Ben busier than usual exhilaratin', so that when folks went to see wnat was the reason Ben didn't git home that day, an' found the boat upsot an' Ben an' the jug floatin' in the pond, there was less than two little jiggers of exhilaration left in the jug, but there was more than five gallen o' water in Ben. It wasn't drowndin' that killed Ben, some folks thought. They said it was the sudden washin' of all th exhilaration outen him by so much water gittin' inter him that done it, Ben not bein' used to setch overpowerin' disapp'intment. An' that's the way Ben got the title to that pond, an' it's ben called Ben Runnels' pond ever sence.

"'Well, there's where Uncle Abel went fishin', spite o' Aunt Huldy's warnin s, an' when he got back I don't s'pose that Aunt Huldy ever moved so rippin' in her life. All that Uncle Abel has ever said about it is that she jest swatted him over, an' then sot on him till she peeled what Uncle Abel says ust a ben more'n a bushel o' taters. Aunt Huldy weighed in the vicinity o' 200 pound, an' every time Uncle Abel wiggled she'd scrunch down on him. An' speakin' o' scrunchin', there's a lot more tanzy; shell I—'

"I interrupted the landlord to say that I didn't care for any more, and he seemed so much disappointed and remained silent so long that I began to think that I wasn't going to hear the end of his story, but by and by he started in again.

"'Yes, sir, she scrunched down on him hard, Aunt Huldy did. She scrunched down so fur arter awhile that Uncle Abel says he got his eyes on the shinin' shore, an' was hopin' that Aunt Huldy would give him another twist so's he could get his feet on it; but she wan't through with him yit, an' didn't let him pass over. There's where Aunt Huldy made her mistake. She ought to scrunched Uncle Abel all the way over, an' then she could a took out that black bombazine ag'in an' hooked it on fer her fourth, an' ben a-lookin' out fer her fifth now. But she didn't do it, an' there's where she made her mistake.

"'This here last lively movin' of Aunt Huldy's must a kind o' sot Uncle Abel to thinkin'. Joe Bevan, up yonder apiece, had an ol' churnin' ram that somehow or other was dead sot agin women folks, an' none of 'em cared to go nigh him, 'cause he'd pitch at 'em, an' Joe kep' the ugly ol' chap tied up. But the ram was mild enough to men folks. T'other day Aunt Huldy says that it beat all how it was that she couldn't have a piece o' rope to make a pull-to for the gate, and that if she had a man worth a pinch o' salt that she'd a had the rope long 'fore that. This was the fust that Uncle Abel knowed that Aunt Huldy wanted a piece o' rope, an' that very day he was goin' by Joe Bevan's place, an' he see a piece o' rope at the side o' the road. He picked it up and went home with it. Wrappin' it round a post, he went in the house.

"'"Hully," says he, "I've brung home a piece o' rope."

"'"You have, hay?" Aunt Huldy snapped out. "It's a good thing, an' it'll come in handy fer you to hang yourself with!"

"'So Aunt Huldy goes to see the rope.

"'"Ding your pictur!" she hollers back to Uncle Abel. "An' you've got that rantankerous ram o' Joe Bevan's tied to the end of it, too!"

"'"Why, so he is!" says Uncle Abel.

"'Aunt Huldy grabbed the ax and moved on the ram. The ram seen Aunt Huldy comin', an' went to meet her. He met her so suddint that she curled up like a ship-knee, kicked a little, an' never got up from where she landed. Uncle Abel says that Aunt Huldy passed away a good deal peacefuller than he thought it was in her natur' to, an' he's a lone, lorn widderer, an' has the bombazine dress to sell. I wish he'd a staid here awhile. Then I'd a had some one to jine me in a scrunch. If you don't keer to jine, you mowt leave one for Uncle Abel.'

"I paid for a 'scrunch' for Uncle Abel to enjoy when he came in, and drove on my way, and who should I meet but Uncle Abel again.

"'Hullo!' he shouted, and I stopped.

"'He told ye 'bout me an' Aunt Huldy, an' the rantankerous ram, o' course?' said Uncle Abel, grinning.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'He's been licked like tarnation three times in less'n a year fer tellin' that,' said Uncle Abel, 'but seems like he can't help it. He didn't mean no harm by it. He'll tell it to you ag'in if you come along this way to-morrow. I wa'n't never married in my life, an' there ain't no Aunt Huldy, nor no ram, nor never was!'

"I couldn't help but grin with Uncle Abel, and said:

"'Well' I paid for a rum and tansy up there for you, anyhow.'

"'Course you did!' said Uncle Abel. 'That's part of it. I hain't took a drink in more'n forty year! Think you'll go back an' lick him? He'll sort o' 'spect it.'

"But I said I'd let it go, and drove on, leaving Uncle Abel in the road grinning after me."—New York Sun.

Increased His Class.

This could only happen in Scotland, where a way has been discovered by a Glasgow minister to compel even the worldly passions of men to make for righteousness. He noticed that the young women who came to Bible class at his house each had a young man waiting for her. So one evening what did this canny Scotsman do, when the class was in progress, but make an excuse to leave the room and step outside, where, as he expected, he found a small crowd of waiting swains. With much politeness he pointed out his unwillingness to keep them from their sweethearts and invited them to come inside and see them.

It is needless to add this Glasgow minister has a mixed Bible class now on his hands. And it is doing well.—Boston Herald.

To Provide Domestics.

The Housewifery Club, of New York, is intended to facilitate domestic work. It provides its members with maids having satisfactory references, and stimulates the servant by paying her a prize at the end of a certain time if her work has been satisfactory.

Perhaps some children are naughty because they have heard that the good die young.

Methuselah completed nine centuries and he never even saw a bicycle.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

She Had a Natural Anxiety and She Sought to Allay It.

As my horse, puffing like a porpoise, drew me and my buckboard up the last sharp acclivity of the mountain road that led out into the pass between the summits rising on either hand, he would have exercised his privilege and stopped a moment to blow, but a hundred yards ahead of us I saw a bright bit of calico gleaming in the morning sun, and driving on I came up to a buxom mountain maid sitting on a stump at a point where a footpath, leading up from the valley, met the main road, says a traveler.

"Good morning," she said, before I had a chance to stop, and there seemed to be an anxious tone in the voice.

"Good morning," I responded, and I was on the point of asking her how far it was to the next place, a favorite manner of starting a conversation on mountain roads, when she broke in.

"Air you a preacher?" she asked.

"No," I answered, with a smile, for I had never been asked that question before.

"Nor a 'squire?"

"No."

"Well, Jim Martin's comin' along this way purty soon now an' I wuz jis' axin' so's thar wouldn't be no mistakes."

"I don't quite understand your explanation," I said, completely in the dark as to what she was trying to get at.

"I reckon not, but I ain't takin' no chances, an' I thought I'd better stop you while I had the chance."

"Thank you, I'm sure, but if you will tell me what's up I may be able to know what you are talking about."

She laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, you see it's this away," she said. "Jim, he's been a-courtin' an' a-sparkin' 'round me fer about two ye'r now, an' last night he popped an' says ez how ef I'd be here this mornin' ez he come along we'd go down to Logville an' git hitched, an' Jim's mighty onreliable an' like's not ef we got thar an' the preacher ner the 'squire warn't thar, I'd never git Jim in the mind ag'in, so I kinder thought mebbe you might be the 'squire er the preacher an' I didn't want yer to git away. Ef you meet Jim anywheres down the road don't tell him you seen me, fer I don't want him skeert."

ITEMS FROM INDIA.

In India the jackal is more dreaded than the tiger.

Cotton cloth was first made in India and was in use there over 2,000 years ago.

The native inhabitants of India spend only about ten cents per annum on clothes.

About 280,000,000 letters, newspapers, parcels, and packets pass through the Indian postoffice every year.

There is a sect in Orissa, in the Bengal presidency, the members of which worship Queen Victoria as their chief divinity.

One of the greatest living authorities on Indian statistics calculates that from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 of the people of India scarcely ever lose the sensation of hunger; in fact, they do not know the feeling of a full stomach, except in the mango season.

Millions of men in India—especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas—live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above two shillings a week, and frequently sinks to eighteen pence.

The explanation of the queen's apparently inexhaustible supply of Indian shawls, one of which is her regular wedding present, is that early in her reign one of the Indian princes, in consideration of his having a large and valuable territory ceded to him, bound himself to pay annual tribute, which included a number of the finest Cashmere shawls.

The Hindoo nose-ring seems likely to disappear with many native customs. Some of the most prominent Hindoos in Bombay have decided that henceforward the women of their caste shall wear a flower in the nose instead of a ring. If the ladies refuse to obey they will be liable to a fine. Tradition declares that wearing the nose-ring is a memento of an injunction from Vishnu himself.

A Noble Woman.

The wife of Gen. Washington proved herself fully equal to the high position. Her levees were more select and courtly than any that have since been given, yet she preferred home-life and home-comforts, speaking of her public life as her "lost days." When she took up her residence with the army her chief occasion was to care for the welfare of the soldiers. To those in camp, she showed a most worthy example of courage and cheerful patience under all manner of privations; to sick and weary she carried that balm to sooth a weary spirit and body, which only the presence of a noble and sympathetic woman can bear. Mrs. Washington, with her large fortune, could easily have outshone all others in fashion and display, but instead, she put herself and her servants in home-made materials. Sixteen spinning wheels were kept in constant operation in her house. On one occasion she displayed two dresses of cotton, striped with silk explaining that the silk stripes were woven from the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers.

Richest Woman in Texas.

Mrs. Richard King, of Texas, is probably the richest woman in the United States, not even excepting Mrs. Hetty Green. She is a widow, and her landed estates in Southern Texas amount to 1,250,000 acres, or about 2,000 square miles. The ranch on which she resides is the largest in the world. It is called "The Santa Gertrudes." In the center of it, thirteen miles from her front gate, is Mrs. King's home, a central chateau, looming up like a baronial castle on a slight eminence. All around it are the pretty homes of dependents, surrounded by well-tilled fields and gardens. The 200,000 cattle, of improved and imported breeds, and all sheep within the Santa Gertrudes ranch belong to Mrs. King. The current expenses of the ranch reach $100,000 a year. Three hundred cowboys are in her employ, for whom she keeps 1,200 ponies.

About half the time when a woman does hit the nail on the head she drives it in the wrong place.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

For Luck.

"Hello, Brown. How did you get your face scarred so?"

"Got run over by a truck."

"Didn't you see it coming?"

"No. I was looking over my shoulder at the new moon for luck."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Lovely Dream.

Frayed Frawley—Gee, but I had er beautiful dream las' night!

Fatigued Faversham—Wot wuz it?

Frayed Frawley—I dreamt dat er bunch of heiresses wuz chasin' me.—San Francisco Chronicle.

How to Get It.

Blinks—You don't mean to say you've found a sure way to make money at the races?

Jinks—Sure as shooting. I never fail.

Blinks—My! my! Do you buy tips?

Jinks—No, I sell them.—New York Weekly.

Like Lightning.

"My Freddie rode like lightning the first time he got on a wheel."

"You are fibbing."

"Not a bit. Doesn't lightning go in a zig-zag?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

True to Her.

She—Are even your thoughts true to me?

He—Yes, indeed! Whenever I kiss another girl I try to imagine it is you I am kissing.—Up-to-Date.

No Edge on the Cat.

"Just look at that kitten, will you?" said Mr. Lushforth. "What satisfaction do you suppose it gets in chasing imaginary mice?"

"I don't see why you should ask me," said his wife. "You know more about that sort of thing than I do."—Indianapolis Journal.

Are They?

"How disagreeable are the eccentricities of genius."

"Are they any more disagreeable than the eccentricities of people who haven't any genius?"—Boston Post.

Surely.

Yeast—I've just invested in one of those salt-and-pepper suits.

Crimsonbeak—Well, that sounds as if it would be good for at least two seasons.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fast Friends.

Martha—Do you believe that Renee's hair is dyed?

Jone—It isn't nice of you to say such things! I'm very sure it isn't dyed.

Martha—How do you know?

Jane—I was with her when she bought it.—Gaulois.

Lots of Recreation Time.

"That pretty Miss Boodell is always talking about her father's vacations. What does she mean?

"Why, he is a professional politician, and never does anything between campaigns."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It May Be so.

"Why do actors always object to one-night stands?"

"Because they think the supply of eggs might be exhausted by the second or third night, I guess."

Fatal Neglect.

Husband—What's the matter, my dear?

Wife—Our girl has left.

Husband—Oh, well, don't let that worry you. There are plenty more.

Wife—But I forgot to get a recommendation from her.

True Commiseration.

Honest Legislator—I've been insulted, sir! I've been approached by a rascally charlatan who offered me $10 for my vote.

Sympathetic Friend—Terrible! Terrible! Don't take it. It's worth $100.

Acquaintance Doesn't Count.

"I can't understand why Jermyn and his wife don't get along well together. She was his typewriter for years before he married her, and they surely ought to have known whether they were suited to each other or not."

"My dear sir, a shoe never pinches until after you put it on."

Misjudged.

"I'm afraid that Mr. Hunkson is a very fast young man. He must not come here any more."

"Oh, papa, you wrong him. Why, he was raised in Philadelphia."

She Still Thinks It.

Miss Passay—When I was 16 I thought I was a young lady.

Miss Snippley—Wonderful!

Miss Passay—Oh, there's nothing so wonderful about that. Every girl of 16 thinks the same thing.

Miss Snippley. I know. The wonderful part is that you haven't changed your mind for thirty years.

Favorite Poet.

Gaylord—Who is your favorite poet?

Domber—McJingle. He never leaves his poetry in. He always sends it by mail with a return stamp.—Boston Transcript.

Cruel Man.

The Groom—The minister seems to think he knows more about you than I do.

The Bride—How's that?

The Groom—I gave him a ten and he handed back five of it.—Town Topics.

Secret of the Heart.

Skinner—What makes Col. Pretton so successful as a conversationalist?

Babel—He's so taciturn—gives others lots of chance to talk.—Boston American.

Died a Natural Death.

Kindly Visitor (noticing the empty cage)—Did your canary die a natural death?

Little Reginald (promptly)—No; the cat ate him.—Tid-Bits.

Better Recommendation.

Jack—Here, old man, is a cigar I can conscientiously recommend.

Joe—That's all right, but I prefer one you can conscientiously smoke.—Odds and Ends.

A Coincidence.

"The man who brought this in" remarked the editor's assistant, as he unrolled half a yard of manuscript, "told me confidentially that he needed the money for it."

"Yes," was the melancholy answer, "it's a strange fact that the longest poems seem invariably to be written by the shortest poets."—Washington Star.

A Culinary Device.

Young Husband—Dear, what was that white powder you dropped into the fire?

Young Wife (cooking)—That was baking powder, stupid! I'm ready to put the cake into the oven.—New York World.

That Settled It.

"Why has Mrs. Langdon left her husband and gone back to her parents?"

She got to rummaging through his papers the other day and found the receipt for his first wife's engagement ring. It cost $20 more than he paid for the second one."

In the Klondike.

Skippy Skaguay—Now's me chance to make a haul.

Icicle Bill—Robbed! robbed!! of all, me sandwich.—St. Louis Republic.

Fortune's Visit.

Good fortune may knock at each man's door,
But don't forget, kind reader, that
The knocking is never done before
A man has a door to be knocked at.

A Wish.

"My youth," said the penurious man, "was spent as a sailor."

"I'd like to have known you then."

"Why?"

"It would have been a pleasure to see you pay out something, even if it was only a cable."—Washington Star.

He Deserves One.

"Did you hear about the poet who committed suicide because one of his poems was rejected?"

"No. Are they going to build a monument to him?"

"What, to a fellow who committed suicide?"

"No, to the editor who declined the poem."

Found Wanting.

Rev. Saintly—Ah, sir! When the new planet breaks away from the sun the temperature on earth will rise to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit! Are you prepared for that?

Summer hotel proprietor (aghast)—Great Scott! No. I've closed up my hotel and let the help go!—Puck.

King Corn.

It is not beyond the realms of possible to expect a sharp advance in corn before the crop of 1897 is gathered. But even without that, growers are not entirely discouraged. Secretary Wilson recently wrote a notice in many exchanges article bearing on the question of what the farmers shall now raise for a substitute for corn and oats, assuming the growing of these cereals to be no better profitable. This thing looks funny to us. The bushel of corn is the farmer's raw material. Converted into beef, pork, mutton, poultry, butter or cheese, one year with another will bring him forty cents a bushel and oftener more than this than less. What shall he raise in place of corn? Why, more corn. The more land corn a man has in his crib which has the right sort of machine to turn it up, the better he is off. Nothing on earth can be done for the man who either will not or cannot farm in this way and who persists year after year in raising corn to sell. Corn is king yet. Raise more corn."

Honesty may be stamped on a man's face and yet leave a very wide margin.