

采果原用医医医医医医医医医医医医

SAVED THE TRAIN.

ANE CREEK was a railroad should be whistling cheerly at the crossing on the S. & C. Rail- lower bend. Polly stepped out on the road, about two miles from the platform and peered up the track. Yes, reisional terminal at Mercer. It was there was the familiar headlight. She the midst of a scrubby pine forest, would have known it among a hunth a sandy road crooking out from dred. Then came the whistle, "Hello, se trees on one side and into the trees Polly!" and Polly ran back into her the other. There were only two or office much relieved, and sat down to nee houses, a little general store with warn Mercer. At that instant she heard porch like the visor of a military cap, a peculiar cracking sound that sent a schoolhouse, all arranged in a her heart quivering deep in her bosom.

If you along the railroad track. Then there was the shrill scream of the dusty red depot was an oasis in locomotive whistle, suddenly interruptmidst of a tinder desert, with a ed as if the hand that had drawn the many telegraph wires singing lever had been struck from its place. Polly knew it was a cry of distress.

dozen trains whirled through Kane It seemed to say "Help." in a long, ek every day with only a shrick of tremulous wall. Instantly Polly dart ceting and a whipping wake of fine ed outside and flew up the track. Aland Only two of them paid the slight- ready the express should have thunattention to the girl in a blue ging- dered past the station, but she could am dress who stood in the little ob see its headlight a hundred yards or erration window. One of them was more away. e way freight, which stopped at With a hundred terrifying questions ane every time it came along while flashing through her mind, Polly ran conductor handed the girl a bundle on through the gloom. When she was yellow papers and received another almost within range of the big headke it in return. The other was the light, she saw half a dozen armed men ight express, westward bound, from swarming around the engine, she heard Paul, and running at forty miles an fierce oaths, and then the engine start ur. It was a splendid train-ten ed up again. She saw in an instant ars, with the finest engine on the road. that it had been cut free from the train. g No. 606. As its glaring eye flashed In the cab window, where her father and the bend in the direction of usually stood, there was a big, unfaercer the girl in the gingham dress miliar figure managing the lever and ften thought of the great train as a throttle. Terrified Polly sprang to one owerful and feroclous beast snorting side into a clump of bushes. As the nd rearing westward on a race with locomotive passed her on its way up e sun, and she knew the hand that the track she saw that the man in the sined it. When the train was a mile cab wore a black mask on his face, and way there were always two blasts of then she knew what had happened whistle. Every one in Kane She understood why Pinckney had ought they meant simply "Wake up, tried to warn her and failed. Robbers ok out," for that is what all locomo- had held up the train and were preres say at every crossing, but the girl paring to rob the express car. the gingham dress heard "Hello. For a moment Polly was torn with " and darted out on the platform doubt and terror. Had they shot her olly!" and darted out on the platform doubt and waved her handkerchief. As the father? She knew that he never would have a his train captured witheat train thundered nearer a hand submit to have his train captured withas thrust from the engineer's win- out a struggle. Should she go to him' w, and, although it was usually dark. Then she remembered her station and could see the flutter of something the telegraph, and, without a moment's hite, and oftentimes as the engine delay, she was flying down the track arted past the station she heard the toward the depot. She would send for arred sound of a voice and caught a belp to Mercer, but squarely in front of

platform. Hardly thinking what she vas a moment of great joy to was doing. Polly ran up on the other olly Marshall when her father's en- side—the fireman's side of the enginewent through. Polly was the sta- and, raising herself up, peered into the on agent at Kane Creek. Any one cab. She had half expected to see her ould have told that a woman presided father's dead body lying on the floor, the little depot, for was there not al- for she had heard much about the ter ays a bouquet in the window and rible doings of train robbers. inty pletures surrounding the grimy | Through the cab window she could me tables on the walls and a kitten riing upon the doorstep? At 17 Polly is gone in as assistant to learn telegphy, and when Clark, the agent, was filed to Mercer the company had left he independent girl in charge. She her father lived in one of the den houses a stone's throw back om the depot, and since Polly's mothdled they had been everything to

muse of a grimy face and a blue Jean the little depot the locomotive stopped,

eket, and then she went back to her, and the black masked man sprang from

ice is the little station with a sigh of the cab window and darted across the

see the robber sitting at her own little

desk in the depot sending a message.

It flashed over her all at once that he

was wiring Mercer that the express

was delayed, thus preventing any

alarm. The robber had pushed up his

What should she do? She dared no

enter the office, and she, a mere girl,

could be of no service where the rob-

bers were making their attack on the

train. If only she had the little revol-

ver that lay in the drawer of her desk

She set her teeth as she thought what

At that moment three shots rang out

clear and istinct, from the detached

train. The man at the telegraph in

strument sprang to his feet and ran to

a side window in the waiting room and

Now was her chance. Hardly think

ink what she did Polly sprang to the

engineer's cab, threw back the reverse

lever and opened the throttle steadily.

The big steel wheels began to turn,

very slowly at first. Farther and far-

ther the throttle opened and faster and

faster turned the wheels, and yet they

did not go half fast enough to sui

Polly, who was now glancing fearfully

Suddenly the depot door was thrown

open, and she saw the robber darting

up the track. He had a pistol in his

hand. He was pointing it at her and

The engine was now tearing down

the track at full speed. Polly knew

that it must be fired or it would not go

far, and so, leaving the throttle open,

she sprang to the coal pit, flung open

the firehole, and with the heavy shove

in her small white hands threw in load

after load of coal. When she returned

to her place she could see the first sig-

nal light of Mercer already blinking

whistle cord and the engine shricked

Five minutes later Polly strained at

the heavy reverse lever, turned hard

on the airbrake and brought the great

iron horse to a sudden standstill. How

she ever managed to stammer the story

she never knew, but in a few minutes

the engine was headed back with a

half dozen armed men aboard of her.

Behind them came another load of men

on a switch engine and two men were

racing up the street of Mercer calling

They heard the firing before they

reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon

afterward. The robbers had gone.

They had taken with them much plun-

der from the passengers, but they had

into view. She pulled down on the

its distress.

mask, and she saw him plainly.

she would do with it.

looked up the track.

over her shoulder.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent an, and his companions, some of em, thought him gruff and ill-temered, but to Polly he was always as nder as a kitten. Often when she as a little girl he took her with him Mercer on his engine, and while she on his black leacther seat at the ab window, clinging on with both ands, he explained to her how the big ack creature under them was started nd stopped; what this brass crank as for, and how, when the engine queaked here or squaeked there, a litoll was needed in this cup or in that evice, and Polly had learned to know engine as well as she knew the neat le pantry in the house at home. In eed, she had more than once managed he levers and throttle, although it was ery heavy work for a girl to do.

It was one night late in the fall that olly Marshall had need of all her thowledge of engines. She was sitting her desk in the little observation indow, a shaded light throwing its ays down on her telegraph instrushouting for her to stop, but the engine ents and the sounding key clicking was now going at good speed, and, run epily. Suddenly she was startled as he would, the robber could not catch by the call of her number. Instantly it, but he stopped and fired, the bullet er lingers sought the keys, and she ripping through the cab over Polly's are the answer that signified that she head. as all attention.

"Look out for --- " elicked the sound er, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get no arther communication from the station next to the eastward. What could the trouble be? Polly sprang to her feet, remembering that the night ex-Press of which her father was the enneer was the next train due. Could anything be the matter? She ran out on the dark platform to see that her lights were all in place and that the switches were properly set, so that the express would slip past the station without an accident. Then she went back and called up Mercer.

"Can't you get Pinckney?" she asked. Pinckney was the station which had ent her the warning dispatch so mysterious interrupted. She knew the operator at Pinckney well. Every night he told her of the approach of her father's train and whether or not it had left his station on time.

"Pinckney quiet. Can't get answer," was the report of the wires. "What's the trouble?" Polly answeed as well as she could,

and Mercer made another attempt to arouse Pinckney. Her father's train was now due. It not been able to get into the express break.

safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire, the Mercer men help to the beleaguered train.

In a little clump of bushes they heard they saw Polly kneeling in the sand with her father's head in her lap, crying bitterly, and they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road and offered her a new and better posthave done the same under like circum- with them.

the engine-and through him the enard-Union.

DEGENERATE FRANCE.

In Every Particular She Is Failing in the Race of Civilization.

In the view of the rest of Europe France is seen at her worst since the tiger-like outburst of the commune, writes Harold Frederick. The scandal of the Panama canal corruption was nothing by comparison, for that tainted only a single case in public life. Nor was even the commune itself so bad, for then it was only Paris which went wild, and it was the rest of France which roughly put it right. But in this abominable Dreyfus crime the dry rot permentes all of France. It is easiest to describe the disease as anti-Semitism, as that is what one sees on the surface. The cheap newspapers which have the largest circulations, have been for years openly preaching destruction to the Jews until they have filled the weak and ill-balanced brains of their hundreds of thousands of read ers with the most cavage ideas. But in reality anti-Semitism is a symptom and not the disease itself. The true malady is degeneracy. The French are no longer able to keep up with the rest of the world under the tremendous strain of the pace at which contemporary civilization moves. They have broken down by the wayside. Their adults cannot adapt themselves to the new conditions. Their youth are pitifully below the standard of any past generation of Frenchmen we know about. From every standpoint, numerically, commercially, financially, mentally and spiritually, they percy themselves dropping further and ther behind their rivals. Nobody longer treats French opinion with tellectual respect. Even Russia, ing borrowed more of their me than they could spare, laughs in ti faces and makes open overtures their enemy. It is the disordered, formed and more or less vehem rage at the vague perception of th

to see that they will be much we before they are better. A Test for Horseflesh

things which is the matter with

French masses. It needs no proj

"People are apt to jump at con sions," said a chemist, in speaking the latest notable murder case, "Ch istry is a very nice science, but I possible to make some sad blunder applying it to law and evidence. The are certain things you can prove by it if you are sure of your premises and certain other things that you cannot. This thing of trying to prove a good deal by chemistry calls to mind the beef-extract case that gave a packer in

this city considerable uneasiness. "Somebody got hold of his beef extract and claimed that it was made from horseflesh, and it was proved by analysis-that is, to the satisfaction of the man that analyzed it. The ordinary test for horseflesh, according to the authorities, is glycogen. This is a substance that, speaking in a general way, is found in horseflesh, but does not exist in beef, and it was shown that this particular extract contained

glycogen. "The packer came to us in some distress of mind for a way out of the difficulty. He said his extract was made of nothing but beef, and he wanted us to help him prove it, and we did so to his relief and to the satisfaction of the health officers. We demonstrated that, while an ordinary piece of beef did not contain glycogen, it existed in the heart, liver and blood of cattle, and some of each of these might have entered into the making of the beef extract. The result was that the chemist who had arrived at such sweeping conclusions from the first test had to back down from his position. - Chicago Times-Herald.

Another Delusion. Mrs. Fadde, Faith Curist-How is

your grandfather this morning, Brid-Bridget-He still has the rheumatics

mighty bad, mum. "You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism."

"Yes, mum."

A few days later. "And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?"

"No, mum; the poor man thinks now that he is dead. We buried um yister-

Signs of the Times. With a single break about fourfeen fruits. miles in length it is now possible to gq in trolley cars from Providence, R. I. to Nashua, N. H., a distance of consid erably over 100 miles. This is a striking reminder of how the trolley has spread over New England during the last ten years. Boston Journal.

What has become of the old-fashlon: ed man who went into his closet to pray?

A colored philosopher says it is foolish to count your chickens before dayBIRD-SONGS.

John Burroughs writes for the Cen-

To Hear Them Truly Requires an Ear Particularly Attuned.

tury an article on the "Songs of Amer lean Birds." Mr. Burroughs says: remembered her. A party of them went suspect it requires a special gift of out to find the girl who had brought grace to enable one to hear the birdsongs; some new power must be added to the ear, or some obstruction remova man moaning, and an instant later ed. There are not only scales upon our eyes so that we do not see; there are scales upon our ears so that we do not hear. A city woman who had spent much of her time in the country once asked a well-known ornithologist to the inhaling of snuff for medicinal use. take her where she could hear the bluebird. "What, never heard the bluebird" said he. "I have not," said the woman. "Then you will never hear it," very common. The snuff has the effect thanked the blushing Polly officially said the bird-lover. That is, never hear it with that inward ear that gives beau- in contact with it. It looks now as if tion in Mercer, and, of course, all the ty and meaning to the note. He could passengers and express messengers probably have taken her in a few minheard about Polly's brave deed and utes where she could have heard the said a great many pleasant things call or warble of the bluebird; but it about her, but Polly, being a sensible would have fallen upon unresponsive girl, only blushed and said that she had ears-upon ears that were not sensitizto do it, and that any other girl would ed by love for the birds or associations stances. Which no one believed, of Bird-songs are not music, properly

speaking, but only suggestions of mu-Later, when the robbers were cap- sic. A great many people whose attentured, Polly was able to identify one of tion would be quickly arrested by the them positively-the one who had run same volume of sound made by a mustcal instrument or by any artificial tire party was convicted and sentenced means never hear them at all. The to the penitentiary.-Brooklyn Stand- sound of a boy's penny whistle there In the grove or the meadow would separate itself more from the background of nature, and be a greater challenge to the ear, than is the strain of the thrush or the song of the sparrow There is something clusive, indefinite, neutral, about bird-songs that makes them strike obliquely, as it were, upon the ear; and we are very apt to miss them. They are a part of nature, and nature lies about us, entirely occupied with her own affairs, and quite regardless of our presence. Hence it is with bird-songs as it is with so many other things in nature—they are what we make them; the ear that hears them

must be half creative. I am always disturbed when persons not especially observant of birds ask me to take them where they can hear some particular bird the song of which they have become interested in through a description of it in some book. As I listen with them I feel like apologizing for the bird; it has a bad cold, or has just heard some depressing news; it will not let itself out. The song seems so casual and minor when you make a dead set at it. I have taken person to hear the hermit-thrush, and I have fancied that they were all the time saying to themselves, "Is that all?" But when one hears the bird in his walk, when the mind is attuned to simple things and is open and receptive, when expectation is not aroused and the song comes as a surprise out of the dusky silence of the woods, one feels that it merits all the fine things that can be sald of it.

for Australia alone.

It is a fact, however, that Australia

has produced more gold than Califor-

nia. To the end of 1894 Australia pro

ifuced \$1,773,127,000 as against \$1,249,

\$72,000. The product in 1895 was \$48,

586,000 and for 1896 it is estimated at

846,250,000, making the total to the first

of this year \$1,867,963,900 against \$1.

£82,398,780, an excess of \$585,565,120.

The comparison is hardly fair, however

between California alone, with an area

of 158,360 square miles, and all the

gold-producing colonies of Australasia.

including Victoria, New South Wales

South Australia, Queensland, Western

Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand,

with an aggregate area of 3,004,708

square miles. A comparison would be

more proper with all the gold-produc

ing States of this country, which, dur

ing the period under consideration, had

an output of \$2,038,410,000, or \$170,446,

Some Tested Points in Diet.

The fact that milk has become ex

tremely popular with all classes of phy-

sicians of late years is emphasized by

Review. Formerly a fever patient was

forbidden to take the article, while in

modern practice it is about the only

food allowed, and a well-nigh exclus-

ive diet of that liquid is said to be very

efficacious in diabetes. At the German

spas, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, etc., a very

attle bread is allowed, the diet being

mostly made up of milk, eggs, grapes

and lean beef; a non-starch diet is the

rule, bread, starchy vegetables and ce-

reals being almost excluded. Rice is

easily digested and an excellent food.

except that it abounds in earth salts,

Fruits are not only digested in the first

stomach, but they have a large part of

the nourishment already in a condition

to be absorbed and assimilated as soon

as eaten. The food elements in bread

and cereals have to undergo a process

of digestion in the stomach, and then

be passed on to the intestines for a still

further chemical change before being of

use to the human system, showing the

advantage of a diet of lean meats and

Snuff Bottles Are in Large Demand.

fant patent medicines, comes the report

of a great demand for snuff bottles

This either represents economy on the

part of those who use tobacco or that

the American workmen are falling into

some disagreeable practices. There is

no one particular concern enjoying the

snuff-bottle boom. They all make the

same report. A snuff bottle is a square,

low bottle of amber glass with a screw

Running parallel with the boom in in

recent writer in the North American

100 in excess of Australia

three pounds of snuff. The half-pound and the pound bottles are mostly in use. Ten years ago snuff "dipping" was a general Southern practice among negroes and the whites in the mountains, particularly the Georgia crackers and he South Carolina malungeons. They inhaled it and chewed it. The females rubbed their teeth and gums with it, Nobody ever gave any reason for the practice, except that it was a contaglous custom. The snuff trade of the South was so great that it made a dozen snuffmakers millionaires. The use of snuff is not now limited to the South, but is becoming general, particularly Those who "dip" snuff are spreading through Canada, and in the New England States the practice is becoming of a narcotic, and it ruins every tooth the next generation of New England operatives would be a toothless lot, and the habit is getting a footbold in the country districts of western Pennsylvania as well as in the West. There is a big sale of chewing snuff in New York, particularly in the tenement districts. It is taking as many snuff bottles now to supply the market as it does beer bottles.-New York Times.



The loftiest active volcano is Cotopax). It is 18,880 feet high, and its last great eruption was in 1855.

The sea round any desert island rarely visited by man, and distant from any mainland, always teems with fish. In Arabia exeavation by the wind forms pits over two hundred feet deep, down to the hard stratum on which the sand lies.

The earth derives ninety-nine per cent, of its energy from the sun. Meteoric showers give rise to the greater proportion of the remaining one per cent. The stars also feebly help. An English medical paper queerly re-

marks (of one of many like fungi) that the most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle, because it has nelther roots, stem, flowers, leaves nor seeds.

An oak tree was cut down at Baraboo, Wis., recently, the trunk of which had nearly 400 rings, which, according to the generally accepted rule that a new ring is formed each year, would indicate that the tree started on its earthly career after Columbus first sighted the New World. The tree was six feet in diameter at the base,

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of Washington some specimens of chrysopa, a species of golden-eyed fly, which had been collected in the White Mountains, were exhib--d as arlasities because each care minute

> g a larger beomotion dused for in colonies, er made a -t, remaines without it is said. in Great us weighs eight, the

n was ex-

case of a

halsting of ment, the

contactives conveyed in 1733 to mar or what this gentleman claims | the Rev. Moses Bartless, for a considertion of £100. The paper is intact, save where it has been folded. At the conclusion are affixed twenty scals of twen. ty Indians. The seals are of red wax. and a coin was evidently used in stamping the seals, as slight traces of a crown can be found in several of Lord Rayleigh in a recent lecture

said that experiments had shown that a vibration of sound having an amplitude of less than one twelve-millionth of a centimeter could still affect the sense of hearing. Such a vibration would be so short that it would have to be enlarged one hundred times before the most powerful microscope could render it visible, supposing that it were susceptible to being seen at all. Old people, he said, do not hear high notes which are audible to young persons, and there is reason to believe that bables hear notes which are inaudible to their elders,

Postage Stamps Upside Down.

Folk in general are not nowadays so areful as they were years ago in the matter of affixing postage stamps to letters and receipt stamps upon bills, and many never note whether the stamps are the right way up or upside down. It was very different, however, before the rush and roar of this half of the century began, for it was next door to a crime, in the eyes of many, to affix a stamp with the English Queen's head the wrong way up. Many were not only under the impression that her Majesty would "feel offended," but that if she took the matter up personally, or told officials to act, punishment could follow. There are still, however, many people who look with horror upon a postage stamp upside down.

Wonderful Stolidity. "My husband," sald Mrs. Hartwick, might have submitted to the tortures of the inquisition without ever mak-

"Why do you think that?" she was asked. "He permitted me to move a porous plaster from his right lung this morn-

ing without giving vent to a single Comparisons.

"Yes," said Miss Sniggins, "I had an uncle who was shut up in Paris at the time of the siege.

"Pouf!" replied Miss Nebley, "that's nothing. One of my cousins has been in the Klondike all this winter.

When a man makes an extravagant purchase, and doesn't want his wife to know it, he tells her he won the article top, holding from one-half pound up to | in question at a raffle.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JUKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Fleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young - Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

A True Friend.

month, and I want you to act as best Wells-All right, my boy; you can count upon me. I never desert a friend

The Sequel. Customer-I bought a plaster of you three weeks ago to help me get rid of he lumbago.

when misfortune overtakes him.

Drug Clerk-Yes, I remember it Didn't it do the work? Customer-Oh, yes; but I want some thing now that will help me to get rid of the plaster.

The Proper Classification, Weeks-Did you hear about the high handed villalay of your friend Blake? Meeks-No; what dld he do? Weeks-Deserted his family and loped with his stenographer. Meeks-That seems more like shorthanded than high-handed villatny.

A Victim of Gossip.



Mamma-Hans, I find you didn't go o school yesterday! Hans-O, the teacher told you! These women can never hold their tongues! Heitere Welt.

Somewhat Different. Fond memories of the long ago
Come back with songs I used to sing; But when songs I send to publishers Come back to me-'tis another thing.

Ranning No Risks.

"I see that most of the New York soclety women claim to be descended from kings." "Yes, but they have taken good care

to select kings that are very, very dead." Heartless.

"Darling," he exclaimed, "if you should say no it would kill me?" "Come, then," she replied, "let's get as far away from the house as possible before I give you your answer." Slowly Improving.

The Minister-I am told that your husband spends much of his time play ing checkers Mrs. Softleigh-Yes, but let us be

charitable with him, doctor. He is improving in his ways. He used to play

A Nutural Conclusion Editor-You interviewed Mrs. Blank on the subject, I suppose? Reporter-Well, not exactly; I saw the lady but she refused to talk, Editor-Refused to talk! Why, when dld she die?

Then he Was Sorry She Spoke. Jessie-Do you believe in fortune telling?

Tom-Oh. I don't know. Sometimes I'm half-inclined to think there may be something in it.

Jessie-Because a gypsy once told me that I was to be married twice and that my first husband was to leave me with an immense fortune. Tom-That settles it. I take no risks

Get some other fellow to be the first one and if his part of it comes true I'll call around again, Good-night.



"Won't you please weigh that parcel sir? Those are the letters that my Fritz sent me last year, and I want to see if he has written to me as faithfully as he did the year before!-Humoristische Blaetter.

Practical Experience. Landlady-That new boarder is ther married or a widower. Daughter-Why, ma, he says he's a

Landlady-Don't you believe he is. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his board he always turns his back to

rraveler-Don't you get fired an swering so many foolish questions? Ticket Agent-Yes.

Worst of Them All.

Traveler-Which one tires you most? Ticket Agent-That one. She Just Suffered. "Yes," she sighed, "for many years

I've suffered from dyspepsia.' "And don't you take anything for it?" her friend asked. "You look healthy enough." "Oh," she replied, "It's my hus and that has it." Papa's Definition.

"Papa, what is meant by 'taking Time by the forelock?" "In most cases, my son, it is worrying about things that never happen."

Encouraging Her.
Myrtle-Oh, dear! I wish I could think of some new way to say no. I've had to refuse so many men lately that I am positively becoming weary of the

old way of declining. Alice-I wouldn't worry about that, dear. The follows probably enjoy the joke just as much as if you said some-

thing original each time. At the Door.



Invalid-O, doctor, I'm afraid I'm pretty well at death's door! Doctor-Don't you worry, my dear

sir-we'll pull you through!-London Punch. One Secret he Keeps.

Dixon-Why is it that it is usually unmarried women who write articles on "How to Manage a Husband?" Hixon-Oh, you don't suppose a mar-

ried woman is going to give her little plan away, do you? How to Arouse Interest.

He-They say your minister is creating a regular furore. She-Yes, he has a stereopticon and charges an admission fee now, so we have to have the police every Sunday

to keep the crowds in check. Not a Complete Success, He-What a winning way that Miss

Dexter has! She-Oh, I don't know. She has been trying for ten years and hasn't won a husband yet,

Her Suggestion. Aged Suitor-My dear Miss Flypp, I can't find words to express my love

Miss Flypp-Then why don't you turn the job over to one of the express companies?

A Bad Investment. Mrs. Holden-John, we'll never be able to save a cent if you don't quit being so extravagant.

Mr. Holden-Why, my dear, I'm not at all extravagant. Mrs. Holden-Yes, you are. There's that accident policy you bought nearly a year ago, and you haven't used it once: if that isn't extravagance I don't

know what is, Fast Friends. Martha-Do you believe that Renee's hair is dyed?

Jane-Isn't it nice of you to say such things! I'm sure it isn't dyed. Martha-How do you know? Jane-I was with her when she

bought it.—Paris Gaulois. Not So Warm. Hixon-I understand you had a fire in your library last night. Much of a loss?

Dixon-Oh, no; only a few unbound volumes of smoke.



Bob-o-Link (the American jail bird) does nothing but Sing-Sing all the year round .- New York World.

The Long and Short of It, Smiles-I dislike the month of February more than any other. Giles-Why so? Smiles-Because I work by the day and pay board by the month.

Diggs-My wife has throat trouble, and the doctor told her she must not talk for a week. Biggs-How can she manage to keep from talking? Diggs-Oh, she chews gum all the

time.

The Cheerful Idiot "Poverty," said the platitudinous oarder, "is the cause of most crime." "Strange, isn't it," commented the Cheerful Idiot, "how straitened circumstances will make a man crooked?"-Indianapolis Journal.

Following Instructions. Lamchop-Waiter, two eggs, please; boll them four minutes. Walter-All right, sir. Be ready in half a second.-Boston Traveler.

Appetizing Relishes. The taste for hors d'oeuvre, which

has grown up in this country in the last few years, has introduced flavoring butter, but we are still far from using this medium to anything like the extent it might be. Abroad flavoring butters are in great request for kitchen use, a morsel of one or other of them, according to the preparation, being almost invariably added just at the last to sauces to give the requisite fresh butter flavor deemed essential to a well made sauce, while at the same time enhancing the appropriate and distinctive aroma of the condiment. But there is a further use for these butters which should especially commend them to the notice of the housewife, and this is the preparation of sandwiches. If, instead of a layer of plain butter, the sliced bread were delicately spread with some appropriate butter, it would double its attraction without giving any very arduous work to the maker. For instance, the ordinary ham sandwiches would be entirely different, if made with mustard or chutney butter, while a dash of anchovy or maltre d'hotel butter would similarly improve cold

I am going to marry Miss Mills next

Sells-Well, old chap, it's all settled.