SONGS AND SONG-MAKERS.

Some Hitherto Unpublished Facts Concerning Popular Ballads.

Popular songs are often queer. So are their authors. But stranger still is the secret governing the public taste, by which some compositions are taken up and others rejected. Not 3 per cent. of the songs annually issued have a spark of originality about them. In this country the dozen or so publishers issue annually about 18,000 editions of songs, of between 16,000,000 and 20,000,000 of copies. This, added to the reprints of English and foreign songs, means fully thirty copies daily per capita to every teacher of music in the land. Yet out of this vast number there is not one song in 500 that reaches a popular sale of 5,000 copies, and less than one-tenth as many that exceed an issue of 300,000 copies. Here are the sales of a few well-known songs:

	Copies sold.
"Flower From Mother's Grave"	300,000
"Sweet Violets"	250,000
"Only a Pansy Blossom"	200,000
"When the Leaves Begin to Turn"	150,000
"Only to See Her Face"	130,000

Notwithstanding this apparent lack of appreciation on the part of a surfeited public, the issue of sheet music continues a profitable enterprise, rendered so by the spasmodic sale of an occasional hit, the pecuniary return of which usually overbalances losses entailed in other directions.

Since the days of Stephen C. Foster, Henry C. Work and John Howard Payne, a class of balladists has sprung into existence, the exact description of which it would be difficult to give. The array embraces almost every vocation from minstrel to mechanic. Among the more notable are Frank Howard, well-known as author of "Only a Pansy Blossom" and "When the Robins Nest Again;" David Braham, James C. Stewart, Wm. J. Scanlan, the actor; Charles Connolly, Sydney Rosenfeld, J. K. Emmet and Walter Phœnix. Rosenfeld was formerly a Philadelphia journalist, while Wm. Henderson, the writer of so many topical songs, was formerly connected with the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. These comprise only a very few of the thousand who have essayed popular song-making.

The song which stands alone in the American market in point of issues sold is the "Scotch Lassie Jean," which reached 1,000,000 copies, and is still in fair demand. Another great success was the ballad "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" of which many editions have been printed. Still others are Tucker's pretty song, "Sweet Genevieve," "The Spanish Cavalier," "Call Me Back Again," "Sweet Forget Me Not," and "Pretty as a Picture." Then there must not be omitted Westendorf's "I'll Take Thee Back Again, Kathleen." To name the very latest popular song successes is a matter of more difficulty. The ballad that is whistled to-day by thousands may be dead and forgotten by to-morrow, while afother, not quite so quick to catch the popular taste, may sell on and on, just as familiar but old stories like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" do. The latter is to-day among the best selling books in the world. Some songs approach, but they do not quite equal its lasting popularity. Following are the approximate sales of some later successes:

	Copies sold.
"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By"	200,000
"Peek-a-boo"	175,000
"When the Robins Nest Again"	140,000
"I'll Await, my Love"	115,000
"Over the Garden Wall"	90,000
"Climbing up the Golden Stair"	85,000
"Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn"	55,000
"Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom"	45,000

It is interesting to note how songs are made popular. Undoubtedly the stage is the great factor. A catchy ballad brought out by a prominent singer invariably produces a desire to imitate. The minstrel is, therefore, the introducer of the song. Of all the singers who have popularized musical compositions in this country Lotta stands at the head. Take the number of songs written expressly for her and see their subsequent sale in sheet form:

	Copies Sold.
"Dem Golden Slippers"	800,000
"In the Morning by the Bright Light"	260,000
"Razors in the Air"	225,000
"Come Along, Sinners"	100,000
"Swim for the Golden Shore"	60,000

How some songs came to be written is an interesting study. For several months there was a warm controversy on the authorship of "Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom." It was claimed by Miss Maud Beverly, but it turned out, as its English flavor indicated, that it was an English song altered, its old form being "Stick to Your Mother, Jack," a Yorkshire ballad of threadbare popularity as well as age. The author of "Climbing Up the Golden Stair" was a poor fellow who boarded in an attic, and got his inspiration by climbing the rickety stairs that led to it.—*Philadephia Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Entirely Too Particular.

"I wish to report a case of larceny," she said as she entered the police station yesterday.

"Yes'm. When did it occur?"

"Last evening."

"At what place?"

"On a ferry boat, sir."

"What are the particulars?"

"Why, I was with a young—young man, and—"

"Oh, you were! Well, go on."

"And tell his name?"

"Of course."

"And that I never saw him before?"

"Certainly."

"Then I won't report the case, sir! You are too particular, and the ring wasn't worth over three dollars anyhow!"—*De roit Free Press.*

—The confidant of my vices is my master.—*Goethe.*

THE SIZE OF MAN.

A Claim That He Never Had a Greater Height Than at Present.

Men of the present day have no occasion to feel humiliated, because they are not taller and larger than they are. There is no reason, in the discoveries of science, for the supposition that men, as a whole, have ever had a greater average height than they have now. For a long time, at Romans, in France, near the junction of the Isere and Rhone rivers, there existed a deposit of gigantic bones which had long been known as the "Giant's Field." In recent times bones have been exhumed there which were believed to be human, and which were said to be those of Teutobodus, the King of the Teutons, who was overcome near the spot by Marius, the Roman General. The researches of Cuvier, however, proved that these bones, together with all the others exhumed in the same place, were those of the *dinotherium giganteum*, an extinct animal of the tapir species, which measured about twenty feet in length.

The myth of a race of giants has its counterpart in those other creatures of imagination, the pigmies. These fabled people, who were so small that a stalk of grain was a tree to them, which they chopped down with tiny hatchets and brush hooks, were said to inhabit Ethiopia. They were always at war with the cranes, but lived on such excellent terms with the partridges that they were able to harness them into their carriages. They lived at first, according to the fable, in Thrace, but were driven out of Europe by the cranes, and took refuge in Ethiopia. It is now commonly supposed that the pigmies were nothing more nor less than monkeys of small size, like the marmoset. The pigmy's warfare with the crane was probably the one grain of exact truth which survived in the tradition.

The stories of the pigmies belong with the fables of the giants. The men of ancient times were of the same, or nearly the same height, as those of the present day. The doors of the ancient houses, the ancient armor, the Egyptian mummies, as well as the bones of the fossil men, prove that there has been little or no variation.

Among famous tall men was the Roman Emperor Maximin, whose stature was seven and three-quarters feet. Maximin was a young barbarian, the son of a Gothic father, who first attracted the attention of the Romans by overcoming sixteen of their strongest men, one after another, in a wrestling contest, and, having been made a centurion, fought and intrigued his way to the imperial throne.

The normal stature of men and women ranges between four feet and six feet four inches. Those who exceed the latter height may be called giants, while those who are below four feet are called dwarfs. There have been dwarfs scarcely one foot six inches in height, but even these have been considerably taller than the fabled pigmies of antiquity.—*Youth's Companion.*

SICKENING SIGHT.

Fifty-Seven Head of Cattle Transformed Into Mountains of Mangled Flesh.

Just as the west-bound train had reached a water tank a mile west of Pine Bluffs a herd of three thousand Texas cattle was observed grazing on the adjacent prairie. The long-horned animals gazed at the locomotive a moment, and then with one accord started toward the train at a rapid gait. It was evident to the cowboys in charge of the herd that a stampede was imminent, and they endeavored to stop the mad rush of the thoroughly crazed animals. The engineer also reached the same conclusion and crowded on the steam in the effort to pass the herd before a collision should occur.

In this he failed, however, and a moment later there was a terrific shock that shook the train from end to end, and the quivering flesh of frightened cattle was being ground to pulp under the wheels of the locomotive. The cowcatcher itself worked terrific execution in plunging through the huge masses of cattle that were promiscuously piled along the track.

The locomotive was reversed as quickly as possible, when a sickening sight met the gaze of passengers. Dead and dying cattle lay strewn along the track, maimed and mangled. Many with legs partly or wholly torn off made desperate efforts to get away, while the hundreds unhurt, with tails curling in the breeze, were scattering to all points of the compass.

As soon as the train had been brought to a standstill a number of passengers who were armed with revolvers performed acts of mercy by killing crippled animals. The number of cattle killed was fifty-seven. The locomotive, strange to say, was not derailed, although considerably damaged. Removal of the carcasses necessitated a delay of over an hour.—*Cheyenne, (Wyo.) Leader.*

About Black-Headed Pins.

Sitting alongside a lady in the elevated train the other day, writes an observant New Yorker, she had occasion to adjust a portion of her dress which was fastened with a black pin, when the head broke in fragments and disclosed the fact that it was some kind of composition fastened on a broken needle. Curiosity led me to make some inquiries, and I found that nearly all the black-headed pins in the market are made from needles which are broken in the factories in testing the eyes. Any one who has handled the black-headed pins has probably noticed their remarkable sharpness as compared with the ordinary white pins sold in the market. This is the explanation—that they are old needles.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE BARREL HAMMOCK.

Reliable Advice of One Who Has Experienced All of Its Pleasures.

Kind reader, did you ever swing in a barrel hammock—one of the genuine, home made country barrel hammocks, such as you find in the summering places of New Hampshire? If you have not one you missed something in this world which falls to the lot of but few men. Fall, did I say? Yes that is it. That's part of the pleasure of the hammock—the falling out.

But first, let me discribe this instrument of tor—pleasure. It is composed of six parts, barrel staves, two of rope, and two of cussedness. Two holes are bored through each end of the stave, and through these pass the rope, the ends being fastened to convenient trees, hooks, or posts like the ropes of a more peaceable hammock. A pillow is thrown in carelessly. This is done to tempt men and lead them on to death. Like a siren that pillow reaches out its every feather, and beckons you to come and enjoy its soft embrace; and you do so. And the end is not yet. You sit down in the middle first, imagining that the hammock has some feeling like its genus; but you are astonished at receiving a crack on each side of your cranium from the two respective end staves. It startles you at first, and you will doubtless feel a little hurt about it, but, like all the rest, you will look upon it as a little eccentricity of the article and swing your feet in to enjoy a reclining position. In doing so you find that your pants have lowered some slack down between the two middle staves, and that in turning around you are in danger of twisting a hole about the size of a dinner-plate in a spot which would inconvenience you. So you gather your robes about you, taking all the slack on top, and once more prepare to recline. This time you have missed your reckoning, for the pillow is about ten feet above you. How to get up there is the question. In vain you attempt to reach it. Each time the bottom of the stave with five of its neighbors flies up and hits you in the small of the back. Then you try to slide up. Digging your toes between two of the bottom staves and working slowly along, you manage to tear a hole in your vest, stick a nail in your ear, and grasp the pillow all at the same time. But you have got the pillow and you are happy.

There's a newspaper in your pocket, but how to get it is the question. You dare not move, for the pesky thing will kick you out, so you content yourself with reaching for a cigar in a convenient pocket, strike a match on a stave—Oh, these barrel hammocks are accommodating—and settle down for a smoke. In five minutes, under the soothing influence of the weed, your mind is at rest; you have forgotten the tricks that lurk in every individual stave of your couch, and are picturing to yourself the dash you will cut when, at home after vacation, with eight dollars per week of saved board money in your pocket, you will paralyze the clerks in the store with stories of "gay Newport, you know." At this juncture one of the young lady boarders rushes out, and with a "Mr. Jones, we are going," she plants her plump form down on the lower staves of the hammock. The upper ones rise in conjunction. Jones rises, too. Your cigar flies in the air and comes down in your eyes just in time to blind your sight as you descend from among the branches to terra firma.

"Blank, blank the blanked thing! who cut the rope, any way? Oh, excuse me, ladies." Of course you have to offer apologies at the tea table to smooth the matter over, but Miss Brown will always avoid you after that, for it is possible she had a suspicion that before the cigar struck you you saw her where the treacherous staves of the lower half of that hammock had placed her.

Reader, should you ever visit the country shun the barrel hammock. It cost one man five years of his life, a new vest and the acquaintance of a most estimable young lady. If you must use it, take it down and spread it on the grass, drive a railroad spike through each stave, and you have it.—*Cor. Newberryport (Mass.) News.*

A Careful Nurse-Girl.

The Hibernian's idea of being careful is sometimes rather peculiar. A lady who had recently engaged an Irish nurse-maid said to her one day, while walking in the garden:

"Mary, wrap the baby up very carefully, and bring him out to me."

"Yis, mum," glibly replied Mary, and straightway departed.

She presently returned, bringing the infant bundled and bound in a shawl-strap.

"You unfeeling creature!" shrieked the poor mother, frantically. "You will kill the child!"

"Not at all, mum, not at all. You towld me to be careful, an I am. The choild was so hivvy, I thought a shawl-shtrap was the safest way to carry him."—*Youth's Companion.*

—"Did ye ever hear the story of Pat and his employer?" asked a hackman as he declined to drink the third time. "No; 'tell us it, Vanderbilt," remarked the driver's "fare." "Well, Pat was out wid his master wan day and was asked to drink. He did. Then again, and he did. The third time Pat declined, and as he did so said what I think is very thrue, gentlemen: 'Wan, Sur, is good. Two is betther. But three is not half enough.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The pleasantest thing in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible.—*Bovee.*

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

Provisions Made for Freeing the Bondsmen Held in the Empire.

In 1871 a law was passed in the Brazilian Chambers or Parliament providing for the gradual emancipation of all the slaves in the empire, and requiring a registration by masters of all slaves. Such slaves as were not registered by a certain date were to be declared free by the terms of the law. There were then about 2,000,000 slaves in the country. The law also gave unconditional freedom to all slaves who had reached or should thereafter reach the age of 60 years.

In 1885 the number of registered slaves was found to be not greater than 1,200,000.

At the opening of the Chamber in May, Mr. Alfonso Celso, a prominent member, and son of a former Premier of the same name, offered a bill for the immediate freeing of the remaining slaves. The following are its chief provisions:

All slaves registered throughout the whole of the empire of Brazil are declared to be free from the date of the promulgation of the present law. Those who are free from bondage in virtue of this law are obliged to labor for the space of two years in the service of their former masters, but this service shall be non-transferable from any cause whatsoever.

From this obligation shall be accepted the following: (1). Those who shall redeem themselves from service by payment of such service in money. In this case the value of such service, for the full term of two years, shall in no case be valued at more than $200. For the purpose of making this valuation, the clauses in the recent law (1886) and in that of November 13, 1872, shall be continued in full force. (2). Those who have reached fifty years of age, and also those who shall hereafter reach that age within the specified time of two years, shall be declared *ipso facto* free, and shall at once enter into the enjoyment of their freedom. The age of the slave, for this purpose, shall be determined by the registry; proof to the contrary shall only be admitted when this proof shall be in favor of the liberty of the slave.

When either one of a married couple shall have acquired his or her freedom from rendering obligatory service, through whatever cause, the other shall likewise be freed at once and without any conditions whatever. Freedmen, during the two years in which they are obliged to render service under the present law, shall be paid just wages or salary, have full right to suitable clothing and proper food, and to necessary medical treatment and care should they become ill or incapacitated.

All ex-masters who shall not faithfully carry out the obligations and duties imposed by the preceding paragraph, shall lose all claim or right whatever to the services of their former slaves, now become freedmen. All taxes and revenues destined to the fund of emancipation by preceding laws and regulations shall be employed for the use of establishments of practical and professional education designed for the children of freedmen, and for the endowment of asylums for freedmen who may hereafter become incapacitated for work by disease or accident.—*N. O. Picayune.*

LIKE HER ELDERS.

A Little Girl who had But Little Use for Feminine Playmates.

A story of the rising generation:

In one of the suburban towns there is a young lady—quite a young lady she is, too—whose somewhat boyish aspect and innocently masculine tastes have won for her the soubriquet of Tommy. Not long ago she gave a little party to the children of the neighborhood, and in preparing for the event her mother, in order to get at an idea of the sort of young people her daughter would like to have attend, told her to prepare a list of those she wished to invite. Tommy went to work with zest and in a short time finished a pretty long list.

"There, mamma," said she with an air of conclusiveness, "there's every single one that I want to come."

Her mother took the document and read it with an astonishment which increased as her eye approached the end of the list. Tommy had only one girl's name on the whole list!

"Why, Tommy!" her mother exclaimed, "do you want none but boys to come to your party? What are you thinking of?"

"Well, mamma," said Tommy, "you know girls aren't any fun!"

"But would your boys have any fun if there weren't any girls?"

"Weren't any girls? Why, there'll be Kitty Bickerstaff and me, and that ought to be girls enough!"

The mother, however, insisted upon the nomination of a full quota of girls; but in order to get it she had to make inquiries herself. Tommy's information was deficient.—*Boston Transcript.*

—At Springfield, O., a few days ago a mother checked her baby carriage to a neighboring town where she was about to visit, and forgot to remove the child from it. Just before the train started she missed the baby, and after a frantic and fruitless search suddenly remembered where she had left it. She got to the baggage-car just in time to get the infant as it was being loaded on the train in its carriage.

—This is the season of year when we are thrown into the society of the man who rocks the boat for fun if he goes out with you for a row in the lake or river. He never gets to be over thirty years of age, and generally participates in a double funeral. Beware of him.—*Albany Journal.*

SOWING GRASS SEED.

A Subject That Needs to Be Studied by the Great Majority of Farmers.

As a rule, the sowing of grass of various kinds is made with some grain crop, and usually in the fall with wheat or rye. This method, however, is not just to the grass, nor is it favorable for the best results to the seeding. The so-called foster crop very often robs the grass and exhausts the soil of its needed nutriment, and a very poor catch is the result. If the soil is thoroughly well prepared by manuring and sufficient tillage, the two crops may grow together very well, and the grass make a good stand. But this is seldom the case except with a few farmers, who need no advice or suggestion upon the subject. The great majority of farmers need to study this subject, and understand the requirements of grass for its successful culture.

The preparation of the soil should be very thorough. The land should be plowed deeply, and a liberal coat of manure turned under, not buried, but with the furrows laid over at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the manure lies between the layers of soil standing on edge in a sloping manner. The harrow, run along the furrows, works the soil and manure together, mixing them and making them fine and compact. The harrowing should be continued until the whole surface is as smooth as a garden, and the soil is quite fine. If the land is clayey and lumpy, it should be rolled between the harrowings.

Sowing the seed alone is preferable. If any grain crop at all is used, it should be oats in the spring, or buckwheat early in July, as may be most convenient. Excellent seeding has been made early in August with a pound of turnip seed to the acre. This shelters the young grass during the winter, and dying, the turnips decay in the spring and afford a most useful fertilizer for the crop. Timothy and clover, and orchard grass and clover, and the three kinds mixed, and orchard grass alone, have been sown in all of these three ways with better results than when sown with fall grain and subjected to the risks of the winter weather.

In sowing grass and clover seed an even stand is desirable, and to secure this, great care is to be taken in the sowing. A very good practice is to make the last harrowing with great care, evenly and with the marks all parallel. Then the sower can follow these marks, first taking the edge of the field and returning six short paces distant from the first course. Then returning on the second course, and always sowing with the right hand to the left. Six feet from each is cast as much as can be taken with light seed, as orchard grass, blue grass, red-top, etc., and as much as should be taken with timothy, and the quantity of seed taken may be readily guaged to the width of the cast. The cast is made with each movement of the right foot. When the wind is blowing, even slightly, the casts should be made low, to avoid irregular dropping of the seed, and when the light seeds are sown it is easier to walk across the harrow marks when the tracks made are easily seen, and as the wind may carry the seed to one side, the sower may go out of the straight track to accommodate the wind, and on returning can easily distinguish the foot marks of the previous track in the soft soil.

A broadcast seeder is a convenient implement, and costs but little, and can be carried by the sower with ease. It drops the seed low, and if the sower goes face to the wind at the start, the seed is not spread unevenly. When, in spite of all care, an irregular seeding is anticipated, it is well to sow half the seed one way, and cross the sowing the other way, when vacant spaces may be covered. An inexperienced sower should practice on the snow, using sand, which can be easily seen on the white surface, and in two or three attempts he will be able to make the sowing quite evenly.

The sowing should be done as soon as the last harrowing is finished, when the seed sinks in the loose soil, or is covered by the first shower. A smoothing plank is a good thing to cover seed with. It may be eight or ten feet long, and is fitted with a tongue and two stiff braces. The tongue is fitted to the plank on the level, so that when it is raised the front end of the plank is elevated a little. This prevents the plank from gathering stones or seeds in front of it, and causes it to ride over them. It leaves a smooth, even surface.—*American Agriculturist.*

—A successful balloon trip over the Irish Sea has been made by the well-known English aeronaut, Mr. Simmons. He started from Preston for a short ascent, but a contrary breeze took his craft directly over the channel, somewhat to the aeronaut's dismay, as he was neither provisioned nor provided with the apparatus for keeping afloat if the balloon suddenly descended in mid-channel. Happily, the wind landed him safely in Ireland, at a farm at Ballyboden, Rathfarnham, seven miles from Dublin, after six and one-quarter hours' journey.

—A criminal suit has been brought by the United States against three men in Colorado for cutting and moving from Government lands 30,000 cords of pine and spruce wood, which they converted into charcoal and sold to the Omaha and Grant Smelting and Refining Company. A civil suit is also to be instituted against them and the smelting company jointly for $150,331, the purchase price of 1,758,000 bushels of charcoal. The smelting company, it appears, was an innocent purchaser, and hence only liable for the price paid for the coal.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Among the sixty-six graduates from Amherst this year was a Japanese student.

—Longing for goodness does not bring it. It is to be sought after with all the might.

—America is growing better. The church attendance for 1887 was twenty per cent over that of 1886.

—Some of his children must go into the furnace to testify that the son of God is there with them.—*E. Prentice.*

—Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus of his own soul!

—He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

—The women of the Presbyterian Church of this country are said to have raised in the past sixteen years, $2,150,000 for missions.

—Rev. Dr. Happer has secured $100,000 toward founding a Christian College in China and expects to open the institution next January.

—D ing good to our fellow-men makes a greater impression on most of them than any other course open to us.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

—Depend upon it: in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with true heart forgiving us, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—*George Macdonald.*

—The trustees of Harvard University, Senator Geo. P. Hoar, ex-Speaker Winthrop, Profs. Putnam, Heaton and others, have bought for $4,000 sixty acres of land in Bratton Township, Adams County, O., on which is situated the Serpent Mound. The party will make a National Park of the tract.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

—Rev. Dr. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, recently visited a Mormon Sunday-school while in Salt Lake City. As he entered the infant class department a temporary teacher was saying: "Well, boys, where is your teacher?" They all replied promptly in concert: "In the penitentiary." The teacher then asked: "Is he there for doing right or for doing wrong?" All replied: "For doing right." Dr. Tillett learned afterward that the man in question was serving a term for bigamy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—*Emerson.*

—The man who blows out the gas is anxious to know what they feed mock turtles on.

—Whenever I find myself covetous of something that I have not, I can effect a cure by recollecting what I have.

—Tramp—"Are you going in bathing, sir?" Gentleman—"Yes." Tramp—"Shall I hold your pocket-book?"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Problem in arithmetic—If a man gets full when he has a half holiday, what would he get if he had a whole holiday?—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

—Der feller dot can vhittle a pooty goot character out of der rough chibs of cfery day life, he vas enditled to haf a goot abetite on his tomb shtone.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

—Do not think a lesson learned until you have found some thought that seems particularly to fit your needs. Each lesson holds such a thought, if we but find it. Seek!

—So great a happiness do I esteem it to be loved, that I really fancy every blessing, both from gods and men, ready to dscend spontaneously upon him who is loved—*Xenophon.*

Little Dick.—I don't want to do that. Omaha mamma—But you must. "Why?" "Because I say so." "What's the reason I have to mind you? I ain't your husband."—*Omaha World.*

—Lawyer—There is a fearful wind coming in at that window. Office boy—Shure an' I will jist open the ither wan, too, so the wind can go on through an' not bother ye.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In a breech of promise suit in Ohio the girl showed up 745 letters for 120 days of love. That was over six letters per day, and yet the young man kept saying he wished he could find time to drop her a line now and then.

—"Thought," says Dr. Munger, "may stay behind silent lips, but when it becomes feeling it runs to expression." We have noticed this in cases of men who thought they were hitting a nail, but who felt that they had mashed their fingers.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A middle-aged man at the beach, whose wife thought the water too cold for bathing that day, encouraged her in a novel way. "No, Meriar," he said, pointing to some iron waste pipes that entered the water where he stood, "don't you see? They're a-runnin' hot water into the ocean an' heatin' of her up."

—His ticker brought more tick:

When I was young, and all was well,
I used to live on tick.
As merry as a marriage bell,
Until my wife took sick.
Then I was broke; my darling wife
From day to day grew sicker,
And I was forced, to save her life,
To live upon my "ticker."

—*Detroit Free Press.*