solve, And death, that dread annulment which life shuns Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way, The thoroughfare to greater worlds on high. The bridge from star to star. Seek how we may, There is no other road across the sky; And, looking up, I hear star voices say:

"You could not reach us if you did not die."

—Heury Abbey in American Magazine.

Circus Man Before King Umbandini. It is not often that circus "artistes" find their way into the realms of a South African chief; but when they do it would seem that their reception is likely to be very enthusiastic, A "strong man" from a Cape Town circus, recently journeyed to the far off regions of Ama Swaziland, and there gave a display of his skill and power before Chief Umbandini at his "great place." So pleased was Umbandini at the performance that he forthwith dictated a testimonial gratis. Here it is: "We gladly certify that you have performed at our Royal Kraal, Swaziland, on rings, poles, chairs and sticks; that you have also played with an iron tree, and also carried a large cannon on your back, and fired astonished and gratified at the wonderful acts that you and your little son performed. We do not believe that you will ever die. Given at our Royal Kraal this 9th day of Decem-Umbandini (his + mark), King of Swaziland."-St. James' Gazette.

#### A Gypsy Band from Russia.

One result of Lord Randolph's visit to Russia, may be the advent in this country of the famous gypsy band which is known by the name of its leader and conductor, N kolai Shishkin. This Bohemian band has long been one of the chief musical sensations of the St. several chances of hearing it play during his visit. He first heard it at the French ambassador's ball, and was so struck by the unique character of both performers and music that his curiosity was aroused. He sought and gained an introduction to Nikolai Shishkin himself, and took subsequently the greatest interest in him and his band. The most curious feature of this gypsy band is the presence in it of a number of female gypsies, some of whom are typical beauties. The more handsome of those musical gypsy damsels make excellent marriages,—London Figaro.

Rushing Through College.

But we cannot afford to imitate England in the matter of education. We have no leisure class. Everybody works. And boys rush through school and the higher schoolswhich we, by courtesy, call colleges-to plunge into invoice books, to make briefs of titles, to gulp down as much law as they can before beginning the practice of what they will learn by their experience and that of their clients'. As to the law—which ought to be a learned profession-a long an I sound preparation in the classics is almost a necessity. Few young lawyers and few young doctors have the time for it. But for the aspirants for success in the various forms of business one or two modern languages are absolutely necessary.-New York Freeman's

Hard on Autograph Fleuds.

Young ladies with a passion for autographs will not relish the arrangement which a number of the poets and authors and other celebrities of this and other countries have adopted of using a typewriter for all correspondence, except in the most important and ingenious note to the poet Tennyson, asking an expression of opinion on a matter that was deeply chagrined to receive an answer wholly typewritten, including the signature. If this is to be kept up it is quite clear that the autograph hunter's occupation is gone.-Philadelphia Times.

# Horseshoes for Dad Roads.

The Germans have invented horseshoes for bad roads. This is how they do it. The blacksmith, when finishing a horse's shoe, punches a hole in the two ends. When the shoe is cold be taps in a screw thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp pointed stud of an inch in length. With shoes thus fitted the horse travels securely over the worst possible roads. When the horse comes to the stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no damage can happen to the horse, and the screw holes are prevented from filling .- Home Journal.

# Preservation of Forests.

The preservation of forests from the depredations of insects and aphides is largely dependent upon the spiders that inhabit them, more effective work of this kind being performed by them than by the insect-eating Examinations of the viscera of the spiders kept in captivity show them to be voracious destroyers of these creaturers, and as they prefer dark spots in the forests, which are the places most infested by vermin, the results of their labor are very beneficial.-Globe Democrat.

# Water Proof Book Bindings.

A composition has been produced which may prove valuable to book binders, having for its purpose the rendering water proof of leather, cloth, paper, etc. It is a mixture of water, silicate of soda, resin, alum, potash, fish glue, sulphate of zinc and sulphate of copper in various proportious. The applicais said to render the material impervious to the influence of oil or water, and, if a variety of ingredients increase practical utility, should be very valuable.-Chicago

# Market for Red Oak.

A profitable market has been found for the poor, despised American red oak, that has been considered of no value at all. American dealers are buying up all they can get hold of and shipping it to Liverpool. There the lumber is manufactured into fancy furniture and shipped back to New York, where it is sold to wealthy people as the real English oak, and at pretty stiff prices, too. - Chicago Herald.

# She Thought So Too.

He-Do you know, Miss Mabel, I have discovered why my brain is so active! She-No, Mr. Minuswit, what is your theory? He -It is because I so often start a train of thought. She-Ah, yes! The "Limited."-

## The World's Way.

My friend, don't forget this-if you lie down, the world will go out of its way to drive over you; but if you stand up and look severe, it will give you half the road at least. -Uncle Ezek.

The early bird catches the worm, and it is the early crocus that catches the nipping frost. Earliness is occasionally a bad habit. -Pittsburg Bulletin.

A "spotter" that should be stamped out-The smallpox.—Boston Commercial.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

A SACRED PRIVILEGE THAT IS TOO OFTEN NEGLECTED.

Jennie's Dainty Appetite-Talking to Invalids - The Jaded Wife - Kitchen Aprons-Romps-A Sulky Belle-The Teacher-Cheap Living-Notes.

An acquaintance of mine who had removed from Newport, R. L. to Cambridge, Mass., was asked what was the social difference. He said that he could perceive none except that there were fewer handsome equipages, and that young mothers wheeled their own baby wagons. This last point of observation quite restored the balance, for what gorgeousness of livery can compare with the proud faces of such parents, and what occupants of a phaeton or a barouche-landau can have such felicity as beams in the face of that rosy little creature, to whom every individual atom of the great universe is an inexhaustible novelty? My friend's remark was, I fear, a just one: I can recall but two young mothers among my immediate circle of acquaintance in Newport who habitually took out their own babies for an airing, while in Cambridge I can not think of one who does not, except one who mentioned ties to me as the greatest it off your back in our presence. We were privation of a long illness, and the one loss that she never could replace. I can remem-ber one who did it in New York, and when her father, a clergyman, was congratulated on the good sense of his daughter, he replied, 'In our family we believe in the natural

It would, of course, be very unfair to deny an ample supply of natural affections to those who habitually send out their young children with a nurse; there are many preoccupations, many inconveniences, that may be in the way. The thing of which one may justly complain is the tradition prevailing among the well to do circles of many cities. Petersburg season, and Lord Randolph had east and west, north and south, that the mother is never to take out ber child. This seems to me a wrong both to parent and child, as much a wrong as the habit still lingering in France of sending a young child to dwell with a nurse, the mother only visiting her occasionally; or the habit formerly prevailing in the English upper classes, which forbade a mother's suckling her own child-a habit so fixed that when Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, broke through it, the poet Coleridge wrote her a resounding ode, as if she had done some great deed:

O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,

Who taught you that heroic measure? In the present case the "heroic" young mother who wheels her own baby wagon gains the felicity of the fresh air, to begin with; she shares the happy little cooings and pointings of her young charge; she is associated with its first contact with the world outside; she will never forget these sweet and simple associations, and she will always be a part of them to her child. She has, beyond this, the inestimable satisfaction of knowing that her child is cared for; that it is not wheeled against the broad sunlight till its eyes water, or pushed backward till its brain whirls; that it is not left to cry unheeded while the nurse gossips with her fifth cousin, or taken furtively into some basement kitchen reeking with tobacco or onions, and not unsuspected of diphtheria. I read the other day in a woman's essay,

which had many good points in it, two assertions which seemed to me very wide of the mack. The first was that there is now bardly such a thing in America as a fresh, simple, unspoiled child; to which statement I should oppose the objection that there are at least a dozen of these rare beings in the one short street where I happen to dwell. It the very remembrance of them. private letters. A lady who lately wrote an The second point was that we should find a remedy for this alleged evil in introducing the English system of keeping children as could not fail to command his attention, much as possible in nurseries, and having them as little as possible in contact with the family life. Had this statement been turned just the other way it would have seemed more reasonable, for surely it is where there are most nurses and nurseries-in America at least-that one finds the artificial and self conscious children, while the simplest and most genuine are in those households where servants are few or none. This whole philosophy seems to me far less sensible than that of a little boy of my acquaintance, who once made a protest against the whole race of nurses in these plain terms: "Mamma, I do wish I could be taken care of by somebody that lives in the front part of the house."

This criticism involves no injustice to those kindly and child loving races who supply nine-tentlis of our nurses-the Celts, the negroes-and one sometimes finds among them individuals of a quality so superior that they are wholesome and innocent companions for any child, and even ignorance forms no bar to a life long and genuine friendship. But what risks are run to temper, to health, even to morals, in the effort to find this paragon! How many poor little things owe horrible, frightful terrors and nightmare superstitions and manifold lastmy injury to being intrusted almost unwatched to persons to whom no one would intrust the training of a pet animal! One may see households where a man servant who should kick a favorite dog, or even speak angrily to a high bred horse, would be dismissed instantly, and yet where delicate and sensitive children may be scolded and of no higher training and principle.

I know a family whose sweet faced nurse was the admiration and envy of all who came to the house; it was nevertheless not punishing should be placed in her hands; nor was it discovered until weeks after she had left the family that she had been in the habit of taking her little charge privately into the pantry and putting mustard on her tongue by way of punishment for such sins as can be committed at 3 years old. The inhumanities of parents, on which a brilliant Amerienough, but it has always seemed to me that the worst inhumanity, in the long run, was to leave a child to the unwatched control of a hired attendant. I say "unwatched," but, after all, how can any watching be more than superficial t-T. W. Higginson in Har-

# per's Bazar.

The Tired Out Housemother. And when you go home at night and find her jaded and worn, think of some way in which to help her, instead of finding fault with your surroundings and hurting harsh words at her, if you do not sometimes break the third commandment in your zeal to be emphatic. She is just as tired as you are and has worked as many hours at home, battling with the children and the servants, or, when there are none of the latter, battling with the novotonous housework, doing the same things today which she did yesterday and knowsshe will have to do to-morrow, until it is not strange that she becomes disheartened and thinks her life is "one eternal grind," like poor Mantilini, who, however, used a stronger adjective than I have done.

And while she has been so busy, with scarcely a thought beyond the kitchen and the cook stove, you have been out into the world and heard what it was doing and felt its pulse beating against your own, and mingled with your kind, and in one sense you go some fresher than your wife, to whom you

can at least give a loving word, which is of more importance than you think for. You little dream how hungry she gets for some sign that love is not dead, although it may be so crusted with thoughtiessness and self that it is seldom seen. Kind words cost nothing, and if they were more frequent love and happiness would linger longer by the hearthstone, where now there are bitter repinings for the past, and hard, resentful feelngs as the wife bears her burden alone, uncheered, unbelped and, as she believes, uncared for by her husband.—Mary J. Holmes, in New York Mail and Express.

## Diet of Cake and Pickles.

"My Jennie has such a dainty appetite l ion't know what to do with her! She just won't eat anything but sweetmeats and the

Thus exclaimed a foolish mother in my earing the other day. Yes, lamentably coolish is she for allowing such a condition of things to exist. We are told by the matchless bard that desire grows upon what t is fed. The child desires dainties, and the nother oft gratifies that desire. Soon the ischief is done, for the dainty appetite is nickly formed. Apropos of this: A ruddy rman girl of seven summers was adopted childless people of means. The indulging ocess was early begun by them, for it was . pleasure to give the child all the goodies at she could well cat. Ere long a scorn for istantial food possessed her, and the mere ought of the plain but healthful fare of hea rman home excited great disgust. Dains formed her, daily living, but think you int her robust German parentage preserved er from paying outraged Mother Nature's unity? No, indeed! She fell a victim to sumption while yet in her teens. The or, abused digestive apparatus could not annfacture good blowl; the great waste as not supplied, and "galloping consump on" claimed another victim.

While on the cars, en route to one of Minsota's beautiful lake resorts, I was attracted an anxious mother and her unfortunate valid daughter who occupied seats near

The wan cheeks, the icollow eves and the anguid air all told their own sad story of isease and death. The weary one oft had cess to the stimulating flask to sustain her the journey's end. At length the mother and child partook of a morning meal. A arge lunch hamper indicated a long journey. did not observe the mother's choice of fare. out the delicate girl who had so aroused my ympathies made a hearty(f) meal of rich ake and pickles. Yes, she devoured three vhole pickles and a piece of cake. Think of , mothers-of supplying the enormous weste nat was apparently going on with only cake ud pickles! Could one drop of good blood nanate therefrom? Would disease have ttacked the poor child had the mother preented such unnatural appetite? She seemed woman of culture and refinement-not alvays accompanied with common sense, it ems-and I would fain remind her that she ould take her loved one to the most healthul clime of earth, but she would not keep per long if her diet consisted of cake and ickles. Indeed, in this instance I fear that iothing could avail, for the blood-which on know, is the life-had already become

See to it, mothers, that your children are ot forming pernicious habits of eating what vill perchance take them to early graves or ender them dyspeptics for life.—Ladies' flome Journal.

## Hurtful Speech in Sick Rooms.

The horribly brutal speeches to invalids hat are made by visitors apparently friendly and apparently sane, are mexcusable. Some of them are so horrible that one must laugh

To a dear old gentleman who had been confined to the house for some time, came the cheerful inquiry: "Does the grave look pleasant to you, Mr.

A lady sorely and dangerously afflicted with dropsy, unable to breathe except in a atting position, worn out by sleeplessness and suffering, was thus comforted by a sympathetic neighbor after viewing her with ager curiosity: "Well, Mrs. ---, you do look awfully! I do hope you will die before von burst!"

To a nervous old man, depressed by a long struggle with disease, and feeble, yet very mxious to recover, came this cheering ob servation: "Dear me, how you have failed lately! Why, you're as white as a sheet! Your blood is all turning to water! You mn't last long?"

By the bedside of a sensitive woman attacked with pneumonia, I heard a most besevolent and truly Christian woman say in clear tones, "There is no hope. I see the ieath mark on her face."

You will find, if ill for several weeks, that some of your best friend will study your appearance and report with startling frank-"Why, my dear, how you have hanged! I really don't believe I should have toown you. You are paler or more naturtily flushed, as the case may be, since I was here last; and, yes, you have perceptibly lost lesh. But you must get well. We all love you too much; we can't get on without you. This is said with the kindest meaning, but to the "pair sick body" it means faintness or increased fever, or a cry after the visitor has departed. Whatever may be your disease, the conversation, instead of turning upon the cheerful and engrossing topics of the twitched about and even chastised by nurses time, is too apt to be fastened to your own condition, and instances are given of Mr. So and-So, who died of the same, or Miss This or That, who at last recovered, but has never been her old self since. We all know how intended for an instant that the power of the imagination acts upon the body, even producing death in a perfectly healthy person. Then how careful we should be in a sick room.-Chicago Journal.

Material for Kitchen Aprons. After trying many different materials for kitchen aprons I have decided that shirting gingham is the best. Being about threecan woman once wrote an essay, may be bad | marters of a yard wide, one breadth answers very well, thus the time which would be spent in cutting breadths and sewing seams is saved. A small plaid of brown and white, with narrow lines of red to brighten it makes a pretty apron, which, if washed and dried carefully, will look well a long time, and there is no doubt about its wearing well. I dislike blue in an apron for two reasons, namely: It is apt in washing to stain the rubber of the washing machine and wringer, and a disagreeable odor arises when it is ironed. If one wishes hibs to her aprons, less of the gingham will be left after cutting, if enough for two, four or any other even number of garments be purchased in one

To ascertain the quantity required, measure the length necessary for skirt, allowing for bem and a little for shrinkage; then measure the distance from shoulder to belt. This length of material will make two bibs, unless the wearer is uncommonly broad shouldered which must be taken into account in calculating the whole quantity; then allow two inches for each beit, as one strip across is about the rig t length. Any one after a little practice can cut the bib to suit her taste. Ticking is a good material for an apron to be worn when washing.-Good Housekeeping.

Exercise for Growing Girls. However just much of the criticism upon the management of children at the present

time may be, it is certainly true that in one respect at least modern mothers are wiser than were their mothers and grandmothers | The Future Mayor Got In and the Show before them. It is only in a few homes that girls are now required to "sit still and be little ladies." Why should a healthy, growing girl be expected to sit still any more than her romping brother, about whom no concern is manifested, provided he remains in the house only long enough to eat and sleep! What matter is it if outdoor sports are hard upon dresses and boots? It takes less time and anxiety to mend torn clothes than to watch by beds of sickness and it costs less to pay the shoemaker than the doctor.

The daughters of the present generation are to be the mothers of the next, and they need outdoor exercise and indoor sports to make them healthy in body, gentle in disposition and free from all those nervous affections that are the bane of every woman whose days of girlhood were passed in making patchwork and doing the thousand and one other foolish things commonly denominated "girl's work."-Nashua Telegraph.

#### A Difference in Dress.

At a dinner and reception a young married elle was in the suiks. She had flounced herself into a chair, and turned her back on her husband, who was angrily red clear over the bald top of his head.

"I'm sure I've got as fine a dress as any body here," she was heard to poutingly say, But you look as wooden as a Dutch doll,

His criticism was sound if not amiable The young woman wore much fluffiness of white skirt, her bodice suggested sheet from so stiff were its outlines and so unvielding its aspect. It was a new thing called the armor waist. It had no sleeves, and over the shoulders were merely ribbons, tied as though to hold up the bodice. No woman could be graceful in it.

Near by sat a willowy girl. Her gown was fashioned of thin cloth, which took its folds from each movement of the wearer, like the garments of the ancient Greeks. The tabric in each fold perfectly adapted itself to the figure, the draperies having actually molded themselves to the form of the wearer. An enwrapping of the slender waist with a wide soft sash, added to the charming effect of pliability. A demure air was worn with this gown.-New York Sun.

### The Teacher's Responsibilities.

Is it not the mother's business to know the skill of her child's teacher as well at least as that of the physician who prescribes for his sore throat or the tailor who measures him for his first pants! It is only in desper ate cases that we can bring ourselves to pull the door bell of a strange doctor and summon him to our house. As a rule, he must be known and accredited, even tested, before he receives our confidence. Yet an ignorant or vicious teacher may work immeasurably more harm than any doctor, if we admir that the soul is worth more than the body We have divine instruction to the effect that we need not fear those who have no power to kill the soul. An unscrupulous teacher has the power to deform-perhaps to destroy -both soul and body.-Caroline B. Le Row in Wom n.

## Cheap Living.

"As I told you the secret of cheap living is in having 'no nargin for waste.' Now, in my system that is the corner stone. In the place, every economical housekeeper should learn how to compose her dinners. If one day you have an expensive meat dish, the next day you have a cheap one combined with farinaceous food, such as macaroni or beans, so that both dinners will be equally aourishing and the one balance the other .-New York Evening Sun.

# Dressing Well.

Since dressing well stands for duty nothing excuses a self respecting person in any walk in life for offending by careless or slovenly attire; and the employer who allows his help to offend or the mistress who permits her servant to go about in socied garments or unkempt hair, is himself or herself guilty of offense against others' rights and privileges. for their prerogatives give them the right to expect and demand clean and orderly habits of dress.—Annie Jenness Miller.

Be sure that the water is at boiling point before putting into it the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm the freshness and flavor will soak out into the water. Place the saucepan over the hottest part of your stove, so that it will boil as quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling prosess does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dished.

When the plate is sent up for more meat end up your knife and fork with it. It is a breach of good manners to retain it. Germany, however, where the knife and fork are changed less frequently than with us, knife rests are often provided at each plate.

Hold raisins under water while stoning. This prevents stickiness to the hands and cleanses the raisins. Put the quantity of raisins needed in a dish, with water to cover; stone them before removing from water.

A polish for furniture may be made from half a pint of linscoil oil, half a pint of old ale, the white of an egg, one ounce of spirits of wine and one ounce spirits of salt. Shake well before using.

To keep your skin from roughening, find by trial what kind of soap suits you best, and use no other. Frequent changes of soap are bad for the complexion.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than the white of an egg beaten stiff with all the sugar it will hold and the clear juice of a

Soaking the feet in warm water, in which spoonful of mustard has been stirred is beneficial in drawing the blood from the

A ham for boiling should be soaked over night in topid water, then trim carefully of all rusty fats before putting on the fire. When you want to take out a broken win-

dow pane heat the poker, run it slowly along the old putty and soften it loose. A school for wives is about to be established

in England, the pupils of which will be instructed in practical housewifery. The best way to mend torn leaves of books is pasting them with white tissue paper. The

print will show through it.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air tight will never be troubled with moths.

Fresh meat beginning to sour will sweeten if placed out of doors in the air over night. Good fresh buttermilk made from sweet

cream is a serviceable drink in diabetes

Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples.

Dressing the hair high is apt to cause head

## HE WAS ADMITTED.

Will J. Davis, of the Haymarket theater, tells of a night of minstrelsy in a California town in Petaluma valley He was manager of the show, which was given in a skating rink, opposite a corn field. The average Californian was not unlike the average Chicago theater goer between acts. He had the same thirst, the only difference being that the Californian had further to go for his elixir. Mr Davis, knowing something of the character of the Californian carrying his point, had asked the city marshal of the town to occupy a seat with him in the box office. The rush out between acts had resirned, and Mr. Davis was preparing to count up. A typical miner presented himself, whittling with a knife, the blade of which was six inches long. "You know mef said the Californian.

Mr. Davis said he hadn't the honor. "I was in and went out," the Californian emarked, turning off another shaving. Mr. Davis asked him for his check.

"You didn't give me no check," said the non with the knife. "Beg your parden," remarked the Chicago

man, who began to feel that he was a long way from home. "I'm goin' in," said the Californian, "and f you try to stop me I'll take this here knife

and lay your liver out where the crows'll pick

at it. D've understand, you hatched faced, ong eared curiosity from the east!" Mr. Davis nudged the town marshal, who rot up and looked out of the window. "Is hat you, Billf" he asked of the Californian.

"Yes, it's me, and I ain't got no check." The town marshal turned to Mr. Davis and aid: "Well, if Bill says you didn't give him no check you didn't. And I reckon it's best

or the show to let him go in." And Bill went in and put his feet on the ack of a man who sat in front of him, but here was no disturbance. "It was the peace fulest show I ever gave," said Mr. Davis. was in that town some time after that and I heard that Bill had been elected mayor."-Chicago Times.



Patient-Do you think it is anything seri

us, doctor? Physician-Nothing but a slight lesion in the muscles of your back. Take that medicine and you'll be all right to-morrow. Patient-What makes you walk so funny,

Physician-I've had a backache for three weeks, -Judge,

## Being Neighborly.

"I'll bet I've got some of the meanest eighbors a fellow ever had," said a man yesterday to some half dozen loungers; "they're always on the borrow. One family in particular sends every day or two for a cup of browned coffee-of which we keep only the very best-and then returns, in place of it, a most inferior article. We're going to bead 'em off on that, though; they owe us a cup now, and when toey fetch it home, wife's going to set it away and loan it to 'em in a moment of the latter's relaxation, and again!" and he chuckled with infinite satis- the pilot told him certain war reminiscences

faction. "Well, sir," continued another, after a pause, "my wife has a worse neighbor than that. She moved into our neighborhood about a month ago, and in a few days borrowed a cup of sugar. When she returned it, it wasn't nearly so full. After two or three such experiences, my wife set the cup answered: away, and when she returned for another loan, sent back the same quantity. It was still lighter when it was returned, and after two weeks passing back and forth, my wife handed it out at last with less than a spoonful in it.'

"How much was in it when the woman ent it home?" queried a listener. "Not a single grain!-they had washed the cup!"-Detroit Fress Press.

#### The Place to Trade. Stranger (to tailor)-You've got a nice

are about right, too.

stock of goods here. Tailor (rubbing his hands)-There's nothing like it this side of the Atlantic ocean, sir. Stranger-I've been told that your prices

Tailor-Yes, sir; the price I put on a suit of clothes is a great injustice to my wife and family. Now, there is a fine of spring and summer goods of my own importation, and I paid cabin passage rates to get 'em here. That diagonal, the manufacturer assures me, was made exclusively for the Prince of Wales, and only got into my lot by mistake. He offered me big money to get the goods back for fear of international complications.

Stranger-You don't say so! Tailor-Yes, sir. But I laughed at him. When I get hold of a good thing it goes to a customer every time if I lose money on it. I s'pose you will want a nice, stylish spring suit, and then something for warm weather? Stranger-N-no. I guess not this morning. I was trying to get out of the way of a milk wagon too suddenly a few moments ago, and I want to get a suspender button sewed on .- New York Sun.

### Wasn't Used to It. A traveler was eating supper in the stuffy

saloon of a Chesapeake bay steamboat, and when he had finished the meal, the waiter brought a finger bowl, with that extra touch of colored politeness which preceded the expected fee. The guest moistened his fingers and lips from the bowl, and then a look of surprise overspread his face. "What is that?" he asked. "Water, sah." "It's kerosene." "Water, sah." "I tell you it's kerosene," said the guest angrily, as the fumes of coal oil arose from his mustache and fingers What do you take me for! Do you think my mustache is a lamp wick? Maybe you think I want to be a torch light procession?" "Sahr" "Take this stuff away, I tell you," thundered the oil covered tourist. The terrifled waiter obeyed, and a moment later reappeared with another bowl, said tremblingly; "I reckon you was right, sah. I done gave you the bowl what the lamps drip in, sah."-The Argonaut.

### Something for Him to Ponder Over. Miss Blunt-I'm told that you have made up your mind to remain a bachelor all your life, Mr. Knobchewer.

Mr K -i-aw-beg your pawdon, Mith Blunt; I nevah awthowised such a state

Miss B .- Then I must have been misin-Mr. K .- Who-aw-told you tho!

Miss B -1 wasn't told in exactly those words, but I was told that you had expressed a determination never to marry any girl who knew more than yourself.-Boston Courier.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Touthful Mind Which Delved Inte Natural Philosophy.

A young scholar, taking his first lessons in natural philosophy, had the existence of animalculæ, the minute creatures, too small to be seen with the naked eye, which are to be found in liquids, explained to him. After the lesson he was asked to tell what animalculm were.

"They are animals that you can't see," he

"Well, that may do for an answer," said the teacher. "Now, will you give me an example of animalculæ?"

"The hippopotamus, the gorilla, the whale"-"Stop! What makes you think those ani-

mals are animalculæ?" " 'Cause I never saw one of 'em!"-Youth's

Companion,

## A Ready Answer.

Flaxie is a bright eyed little girl in Le Droit park, and she has the bad habit of sucking her thumb. The other morning her mother was combing her hair and Flaxie, as

usual, had her thumb in her mouth.
"Flaxie, Flaxie," reproved her mother, 'don't do that. What would you do if that

thumb should come off?" "Suck th'other one, mamma," replied the incorrigible, coolly, and paralyzed her mother. - Washington Critic.

# Popular Opinion.

A preacher began his address to a Sunday school thus "Now, children, I am going to take a text out of the Bible. I always find when I preach that the text is the best part of my sermon. Isn't that so, my dear children?" And all the children shouted. sir; that's so!" And those enjoyed the joke most who had heard the preacher oftenest -Religious Herald.

He Knew. "Mamma," said the sweet small boy before admiring friends, "I knew as soon as I came in there was folks visitin' here.'

"Did you, darling?" said the fond mother, trying to wilt him with her eye; "how did "Oh, you had your company voice on."-

### Detroit Free Press. The Weary Hours of Sickness. Young Victor, who had been for three

weeks lying ill with pneumonia, asked one day to see his overcoat. It was brought out with no little wonderment by his mother. "Hang it on the foot of the bed, won't you,

mammaf" he asked. "Yes, my boy, if you wish it; but why do you want to have it out here!" "Just to look at it, mamma. It's been such a long time since I've seen it."-Boston

Transcript

In the Nursery. Johnnie-Mamma, wasn't Adam the first Mother-Yes, and Eve was the first

woman. Johnnie-Didn't they have any papa and mamma!

#### Mother-No, dear. Johnnie-Was they orphans, mamma!-Washington Critic.

A Nest Bit of Evasion. Not a bad example of an ambiguous answer is reported to the Listener by a northern tour ist, as coming from the pilot of a steamboat on the Georgia coast. The tourist, who is a Yankee and was a Union soldier, was engaged in an easy conversation with the pilot of an interesting character, without, however, directly intimating that he had any personal part in them. So the Yankee asked,

point blank. "Which side were you on during the war!" The pilot gave him a glance which seemed to say, "You are too inquisitive," and then

"I was on the other side." Then he changed the subject of conversation. The northern visitor is still speculating as to which the "other side" was, the other side from the questioner's, the other side from the side Georgia was on, the other side of the ocean or the other side of the

Getting Even.

Canadian border. —Boston Transcript.



He-I see that old Mr Bently was buried vesterday. Wife (shocked)-Why, is old Mr. Bently

He (who has just been "sat upon")-The paper doesn't say whether he is dead or not; simply that he was buried yesterday. - Life.

First New Yorker-What! Starved to death! I thought there was plenty of work now for all. Second New Yorker-He was not out of work. He had a regular occupation.

'My stars! What at?" "Collecting subscriptions for monuments and other patriotic objects."-Omaha World

#### Evolution of a Driver. Citizen-I'm surprised to find that you have

become such a careful driver. Jake. You used to be the most reckless teamster on the streets. You ran into a half a dozen different carriages to my certain knowledge. Teamster-I'm drivin a mighty light wagon now, an' it's me own. -Omaha World. For All Seasons

Countryman to furniture dealers-I want

# to get a bed an' a mattress.

Dealer-Yes, sir spring bed and spring mattress, I s'pose, sir! Countryman-No, I want the kind that can be used all the year around. - Epoch.

One Way. President-Yes, Mr Snapper, the faculty have decided that you have broken the rules and there is no course for us but to suspen

## Student-H'm, how about suspending the rules - New Haven News.

Papa-Nobody -Binghamton Republican

The Universal. Minnie-Papa, what is Volapuk! Papa- Why, it's the universal language. Minnie-But who speaks it!