INSECT UNDERTAKERS.

What a Scientist Learned While Watching the Doings of Burying Beetles.

Nearly every one is familiar with the burying beetle, and many have, perhaps, watched its operations. Noticing that dead moles and other small animals laid on the loose ground soon disappeared, Prof. Gleditsch concluded to investigate the cause. Accordingly, he placed a mole in the garden, and on the morning of the third day found it buried, some three inches below the surface. Though wondering why this service was performed for the dead mole, yet, as he saw only four beetles under the carcass, he re-buried it and in six days found it overrun with maggots. It was not until then that the thought struck him that these maggots were the offspring of the beetles he had seen, and that they performed the burial rites in order to provide a place to deposit their eggs, where the newly-hatched young might have food for their nourishment. Continuing his observations, Mr. Gleditsch placed four of these beetles under a glass case, with two dead frogs. One pair buried the first frog in twelve hours, and on the third day the second one was similarly disposed of. The professor then gave them a dead linnet, and a pair of the beetles set to work to bury it. They pushed out the dirt from beneath the body; then the male drove the female away, and worked alone for about five hours, turning the linnet around in a more convenient position, and occasionally mounting the body to tread it down. After resting for an hour it proceeded, as before, alternately excavating and pulling the bird from below, and then treading it down from above. It was buried by the end of the third day. In fifty days the four beetles had buried four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, two grasshoppers, the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Storing Apples for Long Keeping.

There is a difference in the keeping qualities of apples in different years that nobody has been fully able to account for. Occasionally a year occurs, to all outward appearances not exceptionably different from others, when windfalls will keep as well as carefully picked apples in former ones. Such a difference can not be laid to the handling of the fruit, but must be owing to atmospheric influences. Apples will endure without injury a much lower temperature than will potatoes, and the cooler they are kept without freezing the better. Dry, cool cellars are generally preferred by farmers as a store place for their barreled apples, but of late years some growers claim that this fruit keeps better in moist than in dry places, always providing said place is cool. When kept in cellars, good ventilation is necessary in all cases. When barreled in an orchard and not shipped away at once, the apples are better to be put up in tiers under the trees and protected from the rain and sun by boards than to be put in buildings. Some persons leave the barrels all on the ground in the shade and uncovered, claiming that they keep cooler on the ground than when piled up. Apples raised on rich alluvial lands will prove poor keepers. For the best keeping the orchards should be on high or hilly lands and not too rich.—*N. Y. World.*

The Farmer as a Man.

The farmer in the struggle for existence should not forget that he is a man created in the image of his Maker, and possessed of great capacities and wonderful capabilities. How many men we see devoting their whole energies striving to see how much riches and worldly possessions they can acquire, seemingly scarcely to think of trying to see how much of a man they may become. How seldom we estimate the value of any life experience by the effect it has had in making us more kindly, more considerate of others, more self-denying and more firmly resolved to do right. The building up of a noble, pure, grand character is the grandest work a man can engage in, and one that is often better promoted by what are generally regarded as the reverses in life than by successes. What are generally regarded as the successes in life are often but hindrances to the man's becoming a true man, making him more selfish, more narrow-minded and dwarfing his manhood. Whatever a man's worldly success, or whatever the lack of it, he yet can be a man in the true sense of the word, and as such be the full equal of any other man.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

The Marriage Was Postponed.

"Yes, dear, I love you; but please don't be so impatient. It would be ridiculous to set our wedding day so soon."

Engaged Youth—But why?

"You must remember that a marriage is a great and solemn event in a woman's life, and should be celebrated by a grand wedding, with every thing perfectly lovely and six beautiful bridesmaids."

"All right. You can have a dozen if you wish."

"What a darling you are! Well, that's why I want to wait. Bridesmaids are out of style now, but Mrs. Society says the fashion will be revived in three or four years."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—"Still lying in his grave" is an Eastern paper's reply to the request: "Please inform an archæologist where the body of Ananias now is." A striking instance of the ruling passion strong in death.—*Chicago Herald.*

A BOY'S TIME-TABLE.

The Pleasant and Unpleasant Things in Little Freddy's Life.

My little nephew ran across a paragraph, somewhere, which said that any body could save at least two hours of wasted time a day by running on a time-table.

Freddy brought the clipping to me, and asked what it meant. I told him that I supposed that it meant that a person could save two hours a day by having all his work or amusement planned and arranged beforehand—such and such a thing to be done at such a time, and another thing following directly after, and so on.

Freddy seemed so much interested that I advised him to make out a time table for himself, and try running on it for a few days. He said he guessed he would because two extra hours a day would be a great help to him in learning to strike out the fellows, and possibly would secure him the coveted position of pitcher in the school nine. The next day Freddy submitted the following to me:

FREDDY'S TIME-TABLE.

A. M.

645 to 7 Gettin up.
7 to 730 Bath and gettin reddy fer brekfus.
730 to 8 Brekfus.
8 to 820 Prairs.
820 to 830 Hand study.
830 Start fer skool.
9 Get there (a feller must have sum fun in life).
9 to 1030 Study and resite.
1030 to 1045 Reses (out to be longer).
1045 to 12 Study and resite.

P. M.

12 to 1215 Goin fer lunch.
1215 to 1230 Eatin it.
1230 to 1 Sloos of things. Playin ball mosly.
1 to 3 Skool again. Tuffest part of the day.
3 Skool over. Fun begins.
3 to 6 Base ball. Bisickle ridin. Goin to walk (sumtimes with a gurl). Slidin and skatin in winter. Flyin kite. Bothrin the dog. Penuts. Goin to ride with pa. Shoppin with ma (wen I dont kno it befourhand). Kandy. In bad wether readin. Sloos of other things.
9 to 7 Dinner (grate time fer me.)
7 to 730 Nothin much. Dont feel like it.
730 to 8 Pa gets dun with paper an reads sunthin alowd.
8 Sez I must begin to study.
8 to 815 Kickin aginst it.
815 to 915 Study.
915 Gwup to bed.
915 to 935 Windin waterbury watch.
935 to 945 Undressin and gettin into bed.
945 till mornin. Grate big time with dreems, but a feller cant stop to injoy thing much. Wonder wy dreems cant hang on more like reel things?

P. S. Ware do thos too extry ours cum in?—*Paul Pastnor, in Puck.*

LAKES THAT DISAPPEAR.

But the Settler Is Warned That They May Appear Again.

Southeastern Oregon is almost a terra incognita yet, except to cattlemen, swamp land-grabbers and people of that ilk. In the numerous law-suits between swamp land men and settlers who have taken up claims on the alleged swamp lands, there have been many instances of persons swearing in direct opposition to others in regard to the character of land which would lead unbiased persons to suppose that flat perjury had been committed.

There may have been no idea or intention on the part of any of the witnesses to testify falsely in these cases, as the following will show:

Warner Lake, in Southeastern Oregon, is a shallow body of water covering a large amount of land. It is divided by low ridges of land into three or four divisions. Last year a gentleman cruising through that country found one of these division to be a lake eight miles long and four miles wide, and from four to five feet deep. This summer the same gentleman visited that section and found this lake totally dry and drove his team across it without trouble. He is now prepared to swear that the site of the lake is suitable for cultivation, whereas last year he would have sworn with a clear conscience that there was a lake there.

Last year Mr. Neil had a contract to make a survey of the meander line of Warner Lake, which he did, and this year Mr. Martin, a Government inspector of surveys, visited Warner Lake to inspect the surveying done by Mr. Neil. He found the work all right, but it did not conform to the water line in that part of the lake above mentioned.

Responsible parties who were at the lake when Mr. Neil made his meander, confirmed its truthfulness as to the water line when it was made, and Mr. Martin became convinced by their testimony that a wonderful change had taken place.

The probable cause of the disappearance of this large body of water is the light fall of snow in that section for several years past, as all the lakes in that section are lower than ever before since the settlement of the country.

It will hardly be safe to settle on the bottom of a dried up lake or close to low-water mark, as in case of a long, hard winter, with a great fall of snow and late rains in the spring these lakes will likely expand themselves to their original size.

The fact that the lakes in that section are of this character is probably the cause of all the trouble and misunderstanding in regard to swamp lands.—*Portland Oregonian.*

—Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate.

IMPERFECT STABLES.

How They Affect Live-Stock and the Farmer's Pocket-Book.

On how many farms, should stables be visited by a committee of inspection, would the stables be found so perfect in their arrangements as to call for no criticism? I imagine those which would be graded perfect are few. Yet the stable is a very important part of the farm economy for it is there that a large part of the farm manufacturing is carried on. The hay, fodder and grain are made into butter and beef, and the fertilizers are prepared that are to restore the waste of the farm and enable us to grow profitable crops in the future. The essentials of a good stable are that it should be warm so that in winter no cold drafts blow on the stock confined without exercise, and at the same time it should be well lighted and ventilated; that the arrangements for getting the food to the stock be such as to economize time and labor, and to enable us to clean the mangers readily and quickly; that the stable floor be made tight so as to save all the manure, liquid and solid, and so arranged that the stock is not liable to be soiled, and the manure can be easily removed, and that there be good roomy box-stalls to be used for cows at farrowing time, for mares either heavy with foal or with young colts and for wintering calves and colts. Tried by these standards few stables will be found that fill the specifications. It may not be easy to remodel an old barn so as to get the perfect stables, but in most of them a little planning and a moderate outlay of time and money will result in a great improvement.

Perhaps an enumeration of some things which I have seen, and some suggestions, may be helpful to our readers: First, I suggest that on the first rainy day when you are at leisure you go to your barn and study for a few hours the details of your stable. I will tell you what many of you will find. Cracks between weather boards that will let the cold winds in and the fine snow sift through when there is a blizzard so that your stock will stand and shiver. Stock will be far more comfortable out of doors where they can exercise and seek the lee of a strawstack, or the shelter of a grove, than when confined in a stall in such a stable. To keep animals under such circumstances is an expensive cruelty, for at least one-fourth of the food eaten is consumed in maintaining heat, when it might as well be used in making beef or milk. The thing for those to do who find the stable in this condition is to buy paper and lumber and have the stable double-boarded before winter comes. After you have tried it one winter if you do not conclude this to be good advice, send the bill to me and I will pay it, provided you will agree that if you do and that the advice was good, you will send me a ten-dollar bill as a fee for professional services. Some of you will find a worse state of affairs than this, for in addition to the cracks in the sides of your stable there is no underpinning, and the wind sweeps under the stable and comes up through cracks an inch wide in the stalls. You ought to go around behind the barn and kick yourself on making this discovery, and then if you do not remedy it I would like to tie you in one of those stalls on the birthnight of next winter when the mercury dropped down near zero and the wind was out on a tear. I think before morning your repentance would be genuine and your resolutions of amendment sincere.

But these cracks are costing you more than merely the extra feed to keep your stock warm. Just listen a moment while I read from a table giving the values of manures, and there is no question of the accuracy of the statement: "The fresh solid excrement of a horse is worth $1.36 and the fresh urine is worth $8.62 per ton. The solid excrement of the cow is worth 86 cents and the urine is worth $3.14 per ton." These valuations are based on the values of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and the potash in them at the same price we are charged for them as commercial fertilizers. The urine then being so valuable, is not a leak in the stable floor worse than a leak in the roof? How many stables have floors tight enough to save the liquid? I was in the stable of a neighbor last spring and saw one of his horses standing in a pool of urine where the floor had been worn hollow and seeing that I noticed it he said apologetically: "I bored some holes in the floor to keep the stall dry but they have got stopped." I said to him: "Don't you know that one pound of urine is worth six pounds of the solid manure?" He answered indifferently as though it was a matter in which he had no interest: "Yes; I believe it is," and the holes I think are still in the floor. Yet this man is in nearly every respect an unusually good farmer. Yet such is the force of habit that while carefully saving his solid manure, although he had a large stack of clover straw from which he had threshed seed, which on a tight floor would have absorbed all this liquid, he bored holes in his floor to get rid of it.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.*

—Italian immigrants to New York live on nine cents a day. They make a soup with a bit of pork and cast-off shreds of cabbage and serve it with black bread. Some Italian laborers who are receiving seventy-five cents a day are growing rich. They can hardly be welcomed competitors in the labor market.

—The hog is omnivorous and is much benefited by the right sort of vegetable food.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Engine 310, of the Union Pacific road, has a record of having run 1,140,625 miles. It has been in use for twenty-five years and was one of the first locomotives used west of the Missouri river.

—In the town of Orizaba, Mexico, there are three papers, the names of which signify "The Rat," "The Cat" and "The Beetle." It is noticed that "The Cat" is all the time trying to catch "The Rat."

—A blast of six thousand pounds of powder was recently set off in a quarry on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco. It shook the earth for miles around and dislodged from thirty thousand to fifty thousand tons of rock.

—The value of coins to collectors does not depend on their age. Roman tribute pennies, dated before Christ, are not worth more than $1, while a genuine American silver dollar of 1804 would sell close to $1,000.

—The other day a Boston man received a letter on the envelope of which were the words, "Blood! Blood! Blood!" in big red letters. Thinking that it contained a threat to kill him, he gave it unopened to the police. When they opened it, they found it was a harmless appeal from a Salvation Army crank.

—A Sylvania (Ga.) boy dug up some artichokes to pickle, and among them was a cooter or tarrapin egg, which he dropped into the brine along with the artichokes. A few days afterward he took out a handful of roots and dropped one on the floor. It broke open and out crawled a young cooter. The boy firmly believes that one of the artichokes had a young terrapin it it.

—A Washington Territory young man applied for the teachership of the Port Blakeley school. He sent his application and a supposed letter of recommendation in the same envelope. By mistake, however, he inclosed a letter from a young lady, containing charges and threats very damaging to the would-be pedagogue's reputation. The school trustees wrote and told him that his recommendation was not of the right kind.

—An Alabama lawyer closed an argument the other day thus: "If your Honor please, and gentleman of the jury, I do not desire to militate against the majesty of the law, nor to contravene the avoirdupois of the evidence. If you strip this thing of its multitudinous wrappings, break the cement and let the cohesion take place, you will find out there is nothing in this case but an inroad by way of an invasion into Dr. Watson's apothecary shop."

—The woody, melon-shaped fruit of the sand-box tree of the West Indies is made into a neat box by sawing off the top and scooping out the seeds, and is used in Barbadoes for holding sand. When, however, the fruit is allowed to ripen on the tree, it bursts explosively, scattering the seeds over the ground. An experimenting naturalist recently sought to preserve a specimen of the fruit by drying carefully; but it exploded with such violence as to destroy the box containing it.

—An English antiquarian has been delving among old newspaper files and has discovered what he says is the first commercial advertisement ever printed in a newspaper. It appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* of London, dated September 30, 1658. It runs as follows: "That excellent and by all Physicians approved, China Drink, called by all the Chineans Tcha, by other Nations Tay, alias Tee, is sold at the Sultanese Head Cophee House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

—A retailer in *The Shoe and Leather Reporter* thus explains a trick of the trade: "I sell a shoe that costs me $1 at the original price, and use it as a 'leader.' Then I mark my $1.25 shoes at $1.50, the $2 at $2.50, the $2.25 at $4 and the $2.60 goods at $5. See? A customer wants to look at my low-priced grades; I show them, and bring out all my principal lines. Likely as not persuade him or her to pay $3 and this secures me a fair profit. No, I don't sell many at $1, and even if I did, the less economical buyers make it up to me by giving me a handsome profit on the better shoes."

Queer Analogies in Nature.

The cocoanut is, in many respects, like the human skull, although it closely resembles the skull of the monkey. A sponge may be so held as to remind one of the unfleshed face of the skeleton, and the meat of an English walnut is almost the exact representation of the brain. Plums and black cherries resemble the human eyes; almonds and some other nuts resemble the different varieties of the human nose, and an opened oyster and its shell are a perfect image of the human ear. The shape of almost any man's body may be found in the various kinds of mammoth pumpkins. The open hand may be discerned in the form assumed by scrub-willows and growing celery. The German turnip and the egg-plant resemble the human heart. There are other striking resemblances between human organs and certain vegetable forms. The forms of many mechanical contrivances in common use may be traced back to the patterns furnished by nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plow; the butterfly, the ordinary hinge; the toad-stool, the umbrella; the duck, the ship; the fungous growth on trees, the bracket. Any one desirous of proving the oneness of the earthly system will find the resemblances in nature a most amusing study.—*Scientific American.*

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

Epistles Which Turned the "Old Man's" Wrath Into Confusion.

Some time since I referred to the fact that I had carefully preserved, arranged and filed all of Mr. Bowser's love letters, and I advised every bride to do the same thing. I now desire to reiterate that advice. I really don't know how I could get along with Mr. Bowser if I did not have this leverage on him. Like all other husbands he has his sudden fits and his hours of forgetfulness. He wanted a pair of pincers to use for something, and because they were not right at hand he made a gesture of despair and exclaimed:

"O, of course, I must get used to it, I suppose. Such a housekeeper as you are Mrs. Bowser!"

"Here they are. You left 'em on the lounge yourself last night."

"Lay it to me, of course. What's that young'un bellowing about now?"

"He fell down."

"Doesn't he know enough to stand up? Did the wood come up?"

"No."

"It didn't." I ordered it the first thing this morning. This is the worst run house in Detroit."

"Do I run the wood yards?"

"But why didn't you tell me it hadn't come up? It's a wonder the girl hasn't quit to climax our troubles."

"She went an hour ago."

Mr. Bowser sat down and looked at me a long time. Then he sighed deeply and said:

"Well, I suppose I must stand it, but it's hard, very hard. This is what comes of marrying a girl who has been brought up on caramels and novels."

I went up-stairs and brought down the package of letters. Selecting one marked: "Exhibit A—filed September 10, 1884," I began to read:

"MY ANGEL ONE: I send you another box of caramels and five of the latest novels, and I hope you will thoroughly enjoy them. You were lamenting the fact that you knew so little of housework. I am glad of it. Angels are not expected to fry pork and wash dishes. You shall have a dozen housekeepers when we are married, and you shall never know a household care."

"That's a base forgery!" shouted Mr. Bowser as I finished reading.

"Oh, no, it isn't. I expected the day would come when you would say so and so I prepared for it. See here: My mother attests it as a witness."

"Well, if I wrote it I must have been asleep."

"And only the other day, Mr. Bowser, when I got a new dress home, you said I hadn't any more taste than a clam, and that my ideas of harmony would stop a clock."

"Yes, and I meant it. You were always that way."

"Was I?"

I selected a letter marked "Exhibit A—2—filed September 18, 1884," and read:

"MY BEAUTIFUL: The picture of my dear one as she appeared to me last night has been with me all day. You have the taste of a queen in your toilet, and harmony is second nature with you. Oh! my little angel, you—"

"I wrote that, did I?" sternly demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Of course."

"Never! The man who says I was ever fool enough to write such stuff must die!"

"It is duly attested, Mr. Bowser, and you can't deny your writing. I haven't changed a bit in my tastes since our marriage. Indeed, I think I have improved."

"There goes that young 'un again! He isn't happy unless he is bellering like a calf mired in a ditch."

"But see here, Mr. Bowser."

And I selected a telegram marked: "Exhibit B—1—original," and attested by father, mother and nurse, and read:

"CHICAGO, November 20th, 1887.—*My Darling:* Thank God for the news of the birth of our son! My heart swells with love and gratitude. It is our bond of love. Heaven has surely blest us. Again, thank God. Will be home Sunday night. Bowser."

"I never sent it," shouted Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, you did! Here is the proof to convict you. There isn't a mention about 'calf' in this, and as for 'bellering, you never dreamed of it."

"Oh, well, have it your own way. You'd have the last word if I was dying. Some wives are built that way. If I was like some husbands I'd assert my authority."

"But you are not, Mr. Bowser, as this will prove."

And I selected a letter marked: "Exhibit C—1—original," and attested, and read:

"MY DEAREST LOVEY: In reference to our conversation last night, I wish to say that I have always held and always shall hold that husband and wife should be equal in authority. Neither has the right to dictate to the other, though if either had that right I would give it to you. We shall never have a word of dispute—not one. If there is any 'bossing' you may do it."

"And do you dare charge me with writing such stuff as that!" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"I do. Here is the proof, and you can't wriggle out of it."

"I wrote 'Dearest Lovey,' did I?"

"You did. Indeed, Mr. Bowser, you were far gone about those days."

"I was, eh! Well, you can't make me believe that I ever wrote any such infernal bosh as that! You'll next charge me with writing you up in verse."

"You even did that, sir. Just wait."

I selected a letter marked: "Exhibit C—1—very choice," and read:

"The twilight softly cometh down,
As sinks the sun away,
And little children go to bed,
All weary with their play.

Where is my love this glorious eve?
Where doth her proud foot rest?
And where that head of golden hair
Which I shall ever bless?"

"And you say I wrote that!" whispered Mr. Bowser.

"You did. It's a beautiful thing, too. I can see those little children going right to bed. You spoke of my 'hoofs' the other day, and you had a slur about red-head! Only four years ago it was my 'proud foot' and my 'golden head.'"

He was silent.

"Do you want any more, Mr. Bowser?" I asked.

"Mrs. Bowser, I don't say that you are not as good as the average wife, but I do say that you have a mighty mean streak in your composition. It may be possible that while I lay burning with fever, or while suffering a nervous attack, I may have written a portion of those letters. The rest are base forgeries, of course, and you are holding them over me as a menace. Is that wifely?"

"Why, Mr. Bowser, do you deny your own hand-writing?"

"I haven't seen the writing and don't want to. Don't threaten me, Mrs. Bowser. I can be coaxed, but not driven. Cases have been known where husbands walked out and never returned."

But that was only his way of wriggling out of it. The next day he sent me up a new dress, took baby for a long walk, and at present is the most docile husband in Detroit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOQUES AND TURBANS.

The Various Styles in Which They Are Made by Fashionable Milliners.

Toques, turbans and walking hats are made in various styles for young ladies to use for general wear, and are adopted for morning hats by those who are older. Paris milliners are sending over round toques in contrast to the long oval-crowned toques imported from Regent street, which English women of fashion adopted at first merely to wear with tailor gowns, but which they are now using with their handsomest costumes. The round French toques are made of velvet or of cloth in three soft puffs around the head, separated by folded bands of gros grain ribbon, and have a soft wrinkled crown which is covered and flattened on the right side by a very large rosette of the ribbon, with its longest loops coming forward almost to the front. This style is youthful, and is excellent for hats of a single color, the velvet and ribbon being all brown or all black or gray, as best suits the gowns of the wearer, a black toque being now appropriate with dresses of any color. Other velvet toques have fur tips for their only trimming, as short tails of sable with a miniature sable head set in the front of the soft crown. Ribbon toques are also new, and are in the long English shape; two kinds of ribbon are used, velvet in one row draped along the brim, and ending in two rosettes in front, while the crown is covered with three lengthwise rows in loose folds of the new satin ribbon that has raised cords in it, or else gros grain ribbon; these form standing loops in front between the velvet rosettes. Black velvet ribbon with a green ribbon crown makes a stylish toque, or cream velvet with fawn robbon crown, brown with cardinal, or olive with red, matching the two colors that are combined in the costume. The handkerchief turban is a pretty caprice, with the crown draped with a square of black velvet on which white gros grain is set like a hem or binding half an inch or more in width. Rosette turbans have soft rosettes of doubled silk thickly gathered set in front of shirred velvet crowns. Other velvet turbans have a frill falling on the lower edge, with a gathered band, and above this a soft puffed crown. Embroidered cloth turbans may be merely scalloped on the edges, but many are covered with embroidery. There are also very rich embroidered cloth leaves and bands that are used to trim the sides of velvet and plain cloth turbans. Braiding and cording are also fashionable on these small hats. Long slender oxidized silver pins, daggers, and clasps are fashionable ornaments. Ribbon bows are very tightly strapped with long loops, and these rival rosettes in popularity.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fish That Annoy the Diver.

As to the fish the diver sees, they are legion. They swarm all around him. Hideous sculpins peer into his eye-windows and grin horribly, and snake-like eels glide over his feet and squirm round his legs, and crabs and lobsters claw at his clothing and make themselves, familiar in a cordial manner that would make anyone except a stoical diver go out of the water. But it's the simple, every-day perch, the little fish that the boys catch at the wharves that bother the divers the most. They seem to think his fingers are bait, prepared by an overruling providence for there special appetite, and accordingly they nibble and gnaw the bare flesh with the same persistency that they employ in devouring angle-worms sent down on fish-hooks. You see, it's not fashionable among divers to wear gloves when diving in warm water. Gloves would greatly decrease the delicacy of touch with which the diver examines the slimy pile in search of worms.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

—"What's the matter, Darringer? You look dispirited." "I'm troubled with too much mother-in-law." "That's bad, old boy. How often does she visit you?" "Twice a year." "That isn't often, Darringer." "No, it isn't, only that she stays six months at a time." —*Time.*

—Mrs. Cleveland has become an expert lawn tennis player. She is able to serve a ball with skill and energy, and her volleying is remarkably effective.