

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

How Its News is Collected and Distributed to the Various Papers.

The name of the Associated Press describes itself. It is an association of the principal newspapers of the United States for the collection and distribution among themselves of the news of the day's events.

A Tale of Two Widows.

They had both lost their husbands; one was a widow of fifty, the other was about twenty-two. The older one called upon the younger one to condole with her and they wept upon one another's necks and recalled the merits of the dear deceased.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

Advice Easy to Remember and to Practice in an Emergency.

In the mad whirl of the cotillon, if you wear ready-made clothing bought from an irresponsible dealer, and hear a b-z-z-t that don't harmonize with the F string on the bass fiddle, it is entirely correct and proper to not "forward and back" according to the commands of the figure-caller, but to back straight ahead without balking until you reach the wall, when a pin neatly utilized may cover your embarrassment and retreat.

When invited out to dinner and you inadvertently get a huge mouthful of mince pie that is hot enough to melt the solder of a gas-pipe, tangle up in your epiglottis, do not act as if you had the whooping cough, but rise calmly and with a slight-of-hand movement toss the offending morsel behind the majolica dog in the corner, meantime patting his head as though you thought him alive.

When the sheriff of the county serves a subpoena on you, it is considered in good taste to attend his reception without further invitation on his part.

Don't use snuff if your false teeth are not strictly adhesive. I once heard of a case in which this rule was not observed, when the transgressor, in a thoughtless moment, nearly knocked the eye out of a twenty-five-dollar King Charles spaniel.

No one but a boor will snore in the Volapuk language in a church where a sermon is being delivered in English. Observance of the harmonies is one of the greatest traits of the true gentleman.

SHOE-STORE TRAGEDY.

The shoe emporium was deserted. All alone the clerk stood in the midst of a chaos of unbuttoned shoes and disarranged slippers.

For over an hour he had vainly endeavored to fit the foot, whims, eye, pocket-book and other peculiarities of proud and aristocratic Mrs. D'Widd.

The poor clerk was discouraged by his failure to make a sale. He was weary of these efforts of women to deceive even the practiced shoe salesman as to the size of their feet; and as the door suddenly opened to admit a trimly-built and prettily dressed little woman, he heaved an anxious sigh before he assumed his ladies'-fine-shoe smile and stepped politely forward.

"I will look at some fine shoes, common-sense toes, low broad heel, high-cut vamp, hand-welted sole, Dongola kid, and with buttons, if you please."

JOLLY LEMON PARTIES.

The Latest Fad in Washington Social Entertainments.

It seems as if the poor little lemon had arrived at the height of its usefulness when made to do duty, with the adjunct of ten cents' worth of citric acid, for a barrel of church lemonade, but now the "Progressive Lemon Party" is brought to the front, and here it plays a part unassisted by any chemical compounds of itself.

A prominent Washington lady issued invitations last week which read: "MISS JONES. At home, Tuesday, 7 p. m. Please bring a lemon. Of course every one who received one of these mysterious summonses was consumed by curiosity.

After greeting each guest, the hostess asked her to "take her lemon to the dining-room and register." The dining-room was a blaze of golden light from tiny fairy lamps with yellow shades. The dining table had lemon-colored silk napery, which was relieved by a flat centerpiece of delicate ferns and Catherine Mermet roses.

After partaking of this unique repast, the glass bowl containing the seeds was placed on the table and a prize offered to her who should guess the number of seeds therein, and a "booby prize" to him who should hazard the least accurate guess.

NATURAL TIME-KEEPERS.

How the Natives of Madagascar Measure the Progress of Time.

Clocks and watches are still rare among the people of Madagascar. Time is marked either by the more regular incidents of daily life, or by the points reached by the sun's rays in different parts of the house through the day, a method which reminds one of the dials in use among the Greeks and Romans.

According to these progress of the year was marked by the appearance or the disappearance of birds and blossoms. The following is given as the order of the day in Madagascar:

Table with 2 columns: Event and Time. Includes: Daybreak (6 a.m.), Dew is dry (7 a.m.), Feed cattle (8 a.m.), Sunrise on the roof (9 a.m.), The day is wide open (10 a.m.), Sun at doortop (11 a.m.), Sun over the ridge (12 m.), Sun shows in the door (1 p.m.), Sun shines on the mortar (2 p.m.), Sun on east wall (3 p.m.), Collect cattle (5 p.m.), Fire red sun (5:30 p.m.), Sunset (6 p.m.), Cook rice (7 p.m.), Eat rice (8 p.m.), Sun fire at the capitol (9 p.m.), People lie down (10 p.m.), Midnight (12 m.), Frog croaking (3 a.m.), Cock crowing (3:30 a.m.), See the color of cattle (5:30 a.m.), The east is light (5:45 a.m.).

CURE FOR SUICIDE.

An Inevitable Allment of the Time and How to Treat It.

The spread of suicide is alarming some of our contemporaries, and that they should be alarmed is not to be wondered at, perhaps, if the statement made is correct that "within the last three months three clergymen, three postmasters, six physicians, twelve well-to-do merchants, seven office-holders, three lawyers, three bankers, four railroad officials, two artists, three mayors, one journalist, one army officer and two capitalists have, for various reasons, voluntarily shuffled off this mortal coil."

Suicide is a malady of cultivation—a characteristic, it may be said, of an advanced and even prosperous state of society. In the United States, where, in the five years between 1882 and 1887, 8,226 persons took their own lives, only 270 of these deaths were attributable to destitution.

But though society can do nothing to restrain suicide, the individual being supreme in at least this respect, something may be done, and effectively, too, by the individual who feels the urging to self-destruction strong within him.

THE HORSE STARTED.

A Lady Disciplines a Balking Animal With Some Inconvenience to Herself.

"What are we stopping for?" said the lady. "Balky horse on the track," answered the gentleman. "He won't move for whipping or pelting or whippers in his ear or—any thing."

THE CHINESE WALL.

It Winds Over Hill and Vale Like a Huge Earth-Worm.

The great wall of China is, after all only a wall. And it was built with the same object as any other wall—to keep people from coming where they were not wanted.

Half an hour after this first glimpse I stood upon the wall itself. The gateway is a large double one, with a square tower upon it, pierced with oblong openings for cannon, of which a dozen old ones lie in a heap, showing that at one time the road was seriously defended at this point.

And when you reflect that it is built of bricks, in almost inaccessible places, through uninhabited countries, that each brick must have been transported on a man's shoulders enormous distances, and that it extends for 2,000 miles, or one-twelfth of the circumference of the globe, you begin to realize that you are looking upon the most colossal achievement of human hands.

MAKING A LIGHT.

From the Time When Flint and Steel Were Used Down to the Safety Match.

The following facts about the different modes of getting a light may be interesting. Until this century was more than a quarter spent no better method of obtaining fire existed than the now obsolete plan of striking sparks from flint by means of a piece of steel.

Then followed the frictic match made with chlorate of potash and antimony, which had to be drawn through sandpaper to cause ignition. Boyle's discovery of the method of making phosphorus led to matches being made of this material in 1833.

The reason why safety matches do not ignite except on their box is because the heads of such matches contain no phosphorus, but a substance like chlorate of potash, while red phosphorus is pasted on paper outside of the box.

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Though She May Chew Gum, She is a Very Valuable Member of Society.

It is doubtful if there exists in the land to-day a paragrapher, or any other species of alleged humorist, but who has not something to say about the typewriter girl. She has been ridiculed, and even maligned. Columns of presumable wit have made the compositor happy at her expense.

But towering above all these delightful considerations is her business usefulness. The typewriter girl has discovered what nature knew long ago, namely, that she is capable of doing the real business of the world.

How to Tame a Bird.

If anybody knows how to tame birds, it ought to be Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller; and these are her rules, which are simple enough for any one to understand and practice: No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird.

It Puzzled the Dentist

"It's a mystery to me," said a dentist of large practice recently, "that a woman will make up her face to come to a dentist's chair. Yet many of them do. Hardly a day passes that I don't have some women in here rouged, powdered and pencilled to the last degree. You would think they would hardly care to face the strong, cruel light which I employ in my work, or my own close, involuntary, scrutiny, but they don't seem to mind either. Only yesterday I worked for three hours over a woman whose lips were so besmudged with some vermilion paste that it came off generously with every use of the syringe to wash out her mouth. The powder on her face dusted my coat sleeve with every motion, almost, and I discovered, before I was through with her, that even the veins on her temples owed their delicate blue look to some outside influence."—N. Y. Sun.

—Princeton College has initiated a new course on electrical engineering.