

Topicalities

Tubingen is the latest of the German universities to open its doors to women.

W. K. Vanderbilt is to build an inside tennis court in his winter home at Oakdale, Mass., to cost about \$90,000.

The following sign is displayed in a book shop in Chambers street, New York: "Dickens works here all this week for \$1.50."

Of 3,701 vessels which passed through the Suez canal last year, 2,278 carried the British flag. The total receipts of the canal were \$4,120,000.

The valleys of the Payette and Bois Rivers, in Southern Idaho, are soon to be the scene of a stupendous irrigation work by the government. The project is to reclaim 372,000 acres of land.

The inhabitants of malarious regions in India can now purchase quinine at practically cost price. It is put up in small packages by the government and sold at the rate of 1 cent for ten grains.

The Japanese cuisine does not include butchers' meat, bread, butter and potatoes. Rice is not, as commonly supposed, the daily food of the poor, but can be afforded by the well-to-do only.

The gamy flavor of meat is gained by the bacteria feeding upon it. These develop within an hour after food is exposed on pantry shelves, and long before the flavor is appreciable to the senses the bacteria that produce them are abundant.

Large investigations are now being made looking forward to the betterment of the present facilities and resources of the reclamation projects in the Northwest, and it is thought the near future will see rapid progress along these lines.

The annual report of the New Jersey State Geologist shows that during 1903 there were \$5,049 acres of forest destroyed by fire, which is 13,804 acres less than in 1902. The damage, however, aggregated more than in 1902 by \$187,421, or an increase of 82 per cent.

Statistics are quoted showing that while in India the average occurrence of leprosy is three or four cases per 10,000 of population, in the island of Minto, in the Indian ocean, whose inhabitants are devoted to fishing, it rises to 120, and at Kalking, a fish curing center, it amounts to 500.—Harper's Weekly.

In forty-two clubs, more than 1,900 boys of the East Side of New York have been gathered to form the Juvenile City League. Each club represents a city block, and each boy pledges himself to abstain from littering the streets, while he also promises to persuade others to do as well.—The World's Work.

The De Beers Company produces 95 per cent of the diamond output of the world. It pays an annual dividend of 55 per cent on its "common" stock. In the last year and a half it has raised the price of these necessities of life only five times, from 30 to 35 per cent in all. American imports of diamonds have greatly decreased in consequence.—Everybody's Magazine.

For a winter climate Colorado Springs has a reputation second to no locality in the United States. During the winter of 1903-04 hundreds of robins, bluebirds, Spanish sparrows, orioles and turtle doves made their homes in that vicinity, and there was no weather during the whole season so severe as to harm them. There were 817 clear days in the year.

Bricks are now being made of clean sand and ground quartzites that are said to be as substantial as granite. They cost \$2.50 a thousand. The mixed ingredients are forced into a strong steel cylinder mold by means of a screw. After the air has been sucked from the cylinder, hot water is admitted, the rock being formed by the resulting pressure and heat.—Country Life in America.

During the years 1902 and 1903 there was an almost complete failure of the French sardine catch. This year, however, the indications point to a fine catch and the packers and exporters are hopeful for the first time since 1901. It now seems certain that the absence of sardines last year and the year before was due solely to the cold and boisterous spring.—Consular Report from Nantes.

In 1895 Durham was a village of a dozen houses. When the soldiers plundered the place they got a quantity of smoking tobacco. They liked it so well that they hardly got home before they began to write to Durham to get more. There were in the town men of enough enterprise to see the opportunity which this situation offered them. It was not long before Durham salesmen were selling Durham tobacco in every part of the world.—The World's Work.

METHODS OF "SLEEPING CURE"

Treatment Now in High Favor Abroad for Nervous Cases.

As long ago as 1833 Dr. J. Leonard Corning of New York brought forward this plan of managing functional nervous disorders in a monograph entitled "Brain Rest, a Disquisition on the Curative Properties of Prolonged Sleep," and in a subsequent edition, published in 1855, the whole matter of practical management was elaborated to the last detail, says the Medical Record. Dr. Corning observes that "as applied to the brain, rest implies something totally different from that which is described by the term when used in connection with the muscles, joint or spinal cord. This radical difference is chiefly owing to the fact that the brain being the organ of the intellectual processes, rest, in so far as it concerns that organ, means nothing less than a cessation of mentalization, with all thereby implied. It is impossible by a more fast of the will to cause cessation of thought; the very idea embodies a contradiction, for the will as physiologically understood is itself a product of very complicated intellectual, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as a thing sui generis—a something

without the pale of other psychical processes." Only during sleep is the ideal repose of the cerebral faculties realized. But, while a physiological amount of sleep is sufficient to achieve this in health, the period of unconscious repose must be greatly augmented when by overtaxation of inordinate mental strain the nerve cell has become devitalized and is no longer able to board up a sufficient store of energy during the usual period of unconsciousness. It is in such cases that prolonged sleep, a sleep continued for ten, fifteen or even twenty hours at a time, achieves the most striking results.

"As a rule," observes Dr. Corning, "I am in the habit of solidifying the subject in a darkened room, eventually from ten to fifteen hours at a time, according to the amount of sleep it is desired should be had during the twenty-four hours. I do not, however, attempt great things in the way of sleep at first; but, on the contrary, the duration of the period of unconsciousness is progressively increased by the utilization of habit, hydrotherapy, appropriate food, and, in urgent cases, moderate medication." In the extreme cases the period of sleep is prolonged to as much as twenty hours at a time, the patient being awakened and given small quantities of nourishment and then allowed to sleep again. He warns, moreover, against the evils accruing from attempts to keep in bed nervous, irritable persons while in a conscious condition. Such individuals should be told to lie down only on the appearance of drowsiness, which, in intractable cases, may be brought on by the moderate use of sedatives, during the latter part of the day, and exceptionally by the exhibition of hypnotics before retiring. Recumbency, then, is purely incidental, the prolonged unconsciousness is all. In thus strenuously insisting on the radical difference between cerebral and ordinary corporeal rest, Dr. Corning has rendered a substantial and practical service.

DECLINE OF COURTESY.

A "Toilet" Which Means More Now than When First Given.

That familiar toast, "Here's to woman—once our superior, now our equal," is much more than a clever bit of banquet fooling. It was a jest when first spoken; it is taken as fact now. We have seen in recent years a steady diminution of the deference to woman which in the past century was a part of every boy's education. Even the bow, once a genuflection of real compliment, has deteriorated into a fashionable shrug; the kiss is unmentionable except as a microbe exhibit, and as for surrendering comforts from a sense of duty, here is the very latest etiquette: "The old custom of a man giving his seat in a street car to a woman is being gradually done away with. This is due largely to the fact that women are now so extensively engaged in commercial business that they are constant riders at busy hours, and thus come into direct competition with the men." And we find this delicious passage in the further elaboration of the rules: "A woman should not look with a pained and injured air at the man passengers because no one of them has offered her a seat." Really, it comes as a blow to the soul to be told that "A man should never cross his legs or keep his feet extended in the passageway." Custom rules and it does little good to sigh for the good old days. Still, we shall cling to the belief that good manners cannot go wholly out of fashion, that deference to woman is excellent, not only for the woman but for the man, and that the gentlemen who is guided by the better promptings of his nature and the higher teachings of his youth will get more abiding satisfaction out of life than by ignoring woman simply because she dares to try the only way of becoming independent—by making her own living.—Saturday Evening Post.

Did His Best.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Chronicle was detailed to "write up" a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a botch of it." This is what he turned in—omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the audience and the delay in beginning the performance: Mr. Burnside, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice. Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct. It must be confessed that both Miss Jones and Mr. Burnside were deficient in their lines, and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Jabez Simpson, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance.

Pure Angora Goats.

The breeder of pure Angora goats must give close attention to his flocks the year around. A doe will often leave a new-born kid to join her flock as soon as it gets out of her sight, nor will she return to her kid unless the flock happens to feed that way. Naturally many kids are lost, and others would die if they were not taken care of. A few head of well-bred goats may be found profitable on any farm, especially on a farm where brush killing is an improvement, as no other will destroy shrubs so quickly.

A Future for Him.

Mrs. Skemer—Willie's teacher says Willie never gets his arithmetic sums right at all. Mr. Skemer—Mebbe it'll be all for the best. He may turn out to be an expert short-change artist.—Philadelphia Press.

Pitane Producer.

Archer—It is well that Eve was created. Harker—Why so? Archer—Well, the ostrich would not have had any commercial value if she had not been.

A Miserly Man is One Who Refuses to Lend You a Few Dollars.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Ministry.

OF the 20,000 men and women who graduated from our universities and colleges last month only 1,500 aspire to preach the gospel. As there are some 7,000 engaged in preaching in the United States this contribution is insufficient to keep up the supply. Here and there are men and women who have never had a college or theological training who are discharging the duties of the pulpit, but they are few compared to those who have these advantages, so that virtually the number of aspirants is a correct measure of the extent of the ministerial shortage.

The principal reasons why the number of candidates for the clergy is growing less relatively year by year are that congregations are getting more exacting, that the pay is small and the occupation the least attractive of the professions. This is the selfish point of view. Then, the conscientious student who may be religiously inclined and who sees great opportunities for doing good in the calling, sometimes is deterred because he cannot satisfy his conscience of the truth of some of the doctrines of Christianity. Sooner than preach something which he cannot believe in he turns his talents to another calling.

Another hindrance is the religious unrest, so palpable in the world, is much more pronounced in the higher halls of learning. Here gnosticism, materialism, indifference, are at work sapping the early religious training and turning the mind in its formative stage against the pulpit. Much harm is wrought here by the scoffing and the unbeliever who are never so happy as when reviling Christianity and everything pertaining to its missionary advancement.

The world was never so generous in its support of Christian churches and charities as it is to-day and nowhere else is this extended with the generosity of that of the United States. Yet the disposition to preach is not keeping abreast of this sentiment. If it were, the candidates for the priesthood this year would number 4,000 or 5,000 instead of 1,500.—Utica Globe.

The Profit of Good Roads.

HOW that the country is measurably well supplied with railroads which haul the farmer's products to market at an average rate of a half a cent a ton per mile, it begins to be of prime importance that the average cost of hauling from the farm to the railway station, which is about twenty-five cents per ton per mile, should be reduced. The Department of Agriculture claims that this cost could be reduced two-thirds by the simple substitution of good macadamized roads for the ordinary dirt highways now in use.

Pennsylvania's new road law, which divides the cost of making permanent roads between the State, county and township, was inspired by a desire to begin the solution of this problem in a way that would prove least burdensome to the farmers themselves. So far, however, its provisions have not been taken advantage of as widely as was anticipated. It seems worth while to call attention to the fact that practically similar laws are already in operation, with excellent results, in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, California and elsewhere. In the State like New Jersey, where the law has been in operation longest, the benefits are marked.

It is the first step that costs, however, in road-making as in everything else. When a few experimental sections of really good highways have been provided as object lessons, it is to be hoped that Pennsylvania farmers will fall in line with those of other States, where permanent road laws have been longer in force.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Our Illiterate Citizens.

HERE is food for thought in the figures of the United States census report dealing with education. Thus we learn that in 1900 there were 2,326,000 men of the age of 21 or over who were unable to read or write. This great army of illiterates constituted 11 per cent of the voting strength of the nation—an electorate in itself sufficiently strong, if suitably distributed, to determine national principles and policies.

Of the total 677,000 were negroes and 1,254,000 whites, a percentage which when compared with that of thirty

WOODS INDIANS.

The Woods Indians, as Stewart Edward White calls the Ojibway and Woods Cree north of Lake Superior, are distinctly nomadic. They search out new trapping grounds and new fisheries, they pay visits, and seem even to enjoy travel for the sake of exploration. "This life," says the author of "The Forest," inevitably develops and fosters an expertness of woodcraft almost beyond belief.

Another phase of this almost perfect correspondence to environment is the readiness with which an Indian will meet an emergency. We are accustomed to rely first of all on the skilled labor of some one we can hire; second, if we undertake the job ourselves, on the tools made for us by skilled labor; and third, on the shops to supply us with the materials we need. Hardly once in a lifetime are we thrown entirely on our own resources. Then we bunglingly improvise a makeshift.

The Woods Indian possesses his knife and his light ax. He never improvises makeshifts. No matter what the exigency or how complicated the demand, his experience answers with accuracy. Utensils and tools he knows exactly where to find. His job is neat and workmanlike, whether it is the construction of a bark receptacle, water-tight or not; the making of a pair of snow shoes, the repairing of a badly smashed canoe, the building of a shelter, or the fashioning of a paddle.

About noon one day Tawahlinny broke his ax-belve square off. This to us would have been a serious affair. Probably if left to ourselves, we should have stuck in some sort of a rough handle made of a straight sapling, which would have answered well enough until we could have bought another. By the time we had cooked dinner that Indian had fashioned another belve. We compared it with a manufactured belve. It was as well shaped, as smooth, as nicely balanced. In fact, as we laid the new and the old side by side, we could not have selected, from any evidence of the workmanship, which had been made by machine and which by hand.

Tawahlinny then burned out the wood from the ax, retempered the steel, set the new belve, and wedged it neatly with ironwood wedges. The whole affair, including the cutting of the timber, consumed perhaps half an hour.

Wireless Telegraphy in War.

THE question of the value of wireless telegraphy in war has already been considered. Now it is supplemented by that of its legality. The Russian Government has practically served notice that it regards it as illegal. At any rate, the use of such a device at the seat of war will be treated as a breach of neutrality. Correspondents telegraphing without wires will be shot as spies, and vessels equipped with wireless telegraphic apparatus venturing near the scene of war will, if caught, be condemned as contraband of war. So far as correspondents accompanying the Russian army are concerned, we may unhesitatingly concede the Russian the right of censorship. That is a matter of course. A belligerent power has the undoubted right to decide whether it will permit correspondents to accompany its army at all and if it does let them do so it can, of course, prescribe what matter they may send through the lines, and how. Similarly, it may exercise a censorship over news vessels entering its territorial waters, or the waters implicated in the sphere of belligerent action. But a general outlawing of wireless telegraphy in that part of the world would be a much more extreme matter.—New York Tribune.

ALMOST IMPATIENT.

When a Mississippi River steamboat has passed Cairo, bound down, there is no opportunity to obtain deck-hands till Memphis is reached. Consequently the colored roustabouts have things all their own way in that short space. On a recent trip the passengers came on deck at Hickman, Ky., to find the steamer lying idle, and the crew reposing peacefully on boxes and bales on deck, and on the sloping bank.

"What's the matter?" some one asked the captain. "Niggers struck for two hours' rest," he replied, patiently.

After many vexatious delays the vessel reached Cairotherville, Mo., and there it lay in idleness the next morning when the passengers came out.

"What's wrong?" again asked one passenger. "Niggers struck for bread-rolls for breakfast. Say they're tired of hard-work," said the officer, still without vexation.

A third morning the wakening passengers found their vessel again moored by the river-side, this time at Barfield, Ark. On the bank were the roustabouts, holding a noisy meeting.

"Strike again?" asked a passenger. "No, seh," replied the captain, "but there's going to be. The niggers are up on the bank, tryin' to decide what they'll strike for next. I'm right cross at 'em, though, and if they don't agree pretty soon I'm going to cut and leave 'em, and deliver my freight on the way back."

SOME AMUSEMENT SCHEMES.

The railway companies of the country are engaged in all kinds of amusement schemes, with the idea of attracting patronage, and the latest innovation of this character has taken place in Cleveland, where the manager of a street railway company has organized a baseball league. Each of the towns along the line has a nine, and a regular schedule has been arranged. The railway company has supplied the uniforms and offered other substantial assistance besides undertaking to carry the players free to and from the games. The company, however, does not participate in the profits of the team, but is repaid merely by the increased business resulting from the games.

Sometimes this happens: A man who has been sensible all his life lets a fool make a fool out of him.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE MALE TEACHER.

NO one will deny that many of the best school teachers in the country are women. There are parts of the delicate and highly important task of training the young which can best be done by tactful and gentle women. But it is also the serious opinion of experts that growing boys should very largely be under the care of men. There is a certain inspiration of manly leadership which a boy greatly needs, and which he can only get from a manly man. The influence of a thoroughly robust school teacher upon his class of boys cannot be calculated. He puts before them constantly a model of manliness, and high honor, and attractive industry, and clean courage, which leaves its stamp upon their forming minds through all the rest of their lives.

The generation of boys which must always go to school to women, and to no one else, will lose something very valuable out of their school-day training. They may get as much arithmetic and grammar and history and the rest of it from the women as from the men, but they can no more get the quality of manliness from women than they can get the quality of refinement from men. Our schools should be "manned" with men as well as women, and if we have permitted the financial attractions of the profession to fall so far behind the increasing attractions of competitive callings as to allow all the young men to be drawn away from this profession, we have been guilty of a serious betrayal of trust to the generation which is now growing up. Our fathers did not so misuse us.—Montreal Star.

COSSACKS ARE A BUGABOO.

The care taken by the Japanese to make sure that they were right before going ahead is shown by the fact that, previous to the war with Russia, they took the greatest pains to ascertain the actual value as a fighting force of the much vaunted Cossack cavalry, says the army and navy register. The conclusion was, to use the language of the Japanese official from whom we obtain this information, that they were "a mere bugaboo." It was found that the custom of the Russian government was to furnish each Cossack in Manchuria with a fixed sum for the purchase of a horse. One-half of this sum he put into his pocket and purchased the best horse he could with the remainder. The money given for the purchase of fodder was treated in the same way and the horse left to pick up a living as best he could.

The result was shown in a serious deterioration in the efficiency of the Cossacks. Similar dishonesty was prevalent in the other departments of Russian army administration, an illustration of which is found in the story of the Russian officers found guilty of selling powder to the Chinese and putting sand in its place. The Japanese even assert that the number of troops under the command of Kouroupatkin was misrepresented, so that money might be made by drawing supplies for fictitious warriors. To make full allowance for contingencies the Japanese estimated the number of Russians they would encounter on the Yalu as 40,000 in all and sent 60,000 troops against them. It was found in the end that the Russians had only 20,000 men to oppose the crossing of the river.—Brooklyn Eagle.

If you go around exploiting a fool belief, people will notice it, and talk about it. People who have fool beliefs are not accorded as much charity as formerly.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Lady Shopper—Would you recommend this changeable silk?
Clerk—Decidedly, madam; it is the most appropriate kind of dress for this sort of weather.—Detroit Free Press.

The Crank.
Still, the crank's an hilarious thing—
You'll see on slight reflection,
The crank can do a world of good—
It turned the right direction.
—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Her Catch.

"If you don't stop talking," cautioned the husband, "I'll not be able to catch any fish."
"That's funny," answered the wife. "When a girl angler for a husband has to talk a great deal."
"I know. But there's a difference between fish and lobsters."

The Fatigue.

Alphonse—Do you know how to write a check?
Gaston—Yes, I can write it all right; but the trouble is with the cashier—he won't cash it.—Detroit Free Press.

OF COURSE BABIES CAN BE MADE TO CRY IN TUNE.

Line your infants up and practice until what has hitherto been mere noise becomes pleasing harmony.

Taking No Chances.
"You should send your offspring to college," said one of those people who will always advise. "You don't want to be ashamed of your children, do you?"
"No, by heck," drawled the old farmer in red-topped boots. "An' I don't want to send them to college an' have them come back an' be ashamed of me, either."

Literary Success.

Ernie—Beatrice wrote a novel and it was actually published.
Eva—Gracious! And did she get any royalties?
Ernie—Yes, indeed. She made enough out of the sales to buy herself a foreign nobleman.

Where She Would Be Right in Line.

Mr. Jester—Shall we go to the mountains this summer?
Mrs. Jester—I haven't anything to wear.

Inconsistent.

"That billionaire is a curious person."
"In what way?"
"He'll give hundreds of thousands of dollars to establish universities, but it makes him cross to see the tax collector coming around for his share of support for the public schools."—Washington Star.

Exception.

Gunner—They say if you get a divorce you will never have any luck.
Guyer—I know one man that had luck.

Sufficient Reason.

Wife—How happy that woman who lives on the corner above us appears to be. I have never made her acquaintance.
Husband—You have furnished the explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

As Others See Us.

"Do you think this photograph does me justice?" asked Miss Elderleigh.
"I should say not," replied Miss Youngblood. "Why, it makes you appear ten years younger than you really are."

Contradicted.

Sharpe—Wedwood says the baby is the light of his life.
Whetton—Light? Why, he told me when he had to hold him ten minutes he felt like lead.—Chicago News.

Willing Victim.

She—When I set my face against anything I mean it.
He—Would you—mind setting your face against mine?

Now They Don't Speak.

"I think that Mrs. Van Ruxton is just horrid."
"What now, dear?"
"Why, I told her I had been taking up carpet and was worn out."
"What did she say?"
"Why, the mean thing said she had often remarked that I looked threadbare."

A Dream of Hilar.

"So you're looking forward to a good time this summer?"
"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Going out of town?"
"No, I'm going to see mother and the girls out of town. Then I'm going to sit in my shirt-sleeves, smoking my pipe in the parlor and hire a street piano to play all the ragtime I want."—Washington Star.

Proof Positive.

Ethyl—Mayton is evidently beginning to feel her age.
Edyth—Why do you think so?
Ethyl—She says hereafter she is going to write her name "Mary."

No One Else.

Optimist—What are you kicking about your luck for? You have only yourself to blame.
Pessimist—I know it, and that's just what I'm kicking about.—Philadelphia Press.

Usual War.

A girl may favor unions, but in time there comes an hour when she's apt to be hard pressed by a single one-man power.

Don't Know Him.

Mrs. Goodley—We dine en famille this evening. Won't you join us?
Mrs. Nuttish—Well, er—really, I don't know Mr. Familie and I don't like to meet strangers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quite the Opposite.

McJigger—Here's a rather clever little book—"Don'ts for Clubmen."
Thingumbob—Huh! It isn't the don'ts that worry clubmen; it's the dues.—Philadelphia Press.



Line your infants up and practice until what has hitherto been mere noise becomes pleasing harmony.

Explained.

"The place they put stray dogs is called a 'pound,' isn't it?"
"Yes."
"I wonder why?"
"Probably because a pound of that sort of precaution is worth any quantity of hydrophobia cure."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Funny Man.

Wife—Here's the clockmaker come to fix his clock. Go upstairs and get it for him, won't you?
Husband (initially)—It isn't upstairs, is it?
Wife—Certainly. Where did you think it was?
Husband—I thought it had run down.—Philadelphia Press.

A Shocking Dream.

He—Do you know, I just had a nap at Mrs. Novens Riche's musicale and a terrible dream.
"What did you dream?"
"That I went again."

Somewhat Different.

Askitt—What's Rymor's business?
Knowlitt—Why, he's a magazine poet.
Askitt—Yes, I know that; but what does he do for a living?

Omniscient.

"I guess Mr. Olden doesn't feel as young as he did several months ago," remarked the observant man.
"Why do you think so?"
"He used to joke with that undertaker who lives near him, but he doesn't do it any more."—Philadelphia Ledger.

At the Fisherman's Banquet.

"Did you have a jolly time?"
"Jolly? Say, my wife took the prize for the biggest fish, and I got the prize for the biggest yarn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Heroic Treatment.

Mrs. Ebony—Doctah, my husband's got the paralarina in the laigs, so he can't move his feet.
Doctor Dark—Is dat so, Mrs. Ebony? Well, I'll call right away.
Mrs. Ebony—Yes, doctah, an' be suah to bring your hanjo erlong. If dat don't start his laigs goin', nuthin' will.

"Come on! Let's Go."

While the Spanish-American War was on several volunteer troops were camped in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tenn.
Upon a visit to that city of the late Governor Bushnell of Ohio a grand military review was held in his honor, the several brigades including two negro regiments, also stationed there, taking part.

Among the many spectators crowding the sidewalks was a typical Tennessee farmer accompanied by his buxom wife. He thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant spectacle of marching troops until suddenly the negro regiments came into view.

Then the old farmer, in great disgust, hastily grasped his wife's arm and said: "Come on, Maria; let's go; there come the niggers!"
A little street gambo, black as tar, was standing near. Hearing the farmer's slighting remark, his eyes grew large and luminous with indignation as he retorted: "Yas, dat's jes' what dem Spaniels say, when dey see dem niggers comin' up de hill at Santiago; 'Come on; let's go!'"

Contradicted.

Sharpe—Wedwood says the baby is the light of his life.
Whetton—Light? Why, he told me when he had to hold him ten minutes he felt like lead.—Chicago News.

Willing Victim.

She—When I set my face against anything I mean it.
He—Would you—mind setting your face against mine?