# The Queenstown News.

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The Transvaal is the thirty-ninth Power to welcome the Red Cross Society.

In Bath, Me., in order to secure a large attendance at one of the city's churches, it is announced in the daily papers that souvenirs will be distributed.

Sir Henry Irving, in laying the foundation stone in England of the new Passmore Edwards Dulwich Public Library, recently, spoke briefly of the incalculable value of free libraries as a medium of good.

The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money be not sent, the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged therein until the amount of the tax is paid.

"Trotcha" and "Mahsayo," with the latter accented on the second syllable, are vouched for by the Trenton (N. J.) American as correct pronunciation of the two words trocha and Macco, which are frequently found in the news from Cuba. Gomez is pronounced "Gometh," with the accent on the second syllable.

At some of the Pennsylvania mines coal is [illegible]

[illegible] over the rivers to convert the water into steam or power. The water could be raised to 150 degrees under the terrific solar heat and a huge heater or boiler of this kind covering two acres would furnish 2000 horse power.

By direction of the Omaha (Neb.) Board of Education boys in the public schools are asked to sign of their own free will a pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco during their school days, with a proviso that they can be released from their pledge at any time on a personal request. The teachers report that the plan has worked well, that very many of the boys have signed the pledge, and that keeping it has come to be regarded as a matter of honor. Better scholarship, better morals and more cleanly habits are among the direct results of the movement.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, says that the country has never experienced such hard times as in 1857. "Money was not only scarce, but there was no money in circulation—none to be had anywhere. Along the Chippewa, Black, Mississippi and other rivers sawlogs were legal tender. In fact, everything that possessed any sort of value passed as token money. Up in Northern Wisconsin copper was mined, and copper cents were minted and issued by private individuals. The general storekeepers issued their own script, and it passed for money. I have seen a ten-cent postage stamp incased in mica passing for money many a time. We had every kind of token money except wampum. We didn't quite get that far back to the primitive method and medium of exchange.

To improve further the public schools of Massachusetts, the State Board of Education, in addition to seeking legislation which would require each teacher to have pedagogic training, will seek to have the principle of skilled supervision of schools extended to each town in the State, observes the New York Post. Thus far there is supervision in 253 of the 353 towns in the State, covering ninety-one per cent. of the number of teachers and ninety-three per cent. of the number of pupils. It is apparent, therefore, that only the smallest towns lack skilled supervision. Among the improvements claimed in the towns under supervision are a better class of teachers, with a truer professional spirit; a more regular attendance of pupils in all grades and increased attendance in the grammar and high schools; a well-arranged and properly balanced course of study; greater care in the selection of books, apparatus, etc., and greater interest in the schools on the part of parents and taxpayers. This plan of skilled supervision is advocated in Pennsylvania by [illegible] Superintendent of Education [illegible] by other [illegible]

### THE CROWN [illegible]ISERY.

And he whose blessed wondering eyes
Have gazed upon Love's Paradise,
Whose voice hath caught the strain divine,
Whose soul hath listened at the shrine,
What hath he found
If love be bound?

The sight but pierceth empty space,
The voice hath lost its joyous grace,
The soul no melody doth find,
Though neither deaf nor dumb nor blind—
A misery yet more profound,
If love be bound.

—M. E. Ford, in the Penny.

## THE TELLER'S STORY.

BY E. J. VERY.

I HAD been in the employ of the banking house of Day & Co. from a boy, and worked my way upward from one position to another until I occupied the responsible post of teller. Old Mr. Day liked and trusted me, and, as an especial mark of his favor, was in the habit of inviting me to dinner on Sunday afternoons, a favor I shared with Jerome Naylor, the cashier and junior partner in the firm. Mr. Day was a widower, and his only daughter and heiress, Enid, did the honors of his table.

Beautiful Enid Day! I shall never forget, nor do I wish to forget, while life, that afternoon of our first meeting. It was one of those dull, soundless autumnal days, when the frowning heavens threaten storm and yet withholds it, filling the heart with a vague dread of something evil to come, and a feeling of melancholy which one can neither shake off.

[illegible] that parlor a swift [illegible]e happiness came [illegible] there, where the [illegible] half-drawn crimson [illegible]s her simply [illegible]me like the [illegible] perfume, [illegible] of early [illegible], but her form, despite its girlish immaturity, was nobly developed. Her face, with its soft, oval outline, its pallor, deepening in the cheeks to the tints of a rose's heart, the large, violet eyes—a child's eyes in their innocence, and yet a woman's eyes in their depth and suggestion of strong emotion—her face, I say, as I saw it at that moment, never again faded from my soul. At that first instant I loved her; and it was with a voice that shook and a hand that, touching her little palm, trembled as if guilty of a sacrilege, that I greeted her.

Jerome Naylor, standing by, witnessed our first meeting; and he, by some intuition, I glance I aside at him, I saw a look in his pale eyes that I recalled long afterward. Then I was too conf used, too inexperienced in love of love, to comprehend its meaning. But there came a day when I could interpret only too clearly, its bitter malice and hateful resolve; for Jerome Naylor had long loved Enid Day, as such men love; had even offered himself and been refused, and his keen glance had already detected a rival in the blundering, stammering youth, whose sole thought at the moment was humble, almost unconscious, adoration.

Yes, it was more than simple love; it was wonder, reverence and devotion such as, in the old time, the prostrate worshiper felt for his divinity. As time went on, and I saw her again and again, my love grew upon me, until it became the ruling principle of my life; and as I came to know my own heart I also learned how wild a hope it was that I nourished in my breast. Even if so rare an example of God's handiwork could have stooped to love so unworthy a man as I knew myself to be, how could a salaried clerk of the rich banker pretend to the hand of his only daughter and heiress?

So day by day the gloom of a deep despondency darkened upon my life. I grew silent and abstracted. I performed my duties as faithfully as ever, but I no longer laughed and jested with my fellow clerks, nor joined in the amusements of their leisure hours. Jerome Naylor was invariably courteous in his treatment of me, but I caught more than one sidewise glance of his eye, that, had I been less absorbed in my own trouble, might have startled me. But hopeless of the one thing which could have made existence valuable to me, what had I to fear from the worst his malice could devise?

Latterly I had absented myself from the usual Sunday afternoon gathering at my employer's table. One day he came to me where I bent over my books, and clapping me upon the shoulder, in his genial, kindly fashion, said;

"Trescott, my boy, if you do not dine with us to-morrow afternoon, you will make an enemy of Enid."

I muttered something about not having felt very well of late.

"That is what I told my girl," replied Mr. Day. "I said you were looking thin and pale and generally out of sorts. Whereupon she astonished me by getting very angry and accusing you of—what was it?—egotism, I believe, though why, why, I do not quite understand. Any way, she made it a condition of her future favor that you should take dinner with us to-morrow. So I have delivered my message. You'll come, of course, Naylor?"

Then I saw that the cashier had been standing behind Mr. Day and [illegible] our conversation.

[illegible] responded [illegible]nce at me. [illegible]nd cannot resist an invitation couched in such terms and emanating from such a source?"

"I will come," I said briefly, for the cashier's manner affected me with an inexplicably unpleasant sensation, and turned again to my work.

I reached the Day mansion at an early hour the next afternoon, and, as I had hoped, yet feared, found Enid alone in the drawing room. She did not turn to meet me as I entered, but remained standing near the window, partly enfolded by the curtain. I advanced toward her and timidly offered my hand, which she did not seem to notice. Resentful, and yet loving her—oh, more than ever—I drew back, and said:

"Your father invited me, Miss Enid; I—I thought you wished me to come, or I should not have troubled you. It is not too late now. You might convey my excuses to your father, and I will go—"

I paused, hoping she would answer, but, with her face averted, she remained silent. I waited a moment, looking at her graceful figure with a foolish mist rising in my eyes. Then I turned softly about and was making my way out of the room, when there was a sudden swish of skirts, a quick tap of little feet upon the carpet, and my arm was caught and held. I paused at once, and looking down caught the gleam of two violet eyes lifted to mine—eyes that at once smiled and reproached, promised and reproved. I turned and caught both the warm little hands in mine, and, scarcely conscious of what I did, lifted them to my lips and kissed them in turn. Her name seemed to tear itself from the depths of my bosom with an accent of passion and pleading that must have told her my whole story, had she been ignorant of it before.

"Enid! Beautiful Enid!"

A wave of delicious color swept over her face and throat. For a second her hands trembled in mine, nay, clung to them; her beautiful head drooped; her eyes sought my eager gaze, and fell; then, with a quick gesture, she withdrew herself, and in cool, even tones welcomed Mr. Jerome Naylor, who pushed aside the portiere and walked quietly into the room.

Had he seen, had he overheard any portion of our interview? It was impossible to judge. He was gallantly respectful toward Enid, and frank and friendly toward me. During the dinner he conversed fluently, touching, as it appeared, casually, upon certain defalcations of a trusted clerk in a bank with which we held intimate business relations. Once, and only once, I thought I detected that malevolent glance fixed upon me; but if I was right it passed like a flash, and was not repeated.

I left the Day mansion with a heart that sang like a joyous bird. I was at peace with the whole world. Life was a glorious, gorgeous thing. The purple bud of hope seemed to be upon the point of unfolding into splendid flower. But I was reckoning without Jerome Naylor.

As the days went by I became cognizant of a whisper, whose source no one could trace—a whisper of something wrong in the accounts of the bank; of money unappropriated, of books falsified. Absorbed in my dreams I gave no heed to the change in the demeanor of my fellow clerks, of the coldness of my employer, of the glee of the cashier, Jerome Naylor, until, without preparation, without warning, the blow fell! I was accused of robbing the bank of funds entrusted to my care.

For the moment I was utterly stunned, prostrate, helpless! When the charge was flung into my teeth I stared, stammered, stood thunderstruck, unable to defend myself, or to comprehend the magnitude of the crime of which I was declared guilty.

I was commanded to appear before my employer, at his residence, to undergo an examination. When I entered the room, Mr. Day, looking sad and grave, was seated before a small table covered with books and papers. At his elbow, with an evil smile upon his dark features, sat Jerome Naylor. In a loud, angry voice I denied the charge of a long and systematic course of peculation, and demanded the production of evidence. Mr. Day looked hesitatingly at Naylor, who, drawing his chair nearer the table, and clearing his throat, began:

"I am sorry to see our young friend adopting this unwise course, knowing, as he must, that I have a confession of his wrong doing, under his own hand and signature."

I stared at him open-mouthed. The infernal imprudence of the man absolutely bewildered me.

"Yes," he continued, in a tone of profound melancholy, "more than five years ago I detected this unfortunate young man stealing money from the bank. I charged him with his crime, and in the agony of his remorse he wrote a full confession, begging me to spare him and to give him another chance. Considering his years, and the fearful consequences of such an exposure, I consented to condone his offence, making good his peculations from my own slender means."

"Noble fellow!" murmured Mr. Day, grasping his cashier's hand warmly, while I remained mute, choking with rage, incapable of uttering a word in my own defence.

"But in view of these latter developments," went on the cashier, "I feel that I should do wrong to withhold the truth any longer."

"Surely! surely!" ejaculated Mr. Day, gazing at me sadly. "But I would never have believed it of you, Trescott. Never!"

"May I see that paper purporting to be my confession?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Do not let it pass out of your hand, Mr. Day," interposed Naylor, hastily.

"I do not desire to touch it," I said. "If Mr. Day will allow me to look at it as it lies upon the table before him, it will suffice."

Then I bent over and read; and as I read the letters swam before my eyes, and a thrill of utter terror seized my limbs, for there, in my own handwriting, was a shameful confession of sin and degradation. My own handwriting? No! a thousand times, no! I knew that it was not, that my fingers had never penned those damning words. But who could detect the difference? Who would nail the foul forgery? No one, no one! For the moment I felt crushed and wholly lost.

As I stood hiding my face in my hands, feeling that in another moment I must sink to the floor, there was a light, quick step behind me, the rustle of skirts, a soft touch on my arm.

"I do not—I cannot think wrong of you, Reginald," murmured a voice that thrilled every nerve in my frame. "Father, let me look at that paper."

Mr. Day would have objected; Jerome Naylor, with a white face, attempted to snatch the paper from her grasp, but she was too quick for him, and taking the written sheet to the window she stood studying it long and attentively.

I watched her breathlessly. It seemed to me that life, love, honor, the whole future, lay in the next words she should utter; and Naylor, with his drawn, ghastly face, and the old man, with his sorrowful, benignant aspect, watched her too.

Presently she came toward us again, and the look she cast upon me was one of mingled love, pride and triumph. She went to her father's side, opposite the cashier, and handing a cold, contemptuous glance upon his white face, said in slow, even tones:

"Mr. Naylor, I have been an unseen auditor of this interview—an eavesdropper, if you like—and I heard you tell my father that this paper is a confession of dishonesty, written by Mr. Reginald Trescott, five years ago, and confided to your hands. Am I right?"

Naylor bowed silently. His dry lips would not give egress to the words.

"Well, then, Jerome Naylor, you lied!"

Her voice rang out with the clearness of a bell. For an instant there was dead silence in the room; then Mr. Day made a gesture of protest.

"My daughter—" he began, but she checked him.

"Let me speak, father," she said. "I know you wish to do justice between these two. This man," she pointed at Naylor, "is false-hearted, unworthy of your confidence, a liar and a forger. This man," touching me upon the arm, "is innocent, honorable and incapable of falsehood. I will prove it." Looking Naylor, who seemed scarcely able to stand, straight in the face, she continued in the same bell-like tones. "Here is a confession which purports to have been written in May, 1884, but it is on paper that was not made until 1887! Will Mr. Naylor please to explain?"

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Day, in amazement.

"Look, father!" said Enid, holding the sheet up before the light. "Do you see that water-mark? 'Amoskeag Mills, 1887.'"

Mr. Day gave but a glance, then turned a darkly frowning face upon Naylor.

"Can you explain this?" he asked.

Once, twice, Jerome Naylor essayed to speak, but could not. Then, at length, a hoarse murmur escaped his lips:

"I loved her, and I know she loved him!"

That was all. Staggering like a man stricken blind, pitifully groping toward the door, he left the room and the house.

He never returned to his desk at the bank, and in due course I became cashier in his place. I hold the watermark beyond price, both because it saved me from ruin and disgrace, and because it aided me to win the sweetest and noblest wife that ever fell to the lot of undeserving man.

### Caught a Big Owl.

The largest owl ever seen in Indiana was exhibited in Greensburg by Conductor John Carley, of the Cincinnati division of the Big Four road. The circumstances of its capture were very peculiar.

Engineer Bevington, who captured the bird, said that shortly after passing Batesville, twenty miles out, he heard what he took to be the "tooting" of a locomotive whistle. As no train was due he could not account for the whistling, but when it continued he became alarmed and stopped his engine. The "tooting" still continued, and, walking to the front of his locomotive, he discovered the huge owl perched upon the cowcatcher and hooting in deep tones that sounded like the whistle of a passenger engine. It is the largest owl ever known in the State. It was learned that the owl had captured a ten pound lamb and had dragged it out of the pasture to the track, when overtaken by the train.—New York Mail and Express.

### An Aged Goldfish.

The goldfish is not as tender an animal as is imagined, says the Indianapolis Journal, for in handling and moving them from one pond to another they are dipped up in nets and carried about in baskets much like corn or potatoes. Sometimes they are out of the water thirty minutes, and seldom is it that they are injured. How long they will live depends altogether on their treatment. In the Government Aquarium at Washington is a goldfish that is known to be fifty years of age, and it is not perceptibly larger than when first paleed there. There is said to be in the Royal Aquarium at Rome, Italy, a fish that is more than 100 years of age, but it has grown slightly in the last twenty-five years. Its color [illegible] except a slight change with the seasons.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

### STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**Not Particular—A Cutting Remark—Making Preparations—No Place for Her—A Tabooed Topic, Etc.**

The men who always light upon
Their feet, no matter what they do,
Are men who are not worried if
They light on someone else's too.
—Truth.

A CUTTING REMARK.

"I hear they've laid off a number of hands down at the sawmill?"

"Yes; so the surgeon was telling me."—Detroit News.

NO PLACE FOR HER.

"I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than ten minutes at a time."

"Why?"

"Nobody down there to talk to."—Chicago Record.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

Poots (meditatively)—"After all, there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught."

Grimshaw—"Yes, and very much better. The biggest ones always get away, you know."—Judge.

MAKING PREPARATIONS.

Emma—"And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?"

"Indeed I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A TABOOED TOPIC.

She—"Would you love me just the same, dearest, if I were poor instead of worth a million?"

He—"I have registered a solemn vow never to discuss the financial question again."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MODERN HERO.

Maud—"Who is that deformed young fellow talking to May Smiley?"

Ethel—"Why, that's Mr. Dawkins, the famous fullback. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match."

Maud—"What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A NEW BREED.

"That's a nice looking dog," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in everything.

"Yes, suh. He looks all right," replied the colored man who was leading him with a piece of rope.

"He looks like a pointer."

"Yes, suh. Da's what he look like. But dat ain' what he is. He's a disappointer."—Washington Star.

THE WRONG TRAIN.

First Train Robber (out West)—"Hullo, Bill, how'd yer git along wid that job ter-day?"

Second Train Robber (sadly)—"Didn't git along noway. Got the wrong train."

"Eh? Didn't yer git the express?"

"Naw; we made a mistake an' struck an excursion of real estate agents, an' they took every cent we had."—New York Weekly.

SICK.

"The female sex," said Monsieur Calino, lately, "is the most illogical in the world."

"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.

"Why, take my wife," answered Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."—The Wave.

FORGOT HE WAS IN IT.

The palm for absent mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Dusel, of Bonn. One day the Professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the Professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around, and I will reciprocate the favor."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

AN EXPLANATION.

Benevolent Gentleman (indignantly)—"You're a fraud. You told me the other day you wouldn't be begging but for your wife and two children, and I learn from the police that your wife has been dead a long time, and that your two children are grown up and in good circumstances."

Beggar—"Indeed, I told you nothing but the truth, sir. I wouldn't be begging, as I said, but for my wife and two children. My wife supported me till she died, and my two children might support me, but they won't. I wouldn't want to be begging with a lie on my tongue."—Truth.

A SKELETON EXPOSED.

The new woman orator waxed eloquent.

"And what," she demanded, as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?"

She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

"I know," he shouted.

"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."

"Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.—Chicago Post.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Occasional instances have been found of perfectly pure native iron in meteorites.

Two Paris aeronauts are going to try to beat the balloon record by remaining twenty-four hours in the clouds.

A kerosene lamp with an electrical attachment is something new. You press a button, and an electric flame lights the lamp.

A pinmaking machine turns out 5000 an hour, and some factories have as many as thirty or forty machines at work at one time.

A German inventor at Saargemund has patented an arrangement by means of which a runaway horse can be stopped by simply touching a button.

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. That is about fifty per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Lucium, which enjoys the distinction of being the first supposed element to be patented, has been examined by Crookes, the great English chemist, who pronounces it an impure yttria, and not a new element at all.

It is now said that X rays exist in nature and are produced by the common glow worm. The light from these tiny creatures has the same capacity as the Roetgen rays for passing through ordinary solids. It will even penetrate thin sheets of aluminum.

The latest catalogue gives 11,092 specimens as the number of snakes in the British Museum, London. This is the most complete collection ever made, representing, according to Dr. G. A. Boulenger, 1327 of the 1639 species that are known to have existed.

The chief of the Berlin police has invited his colleagues in the various cities and towns of the German Empire to take part in a meeting for the purpose of discussing the advisability of adopting the Bertillon system of identifying criminals by anthropometry.

It is known that the manganese deposits of Arkansas are more extensive than has heretofore been believed. Instead of pockets, it is alleged, beds have been found, and veins varying in width from four inches to six feet. In places almost pure mineral is found, suitable for making both steel and glass.

### Irrepressible Boys.

There was a certain Excisoman in Shrewsbury who was very trim and neat in his attire, but who had a bottle nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school lane the boys used to call him 'Nosey,' and this made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathized, and sent for the head boy, to whom he gave strict injunctions that the boys should not say 'Nosey' any more.

"Next day, however, the Excisoman reappeared, even more angry than before. It seems that not a boy had said 'Nosey,' but that as soon as he was seen coming the boys ranged themselves in two lines, through which he must pass, and all fixed their eyes intently upon his nose. Again Dr. Butler summoned the head boy and spoke more sharply. 'You have no business,' said he, 'to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occasions; don't look at him.' But again the Excisoman returned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand until he had gone by."—"Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler."

### An Equine Artist.

Last year two performing horses named Alpha and Beta amazed all England with their marvelous tricks. Alpha, dressed like Sairey Gamp, wheeled Beta in a baby carriage, Beta being a very small pony. Besides this, Alpha played on the harmonium, and his friends were convinced that he played "God Save the Queen," although there were scoffers who said it took a finer ear than theirs to make out the air. But he did write his name, holding a pen in his lips, and he picked out the letters of the alphabet as they were called out to him.

This year Alpha and Beta are before the public again with an enlarged repertoire. In addition to writing his name, Alpha now draws the portrait of Mr. Gladstone and aims and fires off a gun strapped to Beta's back. In the musical line he has added "Home, Sweet Home" to his list, with Beta assisting. Both horses have bells tied to the fetlocks and manage to tingle out the air so that it is clearly recognizable.—London Sketch.

### A Curious Eviction.

Ardcanny, County Limerick, saw a curious eviction recently. The Anglican rector of the place had been proved guilty of heresy by the General Synod of the Church of Ireland and had been ordered to give up his living. He refused, hoisted the Union Jack over the rectory, nailed protests against the way he was treated to the outer walls, barricaded the house, and declared he would resist. The Sheriff and his bailiff, however, got in through a window, when the clergyman quietly walked out of the front door, with a black bag on one shoulder and a parcel of books under the other arm.—New York Sun.

### Great Glacial Bowlder.

One of the largest glacial bowlders lying above ground in the State of Pennsylvania is on the farm of Enos Stamp, near Quakertown, in Bucks County. This monster relic of the great "ice age" is fifty feet long, forty-six feet wide and fourteen feet thick.—Boston Globe.

### PARTNERS.

Love took chambers on our street
Opposite to mine;
On his door he tacked a neat,
Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great
For his sign read so:
"Hearts united while you wait,
Step in. Love and Co."

Much I wondered who was "Co,"
In Love's partnership;
Thought across the street I'd go—
Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went; and since that day
Life is hard for me.
I was bunco'd! (By the way,
"Co." is Jealousy.)
—E. W. Parker Butler, in Century.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Why do you always carry your umbrella with you?" "Because it can't walk."—Truth.

When you turn over a new leaf it is just as well not to mention the number of the page.—Life.

"A man is foolish to bet on elections, isn't he?" "How much have you lost?"—Roxbury Gazette.

He—"I dreamed last night that you promised to marry me." She—"Did you? Dream again."—Somerville Journal.

Some people are so engrossed in thoughts of a possible rainy day that they cannot appreciate the sunshine of the present.—Truth.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—"And I trusted him so?" Grocer—"Confound it; so did I."—Boston Transcript.

She—"Is it not true that two people can live as cheaply as one?" He—"Yes, if they are married. Not if they are engaged."—Puck.

She rose, agitated. "Janitor," she cried through the speaking tube, "we must have some fresh air. Suppose I should wish to inflate my bicycle."

"I want to order this suit," said Chumpey, "but I can't pay for it till the end of six months." "All right, sir; it will be ready for you by that time."—Detroit Free Press.

Minister—"Why is it, Bobby, that your father never comes to church any more?" "Bobby—"Oh, it turned out that he didn't have the consumption, after all."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Brown—"Sh-h! I hear a burglar in the pantry. I believe he is going to steal the cake I cooked today." Mr. Brown—"Poor devil! He may have a family, too."—Up-to-Date.

Edith—"He told me I was so interesting and so beautiful." Maude—"And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even at the commencement of his courtship."—Boston Transcript.

"What chumps these old-time fellows must have been. They used to write and talk by the hour about the value of a college education." "Well?" "And they never heard of football."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What kind of goods, ma'am?" asked the salesman. "I think," replied the young woman who had just bought a wheel and was about to order her first riding suit, "you may show me some of your early fall styles."—Chicago Tribune.

Johnny—"Oh, I like my new governess ever so much." "I am so glad my little boy has a nice teacher." "Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not, so long as pop pays her salary."—New York Weekly.

"What a wide-awake young fellow Barter is," said Alice. "Altogether too wide-awake," responded Edith. "The last evening he called at our house he stayed till one, and then papa had to get the burglar alarm going."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Long Polar Night.

Generally speaking, we figure Europe as being wholly within the temperate zone, but when we come to investigate matters we find that North Cape (the most northerly point of Norway) is in the shadow of the North Pole. At that point you can see the "midnight sun" in all its ghastliness, the great luminary being constantly above the horizon from May 5th to August 9th, or just one day over three months. But the long wintry nights make up for this 100 days of constant sunshine. It begins on September 22d and constantly increases in length until November 6th, when the "polar night" commences in earnest, the sun never appearing above the horizon from the last mentioned date until February 5th, one day less than three months.

### Origin of the Thimble.

A thimble was originally a thumbbell, because it was worn on the thumbs, as sailors still wear their thimbles. It is a Dutch invention and, in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bicentennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to my lady's work basket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benschoten. And it may further interest Colonial dames to know that the first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Ann van Wely, the second wife of Kiliaen van Rensselaer.

### Shipping Perishable Products.

There is no limit to the ingenuity displayed in shipping perishable products long distances to the English market. Butter is sent from Australia to South Africa, and even 700 miles to Kimberley, and received as fresh as when it started. It is packed in glass cases, packed with paper and the case inclosed in plaster of paris, which is a bad conductor of heat and will preserve an even temperature in the glass box throughout the whole journey.