

The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

Price Two Cents.

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NO. 11.

Nebraska Populist papers want department stores abolished.

Paris florists are already setting out plants so they may sell flowers from the grave of Lafayette to patriotic Americans during the exposition of 1900.

Says the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser: In the last twenty years the Southern States have expended \$80,000,000 for colored schools. Nearly every dollar was furnished by the white people.

A writer on beauty says that to obtain a perfect ideal of the female form, a divine one should study Greek models for the head, English for the complexion, Irish for the hands, American for finger nails, Hindostanee for the feet and Spanish for the carriage.

The notion that the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands are everywhere dying out is not borne out in Nauru, where the German residents made a census of the natives on September 3, 1890, and found 137, while in 1893 the number had increased to 1377.

The State of Massachusetts has alone and unaided fought the gypsy moth, and has thus far prevented it from spreading beyond its limits. It has within the past four years expended \$450,000, with the result of keeping the pest from spreading and eradicating it in a few localities.

Ontario farm lands have taken a big drop in value during the past twelve years. The total value in 1885 was placed at \$654,793,000; in 1895 the valuation was reduced to \$572,935,000. The bringing of low wheat districts into competition with the Ontario fields is given as the cause of the rapid decline.

One historical authority states that the earliest discovery of iron within the present limits of western North Carolina, and the first effort to manufacture it into an implement, was made in the State of Virginia in 1619. The foundry was destroyed by the Indians in 1622.

The County Court Judge of Oldham, England, has recently decided that a cat is "a quasi-domestic animal," and that its owner is not responsible for its actions. In the course of his decision, the judge said the feline's "intellect is not so extensive as to render it able to distinguish between chickens and small birds."

A Philadelphia paper gathers a certain amount of comfort from the fact that the "scrapie" of the Quaker City and the baked beans of Boston are to be found on the menu cards of the New York restaurants. It argues from this gastronomic fact that the above alimentary tit-bits have put the three cities on a more friendly footing.

An impressive instance of patriotic service is presented in the case of President Drilling, of the New Orleans City Council, who has directed the Committee on Budget and Assessment to transfer the amount of his salary, \$6000, to the contingent fund, as he does not intend to accept any money consideration for his official services. It is not believed that this sort of thing will ever become chronic.

Japan is a country already beginning to suffer from the "disease of civilization," although but a few years have elapsed since it emerged from primitive and comparatively innocent conditions. According to Mr. Saito Wokofu, a statistician of note, suicides have been extraordinarily frequent during the past ten years and are steadily on the increase, especially among women. The Japanese statistician, pursuing his investigations further, finds that about one-half the suicides are persons of unsound mind; and among men the most frequent causes of insanity is financial trouble. The people seem to be getting only what is worst in Nineteenth Century civilization.

The French Minister of Agriculture has instituted an extra parliamentary commission for the purpose of studying certain proposals for the improvement of agriculture. France contains about 15,000,000 acres of uncultivated land, and for some years there have been discussions as to the best mode of utilizing it. The proposals were reforesting, irrigation, water supply and restocking with fish the ponds and streams. The area of land uncultivated is as follows: Moor and heather, 3,722,590 acres; rocky and marshy land, 4,825,000; bogs and swamps, 820,000; and peat land, 115,000. These figures show that out of every nine acres of land in France nearly one is in an uncultivated condition.

A SMILE AND A FROWN.

Only a frown yet it pressed a sting
Into the day which had been so glad;
The red rose turned to a hopeless thing,
The blue eyes ceased with discordant ring,
And a heart was heavy and sad.

Only a smile! yet it cast a spell
Over the sky which had been so gray;
The rain made music wherever it fell,
The wind sang the songs of a marriage-bell
And a heart was light and gay.

—Emma C. Dowd.

A BACHELOR'S DINNER.

Time is popularly represented as an aged man, with flowing beard and drapery of white, bearing in one hand an hour glass and in the other a scythe. He is usually depicted as a figure of Poverty, except that I would have him carry a billiard table.

It is a misconception—a gross misconception, I declared the other night, resting his feet on the handsome brass fender and gazing meditatively into the fire that glowed on the hearth of his library. "Poverty should be represented as carrying in one hand a heart, and in the other, perhaps, a dark."

"Or a fat purse," I said to myself. But my friend's case is an unusual one. His kindly conception of what should be, in reality, a figure of Poverty, is his own. With me it is different. My mental condition has changed but I since the day we received my aunt's arrival note announcing that she had come down from Newport with my cousin, Lyvia, who by the way, has not been introduced to society, and a young girl from San Francisco.

Frank, I am still living in Hoboken, a pleasant apartment overlooking the bay, and I must of necessity continue to visit him from time to time. When the note of my aunt's arrival my fortunes were at their lowest ebb. For weeks I had been doing my own cooking, and Branton's arrival from the West, where, through no fault of his own, he had lost the small fortune that had fallen to his possession on the death of his father, an English country gentleman who had left a large number of acres, divided into a number of farms, and a small burden to his son, to the young man, just why my friend had left the West he did not explain further than that circumstances had reduced him to a meagre position on a ranch, and he was in a fair way to rise when he suddenly made up his mind to go home, and landed in New York, penniless and compelled to accept my poor hospitality. For four days he had been seeking work in vain when he suddenly made up his mind to go home, and landed in New York, penniless and compelled to accept my poor hospitality. For four days he had been seeking work in vain when he suddenly made up his mind to go home, and landed in New York, penniless and compelled to accept my poor hospitality.

Fortunately I had still remaining \$10 from the last remittance of my father, which came enclosed in an affectionate epistle saying that he had given me the best possible education, and that he had not the least objection to my going to the West. I had better do for myself. With this money we procured the necessary supplies for a simple dinner, and I dispatched a note to Carter asking him to join us. Then arose the question of service. We had no servant, and naturally it was necessary that some one attend at the table. As I was recently eyeing my small stock of remaining money, Branton, ever ready, came to my assistance. He knew no one in town and was going to sail for home just as soon as he could afford it. With his clean shaven face he would pass for a most respectable butler. Of course I do not regret it on the table that evening. The soup in it steamed on the back of the range, the roast as it sizzled in the oven, the few simply cooked vegetables in the pots all ready for serving looked excellent, and Branton, under the most imposing butler I have ever set eyes on, for he always was a handsome fellow. So it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I threw myself into a chair in the study when the mental labor was over and awaited the coming of my guests. Already Branton was spinning a well bred locust, and I immediately did my part that I almost imagined myself the proprietor of a well appointed establishment instead of a struggling young man with no occupation and but four dollars and thirty-two cents in the world.

At length the bell rang and my butler opened the door. It was Carter. He passed through the opening in the portiere that the obsequious Branton had made for him and was seated beside me. After the usual compliments of the day had been exchanged he glanced furtively toward the hall, then whispered: "A new man?"

"Yes," I replied, enveloping myself in cigarette smoke to hide the high coloring of my face. "I got him to-day."

"Hum!" he exclaimed. "Made a ten-strike at last, eh?"

He referred to my getting a ten-strike and a good servant on the same day, and I thanked him, but before I had an opportunity to go into particulars, he said: "I heard Branton open the door and a confusion of soft voices. A moment later I had affectionately greeted my aunt and cousin, made my own introduction to Miss Rosa Mell and ushered my guests to the room set apart for them, for my butler had suddenly disappeared and left this last duty to me."

When I saw Rosa Mell in the full glare of the study lights I forgot the inconvenience to which I had been put, that to keep up appearances I had been driven to deception, and I was really grieved in the attack. In a loud voice I added, "I am well contented with my bachelor condition."

"And who wouldn't be in such a jolly place," cried my cousin, as we were seated, and her eyes, which were covered with curios that Holwood had gathered from every quarter of the globe.

"I almost long to be a bachelor—just as you are," she said, her eyes fixed on me. "I am well contented with my bachelor condition."

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"But none are quite so fascinating as a certain person you met on your ranch," interrupted my cousin.

"A cowboy?" asked Carter, suddenly becoming intensely interested.

"A cow-puncher, if you will," laughed the fair girl, "with a revolver, a red shirt, and all the appropriate attire."

"She tries to laugh it off," cries Lyvia. "But really, Mr. Carter, it's true."

"Nonsense, Lyvia," Miss Mell exclaimed, with the most charming possible frown.

"Don't deny it," said I, for I was really getting just a bit anxious. "I can imagine him myself—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with black locks, piercing eyes, a noble brow—"

"And a beard—a lovely Vanduyke; don't forget that," my cousin interrupted.

"How do you know a Vanduyke? Hum! Dangerous!" exclaimed Carter.

"Don't you think it's dangerous, Vanduyke?"

"I admit that Carter has not a great mind, but at that instant it ran in the same channel as mine, for to me he had conceived the idea that a cowboy in a Van Dyke was suspicious. The thing savored of the gentleman; perhaps one of those fellows down on his back that I read of in the papers. Branton, my aunt smiled complacently.

Miss Mell leaned back in her chair and sighed, "Oh, Lyvia, why did you ever?"

"Why, Rosa, you confessed it all; you knew it was a trick, and you had no right to do it," cried my irascible cousin. "And what do you think?" She leaned over as if about to impart to my ears alone a secret of vital import.

"I simply wait," I answered. "My cousin passed unheeded this gentle, plaintive remonstrance, and in a stage whisper said, 'I found her one day shedding crocodile tears over his photograph—a horrible looking thing, with fringed edges, you know, and a gilt border, and a—'

"The hair of laughter that interlarded his cheeks," he said, "was drawn by a crash of china behind the screen that hid the door of the butler's pantry, a kind of a heavy body falling, a mean sprang from the table and toward the door. Disregarding our view, prostrate on the floor, his head resting in a mass of broken dishes, lay my friend and butler."

"Branton!" I cried, falling down at his side.

"He made no reply for he was unconscious."

Carter and I picked him up and laid him in the heavily cushioned window seat.

"What a chance you had!"

"The servant?" cried my aunt, who in the general confusion seemed to think that she alone was calm, and by virtue of that calmness in duty bound to take command.

"Not my butler!" I exclaimed, forgetting appearances. "It's Branton—Jim Branton, the best fellow—"

"Water! Water!" screamed Lyvia. I dashed to the table and seized a glass and when I turned to my injured friend, Rosa Mell was on her knees at his side, wiping his forehead with her handkerchief. Suddenly his eyes opened and rested on hers.

"Dear! dear!" he muttered, and he suddenly reached out his arm and drew her head down toward him.

I glanced at the other and pointed to the door. Silently we passed out of the room.

"Well, I never!" my aunt exclaimed, as the portiers closed behind us. "I thought the cowboy was a joke, but a butler—"

"Whispered Lyvia. And through the heavy curtain came:

"Why did you run away from the ranch, Jim?"

"Why—why—because a poor chap like me had no right even to hope."

—New York Sun.

Amber and Its Production.

An enormous amount of amber comes from Prussia, where it is mined by what is practically a monopoly. The company controlling the greater part of the output pay to the Government over \$100,000 a year for the privilege of control. It is said that over 25,000,000 lbs. has already been paid by this firm in royalties to the Government. The beach in East Prussia, after heavy northwest winds, is often thickly strewn with amber, which comes up in the seaweed that is often piled up to the height of three or four feet along the shore. After a storm men, women and children swarm over the beach gathering amber and finding most profitable employment thereby. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty tons of raw amber are worked up every year in one city. The greater part of it is melted to make varnishes and lac. Beads are made of many of the best pieces, and these are in demand all over the world.

Wearing Out Needless.

Many people wear themselves out needlessly; their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty leads a person to anxious, needless activity, to be constantly doing something, over-punctual, never idle a second, time, seen to rest; such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unloading themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years.—The Ledger.

Snow-White Cattle.

The breed of snow-white cattle which were used in the sacrifices in Athens and Rome from 2000 to 2500 years ago, is still in existence in Calabria, Italy. Great pains are taken to maintain the strain of blood in all its purity, and calves showing a single hair of any other color than white are at once separated from the herd.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Depths of Humiliation—Equipped—He Had It—Nice to Teach—Hope Springs Eternal, Etc.

The homogeneity of man is not a joke, but real; the more you joke, the better the cheaper he will feel.

—Judge.

Madge—"I wonder why Dolly gets taken out skating so much?"

Majorie—"Oh, because she doesn't know how to skate."—Judge.

Equipped.

"One of your wife's lugs is gone, my dear sir."

"That doesn't do me any good, doctor; the one she has left is a star."—Truth.

Incidentally His Own.

Smith—"Do you think Charley Lister's jokes are all original?"

Nubbin—"Yes; they are too stupid to be borrowed from anybody else."—Twinkles.

He Said It.

Conductor—"Did I get your fare, sir?"

Passenger—"You must have. You didn't ring it up for the company."—Town Topics.

How Matters Turned Out.

Jones—"I hear that Simpson is hopelessly in debt."

Smith—"I guess not. He struck me for ten yesterday, and seemed to think he was going to get it."—Pack.

An Important Matter.

"Just had a talk with Branton, the inventor. He has a big problem on hand now."

"What is he trying to do?"

"Trying to make both ends meet."—Pack.

William's Misadventure.

"No," said the doctor, "your finger will never be in good shape again."

"Well," said the base ball pitcher, "I can pitch at all with that finger. I ought to be able to send in some handy new curves."—Pack.

That States.

"When! That fellow knows a great deal, doesn't he?" commented Post.

"People—just you only \$25?"

"No sir; I replied to send in some handy new curves."—Pack.

Jack's Meddler.

"How does that fellow of Judge Tompkins, that is visiting him, look?"

Jay Green—"Was, he's so cross-eyed that I guess he has to lay on his back to look down the well."—Judge.

An Imitator.

"Compliments imitates me in every conceivable way. He dresses like me, talks like me, acts like me and in fact does everything like me."

"Well, Tomlinson always was a little bit inclined to make an ass of himself."—New York Journal.

Mandarin's Expense.

"Don't you want to get into this National Encyclopedia of Prominent People—just you only \$25?"

"No sir; don't like the way it is run—look at George Washington and John Quincy Adams getting in for nothing."—Chicago Record.

A New Method.

"Maria," said Sids Wintersmith, looking toward the parlor-door, "finds an' her head are keepin' mighty quiet."

"Mebbe they're courtin'." replied his wife, "by mind-readin' or that hypnertism plan I read about last week."

One on the Humourist.

"I have brought you a bag of peanuts, thinking you would appreciate a change," said young Mr. Pompon to Suckers, the humorist.

"A change?" replied the humorist, thoughtfully.

"Yes, a change from chestnuts, you know."—The Fun in the Sentence.

The Fun in the Sentence.

Visitor in Ruralville—"This is a very pleasant and home-like place, and I cannot understand why so many families should have moved away from it during the past few months, as you say."

Native—"You haven't heard our young ladies' brass band yet."

Announced.

Priscilla—"Jack is the oddest fellow. He took me driving yesterday, and when we were seven miles from home he said, 'I wouldn't promise to marry him he'd make me get out and walk back.'"

Penelope—"Did you walk back?"

Priscilla—"No, indeed; but the horse did!"

The Probability.

"Does your wife worry about burglars?"

"Not much," answered Mr. Meekton.

"I wonder what she'd say if she found one in the house?"

"I don't know. But I have an idea that she'd ask him how he dared open in the house without wiping his shoes on the mat."—Washington Star.

A Good Judge of Art.

Queen Victoria's judgment of pictures has been remarkably accurate, and pictures for which she gave a monetary value a few years ago would now fetch big figures. The value of her pictures by Landseer alone is over \$200,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Professor Huxley says that a greater is a far more complicated piece of machinery than the finest Swiss watch. Tokio, Japan, has adopted the arch system for the two miles of elevated railroad which it has been decided to build there at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Health Commissioner Starkhoff of St. Louis, Mo., will at the next meeting of the Board of Health recommend that preliminary tuberculosis be declared infectious.

Celery is said to be excellent for the nervous system and is a fine remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia. It may be taken in the natural state, or in salads, soups and in tea.

A horseless sleigh is one of the latest inventions. Gasoline furnishes the motive power, and a sharp-toothed wheel under the centre of the sleigh applies it to the frozen earth and pushes the sleigh along.

In North Carolina the long pine needles of certain species of pines are treated with a solution of soda to secure the fiber, which is woven into coarse blankets, cloths and muslin. This product is also made in Germany and Sweden.

A complete series of photographs of the recent Chinese-Japanese war, taken on the spot, forms a feature of the international photographic exhibition now being held at Berlin. The exhibition has excited much interest as the most comprehensive photographic record of war yet shown.

A product called "wiro-glass," which is described, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists simply of a mesh-work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when heated by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces, and it not only resists the heat of fire, but also the smothering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

At a Bargerton (Ohio) match factory recently 177,926,100 matches were made in a day. At that rate that factory can produce in a year 64,000,000,000 matches, which means 927 matches a year, or nearly three matches a day for each one of the 79,000,000 inhabitants of the country. All this work is done by automatic machinery, that is without its aid in the work.

A double-deck tunnel is the project of the Metropolitan District Railway, of London, for facilitating traffic on its underground line in that city. The present underground line has a double track and it is proposed to build a single track tunnel at some distance below this line, to be used for express trains, there being only one station between the terminus and the point where the low level line will rise to the grade of the existing line.

Should One Sleep After Eating?

We would not now revert to this oft-discussed question of anyone's theoretical views or personal belief in the matter, or to long forward the familiar argument, that because animals must sleep just after they have eaten, hence the human animal should do the same, says the Medical Record. Doctor Schute, of Erlangen, has, however, expressed the opinion that from the chemico-experimental side, and his results are worthy of record. Having analyzed the stomach's contents in two normal subjects a few hours after meals, some of which were taken while asleep and others not, he found that sleep has for its constant effect the weakening of the stomach's motility, and at the same time there is an increase in the acidity of the gastric juice. On the other hand, simple repose in the horizontal position stimulates the motive function of the stomach, but does not increase the acidity of gastric juice. The conclusion is hence reached that while one should stretch himself out for a rest in the horizontal decubitus after a hearty meal, he should resist the tempting Morpheus, especially if there be present a dilated state of the stomach or if its juices be hypersecreted.

Power of Pedaling.

A series of experiments have been made by M. Bonny, of Paris, say Engineering, to determine the power exerted in propelling a bicycle at different speeds. The method adopted was to take an anthropometric record of the total force exerted on the pedal through a complete revolution. An examination of the records showed, in the first place, that there was no absolute dead point such as occurs with an ordinary connecting rod and crank motion; and, secondly, that there is always some pressure on the pedal during the rise, and this, of course, tends slightly to reduce the speed. For a speed of ten miles an hour nineteen foot-pounds of work was done per semi-revolution, and for a speed of twenty miles an hour the work done was sixty-seven foot-pounds. These figures show that the average pressure of the foot required on the pedal increased very rapidly with the speed, treble the work being needed in order to double the velocity. The bicycle was run on a wooden racing track, and the results would probably differ considerably if the trials were made on a rough road.

Copper Coins for Russia.

The Birmingham (England) Mint has just received a large order from the Russian Government for copper coins. The total number of coins required is over 70,000,000. The coins which consist of three, two, one, half and quarter kopeck pieces, are already being struck off.

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"THEY SAY."

"They say"—and well, suppose they do. But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise for aught, but malice, envy, want of thought, Why count yourself among the "they"? Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say." But why the tale rehearse? And let's me make the matter worse? No word can possibly harm; From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a noble plan To speak of all the best you can?

"They say." Well, it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it bring bitter wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the errand one restore, Henceforth to "be and sin no more?"

"They say"—Oh! pass on! look within; See how your heart inclines to sin, Watch! lest in dark temptations hour You, too, should sink beneath its power. But speak of good, or act at all!—New Haven Register.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Maunna—"Now, take this, Johnny! You like sugar, you know." Johnny—"Yes, but pills spoil it."—Pack.

Teacher—"Who is that whistling in school?" New Boy—"Me. Didn't you know I could whistle?"—London Figaro.

She—"Strange how wet it is." He—"Stranger still if it were dry with such heavy rains."—Comio Homo Journal.

He—"Miss Bello is easily deceived." She—"How's that?" He—"She thinks she's mad because I kiss her."—Town Topics.

He—"May I kiss you? I have never kissed you before." She—"You can't kiss my records with me."—Town Topics.

Beautiful Heiress (after the ball) "Mary, go back to the hall and see if perhaps there are any more gentlemen awaiting about the Legends' Bazaar." His Father—"Now you can see what your course of living has brought you to." The Spendthrift—"Yes, indeed! I can't borrow another cent."—Pack.

"The man brought a ton of coal yesterday, and now it's gone. It must have been stolen." "Don't you think perhaps you mislaid it yourself."—Detroit Tribune.

Priest Inspectors—"That man over there seems to positively enjoy the treadmill." Warler—"Yes, sir. 'E's used to the motion." "It was a bicycle thief," remarked Grisham.

Mr. Knight—"Does your husband treat you the same now as he did when he was courting you?" Mrs. Light—"Pretty much. He keeps me in the dark."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Look here, Gerald! Your father and Captain Armstrong are giving Ella a lesson on the bicycle." "Yes, Mamma; but why does Ella always fall off on Captain Armstrong's side?"—Punch.

"I wonder what got Bluebeard starting to cutting off his wife's heads?" "Very good," said the actor who occurred to him while he was at the theatre behind a big hat."—Indianaapolis Journal.

"Has your husband the button-collecting fall?" inquired the caller. "Well," replied young Mrs. Torson, doubtfully, "he usually helps take up the contribution in our church."—Washington Star.

In Russia teachers are none too well paid. At a scholastic meeting some one proposed the toast: "Long live our school teachers." What one asked a cadaverous-looking specimen, rising in his seat.—Tit-bits.

Cholly—"I wonder if your father would fly into a passion if I were to ask him for you?" Adelaide—"Not if you tell him first, just he looks twenty years younger since he shaved off his whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Tamblin (tearfully): "They brought my husband home in a hack from the banquet last night. How did you get home?" Mrs. Sanderson—"I don't know, but I suspect that he was carried along by his breath."—Cleveland Leader.

Medius (to party at sitting): "The spirit of your deceased husband desires to converse with you." Wilso—"If he has not died, he looks now than he had when he died, he ain't worth troubling about."—New York World.

He—"I have often wished, dearest, that we lived in the old days of chivalry, so I could do some brave act to prove my devotion to you." She—"I have wished so myself, Edwin; but still, you haven't asked papa's consent yet."—Lark.

"How matrimony does change a man!" "And it changes a woman, too." When we were engaged my wife-to-be was always trying to make me save money. Now she doesn't gimme a chance to save a cent."—Chicago Enquirer.

Magistrate—"The gamekeeper says that he saw you talking this phrasant. What have you to say to that?" Prisoner—"I only took it for a lark." Magistrate—"Six months for making such an ornithological error. Consult your natural history in future."—Lark.

"Have you been able to catch the Speaker's eye?" asked the first lady member of Parliament. "Have I?" rejoined the second M. P. "Well, rather; I wore my navy blue gingham with the heliograph sleeves, and the Speaker couldn't keep his eye off me."—Pearson's Weeker.

The Doctor—"Mrs. Briggs has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once." "What is the matter with the boy?" The Doctor—"I don't know; but Mrs. Briggs has a look on 'What to do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it."—Collier's Weekly.