

The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL"

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NO. 19.

There are twenty-six monarchies in the civilized world.

For a world in which there is nothing new under the sun Truth thinks there are a lot of discoverers.

President Sharpless, of Haverford College, thinks there is room in the United States for a first-rate small college.

Dr. Jameson, the leader of the Transvaal raid, says the undertaking was a great mistake, for the simple reason that it failed. That appears to be the essence of British public opinion on the whole enterprise.

There were regrets in Emporia, Kan., that schedules had not been differently arranged, relates the New York Sun, when an advertisement of a railroad excursion to Port Arthur appeared in the paper, setting forth that "there will be no charge for births for the trip, provided twenty-five persons desire to avail themselves of this accommodation."

In a recent lecture on the cultivation of the memory, Professor A. P. Lyon declared that after trying all the mnemonic systems he had at last come to the conclusion that the only secret of being able to remember things was attention, association and repetition. The next most important principle is that of classification. The lecturer did not, however, venture to suggest any infallible method of recalling things, and even confessed that that very day he had received a note begging him not to forget that he was to lecture on "Memory" in the afternoon.

An announcement in the English papers causes a flutter of eager anticipation. It is stated that there has been found in Egypt a manuscript text of the Logia, perhaps that of Papias. Now of all the lost works of the Apostolic Church Fathers, the one which is most wanted is the Logia of Papias, as to which so much doubt has been raised whether it ever existed. There have been believed to be the sayings of our Lord in the Syro-chaldee Gospels compiled. It is almost too much to hope that the report is true, but, if true, it would make an epoch, if not a revolution, in the study of the Gospels.

The usury laws now being reformed in Canada. The Montreal Gazette says: "A judge of the Superior Court has held that there is nothing in Quebec's law limiting the rate of interest that may be charged, and has given a decision upholding the legality of a claim of five per cent. a day on an overdue note." As a result the defendant has to pay, if it can be collected from him, some \$60,000 in interest for the use for two years of \$150,000. This, while the most glaring, is only one of a number of cases that have lately attracted attention in this city, where usurious rates of interest have been enforced by the courts. The instance quoted is simply legalized swindling, declares the New York Observer.

Probably never before was the subject of good country roads more thoroughly discussed than in the recent past. Not alone is hand to hand work being done by granges and other farmers' organizations, but County, State and even National officials are working toward improvement in this great question. The United States Department of Agriculture is making investigation through its office of road inquiry, under the direction of Roy Stone. The latest bulletin on this subject is from an address delivered some time ago by Judge Thayer, of Clinton, Iowa, who succinctly remarks that the United States annually contributes to the mud spend 250 million dollars which is a total loss. He favors borrowing money on long time bond at low rate of interest, using the taxes to pay the interest and principal. "I am in favor," he said, "of allowing the people of a township the right to vote upon the question of borrowing money, not to exceed a certain per cent. per year, to use in road building. I would have road improvement a township matter, based on local option. If the people of one township want to build a certain number of miles of good road, I would not permit the people of another township or the State Legislature to prevent it. If a majority of the people of a township want good, permanent roads, at a cost within certain prescribed limits, I would not put it in the power of the minority to prevent it. I would build good roads with the taxes now paid. I would cover the State with a network of durable, permanent roads, which can be used every day in the week, on which to haul a full load, and I would do this without increasing the present road taxation one mill."

WORTH WHILE.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant, when life flows along like a song; but the man worth while is the one who will smile."

When everything goes dead wrong; For the rest of the heart is trouble; And it always comes with the years, And the smile that is worth the price of earth.

It is the smile that comes through tears. It is easy enough to be prudent, when nothing tempts you to stray; When without or with the voice of sin Is luring your soul away; But it's only a negative virtue, Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth the honor of earth.

It is the one that resists desire, By the eye, the ear, the fallow, The world's bright strength for the strife, The world's highway crowded to-day; They make up the item of life. But the virtue that conquers passion, And the sorrow that hides in a smile— It is these that are worth the homage of earth.

For we find them but once in a while, —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

—BY MARY NOTES.

HAD been a week in my new apartment. A week—a short time—and yet it seemed in the retrospect like an endless succession of days, each one of which contained the dreams and hopes of an entire lifetime. For a whole week the white porcelain sign of a practicing physician had shone in splendor before the glass door of my new little flat.

For a whole week my small reception room, with its dark curtains and its straight-backed chairs, had waited for patients to avail themselves of the advice and help of "Dr. Max Erhardt."

It really did not surprise me at all that my office was empty for a few days, because, as I told myself, consolingly, the neighborhood must be somewhat familiar with the fact that it had good medical advice right here in its midst. After I had sent away my first patient completely cured, things would assuredly be different. Then—after my growing reputation had been announced to the neighborhood, or better still, to the whole city by a crowd of patients in office hours, as well as by a neat little notice, which a dignified coachman would drive through the principal streets—then, and only then, would I be able to dream of anything but my patients.

When I came home, after passing my first examination, the young medical student whom my little cousin, green-eyed and whiskered, whispered softly into my home-coming, whispered softly into my ear, "Doctor Erhardt," I looked deep into her dear eyes and whispered, just as softly, "Mrs. Doctor Erhardt." Then I saw a bright blush pass over her face, and she fled quickly back into the window niche.

In the following days I had opportunity to talk with Mary about all the air castles which a young physician in his empty office has abundant time to build; but I did not venture yet to discuss my dream of the future doctor's wife. There lay at times in my sweetheart's blue eyes an expression which drew the words back even when they were trembling on my lips. Not that I doubted in the least that Mary's heart belonged unconditionally to me; no, it seemed rather as if a lack of confidence in my professional ability lay in her glance, and my pride impeded me to keep silent, until a remark of my first independent case should call forth Mary's full approbation and unlimited confidence in my chosen vocation.

I sat in my consulting room buried in much thought as these on the afternoon of this dull November day. My heart belonged unconditionally to me; no, it seemed rather as if a lack of confidence in my professional ability lay in her glance, and my pride impeded me to keep silent, until a remark of my first independent case should call forth Mary's full approbation and unlimited confidence in my chosen vocation.

I opened the door. A poorly-dressed woman stood before me in the dim light of the late fall day. A pair of great dark eyes looked beseechingly at me from a face thin and streaked with coal dirt.

"Doctor," she said, in a trembling voice; "oh, Doctor, be merciful. I beg you! My little Mary is so sick."

"No one sends me," replied the woman softly and rapidly. "Oh, Doctor, do come! Ever since morning I've been carrying coal from the wagon to the next house. I live over opposite in the court. My child has been sick since yesterday, and I found her so much worse when I hurried home for a minute just now."

I hesitated somewhat, the disappointment was so great. The woman wiped with her grimy hand a face that already showed the traces of tears. She sobbed pitifully.

"I suppose I ought to call in the charity doctor; but your servant is a son of the cobbler in our court, and he has told all the neighbors that you were so kind-hearted. Oh, help my little girl!"

"Well, of course, the woman must be helped. I was human, and surely know what was due to humanity. So I went with her, after first taking out, with an importance that surprised and half-shamed me, most of the necessary instruments of a physician."

Across the street to a great court lying behind a long row of houses, up two flights, each darker and steeper than the last, I led a woman with a sopping dress and one tiny window, and there on a poor but neat bed, with feverish limbs, and wandering, unconscious eyes, lay a child about fourteen months old. The woman knelt down by the bed.

"She doesn't know me any more," she moaned.

The child coughed hoarsely. That was the worst kind. I tore a leaf from my book, and wrote my first prescription.

"Go to the nearest apothecary," I said.

She looked at me with some embarrassment. "Can't I take it to King street?" she asked.

"No, indeed," I cried. "Why do you not wish to go to the apothecary in this street?"

The woman reddened visibly in spite of the coal dirt. "I think," she stammered, "at the Eagle Pharmacy, in King street, they may know me. I carry coal there, and perhaps they will—I have no money." A large tear fell onto the paper in her hand.

"Oh, these people can't pay for their doctor's medicine either," I said impatiently, to myself. I took out some money and said aloud: "There, take that and hurry!"

The woman pressed her lips on the little one's forehead, and then before I could stop her, on mine, and hastened away.

I looked around the room for a seat. A poor chair, a rough box, an old table, some cheap kitchen utensils on the low, cold stove, which took the place of a range; a corner, hanging on the wall, a three-barred wooden bed, and near it a child's gown and a little hat trimmed with a blue ribbon; on the narrow shelf near the tiny window a dried myrtle plant, a recent gift, and a hymn book with bright gilt edges; that was all that the room contained.

I brought up the chair and sat down near the little sick girl. She was evidently very nervous; her little limbs were all a-shake, and she kept her golden hair soft and early. She breathed painfully, but she was not conscious; and her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she were looking into a distant, unknown country. It was cold in the room, but I found only a few chips—too few to build a fire. So I sat down and waited for the woman and the medicine.

Again and again my glance wandered about the room, and I struck a poor, hard-working woman who carried coal on the street, while her child lay sick and suffering; and yet she certainly loved her little one tenderly. Suddenly a thought shot through my mind that I should not be able to save the child; that perhaps I had not been decided enough to take on my own responsibility the extreme and energetic measures which would have cost the little sufferer her death. My heart grew not as I hurried to the door and listened for the mother's footsteps.

There she was at last. To my reproachful look she only answered, lamely: "I thought that my people in the store. Folks like me must stand back."

An hour of torture passed. The medicine did no good; little Mary could not swallow it. Neither did it avail when, with trembling hand, but a steady hand, I used the knife on her slender, helpless throat. The little golden-haired girl died—died before my eyes on the lap of her stricken mother.

The woman looked up as if startled when I bent over her hand, for she had not wept. "You are crying, Doctor? Oh you must not do that. You will have to stand by so many sick beds where God sends no relief." She looked earnestly at me. "I did ever anything for that I could, being so poor. When I came home from my dirty work I always found her so pretty, so loving. For hours she would lie on the bed or sit on the floor and play with some nothing, and then she would laugh for joy when I came home. God has taken her; He loved her better than I—but oh, how lonely it will be for me!"

I pressed the poor woman's hand; I could not speak, but I laid some money on the table and went out softly. Once at home, I laid my instruments away, and sat down overwrought. I could eat no supper; I went to bed and tried to sleep, but the picture of a dismal attic room, of a dead child, and a humble, devout woman would not let me rest, any more than the torturing recollection of my own part in that scene.

Early the next morning an old colored woman came to see me as he was passing through the city. He dragged me through the crowded streets, to the unassuming, all sorts of restaurants, and

complained of my lack of spirits. I clenched a headache, and so escaped going to see a popular play at the theater. Tired and exhausted, I went at last alone to my room. As I passed a florist's brilliantly lighted window, I stepped in and bought a costly white camellia and some fragrant violets.

I climbed the fire flight to the home of the poor woman. I found the attic room unlocked. It was dimly lighted; a small coffin stood in the middle of the bare room, and the child lay there in a white shroud. The ribbon from the hat on the wall had been worked over into two little bows; a myrtle wreath rested on the fair hair, and the geranium blossoms were strewed over the body. On the table near by was a lamp, and the open hymn book was beside it.

I laid the beautiful white blossom in the stiff little hand and fastened a bunch of violets on the breast of the silent sleeper; then I looked at the open book to see what it was that the old hymn that I had learned at school and half forgotten:

"To my dear ones who grieve, Do not mourn for me now; This house is your home, To God's will you must bow."

I laid the book away with a sigh. The words of the old hymn, the solemn stillness, the presence of the child, the open book, all went home, after impressing about the hour of the burial.

I retired early. I was weary, and all my nerves had gone. As, if called forth by a power higher than my own, the words of an earnest prayer came to my lips, the prayer that God would bless me in my hard profession, and would change my haughty self-confidence into a humble trust in His protecting arm.

Mr. Newbrooks—"I like our new butler very much."

Mr. Newbrooks—"So do I; but, somehow, I'm afraid he has a poor opinion of us."—Puck.

A NATURAL QUESTION.

"My little girl's eyes are the color of the star Sirius," said Margie's Papa holding the small child to his breast.

"An' is zat why zo tears ta' so salty?" she asked.—Puck.

THIS IS OBVIOUS.

"You are doing right well to-day," said the match.

"Oh, you answered the natural gas. 'It is a cold day when I get turned down at headquarters.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

IN THE JURY ROOM.

First Jurymen—"That lawyer was very complimentary to us in summing up."

Second Jurymen—"To was, indeed! He flattered us so eloquently that I forgot he was wasting our time."—Puck.

AN OPINION EXPRESSED.

"Dis here piece," remarked Blodding Pele, "sounds an impressive note 'wanna.' It says Americans order take longer for our meals."

"So we ought," replied Meandering Mike. "We order like more time, an' not waste a minute of it, neither."—Washington Star.

HER STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

"She said she thought I was looking well," remarked the young man who was looking pensive.

"Um—yes. But you'll notice that the next minute she asked me if I didn't look like her best building was the handsomest animal in the city."—Washington Star.

WHERE REFORM BEGINS.

"Josephine has an interesting message to put before the mothers' congress."

"What is it?"

"She wants a law compelling every woman who has a son to remember that he will probably be some other woman's husband."—Chicago Record.

A REVEREND SUGGESTION.

"I wonder," said the young man who is so able and exceedingly loquacious, "why is it that a genius is not appreciated until after he is dead."

"Perhaps," was the cold-blooded answer, "it's because in so many cases he is buried with his friends up to the time of that occurrence."—Washington Star.

HOW THE ADMIRAL WENT AWAY.

The Admiral is paying a semi-official visit to one of the battleships, and has signalled to the flagship for his flag lieutenant to come to him.

The flag lieutenant, dubious as to the correct dress, goes in quest of the cabin door sentry (a marine).

"Sentry, did the Admiral go away in his cocked hat?"

Sentry—"No, sir, in his steam launch."

Collapse of "Flag Jack."—Answers.

AN APPREHENSIVE PATRIOT.

"I think," said Mr. Blykins, "that I'll send a note to Willie's teacher and tell her to stop his geography lessons till next term."

"I don't see why," replied his wife.

"The class has just started in on the map of Europe; and the higher he passes in his examination the harder it will be to start in and learn it all over again when King George and the Sultan get through with what they are going to do to the boundary lines."—Washington Star.

This Cow Died on Nails.

M. H. Reynolds, of Factorville, Penn., a few days ago sold a cow to a butcher, who killed it for beef. When dressing the carcass he noticed something very hard in the stomach, and upon investigation, found over a quart of assorted nails, brought from another source to be poured in at the top before it can work. So with the mind, sometimes. The reading of a good book helps it into running order.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Brighter Lights—Her Standard of Beauty—Not Reciprocated—Wise Advice—A Good Reason, Etc.

My sweetheart plays her wheel at night. We should no longer prosper. Her eyes, so bright, alas full of light, And footings wretched copper.

—ORIGINAL COMMODORAL-TEBANE.

WHENEVER AWAKE.

New Boarder—"What is the landlady's cooking about?"

Old Boarder—"About two-thirds of the time."

A GOOD REASON.

Smyth—"What makes you think Doggett is a good bookkeeper?"

Brown—"He never returned the ones I loaned him."—Twinkles.

AMATORY.

Leola—"Don't you think they are two souls with a single thought?"

Hazel—"Well, I shouldn't wonder. They are both making fools of themselves."—Truth.

A DEFINITION.

Schoolmaster—"A poem is called a word painter; now, Tommie, can you name me a great poet?"

Tommie—"Dahl! He paints signs."—New York Herald.

NOT RECIPROCATED.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Lenenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

Some English reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the waistcoat.

Some interesting investigations have been made on the green color for which some Italian cheeses are so remarkable. This color is not, as has sometimes been supposed, due to the action of bacteria, but is a consequence of the presence of copper in the cheese.

The world contains at least four mountains composed of almost solid iron ore. One is the iron mountain of Missouri, another in Mexico, another in India, and a fourth in that region of Africa explored by Stanley, and there have been reports of such a mountain existing in Siberia.

Insect life in the Arctic regions is very limited, and to insure their attraction one of the genus gem (a roscaceous plant) from Alaska has a row of large petals. This plant, also a gem novae, is utterly unable to fertilize itself, and demands insect help, as in the skunk cabbage. All Arctic flowers are very large in comparison with the plants bearing them.

Unbreakable mirrors are now being made by putting a coat of quicksilver on the back of a thin sheet of celluloid, instead of on glass. By laying a second sheet over that way has been found to overcome this objection by introducing a small proportion of some other substance into the composition.

The late Alvin Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., discovered in 1832 that the star Sirius had a far less brilliant companion. Continued observation for nearly thirty years proved that this second body revolved around the first one in an elliptical orbit, at a distance nearly as great as the planet Neptunea from the sun. But in 1890 the companion disappeared from view, having reached a point in its track so nearly in line with Sirius that its faint light was overwhelmed by the dazzling brilliance of the dog star. During the last six years it has traveled far enough to become visible once more.

Some Tricks the Eyes Play.

It is an old and wise saying that "seeing is believing," yet everybody knows that very often what we see, and therefore believe, proves to be not really true at all. As we grow older, finding that our eyes have so frequently deceived us, we are often not satisfied with the evidence they give us, and we have learned to look at things from different points of view, or by looking at some doubtful thing from different points of view, or under a different lighting.

We are not willing to believe that a conjurer actually draws rabbits from a man's ear or coins from the tip of his nose just because our eyes tell us such tales. Sometimes our deceptions are so lasting that things must be made wrong in order to look right, which seems rather contradictory. If we look at the letter S or the figure 8 as carefully as we can, the upper and lower halves seem almost exactly the same size. If we turn them upside down, thus, S, 8, the difference in the size of the loops is quite astonishing, and we wonder how we could have been so mistaken; yet perhaps the truth is that the loops are neither so different nor so much alike as they seem to be, as we see when we look at them turned upon their sides, thus, z, 3.—St. Nicholas.

The Greatest Travelers.

The number of Americans who spend much money in traveling for pleasure only, writes Lewis Linnings in Scribner, is well measured, as has already been suggested, by the number of Americans who visit Paris yearly. I offer the following figures, which were obtained through the courtesy of the chief of police of Paris, as a pertinent contribution to the discussion. Exact statistics of visitors in Paris have been kept by the police, under the present detailed system, only from 1893. Since then all arrivals in that city have been carefully reported at the Prefecture by the proprietors of hotels and pensions, under pain of a fine for neglect, and they may be in part tabulated as follows:

	1893	1894	1895
English	45,193	44,601	43,372
Americans	32,322	49,655	42,347
German	31,492	32,273	35,221

Our First Republican Government.

Between 1730 and 1750, 240,000 people came to the Carolina shores from Ulster County, Ireland. They were pure Scotch people—all Protestants.

The first Republican Government in America was inaugurated by these early settlers. It was called the "Watanga Association," taking its name from the Watanga River in North Carolina. Its date is between 1769 and 1772. "Like all the governments formed by Anglo-Saxons, it had no theories, no abstractions, but was adapted to the actual needs of the people."

Its legislature consisting of thirteen, had chairman, clerk and district attorney, with stated sessions. Among the committee were to be found the names of Brown, Carter, Robertson, Sevier, Smith and Jones.—New York Observer.

The Reading of a Good Book.

A pump may be connected with a very deep well of very good water, and yet need a pitcher of water to be brought from another source to be poured in at the top before it can work. So with the mind, sometimes. The reading of a good book helps it into running order.

SWEET ISLE OF DREAMS.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! my heart would find first there, forgetting all its pain; The will waves all their clamor cease And melt upon its sands in peace.

Upon its shores we find a sweet rest, The perfume of the garden bed, The holy stillness and the calm, To weary hearts is healthily balm.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! no discord jars The ear attune; no harsh sound mars The music floating on the air, The song of seraphs, pure and fair.

But all its peace and joy and love, Like that of heaven far above, Where angels, clad in garments white, Chant hymns of praise in realms of light.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! Fair Land of sleep, O'er us the angels vigil keep; Perchance our spirits with their roam, And that they tell us of their home.

Or that they come in dreams, To wander with us by glad streams In gardens fair, and what we see, Waiting, we hold in memory.

—Henry Corrie, in Donahoe's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cora—"Love is a strange thing." Clara—"Oh, I don't think so. I've been engaged seven times."

"Faith," said the little boy after a week's study, "faith is believing something that you know can't be true."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, boy, what did you kick that dog for?" "He's mad." "No, he isn't mad, either." "Well, if any one should kick me I'd be mad."—Truth.

Mrs. Pomeoke—"I can't see why a great big fellow like you should bog-frog Hungry Hank." "Well, mum, I s'pose we size helps to gimme an appetite."—Truth.

"I notice that some people claim that a doctor's whiskers may carry disease germs." "Why don't the doctors wash their whiskers?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jimmy—"Would you like to go with them fellows that goes lookin' for the North Pole?" Tommy—"Wouldn't I, though? You bet 'em bring my skates!"—Puck.

Dr. Powder—"Ah! how are you to-day, Mr. Gilling?" Gimp—"Oh, you ask an inquiring friend or as my family physician?"—Philadelphia North American.

Bacon—"None of the women will speak to Penman since he wrote his last book." Egbert—"Why is that?" "Why ain't she?" "Why ain't she?" "Women of All Ages."

"The marriage of the star and the leading lady has been declared off, I hear." "Yes; they couldn't agree as to whose name should be first on the wedding invitations."—Puck.

His Escape.—"Did you know that our minister once had a narrow escape from the Fiji Islanders?" She—"How?" He—"He was on the point of going out among them as a missionary, when he received a call from a congregation in Boston."—Truth.

"Truly," mused the Sultan, "413 queens would make a full house." "I wonder what his game is now?" muttered the Grand Vizier. But at that moment the postman came with a number of ultimatums from the great Christian Powers, and the conversation naturally sought other channels.—Detroit Journal.

"The writer's name must accompany every communication," said the editor to the man who had handed in a little piece signed "Constant Reader." "So," replied the man, "I don't want to get the world involved in controversy about the authorship of a second series of Junius letters."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Making Fancy Buttons.

The handsome buttons one sees on ladies' costumes are, as a rule, imported from Germany and France. The making of these fancy buttons is really an art these days, quite quaint and beautiful designs are shown and such exquisite workmanship is displayed. Metal buttons showing a special device or initial on the face require a die, and have to be made very carefully by machinery. Some of the finest workmanship is shown on bone buttons, where the carving is done by hand and is very delicate and artistic.—New York Tribune.

Pictured History.

The lively optical instrument with many names, but known in England as the animatograph, is to be used to preserve for posterity living pictures of France's Masada, the battle of the coming jubilee of the Queen, and several types of London street scenes. The celluloid films bearing the views will be enclosed in several tubes, and ought to be good for many repetitions, thousands of years from now.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Peculiar Complaint.

Duke George, of Saxo-Meiningen, who a year ago met with a serious accident in Italy, has in consequence become the victim of a peculiar complaint. His hearing has been partially destroyed in such a manner that he hears some notes higher, others lower, than they really are. Music of every kind, therefore, has become torture to him, as it seems to him horribly discordant. The physicians say that this eye never be cured.—Chicago Record.