The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

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The ancients knew how to cheat. Loaded dice have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

The horseless carriage has come to stay. The automobiles have been lately introduced in the Paris fire department.

At the present rate of growth of population, France will have only 40,000,000 at a time when Germany will have reached 100,000,000 and Russia 200,000,000.

Statisticians declare that only sixteen out of each 1000 insane persons become so by reason of love affairs. These figures apply, however, only to persons in asylums.

One of the few communistic societies, the Adonai Shomo, has passed out of existence and its property in Petersham, Mass., has been sold. It was of Adventist origin, originating about thirty-five years ago, and was most prosperous in the '70's.

The project of turning Brussels, Belgium, into a seaport seems to have set the citizens almost crazy. The municipal council has passed a resolution for the construction of a huge electric lighthouse in the centre of the city, on the Place de Brouckers, to serve as a beacon to ocean steamers, as well as an ornament to the city.

New York City is to have a new Academy of Design, to be erected on the Boulevard near the tomb of General Grant, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the new University of Columbia, and will add another to the magnificent group of buildings that is now rising on the west side of the city between Central Park and the Hudson River.

Official news has reached London to the effect that the Chilean Government will offer a State bounty of [illegible] to any foreign country or firm [illegible] undertake to establish an iron foundry in that country on a sufficiently large scale. The action of the Government in this matter has been prompted, it is said, by the increasing evidences in that country of the existence of iron ore in large quantities.

Ignatius Donnelly says the great floods are caused by sun spots. Why the sun spots, which must exercise an equal influence on the entire circuit of the globe every twenty-four hours, should cause the Mississippi to burst its banks and leave the Rhine, Danube or Volga practically undisturbed, may not be very clear. But since Mr. Donnelly has said it, it is evident the planting forests or building levees on a broader plan is of no use. The only way to cure the floods, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, is to knock the spots off the sun.

A story was recently started by the newspapers, relates the Trenton (N. J.) American, to the effect that Mrs. Cleveland had melted the spoons in the White House which had been used by Dolly Madison and had had the silver made into prettier spoons. The story was a circumstantial one, going on at much length to state that the silversmith had offered their weight in gold for the spoons, but that Mrs. Cleveland rejected the offer, sent the spoons to the mint, had them melted into ingots, and then required an affidavit of the silversmith that the same silver was put into the new spoons. It is scarcely necessary to say that the story was made out of the whole cloth. It was promptly denied at the White House, and the declaration was made that the Dolly Madison spoons are still there. The denial has not kept pace, however, with the original story, which is still going the rounds of the press.

A writer in Public Opinion observes: "The French and Germans have frequently made much fuss about alleged trichina in our pork, and pretended that other of our exports, that they wanted an excuse for excluding, were adulterated; and all the time the people of those nations have sent over here liquid poison, in the shape of wines, brandies, beer, ale, etc., and their confections have been notorious for containing deleterious ingredients. Both the German and French wines and food articles—candies, etc.—are shamelessly adulterated, and often with materials that are dangerous to health. Not six months ago the chemists of the British Board of Trade tested a long list of German, French, American and British food and drink materials. The revelations were decidedly favorable to the American articles, and much to the discredit of German and French honesty. Several of the German food articles were found loaded with stuff dangerous to health, and all the French and German wines were discovered to be about as bad as bad could be.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere, I know, we shall find them all,
The rose that blossomed beyond our reach,
The star that hid 'neath an inky pall
Just as we staggered across the beach;
The bird that stilled its cunning song
Just as we paused a moment to hear,
The fruit ne'er ripened for which we long,
The skies that darkened will all be clear.

Somewhere, I know that the kisses wait
For which we languished in days gone by,
And smiles will greet us alert, elate,
For which we waited in years that die.
The words unspoken come loud and clear,
The words withheld in the dim, sad past
Shall fill with rapture our list'ning ear,
The heart's best pulses beat sweet and fast.

Somewhere, the laurel we missed while here
The bays our foreheads reached for in vain,
Somewhere the chaplet shall ne'er grow sere
Nor loss prove victor o'er laggard gain;
The glory be real that once was dream,
The mountain be leveled to vale below,
And a bridge shall span the fiercest stream,
Our feet no longer be halt nor slow.

Somewhere, is the rest for which we strive,
The breast to pillow a weary head,
A priest to listen and cheer and shrive,
A life of living where naught is dead;
A peace as gentle as yonder cloud
That flecks with beauty a shining sky,
Shall fill each heart, while the song-birds loud
Are trilling music that ne'er can die.

—Hamilton Jay, in the Florida Times-Union.

A FLOOD THAT HELPED.

GRANDMOTHER Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table.

"We might as well have supper," she said. "Your father prob'ly won't be back till late."

Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

"I'm as hungry as a bear," observed Fred, between mouthfuls. "I think it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springville that has to go half so far as we do."

"I don't see why father doesn't move down there," complained Polly, pouring more of the rich yellow milk over her mush; "he could get to his work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place."

"You must remember that your father isn't a rich man," answered Grandmother Melton, gently. "He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another home, and perhaps he couldn't sell this one."

The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows, and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. But with the coming of winter the roads choked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept up the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springville. As the winter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, owing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the river bottoms.

"They'll all get ahead of me," Polly had sobbed; "and I can't pass my examinations."

That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and other points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest floods.

"It's after 9 o'clock now," said Polly, as she arose from the table; "I wonder where father is?"

"I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard," said Fred, and then he looked around toward the doorway, anxiously.

He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawling from the crack under the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

"It's the flood," said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath.

By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping out over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house, and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprung from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and the rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that already it must be a foot or more high around the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"

At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side of the window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the building.

Grandmother Melton, who was usually cool and brave under the most trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror.

"Run up stairs," shouted Fred, "and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff we can with us."

Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the little attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement seized the first thing that came to hand—grandmother's rocking-chair—and struggled up the stairs with it.

"We'll need clothing more'n anything else," called Grandmother Melton.

"Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jackets he could carry. Polly bravely wiped away her tears, and when Fred brought the loads to the stairway she ran with them to the bedroom where Grandmother Melton was sitting.

By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat against it.

"She's going soon," shouted Fred.

"I'm afraid the water will reach us up here," suggested Grandmother Melton.

Fred locked up. The ceiling was low, and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred piled a trunk on top of the table and climbed out on the roof.

He couldn't see far, but he could hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sunk; he felt sure that they would all be drowned. Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

"We're going! We're going!" screamed Polly.

"We're just off the foundation," answered Fred, as bravely as he could.

Then he swung back down into the bedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trap-door to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran down for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch.

"Hold on!" shouted Fred.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairway, and then the lamp was capsized and went out. Next he found himself pounding about in the water.

"Fred! Fred!" came the agonized voice of Polly.

"Here I am!" spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap-door and Polly helped him to the roof.

"We had all we could do to hold on," gasped Grandmother Melton.

"We're moving," shouted Polly.

They rocked and scraped and bumped along, with the water swirling and crashing around them.

"It's our first voyage," said Fred, with an effort to laugh; "p'raps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico."

But Polly didn't laugh, neither did Grandmother Melton.

A few minutes later they heard some one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lantern was swallowed up in the darkness and the three castaways were even more lonesome and terrified than before.

They were compelled to cling firmly to the rope and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.

"Well, we're anchored," said Fred. "I suppose we're out somewhere on a sandbar in the Mississippi."

"Do you think we have reached Memphis?" asked Polly, anxiously.

To Polly it seemed as if they had been drifting for hours.

For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.

"There's lights," cried Polly, joyfully.

Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.

"It's Memphis," said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.

But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them—until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.

"I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that," said Polly.

"It isn't Memphis," said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; "it's Springville."

"Springville!"

And Springville it was. They could see the little weatherbeaten church on the hill, and the red brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.

"But haven't we come only four miles?" said Grandmother Melton, looking greatly surprised.

Half an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue.

After the flood was subsided the Meltons went down to look over their home. Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly.

"I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school."

And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there to-day, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least—Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

How Flowers Fascinate Insects.

Professor F. Plateau, of the University of Ghent, has for many years carried on a series of observations on the mode on which insects are attracted to flowers, the results of which are published in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium. His conclusions are not in accord with those of Darwin, that the bright color of the corolla acts as a beacon to attract insects. He believes that they are attracted chiefly by some other sense than that of sight, probably that of smell. In the case of the dahlia (single) and other species of Compositæ, the removal of the conspicuous ray florets have but little effect on the visits of insects; nor had the removal of the conspicuous part of the corolla in other flowers, as long as the nectary remained. On the other hand, says Nature, the artificial placing of honey on otherwise scentless flowers resulted in their being immediately visited by numbers of insects. Where the same species varies in the color of the flower, as between blue and white, or red and white, insects visit quite indifferently flowers of different colors belonging to the same species.

The Compass Plant

What is known as the Compass plant, Pilot weed, and Polas plant in different localities, is quite curious, and in former days, when there were no railroads, was of great value in guiding travelers. The leaves invariably point north and south. Mungo Park has immortalized it as he says he was guided by it, when otherwise his way would have been lost and he would have perished on the dry plains. The peculiar faculty of thus pointing to the north and south attempted to be explained by the fact that both surfaces of the leaves display equal susceptibility to light whereas the upper surface of the leaves of plants, in general, is more sensitive to light than the lower; hence the vertical position of the Compass plant, as unerring as the mariner's compass. Professor Asa says of it "on the wide open prairies the leaves are said to present their faces uniformly with the north or south."—American Gardening.

Victoria's Double.

Her majesty the Queen has a double in the person of an elderly lady who occupies—or occupied—a position in the Middlesex Hospital, where she was known as the "Queen of Middlesex." She is the exact age of the Queen, and became a widow in the same year that the Queen lost her consort.

Testing Steel.

A new method of testing the hardness of steel balls has been devised in Germany. The balls are dropped from a fixed height on a glass plate set at an angle; if properly tempered they rebound into one receptacle and if they are too soft they drop into another.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Those Cycling Bells—Quite the Reverse—A Strike for Funds—Not Sensitive—Rule of Natural Selection—It Took the Edge Off—Prayer of the Elopers, Etc.

Those cycling bells, those cycling bells!
How many a tale their jangling tells
Of people gone before their time
Who heeded not their startling chime.

To everyone they bring dismay,
And many a heart that once was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells
The victims of their direful knells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone:
Those clangorous peals will still ring on,
For though each heart rebellious swells
There's naught can quell those cycling bells!

—New York Tribune.

Not Sensitive.

Reporter—"That rhinoceros has a skin two inches thick."

Editor—"Humph. He'd make a good editor."—Truth.

Quite the Reverse.

Dollie—"Was it a quiet spot where you kissed Mollie?"

Cholly—"No; it was on the mouth."—Yonkers Statesman.

Prayer of the Elopers.

"Papa, we have come back to ask your forgiveness."

"All right. Have you paid the parson, or is that charged to me?"

A Strike for Funds.

Bank Barn—"What was the last word you had from your son at college?"

Hay Rick—"Money."—Puck.

Rule of Natural Selection.

May—"The man I marry must be perfectly handsome."

Belle—"You are wise. People should always marry their opposites."—Truth.

The Chicago Overcoat.

"Dodds is cutting a great dash in his Chicago overcoat."

"Chicago overcoat? What's that?"

"Fur on one side and linen duster on the other."

It Took the Edge Off.

The Customer—"Confound you! you have cut my cheek!"

The Barber—"By Jove! so I have. I was wondering what had taken the edge off my razor."

Health Hint.

Goslin—"I replied to an advertisement which said, 'Send $1 for a sure method of saving doctors' bills.'"

Dolly—"Well?"

Goslin—"Then the answer was: 'Don't get sick.'"

Disgusting Barbarity.

"Europe," said the South American statesman, "is so excitable."

"Yes."

"Yes; they don't even have a little war without shooting each other."—Detroit News.

A Wise Precaution.

Start—"Never kick a man when he's down."

Dart—"And if you kick him when he's down, better see to it that you kick him hard enough to keep him from getting up again."—Truth.

Explaining the Twang.

"Why do you Americans talk through your noses?" asked Lord Toploffy.

"I don't know," said Hicks. "Possibly because our ancestors didn't all have hats to talk through, like you English."—Harper's Bazar.

What Worries Him.

"I don't mind being shot," confided one English sparrow to another, "it's being served up as a reed bird that hurts my feelings."

"Why does that trouble you?"

"Because it is making game of me."

Narrow Escape.

"After all," said the man, at the end of the discussion, "no man really knows what his neighbors think of him."

"I came mighty near knowing once," said the citizen, with a reminiscent look in his eye, "but the jury disagreed."—Indianapolis Journal.

Explained.

"Here, waiter," cried Cadley, "what's this?"

"Dat's de change, sah, foh de five-dollar bill you arst me to change for you."

"That's all right," said Cadley; "I gave you a five and you bring me back four. I didn't ask for so decided a change as all that."—Harper's Bazar.

In the Wrong Box.

"Well, that's a funny thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Snaggs, who had been reading a newspaper. "A witness in court did not know in what month the Fourth of July occurs! What do you think of that?"

"I think that he should not have been called as a witness. He ought to have been a juror."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Woodchuck That Climbs Trees.

"Jack" Dodge, of Lancsboro, Penn., was sitting in his doorway when he saw a big woodchuck stealing along a knoll across the creek, not more than a hundred rods away. The woodchuck stopped at the foot of the tree, inspected it for a moment, and then climbed it with the ease of a squirrel, but going up as a bear climbs a tree. The animal did not remain long in the tree and came down, letting itself down backward. It then went up another tree, where it could be seen nipping off the sprigs of the pine tree. After eying the unusual sight for some time Dodge took his rifle and picked the woodchuck from his perch. The animal weighed twenty pounds.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Germany has now electric lights in over 1000 postal cars, and Austria is about to adopt the same system.

Among 1318 children in the Weisbaden schools it has been found that only three per cent. had sound teeth.

The falling waters of Kern River have been made to furnish the electric power for the town of Bakersfield, Cal.

The Japanese Government has voted 12,800,000 silver dollars for improvements and extensions in the telephone service.

The grand total of the hydraulic power at Niagara Falls secured through electrical appliances is over 26,000 horse power.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks from the earth about 123 tons of water.

In a new invention for making vehicle wheels, they are formed from sheet metal by stamping, pressing or cutting out, and are secured to the axle by bolts, bosses and collars.

Herr Cuffey, a German expert, sent to Bombay by the Emperor William, has arranged for an animal hospital for the purpose of studying the plague poison. He intends making extensive experiments.

Barrels, casks, pails, etc., are made in Germany by molding wood-pulp in the desired shape, subjecting it to heat in the form of hot air or water, steam or other vapor, and compressing it by hydraulic pressure.

Paris and Madrid will soon be connected by telephone, the construction of a line from Paris to Bayonne having recently been determined upon. As Madrid is already connected with San Sebastian, it will be only necessary then to join that place with Biarritz.

Professor Forbes, the eminent electrician, whose appointment by the Egyptian government to report on the possibilities of utilizing the Nile cataracts for the generation of electricity was noted in this column some weeks ago, has returned to Cairo and expressed himself as strongly in favor of the project.

Following up the researches of two German physicists, who were recently led to conclude that three lines of oxygen in the solar spectrum were not atmospheric, Lewis Jewell considers that he has proven conclusively that the lines are produced by water vapor in the earth's atmosphere, and that, therefore, the spectroscope does not indicate oxygen in the sun.

"Sundown Ministers."

"Sundown ministers, by which I mean preachers who are engaged in departmental or other work during the daytime and who preach evenings and days when on leave of absence," explained a gentleman who attended a recent conference in Baltimore, "get little or no consideration in our religious conferences any more, and while preachers do not like to talk out at meetin', they have no hesitancy in speaking plainly in private conversation. Ministers have an honorable profession. They spend years preparing themselves for their duties, have no other occupations or employment, and seek no other. There is but little money in the ministry, after all, for though a few gifted or fortunate men draw financial prizes by it, the great body of them do not receive the wages received by the average mechanic in the large cities. It is not strange, therefore, that they should not like sundowners. They have no jealousy toward workers in the vineyard who feel they can give their talents to the good work. What they object to is that persons should compete with them when they have other engagements until after sundown. As a minister at the conference said to me, the sundown preacher is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor even good red herring."—Washington Star.

Why He Thought Them a Fake.

Carson City, Nev., has had to fall back on its "giant footprints" in a neighboring quarry as its star attraction. A gang of convicts has been set to work at hewing steps and paths leading to the "footprints" in the solid rock of the quarry. Among other things a tunnel has been dug, showing where the "footprints" disappear into the mountain. This tunnel is about as high as a man. A recent visitor brought grief to the unfortunate convicts who had to overhear the following shrewd deductions: "Pshaw, I thought it was a fake before, but this proves it. You say them feetsteps are of a beast forty-one feet high, do you? Well, if that's so, you just tell me how the critter managed to walk into a tunnel which bumps my head to stand erect in?" It is said that when the convicts heard this, several of them went over to the other side and wept bitterly, and the guards did not reprimand them for it.—New York Sun.

A Peculiar Epitaph.

Nora M. Hughes, an unmarried woman about forty-one years of age, died the other day, and left a will which provided for the division of her property—estimated at $15,000 or $16,000—among her relatives, and for a monument over her grave with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF ONE
WHO WAS SACRIFICED BY A
SO-CALLED FRIEND.

Miss Hughes's family knows of no incident in her life which should occasion such a peculiar epitaph.—Chicago Record.

Harcourt's Dirty Chimney.

Sir William George Venables Vernon Harcourt, M. P., Liberal leader in the British House of Commons, has been fined $2.50 and costs in a London Police Court for allowing his chimney to catch fire through not having been cleaned.

SUNSHINE.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining."

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget the toil and care,
And "note bright hours only."

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning.

And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side
And bless the gracious giver.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"There's Charley Skates in black. I wonder if he is in mourning for his sins." "No, I don't think they're all dead yet."—Truth.

Jinks—"Was his father a great man?" Binks—"I guess so; he doesn't seem to amount to much himself."—New York Advertiser.

Spykes—"Do you have any trouble meeting your creditors?" Spokes—"Not at all. I find my trouble in dodging them."—Detroit Free Press.

Freddy—"What is a bucket shop, papa?" Papa—"A bucket shop, my son, is the business place of the broker across the way."—New York Advertiser.

"Did you get your name cleared in that investigation?" asked the Alderman's friend. "No," was the gloomy answer. "It is still mud."—Philadelphia Journal.

Blizzard Bill—"I have seen cyclones out West that blew the bark off trees." Texas Tom—"That's nothing. I saw one once that blew the bark off a bulldog."—Truth.

To "Reader:" To-morrow will be Wednesday. To-morrow isn't Wednesday, substantially for the same reason that yesterday isn't Monday. Grasp it?—Chicago Tribune.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch says that there is no State in the Union in which anybody but a funny writer says "sah" for "sir." Yes, sah; that's so, sah.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"At what age does a man really begin to feel the weight of years?" "Usually on his twenty-first birthday; and it takes the sensation at least four or five years to wear off."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"And would you love me just as much, count, if I were a poor girl?" "How can you doubt me? I would love you just as much as you would me if you should find out that I wasn't a count."—Standard.

An Unconscious Explanation: First Chappie—"I wonder now, Charlie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the—er, emblem of stupidity?" Second Chappie (with a yawn)—"Don't know, I'm sure, dear boy; it must have been before our day."—Brooklyn Life.

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a Liverpool clipper, feeling his way along the banks of Newfoundland in a thick fog. "I wouldn't mind what they said," rejoined the mate, "if we only knew where we are ourselves."—Household Words.

Philadelphia Man—"Well, you can make all the fun you want to of our slowness, but I know one country chap who came here and made $500,000 in three months." New Yorker—"Is that so? How did he make it?" Philadelphian—"Got a job in the mint."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Sirs of the Ignoramus: "There are entirely too many offices," said a private citizen. "How you fellows do like to hear yourselves kick," said the officeholder, with much warmth. "Too many offices! And here I am so overcrowded with work that I have to give up two good hours every day from my business to attend to my job."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

An Ideal Citizen.

The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers, and that the nation is merely an extension of his family, to be loved, respected, and cared for accordingly. Such a man attends personally to all civic duties with which he deems himself charged. Those which are within his own control he would no more trust to his inferiors than he would leave the education of his children to kitchen servants. The public demands upon his time, thought, and money, come upon him suddenly, and often they find him ill-prepared, but he nerves himself to the inevitable, knowing that in the village, State and Nation, any mistake or neglect upon his part must impose a penalty, sooner or later, upon those whom he loves.—John Habberton.

Water Carried the Current.

At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power-house, the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo-room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamos to be shut down they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames.

In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence, and the hose sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued they quickly recovered.—Electrical Review.

A Series of Coincidences.

The sixty-second double wedding anniversary was recently celebrated, in a small town in Indiana, of Moses and Isaac Marty, twins, who married Tabitha and Lavinia McCormick, twins. Each couple has had seven sons and five daughters, the first children being born within a few days of each other, and the last children also being of almost exactly the same age.—Medical Journal.