The Queenstown News.

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

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The solid fortunes of the world are ose based upon real estate.

t costs $3.57 to raise an acre of eat in South Dakota, which is less n in any other State.

The annual increase of the German tion during the last five years has n more than five times as much that of the French.

Notwithstanding the progress of ritish hydrography, the last Blue Book of Rear-Admiral Wharton reports as many as 209 rocks and shoals dangerous to navigation discovered during the year 1896.

It is a pleasure for the Chicago Times-Herald to note that even the highest class music is now within the reach of all. Paderewski says he will charge only $5000 a day to play at private musicales next season.

A writer in the Frankfurter Zeitung points out that since the separation of the sexes in elementary schools has en carried out in Prussia, there has not an improvement but a distinct deterioration in the manners and nduct of the pupils.

General Lew Wallace says that after iligent search for a short name for hero of his great book, he came s the name "Hur" in the Book of sis, and by adding "Ben," which s "the son of," he obtained a both short and odd.

gs, once the abode of the godlove, is turning to a baser worotes the New York Sun. It n found that the island pro- ck truffles not to be distinn taste or perfume from those ord. The best are found orfu, in the western part of the

ouis people were treated o the odd sight of a gang of brick- alling in the tenth story of a uilding when the brick work elow had been carried up only eighth floor. This was rendered ible by the modern skeleton conion, and was done to utilize a ole force of men.

Il Progresso Italo-Americano, of York City, in an editorial on the igration question says that if a bill xcluding illiterates were passed it ould exclude three-fourths of those who would naturally come to this ountry from the dominions of King umbert. This is a very high proportion. But it must be remembered, s the New York Sun, that a large of the Italian immigrants om points south of Naples and icily, the land of olives and s.

illion dollars represents the r average monthly exports le, dressed beef and beef luring the past eleven ubstantial gain over a year ing May nearly 38,009 beef le were exported, and in eleven onths 328,000 head. Our foreign rade in beef is most encouraging, but t would be greatly enlarged were it not for the irksome restrictions enforced by France and Germany in response to the demands of the agricultural classes there.

The American Agriculturist remarks: The English co-operative congress, which has been in session this month at Perth, brought out more forcibly the astonishing success of co-operation in this country. The English wholesale society, which supplies nearly 2000 local co-operative stores, reports a gratifying increase in its business, while the Scottish wholesale society is doing seventy-five per cent. more trade this year than last. These great wholesale associations have such an excess of capital that they are employing it to manufacture their own goods. The success of these co-operative manufacturing enterprises is quite astonishing. Indeed, the whole movement has now reached such headway that storekeepers and manufacturers are trying to cripple or restrict co-operation. This is not surprising when we reflect that the Scottish wholesale is doing a cash business of over $500,000 a week, while the English wholesale society's business reaches about $50,000 a year. The co-operators are now turning their attention to agriculture, and during the past three years have established a great number of co-operative creameries in Ireland to furnish butter direct to English consumers. Further co-operation among farmers is being planned. The present position of co-operation in England is an inspiration for all our American farmers, who realize that the way out of our present difficulties is for our people to take hold co-operatively to help themselves and help each other.

THE HEARTSEASE.

A beautiful golden pansy
Blossomed sweet in a garden-bed,
Coquetting with all the flowers
As the moments of summer fled,
Till a butterfly came to woo her;
Then she spurned all her lovers old,
As he kissed her face
With his rover's grace;
But quickly his love grew cold.

So off to a blushing tea-rose
This fickle gallant then flew,
While the poor little pansy, weeping,
Saw the sneers of her friends who knew.
But a soft wind blew towards her
A lover whom she had scorned,
And he soothed her grief,
Till, in glad relief,
He knew she no longer mourned.

Nestling close to her stanch defender,
The golden one murmured low:
"Your robes are of royal purple;
King of pansies you are I know.
But my soul breathes a name more tender
For the peace you have made my own,
And 'Heartsease' to me
You will ever be,
For the seeds of content you've sown."

Now, it happened one day, a mortal,
In passing the garden by,
Saw the flowers were decked more gaily
Than their wont; and he questioned why,
"To-day is King Heartsease wedding,"
They answered. 'Tis thus we know
This monarch's name,
Which has grown to fame
In this work-a-day world below.
—Viola Winchester, in New York Home Journal.

BOB ACTON'S LOVE CHASE.

FANNIE was the smartest and best-tempered waitress in the Morning Star Quick Lunch restaurant. Her pure white and prettily limned face, her delicate pink cheeks, her brisk carriage and her breezy tongue did much to swell the receipts of the establishment. The proprietor knew this full well and Fannie was the object of much deference on his part.

"The Little Irish Beauty," as she came to be called by the imaginative youths whose daily rations consisted either of "corned beef and ——" or "pork and ——" from Monday to Saturday, had marked more than one heart for her own. But the very facility of her conquests seemed to make her indifferent and that is why Bob Acton got dyspepsia. From the first he had been struck with her fresh face and dainty demeanor. She was so unlike all the other waitresses; and, to do him justice, Bob did not bear much of a moral resemblance to the other men who sued for a smile from the "Little Irish Beauty."

Bob never could look any woman straight in the eyes as gallant men can, without crimsoning from ear to ear. When he dared to cast a glance of votive tenderness toward Fannie, he did it at a moment of positive security from any return, even if she should be so magnanimous, which he did not expect.

Finally, one fortunate day, he spilled his coffee over the table cloth and Fannie rushed to his rescue. Bob was completely upset by his clumsiness and his evident poignant regret awoke a sympathy in Fannie's heart, which she expressed in her own sweet English, just properly tempered with an aristocratic Dublin brogue.

The leap had been taken and quite gracefully. Henceforward conversation was a matter of course, but a course that was sweet and uncommonplace.

Bob had noticed of late that Fannie was growing thinner. Her cheeks were more brilliant, but feverishly so, and she seemed not quite as sparkling as of old.

When he asked her one day quite anxiously whether she was not a little ill, she replied quickly that she had never felt better. Somehow even Bob's guilelessness could not swallow this and he began to guess at the cause of her change.

Bob was an eminently practical business man and held a fairly paying position as salesman in a foreign china-ware house. Nevertheless in the course of some traveling he had managed to, devour a certain quantity of novels, which, strange to say, he began to recall at this particular period. He endeavored to remember what description the heroines received from their creators at the moment of their first real love. One book, which was fresher than all the others in his memory, pictured the girl as becoming, "pale, ill and distraught looking."

At the time of reading, Bob had not looked up the meaning of "distraught," which word never in any connection had come to his acquaintance in the china business. When he went home that night he pulled down his dusty Webster and on one of its yellow leaves found the signification of the word.

"Pale, ill, distraught," mused Bob. "I wonder if she is in any of them. She's not pale, but too flushed, and that's almost as bad. She certainly did seem to be ill to-day—but, pshaw, that don't prove anything. She may have trouble at home. I know nothing about her or her folks. There are a thousand and one possible reasons. I'm a fool an I I'm going to bed."

The next morning the head of his firm asked Bob to step into the office and said to him:

"Mr. Acton, the house has some very important business to be transacted, and in view of its proved reliance on your ability, the matter will be given in your charge."

Mr. Bunker, an affable old gentleman, was more than gracious to Bob, who did not seem to enthusiastically receive his information.

"I thank you, sir, for your trust in me," Bob returned with an effort at appearing happy. "But may I ask will this business call me out of town?"

"Just a few miles," replied his employer smiling. "Across the ocean, Mr. Acton, and if I remember rightly, you once requested to make this trip."

For a moment Bob was dumbfounded; but his business tact soon reasserted itself and he rejoined with a gratified smile.

"Mr. Bunker, the house does me too much honor—I shall try to earn it in the conduct of the matters you wish to intrust to me. May I ask when I am expected start?"

"If it is not requiring too much," his employer answered, "we prefer you to leave by the New York on Saturday next. It will aid us materially if you can be in London by next week. Of course, if——"

"Not at all, Mr Bunker,' interposed Bob. "No inconvenience, I assure you. It is now Wednesday, and if I might leave the office at once to begin my preparations—"

"Quite right," Mr. Bunker returned. "We'll dispense with you until Friday morning, by which time your instructions will be all ready."

A few moments later Bob was seated at his desk striving mightily to finish his morning mail in the shortest possible time. His aim, however, was not to rush home and tell the folks that his long looked-for European trip had become a realization. He wished to reach the Morning Star and say one word to the little Irish beauty, that he hoped should persuade her to—well, at least, not to forget him, and if it was not too great a demand, to ask her to write to him.

But it was noon before he could get away from the office. His first nervously rapid steps brought him to a florist's, where he purchased a few roses—only just so many as he could carry in his pocket without injuring them. He would sooner have wheeled a baby carriage across City Hall Park than carry those flowers in his hand.

On entering the restaurant Bob trembled, and the cold sweat stood on his brow. He foreshadowed to himself now the horror of going down the church aisle with Fannie leaning on his arm. Wouldn't it be awful? But still how rapturous!

"Pshaw, she'll never have me," he murmured again to himself as he took his accustomed seat.

Here another qualm assailed him. How could he give Fannie those roses without attracting everybody's attention? How in the first place could he get them out of his pocket without tearing their tender petals asunder?

While he was fidgeting over these thoughts, he heard what seemed a familiar step behind him, and as the waitress reached his side, he whispered hoarse'y without daring to uplift his gaze.

"Good morning, Fannie."

"Sir?" was the interrogatory answer.

The voice was strange. The tone incomprehensible from the sweet lips of Fannie. Bob looked up staring. The next instant his eyes dropped and an unpardonable mist clouded their fine gray hue.

It was not Fannie!

"Your order, please," the new waitress demanded peremptorily.

"Corn' beef and pork," stammered Bob, a great lump in his throat almost choking utterance.

"Corn' beef an' pork?" queried the waitress. "You mean corn'beef an—, don't you?"

"Yes, confound it," muttered Bob. "Corned beef and—quail, if you like."

The new waitress sloucked away in high dudgeon and told one of her colaborers that "the chump with the Willy-boy tie in the corner was a geezer."

The other waitress, a friend of Fannie's, looked at the "geezer" and immediately went to his table.

"Heard the news?" she asked.

"No," answered Bob disconsolately.

"Fannie's quit. Got out last night."

"Where's she gone?"

"Don't know. Nobody does. Not even the boss. She asked for her pay last night and wouldn't say why she was leavin' or where she was goin'."

"Ahem!" Bob coughed with an effort that burned his throat. "Say, Kittie, please tell that new waitress that I don't want that lunch. Here's the dime for it. Good morning."

Dropping the coin on the table, Bob rose abruptly and strode out of the restaurant, never heeding the word of inquiry which the proprietor bawled after him.

He boarded a car, rode up town to a favorite cafe where he ordered a drink over which he sat musing for an hour without tasting it.

During this time he was torturing his brain for some means by which he could trace Fannie. He did not know even her family name, her address or anybody who was acquainted with her.

He had long ago found that she preserved herself strictly incognita to the other waitresses for which direction he had admired her much. Now he blamed her.

There was nothing to do but insert a "personal" in the papers. Although this seemed caddish, he did it. For three days his advertisement was printed in all the papers, but no answer came as late as sailing time on Saturday morning.

Happily, the weighty matters with which his firm had intrusted him occupied the larger part of his thoughts, but whenever he dared forget them a flock of unhealthy melancholy ideas would swarm his brain and render him miserable.

He had confided a minimum of his secret to a fellow salesman with the injunction to watch for any response that might come to his advertisements. He also instructed him to reinsert the "personal" from time to time.

At length the exciting moment came when "All hands ashore!" was bellowed in and out of every cranny and cubby hole of the steamship. The last laggards were descending the gangplank after long, melancholy farewells to friends, when Bob's confidant, the assistant salesman, dashed aboard in furious haste despite the sailor's attempts to bar his way.

"What is it?" cried Bob.

"An answer," gasped the man, saying which he flung a letter at Bob, and leaped madly back again without another word.

The gang plank was being hauled up. Bob made an attempt to jump on it and go ashore. Luckily a sailor brushed him back with no gentle gesture, and he dropped inert on a coil of rope at his side.

He had scarcely the courage to open the letter. He had never seen her handwriting before and yet it seemed familiar. What did he not suffer as each second drew him further away from the dock, further away from her side, for whose heart his own had bled so long and so silently! Why could she have not answered a day sooner? It was her fault if he had to leave without seeing her and bidding her farewell—at, what a sweet, sad, tender one it should have been!

"She must have had some valid excuse for her delay," Bob mused as with a desperate effort he encouraged himself to cut the envelope open.

The letter was written in a correct, bold hand, and read:

Dear Mr. Acton—I do not know whether I should answer your personal or not, which I happened to see by some unheard-of chance, for I never read that column. But as I am going to run away from you right after doing so, there can be no danger. I should have left that restaurant months ago. In fact—shall I be so immodest as to confess it?—in fact ever since you came there. Do you understand? Ten days ago I received word that my mother who lives in Dublin is very ill. I saw my only duty [illegible] at once made up my mind to go to her. I leave on the New York to-morrow and by the time you get this will be far down the Bay. So forgive my freedom and don't please, think meanly of me.
Yours sincerely, FANNIE LANGAN.

Bob's eyes ran across every line of the letter with electric quickness. Hardly had he finished it than he sprang to his feet and ran for a passenger list. He read it through carefully three times, but Fannie's name was not on it. Could fate have been so spiteful as to have let her miss the boat?

He inquired of a steward whether she was on board, described her to him, explained to him that she was to have sailed, but that her name was not on the list.

"She may be in the steerage, sir," suggested the steward.

"Which way? Which way?" Bob asked impatiently.

Following the steward's direction he ran below like a madman. Five minutes later he had found her and was hugging her as though they had not met in years. The next day Fannie was transferred to the upper deck.

Bob Acton was the happiest man on the whole Atlantic that evening. For two steamer chairs, lined with cosey rugs, on the lee side of the boat at a moonlight midnight is the most dangerous place in the world to expose one's heart to a lady.

Let ye who respect and cherish bachelorhood be mindful of this moral.
—The Yellow Kid.

What Your Teeth Can Tell.

"It is possible," said a well-known dentist, "for a medical man to tell more of the disposition and constitution of a person by the teeth than by any other part of the body.

"The first thing that an army doctor does when a man is brought up for enlistment is to look at his teeth. If they show any signs of decay, it is evident that the man's constitution is delicate, and his services as a soldier are immediately declined. Men with irregular teeth—teeth uneven and imperfect—are declined by medical men where there are arduous duties to perform. It is said to be a sign of bodily weakness.

"Another peculiarity noticeable in many persons is a spotted tooth. This is a tooth covered with dark specks, and is usually found among persons of weak intellect; it is in fact, a sign of insanity. Large teeth show brilliantness, more especially if they be regular. A set of perfect teeth is the surest sign of a good constitution."

Currency of Palestine.

Business is much transacted in gold francs, there being much more French than Turkish gold in circulation. An anomalous financial condition exists in that, in smaller transactions, the piaster is the unit of value and its value is variable. Thus in converting American gold into francs, a loss of three and one-half per cent. is sustained. If the conversion is made into Turkish piasters, the loss is seven per cent.

As so much of the business is done by local money changers rather than legitimate banking concerns, it is difficult to know the exact amount of money in circulation. The banking capital of Palestine is about $400,000. The actual amount of money in circulation has been estimated, after careful inquiry, to be about $2,000,000.

Roadway Orchards.

Fruit trees along highways and even railroads have become a source of revenue to some German States, and in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg special classes are held every year for instructing inspectors and road hands in the planting and care of orchards.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Puzzling Problem—Lapsus Linguæ—In Flagranti—Lop-Sided—Equivocal—Changed Feminine Ways—Thorough Test—Pretty Good Guessing, Etc., Etc.

Here is a problem hard to prove,
Of that there is no doubt,
Which takes less time—to fall in love;
Or, when in love, fall out?
—Judge.

Lapsus Linguæ.

Physician—"Put out your tongue."

Patient—"Oh, doctor, no tongue can do justice to the torments I am suffering."—Enquire Within.

In Flagranti.

Mrs. Church—"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?"

Mrs. Gotham—"That's the way I did catch him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Reminiscences.

"What was the longest engagement you ever took part in, colonel?"

"It lasted two years, and then the girl married another fellow."—Detroit Free Press.

Lop-Sided.

He—"Do you think women are the equals of men?"

She—"Yes; but I don't think men are the equals of women."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Destroying the Evidence.

"Why do you suppose people get married on their bicycles?"

"They probably are trying to create the impression that they are well-balanced."—Detroit Free Press.

Equivocal.

Mr. Dunkane—"They say that he is as honest as the day is long."

Mr. Shingiss—"So is the burglar who works only after nightfall."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Thorough Test.

"Can you tell me, Professor, if this amber jewelry is genuine?"

"Oh, that's easily determined. Soak it in alcohol twenty-four hours. If it's genuine it will then have disappeared."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Disappointment.

Bride (who has eloped)—"Here is a telegram from papa."

Bridegroom (anxiously)—"What does he say?"

Bride—"All is forgiven, but don't come back."—Collier's Weekly.

To Walk Away.

Slowup—"I heard Billings say to-day that he was the 'only pebble on the beach.'"

Downto—"I suppose that is why he let Johnston walk over him on the shore yesterday."—New York Journal.

Unfounded Criticism.

Briggs—"I was riding a wheel in Chicago the other day—"

The Purist—"You mean bicycle, don't you?"

Briggs—"No, I don't. It was the Ferris wheel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pretty Good Guessing.

"Well, there is one thing to be proud of; we have no class prejudice in this country."

"I guess you were never around when three or four sophomores got hold of a freshman."—Washington Star.

A Ruse.

"Why do you have a plush chair on your piazza in such hot weather, Miss Julia?"

"We have to have it. We always offer it to men whom we don't care to have stay all evening."—Chicago Record.

Changed Feminine Ways.

"I don't believe women sit around and say mean things about one another's dress as much as they used to."

"They don't. They ride around and abuse one another's wheels."—Indianapolis Journal.

Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

Mr. Benham—"I wish I were single again."

Mrs. Benham—"You horrid thing. What would you do if you were?"

Mr. Benham—"Marry again."

Mrs. Benham—"Oh, you darling thing."—Modern Society.

Classified.

"Who are your leading citizens here?" asked the man who was soliciting for country histories.

"Which," asked the farmer.

"Your men of standing."

"Oh, there's Bill Bright, Abner Brantwistle and—and, oh, a lot more of 'em. They don't do nothin' but stand around the deepo all day."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Sordid Reason.

"Old man, there is money in buying your wife a wheel," said the man whose face showed some traces of sordid greed.

"Oh, there is?" asked the man of no particular character.

"You bet there is. She may eat a little more, but she doesn't have time to stop and look at the window bargains."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Racehorses Go Mad.

Racehorses go mad, just like human beings, and an attack of insanity, when a horse is inclined to madness, always succeeds a very exciting race or other strain on its nervous system.

The great English thoroughbred, Orme, the celebrated son of Ormonde, has shown symptoms of madness ever since running an exciting race, in which he exerted himself in the most extraordinary manner to win. At present Orme is raving mad, and probably will have to be shot.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The common house sparrow flies at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour.

Earl Dundonald has invented a new gun carriage for Maxim guns which can be used on the roughest ground.

Professor Aarperath, of the Cordoba Observatory, asserts that the moon is not a satellite of the earth, but a primary planet.

Electrically welded steel barrels are being made in England. They are used to hold lubricating and lighting oils and acetone, which is an element in the manufacture of cordite.

An Orlando, Florida, citizen, who is known locally as a successful inventor, has devised an apparatus by means of which he says he can by auction transport grain for several hundred miles from inland fields to river boats.

Sark, the smallest of the Channel islands, will be the first British possession in which the postoffice will use the Marconi system of telegraphy without wires. The island has now no telegraphic communication with the outside world, and is often cut off entirely by the fogs and storms.

Working in the physical laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. R. W. Wood has succeeded in producing diffraction phenomena with Roentgen rays, says Nature. The source of the rays was an arc-like discharge between two very small beads of platinum in a high vacuum.

The daily papers report, how correctly it is not possible to state, that F. W. Christian has returned to Sydney after two years spent in exploration in the South Sea Islands, having discovered ancient records, hand work, and weapons that prove that the Asiatic races traded in the islands, and that the ancient Chinese immigrated and colonized there and thus reached Central America.

Experiments have lately been carried on at the Paris Academie des Sciences with a view of ascertaining the influence exercised upon the human voice by electricity. As the result, Dr. Montier (assisted by M. Grainier, the accompanist at the conservatoire) has established the fact that the influence is a beneficial one, the voice gaining both in amplitude and timbre and being rendered less subject to fatigue.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not as dangerous as the solicitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a doze of a fraction of a second after each beat, and so manages to get six hours rest in twenty-four. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain centres going off duty in turn.

Trolley Service Without Wire.

The electric trolley system to be introduced in Paris in time for the International Exposition of 1900 is vastly different from that commonly employed in the United States, inasmuch as the dangerous overhead wires are absolutely done away with, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer. The new system is the invention of the French engineer, Bochet, and, while rather simple, it steers clear of the objection of unsightly obstruction which is usually raised when overhead wires have to go up. Bochet establishes overhead contacts from electric lamp-posts belonging to the city, the distance between posts being somewhat smaller than the length of the electric train, consisting of two or three cars, so that contact is always assured at one point at least. Through flexible points of contact suspended from each electric light post along the proposed line the current will be taken up by means of a copper rail fastened along the edge of the roof of the car not less than fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground. The contact point will slide along that copper rail and there is not the slightest difficulty in establishing a continuous current if the points of contact are made sufficiently elastic. The current is allowed to return to the power station through the track of the line, as usual. This system offers all the benefits of the overhead as well as of the underground systems without any of their shortcomings

Ice Covered With Soil.

A singular phenomenon is observed on the shores of Eschoitz, in Kotzebue Sound, where bluffs of solid ice thirty to sixty feet in height are covered with a layer of soil in which, to use the words of the famous botanist, Dr. Seeman, "herbs and shrubs are flourishing with luxuriance only equaled in more favored climes." It is an odd sort of country, anyway. Dr. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, says that he has seen the thermometer at noon in the shade at Fort Yukon standing at 112 degrees Fahrenheit. He was told of several spirit thermometers graduated up to 120 degrees which had burst under the scorching sun of the arctic midsummer.—Pathfinder.

Turning Turf Into Coal.

Another plan for turning to account forces of nature as yet dimly understood is reported from Scandinavia, where a savant has discovered a method of converting turf into coal. The turf is placed in retorts and gradually heated to 250 degrees. The retorts are then closed and the temperature kept up for seven hours. The tar and gas products are thus retained in the coal mass to the extent of eighty per cent., and the resultant is said to contain sixty-five per cent. of carbon, six per cent. of hydrogen, 3.7 water and five per cent. of ashes. Turf coal gives about the same amount of heat as seconds and has been tested both in Krupp's iron foundry and for domestic purposes.

THE SUNRISE OF THE POOR.

A darkened hut, outlined against the sky,
A forward-sloping field, some cedar trees,
Gaunt grasses stirred by the awakening breeze,
And nearer, where the grayer shadows lie,
Within a small, paled square one may descry
The beds wherein the poor first-taste of ease,
Where dewy rose-vines shed their spicy lees
Above the dreamless ashes, silently.
A lonely woman leans there, bent and gray,
Outlined in part against the shadowed hill,
In part against the sky, in which the day
Begins to blaze—O, earth, so sweet, so still!
The woman sighs and draws a long, deep breath:
It is the call to labor, not to death.
—Robert Burns Wilson, in Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It's astonishing how much patience some people have with themselves.—Puck.

He—"Why does Miss Van Peet have an English footman?" She—"Oh, I suppose she wants to learn the language."—Truth.

He—"Why do women misrepresent their age?" She—"They don't. If they misrepresent anything it is their youth."—Brooklyn Life.

"What makes you think he is in love with you? The way he behaved?" "No. The way he misbehaved."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Count—"I have won and lost several fortunes." Miss Brightly—"Yes—and I felt so sorry when your last fiancee broke her engagement."—Puck.

She—"It's funny, but all the time I have known Mr. Tigg he never has paid me a compliment." He—"Tigg never pays anybody anything."—Boston Transcript.

"I believe Goodluck has got an increase of salary. What was it for—extra work?" "Yes! He always listens when the boss tells the smart things his kid says."—Tit-Bits.

"I am told your wife would rather cook than eat." The other man glanced nervously over her shoulder. "What she cooks, yes," he replied in a hoarse whisper.—Detroit Journal.

Spudds—"Young Hawkins seems very pensive to-night. Do you suppose that he has fallen in love?" Spatts—"Oh, no. He is only breaking in a pair of tight shoes."—Judge.

"Baw Jove, I have heard that you said I was a monomaniac." "Me! never. A monomaniac is a man of one idea. If you are anything, you must be a monomaniac."—Indianapolis Journal.

Freddie—"Oh, pa! the goat swallowed my big fire-cracker." Cobwigger—"Well, that's nothing to be crying about." Freddie—"Yes, it was, pa. The thing never went off."—Judge.

Collector—"Mr. Gills, I am sorry to have to ask you to pay this little bill. Gills—"Are you, my boy? Well, I can sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I am sorry you have to ask me."—Standard.

"We rest," said the distinguished lawyer for the defense. "An' such is life," added Raggy Rufus, recounting the circumstance to Plodding Pete; "we rest, and git the dog set on us. He rests, and gits paid fur doin' it!"—Truth.

"There seems to be a great deal of trouble connected with office holding," remarked the man who observes. "No," replied the aspirant. "Office holding is easy enough. It's office getting that causes the difficulty."—Washington Star.

Tourist (in a coal mine, after passing around cigars)—"Everything seems to be wet and damp. Where can I strike a match?" Miner—"Roight here, sir. Dinnis, lift th' rubber cloth offen th' powder keg!"—New York Weekly.

"Simplex answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes around the bottom." "What did they tell him?" "To wear knickerbockers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of the editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of letters; "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right."—Tit-Bits.

"I do my best not to be envious," said the nervous man, "but sometimes I can't help it." "Why, you never manifest much covetousness." "No. I don't covet. But whenever the Fourth of July comes around I can't see a deaf and dumb man without being jealous."—Washington Star.

"Bring me," said the Irish gentleman, as he pointed to the lobsters in the show-windows, "bring me wan av them infor-rmers." "Why do you call them informers, Casey?" asked his companion. "Bedad, they wear th' green to begin wid, and put on the red coat as soon as they get into hot wather."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes," said the new arrival, "I am greatly surprised—greatly surprised, indeed. I had expected to find things here very different from what they are." "Why?" exclaimed several of the girls in chorus; "don't the hotel and it's surroundings look as they were pictured in the circular you received?" "They do. That's what surprises me."—Cleveland Leader.

Non-Combustible Wood.

A practical experiment which was recently made in England before a number of distinguished people demonstrated that it is possible to make wood non-inflammable. The process appears to consist in injecting certain chemicals into the wood after the removal of the sappy constituents. If success on these lines can be obtained cheapily it is of far-reaching importance in connection with the sad losses of life incurred every year in the conflagration of dwelling-houses.