The Queenstown News.

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

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laska may be known in future as
le Sam's Yellow Kid.

reat Britain's yearly expenses are
about $500,000,000, but the sur-
s is $20,000,000.

The tax department records of New York City bear the titles of over 162,000 pieces of real estate, held by about 60,000 owners.

An eighteenth century plow was dug up in an Eastern State the other day. The farmers stood around it in wonder and agreed that the world is growing smarter if not better.

Robert P. Porter estimates that by the year 2000 the population of this country will amount to 385,860,000. Those who think the country is already overpopulated with 75,000,000 may derive some comfort from the reflection that they will all be dead by that time.

It is a fine thing, no doubt, muses e Providence (R. I.) Journal, to be le to dig $50 a day out of the ground, it is said to be possible to do at ike. But there are some disadges when this opportunity is acished by the necessity of eating at at $5 a pound.

artford Times says that a numlo undergraduates who are their way" through college ined in New Haven since nent. Seven of them have es on the electric car lines, motormen or conductors. comparatively easy and loyment, satisfactory pay, nces are, so far as the hot concerned.

	$3.39	Portable
	3.39	
	3.39	
	3.39	

Hod-
E. ...ers' Union, states the k Independent. It is whether, rch or cathedral be built by n men, it should be attended worshipers? The point of ation is in the fact that nonworkmen are employed in build- Protestant Episcopal Cathedral

e Hartford (Conn.) Times re: So long as the retail price of bicycle remained at a figure which e it possible for any mechanic with a bench and a bag of tools to buy the different parts of a machine, put them together, and sell the finished product at a good profit, the multiplication of small bicycle factories was bound to continue. Now the time has come for them to quit. The bicycle business is likely to follow the same course as the sewing machine business.

According to the Springfield Republican circulars have been sent out by some bureau of statistics to the braska farmers asking "Does farming pay?" As well ask "Is life worth living?" The actress Janauschek once opened her season in Rochester, N. Y., and an interviewer asked her why she had thus complimented Rochester rather than some other city. Mein Gott!" answered Janauschek, haf to begin somevare." So men e to live, and the farmers have to whether it pays or not. In that l other undertakings it all de the individual and his meth-

eme looking to the adop- of an international language comes rom Russia. The inventor of "Esperanto," a manufactured speech, analogous to "Volapuk," L. Samenhof, of Grodno, invites all who have ideas on the subject to send him an article embodying them. He will have these inted and copies sent to each of the iters. The latter must read all the les and then write another very f essay embodying his final judgt. The scheme would be a practl demonstration of the necessity of international language, but we ht whether it will settle the ques- of the choice of such a common eech.

he discovery of gold in Alaska s up a rich field for the swindlers ready signs are at hand, notes ashington Star, that the confi- n of all stripes are at work his latest inspiration to the eness of the human race. It be a hard experience for themselves, if but half the hat have been given of dane Yukon region are well t unless the stay-at-homes sharp eye on the main frain from long-distance the gold fields except authority there will be atress at this distance and, the hunger of the

"JEST MAKE YER CRUEL THINNER."

In these 'ere times it takes a lot to satisfy a fellow—
Philoserphy to harden him, some poetry to mellow,
Without incouragement and sech he cannot be contented,
Ef living in his own good house er jest in one that's rented.
The blues will come as unbeknown as persons out a-bikin',
An' all yer ease and socialness they seem—well, gone a-strikin'.
An' so it's well to call to mind what Franklin said at dinner
When pressed for higher board one day—"Jest make yer gruel thinner!"

It show'd a streak that's well to have—the streak, determination,
To hump along the best yer can, though facing of starvation.
Et honesty requires less grub, why, make the grub bill shorter;
Ef coarse clothes keep yer credit up, then wear 'em, as yer orter.
Fer bigger folks than us have done some close economizin',
An' proved it did not keep them down who had a will fer risin',
So now an' then let's call to mind what Franklin said at dinner,
In answer to his hostess' greed—"Jest make yer gruel thinner!"

—Will T. Hale, in Nashville American.

PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

WHY they called it "The Tower" would have puzzled an archeologist. For it was not a tower, never had been a tower, and in all probability never had been intended for a tower.

It was a cottage, one-storied, straggling and comfortable, with a semicircular parlor in the front, which, topped off with a comical imitation of wooden battlements, was half covered with waving sprays of woodbine and clinging sheets of ivy.

But "The Tower" it had always been entitled, and after that lawsuit came up it acquired a sort of celebrity under the old, familiar name.

"Yes," said Miss Isidora Ives, "The Tower is mine still, and I intend to keep it. Everything else they have taken away from me, because some loggerheaded old ancestor of mine signed his name ... stead of John C. Robinson. As if one letter of the alphabet could make any difference! I've no patience with people! The majesty of the law, indeed! Pshaw!"

"But if the rest of the property belongs to your Cousin Robinson, so does The Tower," suggested Mrs. Milroy.

"I can't help that," said Miss Isidora. "Here I am and here I mean to stay, law or no law."

Mrs. Milroy opened her weak eyes. Feeble as a kitten herself, she could scarcely comprehend such valiant resolution in another.

"But if they come here with the sheriff, and a posse comitatus, and a writ of habeas corpus?" she faltered.

"Then," said Miss Isidora, "they'll have to clear out again. Common sense is common sense. The house is mine, and I mean to keep it. I've got new bolts and bars to all the doors, and I keep a kettle of boiling water on the stove night and day, and my friend, Mr. Jeffreys, who is a clerk in a law office, has given me the hint never to let in a man with a bag."

"Why not?" breathlessly questioned Mrs. Milroy.

"Don't you see?" said Miss Isidora, snappishly. "Because it will be full of law papers. Writs and summonses, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milroy.

Thus, acting upon the hint, Miss Isidora turned the plumber's man away, and resolutely declined to have anything to say to the book-agent and the tract-distributor. She considered herself in a state of siege, took her morning's milk into the window with a tin pail and a chain, communicated with the trades'-people from behind two square inches of doorway, and took everybody she did not know for an enemy. The Tower was hers, and The Tower she meant to keep. And Rebecca, her little maid, was stricken with breathless admiration for her warlike qualities.

"But, of course, ma'am," said Rebecca, "nobody can stand against the law."

"I'll see whether they can or not!" said Miss Isidora Ives. "Be sure you keep the kettles well filled, Rebecca, and don't let the fires go out, day or night."

And whenever she received through the mail a letter with a legal appearance, or an envelope crested with the firm address of Messrs. Tape & Stringham, her Cousin Robinson's lawyers, she invariably poked it between the bars of the grate, and smiled vindictively to see it blaze.

"What are we to do with such a case as this?" said Mr. Tape, when he heard all this.

"Put in a sheriff's officer at once," said Stringham. "The woman is a trespasser, and has been all her life."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Tape, blandly. "She's a woman. No harsh measures. It is Gideon Robinson's express injunction that all courtesy be shown to the defendant. We'll try something else before we proceed to extremities."

And one pleasant October afternoon, when the air was all blue mist, and the setting sun shone as if through a medium of opaque gold, the landlord of the Toplady Arms came puffing up the hill with a stout, pleasant-faced gentleman, and rang the bell, which echoed like a double chime through the tiny tower.

"Go away!" said Miss Isidora, from the window, spying the tops of two hats.

"Oh, my, ma'am!" squeaked Rebecca over her shoulder, shall I get the gun?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the stranger, "but——"

"Go away, I say!" sternly repeated Miss Isidora Ives. "Rebecca, bring in that kettle! I'll have you to understand that I am not to be trifled with."

But by this time mine host of the Toplady Arms had simultaneously recovered his breath and his presence of mind.

"Miss Ives," he puffed, stertorously, don't be flustrated! It's only Israel Jenkins."

"Bless the man's heart!" said Miss Isidora, "why didn't he say so before? And what on earth do you want here, Jenkins?"

"It's a lodger, Miss Ives," said Jenkins, who had married Miss Isidora's old nurse, and somehow felt himself to be connected with the family.

"A—lodger?" repeated Miss Ives. "This isn't a lodging-house, man alive!"

"Yes'm—I'm quite aware of that," said Israel, meekly. "And where no offense is intended, it's hoped as none will be took. But, knowing as you was alone and unprotected——"

"I don't know what you call unprotected," brusquely interrupted Miss Ives. "I've got a loaded gun and a six-gallon kettle of boiling water here."

"And," mildly went on Israel Jenkins, "this 'ere gentleman, a Mr. Marshall, of Alabama, wanted a pleasant lodging in the neighborhood, which meals could be took at the Toplady Arms—though our apartments is all occupied with the gentry as come to fish and shoot, through October—and November—and it might be a consolation to you, Miss Ives, to have a gentleman about the premises; and I could particular recommend him as very quiet and decent."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Isidora. "Why don't the man speak up for himself? Is he deaf and dumb?"

"It would be a great kindness, ma'am," said Mr. Marshall, of Alabama, at this direct appeal.

Miss Ives hesitated.

"Well," she said at last, "I don't know that I've any objections. Rebecca, unbolt and unchain the door!"

And so The Tower garrison was strengthened by an addition of one.

Of course, Miss Isidora Ives told Mr. Marshall the whole story before he had dwelt twenty-four hours behind the queer little wooden battlements of The Tower. Mr. Marshall listened quietly.

"Isn't it a clear case of swindling and extortion?" she demanded, excitedly, with her short curls (parted on one side, like a man's) all rumpled, her cheeks reddened, her plump little fist unconsciously doubled.

"I should think so," said Mr. Marshall.

"Would you submit to it?" she asked.

"No, I wouldn't," said Mr. Marshall.

"And all because my great-grandfather's name was written John B., instead of John C., in the deed," persisted Miss Isidora. "Why, any schoolboy would be ashamed to avail himself of any equivocation like that!"

Mr. Marshall proved himself a quiet and peaceable member of the little household. He liked dogs, and allowed Miss Ives' King Charles spaniel to sleep, undisturbed, amid the papers on his table.

He was partial to birds, and entered, at once, into the most friendly of alliances with the parrot and the macaw. He grafted Miss Isidora's orange tree for her, and showed her a new way to train her wax plants.

And at the end of four weeks Miss Isidora put into execution a plan which she had long been forming.

"Mr. Marshall," said she, "it's a great deal of trouble for you to go three times a day tramping down that long hill to the Toplady Arms and back again. You are no longer a stranger to us here. We have learned to respect and trust you. If you choose to take your meals with us here, I shall be quite willing to admit you to my frugal table, as a friend."

Mr. Marshall's countenance changed oddly. He made a curious sound in his throat as if he were swallowing something.

"Miss Isidora," he said, "I can't."

"Can't!" repeated the lady.

"Nothing could induce me to eat salt under this roof," said Mr. Marshall, incoherently.

"Bless and save us! Is the man mad?" cried Miss Isidora Ives.

"I am, socially speaking, a fraud," said the stranger—"a forgery."

Miss Ives sat down on the sofa in a helpless way and stared at him.

"But your sweet graciousness and kindness have conquered me," added Mr. Marshall.

"What do you mean?" said Miss Ives.

"Just this," said the stranger, "I am here on false pretenses. I am your cousin, the plaintiff. My name isn't Marshall, but Gideon Marshall Robinson."

"Ma'am," whispered the heartless maid, who turned absolutely green on hearing the name of the family enemy, "shall I bring the kettle of boiling water?"

"Rebecca," said Miss Ives, "hold your tongue and go out and feed the young turkeys. I am fully competent to manage this matter myself."

And Rebecca, feeling herself put down, departed.

"I came here," went on Mr. Robinson, "to look into the facts of the case for myself. I have heard of your prejudices against me——"

"Yes, I think so," interposed Miss Ives.

"And I do not blame you for them," said Mr. Robinson. "Now that I am personally acquainted with you, Miss Ives, nothing could induce me to prosecute this——"

"Iniquitous claim!" interposed Isidora.

"Iniquitous claim!" acceded Mr. Robinson, with a repetition of the swallowing sound. "Just what you please to call it. I respect you as a lady, but I appreciate you as a relative; but, of course, knowing who I am, you cannot tolerate me any longer as your friend. I will pack my bag and depart at once. I can only feel regretful that I have deceived you so long. I feel myself to be a hypocrite and a swindler!"

He waited meekly to receive the full tide of Miss Isidora's curbed wrath. She put out her plump little hand, with four dimples in the four joints.

"Don't go!" she said, in a low voice.

"What!" cried the incredulous plaintiff.

"There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends," said Miss Ives, in her odd, brusk way. "Things seem so very different, now that we are acquainted with each other. Couldn't we—compromise?"

"Isidora," said Mr. Robinson, "we're cousins, you know, twice removed. I may call you Isidora?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Miss Ives.

"We are the two last scions heirs."

"Plaintiff and defendant," nodded Isidora.

"Exactly so. Now it has just occurred to me—I mean, I've been thinking of it for some time—that if we were to unite our claims—"

"To get married, do you mean?" said Isidora, bluntly.

"Yes, precisely. It would put an end to all litigation," pleaded Marshall Robinson.

"So it would," observed Miss Isidora, thoughtfully.

"Would you be willing to marry me?" said Mr. Gideon Marshall Robinson.

"Y-yes!" said Isidora. "I think I should. I'm not young; but then six-and-thirty is not absolutely old."

"You are a rose in full bloom," said Mr. Robinson, enthusiastically, "and I myself am not a mere boy, it must be remembered."

"And if people should laugh at us?"

"Why, we'll let 'em laugh," said Isidora.

"And we'll laugh, too," said the middle-aged lover, cheerfully.

The fire was allowed to go down, the kettle cover taken off, the charges drawn from the gun, and The Tower pronounced to be no longer in a state of siege.

And this was the way in which the famous case of Robinson vs. Ives, which had promised to swell the fees of lawyers innumerable for the next ten years, was removed from the court of records. And no one was sorry except the legal gentlemen aforesaid.—Saturday Night.

Cured Birds Like Chick Weed.

"It is a kindness, as well as a pleasure, to caged birds to feed them pepper grass and chick weed occasionally," said a bird dealer to a Star reporter. "It is something they need, as it rests them up from the various seeds which are fed them. Canaries are specially fond of pepper grass, and it does them good. There is no difficulty in finding it in the lawns or in any of the parks, and no objection is ever made to any one pulling a few branches. Chick weed grows best in shady, protected places, and can be found in abundance. The white clover is also much relished by birds, though the red clover is better, but the latter is not so plenty except in the larger parks. The truth is, any kind of the grasses now, as they are in seed, is good food for caged birds. A bird can be depended upon to eat no more than it should eat, for there is hardly such a thing as overfeeding them. They know their limit, and they enjoy being kept up to it, as a change from the usual seeds."—Washington Star.

Crickets Now on Our Hearths.

It appears that the domestic cricket of Europe, the "cricket of the hearth," has been introduced into this country. In Minneapolis and elsewhere they have proved to be a great nuisance. House agents there claim that besides being tiresome and noisy, they are very destructive, so that "a house invaded by them could not be rented." This cricket was observed in Canada by Kalm in 1749, and its recent occurrence there has been confirmed by two well-known entomologists; and it has been observed in various Eastern towns by Uhler and others, but it has not hitherto been common in the United States, though frequently observed in Canada.—New York Independent.

To Ireland by Tunnel.

It is expected to erect a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland from the Mull of Cantire to Tor Point, in County Antrim, a distance of only thirteen miles. A tunnel between these two points will cost about $30,000,000, with an additional $5,000,000 for the gradings. A novel suggestion has been put forward which will abolish tunneling altogether. It is to construct a bridge enclosed in a continuous cylinder sunk some fifty feet below the surface and kept in position by anchors and chains.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Anticipation — College Confidence — His Choice—The "Git Thar" Faculty—As He Understood It—Reasonable Preference—Too Inflammable—A Precaution.

They say the airship's coming soon.
Right welcome will it be.
To all mankind 't will prove a boon,
But specially to me.

I'll only have to get on board,
('T will take me anywhere,)
Merrily then I'll steer it toward
My castle in the air.

—Puck.

His Choice.

"What, in your opinion, is the most pleasing decoration for a wheel?"

"A pretty woman."—Judge.

The "Git Thar" Faculty.

Groober—"Was it Joglin's ability that got him that $5000 position?"

Hoover—"Yes; his ability to get it."—Roxbury Gazette.

Too Inflammable.

Jack—"She used to be an old flame of yours, did she not?"

Arthur—"Yes; but that was when I had money to burn."—Puck.

As He Understood It.

The Count—"I have been invited to a tin wedding—"

The Baron—"Ah! The girl is being married for her money?"—Puck.

College Confidence.

Miss Girton—"And do you like Browning?"

Oxonian—"Well, to tell the truth, I'd as soon read a time-table."—Punch.

A Precaution.

"I know why the proprietor of this hotel makes our board bills so high."

"Why?"

"So that we can't jump them."—Harper's Weekly.

A Poor Specimen.

Friend—"Does your town boast of a baseball team?"

Suburbanite—"No. We used to boast of one; but we have to apologize for it now."—Puck.

An Illustration.

Thacher—"What is meant by 'inconsistency?'"

Pupil—"That would be if a person was to ride one make of wheel this year and a different make next year."—Puck.

Reasonable Preference.

"I am told your wife would rather cook than eat."

The other man glanced nervously over his shoulder. "What she cooks, yes," he replied in a hoarse whisper.—Detroit Journal.

Inured to Hardship.

Wife—"Here's a wonderful case of endurance. A fellow sat in the rigging of a wrecked vessel three days and didn't seem to mind it."

Husband—"He had probably been used to riding on an anatomical bicycle saddle."—Truth.

Easy to Cure.

The Wife—"Doctor, can you do anything for my husband?"

Doctor—"What seems to be the matter?"

The Wife—"Worrying about money."

Doctor—"Oh, I can relieve him of that all."

Obvious.

He—"Where have you been?"

She—"Downtown, looking over some bonnets.'

He—"Looking over some bonnets, did you say?"

She—"That's what I said."

He—"Then they were not theatre bonnets?"—Yonkers Statesman.

How He Got Around It.

Chalumeau has just returned from a fishing expedition.

"Well," his friends ask him, "did you catch anything?"

"I missed my twelfth fish!" answers Chalumeau, who thus spares himself the humiliation of telling that he missed his first as well."—Le Figaro.

Time Serving.

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company.

Mistress (from the head of the stairs) —"Bridget!"

Bridget—"Yes, ma'am."

Mistress—"It's 10 o'clock."

Bridget—"Thank ye, ma'am. And will be so koind ez to tell me whin it's 12?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Paired Off.

Bilkins—"I hope I'm not in the way, Miss Tompkyns."

Miss Tompkyns—"Why, Mr. Bilkins, how can you suggest such a thing! You know I believe in even numbers. Polly and Charley make two; Jack and I make four; you and the dog make six. We are all paired off nicely."—The Yellow Kid.

He Knew His Worth.

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear."

Professor von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—"I blay accompaniments sometimes."

Young Lady—"Accompaniments to singing?"

Professor von Spieler—"Aggompaniments to gonversations."—Tit-Bits.

Untrue.

She—"Harry, you said something last evening that made me feel so bad."

He—"Why was it, dearest?"

She—"You said I was one of the sweetest girls in all the world."

He—"And aren't you, darling?"

She—"You said 'one of the sweetest.' Oh, Harry, to think I should live to know that I have to share your love with another."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The perspiration from human beings, if injected into rabbits or dogs, causes death.

A machine for registering the strokes made by the oarsmen in a rowboat was recently exhibited in London.

Dr. Weinek's great photographic atlas of the moon is to be made on scales of ten to thirteen feet for the moon's diameter.

In the night illumination of the British fleet of warships assembled for the Jubilee naval review 75,000 sixteen-candle power electric lamps were employed.

A goldfish will die in ninety minutes if placed in water which contains one per cent. of alcohol. In water which contains twenty per cent. of alcohol it will die instantly.

Common salt that is used daily in our food is needed in the body. It aids digestion and the assimilation of the food, and helps in the composition of many of the tissues.

A prize of $600 is offered for 1898 by L'Industrie Electrique for the best work done in the manufacture of permanent magnets. It is not stated whether or not the prize is open for international competition.

A hospital has been opened in London for the treatment of wounds, ulcers and kindred ailments by oxygen gas. The new method of treatment was suggested by the Zulus. When they are wounded, they climb an eminence and expose their wounds to the pure air of the mountain tops.

What is called Froude's Law of Increase in the Speed of Ships assumes, as an example, that an increase of one in a hundred, or, as we may say, about four miles a day in the swiftest transAtlantic steamers, calls for two per cent. of added length, six per cent. of displacement, seven per cent. of horse power and fuel.

The bayonets of marines on board British ships-of-war having frequently become highly magnetized through proximity to dynamos, and thus affected the ships' compasses when the wearers passed them. Sentries have been ordered not to wear side-arms when on duty in the dynamo flats. This is expected to overcome the difficulty.

A Canadian sea captain has invented an apparatus with which he thinks whales can be killed by electric shock. A harpoon is fixed at the end of a long metallic cable, properly insulated, and which serves in place of the usual rope. Through this cable an electric current of 10,000 volts is to be sent by means of a dynamo carried in the whaleboat.

An electric target, the invention of two Austrian military men, is reported to have given satisfactory results in a recent test at Gratz. The target is of the usual form, but made of meshes of wire tolerably close together. It is connected with the stand by an electric cable, and when any part of it is hit by a ball the electric current is closed, ringing a bell, and signaling on an indicator at the stand the portion of the target struck.

Captain John Smith's Epitaph.

In St. Sepulchier's Church, opposite Newgate Prison, London, is the burial place of Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, and his epitaph, which was written by Dryden, sounds like the tramp of a marching army. It reads thus:

To the living memory
of his deceased friend
Capt. JOHN SMITH
Sometime Governor of Virginia
And admiral of New England
Who dep't this life
21, June 1631.

Accer Hamus Vincere est Vivere.

Here lyes one conquered that hath conquered kynges
Subdued large territories and done thyngs
Which to the world impossible would seeme
But that the truth is held in more esteeme
Shall I repeat his former service done
In honour of his God and Chrystendom?
Now that he did deryde from pagans Three
Their heads and lyves, types of his chivalry
For which great service in that clymate done
Brave Sigismundus, king Hungarion
Did gyve him as a coat of arms to wear
Their conquered heads, got by his sword and speare.
Or shall I tell of his adventures since
Done in Virginia that large continent,
How that he subdued kynges unto his yoke
And made those heathen flee as wyande doth smoke,
And made their land being of so large a station,
An habitation for our Chrystian nation
Where God is glorifyed, their wants supplyed
Which else for necessaries must have dy'd.
But what avails his conquest now he lyves
Interred in earth a prey to worms and flyes
O! may his soul in sweet elysium sleep
Until the keeper that all souls doth keep
Returns to judgment; and that after thence
With angels he may have his recompense.

Art Work on the Bows of Our Ships.

On all the new vessels of the navy the American shield has displaced as a figurehead the unique designs carried on the older vessels. This is carved out of solid brass, with the Stars and Stripes and the shield proper fitted close around the slender bow, while scroll work extends backward on either side for a distance of four or five feet. The New York, Minneapolis and Philadelphia have possibly the most elaborate designs, some having cost $5000 each.

Extraordinary Career of a Bell Ringer.

Thomas Hussey, bell ringer at the Leigh Parish Church, Lancashire, England, has completed an extraordinary career as a ringer. He was born in 1812, became a ringer when fifteen years of age, and rang the mourning peal for the burial of George IV. He also rang for the coronation and funeral of William IV., the accession, coronation, and jubilee of Queen Victoria, and recently rang for the Queen's diamond jubilee.

It's a Wearing Game.

The London stock brokers are said to wear out the floor of the Stock Exchange every five years. This means that the floor is worn away to the depth of half an inch.

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The signs are bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At every prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare,
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"How would you like to be a light-house keeper?" She—"Very much, name the date."—The Ledger.

Women who have tried it say that naming a baby for the doctor doesn't reduce the bill any.—Atchison Globe.

"Where was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in the South of London Board School. "Please, sir, at the bottom."—Tit-Bits.

Young Lady (hurriedly)—"I want a novel — something popular." Book Clerk (briskly)—"Yes, Miss. What sort—wicked or vapid?"—New York Weekly.

Dear Old Boston Again—Visitor—"I hear there is sickness next door. Is it contagious?" Phillips—"Oh, not at all, madam; merely contiguous."—Truth.

First Tramp—"The lady over yonder tried to get me to work for a cent." Second Tramp—"Maybe she took you for one of those penny-in-the-slot machines."

"What did you stop that clock in your room for, Jane?" "Because, mum, the plaguey thing has some sort of a fit every mornin', mum, jest when I wants to sleep."—Tit-Bits.

"Yes," remarked a Chicago girl, "he represents one of the oldest families." "Does he date before the fire?" "No—not quite so far back as that. But he's one of the people who have ridden the old-style high wheels."—Washington Star.

Smith—"Jones has bought some sort of gymnastic apparatus, and he exercises half an hour every night." Robinson—"Well, he's a very persevering fellow. I suppose he'll keep at that until a couple of week's after he's tired of it."—Puck.

"I don't mind Jack's slang," said one of the girls. "He is so clever in the use of it." "Howso?" "Why, he sent me three dozen photos of 'famous beauties,' with a card on which the only words were: "You're another!"—Household Words.

"The chief end of man seems to be to get something for nothing," said the young man who was striving to conciliate his best girl's father. "Too true," mused the old gentleman. "For instance, you're trying to get my daughter for yourself."—Detroit Free Press.

"George, do you know that you came home at three o'clock this morning and acted dreadfully silly?" "What did I say?" "Well, for one thing, you called me a wingless angel." "Did I say that?" "Yes." "I own up, my dear. I was drunk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Reformer—"I'm trying to write an essay on the emancipation of my sex, and I find it very hard to begin." Second Reformer—"Oh, I think that would be so easy. Why, you might begin by sharpening your pencil with your husband's razor, you know."—Detroit Journal.

Phyllis accidentally discovered a doll that her mother had concealed in a trunk in readiness for the little lady's birthday. The following day at dinner she surprised the family by remarking: "I'm trying so hard to forget something I want to remember that I don't feel hungry."—Judge.

Loud-voiced Sergeant—"Now, Macpherson—you long-limbed, raw-boned, fog-featured scarecrow, eyes right. Be smart, you dunderhead, and, if your're not shot, you'll be a soldier one day, like me." Macpherson—"Like you, Sergeant! 'Deed, ye make me long for the risk of battle."—Tit-Bits.

Commercial Traveler (to boy who has answered the bell)—"I want the boots. You're not the boots, surely?" Boy in Buttons—"No sir! I'm the socks!" Commercial Traveler—"Sock! You impudent young demon; what do you mean?" Boy in Buttons—"Why, you see, sir, I'm under the boots."—Tit-Bits.

"Yes," she said confidentially to her dearest friend, "it's all settled. We've practically made all arrangements." "I suppose you will go to housekeeping at once." "Have you picked out a flat yet?" "Oh, dear, no; we have attended to the more important matter first," she explained. "We went downtown yesterday and picked out our tandem wheel."—Chicago Evening Post.

Awoke During Her Funeral.

Clara Purking, a handsome young woman of Denligh, Va., awoke from a trance while her funeral service was in progress. While the quartet was singing a hymn, the girl arose in her coffin, crying out: "Am I dreaming? I'm not dead. You shall not bury me." Then she fell back in the coffin exhausted. Immediately there was an uproar. Women fainted, others shrieked and men and women rushed out of the house. Several children were trampled upon and hurt. The girl is slowly recovering.

Saved the Boy.

An old man, eighty-eight years of age, standing on the bridge at Strakouitz, near Pilson, in Bohemia, saw a schoolboy drowning in the river at Wattawa. He jumped in, got the boy to land, but sank back exhausted and was being carried off by the current when an eighteen-year-old girl swam to him and saved him.