...*Chine*... that everything ... China to a poor ... considered a test of ... ence which owes much of its strength ... attachment of the people to every ... who comes unspotted through the ... severe temptation of Chinese official life.

Sweden is not an overcrowded country. On the contrary, it is more thinly settled than some of our States. Combined with Norway it is the largest country in Europe, except Russia. There is plenty of room for the people; but they do not care to stay there. They prefer to emigrate to our Northwest, with a soil and resources inferior to some portions, at least, of their native kingdom. The New York *Press* exclaims: It is an extraordinary spectacle—this Swedish emigration—far different in motive and character from any other that seeks our shores.

Professor Rein, a scientist who has been investigating the material resources of Japan, says: "They reveal a national frugality and economy of a marvelous type. The area of Japan is less than that of California. Its cultivated land is less than one-tenth of its total acreage, yet its products support about 38,000,000 people. In Japan 2560 persons subsist from each square mile of tilled land." If the land were divided up among the people a single-taxer wouldn't have room enough on his own plot to swing his theory without knocking down his neighbor's fences.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* remarks: The man who has secured a lease of islands in the Great Salt Lake and an appropriation of $30,000 to cross the buffalo to common cattle has worked a very neat little game. The preservation of the buffalo is a worthy object, but it is rather late to begin now, when the animal is practically extinct. As for crossing the buffalo with domestic cattle, this scheme can only be in the interest of the boarding-house keeper who wishes to improve upon the toughness of the long-horned Western steer and thus secure an indestructible steak.

...M. Bittenbender, lawyer at ... W. C. T. U., has ...

...settlers alon... ...ged to Mr. Da... He did not hire me, ...ing ...out the teams were in charge of ...er named McCall, whom I soon ...y be a good-natured, good-... fellow. Each of us had a native ...sist in managing the teams, and, ...ough neither of them could speak ten ...words of English, they were valuable ...men, and had no difficulty in being understood.

It was about Christmas time, and the weather was very sultry, and we aimed to make only fifteen miles a day. We had a full week's journey before us, and nothing of much interest happened until the fourth day. We went into camp a little earlier than usual on that afternoon, as one of the wagons needed repairs. Our vehicles, afer coming to a halt, stood about twenty-five feet apart. While I was building a fire to cook supper by one of the blacks went off after rabbits, and McCall took the other with him to help cut and bring back a lever with which to raise the wagon off its wheels. I was thus left alone for a few minutes, and they had scarcely disappeared from sight in the scrub when a man burst out of the thicket on the other side and came running up to me. His face and hands were scratched and bleeding, his clothing in tatters, his hat gone, and he had such a wild and terrible look that I should have run away from him had I been able to do anything but stand and stare with mouth wide open. McCall had told me of escaped convicts and hard cases who had taken to the bush to make a living by robbing, and the man had come upon me so suddenly that I was knocked out for the moment.

"For God's sake, young feller, give me a bite to eat!" he said as he stood before me. "Don't be afraid of me—I'm a sheep herder who has been lost in the bush for three days."

I stepped to the wagon and handed him a piece of bacon, some hard crackers, and a handful of tea, and then found voice to ask:

"But why not stop with us for the night?"

"Thanks, but I'm in a great hurry to get back to my herd. I know where I am now, and can get there in three hours. Any matches?"

I gave him some, and he looked all around to make sure that we were alone, and then said:

"Young feller, do me a greater favor ...ill. Lend me your pistol and knife un... ...orrow, when you will pass my ...nd, furthermore, be kind ...tion to any one that I ... you shall never ...

...Davi... ...Starter, and had taken a range above us on the Darling River. My flock was to go, as also that of the herder to the south of me, and we had been called in to receive instructions. Both of us herders were to enter into the employ of the new arrivals, who had already secured their land and built the house and stables for the overseer. This man had come up from Adelaide with them, and was a Scotchman named McFarland. The other, who was an Irish lad of twenty, was O'Hara.

When we made ready to start, the two gentlemen were mounted on horses. The overseer drove the bullock wagon, assisted by a black, and O'Hara and myself were on foot. Some of our neighbors had been troubled with bushrangers, but we had seen nothing of them, and as the police patrol in the district had lately been increased we felt no fear that the rangers would meddle with us on our journey. The weather was now pretty cold, but as the country was bad we had to let the sheep pick their way and go slow. In the first three days we made only about twenty-seven miles, but this was thought to be good progress under the circumstances. On the third night, when at least ten miles from any settlers, and more than that from any regular highway, we found a natural valley in which the sheep could be herded, and our own camp was made in a grove of ironwood, near a waterhole. We had finished supper and were grouped about the fire, when one of the dogs barked and we looked up to find ourselves covered by five rifles. There were five strange, hard-looking men forming a half-circle about us, having crept into the grove so softly that the dogs had not heard them until the last moment.

"Brail up or under you go!" shouted a voice, and every one of us threw up his hands.

"Now, then, the first one you who makes a shy move will get a bullet! Close in, boys!"

The five advanced to our feet, each keeping his gun leveled, and when I could see the man who had spoken I at once identified him as Ballarat Sam, the man whom I had befriended months before. He recognized me almost as quickly, and, taking a step forward, said:

"Well, boy, you did me a good turn that day, and I'll not forget it. Move over to the left. Now, then, gents who are you?"

The gentlemen gave him their names and told him their business. They were pretty badly frightened, as I could see, while the overseer trembled like a man in a chill. As he was a big, strong fellow, and had laughed at the idea of bushrangers meddling with us, I could ...d his fear until Sam spoke ...

...he said, as a ...

...direction befor... ...k. We were ... in the scrub, living on roots and decayed wild fruit, before a settlement, and were then al... miles from Davidson's. We w... looking lot when we finally ... home, and, while Mr. Cullen was ... with fever to die in about ten days, Mr. Williams was so broken up that he lived only long enough to get down to the coast. A year later Sam and two of that crowd were caught, tried at Sandhurst, and O'Hara and I saw them drop from the gallows.—*New York Sun.*

Fight Between a Ram and Eagle.

Benjamin Shiffer, a farmer of Tunkhannock Township, Monroe County, Penn., is responsible for an account of a thrilling fight between a Southdown ram and an eagle. Farmer Shiffer was plowing on a hillside when an eagle soaring above his flock of sheep in the valley below attracted his attention. The eagle dropped, and in his swoop attempted to carry off a small lamb from its mother's side. He missed his clutch, and knocked the ewe down in his flight. Before he could renew his attack, and while on the ground, the Southdown ram lowered his head, butted the bird in the breast and knocked it over. Before the ram could follow up this advantage, however, the savage bird had fastened its talons in his back. Bleating loudly, he endeavored to shake the royal bird off. After he had been severely beaten with the bird's wing he managed to shake himself free. The eagle now tried once more to capture the lamb, and did fasten his talons in its back in spite of the mother's frantic attempts to protect her offspring. At this point the plucky old ram renewed the fight. He butted the bird several times, and finally got a good one home under the eagle's wings, which kept him on the ground. The eagle released the lamb and sailed into the ram again. The farmer arrived on the scene by this time, armed with a fence rail. He dealt the eagle a blow on the neck, breaking it and settling the fight. As soon as the ram was freed from the clutch of the bird's talons he fell to butting the dead enemy. The lamb was dead, and its courageous father had lost considerable wool in the engagement.—*New York Sun.*

"A Good Soldier Never Looks Behind."

"Almost all these pension papers have a history of public interest," remarked Pension Examiner Craig. "We have some actual romances, as strange as fiction, and, of course, instances of bravery and endurance equal to the bravest of the brave. Now and then a humorous story of the camp and field develops. In examining into a case the other day a physician of this city tells me a good story. The widow of a soldier made application for a pension, her husband having died in 1871 from alleged injuries received during his enlistment. The physician was a ...r of the same company, but could ...ession of the alleged in... ...that while the ... was gen... ...as par... One ...his

...growing in force a... Gabe was workin... ergy, making a slui... the water, at the sa... assistants how to b... was to be constructed ... on the other and bank... old men, whose strength was ... the efforts they put forth to the ... ment, leaned on their shovels pre... and took an observation of the progress of the fire, and reckoned on the probability of the small force being able to complete the dam before the overflow would come.

"Why, Gabe, how can you work so hard in this heat with your coat on?" one of them remarked, querulously, as he wiped his brow with a soiled handkerchief.

"Didn't think of that," said Gabe, and in a moment he was at work again without coat or vest to impede him. "Does go easier," he said, cheerily, as he strengthened the side of the sluice with a large stone. "Now, if you old fellows ain't played out, you can shovel some dirt behind that rock."

"I ain't played out," one of the old men said, "but I'm thinkin' you'd better git fast as your hoss can carry you, or you won't save much from that little house of yours up to Summit."

One of the boys stopped in his digging, his breath growing short, and looked at the conflagration sweeping up the mountain side. "Gabe, hadn't I better ride up and tell your wife the fire's comin'?" he said.

"No; you stay here and dig. Mrs. Harris knows as much about the fire comin' her way as we do. She's got eyes."

Yet, with all his cheerful manner and the courage in his voice, Gabe did not dare to look up from his work, for fear the sight of the tempest of flames that was rushing to the destruction of his home would overcome his resolution to save Kendall if possible.

"But don't you think you'd better go, Gabe?" the old man queried. "Charity begins to home, you know."

"Stop pesterin' me and work, or get out of the road."

The old man, offended, shoveled in a desultory way.

"Spoonfuls don't count; tain't the little grains of sand we want here, but shovelfuls," and suiting action to word, Gabe dumped a pile of sand against the stone he had just put in place. The old man, feeling that he was useless, threw down his shovel and walked away; the other one joined him, and together they went to chatter with the women who were standing in the highway, alternately gazing at the fire and noting the progress of the dam.

"Is the dam done?" asked one woman eagerly of the old men.

"Done? It will never be done, for the overflow will come first."

"Better get out your things," said the other old man.

...gestion stampeded the women. ...ch to her home, the ...eir mothers, who ...peaks and ...a frantic ...edless

all ... the valley. Then I knew." And she kissed him.

"But the overflow! Did it come?"

"Yes. Just after I lost sight of you in the smoke."

"And the dam?"

"It held. See, Kendall is safe; and there would not have been time to save it after the train came."

And in the look of pride and love she gave him Gabe found his reward.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Co-Operative and Loan Associations.

It is estimated that there are about 4000 co-operative and loan associations in the United States; that their accumulations of property represent $300,000,000, and that the amount paid to them for one year in the form of dues alone exceeds $65,000,000. These associations, in their earlier days in Philadelphia, were called building clubs, and later they have been known under the name of building and loan associations. Under any name they mean essentially one and the same thing; which is the forming of corporations in which the members shall loan money to one another on certain fixed terms, and by means of which laboring men, for the most part in our towns and cities, may be able to add to the shares which they have purchased in this association, together with the fines and dues which accure, a sum equal to what they have already invested in them, and apply it to the building or buying of homes for themselves. During the last thirty years these associations have increased in all parts of the country. The first one was organized in Philadelphia in 1831; the second was formed in 1845, and from 1845 to 1850 about fifty were created in Philadelphia alone.—*New York Dispatch.*

Walking in a Circle.

Writing of sporting in Canada, a traveler insists upon the necessity of carrying a pocket compass. Without one, no one can keep a straight course when the sky is overcast.

The tendency on these occasions is to walk in circles. It is very annoying, but by no means unusual to find one's self, after two hours' hard walking, at the exact spot one started from. Indeed, I have completed my circle in half an hour when lost in the woods without a compass. I have remarked, too, that I almost invariably trend to the right, not to the left, and on comparing notes with other "bushwhackers," I find that I am not singular in this respect. Can it be that the left is generally the better leg of the two, and takes, imperceptibly, the longer stride?

Deformity the Mother of Fashions.

Disraeli declares that the origin of many fashions is to be found in the endeavor of the devotee to conceal some deformity of nature by recourse to art. ...atches were invented in England," he ... "by a foreign lady, who by this ... ingeniously covered a wen on her ... Wigs were invented by a French ... to conceal an elevation in the ... of the Dauphin. Charles VII., ... introduced the long-tailed ...e his ill-made legs. Shoes ...tin were invented to con... ...escence on the foot of ... When Francis I. ... his hair short, owing ...e, it became a pre... ...Colonel ... ...street fy... sir. ...*Judge.*

PERHAPS NOT ALWAYS.

Snooper—"Jaysmith, did you hear about my roan horse running away with me?"

Jaysmith—"No; I thought you told me you could always hold your own."—*Brooklyn Life.*

MANICURING RUSTY NAILS.

Customer—"These nails I bought here yesterday are in a terrible condition. Half of them are rusty."

Salesman (indignantly)—"Well, what if they are. You do not suppose we can manicure every pound that goes out, do you?"

SIGNIFICANT SHAKESPEAREAN TITLES.

After the Play—She—"Shakespeare is simply marvelous."

Young Talkley—"He is, indeed. Even the names he gives his minor characters have a deep significance. Look at Pistol, for instance; he was always loaded."—*Bostonian.*

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

Ella—"However did you get your pa's consent?"

Bella—"I induced him to set the dog on George last night. This morning George called on him and threatened to bring suit for damages unless he allowed us to marry."—*Epoch.*

A POSSIBLE REASON.

Harry—"Mamma, why don't chickens have teeth?"

Mamma—"They don't need them, Harry; they have their bills for teeth."

Harry (reflectively)—"Aunty has a bill for teeth; I guess that's the reason she is called an old hen."—*Puck.*

AN EVENING PROPOSITION.

Canvasser (who has oozed in)—"I have here, sir, a copy of Professor Bulliger's work on pantheology."

His Victim—"Sir! I am Professor Bulliger, himself."

Canvasser—"Is that so? Well, gimme a dollar, will yer, fer th' hard time I have sellin' it."

A FAIR INFERENCE.

Old Mr. Cumso (as the clock strikes twelve)—"Is that young man in the parlor with Mabel a minister?"

Mrs. Cumso—"What makes you ask that?"

Old Mr. Cumso—"I inferred so from the fact that he is holding a protracted meeting."—*Judge.*

RATHER TOO URGENT.

Mrs. Tiptop—"Won't you sing for us to-night, Miss Higheff?"

Miss Higheff (modestly)—"Really, Mrs. Tiptop, I am so hoarse, I could scarcely sing above a whisper."

Mrs. Tiptop (effusively)—"Oh, we ...'n't mind that, my dear. You must ..."—*New York Weekly.*

HER WAY.

... home by ten o'clock, dear," ... Clubman, a month after his ...nt if I'm not in don't wait ...i, dear," said Mrs. Club... At one minute past ... her spouse, and ... Since then he is ...ght at ten sharp.

SHE COULDN'T GET HIM TO TREAT.

Mary Jane (while passing the ice cream parlor)—"Oh, I feel so thirsty and hot that I am almost fainting."

John Henry—"Well, let us take a turn through the park. We can get a nice cool drink at the fountain, and then we can sit in the shade for a while."—*Epoch.*

CORRECT.

The dull boy sometimes displays an unexpected streak of brightness.

Teacher—"Which New England State has two capitals?"

Boy—"New Hampshire."

Teacher—"Indeed! Name them."

Boy—"Capital N and capital H."—*Harper's Bazar.*

GREAT NERVE.

"He has a terrible nerve."

"Who? Chumpleigh?"

"Yes. Why that fellow was managing a traveling 'Hamlet' troupe out in Kansas once, and when the audience called for the author at the close of the play Chumpleigh went before the curtain and bowed."—*New York Sun.*

OH, NOTHING MUCH.

He—"I can't imagine what's become of my razor. Have you seen it, my dear?"

She—"It's in the kitchen, Harold, and I'll go right now and fetch it myself. Bridget was so careless as to lose the can opener last night, and I—why, whatever is the matter, dearest?"—*American Grocer.*

BLOOD ON THE MOON.

Wife—"My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog."

Husband—"Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time."

Wife—"But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your hunting dog."

Husband (wildly)—"Where's my gun?"—*New York Weekly.*

THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

There stood in the dock a big, burly artisan, a regular Hercules in point of stature, brought up on a charge of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

"Prisoner," said the Judge, "have you engaged any one to defend you?"

"What's that? I don't want ... body. Come on, any half ... you!"—*De Amsterdammer.*

TERRIBLE PRIVA...

"I ree'lect very well," said ... able man, "when the high t... ducah in '44 kept me a p... three days on a ridgepole of a ba...

"What did you live on, grandf..." ...quired one of the interested litt... ...itters."

"All them three days, children," ... the aged Kentuckian, shuddering ... recollection, "I lived on water."

POOR FELLOW.

"Don't you remember m... he enunciated tramp. "I ... last summer and ... you."

"Why, y... tramp, that ... first loaf of br...

"I ...

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

"Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?" asked the woman's rights advocate, as she adjusted her spectacles and looked around upon the audience.

"That's it," said a bald headed man in the back of the hall, "put it to 'em straight. Bring these opponents of woman suffrage right to their mutton."

"You see," pursued the lady, "we are not without our friends among the stronger sex. Again I ask the question, Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?"

"Good, good," cried the bald headed man, enthusiastically; "she can do more. A woman can do things that a man can't do. I know it."

"You hear," said the lady triumphantly, as she waved her hand, "you hear what the champion of our down-trodden sex says. A woman can do things that a man can't do. Tell us, my friend, what a woman can do that a man can't do."

"She can talk a man to death, by jingo," said the baldheaded man, "and if you could hear my old woman when she gets her tongue on to me you'd believe it, and don't you forgit it."

This speech broke up the meeting.—*New York Herald.*

The Greatest Iron Plant.

Since the death of the elder Krupp, three years ago, his only son seems to have man...ed the great works at Essen, German...with an energy and success fully equal to his own. The total number of men employed is 1887 was 20,000; at present it is about 25,000. The works now cover about 1000 acres. Includ... in the plant are cast steel works at Essen, three coal mines near Essen and Bochum, 547 iron ore mines in Germany, se... iron ore mines in Spain, four ... other parts of Europe, a tr... ground about ten miles long ... about five miles long, fo... ers, eleven large furn... stoves, 459 steam ... steam hammers ... tool-making m... tives ... 4000 ... to ...

...roof was on fire."—*Detroit Free Press.*

...outside the gate ...

...three-mile sections, he ought to ... about three round trips a day over each track. This would make a day's average of twenty-four miles.

"An experienced track walker can tell a loose bolt at a glance. Sometimes it will be caused by a broken rail, and he will see that the joints do not fit. Generally a loose joint will be indicated by a disturbance of the earth, causing a crevice between the sleeper and the rail. In this case the track walker props the rail with a thin piece of wood, which he must carry in his outfit. Fish plates and angle plates are distributed along the line, and the track walker sometimes has to replace broken plates if there isn't time for the section gang to come up before a train is due. In case of a broken rail or obstructions which he can't handle, the track walker puts torpedoes on the tracks and uses his red flag to warn a passing train. Then he leaves his patrol and informs the foreman and trackman as soon as possible. In emergency cases at night the track walker wraps his red flag about the lantern as a signal. Torpedoes are used also.

"I never heard of a track walker's being promoted to a better paying position. Once a track walker always a track walker."

"Anybody can get such a job, then," suggested the reporter.

"Not a bit of it," retorted the patriarch. "You couldn't, for instance. I'd like to see you bolt one of those angle plates; and you'd have to do it in case of emergency. A man must have experience as a trackman first. The foreman picks his track walker out of the trackmen. Their pay is all the same—about $1.35 a day. But if there is any promoting being done, the track walker is never the lucky one. Some trackman gets the raise. The track walker must go back to the section gang again if he expects to get up in the world.

"As a rule, track walkers keep at it ... their lives. A man who worked ... me on the section between Phil... Craryville, on the Harlem ... six miles long, made ... day. He started o... A. M., and by th... trip of twelve ... got dinne... way to ... Mich...

WHAT A MAN CAN DO.

"Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?" asked the woman's rights advocate, as she adjusted her spectacles and looked around upon the audience.

"That's it," said a bald headed man in the back of the hall, "put it to 'em straight. Bring these opponents of woman suffrage right to their mutton."

"You see," pursued the lady, "we are not without our friends among the stronger sex. Again I ask the question, Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?"

"Good, good," cried the bald headed man, enthusiastically; "she can do more. A woman can do things that a man can't do. I know it."

"You hear," said the lady triumphantly, as she waved her hand, "you hear what the champion of our down-trodden sex says. A woman can do things that a man can't do. Tell us, my friend, what a woman can do that a man can't do."

"She can talk a man to death, by jingo," said the baldheaded man, "and if you could hear my old woman when she gets her tongue on to me you'd believe it, and don't you forgit it."

This speech broke up the meeting.—*New York Herald.*

The Greatest Iron Plant.

Since the death of the elder Krupp, three years ago, his only son seems to have man...ed the great works at Essen, German...with an energy and success fully equal to his own. The total number of men employed is 1887 was 20,000; at present it is about 25,000. The works now cover about 1000 acres. Includ... in the plant are cast steel works at Essen, three coal mines near Essen and Bochum, 547 iron ore mines in Germany, se... iron ore mines in Spain, four ... other parts of Europe, a tr... ground about ten miles long ... about five miles long, fo... ers, eleven large furn... stoves, 459 steam ... steam hammers ... tool-making m... tives ... 4000 ... to ...

WISE WORDS.

Not to love is not to live.

Look up, and you will climb up.

Life without hope is living death.

Selfishness is the assassin of the soul.

If you live to die, you will die to live.

It is not the crown that makes the King.

If your heart is wrong, your life will be wrong.

Not to love the good is a proof that you are bad.

If you want to bear the cross easily, don't drag it.

The real giant is the man who overcomes himself.

The poorest man on earth is the one who has the fewest trials.

The incomprehensible are the things most admired and desired.

People who elevate themselves by flattering each other are like balloons packed with ice for ballast.

One half of the world is steeped in sentiment and the other half languishes in a dull respectability.

Most people who make a business of casting bread upon the waters expect it to come back pound-cake.

A man can determine how much authority he should have by a comparison with how much he can bear.

It is a law that all bread cast upon the waters shall return; but expectation often grows weary waiting for the tide.

A perfect gentleman is the noblest work of society. The perfect man belongs to an order of things not yet.

For one man to ask another to vote for him, it is equivalent to asking him to breathe for him, or earn a living for him.

One often thinks of a pretty man, "What a nice little woman he would make." But never of a mannish woman, "What a manly man."

If people are only free to do what they are taught, the principle of freedom is destroyed by teaching, and the moral responsibility rests with the teacher.

Profits of the Paris Exposition.

M. Neymarck has communicated ... Paris Chamber of Commerce a ... the profits which accrued to Fr... the recent Paris exhibition. ... posits at the Bank of France were ... 000,000 in excess of the normal ... Between May and the close of the ... bition 600,000 English and Americ... tourists arrived; the Americans had le... ters of credit and cheques, for which they obtained gold amounting to $70,000,000 and there were 1,500,000 other forei... visitors. Deposits in private bank... by a sum of $16,500,000. The ... companies increased their ... from passengers' traffic by $1,... The Seine River steamers gained ... What wagonettes and other ve... hicles earned seems incredible. ... marck knows the owners of ... which did thirty-three double jo... day, conveying at each journ... persons at twenty cents apiece, ... ing about $100 a day.—*Lond...*

...if you like. ... club. We have one which will answer. Yours truly, ARZL SHEERER.

—*Terre Haute Express.*

If some means are not systematically and methodically adopted to exterminate this bird there will be very little profit in fruit raising in those sections where deciduous fruits are exclusively produced.

A German naturalist estimates as follows the number of eggs a hen may lay: The ovary of a hen contains about 600 embryo eggs, of which not more than twenty are matured in the first year. The second year produces 120; the third 125, the fourth 114; and in the following four years the number decreases ... twenty yearly. In the ninth year ... ten eggs can be expected.

A Horse Dentist.

At the quarters of the Salvage Corps the other day Dr. Welles, a veterinary dentist, paid his annual visit. One by one the horses were brought out into the yard in the rear of the house and backed up against the fence. The doctor seized the first horse by the nose, got hold of the animal's tongue and pulled it out as far as possible. He then examined the teeth with his fingers and ascertained what was to be done. He took from his grip a stick about a foot long, to which he attached a noose, which he twisted around the horse's nose, forcing him ... open his mouth. Then the dentist t... a long nickeled tubular instrument, ... one end of which was attached a chis... around which was a guard which reste... on the horse's lower teeth. A rod ... shoved through the tube, caus... chisel to chip pieces off the t... making them one height ... was then brought to p... sharpened. All the ... and treated in ... mouth of each ... pulled ...

...tiary New England ... is the hole.—*Troy Tim...*

In ancient times 'twas A...
The lightning did defy ...
In modern times 'tis Ke...
This feature will supp...

Popinjay (passing ... cious! What is t... man leaning over ... Blobson—"Got a ...—*Mercury.*

Bank Cashier ... opening his mail a... ment)—"Hello, this ... drawn in the Oil Regio... three days grace on it."

Trumble (to office boy)—... me if the sporting editor is ... Office Boy—"He ain't got ... He's outside making the baseb... the bulletin."—*Pittsburg Press.*

Mrs. Brown—"Why do you ... have the doctor come to see you, ... Is it because you get nice things t... Little Johnny—"Naw; 'caus... my tongue out at him."—...

"Girls are queer." ... when that pauper Bob... Miss Stockanbonds, ... looked tickled to deat... dowed her with all his w...—*Bazar.*

Mrs. Jinks—"I declare, A... to be married! It is frightf... girls marry nowadays. A wom... never think of it until she ha... the age of discretion!" Mr. Jin... other words, you would ... them stay single all their ...—*Prence American.*

There is a post... Deer Valley, ... For six w... receiv...