

The Queenstown News.

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"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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It is estimated that the present wealth of the United States exceeds that of the whole world at any period prior to the middle of the eighteenth century.

A German statistician has calculated that of every 1000 persons 100 reach the age of seventy-five, thirty-eight the age of eighty-five, and only two reach ninety-five. In the seventeenth century the average duration of life was only thirteen years, in the eighteenth twenty; in this century it is thirty-six.

The awful railroad accident last summer, by which nearly fifty people were killed near Atlantic City, N. J., and 100 others injured, has resulted in damage suits in settlement of which the railroads have paid out about \$1,000,000. Two trains racing for a crossing, inadequate safeguards and insufficient help were the causes of the accident.

The Journeymen Barbers' International Union has decided that the proper name for a barber is "tonsor," and the "tonsons" have made arrangements for introducing in the Legislature of fourteen States a bill to regulate the apprenticeship of tonsors, so that no one can call himself a journeyman tonsor until he has served a three years' apprenticeship.

The latest estimate of the population of the globe is that made by M. d'Amfreville, who places it at 1,479,729,000. The number of inhabitants per square mile in Asia is 48; in Africa, 15; in America, 8; in Oceania and the polar regions, 3; and in Australia, 1. The yearly increase of the population of the earth is about five to every 1000. At this rate the population of the globe will double every 139 years.

A legal contest over the location of the capitol of Minnesota has just been decided in favor of its present site in the Territory of Minnesota. Congress should have decided that it might have been better to have permitted the seat of Government to be removed to the people, \$20,000 being appropriated for the erection of a building. The matter was not submitted to the people, and further action by Congress was necessary to secure the appropriation. At the same time a tract of land in Kandiyohi County was set apart as a capitol site. When the State was admitted into the Union, it was provided in the constitution that the capitol should be located at St. Paul, but that a change might be made by vote of the people. Contention over the matter arose in 1853, when it was decided to erect a new capitol building. People of Kandiyohi County desired the building on the site in their county, and made the point that the capitol had never been permanently located because the question had never been submitted to a vote of the people. But the courts have just decided that there are no valid grounds for action.

In a special dispatch to the New York Herald from Havana, a tobacco grower of Spanish birth and sympathies is quoted as declaring that General Weyler's policy of extermination, of killing every Cuban man, woman, and child, is the only one by which the sovereignty of Spain over the island can be maintained. Then he went on to say that there is in the air of Cuba a peculiar and mysterious "infection" which sets people to dreaming of, and then to fighting for, liberty and self-government. According to this planter, even a father, if a Spaniard, cannot have implicit confidence in his own children. "I never see my half-grown boys start for school in the morning," he said, pathetically, "but I hold my breath and ask: 'Will they, too, succumb to the infection? Who knows but they will start for the long grass to-day?'" This is the same as admitting that every one in Cuba who has any interest in the island other than a desire to drain it of money on which to live at ease in Spain, is willing to risk his life in the rebel cause, and has decided for good and all that the rule of the mother country is unendurable. It is obvious, therefore, that General Weyler must do more than exterminate the native Cubans; he must also slaughter a multitude of Spaniards, and must keep the process indefinitely going, as soon as a Spaniard becomes a Cuban, he is "infected" with a distaste for being oppressed and robbed by alien officials, and immediately "takes to the long grass." No stronger proof than this could be given, comments the New York Times, that peace is impossible in Cuba under Spanish rule, or that the revolution will go on, perhaps with occasional intermissions, until every royal soldier and every royal tax-stealer is driven from the unfortunate island.

THE GOOD TIMES.

Let's sing about the good times—the happy times to be—As sing the rivers rippling on in music to the sea!

As sing the birds—they know not why—when springtime days begin; So let us sing the good times out, and sing the glad times in!

Let's sing about the good times, when every foot and eld Shall send a benediction to the living skies of God!

When the world a brighter beauty and a rarer grace shall win, And I'll shall sing the glad times out and ring the glad times in!

Let's sing about the good times! They'll greet us on the way—A rose upon the morning's breast—a sun throughout the day!

When life springs like a blossom from the color of the soil, And the world rolls on in music to the shining gates of God!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

IN LOVE WITH HIS ENEMY.

BY EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

WOULD rather hear that old man talk about his early life than listen to a play at a first-class theatre, said an intelligent-looking gentleman, addressing the hotel clerk.

I glanced in the direction indicated by a nod of his head, and I saw a silver-haired old man with a stony, unyielding face, and a pair of eyes that looked as if they were made of iron. He was sitting at a table in the hotel, and I was an utter stranger in the village, but a month of enforced idleness was ahead of me, and I determined to become friendly with the old man. This did not prove hard to do, for he was good-natured and I have always had a liking for elderly people. Short and stout, ruddy of face, with perfectly white hair and whiskers, and blue eyes quick to light up with laughter, he was very good to look at. In talking, he was a trifle occasionally repeating the last words of a sentence, a habit amusing to strangers, but rather pleasing than otherwise on closer acquaintance.

When I had put myself on a fairly good footing with him, some two weeks after our introduction, I found him one afternoon in an easy-chair on the front piazza. Sitting down on the steps, I looked against a post and soon led him to talk about his young days.

"Well, my dear sir," he will tell you the story straight, for I see you have several second-hand nibbles at it already. "When I was a young blood, like yourself, I lived on a large plantation in Georgia, my father being one of the richest planters in his State. On the same road that our house faced, with about two miles of field and woodland between, was another extensive farm. This was owned by the Grantlands, a family who were our bitter enemies, though we had been on the friendliest terms—yes, friendliest terms. The oldest son of that house had killed the oldest son of my father's house; that caused the enmity, bitter to the core. The young man had a few human friends; one wouldn't go 'possum hunting unless the other went. I remember the morning when my brother's body was brought home. I was about sixteen then, and he twenty-three. My father said the corpse and swore eternal hatred of the whole Grantland family, and the rest of us partook of his spirit.

"Why, you married a Grantland, didn't you, Mr. Dearing, I asked. "Not so fast, young man, not so fast! You are like one of these electric machines; didn't have such in my day.

"To go back to my story. Of course none of the Grantlands came to the funeral, and the young fellow who had done the killing, I suppose, had got away, and his family took good care that he did not come back—good care, I tell you. They held their heads as high as we did, for none of them thought the killing had been intentional. We took our marching away from their church, going five miles further to another. They would not get their mail from the same office where we got ours, but sent fourteen miles to another office, and neither family would attend an entertainment in the neighborhood where the other family might be met.

"All this went on, and at last I found myself twenty-two years old. Then something happened that was like a bolt from the sky. "Mr. Grantland had a daughter who was about eighteen years of age at that time, a girl named Henrietta. Living so near together, of course there were times when members of the two families were obliged to see each other, and I met her one day. I was forever seeing Henrietta Grantland. I would pass her, face to face, both of us on horseback, run across her at a picnic where I did not dream she'd be, and meet her in town at some of the same myself watching out for her, looking at her on the sly, wondering what it was in the set of her head that was so taking, why it was that her hair seemed to catch and hold the glint of the sunshine—and all the like of that, you know.

"It made me angry every time I found myself watching her, for I hated her, you see—hated the whole Grantland generation. Despite all, however, there was something about the girl that compelled me to look her way and to think about her. I just fairly despised myself for it, felt worse than a traitor—worse than a traitor. And

father, he began to notice me; said he could see I was troubled.

"It was one night when he and I were together on the front piazza, he smoking, that he asked me about it. We always were companionable, and I just made a clean breast of it; told him I wanted to go away, that it seemed to me I could not turn around but that Henrietta Grantland was coming face to face with me, widdling power over me a little short of torture.

"Father pitched his freshly-lighted cigar into the flower yard and sprang from his chair.

"Does she try to attract you—does she try?" he asked excitedly.

"I told him no, that she treated me like the sand under her feet—never noticed me at all. Father walked up and down the porch as if driven by the wind, but halting suddenly in front of me he said:

"You would better go away. How would you like to tip the gold mines among the Rockies? The mountains might put you straight. Suppose now you go. I am sure your mother could get your things together by Thursday."

"The idea pleased me, pleased me no little, and when Thursday came I was on my way to the Rocky Mountains. I pretty soon fell in with a party of young bloods like myself, and for a while I did not bother much about my attractive enemy—not much. All the time, though, I was traveling just as directly as I could toward an event that would bring her vividly before my mind, and would show me in a white light a truth I was then looking at through a very foggy atmosphere very foggy.

"Perhaps it was two months after I left home I became separated from my party during a hunt and was lost. It was an unhappy experience, young man. I hallooed, I whistled, I climbed a tree and tied a handkerchief to its highest limb, and did all the other things that lost people do, you know. At last, striking aimlessly down a ravine, I found myself at sunset meeting a party of men, and among them a young man, and in the twilight a sick Indian. Both spoke English, and I was glad of the good supper the lad gave me. None of us cared to talk much, and I was soon fast asleep, worn out.

"I suppose it was long toward midnight when I awoke, feeling something punch me in the ribs. It was the sick Indian's bony hand. Enough light from the fire without came through the crevices to make the interior of the wigwam dimly discernible.

"What is it?" I asked. "Shall I call the boy?"

"No, I beg," he answered. "Give me water. I believe I am dying."

"I gave him the water promptly enough, meaning to call the boy just as promptly as I could. But while I was putting down the tin cup he uttered words that were paralyzing in their effect on me. I sank down on my blanket and clasped my hands around my knees, and gazed as best I could at the dying man.

"I am not an Indian, I am white," he said. "My name is Garland Grantland, and because I killed by accident the man I loved best in all the world, I was forced from home to live an outcast's life. Under my hand is a tin box; I trust its contents to you."

"He began gasping painfully then, and I tried to raise him, though I was trembling violently.

"I tried to help the Indian boy, and to bury him deep," he said.

"I promised him that he should be buried as nearly as possible like the people back at home were buried, and that the box should be my care. There were a few stranger, poor fellows, and he kept trying to thank me. Then I sat there at thought about him until my heart throbbled itself tender. It seemed to me I had traveled all those miles from home just for this. Life is a strange mixture, young man, a strange mixture. I don't know why your father and mine is an over-ruling Providence. My meditations during that night destroyed my enmity toward the Grantlands.

"I buried Grantland two days later, at midnight. And I buried him in a coffin. Yes, it was a rude affair; the boy and I made it from the seasoned trunks of trees long since fallen. The wood was not difficult to split with the tools they had concealed among the rocks. The lad was greatly impressed by my care of the body of a half-breed, as he thought his one-time friend was, and it won his devotion—won his devotion.

"He finally guided me to a camp of miners, and he would have followed me home had I allowed it. I was so fortunate at the camp as to hear of my party who were searching for me, and to communicate with them, letting them know my intention to return home. First, though, I had a secret commission to fulfil.

"In the dead man's tin box I had found a letter addressed to his mother, and a note addressed, 'To the friend who receives this box.' Both had evidently been written during his illness, and the contents of my note made my young, hot blood tingle in my veins. It contained minute directions as to how to reach a certain place, and to find a certain crevice between two gigantic rocks, a crevice not extending straight down, but almost at once curving westward. With a stout, iron hook attached to a pliable rod, I was to drag this crevice and fish out five skin bags containing gold dust and nuggets. I was to have my choice of the treasure, and the others were to be forwarded to Mr. Grantland.

"Of course I knew that no matter how the hate had vanished out of my

own heart, it burned just as fiercely as ever in the hearts of all at home. I meant to do all that Garland had requested, but I meant to do it secretly—do it secretly, you know. Then I meant to go home and live as usual. I was not so wise then as now. It is true that I found the treasure crevice, fished out the five bags, kept one for myself and sent the others to Mr. Grantland. Mrs. Grantland's letter pointed to one of them. I had penciled the date of Garland's death on the letter, thinking they would like to know it. I say it is true I did all those things, and did them secretly; but I did not go home to live as I had in the old days.

"After being there a few weeks, after hearing from neighbors about the mysterious coming of the letter and the gold, after seeing Henrietta crossed in deep black, the soft, sunny points to her hair, the soft sweetness of fact, I learned a lesson—yes, I learned a lesson. I learned that miners' camps, nor hunting parties, nor mysterious crochets of treasure, nor the Rockies themselves, can crush out of a life the emotion called love, not even if it springs to existence where hate is rife.

"I became more unhappy than ever and was continually brooding over schemes to heal the breach between the two families—heal the breach. Else, how was I to make Henrietta so much as seem conscious of my existence? All this time my father watched me so closely that it made me nervous. Guess that hurried things—guess it did, anyway. I was one day humored on morning, and when my father said something about it, I wheeled round and told him all about Garland's death and the things I had done afterward, ending with the bold statement that I loved Henrietta and could not help it.

"To this day I wonder that my fiery old father did not fell me to the floor with a chair, for he was a quick man—a quick man. He stood and looked at me pretty much as he would have looked at a cat that dared to bite him. Then he turned on his heel and went away, took his hat and left the house—went straight to the woods. Needn't ask me how I felt; mean enough that's certain, mean enough that I had a hard time to get home to dinner, and I did not eat any. Toward night I saw him coming down the spring hill from the direction of the family burying ground, and I knew where he had been last, if not all the night. My elder brother had been his guide.

"You can talk about bravery, but I tell you it took bravery to make me face my father at the supper table a few minutes later. He said next to nothing during the meal, and his hands trembled when he passed the plates. I do hope I'll never again feel like I did during that meal. After it was over the big horn was sounded, a very unusual thing at such an hour, and the hands from all over the plantation came pouring up to the house. They gathered about the back porch, and the house screens and the family were on the porch.

"I felt like running—felt like running; didn't know what on earth was coming; felt like to be impossible to slip up the back hair with one."—Detroit Journal.

"I have called you together to put you on notice that the trouble between Mr. Grantland and my father is at an end. Hereafter there will be peace. His family will dine here next Thursday; and the day following his hands and mine will have a barbecue in the spring grove. You may go to your place."

"I can't tell you how we all dispersed; but amid the pleased ejaculations of some of the servants I found myself wiping the tears off my face before the whole crowd. Perhaps I was shuddering because my mother was sobbing; never could bear to see her cry.

"Well, this about ends my story. The bag of gold dust and nuggets that fell to me helped to buy this house, young man. And you needn't think I'm bragging when you pass by here late in the day and see two old folks sitting close together, for they're Henrietta and me. We haven't been enemies now for many years—many years."—Waterbury Magazine.

Balloon Lifeboats.
The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is reported, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloons, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, ors proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

Man at His Best.
Said George Du Maurier once in a private chat: "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. A man at forty has ceased to hunt the moon. I should add that in order to enjoy life after forty it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success."

Great Place for Shipping.
Over 1000 ships of all kinds and sizes pass up and down the English Channel every twenty-four hours, and there are scarcely ever less than 200 near Land's End, leaving or hearing up for the Channel.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Had to Think Twice—An Evasive Answer—Rapid Reading—His Convictions—To Be Expected, Etc.
"Oh, be not hasty," friend, I cried, "Think twice 'or all you utter." "I'm bound to do so," he replied; "I stand—tut—tut—tut!"—Detroit Free Press.

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.
"Do you believe that the world is hollow?"
"There is nothing in it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HIS CONVICTIONS.
"How came you here?" said the visitor to a prisoner in the penitentiary.

"I was brought here by my convictions," was the firmly spoken reply.—London Tit-Bits.

RAPID READING.
He—"That is just like a woman—reading the end of a novel first. It seems to be the nature of a woman to jump at a conclusion."
She—"I didn't jump in this case. I skipped."—Indianapolis Journal.

TO BE EXPECTED.
Mrs. Strate (severely)—"Edward, I think that new typewriter of yours is very giddy."
Edward—"But remember, my dear, so easily is he compelled to work on the eighth-story story."—Philadelphia North American.

A BAD CASE.
"You wouldn't believe it, but Grumpy had a bad case of swelled head."
"There must be some mistake."
"Not a bit of it. Genuine old-fashioned mumps on both sides."—Detroit Free Press.

HER STANDARD OF BEAUTY.
"She said she thought I was looking well," remarked the young man who was very pensive.

"My dear, but you'll notice that the next minute she asked me if I didn't think her pet bulldog was the handsomest animal in the city?"—Washington Star.

NOT AN UNUSUAL CASE.
Sagoman—"I suppose you have heard about your neighbor Goldie? He is very seriously sick as a result of overwork."
Seeker—"Don't say! What has he been doing to bring it about?"
Sagoman—"Trying to collect his thoughts."—Boston Courier.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.
"Bring me my glass," commanded the lady phrase, for there was now no field of human endeavor to which the gentler sex was not admitted. "That I may see if it is well."
The faithful housemaid brought two glasses, knowing it to be impossible to slip up the back hair with one."—Detroit Journal.

THEY WILL BEAR WATCHING SOMETIME.
"You," said the new cashier, "will find me like a watch. You can judge me by my works."
"All right," responded the banker, arising to the merry occasion: "I will bear your case in mind and see that you do not accumulate any superfluous dust in your movements."—Indianapolis Journal.

TWO PHASES.
"When Nan was engaged to Jack she didn't get enough sleep, because she had to lie awake and think how much she loved him."
"Well!"
"And now their engagement is broken so she doesn't get enough sleep because she has to lie awake to hate him."—Chicago Record.

SHE'D HAVE HIM TROUBLE.
Jack—"Mand wants to know why you shun her company now?"
Tom—"Well, the fact is, I'm broke."
Jack—"I'll tell her, and you needn't shun her any more."
Tom (brightening)—"By Jove! Do you think so?"
Jack—"Yes; she'll shun you."—Tit-Bits.

THE CYNIC.
He—"I wonder how he got such a good job."
She—"Why don't you know? When he applied for it he told them that his marriage the following week depended upon his getting something to do at once."
He—"How ready people are to help a man to get into trouble, aren't they?"—Chicago Post.

ILL-DIRECTED SYMPATHY.
Clara—"Why so melancholy?"
Belle—"Oh! I had the worst shock this afternoon that I ever experienced. You know those flowers I was going to take down to the jail to that poor man who murdered all his first cousins? Well, I got into the wrong cell and gave them to a big bear-eyed brute who was there for robbing a banana stand."—Puck.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.
Charley—"No, I guess I'll not call at the Pinkhams any more."
George—"Why not?"
Charley—"The old man has had a system of electric appliances put into the house that enables him to stand in the hall, and by simply pressing a button, light the gas all over the place. He worked it on me last night. Say, throw me that cushion, will you?"—Cleveland Leader.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dr. Koch is said to have discovered another anti-tuberculin.

A process has been discovered by which milk can be hardened to form buttons and billiard balls.

A Berlin physician, Dr. Fealiner, says that rheumatism is often due to the excessive use of meat.

The poles of Jupiter are flattened almost exactly like those of the earth. The phenomenon can be plainly seen with the telescope.

It rains on an average 203 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kazan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days.

From figures recently published at Munich, it appears that there are now in Central Europe 15,614 gas engines which aggregate 52,634 horse power.

In the floods of the Norway coasts the clearness of the water is wonderful. At a depth of thirty fathoms objects the size of a silver dollar may be clearly seen.

Of the 106 kinds of car engines enumerated by the United States Interstate Commerce Commission, seventy-eight were in use in 1895, when the number of automatic couplers of all kinds had increased to 109,856, from 89,540 in 1893.

A London inventor's driving wheel for cycles, motor cars and the like, is constructed by his circumference mounted on sixteen or more smaller wheels, which strike the ground in succession. It is claimed that a bicycle geared to 150 inches is propelled as easily as an ordinary one geared to thirty inches, a speed of a mile a minute not being difficult.

A product called "wire glass," which, it is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists simply of a mesh work of wire imbedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces, and it not only resists the heat of fire, but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

The construction of the owl's foot is peculiar. Unlike the well known foot of the parrot, which has two toes in front and two behind, and of the eagle—or a more familiar example, the common sparrow—it has one toe behind and three in front; but the first of these is capable of much lateral motion, while the fourth or outer toe is reversible, and when the bird perches is turned backward, so that the bird sits on its perch with the two middle toes in front and the two outer toes behind.

Producing Rain.
A simple experiment in producing rain may be made by the use of a cylinder of glass, about four inches in diameter and eight inches high. This is to be half filled with ninety-two per cent alcohol. A china saucer is placed over the cylinder, which is then put into a hot water bath and kept quite hot, but not the boiling point for the alcohol and the saucer. It is a curious and interesting sight, the water below the clouds and the clear atmosphere above. If immediately after removing the cylinder from the hot water bath a cold saucer replaces the hot one, steam currents are discernible. Often the currents will assemble upon one side of the cylinder and descend upon the other. Conducted upon a somewhat larger scale, this experiment would be of great interest to classes of students. It is not an expensive one, and is very easily managed even by amateurs.

The Feet of School Children.
It is a lamentable fact that too little attention is given to the hygienic surroundings of the pupils in the schools, and by far too little to the nature of the food and the manner of eating. The aim often seems to be to so prepare the food that it will require little or no mastication before it is swallowed, and when solid food is taken it is not sufficiently masticated to properly prepare it for the digestive organs. Some years ago a doctor reported many of his patients to report as to the number of bites it required to masticate different foods. He especially desired to learn how much less children chewed the food before swallowing it than their parents. He got reports from one hundred and fifty intelligent people, and learned that practice in this regard varies very much, that the children generally were entirely apt to bolt their food. He thought the habit of swallowing food before it was properly masticated the cause of insufficient nourishment in many cases.

Social Status of Models.
A London court has recently done something to settle the social status of artists' models. A young woman brought suit for breach of promise against a man who promised to marry her, but had been alarmed by the discovery that instead of sitting for the head alone she had also sat for the figure, though not without drapery. The decision of the Court was that the profession is respectable and that she was entitled to damages.

Apoplexy in England.
Apoplexy has increased in England in a very remarkable degree since 1850. In the sixteen years ending with 1866 there were 457 deaths of apoplexy per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Last year the ratio was 577 per 1,000,000.

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

I pledged my soul to dwell with Love, with the joy of sweet content; In a room white cot with the blooms above, By slaying robin and siskin dove, Oh, I pledged my soul to dwell with Love, But the tithe-men came for rent!

And Love had neither purse nor scrip; The tithe-men heard him sigh; But what cared they for his rosy lips, Or the thrilling touch of a finger-tip? For the honey-blossom that the brown bees sip, Or the light of a loving eye?

"Pack and travel!" They cried, and far Over valleys and plains we went; But we saw the light of a beckoning star, And the land where the fairy dwellings are; Love tossed his curls at the tithe-men afar, And kissed his hands to the rear.—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
"That contortionist seems very conceited." "Yes; he is completely wrapped up in himself."—Yale Record.

"Who was Ananias, papa?" "I believe he was the leader of the opposition to George Washington."—Danville.

Farmer Whitteer—"Did you say you was lookin' for work?" Weary Wilkens—"Yes, boss—will'd be accept on ole wad."—Judge.

"How would you define an optimist?" "As a man who expects to pay last week's bill by drawing his next week's salary."—Truth.

Mrs. Eston—"I understand that your husband can't meet his creditors." Mrs. Weston—"I don't believe he wants to, especially."
She—"There's that Mr. Fry across the street. He says he knows all the pretty girls in our club." "Ho—'Knows you also, doesn't he?"—Puck.

Jorkins—"When a young people marry they get into a pickle." "I suppose that is why all their friends send them pickle dishes."—Truth.

"Sart of a Damon and Pythias combination. But isn't it funny they don't see through each other?" "That's often the way when people get so thick."—Puck.

Will-I-Do Customer—"I have you any goods made of sole leather or boiler iron?" Clothing Merchant—"No, sir; we don't keep boys' clothing."—New York Weekly.

Papa—"And did you think for one moment that that clerk of mine was in a position to propose to you?" Daughter—"Why, certainly, pap; he was in his knees."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Why did Simpson send his boy to the prize ring?" "Well, he always displayed a love for argument, and the old man considers the field of law overcropped."—Princeton Tiger.

Emma—"And, Charlie, how would you have really sold yourself? I had refused you." "Indeed, I would. I had already sent to four houses for price-lists of revolvers."—Fleegedon Blatter.

Journalist (to editor)—"Excuse me, sir, but I am literally starving. Will you buy this article, sir?" "What is it about?" "Journalist—"It's on 'The Bad Effects of Over-Indulgence in Eating.' sir."—Fun.

Mrs. Kittywick—"Tommy! Tommy! Come here this minute! What do you mean by using such language?" Tommy—"Well, ma, you told me to play some play where we didn't have to fight, and we'd be playing General Weyler; and we had to do something."—Washington Capital.

A joker offered to bet \$16 to \$1 that he would ask sixteen persons one and the same question to which he would receive the same answer. The bet was accepted, and the joker asked each one of the sixteen this question: "Did you hear that Smith is bankrupt?" and "Which Smith?" was the stereotyped reply.

"Do my vocal lessons disturb you?" asked the young woman with musical ambition. "Not that I know of," replied the truthful young man. "Why, I should think you'd know if they did." "No. Since the dentist took the front room on the first floor, I can't tell whether you're practising music or his practising on his patients."—Dublin World.

Visibility of Lights at Night.
The result of the experiments in light visibility conducted by the international committee on behalf of the governments of the United States, Germany and the Netherlands, as an article quoted in Current Literature, are given as follows: A light of one candle power is plainly visible at one mile, and one of three candle power at two miles. A ten candle power light was seen with a binocular at four miles, one of twenty-five at five miles, though faintly, and one of thirty-three candles at the same distance without difficulty. On an exceptionally clear night a white light of 3.2 candle power could be distinguished at three miles, one of 5.6 at four, and one of 17.2 at five miles. The experiments were made with green light, as it has been conclusively proved that if a light of that color hits the required test, a red light of the same intensity will more than do so. It was found that the candle power of green light, which remained visible at one, two, three and four miles was 2, 15, 51 and 106 respectively.

"Vinegar Bible."
The "Vinegar Bible" was thus named from a ludicrous typographical blunder—"The Parable of the Vineyard" in the twentieth chapter of Luke, being made to read "The Parable of the Vinegar." This edition of the Bible was published in 1717, and most of the copies were destroyed by the publishers, though several got into circulation before the blunder was discovered. It is asserted that no more than a dozen copies of this book are now in existence.