

The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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NO. 17.

It is estimated that the cost of vessels now being built at lake ship yards is about \$3,000,000, as compared with \$9,000,000 a year ago.

According to the statistics of the Weather Bureau, the property loss from tornadoes during the last ten years has been five times as great in Missouri as in any other State.

Greece has only 2,200,000 inhabitants, but every man of them is ready to fight like sixty. Her area is only half a great as that of the State of New York, but every acre of it is dedicated to the cause of liberty and civilization.

That the gentler sex is fast becoming emancipated is shown by the fact that in 1896 there were in the United States 32 women woodchoppers, 147 bartenders, 21 hostlers, 29 sailors, 4 locomotive engineers, 28 plasterers, 29 blacksmiths and 6 boiler-makers.

A great emigration movement of Russian Jews from the Vistula provinces to Africa is taking place at present. The movement has reached such proportions in several districts of these provinces that the Jewish male population is greatly diminished and business in shops is principally carried on by women.

Rev. Miles Grant, of Boston, thinks he has solved the problem of living. He is strict vegetarian, and never uses meat, pies, cakes, tea, coffee, sugar, salt or spices. His daily food is uncaloric graham bread, vegetables, cheese and milk, and he says that he lives well at a cost of eighty-seven cents a week, the result being that he is healthy and strong.

Of the \$200,000,000 war indemnity which Japan is to receive from China it is expected that nearly eighty per cent will be expended in naval construction. It is therefore in order, declares the New York Mail and Express, to issue a portion of our guns, gun masts, and compasses in other mechanical industries. A country with that amount of money to spend deserves to be looked after by American manufacturers who have things to sell.

Modern science is beginning to throw all the tales of Manchurian into the shade. There is a rumor that Professor MacKendrick, of Glasgow, has succeeded in devising an apparatus which will enable the deaf and dumb to hear. He uses telephones connected with the stego at one end, and at the other with vessels filled with a saline solution, into which the deaf insert their hands. No sooner have they done so than their faces are illuminated with the joy of a new sensation. They can hear the singers and the orchestra distinctly. This sounds "American," as foreigners say, but after the Roentgen rays and kinetoscope everything seems possible. Naturalists believe that insects have senses utterly different from ours, and it is not impossible that with the aid of electricity and Roentgen rays man may practically acquire a new sense or power to perceive the unseen world.

There have been printed recently some astonishing facts about the abandoned farm lands of England. Some of these farms, although within an hour or two of London city, go begging for tenants. Earl Darrington, who has for many years owned 23,000 acres of land in Bucks and Lincolnshire counties and whose every dollar is invested in agriculture, says the depression of the industry in England has been largely due to the extravagance and bad management of the landlords themselves—keeping up costly country houses, and neglecting repairs and improvements, piling up mortgages, driving away tenants, etc. When he took charge of his estates, they were burdened with a debt of \$2,000,000. He disposed of the great country house, with its tremendous expenses, repaired the buildings on all farms, lowered rates one-third, and engaged tenants to work small plots. In spite of almost constant falling prices of farm products, the past twenty years he has been paid all but one-tenth of what he should have received. He is well situated as regards land, but his farms are practically abandoned. Conditions are entirely different in this country here, on a farm of prudent management, the farms and are to-day well fixed, as the result of a long and good business during the past ten or twenty years, and the result of a long and good business during the past ten or twenty years.

REMEMBERING.

It may be years since one much loved
Was locked in death's mysterious sleep;
It may be that the flowers we keep
Because of them,
Are no more wet with tears.
Our lives go on without them;
They seem to hold that Death has left
Is filled by other loves,
And we are less bereft
Than when we heard the dull thud-thud
That crashed us with its utter hopelessness;
But when we see a certain shade of hair,
Or touch a voice, or even but the lifting of a hand,
It all comes back
As something we have known before,
And we, remembering, understand.
—Edna Heald, in Womanland.

ON A JAUNTING CAR.

BY ANNIE F. JOHNSON.

T was a June morning in New York. Miss Briggs and her niece had left the rest of their party at the hotel, to recover from the effects of a rough passage, and had started out to explore the quiet old town.

The jaunting car rattled along through the crooked streets, and turned into a wide, smooth avenue, whose Hawthorn hedges were white with blossoms, and whose wayside trees covered it with a cool, deep shade. Then back again into the crooked streets, a detachment of soldiers passed them. "Look!" cried Emily with girlish enthusiasm, "there are some Highlanders!"

A band came next, followed by several carriages, while a noisy rabble of footling, barefoot children and boisterous men and women struggled after. "What is the matter?" she asked of the driver, who had stopped his horse to let the procession pass. "He'll be after spakin' in the park, this day, and they're fearful of a riot, miss."

The procession was a long one, and they waited several minutes for it to pass, just as they started on again, Emily, happening to look across the street, saw a man, evidently a tourist, hastily snatching up a small camera. "Auntie," she almost gasped, "I actually believe that man has been taking photographs of us!"

Miss Briggs looked quickly, but they had turned a corner, and he was out of sight. "Well, it can't be helped," she said laughingly, but with an indignant pink flushing up into her cheeks. "It serves us right for making a spectacle of ourselves by getting on to such an outlandish conveyance."

On the following day, while Miss Briggs sat alone in the parlor of the Imperial Hotel, busily engaged with her journal, Emily entered, her hat awry and her face glowing. "Look!" she cried breathlessly, "Here is a sketch I made this afternoon, Auntie. I did it in sepia. And oh, I've had such an interesting experience! We all went up to Shan-don churchyard, and old Mr. Lamb took me up in the tower to read the inscription on the bells. When we came down again, you couldn't guess who was standing in the churchyard, by Father Frost's tomb."

Miss Briggs held the sketch off at arm's length, surveying it critically, and shook her head. "Well, it was that man who took our picture yesterday. As soon as he saw me, he came directly towards me. He took off his hat with as friendly a smile as if he had always known each other, and said, 'Pardon me, miss, are you not the young lady whom I saw yesterday on a jaunting car while the procession was crossing the bridge?' I was so amazed I did not know what to say, and he began at once to apologize and explain. He said he was out with his camera, taking pictures of interesting types of Irish character, and was attracted by our conversation. Miss Briggs sat back in a dim corner, listening carefully, for the man's name was almost unintelligible to her. Twice she glanced up, to find Dr. Powell looking at her.

Presently in a pause of the story-telling, she walked over and stood beside Emily. "What does the name of your Caroline?" he asked abruptly. "Nothing," she answered. "Why?" "It reminds me of a gypsy camp we visited one time. You have not forgotten it, I hope. It was the last day of August, sixteen years ago. The scene came back to me very plainly. An old hag told us our fortunes. Somehow, you look just as you did then."

Emily looked at her incredulously, wondering if there could have been a spark of sentiment in such a so-called practical nature. "He showed me the photograph," said Emily, as they climbed the stairs together. "It was bad, even for an amateur. Only the back of my head was taken, but you were in a strong light that made your eyes and hair jump up your face, and your feet looked immense."

When Miss Briggs went down stairs to dinner that evening, she had laid aside her customary gray serge dress, as if by magic, and was wearing a dark blue, tailor-made suit. Remembering that Emily had said her feet looked immense in the photograph, she had carefully changed her heavy, broad-soled boots for dainty, low-cut shoes. She started a moment in the hall, hearing a familiar laugh. She remembered that the last time she had heard that voice it had been her good-by to her sister. Then she pushed the door ajar and entered the parlor, where the party had congregated to wait for dinner.

Dr. Frederick Powell was standing by a window in animated conversation with Emily. He scarcely noticed her aunt's entrance, so engrossed was he with the fair niece. Miss Briggs had been a pretty girl in her day, but the photograph he had taken, and which was still fresh in his mind, was that of a wrinkled, faded woman, careless of her attire. He looked up with surprise as she advanced toward them. The brusque independence of manner he had expected to see had given place to a stately dignity. She was one of those women for whom a becoming dress-dresser would be a necessity.

"I'm glad to see you!" they both said in the same breath, and shook hands as if the most platonic of friendships had always existed between them. Miss Briggs was not so well pleased with her survey. "He's getting stout," she thought critically, "and he's bald. He's not the handsome man I used to be."

Emily was charmed with Dr. Powell. She found him entertaining and agreeable. He praised her sketches. The old man's interesting narrative of his travels in many lands, and amusing anecdotes of his professional life. When the party went right-seeing, he was her tele-photographer. When they walked, he was always at her side to hold her umbrella. Seeing this, Miss Briggs calmly resolved in her solitary orbit—a trifle more independent in manner, perhaps, and if possible more outspoken in her radical opinions. Emily tried in vain to persuade her aunt that the world was too unbecoming for further usefulness. Every morning she put it on with the grim satisfaction of carrying her point, and looking her worst.

The days went by like the old town. Night and morning and noon, they listened to the chiming of the bells in the ivy grown Shan-don tower, and then it was night and morning and noon again. Still the little party lingered. One day, after lunch, they started out to make a farewell visit to Blarney Castle. Dr. Powell and Emily galloped the way on a jaunting car. Several of the party followed on horseback, and the rear was brought up by a light wagonette. Miss Briggs, in this, not being an excellent horse-woman, and having a mortal antipathy to jaunting cars.

It was a drive none of them could ever forget. By the time they had reached the castle, the sun had faded out, the landscape was gray and blurred, and the rain began to pour in torrents. There was nothing to do but sit down and wait for it to stop, but they had grown accustomed to this peculiarity of the weather in Ireland.

An old woman came to the door, begging. They tolled her in with a shilling, and she entertained them with gruesome tales of the banded and wretched that inhabit the haunted ruins of Blarney at night. The doctor handed Emily a pencil and a leaf from his memorandum book, and she began to sketch the old peasant with quick, effective strokes. Miss Briggs sat back in a dim corner, listening carefully, for the man's name was almost unintelligible to her. Twice she glanced up, to find Dr. Powell looking at her. Presently in a pause of the story-telling, she walked over and stood beside Emily. "What does the name of your Caroline?" he asked abruptly. "Nothing," she answered. "Why?" "It reminds me of a gypsy camp we visited one time. You have not forgotten it, I hope. It was the last day of August, sixteen years ago. The scene came back to me very plainly. An old hag told us our fortunes. Somehow, you look just as you did then."

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"I know that isn't so!" she kept telling herself to quiet the little thrum of pleased vanity. "He's got an axe to grind. He wants me to use my influence with Emily."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

It Does Satisfy Him—Same Old Styles—Used to It—The Supreme Test—No Distinction, Etc., Etc.

This is a queer old world of ours, for always it has been, and the time a man feels most out in it when he's taken in.

SAME OLD STYLES.

"Has your wife gone in for dress reform?" "I guess not; her bills are as big as ever."—Chicago Record.

THE SUPREME TEST.

"Do you think he really loves her?" "I am sure of it. He exchanged his who for the kind she likes."—Brooklyn Life.

NO DISTINCTION.

He—"I don't think very much of Jack's manners, Miss Sweet." She—"No, they are like his calls, they lack finish."

A FOREIGN ARTICLE.

Friend Papa—"My daughter studied painting abroad." Friend—"I thought so. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

USED TO IT.

Mr. Newman—"You're a nice little boy, Tommy." Tommy—"That's what they all say when they first meet sister."—Tit-Bits.

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

"Why do so many modern writers seem to prefer notoriety to fame?" "Because a man has to climb for fame, but he can get notoriety by an easy tumbler."

A GENTLE HINT.

"Nice dog! Have you taught him any tricks since I was here last?" "Oh, yes; he will fetch your hat if you whistle." said she sweetly.—Dublin World.

SOME MEN YOU CAN.

Brown—"Do you think you can judge a man by the kind of shoes he wears?" Do Flynn—"I always judge a girl's father that way."

PLAIN-DEWIDGEE'S PRACTICE.

Smith—"Is your young Flyingwidge practicing law?" Williams—"I think not. He was called to the bar, but I think he's practicing economy."—Illustrated Bits.

HIGHLY PROGRESSIVE.

"Is Scrymgeour progressive?" "Progressive? Why, that fellow can tell when his wife is going to make mince-pie; he always has the nightmare the night before."—Chicago Record.

CONVERSION BY FORCE.

"Do you think, Harry, you could induce one of our boys to come to Sunday school?" "I could bring one," he replied. "De udder fellows in our alley kin lick me."—Dublin World.

IRRESISTIBLE ELOQUENCE.

"We had a unique proposal tonight and made it." "How did the young man propose to her?" "He just walked in and threw a big solitaire diamond ring into her lap."

IN CURA.

"The insurgents," reported the officer who had made the reconnaissance, "are encamped about two miles to the north." "Good!" exclaimed General Weyler. "We will march at once." And he did march to the south.

LOTS OF FUN.

"Do you really enjoy shooting?" "Why, yes, of course," said the dear girl, who had lately bought a light rifle and a lovely pair of hunting boots. "Every time I manage to kill a rabbit or a poor little bird I have just the loveliest joy imaginable."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PROMISE.

"It is customary to remember the waiter, sir," said the waiter, as the guest was about to take his leave without feeling him. "Oh, rest easy," said the guest. "I shall not forget you. Next time I come I shall have another waiter, or I shall lunch elsewhere."—Philadelphia Press.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Miss Grace—"They say that men think only of themselves, but it isn't so. I'm sure Charles is the most unselfish of mortals." Mrs. Blazo—"Why, he says he is never happy but when he is with me; and he stays out evening after evening. There, isn't that self-denial for you?"—Boston Transcript.

A DESPATCH OUTLOOK.

"I don't see much chance for me any way you take it," remarked the prisoner in a desolate tone. "But no destiny has yet been rendered," said a bystander.

"I know that. But if the court believes what the prosecuting attorney says, I'll go to jail a heap longer than I deserve. And if I get turned loose on the community with the reputation for lamb-like innocence given me by the lawyer for the defense, I'll keep me miserable the rest of my days trying to live up to it."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is estimated that 2,000,000 tons of pure silver are held in solution by all the waters of the earth.

The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, ice and stone brought from the north by the icebergs.

Within the last fifty years the rate of speed of ocean steamers has tripled, and the usual horae power increased from 700 to 10,000.

According to the deductions of a well-known astronomer, we receive as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 full moons.

Nicola Tesla says that the cause of the curious sunburn effects upon the hands by the X-rays is not the rays themselves, but the ozone generated by them in contact with the skin. The hands may be protected by immersing them in oil before, and thus preventing an excess of air.

Gypsum has been discovered in large quantities in Big Horn County, Wyoming, and is being used by the settlers for roofing their houses. Mixed with a thin mortar and spread upon the roof it soon becomes as hard as adamant and makes a most excellent protection against the elements.

A company has been formed at San Antonio, Texas, for the purpose of developing the wonderful asphalt deposits situated in the state of Tannanip, Mexico, which was recently described by United States Vice Consul Von Vilsberg, of Matamoros, Mexico. The company has secured a lease for fifty years on the property.

A Kansas man has been granted a patent on a device for fastening houses together and holding them on their foundations, which is simply a series of rods fastened to opposite sides of the house and to foundation walls and rods, and fastened by means of turn-buckles, the idea being to prevent houses from blowing away in cyclones.

Telephone wires seem to have an important influence in preventing lightning from striking, according to the investigations of the German telegraph company. Three hundred and forty towns with telephone systems and 650 towns without them were under observation. In the former the lightning struck three times for every hour of storm, in the latter five times.

A CHILD'S PIECE.

A pretty little golden-haired girl of seven years walked timidly into a New Jersey police court room the other day and asked for "the man who sent my mamma to jail." The judge happened to be holding a criminal case and asked the little miss what she wanted. Tears came into her eyes as she turned to the judge and asked, "Did you send my mamma to jail?" When told her name, the judge recalled that a short time before he had sentenced a woman to jail for six days for drunkenness and told the child so. Looking up into the kindly face of the judge she asked: "Judge, did you ever have a mamma?" and then, choking with sobs, she begged pitifully for her mother's release. "Your mamma has been very naughty," said the judge. "She gets drunk and abuses her neighbors."

"But she is so good to me, and I love her," sobbed the golden-haired child, "and if you'll let her go I—I won't let her be naughty any more—I love her so. Please, please, oh please let her go." That was too much for the gray-haired, kind-hearted magistrate, and as he looked on no longer he begged pitifully for her mother's release. "Your mamma has been very naughty," said the judge. "She gets drunk and abuses her neighbors."

Nettle Plant Fiber.

The nettle plant has long been known to have a fiber finer and better than hemp. In 1869 the sum of \$25,000 was offered to the discoverer of a machine to separate the bark from the fiber. It seems that while no machine has been found the chemists have had good success. The fiber was used before the art of spinning hosiery. Rib cloth is used to wrap around the mummies in Egypt; for nets and lines it is the best thing known; it is sometimes called "China grass;" it is well known to the Chinese, Malay, and Hindoo. It has been worked up into ropes, canvas, and even clothing. An English chemist, a Mr. Gousses, uses zincate of soda to take out the gums that are in the fiber; the fiber comes out white and strong; it can be worked into any kind of cloth and far exceeds linen for faces, handkerchiefs, etc. It is very light, too. One thousand yards of Rieca weighs as much as 600 yards of linen. It will probably become one of the prominent productions of India. The common wild nettle that grows largely on the roadsides in the United States is a variety of the Rieca plant, and it may be that it is susceptible of like treatment.

Big Orchid Collectors.

There is an idea abroad that Mr. Chamberlain is the greatest amateur orchid grower in the world, but this is not the case. The collection of the Empress Frederick of Germany being worth nearly double that of Mr. Chamberlain—probably about \$200,000. Miss Alice Rothschild is an enthusiastic lover of flowers; her collection of roses alone is said to be worth \$50,000. W. W. Astor paid \$200,000 the other day for the stock of a single variety of rose tree.

Riviera Flower Culture.

The cultivation of flowers for export and for the perfumery factories at Grasse is an important industry on the Riviera. It is officially estimated that the value of flowers annually exported from Nice, Cannes, Beaulieu and Mentone is \$600,000.

European Population.

Europe has increased its population by six per cent within the last sixty-two years, but in the same time 36,000,000 of its inhabitants have emigrated to other countries.

CLOSE TO NINETY.

John Howard Bryant, an only surviving brother of William Cullen Bryant, aged about ninety years, resides in Princeton, Ill. He is unknown to fame, but not for want of native ability which, judging from the following freshly-written poem, might have made him as illustrious as his brother. The lines are entitled, "Close to Ninety," and were voted by the action of a Bellefontaine (Ohio) Bryant literary society in making him an honorary member:

Here now I stand, upon life's outer verge,
"Close to my feet an ocean wide and deep,
Whose earth's vast myriads lie in dreamless sleep.
Tis here I stand, without a thrill of fear,
In loneliness allied to the sublime;
The broken links of love that bound me here,
Littered about this treacherous shore of time,
But still I cling to friends who yet remain,
Clinging to the glorious scenes that round me lie,
Hoping to share the haste of years in vain
As swifter yet the winged moments fly,
I seek the future to explore.
I partly know what is, but naught that is
Before."
—John Howard Bryant.

HONOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Her face is her fortune." She—"Then she is a self-made woman."—Lark.

Edith—"Did he whisper sweet nothings when he proposed?" Ethel—"Oh, no!—swore he'd be cruttin' and all that."—Pack.

Young Solicitor—"Make yourself my dear sir, the successful management of your case shall be the task of my life."—Tit-Bits.

"What is pronunciation, Uncle first?" "It is something you must say in a dictionary one day and forget the next."—Chicago Record.

Ada—"Which was the most serious engagement Captain Slesher was ever in?" Jack—"The one that led to his marriage, I presume."—Larks.

"Now, they speak of her as an uppishie girl. What do you understand by that?" "A boy, a girl that is uppishie is up to anything."—Pack.

Mrs. Gray—"Do you like steam heat?" Mr. Brown—"Heavily, I don't know. You see, we only have steam heat in our flat."—Boston Transcript.

"Sitting here," the post card, "As I was the storm door kicked its belt. As I slammed the door ten lights of stairs, The floor of its remark he felt in the stairway."—Illustrated Bits.

A sportive youth will feel complimented if you call him "a gay young dog," but not if you refer to him as "a fresh young puppy."—Philadelphia Record.

Dorathina—"There goes Jack with his wealthy bride, girls." Theodosia—"Yes; aren't men fickle? To think that last summer he was engaged to us!"—Truth.

First Artist (patronizingly)—"Van Dike is a good fellow, but he never will be a finished painter. Second Artist—"No; all his figures are entirely too life-like."—Judge.

There are over sixty millions of people in this country, and at least fifty millions of them have been cured of something at one time or another.—West Union (Iowa) Gazette.

Camus—"Why don't Mr. Gilgal and Miss Peckham get married?" Gilgal—"Shyness on both sides." "How do you make that out?" "She is a shy little thing by nature and he is shy of cash."

"Do you see anything coming our way?" asked the morning star of a companion. "Not yet," was the reply. "That's a servant below there who is about to light her kitchen fire with kerensie."

"That Willie Feathers is the most impudent man I ever met." "Really?" "He is. I told him I had never been kissed by a man in my life, and he said 'I will believe you.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Tommy—"Law, what is adding insult to injury?" Mr. Egg—"Well, I once had a dentist at work on my teeth for half a day, and when he got through he said he hoped I had pleasant time."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"You are always talking about the fashions. Now, honestly, do you think you would know the latest fashion in hats if you were to enter a milliner's?" He—"Certainly." She—"How?" He—"I would be looking at the prices."—Comic Cuts.

The theosophist gazed at the opposite wall with a far away smile. "We become what we eat," she murmured. "That is a great truth." "Great Je-hosophat!" exclaimed a voice in the corner. "What kind of a messagaria do I become when I eat hash?"—Washington Capital.

Chumpley—"That hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't put my mind at all last night." Pokley—"Of course, he had some excuse." Chumpley—"Yes, he said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh."—Detroit Free Press.

Making an Artificial Skin.

A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use in wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is dressed of mucous membrane and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibers are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid a piece is produced which takes the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

European Population.

Europe has increased its population by six per cent within the last sixty-two years, but in the same time 36,000,000 of its inhabitants have emigrated to other countries.