

Times have changed since the day when Sidney Smith asked who read an American book. Now the London Globe speaks of "English and American literary classics."

The carrier-pigeon service in Paris is now most carefully organized, and the latest census shows that there are 2,500 trained birds, which can take dispatches in and out of the capital in the roughest weather. Some are taught to go to the neighboring forts and towns, others to distant parts of the provinces.

A recent project among astronomers is beginning to take definite shape. The French Academy of Science proposes holding an international conference in Paris next Spring to arrange for the preparation of a photographic map of the entire heavens, this great work to be simultaneously carried forward by ten or twelve observatories scattered over the whole globe.

An interesting and instructive review of the Southern iron trade is given in the New York Tribune by its correspondent of other days, Mr. Z. L. White, late of the Providence Star. Millions of capital have gone into the business, and millions more are going into it every year. Eighteen new furnaces are building in the region now, nine of which are in Birmingham.

The late King Alfonso of Spain is not yet officially buried, although he has just been dead a year. According to rigid Spanish etiquette royal personages must become "mummified" before being finally laid to rest, and so their coffins are placed in a special chamber in the rock, where water falls constantly upon the corpse until it is completely petrified. So the body of the late king is still undergoing the process.

It is reported that Armour & Co. of Chicago, the largest manufacturers of hog butter, have sent out their agents to various city markets, and by paying the tax for the retail dealers in oleomargarine have secured iron-clad contracts from the small dealers that they will buy only from Armour & Co. This is similar to the system in England, where great brewers pay the taxes of public houses and saloons, on condition that they purchase their ale and beer only from those paying the tax. The oleomargarine men fight hard to preserve their "industry."

An important agricultural improvement is announced by the London Times in the introduction of a new sort of potato. The origin of the disastrous potato rot is said to lie in the inability of the potato from the Andes, which grows naturally in a climate where rain is almost unknown, to adapt itself to the wet soils of our levels. It was believed that if the potato could be propagated from a species indigenous in a marshy soil the evil might be remedied, and the experiment might be made of raising potatoes from a species found by Darwin growing wild in the Chonos Archipelago in swamps. Whether the theory will now stand the test of practical experience of course still remains to be proved, but if it will, the advantage is of very decided importance.

A Great Poultry Farm. There is a poultry farm of 8000 Plymouth Rocks, at Lancaster, Mass. Mr. Hawkins, its owner, calculates to have about 8000 fowls every fall, and carries over 2500 laying hens through the winter. His farm contains twenty-five acres, and its poultry buildings an acre and a half. These comprise six or seven sheds, 200 feet in length. Each shed is divided into apartments of 12x20 feet, and about twenty-five hens are kept in each division. A yard is made in front of each apartment.

Mr. Hawkins believes that if confined poultry have their wants attended to they will do as well as if allowed free range. He bases this belief on several facts. In hatching time he sets 700 hundred hens in one day, and puts 700 hundred eggs in an incubator, which is due to hatch on the same day, the chickens from which will be distributed among two hundred hens. His sales of fowls and eggs for hatching at fancy prices are large, about ninety per cent. being profit. He also has standing order for sixty to ninety dozen of eggs daily, for which he gets the highest market price. Mr. Hawkins began at the age of twenty-one with one hundred hens, and by careful management and economy his business has enlarged so that at the age of twenty-eight he has a very handsome income. The poultry nature is quite an item. He sold last year five hundred barrels at \$1.50 per barrel. —Farm and Fireside.

The Mistakes of Life. Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean, or the sands of the shore in numbers but it is well to be accurate. Here then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, and not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make all the plans for the necessities of others; to consider anything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite mind can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.

Gems of Consolation.

The memory of a kindly word
In days gone by,
The fragrance of a faded flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The message of a single verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of all such tiny things
To make it well!

An Awkward Mistake.

"Yes," said Ella Witherley, "I really think I'm going to have a stop-grand-mamma at last."

She spoke in a whisper, so that the hale old squire, reading the newspaper on the front porch, should not hear her, neither should her voice reach the ears of the Widow Cox, who was making lemon pies in the great, cool kitchen.

Ella stood out among the currant bushes, her dimpled face half shaded by the coquette "sea-side" that she wore, and a basket of garnet-red fruit in her hand, while Josie Hall, her boarding-school-mate and dearest friend, leaned over the garden wall.

"Dear, dear, how dreadful!" said Josie, in sympathetic accents.

"Not so bad, after all," retorted Ella, stooping to gather a four-leaved clover.

"Mrs. Cox is a very nice sort of woman, if grandpa fancies her—and in case they should get married, you see I am free to go to New York and take those drawing and painting lessons that I have sighed for so long. My services as housekeeper and general factotum will no longer be needed."

"I can't bear that Mrs. Cox," said Josie, spitefully. "Always talking through her nose of her dear, departed husband—always smelling of essence of peppermint and—"

"Now, Josie, you're unreasonable, you are. It isn't a crime for the poor thing to have the toothache."

"But she is such a horrible old scandal monger."

"That's a fashionable failing?"

"And she goes patting around in those plush slippers like a supernatural pussy cat—and she talks about the dear Squire."

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"Oh," said Josie, with a careless toss of her head, "if you're satisfied no one else should object. And so, I'll just gather that green sage for Aunt Phillis, and get home as fast as I can."

The Squire had finished the newspaper when Ella returned to the house.

"Where have you been, my dear?" he demanded blandly.

"Down in the garden, grandpa, after currants."

"An' I where is Mrs. Cox?"

"In the kitchen."

"What is she doing?"

"Making lemon pies, grandpa, I believe, and getting ready to preserve gooseberries."

"Ah-h-h-h!" said the Squire comfortably nodding his head.

"Nice woman, Mrs. Cox. I chance to mention yesterday that I was fond of gooseberry jam in the winter, and here she is trying to anticipate my wishes already. A very nice woman."

"Yes, grandpa," said Ella demurely.

"By the way," said the Squire suddenly starting up as a new thought struck him, "there are more of the choice seedling peaches gone again since last night. Did you see it?"

"I noticed that the branches were broken down a little, grandpa."

"Burglars! Sneak thieves!" cried the Squire, the bald crown of his head becoming a rosy pink in his excitement.

"To dare to steal my wall-fruit before it is ripe! To break biddly into my domain! But I'll be even with 'em yet! I'll chain 'em, the blood-suckers, to the foot of the tree! I'll have a man-trap with teeth as sharp as a steam-saw—I'll—"

"Dear me, is that the dinner-bell? I can't be possible that it's twelve o'clock already! But Mrs. Cox is so surprisingly prompt."

Mrs. Cox, herself, however, the nonpareil of a housekeeper, who aspired in time to become Mrs. Squire Witherley, did not appear at the table. Ella knocked at her door with anxious inquiries.

"Pray excuse me for to-day, my dear," Mrs. Cox's nasal voice answered from within the sanctuaries of her own bedroom. "I'm a little tired out with the preserving."

Late in the day the widow made her appearance, her head tied up in an enormous pink-potted pocket handkerchief.

"Dear me, Mrs. Cox, what is the matter?" said innocent Ella.

"It's to prevent influenza," said the Widow Cox, looking under the pantry shelves to find the milk skimmer. But she took particular pains to keep out of the range of the Squire's vision.

"How did the gooseberries come out?" Ella inquired, thinking that at last she had hit upon an acceptable topic of conversation.

"Oh, they were a failure," said Mrs. Cox, wincing.

"Dear me! What was the trouble?"

"They—they stuck to the kettle," said Mrs. Cox, and she hurried out of the room to feed the young turkeys.

Half an hour afterward the hired hand, one Moss McGill, came up to where Mrs. Witherley was weeding her flower bed.

"You couldn't spare me a little cookie?" said Mrs. Cox, could you?" he asked, in a mysterious whisper.

"(Speaking to Moss) What for?"

"Well, it's our Billy. He's dreadful cussed in his stum ink."

"Cholera, Moses?"

"Oh, bless ye, miss, no! But boys will be boys, you know—and Billy, he found a kettle of gooseberry jam set to cool down on the garden wall, back of the well, and he went into 'em with a will, till, all of a sudden like, he stirred up somethin' with a stick—and, lowerin' his voice again, 'It was a wig! A red wig!'"

Ella burst into a peat of irrepressible laughter. It was plain enough now. The Widow Cox had lost her wig in the preserving kettle.

"Well, Moses," she said, as soon as she could sufficiently control her voice "don't say a word. Accidents will occur. 'I'll get the soda, and you must tell Billy to be a little more careful as to stolen sweets hereafter.'"

There was no moon the next night, only the fiery, golden glitter of stars, and the uncertain lamps of myriads of glow-worms. All the lights in the Witherly mansion were out, and no one save Ella and the Squire's self knew that the latter personage was stealthily watching down under the shadow of the tall currant bushes for the midnight depredator, who had so lawlessly rifled his young peach trees.

"I'll lay hands on the villains, or I'll know the reason why!" the Squire vengefully muttered to himself.

Just as the clock was on the stroke of twelve there was a rustle among the bushes, the sound of stealthy footsteps, the crackling of leaves and gravel under foot. The Squire sat up, his eyes starting from his head, his whole frame trembling with triumphant expectation, as a tall, gaunt figure, robed in black, emerged from the shrubbery, and, stooping beneath a clump of elderberries at the foot of the finest peach tree.

Like a cat from its ambush the Squire pounced out upon the midnight prowler.

"I've got you, have I! Villain! Sneak! Wretched thief! And I'll shake every bone out of your body, see if I don't!"

"Squire Witherley!" shrieked a shrill voice of terror and apprehension.

The Squire leaped his hold.

"Why, it's Mrs. Cox! In the name of all the fates and furies, ma'am, what are you doing under my peach trees at this hour of the night?"

But between rage and fright the widow was, for once, thrown off her guard.

"You're no gentleman, Squire Witherley!" she exclaimed. "Nor you, neither, Ella—no lady, I mean," as the Squire's astonished grand-daughter appeared on the scene, in a gay customer wrapper, with a Shetland scarf folded about her head. "A-prying and a-peeping night and day!"

"But you shall not leave the spot, ma'am," insisted the undaunted Squire, "until you explain precisely what you are doing here at this time of the night."

Driven at last to bay, the widow was forced to that open confession which is said to be good for the soul.

"What I'm doing here!" she sharply repeated. "I ain't stealing your peaches, anyhow! If you must know, I came to get my new face-front o' curls! I dropped my other wig yesterday into them dratted gooseberries, and I sent by express for this 'un. And I told Pete Dickinson to leave it here quietly and not come bawling all over creation that he'd brought home my new wig. Look for yourself, if you really think I've been stealing your peaches! There ain't no harm in wearing a wig, I suppose, if your own hair ain't so very thick!"

"Certainly not, ma'am, certainly not," said the abashed Squire. "I hope you'll accept my—"

"I'll accept nothin'" protested the inexorable widow, "except it's my month's wages. I won't stay in a family that's so inquisitive and coarse-minded as this. I'll leave you to-morrow, see if I don't!"

"But, Mrs. Cox," protested Squire Witherley, "I beg your pardon. I never intended—"

Mrs. Cox flounced away, too indignant to listen to any apologies, and Ella followed her, vainly endeavoring to appease her wrath.

"She'll never forgive us, grandpa," said Ella, dolefully, as she returned from her futile essay.

"Dear me, dear me," said the Squire, scratching his head. "Very awkward, this!"

And it was.

For you see the Squire lost his winter store of gooseberry jam, Ella lost her housekeeper, and the widow lost her wig. It was awkward. And yet, after all, it was nobody's fault.

Value of Olfiferous Timber. The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from oliferous eypress timber in malarial districts are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the island of Ternate the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before; and in times when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris, those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages. —Cultivator.

A Small Practice. "How are collections, doctor?" he asked of a young physician.

"Slow."

"What's the trouble?—money tight?"

"No; the trouble is, nobody owes me anything." —Bazar.

MINT MATTERS.

The San Francisco Mint the Largest in the World.

A Worn Out Carpet that Yielded \$3,300 When It Was Burned.

The mint at San Francisco is the largest in the world. It has done, in its time, the largest business of any mint in the world. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, there was coined at this mint \$54,907,500, of which \$41,039,500 was gold; in the same year the Philadelphia mint only coined \$22,732,319, of which \$10,892,800 was gold. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, the total gold coinage of the United States was \$24,861,123, of which San Francisco coined \$20,857,500. Philadelphia and New Orleans coined most of the silver, apparently because it was thought well to give the mints at those places something to do.

A comparison of the coinage of the mints of the world will show how few of them approach San Francisco in the volume of the gold coinage. The following are the figures for the last fiscal year:

Countries.	Gold Coinage.
Mexico,	\$ 328,678
Great Britain,	11,309,819
Germany,	13,709,494
Austria-Hungary,	1,224,420
Sweden,	1,022,420
Spain,	4,983,004
Russia,	19,840,548
San Francisco,	20,857,500

How "the Mint" of the United States came to be located at Philadelphia is a story of provincial jealousy. When Philadelphia lost the seat of government, as a tall, gaunt figure, robed in black, emerged from the shrubbery, and, stooping beneath a clump of elderberries at the foot of the finest peach tree.

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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who pumps longest gets the most water.

A man to be happy must be friends with himself.

Things are ours that we may use them for all sometimes that we may sacrifice them.

The secret of happiness is to find the fair side of every event and fit it to every occasion.

If that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed.

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

A man sometimes gives himself credit for following his conscience when he is simply prejudiced and willful.

Take care as to your associates. Not only will you be known by the company you keep, but you will soon become like it.

To speak kindly of each other is good, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly towards another is best of all.

An Indian's Glass Eye. A tall, lean Indian who passed through Chicago some time ago on his way back to the reservation from a visit to Washington, attracted a great deal of attention by his wondrous and unearthly appearance. He was a swarthy fellow, with black hair and a large black eye, but the other eye was glass, a bright blue, and gazed into vacancy with a wild, cerulean stare that was strange to behold. The Indian seemed proud of his dissimilar eyes, and he was looked up to with great respect and awe by the other savages with him. His experience was explained by an army officer who was in town last week. He also has only one good eye, but the artificial organ looks natural and healthy. One day at the war office he took out the game eye, after the manner of men who own them, and, wiping it off, slipped it back carefully into the socket. The Indian saw the performance, and was much struck by it. He asked the officer if he could see with the glass eye, and the officer facetiously told him he could. "Gimme one," said the Indian, and the army man went into his trunk, where he kept a supply, and produced one. The Indian jammed it into the place where his natural eye used to be, and then stalked away like an apparition from the lower regions. He never thought of taking the eye out once he had it in, and he stoutly maintained that he could see with it as well as with the other.

Presidents on Horseback. A Washington correspondent says: I don't think the President would look very well on horseback. He is too fat and heavy to sit a horse well. President Arthur, during the latter part of his term, took horseback rides almost daily, and the Presidents of the past have nearly all been fond of equestrian exercise. George Washington once flogged a stable boy because he did not rub his horse down when he brought him in wet with the exercise of a hard gallop. Jefferson was fond of horses, and he rode on a saddle in his inauguration. John Quincy Adams was inaugurated, and he used to walk out to the race course near Washington to see the running. A tip which a man once gave Andrew Jackson on the race course saved that man's life when Andrew Jackson became President, and Harrison pranced up to his inauguration at the Capitol on a milk white steed, along the Appian way. John Tyler had good horses, though he did ride in a second-hand carriage, and Zach Taylor looked his best when he was on horseback. Frank Pierce used to gallop about Washington at midnight on a spirited steed which was totally blind, and James Buchanan had a set of harness which cost him \$800. Lincoln liked horses, and he rode them, wearing at the time a tall silk hat, and no one thinks of Grant without associating him with his horses.

Americans Who Catch Titles. It has become proverbial for American girls to marry titled foreigners, but it is very rare that an American young man wins the heart and hand of a titled European. It was indeed accomplished in the case of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, but then Lady Burdett-Coutts was so old and the groom so young that the contracting parties could not be held responsible for their acts. But the recent marriage of Mr. Harold W. Pearsall with the daughter of the Marquis Origo, King Humbert's master of the horse, presents a good example of a noble family of the old world allying itself with republican stock in the new. Mr. Pearsall's stepfather is Count Resse, who resides in a charming villa in the beautiful environs of Florence. His mother, Countess Resse, is the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps of New York, a lady of a large wealth and still larger views on all questions pertaining to social progress. —[N. Y. Star.

Window Glass Novelty. A correspondent of the Bangor Commercial recently saw in an old-fashioned farm-house in Troy, Me., the first glass window ever brought into that town. The occupant of the farm-house hauled to Bangor with his steers a load of hand-made staves, and of furs he had caught in his traps, and bargained them for a glass window. "I was careful how I handled it," says the old gentleman. He intended to buy soda corn with his pelts and staves, but his wife wanted a window, and he bought one to please her. It was a great curiosity in the town, sixty years ago. —[Boston (Me.) Journal.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPES.

The most popular telescopes now in use magnify 2000 times. As the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, it is thus practically brought to within 120 miles, at which distance the snowy peaks of several lunar mountains are distinctly visible to the naked eye.

The "bird spider" of tropical America has a body 4 1/2 inches long. The circle of the tips of the legs has a diameter of seven inches. It is so named because it builds its nest to capture small birds, lizards and reptiles. The nests usually contain 1500 to 2000 eggs. There are about 100 species of this formidable creature.

Dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart and nervousness are among the disorders attributed to the use of strong tea in excess, but the most remarkable effect seems to have been observed in the case of a young girl reported by an English medical authority to have had attacks exactly resembling delirium tremens as a result of a habit of chewing tea leaves.

Vast arid and almost rainless tracts in Australia, according to Mr. Joseph Bosisto to Victoria, are thickly covered with a dwarf Eucalyptus, barely eight feet high. The stem of this shrub contains half a pint of water, which bushmen quickly obtain, yet inexperienced travellers in these regions often die of thirst.

A curious application has recently been made of electricity to condense dusts and fumes. If air filled with smoke is charged with electricity, the smoke at once flies to the sides of the containing vessel in a way that appears almost magical. In the same way, electricity will cause fine dusts, which are often very difficult to remove from the air, to condense, or coagulate so as to be easily removable.

A new work by Dr. Louis Jobert states that no purely left-handed race has ever been discovered, although 70 per cent. of the inhabitants of the Peninsula use the left hand by preference, as do also the larger part of the Hottentots and Bushmen of South Africa. In a study of criminals, Dr. Marro has found that from fourteen to twenty-two per cent. of convicts were left-handed, the highest ratio among people of all classes being only nine in the hundred.

By means of a sensitive thermopile and a perforated disc of card-board, Prof. Storor, a German physicist, has proven that extraluminous patches on the solar disc are more intensely heated than the rest, and that the dark spots are cooler than the average surface. The hottest regions must develop ascending gas currents, to which descents of cooler gas masses must necessarily correspond. These descending gases must generate the dark spots, and the ascending produce the prominences which are observed to shoot up to enormous heights. This theory is confirmed by the fact that sun-spots always form on extra bright parts of the sun.

An "Odd Fish" Out of Water. A story was told the other day in Washington about Jim Green of Missouri, a "character" of the anti-bellum days. Green always made a point of the fact that, so far as he knew, he had never been to church in his life. He had been to camp-meeting once, he said, but he did not remember that very well, and he really had no idea what a church service was like. Some of his colleagues in the Senate labored with him to get him to go to church just to hear what he would say about it when he got back. It took three or four weeks of persuasion, but finally Green went to church. When he got back to luncheon at his hotel a large circle of friends sat solemnly awaiting his report. "What church did you go to?" was the first question asked. "I don't know, I'm sure," replied Green; "it was a brown church up on Third street."

They gathered from that he had attended odd Trinity Episcopal. "Well, what did you think of it?" they continued. "O, I'm not a good judge of churches," said Green; "haven't I told you that I never was in a church before in my life? I don't know anything about them." "O, well," they persisted, "what did you think of this one, anyway?" "Well," said he, "if you must have it, I thought there was too much reading of the journal and too little general debate."

—Troy Times.

A \$3000 Chair. Probably the most valuable cane in Chicago is owned by Dr. W. H. Hale, a Scotchman, who left Edinburgh five years ago, and has since traveled a hundred thousand miles, the cane going with him. The head of this wondrous cane contains over three pounds of 18-karat gold, and is mounted with sixty-five diamonds. The gold snake which entwines the upper part of the cane has ruby eyes. In the top of the head is secured a gold chronometer balance watch the cover of which contains a gold monogram of its owner, studded with twenty-four diamonds. Dr. Hale says the cost of the cane was \$3500. It is naturally very proud of it, and never tires showing it to callers. —Chicago Herald.

Weighted in the Scales. "Too bad about Bliffkin, wasn't it?" "What's up?"

"Oh, I always considered him a pretty decent sort of a fellow, in his way. But that sort of thing is over now. He was tried in the scales the other night and found wanting."

"You don't say. How on earth did it happen?"

"Candidate for a salaried position in a church choir and couldn't get up to high C, you know." —Detroit Mercury.

Young mother: "Now just look at the young darling, isn't he an angel?" Crusty bachelor brother: "No; but I wish he was."

NEW LUMBER YARD.

MILMO & STOKOE,

Jeannerette, La. Opelousas, La.

We are Here to Compete.

And invite you to call and examine stock at prices below purchasing elsewhere.

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