



The Cunarder Campana is no. easily the Queen of the C's.

There are more than a thousand different things made from petroleum, including angels.

A girl is not angry with her lover every time she closes the door behind him with a dozen bangs.

The criminal classes—but stay, there has been enough said about hyster lawyers and hoodie policemen.

France reports through her Academy a reform in spelling. A little moral reform over that way wouldn't be a bad thing.

If learned astronomers are unable to decide whether the recent celestial display was an aurora borealis or a comet's tail the "plain people" may be excused for thinking it was a fire in the next town.

A Texas editor was shot and killed by a Texas judge. Things are going wrong in the Lone Star State apparently, for this is an absolute reversal of the usual order of affairs.

The failure of the rain-making experiment has not deterred certain citizens of Dakota from organizing what they call the International Cold Wave Company, with a nominal capital of \$1,000,000.

The city of Asuncion in Paraguay is described by a correspondent as one of picturesque charm and full of relics of magnificence.

The Boston Globe waxes eloquently indignant over the discrimination shown against young women in English colleges, and refers with considerable heat to the fact that ten young women have passed the examination for the mathematical tripos at Cambridge, but cannot be given a degree.

A man killed himself in Philadelphia and left his body to a medical college. This was his dying message, written on a postal card: "A Chump for Dissection—Professor: Cut my body up to show the young cranks how a chump is made."

A return made by a British Government agent shows some peculiar things regarding the prices of bread and flour at different points on the Continent of Europe.

Col. Murphy, the Apostle of Corn, makes a practical suggestion regard-

ing missionary work, which if generally adopted would very soon tell in our exports of corn and corn-meal. It is that the millions of adopted citizens in the United States, when writing their friends in the old world, mention the excellence and cheapness of corn as a human food.

The problem of manufacturing a non-corrosive paint for the bottoms of steel and iron warships, which has been vexing the navy officials for a long time, has just been satisfactorily settled.

FRANK R. STOCKTON, writing in the Forum of Mark Twain and his recent works, says: "Mark Twain's most noble characteristic is courage."

A DISPATCH from Kokomo, Ind., recently reported the death of Juan Burger, the 13-year-old son of a citizen of that place, from the direct effects of cigarette smoking.

JOHN CUDAHY, the great packer, many times a millionaire as was commonly reported, played the role of "plunger," and plunged into financial ruin.

Everything about the house is perfect in its way. The clap-boards and shingles are all of the right size, and fit into place exactly.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Old-Fashioned Cradle at the Fair. Now, girls and boys, when you see all the toys...



THE CRADLE IN WHICH JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WAS ROCKED.

How cradles were made in which babies were laid A long, long time ago.

This one is of wood, all strong and good; It has lasted for many a day, And will always be treasured, while time is measured.

For in it a President lay, Can you tell me his name? It is linked with fame— His father was President, too; And the Old Bay State had the honor great Of giving these statesmen two.

Won't I tell it? Why, yes, if you're sure You can't guess; It was John Quincy Adams, good man, Who was rocked in this cradle, this old-fashioned cradle.

When its history began, And his children, too, and all babies new, And that into that family came, With their laughter and and tears, for a hundred years.

Were rocked in it just the same. —Julia Wolcott in Little Men and Women.

After the Circus. Well, what do you think our little girl dreamed.

One night when she got into bed? She had been to the circus, and all that she saw was hobbling about in her head.

The tall giraffes and kangaroo, The elephant and the monkeys, too, The horrible ape and the woolly cow,



The stupid turtles that didn't know how To crawl from under the ostrich's feet And nearly got crushed into fine minced-meat.

Oh! these are the things that one and all Politely came to return her call, And say good-night to the little girl Who calmly slumbered amid the whirl Of all she saw at the circus that day.

When she watched the "menagerie folks" at play. —Little Men and Women.

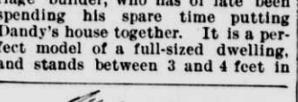
Dandy's Comfortable House. Of course most of you have seen dogs that had houses of their own, warm, comfortable kennels, but it is not likely that many of you have ever heard of a dog with a home with windows and doors, colored glass, and a sign—in fact, a complete cottage, with all modern improvements—for dogs.

There is such a dog, though, and such a house up in Somerville, Mass., and not long ago the Boston Globe sent an artist up there to get a picture of Dandy and his property.

Dandy is a fat little pug, 7 years old, and his master and mistress are very fond of him.

He has many other friends, too, among them a carriage builder, who has of late been spending his spare time putting Dandy's house together.

It is a perfect model of a full-sized dwelling, and stands between 3 and 4 feet in



DANDY AND HIS HOUSE.

eight. Everything about the house is perfect in its way. The clap-boards and shingles are all of the right size, and fit into place exactly.

On the edges of the roof are little rain gutters, and there are spouts to carry off the water.

Dandy's master is thinking of running a small steam-pipe to heat the house when cold weather comes, and he has started to put in an electric alarm to call the pug when he is wanted.

house is painted yellow, with white trimmings and a brown roof. The front door—of course Dandy doesn't use it, as nearly half of one side of the house is removed to let him in and out—is fitted with brass knob, colored glass and a brass-handled bell.

Naming the Babies. "Whatever shall I call them?" said little adoptive Mother Marguerite, fondly.

Marguarite thought they were nice names, Buttercup especially. Her heart stood quite still, though, when the other two were named "Moses" and "Nebuchadnezzar."



Mr. Bennett is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter, Mabel, he seems very old indeed.

Mabel's Grandpa. Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment. "Then why weren't you drowned?" she asked.

Brave Hannah Snell. There have been many woman warriors in the world, but it must be admitted that there have been very few whose deeds were such as to claim the admiration of the country for any great length of time.

His Reason. In administering punishment in the navy different penalties carry with them reduction to a lower conduct class.

Let Us All Laugh. The girl baby is the first great crisis of married life.—Galveston News.

A GREAT many people express opinions that should be sent off by freight.—Galveston News.

THE sad sea waves.—The hotel-keeper saluting his parting guests.—Union County Standard.

THERE are some men who have to be knocked down first and argued with afterwards.—Acheson Globe.

WHEN a parliamentary division ends in a free fight both the eyes and nose are apt to have it.—Lowell Courier.

THE man who "has the pull" at a picnic is generally the thoughtful chap who has brought a flask.—Boston Bulletin.

THE reason that the geysers at the National Park leap so high is because they are composed of spring water.—Lowell Courier.

SPEAKING of hollow mockery, doesn't a hungry parrot com' pretty near answering that description?—Buffalo Courier.

"Has man a perfect organ of speech?" "Yes." "Has woman, also?" "No; hers is made without stops."—Harvard Lampoon.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh. The girl baby is the first great crisis of married life.—Galveston News.

A SPRUCE STREET girl calls her pet pug Knickerbocker, because he is addicted to short pants.—Philadelphia Record.

WELL DONE.—The farmer who falls in with bunco men.—Philadelphia Call.

THE girl who had a falling out with her friend will not try the hammock again.—Piscayune.

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"Did I tell you that story about 288?" "No, sir." "Well, I'm afraid I can't tell you. It's two gross."—Philadelphia Record.

THE man who gets up a raffle figures on a sure thing. At least he seldom or never takes any chances himself.—Buffalo Courier.

DURING the preserving season the housewife realizes that one essential of the occupation is to preserve her equanimity.—Boston Courier.

"I RECKON," said Farmer Bethune, looking at the Dahomey amazons, "them's the kind o' soldiers 'at fight under kiver."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

THERE are those who hesitate to affirm that it represents real musical progress when a hand-organ is pulled along the street.—Philadelphia Times.

SHE—Will you see papa to-morrow? He—Y-yes, if you will give me a letter of introduction. He never knows me when he sees me.—Detroit Free Press.

THE malleability of gold is so great that a sheet of foil, it is said, can be beaten as thin as the slice of ham in a World's Fair sandwich.—Kansas City Journal.

IT is very hard to explain the attractions of country life to a city man who has just investigated the voltage of a black-faced bumble-bee.—Baltimore American.

IT is interesting to see how sorry the man who went to the country for a vacation and the other man who stayed at home are for each other.—Washington Star.

THE owner of a noble carriage who was upset the other day said that he couldn't agree with the spectators who complimented him on his handsome turnout.—Lowell Courier.

FOGG does not consider himself absent-minded, but he did catch himself the other day before the mirror taking off his glasses to see how he looked in them.—Boston Transcript.

"It must have been a love match, for she knew he was poor." "No, he told her he had only a remnant of his fortune left, and she, of course, thought she'd get a bargain."—Inter Ocean.

A HOLY PLACE.

The Celebrated Monastery of Troitsa, Near Moscow, Russia.

Foremost among the holy places of Russia is the monastery of Troitsa, dedicated to its founder, St. Sergius. It is forty-five miles from Moscow and stands on a commanding elevation. Walls twenty feet thick, varying in height from thirty to fifty feet and extending 4,500 feet inclose the monastery, making it a very strong fortress.



MONASTERY AT TROITSA.

a jumble of metal roofs, above which rise the gilded domes of ten churches, while above all towers the graceful belfry of Rastrelli. The main church contains the shrine of St. Sergius, which is visited by many thousand pilgrims yearly, and scattered about are several holy wells, the waters of which are said to effect miraculous cures.

The foundation of the monastery was laid by St. Sergius, a religious of noble birth, who, about the middle of the fourteenth century, established himself in this place with twelve disciples. The strictness of his life, his superior wisdom and the rigor with which he and his monks subjected themselves to manual labor, brought his establishment into high repute.

Sad troubles were in store for his disciples. In 1408 the monastery was destroyed by the Tartars and was not rebuilt for nearly twenty years.

In 1608 the monastery had to withstand a sixteen months' siege by a Polish army 20,000 strong, and it emerged from the trial triumphantly. Again in the same century it repulsed the same enemy from its walls.

EULALIA'S ELDER SISTER.

The Princess Isabelle de Bourbon, Who Is Also an Infant of Spain.

When the Chicago papers reached Madrid with accounts of how the Infanta Eulalia was enjoying herself here during her recent visit it is barely possible that a feeling of envy

was experienced by her sister, the Princess Isabelle de Bourbon, who is also an infant of Spain. Both princesses are daughters of the former deposed Queen of Spain, who now resides in Paris, and both princesses are aunts of the present child king, Alfonso XIII.

Princess Bourbon lives in the palace with Christina, queen regent, at Madrid. She is about 35 years of age and is described by the New York Herald as very energetic and influential in the politics of Spain and popular with the Spanish people.

While the two princesses are unlike in disposition they are devotedly attached to each other. Shortly after United States Minister General E. Burd Grubb arrived in Madrid Mrs. Grubb was taken sick with fever and the Queen sent her personal court physician in attendance. General and Mrs. Grubb always had distinguished courtesy shown and entertained the court lavishly.

Fine Pigs. The wife of a farmer, having two marriageable daughters, decided to give an evening party and invite a number of her acquaintances, among whom were several eligible young men.

Her husband, a plain, blunt, Yorkshireman, who knew more about cows and sheep than of etiquette, was quietly cautioned to be on his best behavior while the company were present.

He was taught by his daughters that if by any means he did make a remark which might offend the guests, to immediately apologize by saying, "Of course, present company excepted."

The night for the party came round, and all were ready to sit down to the table, when it was found that the host himself was absent. However, after an awkward wait of a few minutes, the old farmer came quietly into the room.

"Why, father, however is it you are so very late?" asked the eldest daughter.

"Well, you see, my lass, I've just been over to Farmer Giles', looking at his pigs, and they are as fine a litter of pigs as you ever set eyes on—present company excepted, of course!"