Plenty of Boys in Berlin.

In general statisticians have to complain of the unequal increase in the number of female children as compared with that of males. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Berlin, the capital of the military monarchy of Prussia, has always broken the record in this respect, so that Kaiser Wilhelm need not fear that the ranks of his legions will be thinned. Last year 52,245 children were born in Berlin. Of these 27,077 were boys and 25,168 were girls, showing an increase to the credit of the male population of 1909. Berlin, for some reason or another, seems to have the privilege of turning out more boys into the world than girls, for, taking the numbers from 1891 to 1900, we find there was an average annual increase in the male progeny of the city during the ten years of 1361 over the female—in other words, out of every 1000 infants born, 513 were boys and 487 girls . The year 1820 was the record year last century, when 525 boys were born out of 1000 babies.—London Telegraph.

—The Griffon, designed by Cavalier de La Salle, the first boat known to have sailed the upper lakes, was built in 1679 in what is now the village of La Salle, near Niagara Falls.

M. N. U.....NO. 28, 1902

SPINNING WHEEL.

"IF I BUT KNEW."

If I but knew
The nightingale's best song
The weary days would not be half so long,
For I would sing it every day, to you—
If I but knew.

If I but knew
The words that would express
How much I love you now, I will confess
I'd write each day a ream of words or two;
If I but knew.

If I but knew
A way to make you be
Always content with me, you'd quickly see
Me use my secret; ah, that's what I'd do,
If I but knew.

If I but knew
Each day a real "sure thing"
Upon the race track, how much coin I'd bring
Back home each night, and give it all to you—
If I but KNEW!
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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Fate had been hard with this little one. She had been unfortunate enough to be left parentless and homeless when so very young that she hardly knew she had had any parents. She was adopted by a charitable old couple, and when she grew large enough she was sent to school.

Then it was that the other little girls, with that wicked wisdom which innocent grown people suppose the little ones do not possess, came to her and said:

"Annie, your papa and mamma are not your papa and mamma at all. You ain't got no parents."

This was news to Annie, and it sorely troubled her brave little heart. When she got home she told the old folks what the wicked little girls had said. The old folks wisely told her the truth. They also told her, in the tender manner of old folks, that all this made no difference and she had nothing to be ashamed of. This was all very comforting; still it is not the less a wonder that the little girl understood it aright and took courage again.

The next day when she went back to school four of the wicked little girls taunted her again, but she said:

"My papa and mamma are better than your papas and mammas, anyhow."

Four pairs of sharp little eyes opened wide.

"Just listen!" they exclaimed. Then they asked:

"How can you make out that your papa and mamma are better than our papas and mammas, when our papas and mammas are real papas and mammas, and your papa and mamma are not a real papa and mamma at all?"

This would have been a riddle like that of the sphinx to the simple mind of an adult, but the wisdom of childhood grasped it at once.

"My papa and mamma are better than your papas and mammas because my papa and mamma sent away a hundred miles to get me, and your papas and mammas took you just because they had to. So there."—New York Daily News.

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A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was recently reminded very forcibly of his approaching baldness by one of his rural acquaintances.

"Jedge," drawled the farmer, "it won't be so very long 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string around yer head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."—Harper's Magazine.

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George D. Bisbee, one of the leading attorneys of the Pine Tree state, tells this story apropos of the workings of the law for the protection of the game in the forests of Maine. The deer are protected for ten months, and no provision has yet been made for recompensing the farmers whose peas, beans, sweet corn and clover may be eaten by those same deer.

A farmer up in Carritunk plantation wrote to the commissioners of inland fisheries and game to inquire what he might do to abate the nuisance of deer that were consuming his crops. It was not lawful to kill them, and they could jump any fence that it was practicable to build. The answer from the commission was: "The only legal thing for you to do is to scare the deer off."

The information didn't seem promising as concerned the crops, but some time afterward the commissioners received a letter from the farmer in which he conveyed the grim intelligence:

"I have followed your advice about scaring the deer out of my garden and—have scared them to death."—New York Times.

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Uncle William was visiting his married niece in the city. At luncheon one of the courses consisted of chicken croquettes, the contents of which were doubly disguised in "green things." Uncle William dug into one and took a mouthful. His comment was, "Gosh! Hash!"—Youth's Companion.

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McDowell, clerk of the House of Representatives, once attended court to hear a suit tried that had been brought against the Pennsylvania railroad by a farmer whose cow was killed by a train. There was a long trial, with learned arguments on both sides. The jury brought in this verdict:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran; if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang; if the whistle had been blowed as it should have been blew—both of which they did neither—the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

This cow story reminded Col. Harry Hall of the time a cow was killed near Sewickley and the railroad sent a long blank to the section foreman with a lot of questions to be answered. One question was: "State disposition of the remains."

"She was mild and gentle," wrote the foreman.

'What are the pecuniary circumstances of the owner?" the blank asked.

"He is of good moral character as far as I am able to learn," said the foreman.

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The Usual Outcome.—Jenks—Haven't you and that neighboring farmer settled your differences yet?

Farmer Akers—No, but our lawyers have settled.

Jenks—Settled? How?

Farmer Akers—On our farms.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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At a little dinner the other night the statement was made that the colored race had longer memories than white folk. Mark Twain, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following:

"Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when Gen. Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied, 'Lor', Massa, I steered dat boat.'

"'Well,' said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?'

"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said:

"'Why, suah, Massa, I dun drove dat hack mahself.'"—New York Times.

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"Do you think it would improve my style?" inquired the 'varsity man who had got into the crew through favoritism, "if I were to acquire a faster stroke?" "It would improve the crew," replied the candid trainer, "if you got a paralytic stroke."—Tit-Bits.

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Horrible Thought.—Towne—I suppose you've heard about Kadley, that awful cynic, losing his mind.

Browne—No? My, that's terrible.

Towne—O! I don't know. I haven't any sympathy——

Browne—What! Suppose some decent fellow should find it!—Catholic Standard and Times.

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"I suppose our Western country has furnished more funny things in the epitaph line than all the rest of the world," remarked ex-Congressman Lafe Pence of Colorado, at the Riggs House. "I remember one that adorned the cemetery at Leadville, in the palmy days of that great mining camp. It seems that in the course of a barroom brawl one Jim O'Brien, a well known character, had his existence terminated prematurely. He was a good fellow in the main and not without friends. One of the dead man's associates, in deep grief over his demise, erected a wooden slab over his grave on which he had written in large letters:

"'"Jim" O'Brien departed for heaven at 9:30 a. m.'

A local humorist happened along soon afterward and appended the following:

"'Heaven, 4:20 p. m. O'Brien not yet arrived. Intense excitement. The worst is feared.'"—Washington Post.

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Finally.—"That ain't law," said the attorney to the Billville Justice. "I know it," replied the Justice, "but it's Me; an' ef ever I hear of you appealing from my decision, I'll settle with you personally. Bailiff, clear the court!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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During the trial of a street railway damage suit in one of the circuit branches of the supreme court of the District of Columbia a few days ago, an important eye witness of the accident took the stand in the person of an elderly colored man. The plaintiff had been injured while the car was at a street crossing, and one of the attorneys was endeavoring to elicit from the witness just where the latter was standing at the moment the plaintiff was struck by the car. "As I understand you," remarked the attorney, after a number of questions had been asked, "you were standing at the street corner, diagonally opposite the point where the accident occurred." "No sir, I wasn't," declared the witness. "I guess I was standing kinder sort er on the bias from the spot."

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"That duck was fine," said the enthusiastic patron. "I can't imagine anything more acceptable than a nice little canvasback." "Unless," replied the proprietor of the restaurant, "it's a nice big greenback."—Philadelphia Record.

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A woman in Summerville who was the possessor of a solitary piece of statuary was one evening giving a party. Shortly before the guests arrived she looked through the rooms to see that everything was in order. Missing the Venus from its accustomed place—"Lee," she asked of the old butler, "where's my piece of statuary?"

"Miss Weeny, you mean, ma'am?" answered Lee, looking obstinate.

"Yes, the Venus. Where is it?"

"Well, Miss Margrit, ma'am, I jes' thought as gemmens was espected dis evenin' I'd better set Miss Weeny under de stahs."—June Lippincott.

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Little Flossie—"How much is a pound of insect powder?" Drug clerk—"Five cents." "And how much is that for a half pound?" "Three cents." "Please, sir, I'll take the other half."—Detroit Free Press.

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During one of Bishop Potter's parochial visits there happened to be a number of young deacons in the vestry room before service. One of them, who was rather talkative, remarked, "See, bishop, in the benedicite there is mention of you," pointing to the words, "O, all ye priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord," etc., "but there is nothing said about us deacons; I don't think it is quite fair!"

"Oh, yes, there is," quietly replied the bishop. "Here it is: 'O, all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord!'"—New York Times.

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His Great Fear.—Wife.—I'm afraid you won't be well enough to go with me to Mrs. Swagger's progressive euchre party tonight. Husband—I'm afraid I will.—Ohio State Journal.

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Mother—Now look here, Bob. You know your father has strictly forbidden you to eat any more of these dates, and here I find another stone. Bob—Why, mother, sister must have eaten that date; I did not throw that stone there. Mother—Are you sure about it, Bob? Bob—Yes, mother, quite sure, because I swallowed mine.—Brooklyn Life.

—:o:—

Old Gent—Why are you hitting the boy! What has he been doing?

Big Boy—Nothink. But 'e won't be long o' doin' somethink.—Punch.

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The old story about wolves in sheep's clothing comes home to a man when he orders spring lamb in a cheap restaurant. —Philadelphia Record.

A Sermon on "Friendship."

In a few words John D. Rockefeller preached an eloquent sermon one Sunday morning recently at the Sunday school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church at Cleveland, O. His text was "Friendship."

Among other things, he said: "Friendship is the one thing to be desired above all else in the world. Wealth and great riches are not worth having if one has not friendship with them. The greatest blessing of my life, my young friends, has been to be acquainted with so many of you and so many members of this church. Mrs. Rockefeller asked me on the way down to church this morning what I would say to you. I said I did not know. She said: 'Tell them to stay in the church,' and I don't know anything better to tell you. I will add this, that there is nothing in this world worth having compared with friendship."

The church had been handsomely decorated in honor of Mr. Rockefeller's presence. He sat in a prominent position and was the cynosure of all eyes.

Widow Pays Big Price for Husband.

Rose E. Guggenheim of Chicago, aged 26, paid $17,000 recently for the privilege of changing her name to Fishel. She settled that amount on Thomas G. Fishel, aged 38, before Judge Meek at Toledo, O., and later in the day was married to him by Rabbi Freund. Both of the contracting parties are well known Chicago people. Fishel is a salesman for the Cable company and his bride at one time was the wife of Henry L. Wineman of Chicago.

Recently they appeared before the license clerk at Toledo and secured a marriage license. Before leaving the court house the couple went before Judge Meek, where the made acknowledgments to a marriage agreement. The agreement is to the effect that she is to pay Fishel $17,000. He agrees to provide for any children that may result from the union. Mr. and Mrs. Fishel are on their way to the West on a wedding trip.

VALUE OF STEAMSHIPS.

One Today Worth More Than a Fleet of Yesterday.

The sum of £1,523,000, for which the directors of the North German Lloyd are arranging policies of insurance on their new steamer, the Kaiser Wilhelm II., when she is ready for sea, not only indicates that she will be the most valuable merchant steamer afloat, but it affords a good measure of the rapidity with which the value of the largest merchant steamers has increased in recent years. Half a century ago the value of the whole fleet of the Cunard line as it was might be valued at £936,760, and in those days that fleet consisted of nine steamers, the finest of their kind then in existence, and six smaller boats. Fifty years later the estimated value of the most costly steamer in the world exceeds by £300,000 the whole value put upon the fifteen vessels of what was then regarded as about the finest fleet of merchant steamers in the world.—Pearson's Weekly.

Safes in Churches.

"The modern up-to-date church," said an architect, who is now working on plans for a large suburban place of worship, "has many equipments that were not thought of several years ago. It may sound strange to speak of a safe in a church, especially in view of the old saying, 'As safe as a church.' And yet quite a number of churches now have safes in them; not necessarily to keep money in, for church funds are usually kept elsewhere, but for th preservation of books and records, together with the silver plate that is often of great value. The average communion service, for instance, is usually of the heaviest silver, and sometimes of gold, where the congregation is a very rich one. A safe guards against fire as well as burglars, and that has now come to be regarded as quite essential."—Philadelphia Record.

—Ninety-seven American municipalities report that they have established cremation or reduction plants for sewage, according to Engineering News (May 1). "Pennsylvania and Indiana lead in the total number of plants, having 14 and 12, respectively, and also in the number of crematories, which is 10 for each. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio each report four reduction plants."

—Dog lovers in Berlin have to pay a tax of $5 a year on each of their pets.

—Sergt. Robert Dawson, who took part in the siege of Sebastopol, the battles of Inkerman and Alma and the Balaclava charge, died recently at Bedale, Yorkshire, says the London Daily Mail. The account does not say that he died in the workhouse (almshouse), but since there is where the old British soldiers usually die that may be understood.

—At Yarmouth the street standards now being erected in connection with the electric tramways serve a three-fold purpose. They carry the overhead cables that supply the motive power, a private telephone wire for the corporation, and, instead of being topped by an ornamental finial, support a powerful electric arc light.

The F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis., have built up an enviable reputation for making first-class shoes. It requires over 600 workmen to supply the present demand. See their ad. in this issue.

—At the present ratio of progress seventy years will elapse before Pompeii is entirely uncovered. It is thought that as much of treasure remains as has been exhumed.

Henry A. Salzer, the well-known Wisconsin seedsman, gives the last thousand dollars to wipe out the debt of the La Crosse Y. M. C. A.

—A nugget of pure gold, weighing 64 ounces, has been unearthed by a Chinese digger at Talbot creek, Georgetown, Queensland.

—Allen immigrants to the number of 6379 landed in the United Kingdom in April last, as compared with 5852 during April, 1901.

—After being patched up, the old battleship Belleisle is to be made a target for British torpedoes.

—English is studied by 95 per cent. of the students in the higher schools of Egypt.

—Theaters in Japan are usually built of wood.

Celery engenders sleep.