

A YOUNG man walked in his sleep one night last week, at Slaterville, Ga., and when he awoke he found himself at a grindstone sharpening his knife.

THE WOMEN of Anam wear a hat that is like a large barrel cover, being twenty-seven inches in diameter. Six or seven silk cords as thick as a quill are suspended on each side.

FARMER CAMP employs 250 Piute Indians in picking hops near Folsom, Sacramento County. Their time is to be kept by a young woman of the tribe, who is a graduate of the Reno High School.

ISMAEL PASHA, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, is practically a prisoner at his residence on the Bosphorus. The Turkish government recently refused him permission to go to Carlsbad to take the waters for his health.

A GERMAN from Boston recently died while on a visit to Germany. While living his weight was 350 pounds. His body was cremated and the ashes, weighing six ounces, were mailed to his friends in the Hub City.

THESE is a negro woman who lives near Athens who prepares herself for death every night, and who is always terribly surprised to find herself alive mornings. She wishes to die in a blue gown, in which she arrays herself before lying down every night.

REV. DR. MEREDITH, who, next to Dr. Talmage, preaches to the largest audiences in Brooklyn, was a sailor boy. It was in that capacity that he first arrived in San Francisco, where he remained for some time and then went to Boston to study for the ministry.

THE big crowd at a county fair in West Virginia had it in their minds that a balloonist went up inside a balloon, and, therefore, when the aeronaut undertook to go up in a car attached they sassed him with bitter tongues and pelted him with the fruit of the hen.

A NOVEL idea in connection with the national encampment of the Grand Army in Detroit next year already is broached. It provides, instead of the customary parade, for all the veterans present to be grouped upon a huge raft upon the river to be viewed from passing boats.

AN officer in the navy has invented a method of removing stranded vessels, which is highly commended by naval authorities. As a device of this kind has always been one of the greatest necessities of the navy, it seems proper to remark again that necessity is the mother of invention.

THE Czar's personal body-guard of private police consists of fifteen specially picked Corsicans, matured and tried men, chosen and trained by M. Celertin Pietri, nephew of Napoleon III's Minister of Police. These men have to keep watch in the kitchens and private apartments, while some of them act as assistant cooks. It is intended gradually to increase the corps as suitable men can be found.

A SHORT courtship is reported from Maine. Deacon Marvin, one of the early settlers of Buckfield, one day mounted his horse with only a sheepskin for a saddle, rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him. On her coming he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty, without much hesitation, replied: "The Lord's will be done."

THE Memphis Avalanche tells the story of James Miller, who left a fortune to his early sweetheart, Jennie James, of James' Switch, Ind., and describes the woman as the "slender-beater" of the chief Sunday-school of the place. The Avalanche may have meant to say "standard-bearer," but if it doesn't hurry up and apologize for the work of its depraved compositors it may have a libel suit on its hands in no time.

A LOG cutter found a bottle containing \$1,000 in gold dust near Sly Park, El Dorado County, Cal. He was sawing a tree down when he struck something. He could not imagine what the saw could be striking in the middle of a tree three feet thick! After the tree was down and an examination made a bottle containing \$1,000 in gold dust was found in the center of the tree. It was probably put in there many years ago by some old miner.

SOME of the bravest girls in our large cities to day are making homes for themselves in but one good-sized room, and how they manage would make an interesting contribution to household lore. They eat the food which they have prepared and honestly earned at the counter or in the office, and the time which they count their own is largely occupied in the necessary and pleasant work of keeping their house in order, and they thoroughly appreciate the privilege of possessing and caring something of their own.

A POTTSWORTH, Pa., pastor has been requested to resign his charge because it has been found by the church authorities that he used undue influence to secure his position by electioneering at a church picnic. "Electioneering" at a church picnic must necessarily consist in doing the agreeable to the sisters and the children, and it's a shepherd is

not to be allowed to frisk about with the lambs on such festive occasions pastoral life will hardly be worth living for some of 'em, that's all.

THE race problem was on the way to a solution in Reading, Pa., when an unexpected event checked its progress. A young white girl of that place was beloved of two gentlemen of color and would have undoubtedly married one of them—as soon as he could have gotten a divorce from his wife. Unfortunately a fierce quarrel broke out between the two rivals and in the conflict one of them was slain. As the other one goes to prison the girl is disconsolate and the settlement of the race difficulty is indefinitely postponed.

In a town not a thousand miles from this city, recently, an Englishman at a public reception was making himself an ass generally by his vanity and arrogance, says the New York Tribune. In conversation with a bright American lady there was a reference made to some families of America. "Do you know," remarked the Briton, with his most supercilious drawl, "that it always amuses me when any one speaks of old families in the States, because it is so utterly absurd, you know. Of course in England it is different. For instance, I can trace my family back to William the Conqueror without the slightest trouble." "Indeed," replied the lady with a merry twinkle, "I am surprised at that: I had an idea that you could go back at least as far as Baalam's ass."

THE new military law of France has considerably increased her fighting material. According to the figures of the War Minister, recently published, the French army on a war footing numbers at present four million five hundred thousand trained soldiers. The German army is now numerically inferior to that of France; and the French say that, although the German population is considerably greater than that of France, the male population of the two countries is about the same. In other words, the emigration from Germany has left an excess of female population at home, and has drained off an immense number of fighting men. This state of affairs is probably the real cause of the pacific protestations of the young Emperor and of the cessation of war cried in the German press. And Crispi, too, is beginning to be more civil than he used to be. The fact is, the armies of Russia and France are amply able to make the triple alliance behave itself.

A LADY BOBOLINK.

Mrs. Albert Barker, the Wonderful English Whistler.

Mrs. Albert Barker, who has puzzled London audiences with her wonderful "bird-notes," has just been engaged for a long tour in Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England.

Mrs. Barker is a daughter of one of the old English families, and, oddly enough, the subject of one of Tennyson's best poems, which she recites; and on the maternal side she is closely allied to a noble Scotch family. When



MRS. ALBERT BARKER.

quite a little girl she showed extraordinary dramatic talent, which, however, was promptly suppressed by her relatives, lest she might commit the fearful social sin of "going on the stage," which twenty years ago was not quite so much in the fashion as now.

After her marriage she determined to put her powers to practical use, and, by way of a compromise, studied reciting, determined, as she herself has said, "to climb to the top of the ladder." In this she has unquestionably succeeded, as she can hardly be said to have a rival among her own sex in the branch of the profession she shuns.

The Poison of the Goldenrod.

The poison of the goldenrod arises from a fluffy or powder-like substance, which the flower produces as it begins to decay, which increases day by day, and sends forth its poison around, entirely imperceptible, and the peaceful sleeper inhales it to such an extent as to lay him up for several days, says a writer in the New York Star. In some respects the symptoms are not unlike "La Grippe." It irritates the throat, produces violent sneezing, makes the limbs feel as though burdened by a heavy weight, and depresses the patient to such a degree that he hardly cares whether school keeps or not.

Not for the People.

A MISSISSIPPI postmaster shut his office up and went off on a fishing trip for three days, and when the public complained he replied: "Durn your yellin' ears, but do you reckon this 'ere thing is run for your convenience! What'd I come in? What in blank is the use of letters, anyway?"—Detroit Free Press.

EDUCATING the boy is the parent's endeavor to get him to choose right.

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Aunt Mina was the colored nurse. She had brought in the baby, who could sit alone, intending it to be praised and admired, as all babies are. Seating it on a cushion, she hung over it with solicitous care and pride, while the lambkin, not having the hinges of its unpracticed back in complete control, pitched north, south, east, and west, after a fashion of citizens of its age.

"The baby has not lost its center of gravity," said a gentleman at a dinner of unusual merit.

"Who's dat?" said Aunt Mina, resentfully; and then quickly picking the baby up, she carried it from the room.

An hour after Aunt Mina came in.

"Who's dot gennem say di baby lose, Miss Sallie?" she inquired.

"He said it lost its center of gravity," was the reply.

"Well, it di'n't lose nuffin' of de kine, I don't want you b'lieve, Miss Sallie. I lose dem chillen close. I jes' done took dat chile right out an' zamined him, an' dar was de center ob gravita right whar I pin it."

Dressed for the Occasion.



Summer shore-dweller (as the buckboard goes through the bridge)—Hang on, Billy! It isn't as bad as it might be.

Billy—I know it, Sam. We've got our yachting caps on.—Puck.

Ability.

Stranger (to citizen)—Who is that man riding along yonder?

Citizen—Col. Baggels, one of our most prominent citizens.

"Must be rich."

"Extremely so."

Made his money by speculating, I suppose."

"No, sir, he made it in the smartest possible way. His money is the product of a fertile brain."

"Make it by literary work?"

"Oh, no. I'll tell you how he made it. Some time ago he stole two hundred thousand dollars. He was sent to the penitentiary for five years."

But where does the fertility of brain come in?"

"Why, my dear sir, he had the ability to hide that money where no one could find it. Oh, he's a great man."—Arkansaw Traveler.

He Got Post-d.

"What on earth is that vehicle galloping in that fashion for?" he asked of a pedestrian on Clifford street.

"That is the ambulance."

"Oh! something connected with the doctors?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are in an awful hurry to collect their bills to drive that way."

"Some one has been hurt and the ambulance will take him to the hospital for treatment."

"Oh, that's it! Well, that's more sensible. I thought it queer if they galloped around after a debtor in that fashion."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bad Bite.

Mrs. Reel—You have been drinking, Mr. R. Look at your nose.

Mr. Reel—I've been fishing, you know, my dear, and—fishermen always have to take something along for snake bites, you know, my dear.

Mrs. R.—But you haven't been following a mountain stream; you were out on the ocean, after bluefish.

Mr. R.—Y—e—s, my dear. I—I was bitten by a sea-serpent, my dear.—New York Weekly.

He Was Only Rehearsing.

Daughter—Papa, don't you know it is bad manners to put your hands in your pockets?

Papa—No, my dear; I was only practicing.

Daughter—Practicing what?

Papa—To put my hands in my pockets, for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married that dude you are engaged to.

Old and New Schools.

Small Boy—I'm too sick to go to school to-day.

Mamma—Then lie down and I'll send for a doctor.

Dr. Pellet?

"No. He's a homeopath. I shall send for Dr. Castor, the allopath."

"Never mind, mamma; I feel better. Where's my books?"—Street & Smith's Good News.

The Touchstone of Female Beauty.

A company of ladies and gentlemen were playing at forfeits when a wag proposed that all the rest should do as he did. He thereupon took a handkerchief, dipped it in water, and began rubbing his face.

"Now, all of you do the same, please!"

At this the ladies, in a body, got up and fled from the room.—Paris Figaro.

A Desperate Remedy.

Tom—I hear your engagement with Miss Roseleaf is off. What was the trouble?

Harry—Oh, I got dead broke and had to break the contract so I could pawn the ring I gave her.

No Doubt About It.

"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?" "I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarreling."—Chatter.

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With Calf Binding.

"I am going to write an article on ballet girls," he said, "and I wish to consult some authorities and references."

"All right," said the librarian.

"Can you recommend any references?"

"Well," said the librarian, slowly, "I should recommend 'Locke on the Understanding.' —Cape Cod Item.

After the School Commencement.

"So you have got two prizes?"

"Yes, papa."

"What are they for?"

"Well, I got the prize for having the best memory."

"Well, what was the other?"

"I can't think at the moment what that was for."—Courier des Etats-Unis.

A Hard Life.

Benevolent lady (to tramp)—Here, my poor man, is all we have left this morning. I suppose you have a hard time of it?

Tramp—Yes, mum. It's awful hard, mum, to leave a nice soft mow-so early in the mornin', or else git around too late for breakfas'."—New York Weekly.

He Wasn't Superstitious.

Teacher (in grammar school)—Your lesson to-day is on nouns. Nouns are names of things.

Small Boy—Is ghost a noun?

Teacher—Yes.

Small Boy—How can it be? There ain't no such a thing as a ghost.—Harper's Bazaar.

The Elements Against Them.

Assistant (looking out at the window)—General, it's still raining, with no apparent idea of stopping.

Gen. Greeley (desperately)—That so? Well, we can't do anything else but prophesy wet weather, then."—Lawrence American.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Stage Manager—Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo.

Mr. Heavy—I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part?

"Immensely. You die in the first act."—New York Weekly.

The True Test.

"What kind of a time did you have at the picnic?"

"No picnic about it!"

"That so? Why not?"