

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER.

THE PICNIC SEASON.

OFFERS MANY ADVANTAGES IN A SOCIAL WAY.

Picnics are recognized as promotive of Love-Making—The Most Direct Way to a Man's Heart—Mistaken Enterprise at Picnics—Some Lustrous Features.

OME crusty old literary bachelor says he can understand how people can go out geodolizing, or collecting shells, or bugs, or worms, or how they can go out into the woods simply for the purpose of eating something they have taken along with them, passes all comprehension.

Such a declaration as this, however, exhibits not the sarcasm and ill-nature only, but also the impenetrable ignorance of him who uttered it, for it is at once plainly evident that he entirely misconceives the object of the picnic. The picnic was not conceived for the purpose of eating; were this the case, it would be a lamentable failure. The eating at the picnic is an entirely subordinate part of the performance, and merely accessory to the real business of the expedition, which is love-making. It is true that it is an accessory of some importance; for, as everybody knows, the way to a man's heart is straight down



WHILE THE SPEECHES ARE GOING ON.

his throat, and the lady whose dainties are most savory stands the best chance of attention both during the meal and afterward, for the open air sharpens the appetite of even the most devoted lover, and lovers, like other people, appreciate a good thing in the culinary line whenever it is commended to their attention. Careful reflection bestowed on this axiomatic statement, says the Globe-Democrat, may serve to clear up several dark points in sociology, and among them the fact that both at picnics and elsewhere the widow is more attractive than the young girl. The power of the widow is so well known as to need no demonstration. It is everywhere recognized. A widow will come into a community and at the very first picnic will take her choice of young men despite the most earnest efforts of all the young



JUST OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS.

girls present. Her success is due in no small measure to a knowledge of the fact that a well-fed man is always in a good humor and disposed to regard the leader as a benefactor. The widow knows how to do the feeding, hence her prominence.



THE USUAL WAY.

sandwiches, sugar and salt, custards and bread are hopelessly intermixed. A hard-boiled egg, by some mysterious mischance, finds its way into the middle of a pie; a pot of mustard empties its tingling contents over the squares of dainty sponge cake; the neck of the champagne bottle is prematurely broken, and a dozen disasters of this nature, combined with the unwelcome presence of ants, spiders and flies, render the eating a thing to be hurried over as soon as possible.

Not so the love making. From the time the pair of happy lovers also have the palm of the picnic, the wagon, the car or the horse-drawn carriage, the billing and the cooling are steadily on until the falling shadows set an end to the excursion. There is

a pleasing absence of restraint that enables the lover to make more progress during one day than otherwise he would be able to attain during weeks of calls, theater, opera and balls, and many a pair comparatively indifferent to each other have gone to a picnic and returned home firmly set in the resolve to enter as soon as possible on the miseries of matrimony. As a rule, lovers are not particularly sensitive to the opinions of their fellow human beings. If they were, the number of marriages would fall off 50 per cent. in a single year. If they were in the least disturbed by the whisperings, the grinnings, the nudgings, the glances of



SWINGING THE PLUMP BEAUTY.

merriment that continually go on about them, men and women would shun courting as they would the plague. But all these things are nothing to them; if they are seen, they are not in the least regarded, for the lover has a hide like a rhinoceros to everything but his passion, and is not in the least disturbed by incidents or remarks that would drive other people wild. Particularly is this obtuseness to public opinion visible at picnics. As soon as possible after arriving on the ground, the company divides into couples, and, seated blissfully on logs or boulders, they become the objects of derision and

much more deprecation, however, is the presence of the picnic. He who with his rack of canes, his bundle of rings and his keg of beer advertises his business in a set formula of words. "Walk up now, gents, and try your luck. Five rings for a nickel, and every time you ring a cane you get a glass of beer. Sometimes, mistaking the nature of the entertainment, he bobs up at a Sunday-school picnic, to the horror of the preacher, superintendent and old ladies, who immediately take measures looking to his summary ejection. His is a broken enterprise, and he must suffer the consequences.

Viewed strictly as a business proposition, the picnic is an undoubted failure. Purely from an economic point of view, it does not pay to run around in the hot sun all day long in the effort to enjoy yourself, viewed from a sociological standpoint, it is a brilliant success, for, while statistics on the subject are lacking, there is little doubt that, were they available, they would demonstrate that of all the marriages in the country no inconsiderable proportion have their beginnings at the picnic.

Underserved Reward. The writer of "Field Sports in Minnesota" describes his first night's camping out, and the preparations for supper, which, on account of the lateness of the hour, was to consist only of tea, bread-and-butter and a mutton chop. The five men who made up the party had marched all day, and were anxious for the evening meal. It devolved upon W— to prepare it. He placed a well-filled tea-kettle on the roaring camp-stove, and followed by his constant and faithful attendant, Prince, sought a convenient spot to carve the mutton.

This he soon discovered in a short log, which he immediately bestrode, first putting the meat in front of him and the frying-pan directly behind him.

His dog had made at least thirty miles that day on a slim breakfast of Spratt's biscuit and skim-milk, and was in just the condition to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment. So when his master dropped a slice of meat into the pan behind his back, Prince gulped it down immediately. Again and again was the poor dog tempted, and as often did he yield.

My companions and I saw all this, and though very well aware that our supply of mutton was limited to the piece our friend was carving, we enjoyed the joke too well to spoil the fun by warning him.

"Let's see, boys," said W—, whose back was toward us, "we are just five, and I have cut six pieces of mutton. Five will be enough for supper, and if you have no objections I'd like to give the piece I have left to poor Prince, who seems very tired and hungry."

With difficulty retaining our composure, we assured him that we had no objections. He called up the dog in the most endearing manner and gave him the bit of meat, meanwhile assuring him that he was "a good dog, y-e-s, he was."

she will fall out, and in addition urges the consideration that swinging always makes her dizzy, the urgency of the dinner hour, and with pretty little shrieks and squeals, and much and careful adjustment of her drapery about her feet, she gets herself in position and is duly swung, amid many protestations that she is going too high, and that she knew she could not stand it. The misery of the swinging committee comes when a stout miss who is fond of swinging makes her appearance and stands about, with persevering patience, waiting to be invited. The slim youths manipulating the swinging circle prolong their exertions with the petite beauty in hand as long as possible, keeping her going far beyond her own desire in the hope that the big girl will go away. Vain is their expectation. She has come to be swung, and by and by it becomes impossible to ignore her any longer. The slender youths take off their coats and settle down to the task with dumb resignation, all of which is needed before she becomes tired and requests them to "let her cat die."

A display of enterprise is always pleasing, though when the enterprise is misdirected it has a comical aspect which often excites the risibilities in no small degree. The presence of a considerable number of persons as at a picnic generally attracts individuals of the class that lives by providing cheap and humble popular amusements. However rigid the prejudices of the clergyman and Sunday-school superintendent may be against the canvas screen with the agile black head thrust through the ring, the gathering of the fat man with balls thrown at his cranium, the screen and its appurtenances are almost sure to appear, the loud-voiced proprietor lustily commending the sport to worldly minded youth. Were there none such in the gathering, the fat man with the loud voice and his hard-headed dusky assistant would be forced to go away in disgust, but hanging to the skirts of every Sunday-school there are always several young reprobates who have no taste for Sunday-school singing, who regard the speeches by visiting Sunday-school "workers" as a bore, and who slip away to try their luck at the darky's head. So the darky generally has a busy time, and the fat proprietor reaps a harvest of nickels and dimes.

Much more deprecation, however, is the presence of the picnic. He who with his rack of canes, his bundle of rings and his keg of beer advertises his business in a set formula of words. "Walk up now, gents, and try your luck. Five rings for a nickel, and every time you ring a cane you get a glass of beer. Sometimes, mistaking the nature of the entertainment, he bobs up at a Sunday-school picnic, to the horror of the preacher, superintendent and old ladies, who immediately take measures looking to his summary ejection. His is a broken enterprise, and he must suffer the consequences.

Viewed strictly as a business proposition, the picnic is an undoubted failure. Purely from an economic point of view, it does not pay to run around in the hot sun all day long in the effort to enjoy yourself, viewed from a sociological standpoint, it is a brilliant success, for, while statistics on the subject are lacking, there is little doubt that, were they available, they would demonstrate that of all the marriages in the country no inconsiderable proportion have their beginnings at the picnic.

Underserved Reward. The writer of "Field Sports in Minnesota" describes his first night's camping out, and the preparations for supper, which, on account of the lateness of the hour, was to consist only of tea, bread-and-butter and a mutton chop. The five men who made up the party had marched all day, and were anxious for the evening meal. It devolved upon W— to prepare it. He placed a well-filled tea-kettle on the roaring camp-stove, and followed by his constant and faithful attendant, Prince, sought a convenient spot to carve the mutton.

This he soon discovered in a short log, which he immediately bestrode, first putting the meat in front of him and the frying-pan directly behind him.

His dog had made at least thirty miles that day on a slim breakfast of Spratt's biscuit and skim-milk, and was in just the condition to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment. So when his master dropped a slice of meat into the pan behind his back, Prince gulped it down immediately. Again and again was the poor dog tempted, and as often did he yield.

My companions and I saw all this, and though very well aware that our supply of mutton was limited to the piece our friend was carving, we enjoyed the joke too well to spoil the fun by warning him.

"Let's see, boys," said W—, whose back was toward us, "we are just five, and I have cut six pieces of mutton. Five will be enough for supper, and if you have no objections I'd like to give the piece I have left to poor Prince, who seems very tired and hungry."

With difficulty retaining our composure, we assured him that we had no objections. He called up the dog in the most endearing manner and gave him the bit of meat, meanwhile assuring him that he was "a good dog, y-e-s, he was."

Still unaware of his loss, he very deliberately wiped the blade of his knife on the grass, turned, and took up the pan! A startled glance at the empty utensil, another at us, now convulsed with laughter, and a third at Prince, who had swallowed the last piece and stood regarding his kind master with a thankful look, and W— took in the situation.

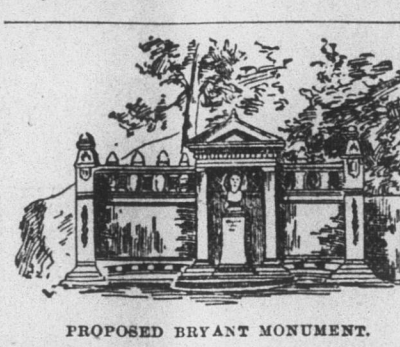
A torch enabled us to find the pan, that pursued the dog when he fled from his master's natural indignation.

HONORING A GREAT POET.

The Bust of William Cullen Bryant to Be Mounted in New York.

There is no sweeter name in the range of American literature than that of William Cullen Bryant, and in erecting a monument to him in Central Park, New York, the people of the republic's metropolis are alike paying tribute to genius and doing a work that will call out expressions of admiration throughout the land.

Before Mr. Bryant's death, which occurred in 1878, the sculptor-artist, Launt Thompson, executed a bust of the poet which was acceptable to him and his family. Since his death the bust has occupied a niche in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is now proposed to mount the bust upon a handsome monument in Central Park, New York. The monument and pedestal have been designed by Architect Ernest Flagg, of New York, and will be erected from the purest Italian marble. The cost of the monument and pedestal will be \$30,000. On the monument will be



PROPOSED BRYANT MONUMENT.

Inscribed the titles of the poet's greatest works. The name of the poet will be carved on the pedestal, and underneath it will be the word "Thanatopsis," the title of his greatest poem.

The life of Mr. Bryant was exceedingly sweet and pure. He was true to nature, and nature's simplicity is reflected in his verse. Between him and the great Milton a not unfavorable comparison could be instituted. While American literature shall endure the name of William Cullen Bryant will shine side by side with those of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper.

Our Mother-Tongue.

If we reverence it as we ought we will be on our guard not to insult it by violating its rules. We will not say, "You hadn't ought to do this," or "He ain't a-goin' to do that." We will avoid that last and worst error of the vulgar, the double negative, says Harper's Bazar. We will be above misplacing moods and tenses, and putting the nominative case where the objective belongs by right.

Many people who ordinarily speak their mother-tongue correctly are at fault when they have to do with pronouns. Pronouns are stumbling blocks beyond all other parts of speech. "A person does not know what to do with their hands," they say, or, "One does not give their best things away for nothing." If speaking of two persons, you will hear that "Rudy has invited John and I to supper," or, "Lawrence is going to Chicago with Mildred and I." The placing of another name before the conjunction blinds them to the awkwardness of setting I in the objective case.

The word "nice" is frequently misused and taken from its significance of neat, delicate, dainty, to stand for agreeable, charming, or virtuous. Thus a girl was talking to another of that decidedly objectionable member of society, a burglar, and alluding to one in particular, a man undergoing a sentence of imprisonment, said, with emphasis, "I don't think he was a nice young man." A "nice" girl by the way, often does duty in describing a young woman who, whatever else she may be, is more than nice if she is gentle, good, winsome, and well bred, and whose niceness ought to be taken for granted.

"Lovely, in the same way, is applied equally to a favorite pudding or a beloved relative. "First-rate" serves as a qualifying adjective when scenery, fine clothes, a pleasant time, or, oh! worst and saddest of misnomers, the "natural" appearance of a corpse are the topics which the speaker has in mind.

An Ignorant Singer.

Catalani, a gifted songstress and a lovely woman, was the idol of society and the favorite of fortune. But she had neither knowledge nor culture, and her ignorance sometimes made her stumble into ludicrous mistakes. One of her greatest triumphs in London was the singing of "God Save the King." The town went mad over her rendering of the national anthem.

Two hundred guineas were paid her for singing it once. But she always sang it "God save the King." At the court of Saxe-Weimar, she noticed the marked attention paid to a gentleman of majestic appearance. "Who is that?" she asked.

"That, madam, is the celebrated Goethe," was the reply.

"Goethe—Goethe?" asked the puzzled singer, to whom music was the only profession that brought celebrity. "On what instrument does he play?"

He is the renowned author of the "Sorrows of Werther," madam.

"Oh, yes, I remember."

Then abruptly addressing the great man, she said with fascinating vivacity: "Oh, sir, what an admirer I am of Werther!"

Goethe, always sensitive to woman's praise, bowed profoundly.

Is too high; will you see that it is made lower, before the concert?"

When the evening came Catalani was annoyed to find that the piano had not been altered. Her husband sent for the carpenter, who declared that he had saved off two inches from each leg, as he had been ordered to do. "Surely it can't be too high now, my dear!" said the stupid husband, soothingly.

Cider Vinegar.

Good cider vinegar can be made only from good cider. Cider made from ripe apples is stronger than that made from green apples, and the latter, when the apples are yet green, put the barrel on its side, and fill it with good cider to the bung, that the pomace may be thrown out as the cider ferments. Fill up the barrel twice a day when fermentation is in progress. At the close of fermentation the cider should be racked off carefully and put into another clean barrel, or the same one after it has been well washed out.

If there are enough barrels, it is better to fill them only half full after fermentation is finished, as this exposes a greater surface to the air. The more air the better the vinegar will make; hence, a darkheaded air outhouse is better than a close cellar for the storage of the barrels. Cider vinegar is not weakened by exposure to the air or injured by freezing; and if the barrels are only half full there will be no overflow from freezing. It is not necessary to add anything to the cider; nor is it desirable to add anything, except some old vinegar, after the cider has fermented. The cider will be converted into vinegar in about twelve months, but will steadily increase in strength.

The tightness required of a cider vinegar barrel has become proverbial. Leakage is what haunts the nights of the vinegar maker. The staves of the vinegar barrel must be free of sapwood, and twice the usual thickness. Wooden hoops are better than iron ones, as the cider will cut through the iron hoops in short order when once it gets to them.

Worms, the larvae of a fly which usually deposits her eggs in the chime, make much bother, and must be carefully guarded against. Naturally enough they prefer sapwood; and on this account as well as the cider soaking through sapwood, it should be avoided. It is said that occasionally painting the barrel with coal oil will kill the larvae. But it is best to prevent the deposit of the eggs, which may be done by keeping the barrel in a dark place from March to October.

A Merry Clergyman.

The Rev. Joseph Haven, who preached in Rochester, N. H., during the last quarter of the last century, has been always remembered for his genial spirit and his inexhaustible humor. One story told of him has many parallels, but it is quite as likely to be true in his case as in any.

A boy had been guilty of some grave offense, and yet would not confess it. "Can tell who did it," said the parson, and accordingly he called together all the boys suspected, and explained to them that he had confined a rooster under a kettle in a darkened room. One after another, they must pass in and touch the kettle; when the guilty boy touched it, he might expect to hear the rooster crow.

The lads fled in, and out again, and were made to display their fingers. All but those of one lad were vented; he, the guilty one, had not ventured to touch the telltale kettle. One day the old minister was measuring some land, carrying one end of the chain while a young man carried the other. Just as they were drawing it tight, the young man quoted the adage:

"Satan can only go the length of his chain."

"Pull, pull," instantly replied Mr. Haven. "We will see."

Walking in his garden with a friend, they came to a tree laden with very fair, inviting apples.

"There," said Mr. Haven, picking one of the finest and presenting it to his friend, "I recommend you to try that apple."

His expectations excited, and his mouth watering, the gentleman took a generous bite, and found only astringent bitterness. Mr. Haven looked merrily into his puckered face.

"They need recommending, don't they?" said he.—Youth's Companion.

Garnier has a Talking Monkey.

Professor Garnier, who went to Africa to study monkey-language, has written to his brother in Sydney a letter published in the Sydney Evening News, in which he says: "I have succeeded beyond my wildest anticipations—and here I am safe on the coast, just reeking with quinine, the proud possessor of a chimpanzee that can say 'Tenakoe Pakaha,' which is, you know, the Maori for 'Good day, stranger'; a gorilla that knows about twenty words of Fijian; and a female orang-outang that has picked up 'Tonner and blitzen' from my German valet, and has, judging from her actions, quite fallen in love with me. I have also got written down, which is more important, nearly 200 monkey words."

Roads of Ireland.

The best roads in the world are those to be found in Ireland. They are far superior to those in England or in Germany. Tourists from every country pronounce them unrivalled. This splendid road system is directly in the hands of the government, with a government inspector for each county, who examines the roads and gives a certificate for the excellency of the work done before the road contractors are paid by the government. And this government inspection of the roads takes place every three months, and the contractors are thus always made to attend to the repairs of the road.

He Hadn't Changed.

Dr. Berrian, a former rector of Trinity Parish, in New York City, was an indifferent preacher, but a fine executive officer and a man of great personal kindness. Withal he was very simple-hearted. A country clergyman, half starved on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, came to Dr. Berrian asking his influence to get him a better charge. "Dear me!" answered the good old man, "I don't see why you young clergymen want to change so often. Why, I have been here in Trinity Church for forty years, and never have thought of leaving."

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

Something of the Donor of the Fort Dearborn Massacre Statue.

George M. Pullman, who recently unveiled the fine monument he has erected upon the spot of the Fort Dearborn massacre, is one of the most public-spirited as well as one of the richest citizens of Chicago. You don't see his name in the list of chairmen of reform meetings and World's Fair congresses; neither do you hear of him in political circles; but it is doubtful whether there is any other man in the city who fights more vigorously and effectually the cause of good government and moral



GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

improvement. When money is needed for works of art or charity, when the political situation appears to require it, Mr. Pullman is never applied to in vain. How well he knows the proper use of money is shown by his liberality in the establishment and conduct of "Wildwood," the pretty country house near the town of Pullman, where Chicago working girls are maintained without expense to them during their vacation. He once said: "I don't want my girls to shine in society. That is all nonsense. But they can have carte blanche for charity." He is about sixty years of age, a handsome, well-groomed man in perfect health. It is said that he works harder than any of the thousands of men in his employ. His fortune has been variously estimated. It is probably in the neighborhood of \$25,000,000. He lives unostentatiously but in fine style in a large handsome brownstone house at the northeast corner of Prairie avenue and 18th street.

THE DEVIL WAGON.

A Collection Agency's Means to Collect Bad Debts.

Collection agencies are sometimes put to desperate straits to secure payments on bad debts, but the device of an organization in Nashville, Tenn., probably deserves the first prize. A black covered wagon, such as deliver groceries, is used. On the sides are painted pictures of His Satanic Majesty in red and gold. That was all. But everyone knew that when the wagon stood in front of a man's house or store the inmate had secured a high place in the agency's "black book." The other day a citizen ordered the driver of one of these wagons to leave the front of his premises. Refusal followed; the irate citizen seized a conveniently loaded shotgun, and the driver spent the day picking small particles of lead out of his anatomy.

Palpitation of the Heart.

By palpitation of the heart is meant the sensation either of irregularity in heart action or of rapidity of heart-beats. The person who experiences it is usually alarmed by the symptom, and calls in the doctor. But in most cases the sort which is brought to his attention, the physician finds nothing out of the way with the heart, and hence of danger to the individual. The cause of the sensation is elsewhere. In the majority of instances, the real trouble is indigestion.

In almost all cases of actual heart disease, no intimation of it is transmitted to the patient by any irregularity or like sensation of heart rhythm.

As a symptom, palpitation is valuable to the physician, in that it directs the attention of the patient to the heart. An unusual sensation in this region usually leads one to consult his physician at once. Symptoms felt in other parts of the body usually wait for "the more convenient season."

Dr. Austin Flint was once summoned to attend a young lady dying of heart disease. The family informed him that his presence was wanted merely to satisfy the lady's friends, since they all understood the fatal nature of her malady.

The patient lay in a room from which not only light but everything that might lead to the slightest nervous excitement was excluded. It was suggested to the Doctor that an examination of the chest be omitted, and that all communication with the patient should take place through a friend, lest the exertion should result in immediate dissolution.

To this the Doctor objected. When admitted to her presence, he found that she answered his questions in whispered monotonous. Examination of the chest showed that there was no disease, and consequently no danger. The story was told to illustrate the importance of thorough examination before deciding on an opinion.

Palpitation does, however, undoubtedly occur in cases of real disease, and whenever it occurs its cause should be found out and remedied.

Among the common causes of palpitation are to be numbered the excessive use of tobacco, tea, coffee, alcohol, or of certain drugs, hysteria, excessive exertion, hunger, privation, fatigue, fright, or loss of sleep, and excesses of any kind.—Youth's Companion.

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.

A GOOD mirror always tells the truth, no matter upon whom it reflects.—Troy Press.

WHEREVER the experienced blind man moves there is an era of good feeling.—Troy Press.

WHEN engineers and trainmen are well trained the locomotive goes off on a foot.—Pittsburgh.

NO MATTER how cheap quinine may be it is always a drug on the market.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE ice man now calls every morning at the home of the coal man and does him up.—Dallas News.

POLICE officers in hoodlum districts naturally expect to have many a tough experience.—Buffalo Courier.

WHEN a mercantile concern "takes in sail" it is in the interest of the balance-sheet.—Lowell Courier.

It is highly probable that the times which tried men's souls found some of them guilty.—Buffalo Courier.

A PECULIARITY about it is that when money is tight it's business that's apt to stagger.—Philadelphia Times.

THE restaurateurs at the Columbian Exposition seem to think that a fair exchange is no robbery.—Indianapolis News.

WITH reference to these shows it may be said a dog's ancestral tree cannot be told by its bark.—Philadelphia Times.

THE man who knows that he was one kind of a fool yesterday often has a suspicion that he is some other kind to-day.—Ram's Horn.

MRS. SLIMDIET—"Don't you find it a little lonesome sitting down to luncheon all alone?" Bordaire—"Oh, no, the cheese is here."—Truth.

THE women in an insane asylum look, somehow, like the women you meet at home with a church entertainment on their hands.—Atchison Globe.

"Poor Mrs. Chatter is all worn out from talking last night." "Did she lecture?" "Oh, no! it was a whist party she attended."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE government of Russia has excluded "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the theaters of that country, yet they call it despotism and inconsiderate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"WHAT makes Swiggins such an unconscionable liar?" "Stinginess. He has as many facts as anybody, but he hates to give them out."—Chicago Tribune.

THE mosquito-bite season seems to have reached Boston, when a clergyman preached a sermon the other day on "The Bigness of Little Things."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEN a man considers how easy he finds it to lend money, he cannot help wondering sometimes that he finds it so hard to get anybody else to lend money to him.—Texas Sittings.

MUSIC TEACHER—"I don't know why you are displeased. Your daughter really sings very well." Father—"Yes; but how is it that she never sings anything but soprano."—Schalk.

HICKS—"Brown seems wide awake enough when at his business, but at home he is fearfully absent-minded." Wicks—"But then his wife has a mind of her own, and it is quite unnecessary that he should take his home with him."—Boston Courier.

A PRIVATE soldier, walking arm-in-arm with his sweetheart, met his sergeant when about to enter a cheap restaurant. He respectfully introduced her to him: "Sergeant, my sister." "Yes, yes," was the reply. "I know; she was mine once."—Le Littoral.

THE ELDER—I noticed that Mrs. Van West's father died the other day and left her a lot of land out in Dakota. I suppose she will separate from Van West now. The younger—Separate? Why so? The elder—She will have very good grounds for a divorce, you see.—Brooklyn Life.

"Look at me, ma'am," said the man who was asking for something to eat. "Ain't I the picture of despair?" "I don't know anything about yer bein' a picture," she answered, glancing at the ax: "but unless you're in the wood-cut line you can't get anything to eat here."—Washington Star.

THE conversation turned on the number thirteen, the spilling of salt, knives and forks placed crosswise, and other kinds of superstitions. "You need not laugh at similar beliefs," gravely remarked Tranquilliti. "An uncle of mine at the age of 77 committed the imprudence of going to a dinner at which the guests numbered thirteen." "And he died that very evening?" "No, but exactly thirteen years afterward."—Gazette Piedmontese.

"Yes, I may take a few summer boarders this year," replied the old farmer, after asking for a pound of regular saleratus, "but I'm goin' to hev a fair understandin' in the out-set." "About what?" "Wall, principally as to butter'n' eggs and cream and such, but perlickarly as to sleepin'." We took an artist from New York last summer who upst the hull house when he found he was to sleep with the hired man, and I actually believe he kept a governor from engagin' with us at \$7 a week and washin' and mendin' throwed in.—Detroit Free Press.

Zeke Was Down on 'Em.

The present diabolical dressmaker's device of balloon shoulders was denounced as long ago as the time of Ezekiel, that prophet having uttered this solemn warning: "Thus saith the Lord God: Woe to the women who sew pillows to all armholes!" The doubling can verify this curse by turning to Ezekiel xlii, 18.—Waterbury American.

Highest Church Steeple.

The highest church steeple in the world is that of the cathedral of Antwerp, 476 feet.