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THE YELLOW METAL.

FACTS ABOUT BRIGHT AND SHINING GOLD.

Where It Is Found and How It Is Gotten Out of the Ground—Different Methods of Mining Employed—Historic Sutter's Mill, California.

Discovered by Marshall.

The question as to the employment of silver for currency makes interesting facts in relation to gold, the other metal used for the same purpose. There is an enormous amount of gold produced annually, the output last year being \$138,816,627. Australia furnishes more of this than any country, and we come next with \$33,000,000 worth, which is \$870,800 less than the production of Australia.

The most acceptable theory as to its hiding places is that gold in the days when earth was young existed in certain rocks in a finely divided and powdered condition. The rock covered vast areas. By the slow processes of nature's great laboratory the auriferous atoms concentrated along planes of fracture, the cracks and fissures in the beds of clay or gravel. These are what miners term "placers."

It was in the days of the famous placer mining that the romance and story of American and gold mining lay. It was the mining of the "forty-niners," as pictured by the graphic pens of Bret Hart and Joaquin Miller. In placer mining it was very man

for himself. The miner prospected until he found what he thought was pay dirt. Then he staked his claim and set up his "cradle," a rough wooden box into which he shoveled the gold-dusted gravel. Upon this he poured water and rocked his cradle until the water had run out at the little sluiceways at the ends, carrying with it the encumbering soil, and leaving the glinting yellow dust and tiny nuggets behind. These were gathered by hand and deposited in the buckskin pouch that formed the sole safe deposit company of the "forty-niner" and his kind. It was a hard life, but full of the fascination of danger and the greater fascination of chance.

The days of individual alluvial digging are practically at an end. The miner does not now prospect for himself, but works for a syndicate or a company of capitalists, which carries on business on a gigantic scale. The mines now worked are mostly those in which the gold is held intact in quartz dug from veins and drifts. The quartz must be broken, crushed and ground fine as powder. This is the work of the stamp mill—huge mortars and pestles operated by machinery. The real difficulty in quartz mining lies rather in separating the gold from the baser minerals than in the crushing. The finely powdered mass is carried from

the stamps by running water first over a shallow bath of mercury. Quicksilver is heavy, but gold is heavier, and into the mercury the larger particles of gold sink. Next the water spreads itself over plates of copper, coated with cyanide of potassium. This coating catches still more of the floating particles. The stream pursues its course over a stretch of blankets, the rough and hairy surface of which retains many more of the yellow atoms. Finally the residue falls into a pit, where everything mineral sinks to the bottom, and the water is allowed to run away. To obtain the gold the mercury bath is emptied, the coating carefully scraped off the copper plates and the sediment at the bottom of the pit washed and saved. The mass

is put into a retort, where the mercury is volatilized and passes off in vapor. The remaining conglomerate of gold, copper, iron, silica and other substances is fused; the gold goes to the bottom and the other ingredients form a crust of slag on top. It isn't as romantic and picturesque as the old placer-mining, but it is a deal surer, and what the miner loses in the feverish excitement of washing gold soil for himself he makes up in a steady job for fair wages. The average cost of producing one ton of ore varies from 50 cents to \$2, and the cost of extracting the gold from the ore runs from \$1 to \$3. This brings the cost of mining to from \$1.50 to \$5 per ton, which experts say is a fair average, though the cost runs higher in some small mines.

Gold in This Country.

California is the great gold field of the continent. Last year there was mined in this State \$12,571,900. An interesting feature of the latter-day mining in California is the extent to which the Chinese are getting into the business. Last year they mined \$1,134,757. This was taken out of placers in sums of from \$10 to \$50,000. The bulk of the American production of gold comes from Colorado, Montana, Nevada, and Dakota, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska following closely in about the order named. Gold is produced, however, in nearly every State and Territory in the Union. The States along the Appalachian range are mining considerable gold. Last year South Carolina produced \$123,364, Georgia \$94,733, North Carolina \$78,560, and Virginia \$5,002. Maryland produced \$1,000, but the year before had \$11,000 set down to her credit.

New and improved methods of mining which have been introduced into the mines within the last year will materially increase their production, as it will make profitable many mines which have been closed, not because they were exhausted, but because it did not pay to work them. Texas, Maine and Michigan all have gold, but not in paying quantities.

A Blight on the Honeymoon.

The slush in Fulton street was ankle-deep, but they didn't seem to notice it. It was raining with all the ingenuity of a March storm, but they had no umbrella, and as they stood arm-in-arm at Broadway and Fulton streets, they looked as if they had been married about ten minutes. He was a thin young man, with a brown derby hat and a slightly troubled look. She was young and pretty, and she wore a pair of white kid shoes, and a big white hat with pink roses all over it, and she was too happy to think of the weather.

"Oh, William," she whispered, as she nestled closer to the thin young man, "isn't it glorious to be alone together, darling, in a great city?"

The thin young man made no reply. The rainwater was dripping from his brown derby—like medicine out of a patent dropper.

"All alone," she continued, gazing blissfully at the tower on the Western Union Building, and getting a firmer grip on the thin young man's right arm. "Home and friends far away, and though the multitude is surging around us, we two are alone together, dearest, and its me and you against the world; isn't it, William?"

William made no response. He shook some of the rainwater off his brown soggy derby, and then he said: "Let's go back to the hotel, Martha, and set down. If we were tied up like chickens to stand around on one leg in the rain, I wouldn't mind. But there's a hole in my left gum apu-bum! water like a house afire, and I tell you, Martha, this sort of thing is squeezing the honeymoon."—New York Tribune.

The Story of Bresca.

The little town of Bordighera in Italy has furnished the Eastern palms at Rome ever since the year 1886. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza, before the Cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying: "Alga, dai de l'alga as corde!" ("Water, give water to the ropes!")

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon; the obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the Pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offense, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted, and is respected to this day.

Swearing a Curse for Thanks.

The Bishop was no sailor. He thought the capful of wind was an Atlantic storm, and worried the captain by asking him constantly if there was any danger. The captain led his lordship to the hatch over the fo'c'sle. "You hear the crew blaspheming," he said; "do you think those men would use such oaths if there was any danger of their meeting death?"

The sun set in an angry storm-torn sky, the wind rose higher yet and the good steamer pitched and rolled and groaned and creaked.

It was midnight, and a portly figure crept forward to the fo'c'sle hatch, the dim light glimmered upon a pair of skip-clad calves and an apron.

"Thank heaven!" murmured the bishop, "they are still swearing."

Or keeping quiet one never repents, of talking he always does.

LATEST THING IN DELSARTE.

A Practical System of Physical Training for American Women.

As physical training is engaging the attention and consuming the time of young women everywhere Mrs. Bridget Maguire, Fraulein Gretchen Schmidt, Frue Johanna Bjornson, Mrs. Dinah Johnson and others who stand high in the profession which these ladies adorn have organized a school and prepared a course of lectures for the purpose of introducing their system of physical culture. They are also about to publish a book, "The International System of Physical Culture Explained," the advance sheets of which, according to the New York Sun, are already out. Below we give the principal exercises peculiar to this system:

1. Take a scope (the high Latin name for broom) in the hands, which should be held at half reach reversed grasp, allowing the bushy portion of the scope to rest upon the floor and holding firmly to the upper end of the handle. Bend the body slightly forward, give the arms a horizontal movement, lift the scope slightly and move one foot before the other. Repeat these movements until the scope has been brought in contact with every portion of the floor.

2. Holding vertically in the hands a long pole to which a bundle of feathers has been attached, bend the body backward from the waist, throw the head well back and elevate the arms until the feathers rest lightly against the ceiling or walls. Move the arms back and forth, carefully holding the pole in position. In a similar exercise, more frequently practiced, a shorter pole is used and the feathers are allowed to pass over the different objects in the room. But this while excellent for the arms and shoulders, does not call into play the muscles of the spine, neck and chest.

3. Kneeling upon the floor and grasping a wet cloth in the hands, bend the back till the cloth touches the floor. Press the hands down firmly, throw the weight upon the arms, bending them at the elbows as the motion of the hands requires, and pass the cloth briskly over the surface of the floor.

4. Fill a large basin with water and place obliquely in it, so that the lower edge shall rest in the bottom of the basin and the upper one lean against the opposite side, a corrugated piece of wood covered with zinc. Then take some sort of cloth, souse in the water and rubbily on the board. A little soap will lessen the friction and render the exercise somewhat more gentle.

5. Take a cloth, treated as above, dip into a paste composed of amylin and aqua pura, that is to say, pure water, and allow it to become almost dry. Spread on a smooth surface and pass quickly over it a well-heated ferrum planum, or smoothing-iron, bending the back and swaying the body lightly to and fro. In union with the motion of the implement in the hand.

As the majority of young women are probably unacquainted with the implements used in these exercises any of the ladies whose names are mentioned above will cheerfully supply all necessary information.

The Oyster Garden of Arcachon.

The great oyster garden at Arcachon, France, is a basin on the Bay of Biscay, connected with the Atlantic only by a very narrow opening, and is sixty-eight miles in circumference and protected from winds by the pine-clad heights that surround it. The waters are salt enough, and yet not too strong, the bottom is of the gravelly sand favorable to oyster-breeding, and the rise and fall of the tides are such that the basin is completely covered at high tide and the beds are largely uncovered at low water. The oyster has always been an inhabitant of this spot. The stock here became nearly exhausted forty years ago, but has been recruited by individual enterprise under the encouragement of the government.

There are now twelve thousand five hundred acres of oyster beds in the basin. Several thousand men and women are employed to attend them, and the average annual sale of oysters by the principal firm is over two hundred millions. As the majority are not sold under two years old, and these only for relaying, it is computed that there are used five hundred million oysters of various ages upon these beds. The beds have been artificially made, the whole process of oyster-breeding can be witnessed there. They are laid out in parks, each park embracing twenty or more beds, and between the parks, as between the sections of the beds, are waterways for the passage of boats. The beds are made of sand and gravel, upon foundations of wooden piles, and raised above the level of the basin bottom, but not to such an extent as to expose them to other low tides. A barrier of "switches" or nets protects the beds from fishes. Sets of earthenware tiles are arranged for the reception of the young oysters or "spat," coated with mortar, so that anything fixing itself to them may be scraped off easily. Sometimes each of these tiles will be covered by five or six hundred young oysters. They develop rapidly, and in about a month take the form of real miniature oysters. Then they need more room, and are thinned by scraping, to be placed under other tiles, or to be transferred to their final beds, or to wire-bottomed trays.

Tea in Tibet.

All of the tea used in Mongolia and Tibet comes in the shape of bricks, which have a uniform weight of five

pounds, measuring nine inches in length by six inches in width and three inches in thickness. The tea of which they are composed is not the plant to which we are accustomed. It is obtained from a large and woody shrub. The small twigs and leaves are steamed, the sticks being dried and ground to powder. The stuff thus prepared is mixed with a little rice-water to make it sticky, and is then rammed into a mold by means of a wooden stick shod with iron. Such tea would be considered too poor for use in China proper, where all of it is manufactured and whence it is exported for consumption by the ignorant dwellers on the frontier.

The Tibetans cannot get along without tea. It is said that they even sell their children for it to their grasping priests, who control the trade and hoard the bricks like gold in the monasteries. These tea bricks have circulated as currency at a fixed value in Mongolia and Tibet, but in the latter country they have recently become demonetized, owing to the introduction of rupees from India. Until lately a brick of tea was worth one rupee. The monks of the Batang monastery in Tibet, having hoarded great treasures in the shape of tea bricks, have found it impossible to dispose of them at par. Of course you know that Tibet is a province of China and a part of the empire. Chinese diplomatic officials make a practice of smuggling tea into Tibet in the guise of baggage, thus enriching themselves greatly. The Tibetans say:

"They come into our country with a thousand loaded yaks."

The Tibetan teapot is a churn, like an ordinary butter-churn. They take a small portion from a brick, pound it in a mortar, make an infusion, strain it, and pour it into the churn, adding a little salt. A lump of butter is thrown in, and the mixture is churned for a while. The result is described as resembling weak tea, with the sugar and tea left out.

A JEWELLED TURTLE.

The Pet of a Millionaire Has Its Shell Studded with Diamonds.

In my journeyings over this fair land I have run across some very strange fads indulged in by people who have plenty of money and who have used it in the gratification of fancies that have not benefited the world in the least, writes a Buffalo correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I have met stamp collectors and pugdog fanciers; men with a mania for accumulating walking canes; once I knew a man who had spent hundreds of dollars in getting up a collection of historical hats covering two centuries; but a jeweler at Fort Lee told me about a millionaire of that vicinity who should certainly have the highest pointed-crown hat in my friend's collection.

About a month ago this millionaire walked into a jeweler's place with a common land turtle or tortoise, which he had captured in the woods near by, laid it on the counter and gave a most astounding order, remarking, "I'll give the people something to talk about." And he certainly did, for he ordered the shell of the turtle to be incrustated on its outer side with a heavy layer of gold on Etruscan finish. In the center of its horny back he ordered an emerald to be placed. At various points in the gold he had inserted small but pure diamonds. A massive silver chain was attached to the shell. At his magnificent country seat the millionaire had constructed on his lawn a reproduction in rocks, bushes and ferns of the spot from which the tortoise had been taken. In this place, which the rich man calls a "turtlearm," the highly decorated reptile is permitted to roam the length of his silver chain. It looks as though the financial stringency had not struck this man of means, and his neighbors are now waiting for him to have the horns of his cattle gold plated, his horses shod with silver and diamond drops placed in the ears of his fancy pigs.

How Scissors Are Made.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, or much skill required, yet the process is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut out with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and that is afterward expanded to the proper size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and polished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to be hardened, tempered and beveled, and beveled adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that, in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives.—World's Progress.

Sublimity of Pike's Peak.

One of the sublimest effects in nature is occasionally seen by those who climb the tall and isolated peaks of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. The dryness of the air and the strong heat of the afternoon sun cause a rapid evaporation from the brooks, springs and snowbanks on the mountain sides, and this moisture, rising on the warmer air, condenses as it reaches the cooler, thinner atmosphere about the mountain top. The traveler, says the New York Sun, looking down, sees clouds literally forming below him, and growing thick and black every instant, so that as they reach his level they roll skyward and in huge masses of vapor they eclipse the view and bury him in darkness. Lightning occasionally leaps from the clouds, and a mountain top is a particularly bad place to be in at such a time. The stone signal service station on Pike's Peak has been nearly wrecked by lightning more than once.

LAWRENCE T. NEAL.

The Democratic Nominee for Governor of Ohio.

Lawrence T. Neal, whom the Democrats of Ohio have nominated for Governor, was born in Parkersburg, Va., on September 2, 1844. In 1864 he removed to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he studied law, and in 1866 he was admitted to the bar there. He held several minor offices and was a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, since which time he has been a prominent figure in national politics. After serving two terms he returned from Washington in 1877 to resume his practice of the law. The political complexion of his former Congressional district having been changed he was with difficulty induced by his party in 1882 to accept a nomination, and, after a memorable campaign, reduced the ordinary Republican majority of 2,000 to ten votes. In 1888 he was again nominated for Congress in the same district against his positive refusal and made over fifty speeches for the Presidential ticket. In this contest he again cut down the usual majority. Since his retirement from Congress in 1877 he has been continuously engaged in the legal practice, but has always taken a lively interest in political affairs and in advancing the success of the Democratic party.

He has represented his State in every National Democratic convention since 1880. In the St. Louis convention of 1892, which renominated Mr. Cleveland, when Senator Gorman and Henry Watterson in the Committee on Resolutions wrangled a whole day as to the tariff declaration of the platform, Lawrence T. Neal, the Ohio member of the committee, brought the contending elements together and framed the plank as it was accepted by the committee and ratified by the convention. He was a member of the Platform Committee of the Chicago convention and proposed the amendment which was finally adopted as the tariff policy of the party upon which to make the campaign.

THREE MILLION BACHELORS.

That's What the Census Shows, and It's Time Some Repented.

According to the last census reports, there are over 3,000,000 bachelors in the United States—by which is meant there are 3,000,000 men over thirty years old who have never been married, says the Boston Globe. This fact, of course, furnishes a very handy text for all sorts of comment and suggestion. Now and then the scheme is advocated of making neglect of matrimony a statutory offense, either by way of tax discrimination in favor of married parties or otherwise.

In earlier times marriage was compulsory. The great world conquerors wanted material for their armies, and so heavy penalties were laid on a neglect to marry.

One interesting question which the census figures do not answer is this: "How many of these 3,000,000 bachelors are single from choice rather than necessity?"

The factors affecting the ability to support a wife have been very much changed under the newer industrial and commercial condition. So great has become the competition for places among the higher pursuits, and so largely have women come to fill positions once exclusively occupied by men, that the bureau of industrial statistics show a larger and larger percentage of men in these pursuits whose incomes, from their point of view, will not permit them to marry.

It is easy to scold the young men in this matter—quite as easy as to find fault with the young women who are looking out for husbands with plenty of ready money. But there is nothing in the published census figures regarding the average earnings of certain classes of workers which at all warrants the conclusion that the majority of these 3,000,000 unmarried men remain single through willfulness rather than what they deem necessity.

Conditional.

Judge B. F. Dennison was once arguing a case before Judge Roger S. Greene, and in the course of his remarks kept constantly referring to "Browne on Statute of Frauds," always making two syllables of the word Browne, and pronouncing it as if it were Brownee.

Judge Greene nodded around in his chair, stood the mispronunciation as long as he could, and then blurted out:

"Judge, why do you say 'Brownee'?" You wouldn't call me 'Green-ee,' would you?"

Judge Dennison slowly replied, in a rather dry tone of voice:

"That depends on how your Honor decides this case."—Germantown Telegraph.

A Color Thermometer.

A decided novelty in thermometers has been invented by a clever chemist. It is in the form of a sensitive paint, which, at the ordinary temperature, is a bright yellow; but, if submitted to heat, gradually changes color until at two hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit it shows a brilliant red. On being cooled it returns to its pristine hue, but remains as sensitive as ever. If this be so, the paint would be invaluable in hospitals, for example, where the slightest variation in temperature would be indicated in such a way as to strike the most careless nurse. In ordinary dwelling houses, also, it would have its advantages.

Andrew Carnegie.

Dunfermline, who took his family to the United States in 1848, when Andrew was 10 years old. The lad began life as an attendant to a stationary engine; later he took up telegraphy, and was employed by the Pennsylvania Road as telegrapher and clerk to the superintendent of telegraph lines.

A Dream That Was Realized.

Charles Smith of Sparta, Ga., lately had a singular dream. During a recent fire a clock was stolen from a burning house. The following night he dreamed that he was standing near a negro engaged in cutting wood, and that, looking through the open window of the negro's house, he saw the clock standing on the mantelpiece. In the morning he went to the house to investigate the matter. Finding the front door locked he went around to the rear, looked through the window, saw the clock, and recovered it, just as he had dreamed.

His who waits for a dead man's shoes will go barefoot all his life.

BIG LOBSTER POUND.

A Million of the Toothsome Shellfish Shipped from It Yearly.

There is a lobster farm—or pound, as it is called—twelve acres in extent at Southport, Me. The Boston Globe describes this pound, the most successful on the coast, whence 1,000,000 lobsters are shipped each year. The pound is formed by building a solid dam across a tide-water cove. This dam does not quite rise to high-water mark, but across the top is placed a fence of iron rods, permitting a daily change of water, and preventing the lobsters from escaping. In the spring and fall business is most brisk. When the fishermen bring the lobsters to the pound, the "fish," as they are called, are hoisted to the dam, measured, and those which are more than ten and one-half inches long, the legal limit, are thrown in. If a lobster is clever his life in the pound may be long and full of joy. If he is stupid he will be fished out with a drag seine and packed in a barrel with a piece of ice for a pillow, and sent to Boston. The seine is made of stout twine and is weighted at the bottom with a heavy chain. Along the top is a row of corks, which sustain the weight of the seine while the chain drags on the bottom of the pound. A single cast of this seine will bring up lobsters enough to fill eleven barrels.

The chain as it sweeps along the bottom stirs up the lobsters, which immediately shoot backward into the slack twine. In taking them out the men wear heavy mittens, though even then they are often nipped. In the pound the lobsters are fed on salt herring, men rowing about in skiffs and pitching the herring overboard. This is called "feeding the chickens," and it takes about six barrels to make a light luncheon for the flock. There are said to be a number of old, hard shells in the Southport farm which for years have evaded the casts of the drag. Two of enormous size have become quite tame and crawl about in the shallow water. The age of the lobster is a debated question. The small marketable specimens are generally supposed to be from 4 to 6 years old, but some lobsters are believed to live to the green old age of 25 years.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

How a Yellow Jacket Prevented a Walk Into the Parlor.

The act of taking a fellow's part, or helping to defend him against an enemy, is not confined to man. Nearly all of the lower animals have this particular instinct, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, but it is, I believe, an exceedingly rare occurrence to find a creature of one order "pitching in," as the boys would say, and exerting his efforts in behalf of a creature of another order. It fell to my lot not long ago to witness an act of this kind. Outside a grocery store there stood a sugar barrel, emptied of its contents. There was one particular fly near the bottom of the outside of the barrel, and right beside him stood a good-sized yellow jacket. All of a sudden a great, gray spider hurried out of his web and sped straight for the fly. In another moment the fly was in his grasp and a struggle began. The fly tried so hard to get away that he must have attracted the attention of the yellow jacket, for that worthy turned around and looked right at the contestants. Then as quick as a flash he flew into the fray himself, and the spider found that he had two enemies to deal with. The yellow jacket seemed very careful not to hurt the fly, but it was a "cut-throat" the way he put it to the spider. At last the spider released his hold on the fly and directed all his efforts to subduing the yellow jacket. Then the battle began in earnest. Time and again the spider sunk his fangs into the yellow jacket, and time and again was he pierced through with his enemy's terrible sword, the fly all this time buzzing over the heads of the two combatants. Finally the spider, unable to withstand the thrusts any longer, gave up the ghost and died. The yellow jacket stung him once more and then waddled off with a torn wing and a wounded leg, the fly following him.

CARNEGIE'S HUMBLE ORIGIN.

Began Life as an Attendant to a Stationary Engine.

It is often asked in the journals on both sides of the Atlantic whether Andrew Carnegie's family is not connected with the Scotch nobility. No! at all. His father was a weaver in

First Boy—Is that a good watchdog? Second Boy—No. "Good bird dog?" "Nope." "Good for rabbits?" "Nope." "Knows some tricks, may be?" "Nixie." "What is he good for?" "Nawthin', only to take prizes at dog shows."—Good News.

It may be observed in the general din of embarrassed banks and financial agencies that many of them wouldn't be in such straitened circumstances if there weren't some crooked circumstances accompanying them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Laura—"Oh, auntie! You remember Mr. Meeker, who went from here as a missionary? I have just heard that those awful cannibals ate him." Aunt Sophronia—"La, me! I do hope they cooked him with turnips. The poor, dear man was so fond of turnips."—Tit-Bits.

Indignant tourist (to Parisian hotel manager who has just presented his bill)—"See here, you have charged me fifty centimes for writing paper, and you know very well you have not furnished me with a scrap." Manager—"Oui, monsieur, but it is for the paper on which your bill is made out."—Tit-Bits.

Eddie's Curiosity.

When the spectacular production of "Nero, or the burning of Rome," appeared in this city a few weeks ago, a certain small Eddie's grandmother took him to see it in fulfillment of a long-standing promise. While on the way thither, that respectable lady's dignity was hopelessly upset by the innocent inquiry, "Grandma, is that Nero, we're going to see any relation to 'Nero, My God, to Thee?'"—Washington News.

EVERYTHING white isn't flour.

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 dollar of our daddies is the dolor of their descendants.—Boston Transcript.

LOVERS are fond of star-gazing because of its sigh-dear-er suggestions.—Boston Courier.

The man who makes music-box cylinders has some excuse for putting on airs.—Buffalo Courier.

ETHEL—But you were well off before you were married. Maud—Yes; but I didn't know it.—Life.

The saddest of all songs is that of the collector: "A due, kind friends, a due!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

YACHTING costumes for women are far more stylish than nautical. They yacht not to be so.—Troy Press.

TEACHER—John returned the book. In what case is book? Dull boy (after a long thought)—Bookcase.—Good News.

"SIZZARD" is a syzygism used to define a hot wave or wind, and is particularly appropriate just now.—Lockport Union.

WHEN a woman calls her son to come just "for a minute," he knows she wants him to work an hour.—Acheson Globe.

A CAT may look at a king, but she wants to keep both eyes open when she looks at the family hotel janitor. Somerville Journal.

If some people think they can crawl through the needle's eye into heaven they're going to get stuck.—Philadelphia Times.

CONTENTMENT is better than riches, but it takes about the same amount of money for the one as the other.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"AFTER the bawl is over" the baby's father can leave off dancing up and down the floor at midnight, and sleep.—Boston Gazette.

VISITOR—Your river is really very bad. Loyal Chicagoan—But just think how bad it would be if it were worse.—Chicago Record.

A BASE-BALL pitcher should never find fault, else the crowd might straightway proceed to work the growler.—Boston Transcript.

CORN-BLOSSOMS are the fashionable flowers in Paris. They were always the rage in Kentucky and are worn on the nose.—Chicago Tribune.

CLARA—"How has your dress-maker been treating you?" Maud—"Oh, splendidly. But she has been sulking father."—Detroit Free Press.

"DICK doesn't seem to have so much interest in the races as he used." "Well, no. He's putting the principal there now."—Detroit Tribune.

HOW much easier it seems to be to advertise the finding of a handkerchief with a hole in the corner than a purse with a dollar in the corner.—Dansville Breeze.

THE burlesque actress who fell through a hole in the sidewalk in Louisville and broke her leg feels as bad as Patti would if she had caught a cold.—Boston Globe.

TIGHTFISTE (who has been resisting a demand for a loan)—"Well, if I should lend you \$10 what would you do?" The Borrower (waxing indignant)—"Think it a case of mistaken identity."

BOOGS—"Hello, Mulligan, haven't seen you for a month. I heard ye had gone to work." Mulligan (indignantly)—"Wogk? Naw, I've been cleaning the streets for Tom Brennan."—Life.

BOOGS—"You might talk until doomsday and you couldn't convince me that dueling isn't murder." Biggs—"All right. I'll take you over to France with me and let you see some of it."—Troy Press.

A MASTER butcher had twins. He at once announced the fact to his parents as follows: "I write in great haste to inform you that my wife has just presented me with a couple of twins. More next time!"—Hinkender Bote.

NERVOUS PASSENGER—"Why are you steaming along at such a fearful rate through this fog?" Ocean Captain (reassuringly)—"Fogs are very dangerous, madam, and I am always in a hurry to get out of them."—New York Weekly.

FIRST BOY—Is that a good watchdog? Second Boy—No. "Good bird dog?" "Nope." "Good for rabbits?" "Nope." "Knows some tricks, may be?" "Nixie." "What is he good for?" "Nawthin', only to take prizes at dog shows."—Good News.

It may be observed in the general din of embarrassed banks and financial agencies that many of them wouldn't be in such straitened circumstances if there weren't some crooked circumstances accompanying them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Laura—"Oh, auntie! You remember Mr. Meeker, who went from here as a missionary? I have just heard that those awful cannibals ate him." Aunt Sophronia—"La, me! I do hope they cooked him with turnips. The poor, dear man was so fond of turnips."—Tit-Bits.