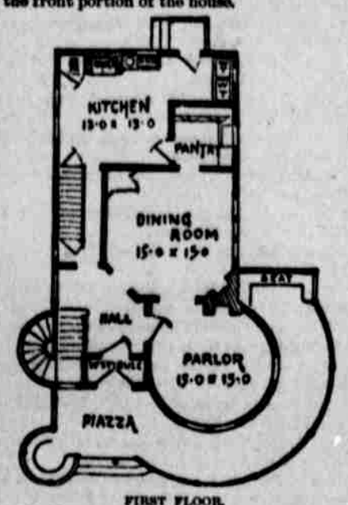
A HANDSOME RESIDENCE.

Plans and View of a Dwelling That Is Out of the Ordinary.

The plans and view of the house here given are taken from The Scientific American Architects and Builders' edition, which speaks of it as "A House of Moderate Cost," and says:

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

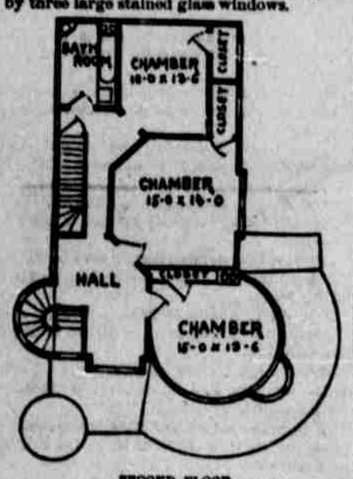
"Reference to the floor plans will show good arrangement of rooms. The parlor is almost circular in form, and is connected to the dining room by a sliding door; open fireplaces are in both rooms. Access from front to rear is gained without making a thoroughfare of any of the rooms, and when the passage doors are closed the kitchen is entirely cut off from the front portion of the house.



FIRST FLOOR.

"A piazza encircles the parlor, and on the right of the entrance the piazza roof terminates in a small circular tower; a seat under this provides a pleasant lookout.

"On the second floor the principal chamber is also circular, with a circular bay rising into a tower. There are two other good sized chambers and a bath room. The front hall on this floor is of large dimensions, with square bay to the front and seat therein. The spiral staircase from this hall is lighted by three large stained glass windows.



SECOND FLOOR.

"From whatever point the elevations may be viewed, their aspect is equally attractive, the combination of towers, bays and dormers making this residence particularly inviting.

"Size of structure, 45x27 feet, exclusive of piazza.

"For size of rooms, see floor plans.

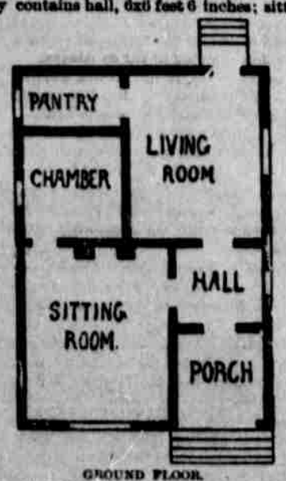
"Materials.—The vertical sides shingled throughout; roof shingled."

Neat Frame Cottage.

This is from the National Building Plan association's "Artistic Homes," in which the

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

estimated cost is given at $450. First story, 9 feet high in the clear, cellar 6 feet. First story contains hall, 6x6 feet 6 inches; sitting



GROUND FLOOR.

room, 13x13 feet 6 inches; living room, 11x13, and bed room, 8x10. Cellar under living room.

It is said that the oldest rosebush in the world, of which there is authentic record, grows in a churchyard and against an old church at Heldersheim, Germany. Eight hundred years ago, so the records say, Bishop Heplic caused a trellis to be built on which it was supported. Today the main stem is thicker than a man's body.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In Great Britain last year 919 persons were killed and 3,826 injured on the railways.

A poetic genius is one who can take a bare idea and clothe it in beautiful language.

Imagination is that part of man that magnifies his own troubles and his neighbor's joys.

There is not much fun in the composition of a man who has to put snuff in his nose to tickle it with.

Limit the number of your intimate friends, and you will limit the number of your future enemies.

Farmer (threateningly)—I've a great mind to thrash you! Little Son—Take a man of yer size. Take ma! [Father trembles at the thought and sits down.]

A Philadelphia district messenger boy walked forty miles in nine hours. He was off on a fishing expedition, however.

Numerous centennials are reminders that our country is getting to be quite old; old enough to be bald and have bald headed eagles.

A new process of hardening plaster of Paris has been discovered, whereby it can be adapted to the construction of flooring in place of wood.

The manufactured coffee bean can readily be distinguished from the natural bean by the property of sinking when immersed in ether, as genuine coffee beans float on that liquid.

It took 144 horses, 200,000 pounds of hay 27,676 pounds of bread and 84 barrels of apples to feed the animals of the New York Zoological gardens last year.

Mrs. May E. Bryan, who, so some papers say, is the only southern woman writer with a future, receives $5,000 a year for editing Munroe's Fashion Bazar.

The cost of every pound of fish taken at a summer resort where the fishing is advertised to be excellent is $6.80, and it may be a mighty poor fish at that.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause. —Johnson.

John Healy, at Columbus, O., going in swimming with some companions, dived into twenty feet of water and never came to the surface. When his body was recovered it was found entangled in the meshes of a lot of loose wire, into which he had plunged and which had held him down.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them all going.—Adam Clarke.

The New York fish commissioners have requested all fishermen to report the number of shad caught in the waters of that state this year, with a view to guide that body in future planting. This is the first recorded suggestion that any serious deduction can be made from fish stories.

Peter Stein, of St. Paul, walking along a bluff near Vermilion Falls, Minn., with two young ladies, was asked by one of them to pick for her a sprig of honeysuckle blossoms that hung over the edge of the precipice. He held to the limb of a tree as he reached over for the flower, the limb broke and he fell sixty feet to the rocks and was killed.

At High Ridge, near Stamford, Conn., there is a wife who is the mother of fourteen children, all living, and none of them twins. All but two live at home, and these two, catching the scarlet fever, went home to be nursed. They gave it to the other dozen, and the whole fourteen were sick at once, and medicine had to be mixed in pitchers and bread pans.

A placard in a Washington street window arrests the attention of the male population who pass that way by its announcement of "Kisses, 25 cents." They must be very sweet, considering the 'lasses from which they are obtained.—Boston Budget.

Glassware cracks when placed in hot water, because, being a poor conductor of heat, the outside becomes hot and expands, while the interior is still cool. The strain resulting from this unequal expansion causes the fracture. For this reason thin glass, which is quickly heated through, is less likely to break than the thick, heavy varieties.

General Manager Coleman, of the North Pacific Coast railroad, has been asked by a number of people living along the line of that road to change the road bed above Duncan's Mills for a distance of some 100 yards, so as to run the track through the trunk of one of the large redwoods in that neighborhood. The idea is to have the road tunnel, as it were, the high stump of one of the giants of the forest recently cut down. The tree trunk is sixteen feet in diameter.

The restoration of the famous "Wilmington Giant" situate on the Sussex estate of the Duke of Devonshire, a few miles inland from Eastbourne, has been resolved upon. The figure, which is believed to be of Celtic origin, poses in an attitude similar to that of the Colossus of Rhodes, but its proportions are double those of that statue, and it is unlike any other representation either in barbarous or classical device, except an almost exact delineation on one of the ancient Justice gems. There are in its vicinity British earthworks of a lunar form.

Insects in the Ear.

Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, Jr., talking in The Medical Classics about removing insects from the ear, expresses the belief that "sweet oil is perhaps the best thing to keep the insect from moving. That is the first desideratum. The oil, by its thick consistence, will so entangle and bedraggle the insect's legs and wings that the intolerable noise will be stopped. If oil be not at hand use any liquid that is not poisonous or corrosive. Water will probably be within the reach of every one. This is also more liable to float him out, too, than either sweet oil or glycerine. It has been suggested to blow tobacco smoke in the ear to stupefy the insect. We cannot indorse this advice; tobacco smoke blown into the ear of a child has been known to cause alarming symptoms. When the movements of the intruder have been arrested syringe the ear gently with warm water. All manner of insects and bugs have been found in the ear, but you can never tell in a given case who the rude caller is knocking at the door of your brain until you have him out." —Boston Budget.

Vienna's Water Consumption.

In the discussion of the proposal of an English company to furnish Vienna with an adequate water supply some interesting facts are furnished. The total population to be supplied is estimated at 1,250,000 people and the present average daily consumption is given as 14.85 gallons to each person. That includes the entire consumption, both public and private. This low average is explained by the fact that what are known in America as the "modern conveniences" of housekeeping, involving the use of large amounts of water, such as boilers, baths, closets, are practically unknown in Vienna. A house fitted with water pipes in the American fashion would be a novelty in that city.—San Francisco Chronicle.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE FISH AND THE FISHER.

A Fisherman, who had Waited Patiently for Several hours for a Bite, finally began Bewailing his hard Luck, Exclaiming:

"I have been Patient and Persevering and Faithful, and yet nothing has come to Reward me!"

A Carp, who had been lying in the shadow near by, now rose to the surface and replied:

"What you say, My Friend, is all very True, but you do not stop to Consider that the greater your Luck the fewer the Carp left in the Pond."

Moral—When Lawyers are in Luck no Community is at Peace.

THE PEASANT AND HIS ADVISERS.

A Peasant who had Bought him a plat of ground couldn't make up his mind what to sow thereon, and he asked the Advice of the Birds.

"By all means, Sow Wheat," was the reply.

When he asked the Advice of the Animals the reply was:

"Put in Corn and Vegetables, of course."

The insects Advised that he raise Seeds of various sort, and the Fish recommended that the Land be Converted into a Pond. When Autumn came the Field was grown to Weeds Alone, and as the Peasant was Lamenting that he had raised nothing whatever of Value a Sage who was passing by Replied:

Moral—"He Who Takes Every Man's Advice had better have none at all."

THE BOY AND THE RAT.

A Boy who had caught a Rat in a Trap was about to Dispatch it by Drowning when the Rodent began Bewailing his sad Fate and pathetically inquired:

"Have I ever injured you, that you seek my Life?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Would you be the Loser by restoring me to Liberty?"

"Not at all."

"Then why not turn me loose? You seem to Feel for me."

"That's exactly the Trouble," replied the Boy. "Father has been scattering Poison all over the cellar, and I'm afraid you will get some of it and Die a Lingering Death. I'm doing the Mercy Act by Drowning you."

Moral—When a Citizen who "hasn't done nothing at all" is run in by the Police it saves him from committing Burglary or Murder.—Detroit Free Press.

In the Interest of Science.

Dr. Pillsbury—How do do, doctor? What's the news?

Dr. Squims—Nothing new; only I had an interesting case a few days ago.

Dr. Pillsbury—Yes? What was it?

Dr. Squills—I performed a wonderful operation on Mr. Fresh's boy's eye—little Johnny Fresh. He had a fearful case of cataract, and I saved the poor little fellow's eye.

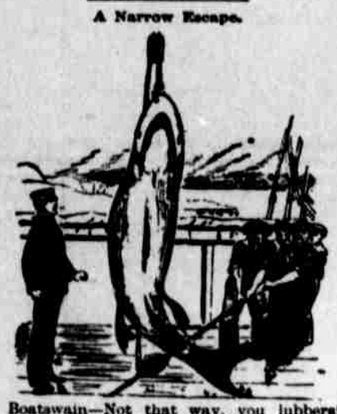
Dr. Pillsbury—That's good! How's the boy?

Dr. Squills—Oh, the boy died.—Drake's Magazine.

Score Another for the Bustle.

A lady coming down Chapel street the other evening slipped on the icy sidewalk and her fall was accompanied by a loud explosion. She had on a rubber bustle filled with air, and in coming in contact with the ground it collapsed.—New Haven Palladium.

A Narrow Escape.



Boatswain—Not that way, you lubber! Reeve a tackle on his tail.

Jack Tar (who had taken a surreptitious swim that morning)—Thanks, shipmates. It was gettin' a bit close in there.—Time.

"Sure Enough."

'Twas at the usual trysting place,
The usual summer breeze was blowing;
With anxious thoughts I scanned her face
For one sweet glance of love bestowing;
I vowed by moon—I vowed by stars—
I vowed by Venus, Saturn, Mars.
(These stars were shining at the time.)
But when I strove to fan the flame
Of fickle love—and bag the game!
Alas! I met with this rebuff—
(To all my eloquence sublime)
She coyly questioned, "Sure enough?"

I pleaded long, I pleaded hard,
While yet the summer breeze was sighing,
I played my very best trump card
And swore a constancy undying
I searched her eyes—I searched her face—
I searched for e'en the slightest trace
(The oak leaves trembled in the breeze)
Of love returned—a glance—a token.
Ah, me! that I had ever spoken.
She coolly rearranged her cuff
(Misplaced by surreptitious squeeze),
And softly murmured, "Sure enough?"

I gazed into her dark brown eyes
And sought to solve those words perplexing,
Stupidity! not to surmise
That her own heart she was indexing
I clasped her close—I held her fast—
Her lips pressed close to mine at last.
(What matter did it if the moon was shining?)
Her meaning now to me was plain,
For when she spoke those words again
I saw that she'd been playing bluff
(Her little hand in mine confining)
When she had questioned "Sure enough?"

I've flirted with the Yankee maid
Who, when you plead, says "You don't say?"
I've loved the western girl—afraid
To tell her in the usual way
Both types are dear, and each can play
The deuce with hearts the livelong day
(Whether or not the stars are shining),
But sweeter, more distracting—these—
Whispered by southern girl to tease
Man's heart, e'en given in rebuff,
(When heart is sore and love repining!)
These artless, sweet words, "Sure enough."
—Frederic Jewett Cooke in Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.