SHARP POINTS.

People never tell the exact truth.

Modesty will earn a man more than ability.

As a rule, when a story is funny, it is not true.

A picnic is not a success unless there is pie to throw away.

Most people just drag along until it is time for them to die.

A laugh is an awfully good bluff to make when troubles appear.

A man never knows what is coming until it gets right on to him.

There is one thing to the credit of old maids; they accumulate no kin.

When a man stops smoking, and begins again, he feels mighty sheepish.

A man with a future isn't as interesting to people as a woman with a past

If you ask a boy how his boil is, he will take off the bandage and show you.

Some people imagine that as soon as they get married, they must kiss in public.

If a man expects to amount to anything, he must accomplish it in spite of hard luck.

Marrying men are beginning to remark that women have too much idle time on their hands.

There are lots of men who are pretty in society, but who are as absolutely useless as dried currants.

No woman should give way to grief; let her keep her hair frizzed, and everything may come around all right.

Nearly all the women recite these days. They will simply have to quit it; the men are shy enough as it is.

Much as people like to hear secrets they have the greatest admiration for the friends who have never told them any.

We have noticed that when a man is approached about advertising, he says he will "think about it," or "see you again."

The people should remember when heating, that Death keeps his white horse ready with the harness on in this weather.

JETSAM.

A new locomotive near Wishington made thirty-five miles in thirty-three minutes, and for a part of the distance ran at the rate of 102 miles an hour.

The map on the north wall of the Broad street station of the Pennsylvania railroad in Philadelphia is fifteen feet wide and 126 feet long, and is said to be the largest map in the world.

The incomes from the London daily papers are thus put down: Daily Telegraph, £130,000; Times, £120,000; Standard, £70,000; Morning Post, £45,000; Daily Chronicle, £40,000, and Daily News, £30,000.

It is estimated that 30 per cent of the iron manufactured by Tennessee is sold outside of the southern states. It is said to be the favorite iron with pipe, plow and stove makers in the east and north.

The total wheat crop of New Zealand for this year is 3,613,000 bushels, or 1,000,000 less than for the previous year. It is estimated that the colony will have to import 500,000 bushels to supply its own requirements.

Of the four nationalities making up the population of Great Britain and Ireland, the Scotch are the heaviest men, the average weight being: Scotch, 175.3 pounds; Welsh, 168.3 pounds; English, 155 pounds; Irish, 154.1 pounds.

Working for the good of otheers indirectly brings about our own good.

There is no true greatness except the greatness of usefulness.

The despised milkweed can be used to advantage. Its seed yields a fine oil.

A perfect jam—that made of plums.

THE TAX-GATHERER.

And pray, who are you?
Said the violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
To her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"
—John B. Tabb.

THE THREE SONS.

A father had three sons; the oldest was called Martin., the second, Mathew and the third Michael. All three were grown up, when their father began to sicken, and in a few days had to prepare to die, when he called them to his bedside.

"You know my children, I have no riches, except this cottage, my cat, cock and scythe. Live together in the cottage, and of the three things take one. Do not squabble, but live in peace, and now, God bless you!" Having finished, he died.

When the sons had buried the father they divided the inheritance. Martin took the scythe, for he knew well how to mow; Matthew, the tomcat, and Michal the cock.

"Dear brothers," said Martin, "we cannot all remain at home, or else we should die of hunger. You two remain at home and arrange things, while I go with my scythe out into the world."

The three loved one another, and what the one wished the others also desired; so no one spoke this plan.

Martin took the scythe and started on his wanderings. He went very far, very far, but nowhere could he find work. At last he came to a country where the people were exceedingly stupid. As he neared a city he met a man, who asked him what he carried.

"A scythe," said Martin.

"And what is that, and what is it good for?"

"To cut grass, grain."

"With that you cut grass? Why, that is splendid! We have to pick and pull out with our hands all the grass, and in God's name we can never be ready. If you would go to our king, he would pay you well for this invention."

"And why not? I'll go!"

The man led him to the king, who was much astonished at this invention, and at once hired him to cut the grass in one of his meadows.

Martin went, followed by a crowd, but as he was not stupid he stuck the scythe up in the middle of the meadow, and having told the servant to bring dinner for two, drove all the curious people away. At midday the servant brought dinner for two and was much astonished to see so much grass cut.

"Will your grass cutter also eat?" he asked Martin.

"If he works, he must also be fed, but go with God and leave us alone."

The servant went away, and Martin ate the dinner for two alone. "That was a good thought, that I ordered dinner for two. If I had asked for only one, I would not have had enough." And so he ordered two dinners every day till all the meadows were cut.

When he was finished he put his scythe over his shoulder and went to the king for his hire.

"Your grass cutter cuts the grass himself?" asked the king.

"Himself, most merciful king."

"Perhaps you would leave him here then, for 1,000 florins?"

"He is worth more! But I will leave him here for that price," said Martin and put the scythe down, took the money and went home. The king had the scythe put in a room, that it might not be injured. Next year came. The grass was ripe, ready to be cut. The king ordered the invention to be brought to the meadow, with fitting pomp. They brought it out and stuck it in the middle of the ground and went away, as they thought the grass cutter did not like to be watched. At midnight they came with the dinner, burning with curiosity to see how much he had cut. But the scythe stood exactly as they had stuck it in the morning, and they were very much astonished. They placed the dinner beside and went to tell the king.

"If he cut so much grass the first half day when that man was with him, why will he not cut it now?" said the king and shook his head. In the evening the servant came again and said the grass was not cut and the dinner was uneaten.

"It must be bewitched," said the king. "Let him receive twenty blows, and if he will not cut then we will bury him.'

During this time the brothers had fine times and blessed their father that he had left them such a rich inheritance, after awhile when the money began to be all spent, Matthew said:

"Now I will go and wander. Perhaps I will dispose of my cock as well as you did with your scythe."

Mathew took his inheritance and went. After awhile he also came near a city and met a gentleman.

"What are you carrying my man?" he asked.

"I'm carrying a cock," replied Mathew. "It calsl the sun."

"Oh, wonder of wonders! We have to accompany the sun every day to a mountain, and in the morning go to meet him, which is often inconvenient. If that bird really has such a talent, the king would pay you a nice few thousand for him."

"Oh, but you can investigate the matter," said Mathew, and he went with the gentleman to the king.

"Merciful king, this man has a bird, a caller. He calls the day, and when he goes to sleep the sun also goes to sleep."

"Oh, that could hardly be paid with money, if it is really true what you say."

"Merciful king, you can prove my words." They put the cock in a gold cage, and he, being satisfied with his new dwelling, made himself at home. It was not long before the sun set without any one's having accompanied him. The king was charmed and could hardly wait for the morning. At midnight they got up and watched how the cock could call the day. One o'clock nothing, 2 o'clock the cock crew, and every one was amazed at his voice. At 3 o'clock the cock again crowed, and so on till 4 in the morning. When the king had satisfied himself that the cock had really called the day he ordered that they should give Mathew 5,000 florins out of the treasury and all hold him in honor. Mathew took the money, ate and drank to his heart's content, and, thanking the king, went home.

His brothers received him with joy, and for a little while all lived in plenty, but they were not economical. The money soon took wings, and when but a little remained, Michael said: "Now, brothers, I will go wander in the world and look about me. Perhaps I will receive as much for my tomcat as you did for your things."

Michael put the cat in a bag and went. A long time he wandered till he came to a country whose language he did not understand, but before he reached the chief city he had learned so much that he could understand a little what they said to him. Before he entered the city he also met a gentleman, who asked him what he had in his bag.

"A tomcat," said Michael, and he showed him the cat.

"That is a strange animal! And of what use is he?"

"He catches mice. No matter how many are in the house, he catches them all."

"Oh, stick that catcher, quick, in your bag and come to the king! We have so many mice in the castle that it is a wonder they do not run on the tables. The king would give almost everything to whoever was lucky enough to rid the castle of them."

"For that there will soon be found a remedy," said Michael. He put the tomcat back in the bag and followed the gentleman.

When they came to the king the gentleman said: "Merciful king, this man has a tomcat, a catcher. It is an animal who catches mice, and if your mercifulness orders he would sell him."

"If this is true I will buy him with pleasure."

"Merciful king, only tell me where you have most mice, and you will see for yourself how my tomcat will catch them."

They led him to a room where the mice swarmed and ran everywhere under one's feet. Michael opened his bag, the tomcat jumped out and made such havoc among them that not one escaped.

The king was enchanted and ordered that they should pay Michael 10,000 florins. Michael jumped with happiness that he had so much money and joyfully went home. Two days after the king thought: "What will the catcher eat when there are no more mice?" But no one knew, and Michael was far away. Then the king ordered that a rider should be sent on the fleetest horse to ask him.

Michael, in the meanwhile, strode joyfully onward through the same roads that had led him to the city. On the fourth day he suddenly saw behind him a rider, who called to him to stop while still far away, so Michael stopped.

When the rider came to him he asked him something, half in German, half in Bohemian, that Michael did not understand. To make it easier, he asked the rider, "Was?" "What?" (In Bohemia you is vas, and in German was is what. When spoken quickly they both sound exactly alike. This was the mistake. Michael asked in German was?—What. The rider understood him to say in Bohemian, vas—you.) On hearing this, the rider at once turned and rode away in such haste it seemed he was riding on the wind. Michael thought to himself, the man is crazy, and in God's name went on his way.

All out of breath, covered with dust, the rider returned, and hardly had he jumped from the saddle when he ran to the king.

"Merciful king, sad are the tidings I bring. When the tomcat has caught all the mice he will hunt us!"

"Who told you?" answered the king in a fright.

"That fellow who sold us the tomcat. I overtook him on the way, and asked him 'When the catcher has done catching the mice, what will the animal eat?' and he answered, 'You!'"

The king at once called all his counselors and it was then debated what they should do with the tomcat. After long debates and discussions they determined to keep the cat in the chamber as a prisoner and set a guard of two men, so that he should not be able to get out. Immediately the highest general was ordered to set a guard of four strong and courageous men to guard the chamber. Night and day they stood in the corners and trembled with fear whenever a rustling noise was heard in the room. The second night was quiet, because the cat had caught all the mice. In the morning, when not a sound was to be heard in the room, the guard nearest the window thought what could be the matter and looked into the room. But, oh, sorrow! The tomcat sat in the window, and when he saw the bushy beard and hair cap he was so astonished that he broke through the window, and away he went.

The second man heard a noise and rushed to see what had happened. He saw the soldier lying on his back, with his chin in the air. Hurriedly he ran to the castle and called:

"Oh, misfortune, misfortune, merciful king, that terrible mouse catcher has got out of the chamber! He has bitten my comrade, who stood by the window, and God knows how many people he has strangled! Oh, this is a misfortune!"

Immediately all the houses were closed, and every one hid himself. Then the king ordered that a regiment of the bravest men, in heavy armor, should seek the tomcat. All this was at once accomplished, and they hunted everywhere for three days, but not a trace of the cat could they find.—From the Bohemian for Romance.

Skilled Labor.

Friend—I'm told that most prescriptions cost little or nothing to make up.

Druggist—Yes; but we charge for deciphering the penmanship and translating the Latin.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

Fruits of Their Work Compared With Foreign Countries.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll gave utterance to a few striking educational truths in a recent address delivered before the surviving soldiers of his regiment at Elmwood, Ill. He said:

"We spend more for schools per head than any nation in the world. Great Britain spends $1.30 per head on the common schools; France spends 80 cents; Austria, 30 cents; Germany, 50 cents; Italy, 25 cents, and the United states over $2.50. I tell you the school house is the fortress of liberty. Every school house is an arsenal, filled with weapons and ammunition to destroy the monsters of ignorance and fear. As I have said ten thousand times, the school house is my cathedral. The teacher is my preacher. Eighty-seven per cent of all the people of the United States over ten years of age can read and write. There is no parallel for that in the history of the wide world. Over 42,000,000 of educated citizens, to whom are open all the treasures of literature. Forty-two millions of people, able to read and write! I say, there is no parallel for this. The nations of antiquity were as ignorant as dirt when compared with this great republic of ours. There is no nation in the world that can show a record like ours. We ought to be proud of it. We ought to build more schools, and build them better. Our teachers ought to be paid more, and everything ought to be taught in the public schools that is worth knowing.

"I believe that the children of the republic, no matter whether their fathers are rich or poor, ought to be allowed to drink at the fountain of education, and it does not cost more to teach everything in the free schools than it does to teach reading, writing and ciphering.

"Have we kept up in other ways? The postoffice tells a wonderful story. In Switzerland, going through the postoffice in each year, are letters, etc., in the proportion of 74 to each inhabitant. In England the number is 60, in Germany 53; in France, 39; in Austria, 24; in Italy, 16, and in the United States, our own home, 110. Think of it. In Italy only 25 cents paid per head for the support of public schools, and only sixteen letters. And this is the place where God's agent lives. I would rather have one good school master than two such agents."

Small Fry Swindlers.

Some of the meanest of these are they who seek to trade upon and make capital out of the reputation of the greatest of American tonics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by imitating its outward guise. Reputable druggists, however, will never foist upon you as genuine spurious imitations of or substitute for this sovereign remedy for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, consumption, liver complaint and nervousness. Demand, and if the dealer be honest, you will get the genuine article.

Other Victims Came Earlier.

The occasional contributor walked into the office of the editor and bowed to that dignified but busy personage gravely.

"I would like to see the proofreader," he said. "I have a trifling affair to adjust with him."

"Very sorry," the editor replied, "but several other gentlemen have applied ahead of you for the privilege of shooting the proofreader."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Paved With Molasses.

Perhaps the oddest pavement ever laid is one just completed at Chino, Cal. It is made mostly of molasses, and if it proves all of the success it is claimed to be, it may point a way for the sugar planters of the South profitably to dispose of the millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand. The molasses used is a refused product, hitherto believed to be of no value. It is mixed with a certain kind of sand to about the consistency of asphalt and laid like asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly and becomes quite hard, and remains so. The peculiar point of it is that the sun only makes it drier and harder, instead of softening it, as might be expected. A block of the composition several feet long, a foot wide and one inch thick was submitted to severe tests and stood them well.

No Filigree Work.

Dean Hole tells of an old-fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who one noon found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of indignant excitement, "The services in this cathedral are at 10 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."—Argonaut.

Tongue and Doctor Got a Rest.

"My doctor," said a somewhat voluble lady, "was writing me a prescription yesterday. I generally ask him all sorts of questions while he is writing them. Yesterday he examined me and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue, and when he got through he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.'"

Had to Draw the Line.

Poole, the tailor, was an accommodating gentleman, and was often invited to the houses of "the great." When staying with a certain nobleman, he was asked one morning by his host what he thought of the party who had assembled the night before. "Why, very pleasant indeed, your grace, but perhaps a little mixed." "Hang it all, Poole!" responded the jovial peer, "I couldn't have all tailors!"

The man is very poor who can put his riches in an iron safe.

Bee's on Baby's Head.

Two children of John Fehr, residing near Straustown, Germany, had a thrilling adventure with a swarm of bees. The insects left the hive in a large, black, and variegated ball, as usual when swarming, and alighted upon a 2-year-old child who was playing in the yard, totally unaware of the danger. Another child, Merton, aged 14 years, fortunately realized the dangerous condition of affairs, and having learned that swarms will vacate certain places when noise is produced, at once secured tin kettles and hammered upon them with great energy. The din and confusion caused the bees to leave the child unharmed, and in a few moments more the swarm alighted upon a pine tree, where the owner subsequently captured them in a hive. Neither of the children, singular to relate, had received a single sting.

Whole Wheat Bread.

A New York physician gets around the eating of bolted wheat flour by eating unground wheat. The objection to the bolted flour is, of course, well known—that it is deprived of certain necessary nutriments to the human body. Hence the reason for eating graham flour. This physician, however, does not stop with graham flour, but eats the grain whole, and says his family does not tire of it after its use for three years.

If the cooking is well done there is an agreeable nutty flavor of the wheat which corresponds to the bouquet of grapes. This flavor seems to be lost when the wheat is cracked, crushed or ground before cooking. If this flavor is not desired, the cleaned whole wheat may be pounded in a mortar or run through a coffee mill. This will shorten the time of cooking to four hours or less, the time required for whole wheat being eight or ten hours.—Good Housekeeping.

Metal Wheels for Your Wagons.

The season for cutting corn fodder being close at hand, it may be well for farmers to get a set of these low metal wheels with wide tires. They can be had any size wanted from 20 to 56 inches in diameter, with tires from 1 to 8 inches wide. By having low wheels enables you to bring the wagon box down low, saving one man in loading fodder, etc. It is also very convenient for loading and unloading manure, grain, hogs, etc., and will save in labor alone their cost in a very short time. These wheels are made of best material throughout, and have every possible advantage over the high wooden wheels with narrow tires, and will outlast a dozen of them. There will also be no resetting of tires necessary, and consequently no blacksmiths' bills to pay. Wide tires save your horses and prevent cutting up your fields.

For further information write The Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who will mail catalogue free upon application.

Satisfactory to Him.

"No, Mr. Northside," said Miss Dukane, with decision. "I cannot accept you. To be perfectly frank, you are really the last man in the world I would think of marrying."

"That suits me precisely," replied the suitor.

"How so, sir?" demanded the girl, with some asperity. "Did you propose from a sense of duty, hoping I would reject you, or had you a wager on the subject?"

"Neither, I assure you. You said I am the last man in the world you would think of marrying. Now I see no reason in the world why you should think of marrying anybody else after me."

This cheerful view of the matter so charmed Miss Dukane that she accepted it herself. The two will be married in September.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Tomato Soup.

One can of tomatoes, one pint of soup stock or beef tea, two teaspoonsfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, sugar, salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Melt the butter in the soup pot, add the tomato and stock. Boil until the tomatoes are thoroughly cooked, then strain through a sieve. Put back over the fire, and when boiling hot add the milk, flour, sugar, salt and soda rubbed perfectly smooth together. As soon as thickened take from the stove and serve with small squares of toasted bread.

The doing right alone teaches the value of meaning right.

Lace From Bark.

The department of agriculture, forestry division, Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants only second to that belonging to the famous Kew gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace bark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibers which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen and silk. This intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favorably to the last mentioned productions for both beauty and durability.

Charges Just the Same.

Clerk—Mr. Petersbe's watch that he brought in to be fixed I find has since begun to go all right of its own accord.

Jeweler—When he comes in tell him the mainspring is broken and the flywheel is off its lever, but that we can have it ready by the end of the week. Charges, $2.50.—Judge.

Ammunition Wasted.

Hogan—Oi have a joke on Houghlighan. They was a felly kem into his place an' took three drinks in rapid secession av his whisky an' thin pulled a gun an' shot himself.

Grogran—Oi think the joke is on the man. Fwat for did he go to the trouble av usin' a gun afther three drinks av Houghlighan's whisky?—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Tables Turned.

A Scotchman once neatly turned the tables on an Englishman who had been alluding to the number of Scots in London. "Well," replied the Scot, "I know a place in Scotland where there are 30,000 Englishmen who never go back to their own country." "Why, wherever can such a crowd be?" said the Englishman, to whom the Scot dryly remarked, "at Bannockburn."

Ignorant Interviewers.

Speaking of the ignorance of some newspaper interviewers, Henry Watterson relates an incident that happened in New York, when a young man was sent to the Fifth Avenue hotel to interview Rutherford B. Hayes on some matter of prison reform. When the interviewer had gathered all the facts, he shot a last question at Mr. Hayes. "By the way, Mr. Hayes," he said, "what were you president of?"

Overenthusiastic.

Advertising extremes don't always work. One enterprising restaurant keeper in town surprised his customers and many others a few weeks ago by displaying in his window this sign, "Our ice cream is hot stuff." He worked in his slang all right, but wondered why trade fell off.—Syracuse Post.

Golden opportunities do not fly in circles.

W. N. U., Omaha—39, 1895.