

FATE'S SAD ROMANCE.

THREE BROTHERS UNDER DIFFERENT NAMES.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction—Chance the Element That Unites the Fraternal Trio, Two of Its Members Having Lived Long in the Same City.

From the Chicago Daily News: The strange story of the separation in childhood of the five sons of Patrick Dolan, at one time a blacksmith at Lockport, N. Y., after the death of their mother and the happy reunion of three of them—all that are now living—came to light with the visit to Chicago of Fred Dooley of Rochester, N. Y., who is now dividing his time between the homes of his long-lost relatives. Probably the most peculiar feature of the story is that all but two of the brothers grew to manhood under different names and for several years two lived within a few miles of each other in Chicago and at the same time each was prosecuting a vigorous search for the other. The brothers now living and enjoying the reunion are: William Doolan, a hardware merchant living at 1231 Madison street, Thomas Dolan, assistant engineer in the fire department, connected with engine company No. 57. Fred Dooley, a barber in Rochester, N. Y. The two who died since the separation were: Daniel Dooley, lately a baker at Rochester, James Doolin, who was a sailor and claimed Buffalo as his home. The story is best told by Thomas Doolan, whose efforts in finding his brothers have never waned since he first took up the search. He gives the following narrative: "Years ago my father, Patrick Dolan, and my mother, whose maiden name was Katherine Green, settled in Lockport, having come to this country from County Louth, Ireland. Father was a blacksmith and I have been told was fairly prosperous. The family consisted of five boys. While we were all in tender years mother died and soon after father placed Daniel, Fred and myself in the Sisters' Orphan home at Rochester and then disappeared. Since that time nothing has been heard of him and it is likely that he is dead. William was adopted by a man of the name of Casey, and an elderly woman, one Daughn, cared for James. Later, however, James was also placed in the Orphans' home. I soon tired of life in the home and one night ran away and went to Wilson, N. Y., where for several years I made my home with an old farmer whose name I cannot recall. For years I never heard from my brothers and drifted about the country doing almost anything that was honest and upright for a living. I came to Chicago, was married, and now have three children. I often wondered if I should ever again see my relatives and had almost given up hope when you can imagine my surprise when two men walked into the engine house and announced that they were my brothers. They were William and Fred, the latter having come from his home in Rochester, where, in an odd manner, he had learned of our whereabouts. It all came about this way: Recently Daniel Frawley of this city established an agency for a Chicago brewing company in Rochester and he rented a store next door to Fred's barber shop. He was well acquainted with me and had also known William. Fred corresponded with us and finally we were convinced that our relationship had been established. Further inquiries convinced us of the death of Daniel and James. We have also discovered an aunt in Seneca Falls, N. Y., and she has assisted us in the search for father. The aunt's name is Mrs. Mary Celery."

Wuslow's Parrot in Battle.

"He was in his iron cage hanging right over the front of the tower there," the tar went on, in answer to several questions. "He didn't seem to mind things much, either. He just kept cussing to himself quietly. But a shell went toward the starboard boiler, and then I saw the lieutenant come down from forward with a bloody towel twisted round his leg. Still we and the bird stood those dogoes peeping well enough, popping back at 'em and working along with one propeller, till all of a sudden a shell burst aft and knocked the steering gear sky-high. 'Shut up!' yelled the bird; 'shut up! shut your mouth!' and he went on, swearing away like a good one."

Mrs. Maybrick Again.

In the British house of commons Friday during the debate on the home office vote, Mr. Michael Davitt, member for South Mayo, broached the question of the imprisonment of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, and represented that she was in ill-health. Mr. Davitt said in the course of his remarks that to "release this American woman would be a small step in the direction of establishing good feeling between England and the United States." Sir Matthew White Ridley, home secretary, replied that he thought the reports of ill-health were exaggerated, but he promised to make inquiries.

Ambiguous.

"Do you remember," said Miss Ancient to Colonel Crabtree, "how when you were a young man you proposed to me and I rejected you?" "It is one of the happiest recollections of my life," said the colonel, with an air of gallantry. And Miss Ancient is still wondering.—Punch.

This Settles It.

"There can be no further doubt that Commodore Schley is really a great man." "Why?" "Good old ladies who claim to have been his nurse are beginning to bob up."—Cleveland Leader.

QUEER COLONY IN PARAGUAY.

Rules Which Govern a Settlement of Australians in South America.

From the New York World: One of the strangest colonies in the world is probably that of Cosme, founded in Paraguay by colonists of English blood from Australia. The property of the colonists is all held in common, and all their work is done in common—cultivating, building, housekeeping—but each family may occupy a house by itself. There is no currency but labor, and every colonist has to give the colony thirty-six hours' labor a week. If he works longer he establishes a labor credit which he can draw on at any time. Only settlers are accepted as colonists. A single man may put in extra labor to provide himself with a house on his marriage. If labor to his credit is not sufficient the colony will allow him an overdraft to a certain amount. He could have as large a house as he chooses, although he would be considered foolish to have a larger possession than he needs. Having paid for his house he can draw upon his surplus labor for anything else he requires, or he can use his leisure for cultivating his garden or any other private purpose. While the house has been built by the man's labor he cannot, however, sell it. It is only his to occupy. Cosme does not want single men, although single women would be welcome, being scarce, as in most new communities. The women are occupied with knitting, sewing, washing and other womanly occupations, but when a woman is married the colony makes no more claim upon her. She is doing all that the community requires in managing her house and attending to her children. Men are married at 21, women at 18. There is no religious service, but the community lives on the Ten Commandments and on its own ethical principles.

QUEER FIND IN THE PACIFIC.

Derelict Canoe with a Lot of Fish Picked Up by a Merchantman.

From the Baltimore Sun: On board the Hawaiian bark Iolani there is a curiosity in a native canoe made by some of the Pacific islanders. While on the voyage from Honolulu last August for Hong Kong to load mutton fat, Baltimore an object was seen in the water to the leeward. Captain McClure changed his course, and, running close to it, found it to be a mammoth canoe. He had the ship's carpenter put into the canoe, which was nearly filled with water. When once inside it was almost impossible to stand up on its slippery bottom. To make his position more exciting the carpenter was seen fighting with a large fish, which was making desperate efforts to escape from the boat. A sharp hook was thrown at the carpenter, and it was not until he had stabbed the fish several times that it was conquered. When the canoe was hoisted on board a number of small fish were found swimming about. The large fish weighed seven pounds. The canoe is twenty-five feet long, cut out of a solid log, with rearing ends, which would give the log it was hewn from a diameter of at least five feet. There is not a semblance of iron about it, but along the gunwales are holes in which lacings of hide thongs are used to hold to and for serving the oars. Places are cut out for the thwarts, which were made of pieces of bamboo placed in the niches while wet and allowed to shrink. There is also a place in the bottom to step a mast. Capt. McClure thinks the canoe belonged to some of the natives of Balingtang island, in the Bashee group, from which the Iolani was about twenty miles when the curious vessel was picked up. The presence of the fish could not be accounted for.

Autograph Mania.

While visiting this country, Dickens one morning receiving a letter purporting to have been written by an English laboring man and his wife, in which, in rough phraseology, they stated that they heard a great deal respecting the beautiful books he had written, and the good he had done for "us poor folks," and asked his permission to name their little baby boy after him, promising to so educate him that he might fully appreciate the works of the novelist. Dickens sent a letter stating that he was proud to know that his name had been conferred on the child in recollection of his writings, and wishing that the little one might become all that his parents hoped to see him, adding that if he could ever learn that he had been the means of awakening in the little one any new love for his fellow-creatures, and a desire to help them with his sympathy, he should feel much pleasure in the knowledge. This first letter, it appears, was merely a subterfuge on the part of the son of an officer in the army, who was desirous of obtaining the autograph of the novelist for his collection. He was ashamed of the mean trick he played upon Dickens, but from it he gained a far higher appreciation of the character of the writer than he otherwise might have had.

A Napoleon of Finance.

"That shows what you can do in this country," said the man with a loud voice as he rang up a nickel with a view to stopping the car. "John's one of the most remarkable self-made men we ever had in Wayne county." "Is that true?" "I should say so. Wonderful man! Why, that fellow came here twenty years ago with \$50, and last week he failed for a round half million. Beats the band what a rustler can do in this country."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Races.

"Harrah! They are off!" Tramp (with luncheon)—"So am I!"—Tit-Bits.

RETURNS OF BRITISH TRADE.

Increased Export of Machinery and Increased Imports of Other Articles.

British trade returns for the six months ending June 30 show a slight increase in the exports, principally in machinery, but the imports continue to have the same tendency to augment the adverse balance already noticed at the end of each previous month of the present year. The excess of imports over exports for the last six months amounts to \$495,756,250, being over \$100,000,000 greater than in 1897, and more than \$144,000,000 over 1896. The steady and continuous decline in British trade appears to be attracting a good deal of attention from foreign governments, among others the Swedish, which has caused a special report to be drawn up on the subject. This report, comparing the production of iron ore in England from 1871 to 1895 with that in Germany and the United States, shows the English output to have gone down from 16,087,000 tons to 12,249,000, while the German output has more than doubled, and that of this country has risen from a yearly average of 4,532,000 to one of 14,288,000 tons. The production of ore for the same period in Spain increased nine-fold. The production of pig iron in England as compared with that produced all over the world has sunk from 46.3 to 27.5 per cent, and that of this country has risen from 16.1 to 30.9 per cent. In the output of coal England still has the lead in the world's production, but is gradually losing it, her proportion having fallen from 47 to 34 per cent, while that of Germany has risen slightly from 17 to 18 per cent, but that of this country from 17 to 30. Of the general trade of the four greatest trading countries, Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States, the first and last named have increased each 15 per cent, that of France has steadily declined, and that of England has increased only 2.5 per cent. The state of things described in the Swedish report appears to be causing something of a panic in commercial circles in England, and more attention is being given to the growing competition of this country. The fear that Germany was going to prove the successful rival of England in the world's trade is giving place to a greater fear of the unrivaled power of production of this country, and of its singularly advantageous position in respect to the most thickly populated section of the earth, western Europe and eastern Asia. The startling revelations of the trade statistics of this country for the last year have opened wide the eyes of those in England who have hitherto regarded Germany as the most dangerous competitor, and the danger is recognized to be the more serious because the rivalry of Germany was in price only at the expense of quality, while that of this country extends to both price and quality. Surely a greater than Germany is here, says one of the English financial organs, commenting upon the wonderful showing of American trade statistics for the last fiscal period, and it asks in all seriousness if the moment can really be at hand when England will cease to be the shopkeeping nation of the world, and will have to take off its hat in farewell to its former customers and retire from business.—Ex.

Oldest of the Glass-Blowers.

James Laughlin Michels is the Grand Old Man of the glass blowing trade. His experience extends from the days when methods were crude and undeveloped to this age of machinery and rapid production. It began with the apprenticeship labor system, at the very inception of the conflict between capital and labor, and covers the stirring period which witnessed the birth of trades unions and the emancipation of the workman, mechanic and artisan. And in this vast movement Michels took a most active part. His efforts find their fruit in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, and in the Window Glass Workers' association. To Michels belongs the distinction of having laid the foundations on which both of these powerful unions were built, and he has lived to see them wield a mighty influence in the industrial world. Michels is a hale, hearty man. He is still at work at his trade. He is yet able to lift the blower's pipe and turn out single or double strength. He is the oldest glass blower in the United States still engaged at his trade. His form is erect, his step firm and his lungs sound as a drum. His intellect is keen and a brightness about his eyes shows the intelligent, kindly disposition of the man, old in years but young in spirit. He was born near Newville, Minn. township, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, March 17, 1832.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Reasoned It Out.

"Now, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher to a member of the juvenile class, "which would you rather be, the wheat or the tares?" "The tares," answered Tommy. "Why, how can you say that when you know wheat represents the good and tares the bad?" "Oh, that's all right," replied the precocious youngster, "the wheat gets thrashed, and the tares don't."

Unplaced.

Mr. Litchfield, the art dealer, when exhibiting some panels of tapestry, telegraphed for the return of one thus: "Send panel eight by ten, Venus and Adonis. Litchfield." A puzzled clerk sent on the message to the city of Litchfield, and received the reply: "No such firm as Venus & Adonis known here. Try Manchester."—Tit-Bits.

She Had Tried It.

"Is it any fun getting a man to teach you how to ride the bicycle?" "Fun! Why, I've been taught three times."—Tit-Bits.

GOSSIP PAID IN KIND.

The manor house was let at last—the rent was high and it stood empty a long time—to a family from New York—so said the tongue of popular report—and all the Partridgeville gossips were on the qui vive.

"I've seen 'em," said Mrs. Peter Peppercourt, whose husband kept the village dry goods store. "No!" said Mrs. Doxy, who lived on a pension and affected extreme gentility. "Is it a large family?" "Only two," said Mrs. Peppercourt, "but such a heap of baggage! Piano, guitar case, easel, nineteen trunks and four valises! And a carload of furniture! Bedsteads, all French walnut and gilding, with canopy tops, and crimson satin sofas, and—oh! I couldn't begin to tell you what else, if I talked from now until doomsday!" "Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Doxy, "and only two of 'em, you say?" "Only two," said Mrs. Peppercourt, "an old gentleman and his young wife."

And when Miss Jemima Judkins came up to tea in the afternoon she brought more news. "Their name is Egerton," said she. "Mr. and Mrs. Roland Egerton! Isn't it a deliciously romantic name?" "How do you know?" cried Mrs. Doxy and Mrs. Peppercourt in chorus. "I saw it painted in big white letters on the end of the sewing machine box," said Miss Judkins. "And I saw her at the porter's lodge this afternoon giving some orders. She is as fair as a poet's dream. It is but too common a tale—youth and beauty bartered for gold. I wouldn't sell myself to an old silver-haired man like that, not for a king's ransom!" "Humph!" uttered Mrs. Peppercourt, who had no particular sympathy with the age of romance. "Perhaps you might—if you had the chance! Never mind about that just now," as she saw the crimson stain of wrath mounting to Miss Jemima Judkins' sallow cheek, "but about these people. Seem pretty stylish, eh?" "Beyond all question," said Miss Jemima, loftily. "I'll call next week," said Mrs. Doxy.

She did, but to her regret nobody was at home, and the visit was not returned. "Stuck-up creatures!" said Mrs. Doxy. Miss Judkins about this time received an invitation from her cousin, the widow of Archer, to spend a few days with her at her cottage at Long Branch. Mrs. Archer's paid companion had left her on a visit to some sick relative or other, and Mrs. Archer felt the need of some one to snub, scold, and have handy in general. "I'll go," said Miss Judkins. "Serena Archer is very trying at times, but Serena is rich and I need a change. Oh, yes; I'll go." At the end of a fortnight she came home again and was promptly invited by Mrs. Peppercourt to tea. "Well," said Miss Judkins, "what news?" "Not much," said Mrs. Doxy. "Hugh Ebert has failed." "I've been expecting it ever since his wife got that new Nile green silk," said Jemima, rolling up her eyes. "Parson Grinder's got a call to West Briery." "All the better for us," said Miss Jemima, maliciously. "And Mrs. Ronald Egerton has left that poor old husband of hers all alone,



"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!"

while she's gone off to Long Branch, gallivanting like any young girl. Didn't happen to see her, did you?" "Miss Jemima drew a significant sigh. "El!" echoed Mrs. Doxy, setting down her teacup. "Yes, I did see her," said Miss Jemima. "And I wish—I do sincerely wish, for the honor of humanity and the peace of yonder poor, old, deluded gentleman up there at the manor house—that I hadn't." "Now, you don't tell us!" says Mrs. Peppercourt. "I did see her," solemnly went on Miss Judkins, driving out with a young gentleman—bathing in the surf with the same young gentleman—waltzing at night with the same young gentleman—whispering love to the same young gentleman in a summer house on the beach."

"How do you know?" cried Mrs. Doxy. "Were you near enough to hear?" "No," said Miss Jemima. "I didn't hear! But I could easily tell from the devotion of their manner what was going on?"

"Of course," added Mrs. Doxy, "there will be a divorce suit, and then, Jemima, my chance or yours will be as good as any one's for the affection of the dear, misguided old gent!"

Miss Jemima Judkins hesitated and doubted, but was talked over at last, and, accompanied by Mrs. Doxy, started for the manor house.

Mr. Egerton, who sat reading in his library, looked up in some surprise at this incursion. Mrs. Doxy introduced Miss Jemima Judkins; Miss Jemima then performed her part of the cere-

mony by introducing "Mrs. Daniel Doxy."

Mr. Egerton bowed low. "Ladies," said he, in all courtesy, "to what do I owe the pleasure of this call?"

"It's your wife, sir," burst out Miss Judkins.

"My wife?" repeated the old gentleman. "Yes, your wife! At Long Branch! Flirting and carrying on with a young man within an inch of her life! While you—ah, my heart bleeds to think you should be the victim of such wily treachery!"

Mr. Egerton looked bewildered, then amused. He pulled a little red velvet case containing a photograph from his vest pocket.

"Is this the gentleman?" asked he, opening the case with a spring.

"The very one!" cried Miss Jemima, tragically clasping her hands. "Oh! I hope—I do hope he is not one whom you have unwittingly fostered in your bosom, reverend sir!"

"Well, I believe I have done something of the kind," said Mr. Egerton, rubbing his chin. "The gentleman is my son, Roland Egerton, Jr. The lady whom you are pleased to call my wife is his! I am a widower of 25 years' standing!"

"They—they're not married!" croaked Miss Jemima.

"Certainly they are," said Mr. Egerton. "Ladies, I wish you a very good morning. And after this you will, perhaps, learn to mind your own business!"

And so the two gossips retreated in great discomfiture. But as to taking Mr. Egerton's advice—it isn't likely that they did.—Buffalo News.

Plenty of Coal in China.

Abundance of coal and iron exists in every province in China, the coal field of Shansi alone being probably the largest which is yet known in the world, while each of the other valuable minerals, except platinum, invites profitable work in many parts of the empire. The use of most of these earth products, as well as certain methods of obtaining them, has indeed been known to the Chinese for thousands of years. The tradition that coal was the chief fuel of the people many centuries before its value was known in Europe, at a period anterior to the Christian era, is to a certain extent confirmed by Marco Polo, whose remarks on the subject indicate that the use of it observed by him as being general must have begun long before his time. "It is a fact that all over the country of Cathay there is a kind of black stone existing in beds in the mountains which they dig out and burn like firewood. It is true that they have plenty of firewood also, but they do not burn it, because these stones burn better and cost less."—Yule's "Marco Polo," Vol. I, p. 295. But though this long-continued usage of coal by hundreds of millions of people may seem to render it doubtful whether any considerable quantity is left, it is, on the contrary, practically certain that this residue immeasurably exceeds all that in many ages has yet been recovered. Partly owing to the superstitious fear of letting out the "earth dragon," and chiefly, I imagine, from ignorance of efficient measures of pumping, the soil has nowhere been pierced below water level, and I believe that no shafts are deeper than 100 feet. In fact, not only coal, but other minerals have been taken merely from the surface, and, according to all experience, therefore what remains below must be in vastly greater quantities.—The Contemporary Review.

Causes of Hay Fever.

"The season is approaching," said a prominent physician to a Star writer, "when a great many people who suffer from what is known as hay fever, and as but few who are susceptible to the complaint know how to avoid, much less cure it, a few remarks about the nature and treatment of the ailment may not be uninteresting. Hay fever is a nervous affection usually, most prevalent during the spring and early summer, from which the poorer classes and more especially those living in populous towns rarely if ever suffer. It is known only to the educated, whose nervous systems are highly developed, and though not in any sense dangerous, it is at all times very irritating and troublesome. The smell of hay, grass, the pollen of flowers, the odor of fruit, dust or draught will generate the complaint or excite an attack in persons subject to it; but rain or damp weather invariably brings relief. At one time it was generally supposed that the odor of hay when being mown or rted could alone induce the affection, which is closely analogous to asthma, but recent observation shows that its prevalence is entirely independent of the existence of hay fields, and is really a nervous derangement. A visit to the seaside, a trip to sea, or residence in a populous town, will, however, remove the asthmatic tendency, but one of the best remedies is tobacco smoke, retained in the mouth as long as possible. The inhalation of the steam of ten drops of creosote in a pint of hot water is also good, or 20 drops of spirit of camphor to the same quantity of water makes a very effective inhalation. But the affection being a nervous one, tonics and nourishing diets are more essential than any of these palliatives, which merely afford temporary relief."—Washington Star.

Not Given to Giving.

Teacher—I hear your mother has scarlet fever. You must not come to school till she is well, as you might get the disease and give it to the other children. Tommy—Oh, you needn't worry, teacher. She is my step-mother and has never yet given me anything. —Fliegende Blaetter.

ELIAS DUDLEY'S FORTUNE.

He Ordered Vice President Hannibal Hamlin Out of His Store.

One of the largest estates in Presque Isle, Minn., belongs to the heirs of Elias Dudley, an old-time merchant of the town, whose prosperity was largely due to the fact that he once ordered a vice president of the United States out of his store. Dudley was an old school Quaker who came here from Pennsylvania years ago and carried on a small trade in buying furs from the French-Canadian squatters. He sold a few standard groceries and kept socks, mittens, and cheap clothing. Though he could have made himself rich in a short time by selling liquor and tobacco, his conscience would not allow him to keep either. So firm was he in his principles that he would allow no one to use tobacco in his store. In the summer of 1864 Hannibal Hamlin of Bangor, who was then vice president, came up here to enjoy a week's fishing in Squaw Pan lake, and called at Dudley's store to purchase the needed supplies for his outing. While waiting for his goods to be put up, Mr. Hamlin lighted a cigar and walked up and down the floor. Dudley, who was in the back store, detected the odor of tobacco, and came out in a towering rage. "Mr. Hamlin," said he, "get out of my store at once. Nobody is allowed to smoke here. If President Lincoln or Queen Victoria should come into my store smoking I'd drive them out the same way I do you. Go now, and never darken my doors again with the smell of tobacco about you." Mr. Hamlin threw away his cigar and apologized. After that he told the story to his acquaintances as a good joke on himself, and before anybody in Presque Isle was aware of this fact old man Dudley was famous. The prohibitionists took him up and petted him, and nominated him for congress. Meantime the anglers of New England, believing that Mr. Hamlin knew all the places where fish would bite, flocked here by the stage load, and every one of them fitted out at Dudley's store. When Dudley died in 1880 he was the best-known man in Aroostook county and was worth nearly \$100,000.—Ex.

Long-Distance Mails.

A letter sent from New York to Bangkok, Siam, travels overland to San Francisco and thence by water, reaching its destination in about forty-three days, having been carried nearly 13,000 miles. A letter mailed here for Adelaide, Australia, also goes via San Francisco, travels 12,845 miles, and is delivered usually within 35 days. New York mail destined for Calcutta goes by way of London, traveling 11,120 miles in 29 days, while mail sent from this city to Cape Town, South Africa, goes 125 miles further in two days' less time. Mail communication between New York and Hong Kong ordinarily consumes one month of time; the letters go by way of San Francisco, and cover 10,500 miles of distance. To reach Melbourne, Australia, from this city, a letter will travel 12,265 miles in about 32 days, and to reach Sydney a letter will travel 11,570 miles in 31 days. The mail route from New York to Yokohama, via San Francisco, is 7,348 miles long, and about 22 days are consumed in transit. To Honolulu from this city a letter travels 5,645 miles in 13 days. Leaving New York on steamer days, mail matter is scheduled to reach Rome in about 10 days, Madrid in ten days, London and Liverpool in eight days, Rotterdam in nine days, St. Petersburg in eleven days, Berlin in nine days, and Athens and Alexandria in fourteen days. Communication with South American ports is much slower. It takes twenty-four days for a letter to go from New York to Rio Janeiro, which is only about 50 miles further from this city than is Alexandria. Mail matter going from New York to Buenos Ayres, which is 8,045 miles distant, consumes 29 or 30 days.—New York Times.

A Bit of History Recalled.

From the Chicago Tribune: "I was disgusted with the captain of the company," remarked Mr. Squinford. "Miss Jordie made the flag presentation speech in a clear, distinct voice that could be heard by everybody in the crowd, but Capt. Scudsbury mumbled his words in so low a tone that I couldn't hear a word he said, and I stood within six feet of him. A man ought to be able to rise to the occasion as well as a woman." "Yes," absently responded Mrs. Squinford. "That reminds me of the time when we were married. I spoke my vows, as you remember, in a clear, distinct voice, and you mumbled something I couldn't understand, although I stood within considerably less than six feet of you." Mr. Squinford mumbled something, but seemed unable to rise to the occasion, and the conversation closed.

A New Idea.

"The man who believes in making the worst of everything happened to see the Washington monument looming up in the distance. Immediately he heaved a deep sigh. 'What's the trouble?' inquired the friend. 'Don't it suit you?' 'Not quite.' 'It has been approved by the monument experts from all parts of the world.' 'It is very good as far as it goes. But if some enterprising man would fit it up with mercury and a glass tube what a fine thing it would be for measuring this weather.'—Washington Star.

She Leads the Procession.

"It's no use; we can't keep up with Maud." "What's the matter now?" "She's got engaged by cable."—Chicago Dispatch.

Hereditary and Insanity.

Nearly a quarter of all cases of insanity are hereditary.