

It never is the last dollar that wears a hole in a man's pocket.

A little learning is a dangerous thing when the fellow who has none bucks against it.

An Englishman recently paid \$1,000 for a hen. They must have a meat trust over there, too.

Look out, Mr. Kipling. A little more talk of that kind about your wife's relatives will rouse Mrs. K.

A woman need not fear that her husband is drifting away as long as she can get him to button her waist down the back.

An infant shot its mother while it was playing with the trigger of a rifle. Another argument in favor of the old tin rattler.

Mankind is adding to the productions of the world each year, but the number of things to be sworn off remains about the same.

It is claimed by a St. Louis lady that she knows 500 women in that city who gamble. She ought to break away and try to get into a moral "set."

We all die hard—some harder than others. But the funerals go right along. No postponement on account of the weather, political or otherwise.

We have forgotten for the moment just who it was that warned us to avoid entangling alliances, but we have no doubt that present talk at Washington makes him uneasy in his grave.

General Miles denies that he told the Dowager Empress of China she was a model of virtue. He is still silent concerning the things the dowager said to him.

J. Pierpont Morgan says his debts far exceed the value of his chattels. There is no immediate necessity, however, for getting up a benefit in Mr. Morgan's behalf.

The New York Sun is trying to float a controversy over the lines: "Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjaire." Anything for a little literary excitement.

What is man? Man that is born of woman is small cabbages and few in a patch. In infancy he is full of colic, paregoric and catnip tea, and in old age he is full of cuss words and rheumatism.

The ordinary everyday cook, who never burns the beefsteak and who always has the meals ready on time, deserves as many medals as the one who can juggle aspic jelly and caper sauce before a cooking class.

Truly it is hard for a conscientious dominie when a presumably immoral play strikes town. If he ignores it—the wisest course—he still finds himself participating in crime; if he denounces it he gives it the jolliest kind of advertising.

At a London auction the other day a lock of hair from the head of the Duke of Wellington was sold for \$20. Let the heroes go on. There is still some sentiment in the world, and coal isn't worth more than its weight in anything else after all.

An interesting illustration of the expansion of the field of American financial investment is afforded by the report of a large life-insurance company that its assets include securities of the governments of the Argentine Republic, Austria, Brazil, Great Britain, Bulgaria, France, Hungary, Switzerland, Prussia, Queensland, Russia, Serbia, South Australia, Sweden, Spain, Mexico and Wurttemberg.

In respect to promotion from the ranks the army is in much better condition than the navy. It is substantially correct to say that any American soldier of intelligence and energy can raise himself from the ranks to shoulder straps, but the treatment of the men by the officers is such as to discourage ambitious but self-respecting young men from entering the army with a view to climbing to the top.

Signor des Planches, the Italian ambassador in Washington, says that if you look intently at a mirror you will be cured of seasickness. On his way across the ocean he was so sick that he did not care whether he lived or not, and even doubted that he was himself. To reassure himself that it was really he who was so wretched he looked in a mirror and was instantly cured. He ate a substantial breakfast and then told his experience to a Chicago woman on deck, and showed her the mirror. "What a fright I am," she exclaimed, "and my hat is not on straight! Just hold the mirror a minute till I can arrange it." Her seasickness disappeared as quickly as the ambassador's. At any rate, that is what he told the reporters.

Good times add to the difficulty of passing an immigration restriction bill. The measure before Congress contains the so-called educational test, as well as a codification of the existing laws, met an objection of which little was heard six years ago when a similar proposal was under consideration.

Some Senators, representing large business interests, said that labor was so scarce that they feared the effects of a curtailment of the stream of immigration. Senator Elkins of West Virginia tells of the extraordinary wages which Italians now command in that State, in railroad building; the farmers of the Mississippi valley have complained much during the last season of their inability to get suitable help. From many quarters this is the report. In spite of the almost magical development of American machinery, there still remains plenty of downright hard work, which no mechanical contrivance has ever relieved. Even in the operation of railroads, which is typical of labor-saving methods, the pressure of expanding steam has by no means lifted all the weight from weary human muscles. A scientific journal recently pictured each class of railroad employes as one man, his size varying according to the number of persons in the United States in that group. The man who stood for the general officers was a dwarf, representing fewer than five thousand. The telegrapher was more than five times as large. The clerk was still larger, and so on through conductors and brakemen, station agents and machinists. But the giant of all was the "trackman and laborer," for he represented nearly four hundred and sixty thousand, or two-fifths of all. Who will do the hard work of the future in this land of universal education? The children of the immigrant soon compete for the highest places in the country. Must there then be a constant stream of new immigrants? This is an interesting question. Doubtless machinery will do more than it now does to relieve the strain of the heaviest toil, but much can be accomplished by a greater emphasis on the old American doctrine of the true dignity of all labor.

In New York the other day President Faunce of Brown University praised the virtues of disadvantages, and deplored the success and fame and fortune that came too easily to some young men. He called attention to this fact: Last summer, when 2,500 recruits were wanted for the navy, the recruiting officers were instructed to go to the country first, because the boys there learn to do things by having to do them. Is there anything in the human line more unpromising than the rich man's son who has a father so deeply immersed in a business that he forgets he has children, and a mother who says "yes" when she should say "no," because it is easier? You can find those worthless young men by the score in cities. They can suck cigarettes and discuss women and haunt stage doors before they pass their own resources, most of them would be hopeless and helpless. They have not had enough adversity. In the country it is different. There, let's be thankful, the worker is honored and the shirker despised. Even the lazy rich are viewed with suspicion. The boys have to work. Most of them have to earn a living as soon as they safely can. They do without many things that they cannot afford to buy, and use their brains instead. On the farm you can find the healthy, tanned, big-muscled lad, who is a bit of a carpenter, knows something about mechanics and engineering in a crude but practical way; can plow, dig, reap, doctor sick animals, mend a harness or break a colt. The average farmer boy is an all-around lad. He respects all women, is an ardent, if bashful, lover, and makes a good husband and citizen. When he comes to the city, if you study his clothes and see him gazing at the tops of tall buildings, you see him down as green. The chances are that his head contains more practical knowledge, the kind that can be exchanged for food and other material things than can be found in the brains of those who would sneer at his awkwardness and laugh at his speech. It is no wonder that the government goes to the farms when it wants stout hearts and bodies and all-around men, for the farmers made this great nation possible, and are to-day, as in the beginning, the hope of the land.

Some Confusion of Thought. Ex-President Cleveland is an omnivorous newspaper reader. Though a subscriber to many papers it is said that he is always glad to see one more. One of his neighbors, a member of the Princeton faculty, takes a certain Chicago daily, which Mr. Cleveland does not subscribe for, and last June at the time of the annual exodus this neighbor suggested that as he, the professor, was to travel all summer, his Chicago daily might be sent during the summer to Gray Gables. Mr. Cleveland accepted the offer. When they met again in the fall the professor asked him how he had enjoyed the paper. "I didn't see any of them until yesterday," said Mr. Cleveland. "Until yesterday?" inquired the professor. "Yes, I got them all in a large bunch yesterday."

"What was the trouble? Had they sent them to the wrong address?" "Every one of them," said the ex-President, with an interesting twinkle in his eye, according to the Saturday Evening Post, "was addressed to 'The Honorable Grover Cleveland, Gray Gables, Oyster Bay, L. I.'"

Appropriate. "Your boy," said the college president, "has been very wild, the worst boy in his class in fact." "Indeed!" exclaimed the father, "and will you withdraw his diploma on that account?" "Oh, no! but it really should be a black sheepskin."—Philadelphia Press.

The more a man is wrapped up in himself the colder he is.

OLD FAVORITES

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Blow, blow, thou winter wind; Thou art not so unkind, As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude. Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly. Then heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, That dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot; Though thou the waters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friends remembered not. Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly. Then heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly. —William Shakespeare.

Little Things. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the beautiful land. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden Like the heaven above.

So our little errors Lead the soul astray, From the path of virtue Into sin to stray.

Little seeds of mercy, Sown by useful hands, Grow to bless the nations Far in heathen lands.

Meet Me by Moonlight Alone. Meet me by moonlight alone, And then I will tell you a tale Must be told by the moonlight alone, In the grove at the end of the vale. You must promise to come, for I said I would show the night flowers their queen— Nay, turn not away thy sweet head, 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen. Oh! meet me by moonlight alone, Meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, But there's something about the moon's rays That is sweeter to you and to me. Oh! remember, be sure to be there, For though darkly a moonlight I prize, I care not for all in the air.

If I want the sweet light in your eyes, So meet me by moonlight alone, Meet me by moonlight alone.

A WOMAN AND HER MONEY.

Incidents of Attempt to Pay Five Cents Car Fare with a \$5 Bill. A woman boarded an uptown Third avenue surface car the other day, tendered the conductor a five-dollar bill and received in change four silver dollars and a handful of small change. She looked at the silver, then cast a reproachful glance at the conductor, who was making his way toward the door.

After handling the money for some time longer, and giving expression to her views on the inconvenience of silver, she turned around to the passenger sitting next to her—a well-dressed man, reading a newspaper—and said: "Would you mind kindly giving me bills for these silver dollars?"

"Not at all, madam," replied the man, taking a roll of bills from his pocket and handing her four single dollar bills, which she folded up and put away in her pocketbook. She was still jingling the small change in her hand, and the conductor passed she asked: "Conductor, will you let me have a dollar bill for this change?" "Certainly," said the conductor, taking a bill from his pocket and handing it to her, in return for which she handed him the ninety-five cents.

"Beg pardon, but there's only ninety-five cents here," he said, as he counted over the change. "Yes, you know I gave you five cents before," was her rejoinder. "That's all right, but I need five cents more to make up the dollar," insisted the conductor. "Don't you see," persisted the woman, "the ninety-five cents and the five I gave you before make one dollar?" "That nickel you gave me was for your fare, madam," said the conductor. "Yes, and that with what I've given you now make up the dollar," insisted the woman.

Emptying the change in her lap and picking up his dollar, the conductor went forward to collect other fares. Turning to the obliging passenger next to her again, she said: "I don't like to trouble you too much, but could you give me one dollar for this change?" "With pleasure, madam," he said, as he lay down his paper and took out his roll of bills for the second time. He was well aware of the fact that he was a nickel short, as were the other passengers, who had been watching the proceedings with a good deal of interest and amusement. After the bill had been neatly folded up and put away in the woman's pocketbook and he had resumed reading his paper, it looked for a few moments as if the incident had come to a close; but such was not the case. Suddenly turning

found to the man again, the woman broke out with: "Oh, I owe you five cents." "That's all right, madam," replied the man, looking up from his paper. "No, but I must pay you." "I'll do some other time," he said, evidently tired of going through the process of making change. "Oh, no, I'll pay you now," she insisted, taking out her pocketbook and looking all through it for a nickel. "I haven't five cents in change, but if you give me the ninety-five cents I'll give you the dollar." At that moment the man noticed that the car had stopped at his corner and he made a rush for the door, his brain in a whirl and trying to make out whether it was he or the woman that was crazy, or whether the conductor, or all three, were prospective patients for a lunatic asylum.—New York Sun.

HONEST AND TRUE MONEY.

Uncle Sam Deals Out Thousands of Dollars in New York City. Beneath stout bars guarding a wide arched window in the United States assay office, in Wall street, New York, thousands of dollars' worth of little gold bricks, the honest and true kind, pass every day from Uncle Sam's coffers to the hands of jewelers and bankers. And all that Uncle Sam charges for the exchange is 5 cents on \$100 for the small ones.

The bars Uncle Sam dispenses are of two general sizes, the \$5,000 size for bankers and the \$150 size for jewelers, the small size being about an inch and a quarter long, three-quarters wide, and perhaps half an inch or less in thickness. Very often they run up to \$200 or even more in value. Their size adapts them to the size of the jeweler's crucible. As for the banker, he does not melt his gold; he contents himself with shipping it back and forth across the ocean. A remarkable feature of the exchange of legal tender for gold bars is that one cannot always get just the amount he wishes. If a jeweler or banker wishes \$10,000 in gold bullion Uncle Sam gives him as near that amount as he possibly can. It may be \$9,970.50 or \$10,000.30, because the bars vary in size and weight, and practically all of them have odd cents in their value. Two bars the cashier handed out one day recently were stamped \$531.70 and \$123.10.

In buying gold bars the purchaser first tells the cashier at the assay office how much he wishes. The cashier comes as near this amount as he can with the bars on hand, and then the purchaser goes next door to the sub-treasurer, where he deposits his legal tender, gold certificates, greenbacks or gold coin for the amount designated by the assay office cashier as the nearest to the desired amount, receiving therefor a certificate which, upon presentation at the assay office, insures the delivery of the bars. But before they may be taken away the recipient must sign for them in the register, which lies open beneath the bars of the wide arched window.

Naturalist by Trade. The owner of a certain small farm in the Midlands is not a bad fellow in his way. Until recently he paid little heed to trespassers, so long, of course, as they refrained from doing willful damage to his property, says Tit-Bits. Of late, however, he has been comparing notes with his neighbors, with the result that when, early the other morning, he found a particularly suspicious looking trespasser on his land he had something to say. "Wot are ye doin' on my land?" he began. "I'm a doin' no harm," came the reply. "I wot only looking if I could find a few nuts!" "Oh, nuttin' this time, eh?" dryly remarked the farmer. "Extending your business, I reckon?" "I don't know what you means, Mr. —" "Oh, don't you?" interrupted Farmer Drake. "Well, I'll just explain matters. When Neighbor Bull caught you on his land you wot mushrooming, an' when he got back to the house 'e missed an owd hen! When Neighbor Hayfield saw you wot arter brambles, an' you left his farm about the same time as a couple o' ducks! Now 'e catches you're nuttin', an' you'll just come along o' me while I take stock!" Farmer Drake missed nothing that morning.

GOING THE ENTIRE LIMIT.

Massachusetts Banker Gives Champion Sample of Yankee Thrift. The proverbial Yankee thrift shows up big in a story now going the rounds reminiscent of a Western Massachusetts banker who died during the past year. He believed in the maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned," with a vengeance. His clerks were denied the luxury of pads of paper and were required to figure on the backs of old envelopes that had been carefully prepared by the office boy in his leisure moments. The banker had a son-in-law who bulled wisely by inviting his father-in-law to spend a few weeks with him at the seashore. The closest-fisted banker decided to unloosen to the extent of having the daily newspapers that the bank had subscribed for sent to him after the quotations had been inspected. He left explicit instructions that the advertising pages were to be cut out and the edges trimmed so as to save postage.

The papers, which were sent every other day, were too heavy for the 1-cent limit, though considerably inside the weight allowable for 2 cents. It was a matter of factious comment in the bank that the "old man" was not getting full value for his 2-cent expenditure for postage. The margin in favor of Uncle Sam, however, diminished appreciably after the third installment of literature had been forwarded, the cashier receiving a postal card that bore the following request: "Mail papers in single wrapper every four days, and they will require but 2 cents postage."—New York Commercial.

The Discomfited Con Man.

Con Man—Why, how do you do Cousin Henry? It's been years and years since I saw you— Silas Cornshredder—Mus' 'a' ben, I never seen you afore in m' life. Con Man—Impossible! I couldn't be mistaken. Then your name is— Silas Cornshredder—Ya's. Somethin' like that, I s'pose. Con Man (scenting defeat)—Well, honestly, now, don't I look familiar to you? Silas Cornshredder—Look familiar! Great han'spike! Look familiar! Ye don't only look it. Ye talk it, ye act it an', 't'ell th' truth, yew actially are familiar—most dern familiar. Good day.—Baltimore American.

To Save Time.

"I'm looking for my slippers, dear, is there any place where you're sure you didn't put them?" She—What do you mean? He—I want to look there for them first.—Philadelphia Press.

Said of nearly every cook in town

"My, but she makes the butter fly!"

POISON OF SNAKES.

The Apparatus of Defense Used by Serpents. There exist numerous degrees in the perfection of the poison apparatus of serpents, certain species having attached to the upper jawbone two or more long teeth or hollow fangs, provided with a dropper from which the venom flows. These teeth are firmly fixed to the subjacent bone, and are immovable. The ophidians which are provided with the best poison apparatus are the solenoglyphes, their very short upper maxillaries being movable and each provided with a poison fang pierced with a central canal and not with a simple dropper, this canal communicating with a poison gland on each side.

These poison fangs, movable or immovable, with a dropper or with a central canal, are distinguished from others by their greater length and by their needle-like points. The canal is pierced by two openings; a circular one is found near the root of the teeth, which permits the venom to enter from the venom glands during the time the mouth is opened. The lower opening is situated at the point of the tooth, and serves as the distributor of the poison.

If one of the teeth is broken the neighboring teeth supplement it, and sometimes three days after the accident the new fang is completely formed. Snake charmers, to prevent this replacement, not only remove the fangs, but also the folds of the gum in which they repose. The poison glands are the salivary glands, the upper labials, the saliva of which contains the poison. They are occasionally very large and in certain species reach the abdominal cavity, but ordinarily they do not pass the neck. At the moment the fangs rise the sacks are pressed against the temporal muscles and the secretion flows into the wound.

The venom is a limpid fluid similar to water, often colored yellow or green. Its active principles is an azotized matter which coagulates in absolute alcohol, and upon being dried resembles a varnish, keeping its dangerous power for years. It is at the same time a poison to the blood and a poison to the nervous system.—La Science Illustrée.

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The Emperor and the Little Boy.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was leaving the Church of St. Antonius the other day after attending the ceremony of consecration, when a lad dressed as a baker's apprentice pushed his way through the crowd, evaded the swarms of detectives and ran right up to the emperor's carriage, which was already in motion. He held up a letter which he wanted to hand to the emperor, and Francis Joseph had the carriage stopped to take the missive. It ran as follows: "Dear Mr. Emperor: My mother has been very ill for many years and no hospital will admit her because she is an incurable. I can earn enough for myself, but I cannot earn enough to give my sick mother the things she needs. I beg you, dear Mr. Emperor, to order that she shall be admitted to some hospital." Two hours later (says the Vienna correspondent of the Morning Leader) an ambulance arrived before the lad's house and conveyed his mother to a charitable institution, where she can end her days in peace.—Leslie's Weekly.

Priest Performs a Miracle.

In a smoking room of a hotel in Dublin, where sat a huge priest, some men were scoffing stupidly about miracles. Up rose the priest and offered to perform a miracle. He seized the most blatant of the scoffers, carried him to the door and kicked him into the street. When the unhappy youth returned, says the New York Mail and Express, the priest asked: "An' did ye break your back?" "I did not," was the answer. "Well, it's a miracle ye didn't," answered the priest.

The Largest Land Owner.

John S. Bilby of Mitman, Mo., is said to be the largest individual land owner in the United States. He owns about 180,000 acres, located in seven States.

Amateur photographers are willing to take anything except advice.



"Kidney Colds." Nothing will "lay you up," "play you out," "put you to bed" quicker than a kidney cold. Thousands feel the first effect of colds in the kidneys; backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, retention of the urine, infrequent and too frequent urinary discharge tell of kidneys out of order. Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills from common backache to dangerous diabetes. A. T. Rittenour, owner of the wood yard at 125 East Cork street, Winchester, Va., says: "Ever since I had a gripe I have been a sufferer from kidney troubles, which made themselves apparent in racking pains through the region of the kidneys and across the small of my back. The pains were always severe, and sometimes so sharp and biting that they compelled me to take to my bed. The kidney secretions furnished further evidence of disorder. My urine was colored, irregular and painful to pass. Admitted to this there was an annoying weakness. The newspaper advertisements of Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention, and I procured a box of that remedy at Frank Baker & Sons' drug store. The relief I experienced was magical. The pills lifted me from my bed of sickness, placed me on my feet, and made me a well man. I can work as well as ever. Doan's Kidney Pills, I believe, saved my life. They are a great remedy to stop kidney troubles resulting from colds."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Rittenour will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

WEATHERWISE IS THE MAN WHO WEARS TOWER'S SLICKERS. A reputation extending over sixty-six years and our guarantee are back of every garment bearing the SIGN OF THE FISH. There are many imitations. Be sure of the name TOWER on the buttons. ON SALE EVERYWHERE. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cures CATARRH. It is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate. It is not drying, does not produce sneezing. Druggists, 50 cts. or by mail, ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and Destroy Worms. Sold by all druggists or by mail, 25c. Sample and FULL DIRECTIONS FREE. Address Allen S. Dimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Conclusion He Reached.

The dog had been chasing his own tail for a quartet of an hour. "Papa," quoth Willie, "what kind of a dog is that?" "A watch dog, my son," responded the parent. Willie pondered a moment. "Well," he finally observed, "from the length of time it takes him to wind himself up I think he must be a Waterbury watch dog."—Town and Country.

Wolfskin makes the best parchment for banjos.

It is estimated that between the ages of twenty and thirty a man loses on an average only five and one-half days a year from illness; but between fifty and sixty he loses twenty days yearly. Mosquitoes are so numerous near the coast of Borneo that the streams of that region are in summer often un navigable. The insects swarm in such dense clouds that vision is obstructed.

One Answer for All.

Lancaster, N. Y., March 30.—Postmaster Remers is still in receipt of many letters asking if his cure had held good. It will be remembered that some time ago the particulars of Mr. Remers' case were published in these columns. He had been very low with Diabetes. Physicians could do nothing to save him and he grew worse and worse till someone recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. A treatment of this remedy was begun and when eight boxes had been taken Mr. Remers began to see an improvement which continued as his treatment proceeded till he was completely restored.

He has since enjoyed perfect health and is as robust and able a man as any in Lancaster. Interviewed the other day, he said: "Many people wrote to me when the story of my case was first printed and some wrote to me yet, asking if the cure was only temporary and if the diabetes had returned. I have only one answer to everybody. Three years ago I was very low with Diabetes. The best physicians failed to help me and Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I am well and strong and have not had the slightest return of the old trouble."