

Downers Grove Reporter.

Reporter Job Printing Co., Pubs.
DOWNS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The new torpedo boats need not be built of steel, but of aluminum and bronze, as was the Vigilant, if the contractors so wish it.

The idea of a husband traveling over half a continent, disguised as a woman, to hunt a truant wife is a low departure in detectiveism.

At a sheriff's sale in Newcastle, Pa., last week horses were sold at from five to twenty-five cents a head. This is worse than the \$2 hog feeding idea.

PROFESSOR ANDRE, of Stockholm, is unfolding a plan to reach the North pole by balloon. It probably is as feasible as any other that has yet been tried.

LORD RANDOLPH CURZON, may, as reported, have started the recent fashion of plastering men's hair flat upon their foreheads, but it is rather mean to accuse him of it now that he can't defend himself.

There used to be a saying, "One might as well be dead as out of fashion." Paraphrase: "One might as well be dead as unknown." It is equally true and embodies much of the philosophy of advertising.

ACCORDING to the latest advices the commission sent to investigate the Armenian outrages is still at Moosh parleying with the local authorities, while in the interior new and horrible atrocities are being committed. It is not unlikely that even the commission will be welcomed by the Turks with bloody hands to hospitable graves.

A few years ago New England was much concerned about its abandoned farms, and some writers pictured a gloomy future for country property in that region. But the demand for these farms now exceeds the supply. City people want them for summer homes, and by spending a little money will show that they were simply farms misunderstood.

AS THE value of the cold storage system of preserving fruits becomes better known farmers are thinking more about the value of their apple and peach orchards. We are a fruit-eating people, taking oranges, bananas and figs from other countries, but none of them are better in flavor or more wholesome than the fruits that can easily be grown in our own country.

The college faculty that expelled young Elliott Shepard in spite of the entreaties of the Vanderbilt family was deliberate in its judgment. It made a patient investigation and discovered that the boy had no athletic record and could, therefore, not enhance collegiate reputation. So it fired him bodily, thereby intimating to the corps of students that college properties must be observed.

C. P. HUNTINGTON has pointed out the way for a young man with a little capital to make a barrel of money. In the Congo Free State, he says, beyond the mountains, crude rubber gum can be bought for about a cent a pound; it can be got down to the sea for another cent and in New York it will bring not less than \$1 a pound. There is more wealth in this kind of profit than in all the gold mining in the world.

SENTENCE of a two months' residence in the penitentiary is not a bit too severe upon a politician who assaults a reporter. There are few more valuable members of society than reporters, except editors, and they must be protected. Of politicians there is always a superfluity, and it matters little to a community what becomes of them, but properly guarded reporters grow up to be editors, and we cannot have too large or healthy a stock of these valuable creatures on hand.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was in favor of preserving the battle-fields of the country as a matter of patriotic sentiment. In fact, he bought the famous scene of Braddock's defeat, where he proved himself a thorough soldier in a time of disaster. The tract purchased contained 234 acres, valued in the schedule attached to Washington's will at \$6 an acre, and referred to in that document as "the Great Meadows where the first action with the French in the year 1754 was fought."

EVERY operator on a typewriter is now a stenographer. Stenography and typewriting are as intimately associated as the needle and thread. Why not call the operator, therefore, a stenographer rather than a typewriter? Why apply the name of a machine to the person who operates it? It is a misuse of English as malapropos as it would be to call a motorman a street car, the engineer an engine, the driver a horse or a mule. The English language is too rich to longer tolerate any such misuse of terms.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the exact meaning of the word paranoia. Difficult as it is to define the whole word, it is clear that noise means a wealthy criminal; para, from the Italian, meaning to guard—parapet (military) to guard the breast; parapsia (umbrella) to guard against rain.

The blizzard in Florida may have dimmed the prospects of a big crop of oranges, and the peach trees may not bear fruit, but there is never anything that seems to interfere with the crop of strawberries and cream.

WHIST FOR TWO PLAYERS.

A German Game Which in Some Respects Resembles "California Jack."

There are, for some undiscovered reason, very few simple two-handed card games. And of these the best, and perhaps the least known, is German whist, says Home Notes. Essentially a game of skill, there is a sufficient element of luck combined to insure a good game even between two unequal players, and the issue is always more or less uncertain until the last moment. An ordinary pack of whist cards is all that is required, and as far as the play is concerned the rules of whist are almost entirely applicable. Thirteen cards are dealt to each player, as in the ordinary four-handed game. Instead, however, of turning up the twenty-sixth card, the twenty-seventh card is placed face upward on the remainder of the pack. The suit of this card remains trump throughout the game. The dealer's vis-a-vis plays first by leading any card and the dealer must follow suit as in whist, or, if he cannot, either trump or throw away a useless card. The first trick is now on the table and whoever picks it up draws the trump card from the top of the pack. The card below this is drawn by the loser, who does not show its face. The third card on the pack is now turned up and will belong to the winner of the second trick, the loser again drawing the card underneath and so on throughout the pack. In this way the player always has thirteen cards in his hand until the end.

As tricks of two are difficult to keep distinct it is generally found advisable to pile them indiscriminately for the time being and to count them out at the end of each game. In playing the cards have the ordinary whist valuations, and when the last cards have been drawn, the thirteen which remain in the hand are played out in the usual way. The difference between the number of tricks taken by the dealer and his opponent is the number of points the winner scores. Each game is usually considered complete in itself, but it is no unusual occurrence to find at the end that each player has thirteen tricks. It is difficult in such a short space to give any reliable hints for players, but anyone accustomed to whist will fall into the way at once. Obviously, however, it is not always an advantage to take the card which is turned up, and in the case of this being a low one a speculative player will often lead the lowest card in his hand in the hope of drawing something better underneath. The player is happy who, when it comes to playing the last thirteen cards, finds himself with one long suit and the majority of trumps.

Stack to Geography.
A curious incident regarding a stack occurred during the Russian war. It would have been ludicrous, if anything could be ludicrous connected with war. Comodore Elliot was blockading a Russian squadron in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. Thinking he had the Russians in a cul de sac, he complacently waited for them to come out as the water was too shallow for him to attack them. As the enemy did not come out he sent in to investigate, and found, to his astonishment, that Russians and ships had vanished. While he had been waiting for them in the South they had quietly slipped out by the North, teaching both him and the British government a rather severe lesson in geography, as it had been thought that Saghalin was an isthmus, and they were totally unaware of a narrow channel leading from the gulf to the sea of Okhotsk.

An Offensive Goat.
Some time ago a lame long-haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it more a false coat, many times too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close, around its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened by hooks and eyes.—Notes and Queries.

A Hint Thrown Away.
Miranda I was reading to-day of a case where a young man got out of a scrape by a pretty tight squeeze. Now what is a pretty tight squeeze?

Cholly, withdrawing his silk umbrella head from his mouth—Why or bless me, doncher know what a pretty tight squeeze is? It is—er—it is getting out of it just by a ha-ya's breadth.

Miranda, looking at the fire and frowning—Hum.
Chief of the Kitchen Battery.
The famous Reform club chef, Alois Sayer, was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy. "Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought. "I am an officer," was the reply. "What rank?" "I am chief of a batterie." "Of what batterie?" "Of the batterie de cuisine de l'ancien Anglaise, monsieur" was the answer.—Argonaut.

The Welsh Archdeacon.
Owlyfardd, the Welsh archdeacon, has lately died at the age of 95. He had won many medals for poetical composition, and since 1860 had, as archdeacon, proclaimed each Welsh Eldestedfod. His strength and vitality were wonderful; when 81 years old he climbed to the top of Snowden.

The Beginning.
To be in well-to-do and well-to-do is to be in well-to-do. To stay in well-to-do is to be in well-to-do. To be in well-to-do is to be in well-to-do. —Printer's Ink.

Detachable.
"She has slept off that flush she had last night."
"I'll bet her pillow was a sight."
Detroit Trib'n.

BACK FROM A TOMB.

Rescue of a Miner Buried Under Coal for Fifty-Four Hours.

After having spent fifty-four hours in a living tomb Charles Ditzel was rescued from the jaws of death in Richardson colliery, near Glen Carbon, at 8 o'clock at night. His helper, August Brenner, was taken out of the mine dead several hours later, says the Philadelphia Record. Both men were found side by side, the one covered by a dense mass of coal and the other sitting in a space that left no room for him to move anything but his head. Ditzel was so weak he had to be handled like a helpless babe. His body is painfully bruised but the doctors attending him say he will live. He begged his rescuers to give him a drink as soon as they reached his side. Ditzel was too weak to express his joy, but his wasted features, telling a tale of suffering, answered the tender solicitude of his wife and relatives with a tender smile. Ditzel was found at the face of the east mainway, about ninety yards from the gangway, in breast No. 20. The breast was filled with coal and how he escaped the fate of Brenner is next to a miracle. The rescuers first struck a log. It was cold and stiff. Presently another log came to view. Then a third leg was uncovered. The men could not tell which was Ditzel's leg or which was Brenner's. It was a tangle of human legs without the trunk. At last Ditzel was liberated. The heavy coal that pinned him to the side of the mainway was removed and his deliverers had the happy satisfaction of taking him out of the narrow aperture alive. Ditzel had only been able to use the lower part of one leg during his confinement. Fifty-four hours, and what this enabled him to feel the stiffened limbs of poor Brenner. Brenner died of suffocation and his body down to the knees was covered with coal and dirt. The rush of coal liberated a great body of water and Ditzel was soaked clean through when taken out of the mine. His skin was terribly shriveled and bleached from the effects of the cold mine water and his body was numb from the cold. The drippings that came through the crevices overhead fell over him and a drop occasionally struck his tongue, which eagerly licked up the life-saving moisture. Ditzel's clothes were removed when he reached the surface and he was wrapped in blankets. Ditzel could not have survived his terrible suffering much longer. He was silent most of the long hours yesterday and only spoke when his rescuers called to him.

\$1,000,000 RHEUMATISM.

Hartlett, Frazer & Co., Rialto Building, Chicago, May 1, 1894.

The Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 167 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs—I can highly recommend your "Schrage's Rheumatic Cure" to all who suffer from rheumatism. A year ago last January while on a visit to Liverpool, Eng. I was stricken down with an attack of acute inflammatory rheumatism, and confined to my bed for seven or eight weeks. I had another attack a few weeks later in Berlin, and a third in Paris. I had the very best medical attention, but could not get cured. I returned to Chicago about the end of April, very weak, still suffering and grew very much worse. My joints were fearfully swollen; I suffered great pain. I consulted eminent doctors but could get no relief. Finally I was induced to try a bottle of Schrage's Rheumatic Cure, and I can frankly say that before I had taken half of one bottle I began to get relief. I took only four bottles in all and have not had any return of the painful disease. Therefore, I consider myself cured. Yours truly,
HERBERT E. RYCOFF.

He Lied in Vain.
Robert Ganthony once asked Weston Grossmith to read a play he had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home. "Night after night," he said, "I would meet Ganthony and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The persuasion used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes I hadn't had time to look at it yet, or again, that the first act was good; later, that the second wouldn't quite do, but really I couldn't stop to explain. So sorry—must catch a train! I didn't so much mind lying, only it was difficult thinking up new lies appropriate to the case." Some months passed and Ganthony still pursued without mercy. At last Mr. Grossmith searched his house once more before it occurred to him that he might have left the comedy in his cab going home. He went down to Scotland yard and inquired, "Oh, yes," was the reply—"play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name was sent back to the owner four months ago, as soon as found."

Cut Out for a Football Player.
A young man was paying his attention to a "beloved object," contrary to the wishes of her family, and persevering in it. It was seized upon one day by her father, "a man of thews and sinews," and kicked violently into the street. In a day or two (after recovery) he called at the house once more. "What, again?" exclaimed paternal-bias, pulling on his boots for action. "No, no," said the young man, "I have given up all hope of winning your daughter, but in consequence of what took place the other day, I have been requested by a unanimous meeting of the committee to ask you to join our football club."

She Rather Had Him There.
"I suppose, Mr. P., when the new woman comes along the world will be perfect; ha!" "No, John; but the new woman at least won't raise a holy row every time her husband asks for 67 cents for groceries."—New York Recorder.

An Isolated Home.
The home of Timothy Turn, in the parish of Dooton, near Appleby, Westmoreland county, England, is the most isolated dwelling place in the three kingdoms. No human being lives nearer than eleven miles.

Hard to Work.
In the London streets and suburbs there are about 200 piano organs, owned by 400 men, for it takes two men to work one instrument. One-third of this number are Italians, the other two-thirds are Englishmen.

THE TALMAGE SERMON.

"NEW GROUND" THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text of Romans XV:20—"I should build upon another man's Foundation—Saving the Saxpries is Encouraged."



After, with the help of others, I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake any further building, a fourth church, Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I felt a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I can not prophesy. It is laying and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven; but there is a work which must be done outside the churches, and to that work I join myself for a while. I should build upon another man's foundation.

The church is a fortress, divinely built. Now, a fortress is for defense and for drill and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement," for massing the troops for an invasion of the enemy's country. Confident that the forts are well manned by the ablest ministry that ever blessed the church, I propose, with others, for a while to join the cavalry and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour, Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries or predecessors or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and Sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has a special work to do and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sunday school class, we want good boys and girls, fair complexions, faces washed in tears, and a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church and the whole school of fish swim off from that pond and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, or from the 10th regiment to the 60th regiment. What strengthens the army is new recruits.

The fact is, this is a big world. When in our school-boy days, we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since six o'clock this morning at least 50,000 have been born and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the gospel. In England or in western American cities we are being much crowded and an acre of ground is of much value, but out west 500 acres is a small farm and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere, unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation. We need as churches to stop bombarding the old iron-bound sinners that have been professed against thirty years of Christian assault, and aim for the salvation of those who have never yet had one warm-hearted and point blank invitation. There are churches whose buildings might be worth \$200,000, who are not averaging more than 50 converts a year and doing less good than many a log-cabin meeting-house with a fatherly candle stuck in wooden socket, and a minister who has never seen a college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly beset that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in a church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assemble they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few today assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mighty millions outside of them? At least 2,000,000 people in this cluster of seaboard cities, and not more than 200,000 in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advise that its patients must have nothing worse than tooth-ache or "run-arounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on, it is as though a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has lost-out its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small section, but the rest of the world, that means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, and all the islands of the sea.

It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors, "Go one here and look at the nearly 5,000 lying for lack of surgical attention."

"No," say the doctors, standing there and fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here and we are attending to them, and when we are positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes: "Go into the world," say practically: "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye and with earnestness in the accents of the Holy Spirit say: "Come!" or they would have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us cease to have anything to do with Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on their way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopedism and Erastianism and Complutensianism, we are as impish and little understood as a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbatic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at last find that neither of us knows anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds of thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not outside of the learned professions, 5,000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition.

Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of his universal government can best be obtained, reckons that which was done by the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins.

Comparatively little effort has as yet been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called sceptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reasons we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and heard with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to it, namely: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to him: "Thou art right, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God; and to love him with all the heart and all the understanding and all the soul and all the strength is more than than which burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a sceptic was saved in one interview. But few Christians take heed to this in that way. Instead of taking hold of them with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take them with the iron pincers of scholasticism.

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched or occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland, that live in the cold climates are despatched to keep up the warfare in southern countries, like Arabia and Spain. The blood is so warm there they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, and God's influence drops him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off the track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for setting people up who have been washed overboard. I saw there once or twenty men who were breakfasting after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers, there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life-saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life boats! And who will man them? We do not preach to such men, we have not enough faith in their rescue. Alas, if when they come to hear we are industriously trying to show the difference between subparianism and suprapararianism, while they have a thousand spears of remorse and despair cutting around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those had cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can't take a big steamer as well as a small one, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get one hundred such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic. No fear and payers then. No fear of lightning-ton. No cold conventionalisms.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the streets offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared-for children are in the majority in most of our cities. The condition was just illustrated by what a boy in this city said when he was found under a cart, gnawing a bone, and some one said to him: "Where do you live?" and he answered: "I live nowhere, sir." Six or seven thousand of the children of New York city can neither read nor write.

When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools can do it. Art galleries can do it. Alms houses can do it. New York tombs can do it. The Star Line can do it. People of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow, to work.

I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 178, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. "And I would to God that you could be so mighty in prayer and work that you would become a thundering legion, before which the forces of sin and hell would rout, and the gates of hell made to tremble! All aboard now on the Gospel ship! If you can not be a captain or a first mate, be a stoker, or a deck hand, or ready at command to climb the ratlines—Heave away now, lad! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shifting shore will welcome us into harbor. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

ABOUT BLUE ROSES.
Sirus and Arcturus are Said to Have Changed Color.

A well-known naturalist recently wrote: "We may have a yellow rose, but it is pretty well agreed that if we ever see a blue one it will be by a process of continuous variation and selection." By this process it is meant that if a blue rose is ever produced from a red variety, for instance, the latter will not be a sudden one, but from one color to the other, but the result of a gradual progression through a series of steps leading regularly from red to blue, says the Youth's Companion.

In fact, it has been found that both plants and animals exhibit a tendency toward a definite succession of colors, and certain colors have been regarded as representing higher stages of evolution than others. The changes toward these "higher" colors are a constant, continuous and require a series of variations, while, on the other hand, instances of sudden reversion to "lower" colors are not uncommon. Red is regarded as a higher color, in this sense than yellow. The yellow primrose sometimes varies to red, but the change is never sudden or discontinuous, because it is a change in the direction of progression. But from red to yellow the change sometimes occurs by a jump, so to speak, because it is going backward. The same thing seems to apply in the case of birds. Red and green species of birds may vary to yellow, but the utmost efforts of breeders to produce red canaries from yellow ones have only resulted in an orange hue.

Give the Wrong Prizes.
One day last week Patrick O'Finerty, an ill-fated cigar vendor, was arrested and brought before a justice. He was charged for selling his cigars from a box that did not bear a revenue stamp. When the revenue officer had finished his testimony O'Finerty cross-examined him.

"Can you swear that those were cigars that I was selling?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply. "What is a cigar?" asked O'Finerty. "Why, tobacco, of course, done into a roll for smoking purposes." "Well, then you've introduced a mighty weak case against me," exclaimed O'Finerty, "for the rolls that I was selling were made of cabbage leaves."

The Winning Word.
Two suitors and which one should she choose? "Be mine, fair maiden," said the first. "Wealth is at my command, a heart's devotion at your's, your best wish shall be fulfilled, my life has but one object, and that to make you happy." "The other suitor rejoined: "Choose me for your mate," he said. "The barren wilds is where I make my home. Naught can I offer you but the trials and tribulations of a life in the forest for New Jersey, but—A magnificent smile of triumph lit up his sinister face—Three troley lines on which the men strike not run past my humble cot."

Unrest of the Bank of England.
The Bank of England has in its possession a bank note dated Dec. 18, 1899, for £25. It was printed from an engraved plate, but had blank spaces for the amount, date, number, and signatures. Across it are written memoranda showing that it was reissued in three installments. In appearance it is not altogether unlike the modern note. In the bank library is another note, for £25, which was not presented for 311 years. Another curiosity, said to be unique, is a note for no less than £1,000,000 dated 1782.

Walter Scott's Popularity.
As an indication of the late day of the popularity of the works of the Bard of Ayr, the Westminster Gazette learns from the English publishers of Scott's novels that for 200 copies of "Ivanhoe," 200 copies of "Waverley," 200 copies of "Rob Roy," 200 of "Katharine," "Guy Mannering," 200 of "Old Mortality," 200 of "The Antiquary," 200 of "Quentin Durward," 100 of "Woodstock," and 100 of "Count Robert of Paris."

Elopement in Oklahoma.
Oklahoma has an elopement sensation. Rattlesnake Hill having run off with Clara Melville, daughter of a wealthy cattleman. The lovers rode on the swiftest horses, and the father, who pursued them, arrived too late. He forgave them, however, and a grand supper was given at the "Two Bar" ranch.

Trotters Come High.
Ribs' trotters come high in Missouri. A resident of St. Louis has just recovered a verdict for damages from the owner whose horse ran into and caused the death of the trotter Mark Twin, 2:34, in 1891. The plaintiff gets \$114.68, and the defendant has further jury costs, amounting to over \$4,000.