This World is Very Funny.

This world is very funny,
No matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it and be "hard
up" all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To "catch up" without attaining
Till he makes his life a burden when it should
be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand dollars yearly
Would be just the figure to make happiness
complete;
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his outgo then increasing makes his both
ends worse to meet.

He is run in debt and borrow,
"Flush" to-day and broke to-morrow,
Financiering every day which way to postpone
day of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it
And then wondering what takes it
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within
the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does
before he should;
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal
good.

A Punster's Queries.

Upon what did the "carriage spring?"
From whence did the "lemon drop?"
Oh, what did the "apron-string?"
And who did the "accordeon-stop?"

How far did the "roller-skate?"
And whom did the "watch-charm?"
How long did the "paper-weight?"
And who did the "burglar-alarm?"

Whose path did the "iron-bar?"
And how long was the "ink-well?"
Against whom did the "glass-jar?"
And what did the "prison-cell?"

And what did the "pastry-cook?"
And what property did the "carpet-tacks?"
Oh, what did the "cotton-hook?"
And who did the "sealing-wax?"

What did the "clam-bake?"
And why did the "water-fall?"
Who did the "milk-shake?"
And how loudly did the "base-ball?"

What conspiracy did the "grass-plot?"
And whose brain did the "hat-rack?
When was the "grape-shot?"
And what person did the "car-track?"

A Lullaby.

As sung by Gardner, the clever German dialect comedian.)

Sleep, my darling sleep,
My sweet one, on my breast,
Close thy blue eyes, little love,
And rest, my darling, rest.
Soft blow the gentle south-wind, sweet,
From over the summer sea;
Dream on, my darling, dream,
My sweet one, dear to me! Sleep, my babe

CHORUS—
Then rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, dear little darling,
Ley-u-le-o, Ley-u-le-o!
Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, dear little darling,
Ley-u-le-e-o! Hey!

Sleep, darling, while the bright stars
Their silent watch do keep;
Sleep, darling, while the fair moon
So gently guards thy sleep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
Bright dreams fall down on thee;
Dream on, my darling, dream,
My sweet one, dear to me! Sleep my babe!

CHO.—Then rock-a-bye, etc.

Two Lives.

Among the lonely hills they played;
No other bairns they ever knew;
A little lad, a little maid,
In sweet companionship they grew.

They played among the ferns and rocks
A childish comedy of life;
Kept house and milked the crimson docks
And called each other man and wife.

They went to school; they used to go
With arms about each other laid;
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,
Were sheltered by a single plaid.

And so—and so it came to pass
They loved each other ere they knew;
His heart was like a blade of grass,
And hers was like its drops o' dew.

The years went by; the changeful years
Brought larger life and toil for life;
They parted in the dusk with tears—
They called each other man and wife.

They married—she another man,
And he in time another maid;
The story ends as it began—
Among the lonely hills—they played.

Silver and Gold.

Farewell my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free;
I claim for you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize.
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen;
I am the Winter's bond-slave,
You are the Summer's queen;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
(And you grew never old)—
Would I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold

A LITTLE.

So little made me glad, for I was young;
Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing
through—
How little made me glad when I was young!

So little makes me happy, now I'm old:
Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the
fire;
The children grown unto our heart's desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old!

And yet, between the little then and now,
What worlds of life, of thought and feeling
keen!
What spiritual depths and heights unseen!—
Ah me! between the little then and now.

For little things seem mighty when we're young;
Then we rush onward through the changing
years,
Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little: we are old.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

A Curious Case of Left Handedness.

A French physician mentions a curious case of left handedness. One child in a certain family was left handed, and a second appeared, at the age of 1 year, also to be left handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry her child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right handed.

CURRENT TOPICS.

AN English-Volapuk dictionary will be issued before the end of the year.

THE house in London, 13 Picadilly terrace, where Byron passed the wretched period of his married life, where Ada was born, and where he wrote some of his earliest poems, is now being altered, and will be entirely changed.

ADVICE from England says that the machinery of the great steamship City of New York has been seriously racked by the vibrations of the two mighty 10,000 horse-power engines with which she is equipped and that some new arrangement of the twin-screw apparatus will have to be adopted.

THE committee of the Irish Exhibition in London have a great difficulty with their dairymaids. No fewer than twenty of them "have gone and got married" since the exhibition opened. The Irish girl seems to be as charming as she was in the days when Moore wrote sweetly verses extolling her charms.

BY Lord Douglas Gordon's death the succession devolves on Lord Esme Gordon; but he has no son, and the eventual heir of the historic title of Marquis of Huntly will probably be found in the son of Lord Granville Gordon. Lady Granville Gorden is one of the London ladies who have taken to trade. She is a fashionable and popular dressmaker, and her sister, Mrs. G. Howard, is a bonnet-maker of high repute.

A SCIENTIFIC sharp declares that the constant jar of walking on the city pavements can be largely prevented by imitating nature "The human heel is covered with an elastic pad. Now, as to walk barefoot would be out of the question, it is suggested that we replace the hard boot-heel with one made of elastic rubber. It would cost but a few cents a month in repair, and would have the additional advantage of lessening the noise of hurrying feet, and preventing, to an extent, broken bones in the winter."

A LONDON physician, writing of the peculiar effects of certain professions on the health, advises clerks to discard the high stool so commonly used by bookkeepers and accountants. He regards it as far healthful in every way to stand when working at a desk. If need be the clerk may rest a few moments by sitting down in an ordinary chair, but to work all day in a cramped position necessitated by the high stool is ruinous to the health, and must, sooner or later, result in the breaking down of the individual who does it.

EDWARD HULSE, whose engagement is announced to the only daughter of Edward Lawson, of the London *Telegraph*, is 29, tall and fair. He is the Conservative representative for Salisbury, and one of the youngest members of the House of Commons. He is a capital sportsman. His fiancee is well known in London and rarely misses driving daily in the Park a magnificent pair of chestnuts in a park phaeton. She is dark, petite, and pretty in figure and in face, with a beautiful complexion and a magnificent head of hair.

CANADA *Presbyterian*: When the hot weather begins each summer there is a cry from many quarters for short sermons. Twenty minutes, it is said, is the right length for a sermon in the heated term. When the heated term is over we never hear any cry for longer sermons. Perhaps preachers lengthen without being asked to do so. Possibly those who want twenty minutes sermons during the heated term would be happy to take them all the year round. One thing is certain—nobody says the weather is now cool, let us have longer sermons.

FREQUENTLY man succumbs to the slightest injury, and again he will live through the most terrible physical ordeal. Two or three days ago a man in Chicago in some way got under a moving locomotive and was dragged about 100 feet before the machine could be brought to a stop. Then the body was found so tightly wedged that it was necessary to obtain jackscrews and raise the locomotive to free him. He was carried to the hospital, where he was revived, and then astonished doctors and nurses by getting on his feet, bidding them good night, and going on his way.

"RAPIDITY of execution, not fine work," says the Chicago *News*, "is the distinguishing feature of all American handicraft. American carpenters and wood-workers do more good work in a given time than any of their brothers of other lands, but it does not have the faultless neatness of the product of Chinese and French artisans. The Chinese, for instance, make chairs, cabinets and even houses without the use of a single nail, and every piece of wood is fitted to its place with hair-line exactness. It is not considered extraordinary in China to spend three years in the construction of a single bedstead.

A DESPATCH from New York says that Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, has spent several years of study upon a new method of making heavy ordnance, and, as a result, has obtained patents upon an invention which may revolutionize the entire system of manufacturing heavy missile-projectors now in vogue. Dr. Gatling's invention is stated to be the casting of the heaviest ordnance in solid steel around a central core, which is used in several ways for obviating the disadvantages of the old-style guns. The result, it is claimed, will be the production of an infinitely better gun at a reduction of 50 per cent. in cost"

A PROCESS for imparting some of the properties of metal to wood has, according to the *Building World*, been adopted in Germany. The surface of the wood becomes so hard and smooth that it is capable of assuming a high polish when operated on by a burnisher, and its appearance approaches that of a metallic mirror. The wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for several days at a temperature of about 180 deg. Fahr., and it is afterwards placed in a bath of hyposulphite of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added. The third bath consists of acetate of lead, at a temperature of from 95 deg. Fahr. to 120 deg. Fahr., and the wood is allowed to remain in it for a period of 30 to 50 hours. After having been thoroughly dried, it is in a condition for being polished with lead, tin, or zinc.

CAPTAIN CONDON, in the recently issued quarterly statement of the Palestine exploration fund, states that the "Ten Tribes" were taken from Samaria by Sargon in the year 722 B.C., and to the number of 27,280. Their places, according to the recently discovered historical tablet, which gives the above date and figures, were supplied by foreigners. Where the "Ten Tribes" were located he finds it not so easy to answer. The burden of tradition, he says, is to the effect that they found a new home in the lands adjacent to the Caspian Sea, and he inclines to the belief that the inhabitants of Georgia, Kurdistan and Bactria, more to the east, "are descendants of Israelite tribes." This view finds support from Benjamin of Tudela, who travelled from Spain, in the twelfth century, and who found independent Jewish tribes in those regions.

THE annual report of the Superintendent of Foreign Mails of the United States expresses the expectation that in the near future every government of the three Americas will be embraced in the parcels post system already extended to Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas and British Honduras. The western world will be thus united in a postal and commercial bond which will contribute materially to the intimacy of its various peoples and greatly facilitate their intercommunication. This American parcel post system is the growth of less than a single year, the first convention having been signed on October 1st, 1887. Many of the pending conventions are so far advanced that it is not improbable that the system will be extended to several more countries before the year is complete. This movement is free from nearly all the objections to which most of the pan-American propositions are subject and is much more practical in its advantages.

THE extensive use of saccharin in certain food substances in Paris—in champagne, for instance—has caused the Council of Hygiene to institute a series of inquiries into its effects upon the animal economy. The Commission, which has recently reported, was unanimous in considering saccharin a medicament rather than an aliment of food proper; and they thought the employment of the substance in alimentation should be prohibited. The Commission intimated, however, that they considered it might advantageously be used as a substitute for sugar in certain diabetic conditions of the human body. In this connection, it may be useful to note that the scientific name of saccharin—which as everybody knows is one of the infinity of useful compounds prepared from coal tar—is "benzoyl sulphonic amide."

A MARRIAGE by proxy, or, as it is called, "marriage by the glove," is prevalent in Holland, and is brought about by the fact that many of the eligible young men, after having finished their education, depart for Dutch India. A friend selects a willing young lady, generally one with a substantial dot and otherwise conforming closely to specifications of the letter. A photograph of the favored one is enclosed in the return epistle. After the lapse of a few months a soiled, left-hand glove, with a power of attorney, is received from the faraway bachelor. The friend in Holland marries the selected bride in precisely the same manner as if he were the actual groom and the young wife departs in the next India mail steamer to bring happiness to the lonely one in the far East. A marriage of this description is as binding as if the bridegroom were present, and is never repudiated. If either party to the glove marriage should die before meeting in India, the survivor would share the property of the deceased in accordance with the law.

RECENTLY the Chinese residents at Lhassa, in Tibet, implored the Emperor to cause arrangements to be made which would enable them to receive the copies of their almanac at the earliest possible date in each year. This anxiety would seem very curious, were it not the fact, as we are informed by a writer in the *Chinese Recorder*, that the almanac is the most important book to the Chinese. Its space is far too important to be occupied with the matter which fills Western almanacs. It contains astronomical information which is useful, but its great mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of their everyday life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which and the direction (*i.e.*, the point of the compass) toward which it is done, it is of the utmost importance to the Chinese that every one should have correct information, available at all times, to so order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity, and secure good luck and prosperity. Consequently, the almanac is, perhaps, the most universally circulated book in China.

PHOTOGRAPHERS in New York are advertising for good-looking young women who do not object to earning a living by mean of their beauty. The *Sun* of that city reports a photographer as saying: "We must have handsome and artistic pictures for exhibition at Fairs, in our establishments and in show cases. Lately many fashionable ladies have objected to having their photographs exposed to common gaze, and as they were usually our best pictures we were in a quandary. The homely women are the cause of it all. A handsome woman is justly proud of her looks, and does not mind having her picture on exhibition; but her homelier sister sees it, is jealous of its beauty, and says: 'I would not allow my likeness to be gazed at by everybody. It does not show good taste.' The handsome woman is convinced by her arguments, and forbids us to use her photograph. Mrs. Cleveland, than whom there is no truer lady in the land, does not object to the exhibition of her photographs. Why should the others? We must have specimens of our work for advertising purposes, so we propose to pay handsome, respectable girls a good price to let us take their pictures for these purposes. I am now getting some ready for the American Fair. Very few suitable girls apply. A beautiful subject applied this morning. Her features and figure were faultless, but the only dress she had was a jersey, and as that would not do we had to let her go. The costumes must be modest and the girls respectable."

SENSATIONALISTS say that Kaiser Wilhelm is going to Paris peacefully to exchange compliments with President Carnot.

M. RENAN's advice is to devote the early years of life to thought and study. "France," his opinion is, "will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of 40.

THE only Indian in Dakota to whom naturalization papers have been issued is th Rev. Luke P. Walker, a graduate of Indian School at Carlisle, Pa. He is a full-blooded redskin, but has completely severed his tribal relations.

THE Empress of Germany has sent to the Czarina a beautiful fan of violet wood, which, when opened, displays the portraits of the four sons of the Emperor William and herself. On the reverse side are biblical texts in the hand-writing of the Empress which bid the great ones of the earth to be united in friendship.

ACCORDING to evidence given before parliamentary committee, the value of the bare land within the "metropolitan area" of London is £418,000,000, and of the buildings £212,000,000. The rates and taxes paid by the land amount in all to £500,000 yearly, while the buildings pay £7,000,000. It does seem as though the ground owners had it all their own way in the British metropolis.

THE Queen has commanded Sir Henry Ponsonby to thank Mr. Framjee Bhumgara for a copy of a "Life of Her Majesty," in the Goojeratee dialect, which was recently presented by him. The Goojeratee-speaking classes in India have long prided themselves on their loyalty to the Crown, and during the progress of the Jubilee celebrations last year the *Rostgafter*, the organ of that community, issued gratuitously a large number of copies of the above-named work.

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, in writing to the London *Times* on the subject of separation of the sexes in church, says that the Society of Friends, the least ritualistic of all the religious bodies, has from its origin separated men and women in the meetings for public worship. In Cradoc, Middlesex County, there is a Baptist congregation which divides up in church the same way. A lady leads the singing. Near Bell's Lake, Grey County, a Methodist congregation also sits in church with the sexes on either side.

A CORRESPONDENT recently despatched a postal card from London via the Brindisi and Suez Canal route, to Hong Kong, with the request that it might be forwarded on to the addressee via San Francisco and New York, which was done. The card was duly received by the original sender the other day, the time taken in its transit round the world being exactly seventy days, which is about forty days' quicker than that accomplished ten years ago. The card was franked for its long and circuitous journey for 3½d, and it travelled upwards of 25,000 miles.

THE *Militar-Zeitung* (Vienna) shows the following figures in estimation of the average range of the improved firearms respectively possessed by the infantry forces of Austria-Hungary, Germany and France. The Mannlicher is claimed to carry beyond 4,113 yards, the Mauser will hit at 3,250 yards, whilst the Lebel is assumed to be certain for 4,550 yards. The accuracy of aim with the Mauser is extremely doubtful, as the arm is defective in constant equipoise, and its centre of gravity is two much forward of the hold. The force of penetration with the Mannlicher bullet is twice as hard, and that of the Lebel twice and a half stronger, than the Prussian projectile.

THE life of the railway civil engineer is marked by many hardships and privations of which the traveller, as he journeys swiftly over the line which the surveying party marked out with toil and difficulty not long before, seldom thinks. A despatch to the San Francisco *Examiner* from Salt Lake, Utah, gives the following illustration of this fact: "News comes from Hicko, sixty-five miles west of Pioche, that a man who was reported lost from the Utah Central surveying party was found at Quartz Springs. When the party left that place coming eastward he walked ahead and sitting down under a tree by the roadside he went to sleep, allowing the waggons to pass unobserved. He awoke bewildered and walked back to the springs, where he remained five days without food. When found he was digging out a rabbit from a hole in the side of the hill. He was taken to Hicko, where he is now recovering, though still somewhat flighty as a result probably of the five days' starvation, or possibly of sunstroke."

THE New York *Sun* gives the following list of names of men over 70 years of age who preserve the vigor of their faculties and are actively engaged in their several occupations, with editorial comments to the effect that these and other facts show that the average number of years allotted to man is increasing:

Airy, Sir G B	Astronomer	87
Bancroft, George	Historian	88
Barnard, F. A. P	College President	78
Barnum, P. T	Philosopher	78
Bartlett, Sidney	Lawyer	89
Bismarck, Prince	Statesman	73
Blackie, J. S	Scholar	79
Bright, John	Statesman	77
Browning, Robert	Poet	76
Bunson, Robt. Eberhard	Chemist	77
Cameron, Simon	Statesman	89
Chevreul, M. E	Chemist	102
Conant, T. J	Scholar	86
Curtis, Geo. Ticknor	Lawyer	76
Dana, J. D	Geologist	75
Davis, Jefferson	Statesman	80
Doellenger, Ignatius	Theologian	89
Dow, Neal	Reformer	84
Ericsson, John	Engineer	85
Feuillet, Octave	Author	76
Field, David D	Lawyer	83
Gilbert, John	Actor	78
Gladstone, William E	Statesman	79
Granville, Earl	Statesman	73
Grevy, Jules	Statesman	81
Grove, Sir William R.	Physicist	77
Hamlin, Hannibal	Statesman	79
Holmes, O. W.	Poet	79
Hubner, Baron	Diplomatist	77
Kenrick, Peter R	Archbishop	82
Kinglake, Alex. W	Historian	77
Lagouve, En'st Wilfred	Dramatist	81
Leo XIII	The Pope	78
Lesseps, Ferdinand de	Engineer	83
Manning, H. E.	Cardinal	80
Meissonier, Jean Louis	Painter	76
McCosh, James	Metaphysician	77
Musurus, Pacha	Diplomatist	81
Newman, J. H	Cardinal	87
Owen, Sir Richard	Anatomist	84
Peabody, Andrew P	Clergyman	77
Pole, William	Whist authority	74
Quatrefages, J. L. A	Naturalist	78
Tennyson, Alfred	Poet	79
Thomas, Ambroise	Composer	77
Thurman, A. G.	Statesman	75
Verdi, Guiseppe	Composer	74
Vermilye, Thomas E.	Clergyman	85
Von Moltke	Soldier	88
Weir, R. W.	Painter	85
Whittier, J. G.	Poet	81
Woolsey, T. D.	Publicist	87

She Would Better Take Him.

"Mr. Sampson asked me to be his wife last night, papa." "And what did you say?" "I told him he must give me a little time, and he said I could have the usual thirty days or 5 per cent. off for cash, and then he stopped and apologized. What am I to think of him, papa?" "Think of him!" shouted the old man. "That young fellow is full of business, and you can't say 'yes' too quick!"—*Grip.*

CHINESE BASEBALL.

Two Wash-house Nines Meet in Deadly Fray on the Green Diamond.

The national game broke out in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco a short time ago, and a team of wealthy tea-importers and soap-and-water millionaires was organized. Some Chicago flat-iron artists took the cue, so to speak, and put another nine in the field. To-day they will meet in mortal conflict. Yesterday they practiced. Mr. George Edmondson and Mr. George Mayer, who manage the laundry trust, took their men to the grounds in carriages and brought their names out on a piece of red paper which looked like an overdue wash bill. The Chicago players were attired in large, roomy trousers of blue cloth and carelessly-arranged white cotton shirts. The San Francisco people wore trousers cut from a flour-barrel pattern and coffee-sack surtouts. All played bareheaded except Arthur Moi, who had a liver-colored pair of ready-made pantaleons and a black frock coat topped off with a soft black hat.

Sam Moi, captain of the Chicago club, was hired to make remarks that look like a gridiron after it had been struck by a pile-driver. Barney McGaffney umpired the game. Mr. McGaffney has only a timid acquaintance with Chinese and Sam Moi interprets the game. "Three strikes," shouts Mr. McGaffney. "Bun-gele-wong he-ho," cries Sam Moi. That means "run," and the Celestial makes a lunge for the first bag. It usually gets there safe, as the old lady who plays first base has a catch-as-catch-can bout with the sphere before she gets hold of it properly.

The Chinese are not the inventors of baseball. They prefer such delicately agile and intellectual games as lawn tennis and bungloo. They smoke cigarettes, but eschew gum. They throw a ball with the wild desperation and lavish precision of a school girl. Pitcher Don Moi, of the San Franciscos, has as many frills on his delivery as a professional. He holds his hands above his head a moment, pulls down the ball, blows a jet of spray on it, and with a backward over-hand twist tosses the sphere somewhere between the first base and the grand stand. Tall Doi, the Chicago twirler, has no professional tricks, but he probably excels Mr. Don in missing the plate. Tee Moo, the San Francisco catcher, wore China bracelets and an openwork undershirt whose largest ingredients were the holes in it. The keen wind tanned his russet skin with a ghoulish whistle, but Mr. Tee did not shrink from it. He very frequently caught the ball, too, but only unstinted expenditure of muscle got the ball to first base. Such a thing as throwing to second base would be a weird Munchausen tale to the Chinese catchers.

In the third inning a tall brunette largely devoted to a thin, knotty neck, a loose, black night gown, short in its reach, and long kitchen apron, sidled up to the plate and picked up a maple chop stick. He loosened a hinge in his back as he smote the ball. It rolled nearly to the second bag. It was a great hit. The short stop, who stands ten feet behind the pitcher to escape being hurt by grounders, ran after the ball. The second baseman trotted briskly after the same object, and the centrefielders who played within an arm's length of the second base passed out in the same direction. "Ki-yi, long-leap-heap, plum-dum!" screamed Sam-Moi. The old lady was hastening to the first base. The three maids were playing ring around a rosy over the ball. They finally got it and the entire three carried it to the pitcher as if it were an egg.

At one critical moment two base-runners got on the second bag, and a wild confusion ensued. The baseman was out holding a conference with two fielders and the pitcher about a fly that had dropped near the foul line. One of the runners passed the man ahead of him and scored, while the other pulled up at third. The basemen never play away from the bags, and the outfielders play on the base lines. The players laughed and shouted as much as the spectators. They coached each other and made puns in Chinese and played from noon until the sun went down.—*Chicago News.*

His Nerve Helped Him Out.

Husband (Tipsey; late home; wife fixing up her hair before the looking-glass; her heart full of rancor; ready to give him a dreadful scolding)—Why, dear, what are you doing?

Wife (snappishly)—Don't you see what I'm doing. Fixing up my hair.

H—Well—hic—I'm glad to see you doing that.

W.—And where have—

H.—I shay I'm glad to see you doing that. For you have the most beautiful hair I ever saw.

W.—Where have you—

H.—I shay you have the most beautiful hair I ever saw. And it just matches your face. For you have the most beautiful face—hic—I ever saw—so there.

W. (smiling)—Do you think my face beautiful?

H. (putting his boots under the pillow)—You are the most beautiful woman in the world.

W. (lovingly)—You darling, John, you are a sad flatterer. Let me unbutton your collar for you.

Who the Apaches Are.

The Apaches are believed to have been the Faraones and Taracones whom the Spaniards discovered in 1540 to exist in large numbers near the Seven Cities of Gold. They were never conquered by the Spaniards. During our century they have numbered nine large tribes, and include the great tribe of Navajoes and the Utes. in all about 35,000. Some of the tribes are small. Most of them are self-supporting on their great reservations in Arizona, New Mexico and southern Colorado. They have remained the most savage in their superstitions and ways of living, and in their warfare of all the North American Indians. Their vast country, with its great mountain ranges, fertile valleys, wide table lands, forests of pine and oak, masses of flowers and fields of rich grass, plains and tremendous gorges, offers every possibility of wild, barbarous, pastoral, agricultural and civilized life. It should be dotted with homes and farms owned by Indian farmers and mechanics.—*September Wide Awake.*

Last week a copy of the first edition of the "Life of Grimaldi," by Dickens, and illustrated by Cruikshank, was sold at auction for 54 pounds 10 shillings.