"Laura," said the young lady's mo'her, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last even-ing!"

ing!"
"It was solely for economy, mamma," "It was solely for economy, mamma, the maiden answered.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

pressure."
"Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it,
mamma dear?" replied the artless girl.
And her fond parent could find no more to
say.—Terre Haute Express.

Subjects Exhausted.

Little Alice—Oh, dear, I'm afraid if Mrs Blank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma. Ain't her call near over?
Little Dick—I guess so. Mamma is talking about the second girl now, an' there is only the nurse an' the janitor left.

A Wise Mother. Daughter (who is engaged)—Mother, John is coming to tea to night. Let me make him some cakes? Mother-Not for the world, my dear, unless you have an intention of suing him for a breach of promise.

Mother—Not for the world, my dear, unless you have an intention of suing him for a breach of promise.

—Before her husband boiled Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" down it was four times its present size.

—There are now in actual operation in Bengal 844 miles of canal, of which 614 are navigable. The area commanded by irrigation canals is 2,698,846 scres.

The woman who hestiates is lost or deserves to be—but, unluckily, the world has never been able to lose her permanently yet.—Somerville Journal.

The fiannel shirt is coming in for its full share of adoration during the hot spell, when starched linen witte so easily. There is only one thing that is cooler than this article, and that is a calm and contented mind. There's nothing more heating than fret and worry.—Boston Herald.

Crumbs of Comfort. First Dame—" What does the doctor say ails y'r husband?" Second Dame (sadly)—" Bright's disnd Dame (sadly)—"Bright's dis-

ease."
"Well, dearie, don't be so down-hearted
Poor, afflicted John Bright lived to a good
old age in spite of his disease." The Weapons of Modern Warfare. Gaggs—By what weapons permissible in cod society can I punish Miss Sharps for nubbing me? Waggs—Cross beau and cut lass.

Crime Must be Stopped. "There are a great many suicides now," remarked Mr. Fangle,
"Yes," replied his wife, "an example ought to be made of some of them."

Ingenuous Love. Johnny—Dear papa, I love you so much.
Papa—I love you too, Johnny, when you are good.
"But, papa, I love you even when you ain't good.

THE HAND OF DEATH,

Horton held that the indictment was suffi-cient presumption of guilt to warrant hold-ing the prisoner without bail. He did not require the State to disclose the evidence on which the indictment was found. It was said that the application was made partly with a view to obtain this evidence, that it might be used to assist Burke in his fight against extradition at Winnipeg.

The Fainlessness of Death.

The Fainlessness of Death.

The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering; is really unconscious, insensibility always preceding it. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the close, as thousands who have recovered, after hope had been surrendered, have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably it is not, painful to the violin. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to the effect are numberless.—Forum.

Rural Delights. Rural Deligate.

Tired city child—Mamms, I'm awful sick of city streets.

Mamma—Wall my dear, next Saturday we'll go to Central Fastk, and you can have a lovely time all day long keeping off the grass.

a lovely time all day long kreping on an grass.

—"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice.' "That isn't Mr. Smith, it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then I must change the photographs on the mantel.'

"But what proof have I of your love?" whispered Calliope, after Telemachus had declared himself. "Only this," murmured Telemachus, as he applied his little press about her waist, and she took the proof.

-Alarm bells are tolled for lost children

THE LADIES' COLUMIV. WICKED CHICAGO.

"Are you coming up to night?" asked the man in the moon.

"Yes," replied the rocket, " if it doesn't rain."—Harper's Bazar. It cost Colorado \$37.60 per member for each of the ninety days her Legislature was And now the Syracuse Standard gravely

asks : " Is marriage a crime?"

A LOVER'S COMBINATION.

Sweet, lay your head upon my breast,
As Minnie, long ago;
Teil me, like Maud, you love me best
Teil me, like Maud, you love me best
Turn up, as Lilly used to do,
Those eyes, and look in mine;
Swear, as I have often sworn to Loo,
That I alone am thine.
A radiance fits about thy hair
That once transed Bollis 'face;
A radiance fits about thy hair
Conceloved so much in Grace.
A fragrance as the violet,
Reminding me of Fan,
Comes from thy balmy lips, my pet,
And makes me think of Nan.
Brown you took the cake.
I swore you took the cake.
I swore you took the cake.
Then kins me dear—you kins like Nell—
You true love darling call;
To-morrow I shall Core teil
I tow you beat teil
Vide, emphatically—"Did you say max A LOVER'S COMBINATION

I love you best of all!
Wife,emphatically—"Did you say marriage was a failure?" Husband, humbly—
"No, my dear, I did not. A married man doesn t have to say what he thinks, does he?" doesn't have to say what he thinks, does he?"

"This is no pionic you've brought me to!"
"No pionic! Why not?" "Where is the young man with lavender trousers? Where is the constard pie under the tree? Where is the early nest? And the man putting up the swing? And the idiot rocking the boat full of girls? Not any of them here! I'm going home!"

An association of endormeurs has been unearthed in Belgium whose occupation is to engage a single railway traveller in conversation, offer him a cigar prepared with chloroform, which puts him to sleep, and rob him.

—Alarm bells are tolled for lost children

would imply. If only a few plants are kept, the entire amount in the posts containing them would be little more than the peck of dirt that everbody is supposed to eat at some time during his or her mortal life. The fear of malaria coming in homospathic doses is utterly chimerical. Dry earth is itself one of the best disinfectants, and especially earth placed in pots containing house plants should be in the sunlight. In winter houses are apt, through poor ventilation, to be filled with foul coors, often from the cellar. From the breath and from burning light, the air is poisoned by carbonic acid gas. This gas the growing plants absorb, especially during the right, when least ventilation is given to rooms. In the daytime the soil itself absorbs foul dors, which are taken up and used as food by growing plants. Instead of being an injury to health, plants in the house are a benefit, provided they do not so obstruct windows as a to prevent plenty of sunlight in the room.

Mother and Home.

The mother is the heart of the home. She it is who determines its characteristics, and diffuses through it that subtle atmosphere which every sensitive person can feel when introduced into the home circle, and from which can quickly be inferred the ruling spirit of the home. There can be no doubt that the most effective training for children is parental example, and this truth the mother needs constantly to bear in mind. How can the imparient, quarrel-some, fault-nding mother teach patience and kindness and form good tempers? How can the mother greatly absorbed in keeping up with the pound and vanities of life, eager for the place and show, teach. How can the suffice principles of a happy life? How can the selfash mother teach generosity, or the discontented mother teach contentment?

How to Clean Carpets.

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For a carpef of about twenty yards or so, take a round of band, white castile scans to specially domained to reach Paris at 5.40 next morning, time to reach contentment?

How to Clean Carpets.

How to Cle

generosity, or the discontensed moves teach contensement?

How to Clean Carpets.

For a carpet of about twenty yards or so, take a pound of hard, white castile soap and scrape fine, add a quarter of a pound of washing sods, and as much spirits of turpentine as will bring it to the consistency of dough; make it into a ball. When it is time to clean the carpet, take a pail of clear, hot water and a large, fiannel cloth; wet the carpet with the flannel, then rub over with the ball of soap, and wipe off the soap with the flannel wrung as, dry as possible. If the carpet is very much soiled a sorub brush may be used after the soap

madam.—Judge.

From Aberdeen to Parls.

The latest phase of the railway race possesses a kind of international interest. The train which on Monday started from Aberdeen at 6 15 in the morning, timed to reach London in 122 hours, carried passengers for Paris, who with 1 hour 40 minutes to spare for the connection in London, were timed to reach Paris at 5 40 next morning, thus completing the journey from Aberdeen to paris within 234 hours.

The ommon fly lays more than 100 eggs and the time from egg-laying to maturity is only about two weeks. Most of us have studied geometrical progression. Here we see it illustrated. Suppose one fly commences "to multiply and replenish the earth" about June 1st. June 15th, if all alive, would give 150. Suppose 75 of these are females; July 1st would give us, supposing no cruel wasp or other untoward circumstances to interfere, 11,259 flies. Suppose 5,625 of these are females; we might have, July 15th, 848,720 flies. It might cause bad dreams if carried on further. – Pittsburg Dispatch.

Impossible.

Dashley—Queer things people discover when they are living at boarding-houses. At dinner at my boarding-house, yesterday, I stuck my fork into a piece of ple and brought up a collar button that I lost a week ago. brough up week ago.

Snagge—That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding-house, yesterdsy, and what do you suppose there was in it?

Dashley—I give it up. A silk umbrells,

perhaps?
Snaggs—No, sir; strawberries.
Dashley (incredulously)—Aw, what are you giving me?—Boston Beacon.

Delicate Shades.

Bonton Flathers, Esq.—'I suppose you don't speak to the common herd any more, Miss Luckeigh?'

Miss Luckeigh (who has just realized largely)—'Why, certainly, Mr. Flathers, how do you do?''—Life.

—Mrs. Phunnyman—If that Eiffel tower should fall the damage would be irreparable. Mr. Phunnyman—Oh, I guess not there are too many newspaper correspon dents over there. They would soon write it no. it up
The first sign of a good man or woman is
the habit of speaking well of every one. The
man who pretends to be good and gossips
is s liar.—Atchiso Champion.

Minister's Wife—"You haven's been out of your study an hour this week. What a she matter?" Some of the congregation ay my sermons are too long, and I've been rying to write a short one." Imitative Children. Johnny—Pa, lend me your cane?
Pa—What do you want to do with it?
"Fanny and me want to play as if we as married."

Too Much of a Denial. "You're rather too old to take in as an office boy," said Wiggins, as he eyed the applicant. "You must have lived pretty last to be at the bottom of the ladder at

earnestly, "I'm just as slow as I ever was while a boy!"—Life. Gastronomic Item

Jones—So you have sent off your cook?
Smith—Yes, I've discharged her.
Jones—I'm surprised to hear it, as I heard you say she was such an excellent cook.
Smith—That's just the reason I discharged her. She cooked such avcellent charged her. She cooked such excellent dinners that we are so much there was nothing left over for supper. Her good cooking was her only fault.

—Bobby grew impatient at the table. He had been cautioned by his mother to eat sparingly, and to say "thank you" when anything was passed to him. The older ones demandes so much attention that Bobby got very little. "Ms," he whispered after a time, "how can I eat sparingly and say thank you if I don't get any thing."

Mrs. Blonde (wildly)—Where did this

any shing.'
Mrs. Blonde (wildly)—Where did this black hair come from? Mr. Blonde—I was riding behind a black horse, and he switched his tail—" "This is fine hair." Yes, it was a fine horse."