

According to the Chicago Globe, over \$100,000,000 of Government bonds will mature next year.

Over 20,000,000 acres of Government land are yet vacant in New Mexico subject to entry under pre-emption, homestead, timber-culture and desert-land laws.

Uncle Sam's loan of ships and other naval apparatus to such States as desire to establish a naval battalion as a part of the militia has first been accepted by Massachusetts.

The Roumanian Government has offered prizes to the architects of all nations for the best plans for its new assembly and senate chambers. The first prize for each building is \$3000; the second, \$1500; third, \$600.

The village of Mokena, Ill., about forty miles south of Chicago, passed an ordinance requiring the Rock Island Railroad to place a flagman at the principal crossing, and the company complied, but refused either to take freight or passengers until the ordinance was rescinded.

Germany has one doctor to 1500 of population; France one to 3167; the United Kingdom one to 1234; but the United States one to 600. That says a good deal for the doctors, comments the New Orleans Times-Democrat, for the average American is longer-lived than any of the nationalities named.

Where the Argentines have failed as amateur bankers, says an English journal recently returned from Buenos Ayres, properly qualified men of European experience might achieve a great success. With even moderately good politics, and moderately sound banking the Argentine crisis might be solved in a year or two. Without them it can only go from bad to worse.

The Prairie Farmer does not take much stock in the suggestion of a contractor of Chicago, to pump out the lake front after building a coffer-dam around 300 or 400 acres of water. To build the world's fair in the bottom of the lake would be unique; the project is feasible, of course, but who wants to go down twenty feet below the water line to see a great exhibition? There would be constant dread of a possible inbreak of the waters! If so, what then? A great scare and loss of life. The world's fair will not be held on the bottom or the top of Lake Michigan.

The Speaker of London has made a study of novel heroes. Out of 192 of these gentlemen that came out between October and June last it is discovered that eighty-five stood six feet, while many were even taller. Compared with those of the nine months preceding last October the heroes of the period in question show an increase in height averaging three-quarters of an inch per hero. It is observed that lady writers show a marked tendency to make their male characters tall. The reading public would willingly allow some of the fair novelists the right to lengthen their heroes to any extent if they could only be induced to shorten their stories.

At a place called Fort Pine, in or near Natal, South Africa, a local chief recently summoned a native doctor to attend his wife, or one of his wives. What the ailment was is not known, but the remedy prescribed by the doctor was human fat. Like some of his profession in other parts of the world, the doctor was a plump man and the chief promptly ordered him to be killed and administered to the illustrious patient. This was done and the chief is now awaiting his trial at Maritzburg in consequence. "For its own credit," comments the Times-Democrat, "it is to be hoped that British law will deal mercifully with this potentate, who seems to have a practical sense of justice as well as a droll vein of humor."

The Shoes and Leather Reporter says: "A noticeable thing about the statues found in our museums of art, and supposed to represent the perfect figures of ancient men and women, is the apparent disproportionate size of their feet. We moderns are apt to pronounce them too large, particularly those of the women. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better. A Greek sculptor would not think of such a thing as putting a nine-inch foot on a five-and-one-half-foot woman. Their types for these classical marble figures were taken from the best forms of living persons." The Reporter goes on to show that a well proportioned woman of ten feet three inches in height should have a foot ten inches long and should wear a No. 6 C. Courage, fair sized Chicago; it is true that your feet are big, but they are not too big.

DISCONTENT.

A BALLAD WITH A DOUBLE REFRAIN. It is not in man to be quite content. You may fill his cup till it overflow. You may pay him his due, yes, cent per cent. But he'd rather have this or that, you know.

Or be somebody else, like you-and-so— And fortune's favors may pour and pour. And the saphyrs of fame propitious blow. But the average man wants something more! Indulge a man to the top of his bent, In love, war, politics give him a show, And when he wins he's sure to repent— He'd rather have this or that, you know! To Congress he no longer wants to go— Or the girl he used to love and adore, Won and his wife, seems a little slow— And the average man wants something more!

Not the winter alone brings discontent, Though he bitterly growls at the frost and snow. The seasons to worry him all are sent, And he'd rather have this or that, you know. When the mercury's high he wants it low; Some feature or other he's sure to deplore; The pessimist pines for an unknown woe, And the average man wants something more.

THE HARVEST LACKS SOMETHING WHATEVER HE SOW. And he'd rather have this or that, you know; You may give of all things good galore, But the average man wants something more. —Hopburn Johns, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

MISS VASSAR'S DIAMONDS.

BY LOIS GREY.

The marriage of Miss Vassar was of the sort of which people talk. It outraged that sense of fitness which the world possesses so strongly in regard to the marriage, not of itself, but of its friends. A few, to be sure, objected that nothing could be fitter. Miss Vassar, if not quite in her first youth and not what one might call pretty, had inherited all the millions of her father; Louis Radetsky had no millions whatever, but he was young and the handsomest man in town.

Whatever might or might not be said, Helen Vassar was happy. Her gentle, sympathetic eyes had certain depths now—depths that made Leslie Radetsky think her almost good looking. Leslie spent much of her time in the large Vassar country house now. This was natural. She was Louis's adopted sister. At this instant she sat lazily watching Helen giving orders to her maid for the toilet she would wear that night. Miss Vassar's invitation had been out three weeks for her great ball.

A small gold-bound coffer was open before her, and from the delicate, scented satin of its lining the liquid fire of diamonds, the living whiteness of pearls, detached themselves. The new maid moved about silent and obsequious. "You are careless," said Leslie in a moment in which the woman left the room. "How long have you had that person? You look up nothing and you really know nothing of Cleopatra."

"She came excellently recommended," Leslie shrugged her shoulders. She was a tall girl, dark and slight, almost to thinness, which did not prevent her having arms and a throat so beautiful that when in a ballroom people followed her with their eyes. Her glance was deep and a little restless. She had magnificent hair and hands and feet that rivaled her throat in beauty. Nevertheless no one spoke of her as pretty. "I feel defrauded that Louis cannot come to-night," said Helen Vassar, taking up the thread of an interested conversation. "What business so urgent that he must absolutely leave town today?"

"You may be sure it is urgent. Of course it's unfortunate." "How firm you are in your allegiance to Louis," smiled Louis's betrothed. "You would question nothing he might do. You are exemplary brother and sister. You are very devoted." "Very devoted," said Leslie. The maid had re-entered the room. She had a note which she gave to Miss Radetsky. The latter opened and read it through. She was rather silent for awhile. Then she got up and with some passing excuse went out. A half hour later she returned, dressed for the street.

"Will you let me have the brougham? I have thought of something I want in town. I shall have time to drive in and back before dinner." "Can't I send some one?" asked Helen. "No, I prefer to go myself." "Just as you like, of course. Naturally, ring for the brougham whenever you please." It was a crisp autumn afternoon and the horses traveled rapidly. When they reached town Miss Radetsky stopped at a large shop and bade the coachman wait. She walked through the crowded aisles leisurely and finally issued into another street through an opposite door. Then she began to accelerate her step. She walked about ten minutes and stopped at length before a bachelor apartment house. She took the elevator and rang at a door. It opened almost simultaneously and she entered a large room with partly drawn curtains. Louis closed and double locked the door again.

The last carriage rolling away from Miss Vassar's ball faced the late rising moon. The day had been cool and the night had a warning of winter.

There were sounds of closing doors, of moving footsteps, about the great house for a half hour or more. On the landing of the first floor Helen said good night to her guest and the women separated and went to their rooms. The last light was extinguished after a time and everything sank into silence.

The creaking of a door woke no echo in the wide hall. A window at the end of it admitted moonlight cloisteral in its whiteness. It just touched a softly stepping figure dressed in black. In black, of course. How could one tell what trick a stray moonbeam falling on white might play?

Miss Vassar slept behind locked doors. But between her bedroom and the hall was a small boudoir. There was moonlight enough here also. Enough, at least, to see one's way to the curious cabinet of alabaster Japanese woods that stood in one corner. A fragile thing in appearance, but not fragile in reality, unless you happened to know the mechanism of its secret drawers.

When you did, what more easy than to touch a spring and assist the hinge that noiselessly turned, exposing the indistinct contour of the well-known coffer behind? The box was light of weight, despite the value it represented. But those swift, dexterous fingers had no thought of carrying it. Already they had pressed the secret spring lock that opened it and lifted the padded tray. Just then the moon passed under a cloud. But there was no possibility of mistake in the touch of those cold chained stones, slipping, like a snake, against the palm. This was the wonderful Vassar treasure, enriched, in three successive generations, by gems scarce anywhere to be caught.

The tray was replaced, the coffer put back, the hinge turned. The Japanese cabinet stood in its corner as if no alien touch had violated it. The dark figure, in the light of the reappearing moon, glided from the room as noiselessly as it had glided in.

"That wretched woman has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary." For days Miss Vassar had been oppressed as with a weight. Even the preparations for her approaching marriage seemed scarcely to arouse her. She had taken a liking to the neat little French maid so short a time in her service before she had been arrested for the theft of the Vassar necklace. Even now, with every proof of her guilt, she could not, apparently, convict her in her own mind or appease her regrets.

"I think you are morbid," said Leslie Radetsky, quietly. "What is to prevent people from getting their deserts in this world?" "How cruel you look when you say that!" exclaimed Miss Vassar with a note of pain in her voice.

"Well, some one who knew something of phraseology, physicist—all the rest of it—told me once that I was cruel. Cruel, unscrupulous," added the girl with a smile. "Unscrupulous when I had an end to gain."

"Don't say those things," exclaimed her friend, as before. "You are always saying them latterly. Why?" "Ah, why, why?" cried the girl with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders. "Was she really changed? She asked herself a little later as she went down in the wide grounds. She had slipped on a thick jacket and walked with a rapid step over the frozen snow. The winter day was breathless and clear. The icy stillness seemed to cool her head and hands. Oh, this feverishness that would not go out of her veins! But, outwardly, she was not perfectly calm? She had grown hard. Of course. Hard, bitter, reckless; all the rest of it. She gave a low laugh in the silence of the empty, leafless alleys. How could one help that! It was either to do that or—to go mad, perhaps!

She stopped abruptly with a light trembling of the limbs. She had heard an approaching step. It was Louis. He had left his trap at the gate and was walking up through the grounds to the house. "I thought I should meet you here," he said. His voice shook and his pallor struck through all her bewilderment with a sort of terror. "Do you know that that woman has been sentenced to ten years—ten years—imprisonment?"

"Yes, I know." "God in heaven, and you say that so quietly? What are you made of?" His eyes hung upon her with a species of revolting curiosity. "I am made of stuff that can face the consequences of its actions," she said in a low voice. "That does not shrink and shrivel like a poor coward like you."

"If I have lost my soul, 'tis because of you!" cried the man as one distraught. "Did I make you forge a check to save yourself from bankruptcy? Did I make you, when the crime was on the eve of discovery, throw yourself on my mercy and ask me to help you? How was I to help? Was not I as poor as you? I did what I could. I committed a crime in my turn to save you. To allow you, scott free, to marry a rich woman who loved you. To allow you to cast anchor in a safe harbor for the rest of your days."

"And the crime you committed condemns me as it does you," he cried with a shaking voice. "The first weakening of my conscience came through you as well, though you may deny it. Who was it urged me to speculate, urged me to strain out of my obscurity? Who was it flattered my vanity into thinking that I was made, intended for the brilliant triumphs of life? You! You have been an evil star to me. A millstone hung around my neck. That my eyes might never rest on you again would be a wish too intense for realization!"

He had gone from her and at last she saw him as he was. This coward, this beautiful weakling, too pliant to resist temptation, too nervous to abide by his misdeeds, was the creature she had loved with such blind adoration all her life, who

scarcely a year younger than herself, had been almost as a son and a brother in one. And was there a nearer love still and a dearer love yet, so deep hidden in the secret recesses of consciousness that even the heart that harbored it had not recognized its presence?

It was all over now. There was one thing left alone, and that was ever friendly.

She went back into the house and wrote two letters. One was addressed to Helen Vassar. It accused her, Leslie Radetsky, of the theft of the Vassar diamonds. She wanted the money for her own personal uses. No need ever to ask what those uses might have been. The French maid was innocent. Steps might be taken at once for her liberation. Suspicion had, of course, been purposely thrown on this woman. Who else knew where Miss Vassar kept her diamonds—who but the new maid and Miss Vassar's friend, the adopted sister of the man she was to marry? Miss Vassar had wealth in superfluity. What she had regretted was not the loss of her diamonds so much as the guilt of a young girl who had impressed her as innocent. Well, that young girl was now absolved. It was true that the adopted sister of her betrothed bore the guilt instead. But she loved the brother, and for his sake, perhaps, she would drop the veil over a crime expiated as sins could alone be expiated, it was said.

Such was the substance of the first letter. The second was written to Louis. "You are safe, unless you speak yourself, which, though you are a coward, I do not think likely. Helen will not seek to know one detail of my deed. She is noble and Quixotic. She need never discover that the necklace passed on to you and was severed and the stones scattered and sold. The French girl is safe, too. I am going where—disgrace does not reach. Strange! I loved you. Can you understand that, I wonder?"

Both letters were found by her side. The room was filled with the odor of bitter almonds and she held the little vial still clenched in her stiffening hand.

Louis Radetsky and the heiress were married abroad a year later. The young man had been for months at death's door with a fever of the brain. They now live in Paris. He has aged and broken rapidly. His health is poor and he has strange hallucinations. But after so ghastly a shock, what more natural, thinks his wife.

She cares for him with a wonderful devotion. But there is a sadness in her face and a curious shadow lingers there at times. —New York Mercury.

Praetled With Her Fingers.

A peculiar family attracted the attention of the passengers on a Brooklyn Bridge train the other morning. The entire family were deaf and dumb.

It consisted of the father, a man apparently twenty-eight years old, who looked like an industrious mechanic; the mother, a handsome, neatly dressed woman of about twenty-five, and a beautiful child, a little girl under three years of age.

It was the child in whom the passengers seemed to take the greatest interest, the little "tot's" actions causing many a friendly smile.

Young as she was the child could talk in the deaf and dumb language with apparent ease, and when her parents, who were conversing in their peculiar language, mentioned anything that pleased the childish fancy she would laugh and clap her little hands, much to the delight of all who saw her.

She was a very shy little thing, however, and would not leave her mother's side for a moment. An elderly gentleman spoke to her, but she hung her head to one side, looking at him with a bashful expression in her eyes which apparently said: "I don't know you, sir, and couldn't speak to you if I did." —New York Herald.

The South's Population.

The Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, says: Notwithstanding the fact that immigration has added over 5,200,000 foreigners to our population during the last ten years, none of whom have settled in the South except in very rare cases, and that the great industrial development of this section, with its attendant Southward trend of men and money, only commenced a few years ago, the South makes a fine showing of population in 1890 as compared with 1880. The preliminary census report gives the population of Southern States as follows:

1880			1890		
Alabama	1,520,000	1,820,000	Arkansas	1,280,000	1,620,000
Florida	380,000	480,000	Georgia	1,840,000	2,140,000
Kentucky	1,870,000	2,170,000	Louisiana	1,115,000	1,415,000
Maryland	1,490,000	1,790,000	Mississippi	1,265,000	1,565,000
North Carolina	1,640,000	1,940,000	South Carolina	1,187,000	1,487,000
Virginia	1,700,000	2,000,000	West Virginia	774,000	1,074,000
Tennessee	1,800,000	2,100,000	Texas	1,175,000	1,575,000
Total		10,884,000	Total		12,192,336

The Largest Perfect Diamond.

About twenty companies are engaged in diamond mining in South Africa, one of which has a capital of \$50,000,000. They are nearly all under the control of the De Beers Syndicate in London, which is limiting the production and increasing the price. During the month of February, 1890, there were shipped from Kimberly 130,077 carats of rough and uncut diamonds, valued at \$1,282,700. In the mines they are found scattered through the blue earth in sizes ranging from 150 carats to the size of a pinhead. The largest perfect diamond ever brought from the Cape is the "Imperial," owned by a syndicate and said to be worth \$1,000,000. Next to it comes the "Stewart," of 2884 carats, which was found in the Vaal River in 1873. It was an inch and a quarter in diameter, of a light yellow, variously supposed to be due to vegetable secretions, the decomposition of fluid, or changes effected by action of heat. —New York Star.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CHERRY SOUP. Cherry soup is nice served cold. Use one and a half quarts of nice ripe cherries and three pints of water. Boil one quart of the cherries until they become pulpy, sweeten to taste and strain. Stone the one-half quart of cherries left, and with one-half of a teaspoonful of sage put into the soup, and boil until the sage is clear, not dissolved. —Brooklyn Citizen.

STEWED CUCUMBERS. Stewed cucumbers may be an unknown dish to some cooks. They are a novelty, however, in the vegetable line, and this is the way to prepare them: Peel and cut cucumbers in quarters; take out the seeds, and lay them on a cloth to drain. Roll the pieces in flour when dry and fry in butter. The butter must be hot before the cucumber is put on the pan. When they are a light brown remove them from the fire and place them on a sieve to drain. Fry some onions in the same butter, and when brown put them, with the cucumbers, into a saucepan and cover with gravy. Stew slowly until they are tender; then take out the cucumbers, thicken the gravy with flour, let it boil up once, then season with salt and pepper. Put in the cucumbers and as soon as they are warm serve.

FAMOUS MACCARONI PIE. A celebrated chef, whose macaroni pie has added considerably to his fame, says his recipe reads as follows: Take a piece of gravy beef, cut in small pieces, put into a saucepan with an onion sliced and a piece of butter, toss it on the fire until the onion and pieces of meat are browned, a bouquet of sweet herbs, a carrot cut in pieces, spices, pepper and salt to taste, a few mushrooms and a fair allowance of tomato sauce. Let the whole simmer for a couple of hours, then strain and skim off the superfluous fat. Put the boiled macaroni into a saucepan with a piece of butter, plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, and as much of the sauce or gravy as it will absorb; toss it on the fire for a few minutes, and put it by until wanted. Make a nice pie paste, line with it a tin mould previously buttered, uniting the joints carefully with the white of eggs. Have ready some very small fillets of breast of chicken just cooked with butter in a covered tin in the oven, some cooked ham or ox tongue cut in dice, some truffles and mushrooms cut in convenient pieces and cooked in the gravy used to dress the macaroni. Fill the lined mould with all these things in judicious proportions, letting the macaroni predominate, and adding during the process a little more sauce or gravy and a due allowance of Parmesan cheese; cover up the mould with a disk of paste, unite the edges carefully and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour. Turn out of the mould carefully and serve.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Silver that is not in constant use can be kept bright by packing it in oatmeal. To keep silver from tarnishing apply with a soft brush a coating of collodion dissolved in alcohol. Steel knives that are slightly oiled, then wrapped in tissue-paper, will keep an indefinite time without rusting.

An uncovered soap-dish is the best kind to use. The air dries the water and prevents the soap from getting soft. Old people and young children need the sun. The more they bask in its light the better their chances are for life and health. Just before sealing the bottles of brandy to each one. Besides preserving the cask it improves the flavor.

Stove zincs can be kept bright and nice by rubbing them with either kerosene or lard. After a few minutes take a soft dry cloth and remove all traces of the oil or grease.

Pretty iron-holders are made of brown linen bound with red braid. A loop to hang up by should always be sewn in one corner. These covers should be made to slip off easily so that they can be washed when necessary.

If a dose of castor oil is prescribed, have the druggist prepare it after the following formula: Oil, ricini, one dram; glycerine, one dram; tinct. aurant, twenty drops; tinct. seneca, five drops; ag. cinnamon, to make half an ounce.

Flat-irons that are rusty may be cleaned very quickly with beeswax and salt. Heat the iron then rub the wax over it. Have a paper or cloth near covered with salt and scour the irons with it. This will not only remove the rust, but make the irons as smooth as glass.

Honeycomb counterpanes that have become worn in spots and are of no use for bed-coverings should be cut up for towels and wash-rags. The irregular surface of the material makes it a very good substitute for Turkish towels. Neatly hemmed they will last a long time.

The saucepans, pans, etc., that are used in cooking should always be placed after they are cleaned on the range or in the sun to become thoroughly dry. When put away damp the rust soon eats holes in them. See that the tins are dried properly and your stock will not need replenishing quite so often.

To clean glass jars and remove any odors fill the jar with hot water, then stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda. Shake well, then pour out the water. Should any of the odor remain, fill the jar again with the water and soda. Let it remain in the jar a few minutes, then pour out and rinse the jar in cold water.

Borax, a laundress says, is a valuable addition to the raw starch for collars and cuffs. Too much should not be used, as it has a tendency to make linen yellow. Lump borax may be dissolved in boiling water and bottled for future use. Perfectly clear gum arabic water can also be used for the same purpose. Heat, friction and pressure are absolutely necessary to produce a polish on collars and cuffs.

IN THE SHADOW.

Drear is the night with its wavering light And the moon is under a cloud, Each planet afar the wreath of a star Gleams pale in its mist-woven shroud, Love!

So wan in its chilling, white shroud! Weary the feet on the desolate street That bear my burden and I; My comrades are gone, and I am alone, To think of heaven and thee, Love, To dream of heaven and thee!

Hungry I in my loneliness sigh For these and all that thou art, For the loughlight that lies in thy glorious eyes To cheer my famishing heart, Love, To cheer my desolate heart!

Vain the desire! Hope's bright beacon fire Burns dimly in life's autumn rain, While I walk these long ways and long the days That will dawn for me never again, Love, The days that will dawn not again! —M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A certain class—Know-It-Alls. A good suggestion—"Let's go to church."—Mail and Express. Might not misfits be prevented if the proper measures were taken? A preferred editor—One who never presents his bill.—Texas Sittings. The illis of life are often easier to bear than the stock market.—Texas Sittings.

"I'm not tall," said the saving little man, "but I'm never short."—Boston Herald. It is easier to live within your income than to live without one.—Boston Courier. "Why does Mr. Lank go so often to fish?" "He expects to gain fish."—Boston Courier.

Whoever is head of the ship state, the farmer fairly represents the tiller.—Philadelphia Times. To the mind of the anti-monopolist there is no such thing as a perfect trust.—Detroit Free Press.

"Now, just let me give you a pointer." "Thanks, no. I've no use for a dog."—New York Herald. A very large percentage of people outlive their usefulness at an early age.—Seattle (Washington) Journal. Money is a neuter thing. A fact which nature tells. It should be classed as feminine. Because, you know, it talks. —New York Sun.

"She is not pretty. You said she was as pretty as a picture." "Oh, well, I meant an amateur photograph."—New York Sun. "How much does that fellow owe you?" "A cool thousand." "Ah! Cool but not collected, eh?"—Binghamton Leader.

"I can't go to jail," said a funny vagrant. "I have no time." "The Court provides that," said the Judge. "I give you ten days." Proof that a man is really near-sighted: When he finds it necessary to look at an elephant through a magnifying glass.—Frieden's Blätter.

Mrs. Brown—"I wonder who wrote up this account of the President's carriage?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Some hack-writer, of course."—Harper's Bazar. Waiter (very gravely)—"I hope, sir, you'll remember the waiter." Customer (coolly)—"I have a locket. Give me a lock of your hair."—L'Intransigent.

Pupil—"Why does the avoirdupois system have no scruples?" Prof. Modder—"Because, my boy, it's used to weigh coal and ice."—Harper's Bazar. Let us then be up and doing. With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Catching fire, and setting light. —Washington Star.

"Jane, will you go for a sail to-day?" Mr. Toodles asked his wife at the seaside. "Why, certainly, Timothy. What is it, an auction or a sheriff's sale?" Philadelphia Times. Gazzam—"I see that the German Government thinks of making North-Alsace-Lorraine an independent duchy." Maddox—"Of course if it were Duchy it wouldn't be so Frenchy."—Harper's Bazar.

Now let the women do our work. And let us cook the hash. For now they wear our laundried shirt, And we—wear their wash. Ashland (Wis.) Press. Mr. Fogg, having had the misfortune to fall into the fountain basin of the hotel at a watering-place, finds on his next week's bill the following entry: "To one cold bath, \$1."—Frieden's Blätter.

"A half-ticket for this boy, please." "How a half-ticket? Isn't he twelve years old?" "Oh, no, only eleven." "Oh, then you want a whole ticket, for only children under ten go for half."—Frieden's Blätter. He attained the proud title of Mr. And she pledged to be more than a wife. So they stood awhile apart, And not a word did either say. When he bent over and solemnly swore. —Buffalo Express. "Here's a first-class marking ink." (Writes on a piece of linen; "Indelible Ink.") "And here, ladies and gentlemen, I've got a splendid preparation for washing out stains." (Proceeds to wash out the above words.)—Frieden's Blätter.