### MY NEIGHBOR JIM.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained
But said wet weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me.
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,

He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now, this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Espuimau."

A cyclone whirled along its track And did him harm—

It broke his arm, And stripped the coat from off his back; And I would give another limb To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old;
"I leng have waited to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead. The angel of death had summoned him

To heaven, or—well,
I cannot tell;
tt I know that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

### GRACIE'S MISTAKE.

BY RUFUS HALE.

When Doctor Sanford came to the village of B — and put up his modest sign over the door of the little house he had hired, there was some excitement among the female portion of his

The new doctor was a fine-looking, manly fellow, and it was soon ascertained by all the single ladies in the village that he was unmarried.

In the course of a few weeks he had an extensive practice. In fact, it was really surprising to observe how many blooming young women who had hitherto enjoyed good health, were suddenly afflicted with

headache and rheumatism. The doctor also received invitations of her tender, loving relative: to social gatherings, at one of which he first saw Gracie Barton, a girl of nineteen and the belle of the village.

Gracie was something of a coquetteher only fault. In other respects she was just what a young woman should be—kind, gentle and obliging.
Perhaps she had been a little spoiled

by the admiration she had always excited among the young men. She was certainly a beautiful creature, finely formed and graceful in her

movements, with a lovely face, lighted by a pair of large, starry-brown eyes, full of piquant expression. It was not surprising that the doc-

tor was much pleased with his new acquaintance.

Not many weeks after it was ascertained that he had called upon her aunt, and asked her permission to pay his addresses to her niece. In fact, it ered. coquette with the doctor, as it had been thought she would do.

People wondered thereat, but the cause of her forbearance was simply that Henry Sandford was the only man

she had ever loved. Miriam Beak, one of the village girls, not quite so attractive as Gracie, had vainly endeavored to win the young doctor.

She was not an amiable personwas spiteful, envious, and in women's native element of love, disposed to be

revengeful. She had hoped that Gracie, by her coquetry with Sandford, would lose him. For she had observed, with the quick perception of her sex, that the doctor was not the sort of a man to be trifled with. But when she perceived that her rival showed no disposition to "tease" her lover, she was both disap-

pointed and angry. Resolved to make a desperate attempt to bring about the desired mischief, she said one day to Gracie, on

meeting the latter: "What do you think Dr. Sanford said to me yesterday, when he called on mother, who you know is one of his patients? He said that you did not dare to play off your coquetry with him, as you had done with others. Gracie only smiled, but Miriam knew that her shaft had taken the in-

tended direction. The next time she met the doctor the beautiful girl was cold and reserv-

"Gracie," Sandford finally said, drawing his chair close to her side, "you must know by this time that I love you. I have dared to hope that you think enough of me to become my

She was silent. There was a flash in her eyes such as he had never seen

there before. "Now for my triumph," she thought, with difficulty hiding the expression of the deck, the deep joy that thrilled her heart. "He shall see whether I dare to tease

him or not." "You do not answer," continued

mistaken." "And suppose you have been-what then ?" she said, with a toss of her

"In that case I would have to bear my disappointment," he answered,

We could not afford to lose so good a doctor."

"I perceive I have been mistaken," said Sandford, quietly. He arose, and without another word,

walked out of the house. Gracie, all this time, sat like a statue, Loving this man with all the strength of her womanly nature, she had really

Now he was gone. Would he ever come back to her the cabin. again? Her brain whirled-she telt

the moment he proposed to her.

faint and dizzy.

Deeply did she regret that she had rifled with him.

All the next day she sat hoping he would come to her.

But this day and the next passed cured her. drearily away without her seeing him.

village. It was soon known that he had gone away, as doctor, aboard The Japan from a neighboring seaport.

tance of the position.

Gracie was a girl of strong, deep feeling. Her grief wore upon her. her woman's pride.

There on the centre-table was the til the telegram came. pleasant book from which her lover as a keepsake.

She often picked it up now, and look- hurry aboard and try to save her. ed at it with a strange, choking sensation in her throat. Everything of this kind she saw only

her was her own fault. Had it been his; her pride might have come to her assistance. Miriam, now that the doctor was one, regretted the falsehood she had

told Gracie, and which was the cause of all this trouble. The sight of that pale, sad girl was to her a continual reproach.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on. At length came the news that The Wanderer had been lost at sea, with all on board.

Gracie said nothing. She did not even weep. But she grew paler and sadder, and her step becam slower. At times she would look at her aunt with a strange, wistful expression on her face. Often she would sit for hours in her room, holding the little ebony casket in her lap-turning it over and over in her thin hands.

At last she said to her aunt, in a hollow voice, that almost broke the heart

"Aunt, I am going away." "Going away?" "Yes, to join papa."

Mr. Barton was in business in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Well did Gracie's aunt, with the

swift divination of a woman, know why her niece desired to go there. It was in order that she might pass over the great ocean, and, perhaps, in looking at it, see the very spot where her lover's vessel had gone down.

The two at length sailed in a ship called The Watchlight for the Sandwich Islands.

When at last the craft was within a thousand miles of the port of her destination, Gracie, looking over the rail at the white, roaring waters, brought herself to imagine that this was the place where the ill-fated Wanderer had found-

was soon discovered that, for some rea- She watched it long and earnestly son or other, Gracie did not play the then she went into the cabin and lay down in her berth.

Her aunt found her there in a brain tever. For days she lay raving in wild delirium, calling again and again on her lover, bidding him come up from the depths of the sea and take her down

there with him. When Honolulu hove in sight the fever had passed, but its victim was low white, helpless and hollow-eved The fiery diseased had left her so weak that she could hardly movecould speak scarcely above a whisper

The cool air of the sea fanned her brow Through the open cabin window the invalid could see the lines of waving palms, and white strips of beach, with huge breakers rolling in towards them. and natives in their canoes skillfully riding over the lofty surges She could only see them dimly, for her life eemed slowly drifting away from her. "You think then there is no hope?" whispered her aunt to the old doctor

who had attended her during her ill-

He slowly shook his head "I am afraid there is none," he said. Gracie smiled faintly. She seemed to guess what the two were saying. She placed her hand in that of her be loved relative.

"Good-bye, aunt," she murmured. "I know I must die, but I should like to see papa before I go." "A telegram informing him of your

illness was sent to him, dear, when we were off the point. I expect him every moment.

Half an hour passed, and still he had not come. Gracie now lay white and still. Scarcely was there a movement of the

evelash The doctor looked at his watch. "She may not live ten minutes longer," he whispered to the aunt.

All at once footsteps were heard on An almost unearthly expression

lighted up the half-closed eyes of Gracie. A faint color tinged her cheek. A form quickly descended the . com

Sandford. "I hope I have not been panion stairs and sprang to the side of the sufferer's berth. "Henry Sandford! Dear Henry murmured Gracie, in an almost maubi-

"Doctor Sandford !" cried her aunt. y disappointment," he answered, it was, in fact, Henry Sandford who dily.

"Don't pine away, I beg of you.

It was, in fact, Henry Sandford who tern to signal a passenger train which had come—he who was supposed to have been lost aboard The Wanderer. was warned of the danger ahead, and A new strength seemed to come with thus saved from disaster. him to Gracie. She partly rose, threw

an arm around her lover's neck, and laid her cheek on his breast. The old doctor stared. "The most wonderful case I ever

heard of!" he cried. "She knew him before; he was her lover," whispered Gracie's aunt to the gallantly rescue the drowning, and we preacher, now aged and infirm, living speaker, who, being a little deaf, had distribute more than a hundred million at Union Springs, N. Y., has in her longed to throw herself on his breast speaker, who, being a little deaf, had not heard what had been said by the invalid when the young doctor entered

"Oh! ah! I see." " Tot qu beyond

"You now think there is hope, then?" THAT WALK THROUGH THE WHEAT. "Humph! I should think there was!" chuckled the old physician.

"She has got the medicine she wanted -the only medicine that could have And he discreetly withdrew from the

That very day Dr. Sandford left the Explanations soon followed. The young doctor, with several others, had been saved by means of a floating spar Wanderer-a merchant ship bound for when their vessel foundered. They were picked up the next day by a craft The captain, an old friend of his, had bound to the Sandwich Islands. Sandwritten to him, soliciting the acceptord then resolved to practice his pro-

sion at this place. Among his patients was Mr. Barton, Gracie's father, whom he had lately In vain she struggled against it. The been called upon to attend for an atstrength of her attachment overcame tack of the gout. As there were many people in the world of the name of Bar-Constantly did she behold little trifles ton, Sandford had no idea that this to remind her of her happy days with person, of whom Gracie had never happened to speak, was her father, un-

Mr. Barton read it aloud to the dochad so often read to her. There, on the tor, who was at that time with him, mantle of her own room, was the little and then, stricken with anguish that ebony casket he had presented to her his gout prevented his going to his dying child, he requested Sandford to Even before he spoke, Sandford had

He was soon aboard on one of the served to remind her that his leaving swiftest boats in the harbor, and as shown, he reached the ship in time. It is needless to say that Gracie rapidly recovered under the young doctor's

'treatment.' She frankly explained to him the cause of her conduct towards him when ne proposed to her, and he informed her that he had never spoken the words attributed to him by Miriam

Beak. Four months later the happy couple were married at the house of the bride's

### father.

Two Cheap and Nice Dishes. and the wife of a machinist earning a days before the flood he started up the the iron horse and of the best methods of moderate salary—who bought every day of her life a piece of meat, either beef or mutton, for baking, and after beef or mutton, for baking, and after day of her life a piece of meat, either beef or mutton, for baking, and after day of her life a piece of meat, either beef or mutton, for baking, and after day of her life a piece of meat, either continued to rise to such an extent that with the Cheyennes that he will never her family had dined off it, the remain-der was thrown away. I ventured once it was deemed advisable to tie up. This was found to be out of the question, as Wallace, when he saw that the Indians to suggest that many nice little dishes the flood had covered the 'snubbing had cut the telegraph wire, and knew could be made from cold meat, but she posts,' and so the raft drifted on, carried that he might look out for squalls. instantly silenced me by the avowal, by the current. Scores of untenanted "We don't like hashes," adding, what houses were passed, and they finally apcutting the wire, but chopped it into was the true reason of her wastefulness, that she "wouldn't take the trouble." Her children were always buying baker's cakes and buns, and a paper of candy was perpetually lying about. Reason manifest: they craved the va-

riety she refused to furnish. But very few American ladies who pay any attention to housekeeping g udge putting a little brains into cook-Brains, as we know, convert bones into relishes. In the South there is a homely saying, "Soup meat good enough for niggars." Yet, in truth, soup meat, if properly dealt with, is good enough for anybody. Now for the de-monstration. A "knuckle" of veal costs about ten cents. To convert it ino a white soup and a delicious side dish

proceed as follows: VEAL SOUP. Wash the knuckle, put it into a saucepan with three pints of cold water nd a level table noonful of salt. Sim. er for one hour and a half. Then remove the knuckle, cut of all the meat and put it aside. Restore the bones to the kettle. Add to the broth two or three sprigs of parsley, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and the same of celery salt. Stir either one rounded tablespoonful of corn-starch or two of flour into a cupful of sweet milk, add this and half a gill of granulated tapi-oca, or rice Let the soup boil slowly for one hour and a half longer, making

three hours in all. Remove the bones before serving. SIDE-DISH OR MINCE To the pieces cut from the knuckle oone, add a small cooked slice of bacon and a small onion which has been sliced and fried brown in half a teaeason with quarter of a teaspoonful of not seasoned it sufficiently add half a teaspoonful of salt. Have a small bakand line the dish thinly, bottom and ides. Put in a layer of the meat, them ine bread crumbs, lay the bits of but-

friend who happens in will probably ask for the recipe When one has bought an ordinary oup bone of beef, the meat may be cut from the bone, after boiling for two hours, and made into a side-dish or entree precisely like the veal. The bones finish the soup very well .- Good Housekeeping.

## A Hero in Overalls.

Locomotive No. 69, of the Chicago and Erie Railroad, exploded last Saturday night, while hauling a freight train. Fireman Kirby was blown from the cab, sustaining fatal injuries. Engineer Murphy, severely scalded jumped from the reck, breaking his leg as he did so. The train ran seven hundred feet before

halting. When help arrived Engineer Murphy was found crawling on hands and knees along the tract, carrying with him a lan-

Could any deed of valor on the battlefield surpass in merit the act of this humble engineer, who though his flesh was blistered by steam and his leg broken, grimly set his teeth and dragged himself along the ties to avert the dan-

ger which threatened others? Congress awards medals to those who

Together we walked in the evening time, Above us the sky spread golden clear, And he bent his head and looked in my eyes, As if he held me of all most dear. Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went throught the fields of wheat,
Narrow that path, and rough the way.
But he was near, and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray,
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past, Softly of blessed days to be: Close to his arm, and closer I pressed, The cornfield path was Eden to me. Oh; itwas sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still.

The rooks flitted home through the purple shade.

The nightingales sang where the thorns stood lyn towns ip and formerly of Iowa, as high, walked with him in the woodland glade,

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his enfoided lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depth of my eyes and said:
"S grow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of as we walked through the fields of

Young Lumberman's Device. How He Outwitted His Sweetheart's

Father.

ocal is related:

strain, is to d of the great flood of June, 1889, which devasted the Susquehanna Valley at the same time the Johnstown sentenced on Friday. calamity occurred. A well-to-do resident, whose house stood close to the river, had a beautiful daughter to whom a handsome young lumberman had been did not find favor in the father's eyes tive engineer, "the Indians were very and he was forbidden to communicate hostile, and there was constant fear that with the girl. He continued his toil they would wreck the trains. That I once knew a lady-she was English, and patiently bided his time. A few they did not is due to their ignorance of proached the home of the young man's sweetheart. As they drew near they so that it just scraped the eaves of the ing, Will you give me Mary? The old man's face depicted woefully the inward strife between prejudice and selfpreservation, but mean while the raft was

> the pike was withdrawn and he leaped aboard' 'but, d-n me,' he continued, if I ever get you in a hole like that, Bill, I'll drown ye. "The couple were married at Lock

Haven.

slipping past, and a moment's hesitation

would be fatal. 'Take her,' he velled,

The Pickpocket's Art. The chief object of a pickpocket after certainty, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he oes is to be over in a flash. Speaking fastening so complex but the expert thieves could defeat in a motion. They do in their business as fine work as any Houdin, and the thief himself could not analyze or explain its detail. His pow-

ers of execution have gone far beyond his power of perception or relation. A pickpocket consults his own neryous condition constantly. No fine lady ever has such a time with her nerve as this aristocrat of the outlaws. If he does not feel right he won't work. "When he does, I've known one on spoonful of butter. Chop very fine, the impulse to take a car on some well dressed and wealthy street, and seating lightly into a loaf. If the bacon has shirt front of everywould-be passenger a the car came up. The moment one showed a diamond in his linen or cravat ing-dish buttered. Then take a cupful the thief would hurry to the platform to of cold boiled rice or pearl hominy get off. He would time his maneuvres so as to meet his man on the step of the car. They would collide The thief's a layer of rice, over which sprinkle a hat-a stiff silk or Derby-is in his left few bits of butter; then another layer hand, and covers his dexterous right, of the meat and another of rice without which is put forward to protect its owner butter. Put over the top a layer of in the collision. It touches the newcomer right where the diamonds spark ter evenly ever them, and bake in a les, and is still covered by the hat in the moderate oven for half an hour. It other hand. With an applogy, the should be brown and crisp. When thief steps out of the way. The whole cold, slice this and serve for luncheon affair is the tenth part of a second, but n a dish trimmed with parsley. Any as he bows his regret he has the diamond in that mysterious hand of his, and, as I have said, he could not detail the moves by which he attained it, even if he should try .- Kansas City Star.

## "De Gang" Was Astonished.

From a New York Letter. A large man walked into one of the improvised polling booths in the viciny of Madison avenue, New York, on the first day of registration. For or five men sat around the tables, copying lists and preparing their books. They paid no attention to the comer until he said,

after waiting patiently for awhile: "I would like to register." "Where do you live ?" inquired one f the clerks rather gruffly. The rest looked at the would-be voter

rather suspiciously. "No. 816 Madison avenue," was the What's your name?

"Grover Cleveland." The man started as if he was shot He was so excited that his book fell to the floor, while "de gang" rose to their feet and awkwardly expressed their confusion by removing their bats. while the ex-President of the United States registered like any other citizen and walked away very much amused.

- Elizabeth Comstock, the Quaker dollars annually am ng survivors of the late war. Engineer Murphy deserves both a medal and a pension.—New York Telegram.

1. Chilot Springs, 1. 1., has in her children wisited 122,000 prisoners, 195,-000 stick and wounded soldiers, 85,000 inmates of poorhouses and almshouses on both sides of the water.

### Duped by Spiritualists.

They Tald Mr. Hill That Christ Was in Urgent Need of Money.

Susquehanna, November 1.-In the Criminal Court of Susquehanna county, at Montrose to-day, there was concluded one of the most singular cases in the history of the State Scores of witnesses gave their testimony and people from all over this region crowded the court room ev-

ery day. Olive Brown and her husband, Philander Brown, spiritualists, secured, torough their peculiar doctrine and on towns ip and formerly of Iowa, as among the machinery, takes the slabs obtain from him nearly \$3,000. The Browns represented that they were in piles it up or lays it gently upon the ox communication with the spiritual world, that Jesus Christ was in need of money and that Hill must furnish some to be favored; also that Hill's first wife, now in the spirit land, needed money for

clothing, etc. ey, which was placed in a belt in the against the others. He pushed these presence of the trio. During the night the money would vanish, and Hill believed it went to the spirit land. While on the witness stand Hill told of the and tugged it would not budge, but at manner in which the spirits instructed himself and wife to do various things, and of hearing the spirits singing "1 am so Glad That Jesus Loves Me." They also heard railway trains running in In the Philadelphia Sunday Times heaven and saw mills turning out lumthe following story of interest somewhat ber to build the heavenly city. Mrs. Hill often conferred with St. Peter and "Another tale, in a more cheerful St. Paul and with Mr. Hill's first wife.

One Trial Was Enough. "When the Kansas Pacific was first paying suit. For some reason the wooer opened," said B. W. Vedder, a locomo- elephants carrying such a timber along

forget. He was on the road near Fort inch pieces with their tomahawks to effectually stop the mysterious messages saw the whole family upon the roof frantically beseeching for rescue. Aided by the current the crew guided the raft the track over 100 Indians rose up and stretched a strong rope across the track, began to leap upon the modern ark.

The lover, however, seeing that his sweetheart was safe, grasped a pike and with a force of fifty at each end of thought that they would be the rope, thought that they would be sible able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indiaus. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the train, and more than a gree dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years

# to step the trains."

The Ouinine Hasit. the increase. The New York maider who scorns cigarettes and who knows not morphine is becoming a willing slave to the insignificent-looking little quinine pill, which she swallows at all times and under all circumstances. She of pins and studs, there has never been a carries a dainty vial with her and, upon the most trivial excuse, out comes the stopper and down goes the quinine-two,

our, six grains, as the case may be. Colds, indigestion, headache, ennui, all have their panacea in this dose. saddest part of it is that the girls will not indulgequietly and unostentatiously. They swallow the pills openly, they discuss the matter openly, they persuade their friends to go and do likewise. Naturally their heads buzz like a saw mill, but such trifles have no effect upon

them There is one thing which should be pepper. Break in an egg and mix himself side to the window, survey the it is this; according to the best physibrought to their attention, however, and cians, quinine, taken in large quantities, produces deafness - New York World.

## She Kept Both.

Congressman Kilgore, of Texas, tells the following story: "During the war while on furlough, I pulled up at a cabin in Louisiana. There was no one there but a woman. I bad \$1 in my pocket, which I offered to pay for a chicken which was smoking on the table. She refused to sell, but was willing to wager the chicken against the dollar that she could beat me jumping, I to make the first jump starting from the doorstep. I took a survey of the very short woman. I was a long legged cuss, and I put the dollar on the table by the chicken. I then took a position on the doorstep, and swung my hands to and fro, pluming for my flight through the air. Then I lit out. By the time I hat the ground and turned to see the woman follows, she had shut thedoor and fastened it on the inside. The only thing I could see was the muzzle of a double barreled ing and speaking. The nose was made

-Alonzo Gushington (to Miss Anasta-sia Prim, his affiance!)—See you yacht, But when the mouth is left open, dust -Alonzo Gushington (to Miss Anasta-Anastasia. how it lingers near the dirt and disease run down into the lungs hore, as if loath to leave it. I am as | and fastening, there, develope and dethe yacht, with you the shore. Anasta- stroy the whole system.

Miss Anastasia (stiffly) - Alonzo, vou are not a nautical man, are you?
Young Gushington—No. Anastasia. Miss Anastasia-Then I pardon you.

Young Gushington -- Pardon me, Anastasia? Why pardon? Miss Anastasia-Because you are evidently not aware that you yacht is

hugging the shore.

-Sunday-school Teacher - "And | when the wicked children continued ens has been practiced in Egypt for 3000 mocking the good prophet two she hears | years, the old process being found more came out of the wountain and ate up over forty of the wicket children. Now boys, what lesson does this teach us?"

Jimpsy Primrose - 16 I know 21 18 a

### Elephants at Work.

The Hon. Carter H. Harrison in his 'Race with the Sun,' describes a visit to some timber yards and saw mills in Rangoon, where he saw what he calls the ions of the city-the working elephants The lumber is not sawed into boards but the slab is taken off and the good stuff left in the form of square timber. The logs are many of them three feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet long. These the elephants draw from the river and pile in systematic order. Then, when they are needed, they roll them to to the ways and assist in adjusting them

for the saw. After the log is cut the elephant goes-

carts to be bauled off. While we were present a carpenter wanted lumber from a particular  $\log z$  which was under several others. One of the monsters rolled the upper logs off and pushed the chosen stick to the mill Hill from time to time furnished mon- The way was not clear—the log butted aside and guided his piece through them

with a sagacity almost human. His stick became wedged. He pushed a whispered word from the mahout and the promise of nice food he bent to it. Still it stuck. With a whistle audible for half a mile, he got on his knees, straightened out his hind legs, and put his whole force into a push. He successful. We could almost read his satisfaction in the gentle flaps of his huge ears and the graceful curve of his

proboscis as he put it up to the mounted mahout, asking for his reward. Sticks more than two feet thick and twenty feet long are lifted bodily upon the great ivories and are then carried off and laid upon the gangways so gently as not to make a jar. We saw one of the

a path not three feet wide among masses of loose logs. He had to plant his fore feet upon the logs, and thus walk a considerable distance. He looked as if he were walking upon his hind legs. The corner of a frail little bamboo hut stood in his way. He lifted the log over the roof, and bent his body so that his sides gently scraped the corner of the house and did not shake it. A hundredth part of his weight would have caused it to topple from its

### pile foundation.

What Lies Beyond. Wayland Hoyt repeats a story which

has come down from the Sixteenth century of Philip Neri, the saint. A young man, a student in a famous braced themselves, and prepared to re- Italian University, came running to tell ceive the shock of the locomotive. As him of his aims of life. He had entered was afterward learned, they had taken | the law shool because of its wide reputation, and would spare no pains to get through with his studies as soon as pos-

"Well," said the saint, "when you have got through your course of study what do you mean to do then ?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's de-"And then?" "Then I shall have a number of difficult questions to manage, and shall eatch people's notice by my eloquence

and by my acuteness, andfgain a great

"And then ? Why, then there can be no question but I shall be promoted to some high office, and shall make money and grow

"And then ?" "Then I shall be comfortably and honorably situated with wealth and dig-

reputation.

"And then? "And then I-I shall die." "And then? Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his eyes and went away, -Sl. Louis Republic

## Three Rude Scamps Well Answered,

Two or three idle young men were lounging around a street corner the other evening just as the down-town stores were sending home their employes. "Let's have some fun with the girls! said the ringleader of the trio. "See that girl in the front seat of the grip? Let's speak to her!" Then, as the car stopped at the corner, the impudent fellow tipped his hat, with how do you do Kittie Johnson!" "Why," says another "if that isn't Kittie Johnson!" d'ye do Kittie?" said the third. The young lady, a pretty, ladylike girl, was surprised and indignant. Her face grew white and red by turns, Most of the passengers understood the situation. Finally, the girl, her eyes twinkling with merriment, and conscious of the support of her fellow-passengers, answered in a clear ringing voice that every passenger could hear, "Why, how do you do, Tom, Dick and Harry ! When did you get out of jail? Who went bail for you all ?" The car started up amid a storm of applause, while the dudes on the corner smiled sickly grins at each other .- Chicago Journal.

Many disease germs enter through an open month. The mouth was not made for breathing, but for eatfor breathing, and air, passing through the long moist nasal passage, is purified and leaves behind dust, disease germs HE WASN'T UP IN NAUTICAL TERMS. and various impurities, while the air is

- About eighty-eight million bushels of American corn were exported to foreign markets in 1889. In 1888 cnly about 23,000,000 bushels were exported. The demand for American corn in foreign markets steadily increases as the value of that product as an article of food is better appreciated. As a substitute for oil cake for stock its demand

-The artificial hatching of chick effectual than the so-called inventions of this country. Our consul general at Cairo tells us in his last report that the marketable crop of artificially hatched "Well, Jimsy?" children a she bear can hold." children a she bear can hold." children a she bear can hold."

is also increasing.