SUCCESS VERSUS FAILURE.

Succeed, and the world will help you But fail and you struggle alone; For all mankind have faults of a kind, And each has his own to atone.

Get wealth, and friends will surround you, Grow poor, and then where are they? Ask not for their aid if your debts are not paid For each has his own way to pay.

Make a show, then men may know you, Look shabby, they'll quick turn aside; But when one is dressed he may pass for the Even crime you may hide with pride.

Have comforts, and friends share with you, Have none, and how can they share?
For they have to live and can't always give
To those who not oft have to spare.

Succeed, and the loved ones greet you, But fail, and aggreved are you met; Oh, win—just win! then scarce any sin That they all may not soon forget.

Then wife and daughter, mother, son Have kisses to give at the door,
But rarely kind word has ever been heard
For him to the home-door poor.

—James Barkley, in America

OLD HUMPHREY'S BELL.

HARRY C. FULTON.

Mr. Giles was seated alone in the tap room of St. Agnes inn, with his feet on the table, a half-filled mug of ale in his hand, and was looking through the open doorway at the fading sunlight, and wishing that some customer might call and drop a few shillings into his till. He was about finishing the ale, when the sound of steps without caused him to remove his feet from the table and to assume a dignified and businesslike attitude, by standing with his hands behind his back, and with an indifferent look on his face, as though independent of the entire world.

"Good evening, Mr. Giles," said the new-comer.

"Good evening, Parker, good evening," answered Mr. Giles. "Come in. What will you have and what's the

"Ale, Giles, and a bit of cheese. You ask for the news; then you haven't heard it?'

"Not a bit, What is it?"

"Old Humphrey."
"What of him?" asked Mr. Giles. "Dead."

"Dead!" "Yes, dead," repeated Mr. Parker, as he brought his hand down on the table with emphasis, as though driving the last nail into old Humphrey's coffin.

"When did he die!" asked Mr. Giles.

"An hour ago." "Then many a secret dies with him, and I know some of them," said Mr

Giles with a very knowing and mysterious shake of the head. "What do you mean!" asked Mr. Parker. "Nothing," was the very unsatisfac-

tory answer It must be something " "No matter. What has he done with his money?" asked Mr. Giles. "Divided it among some kintolk in

Wales, all excepting one hundred pounds. "And pray, what's that for!" "For the good of the parish," answered Mr. Parker.

"Then Heaven help the parish!" "Giles, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, Parker, nothing. And what is the money for?" "For a bell to be placed in the va cant tower of St. Agnes Church."

"Protection protect us! If it even rings there it will be the death-knell of the church," said Mr. Giles. "Mr. Giles, will you be kind enough

to explain yourself? What do you "That the parish musn't touch the money."

"Why?" Mr. Giles looked about the room before answering, and then said: "Because it is cursed.' "Cursed, Giles! cursed, did you

"Yes cursed; every penny of it. It will bring only mischief."

"Why cursed? How?" asked the "There is blood on it. Red blood is

on it, I tell vou." "I don't understand," said Mr. Parker.

"No doubt you don't understand. There is a great deal that you don't understand, Parker, a vast, great deal. But I tell you that I will never enter the church if a bell purchased with old Humphrey's money is ever hung in its tower!"

"You are very wrong, Giles. You are too hard on old Humphrey, who may have been a little wild a few years back, but of late, you know, he has been a sober and a well-behaved sub-

"I know he has, and I know a great deal more," was the answer.
"What is the matter with you, Giles? There is something on your mind, and I say out with it.'

"Parker!" "What, Giles ?" Mr. Giles again looked about the room, under the table, and out of the door before asking: "Do you see that road before this inn?"

"I do." "It is the same road?" "What same road?" "The same road that has been there

as long as we can remember." "Certainly. But what of the road?" "Can you remember, Parker? Do you recall the robberies that were committed on that road twenty years ago?'

"And the murders?"

"Who was the robber?" asked Mr.

Giles. "I don't know." "Who was the murderer?" "I don't know. "I do," said Mr. Giles, "Who?"

"Humphrey!" repeated the aston-ished Mr. Parker. "How do you know?" "I know."

"But how?" nearer. "About four years ago Humphrey was in here alone with me, as very talkative, and so drunk that he seemed to mistake me for some one bery and murder."

"Well," put in Mr. Parker. "He said that he had been the leader of the murdering gang," continued hands, and gave directions to the men Mr. Giles, "and he kept referring to below. me to corroborate his stories." "Why haven't you told of this be-

fore?" asked Mr. Parker. "I didn't dare to so long as Humphrey lived. Indeed, no. My life the thought came into his mind that wouldn't have been worth that pewter such should have been the fate of old pot if I had. Humphrey was too Humphrey. drunk to remember what he had said.

and I didn't propose reminding him of it. that he imagined the whole thing," said Mr. Parker.

"Think of it as you will, think of it as you will, Parker. You will see, though, mark my words, mischief, and mischief alone, will come out of that bell. I have nothing more to say about it, and will have nothing more to go with it.

"You are silly, Giles. Because Humphrey may have done wrong is no reason that the church should not accept the bell."

"Have your own way, Parker, have your own way. But I tell you that the money came through evil, and that the bell will bring evil. 'You are a croaker," said Mr. Parker.

'The bell will be swinging in the tower of St. Agnes before two months, and on Christmas day it will ring as merrily as any bell in all England. "We'll see, Parker, we'll see."

So the conversation ended for that day, and the subject was not mentioned again for almost a month, when one night, while the two friends were seated at a table in St. Agnes's inn, discussing the different brewings of ale, the clerk of the parish entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Giles. "Take a seat and some ale, and tell us the London news. When did vou get home?" "This afternoon."

"What news about the casting of the bell?" asked Mr. Parker. "Bad news," answered the clerk. "I told you so," said Mr. Giles. told you so. What is it, Miller? Out

with it. "I went to see them pour the bell," replied the clerk, "and all was ready at three o'clock yesterday. The melted metal was in a huge pot that some workmen were swinging by a derrick into place to pour, when a chain parted, and the molten mass was spilled

"What did I tell you, Parker? What did I tell you?" asked Mr. Giles. "Didn't I say that it would bring evil? Here are two good lives sacrificed, and I fear that there will be more if the work is continueed."

"They will try again next week," said Mr. Miller. "They had better stop where they are. They had better stop," answered Mr. Giles.

Mr. Parker had nothing to say. He perhaps, his friend Giles was right. But on that day two weeks he had forgotten his fears, and, entering the inn, in an exultant tone said: "The bell is here, Mr. Giles, and will be hung on the morrow. It is so large that we must build a scaffolding, and take it up outside of the tower and let it down through the roof. You must come and

"Not I, Parker, not I. I wouldn't touch a hand to it for all the wealth in high.' You know that the wild goose, the parish."

"You are very silly, Mr. Giles. But come and see us hang it. There will be a fire in the church stove to keep your fingers warm." "I wouldn't go into the church after the bell touches the grounds for all

that could be offered to me, but I will be there to see. "That is right, Mr. Giles; come and hear the bell ring a merry laugh at

your fears."

On the next morning the bell was deposited at the foot of St. Agnes's tower, and the men who had gathered at the church were warming themselves at the fire inside, waiting for those who had not yet arrived; all excepting Mr. Giles, who stood at some distance from the ower, looking upon the bell in a Atlanta Constitution. frightened manner, as though it was some sort of brass-jawed and iron-tongued wild beast ready to spring upon him. To Mr. Giles the bell was not a senseless mass of metal, but the incarnation of old Humphrey's evil deeds; and he was shaken by the very thought of its blasphemous voice call ing the worshipers together. While

he stood shaking his head at the bell, Mr. Parker came behind him and struck him on the shoulder. He started as though he thought that the bell had something to do with the blow he

"Good morning, Giles," said Mr. Parker, "don't stand freezing here in tal. He held on, however, and after the cold morning air. Come in and the tide turned made money rapidly warm yourself, and give us a hand, and Then the poor man died, but his hand we will have the bell in place in no

"No, Parker, no. I wouldn't touch a hand to the thing for all of the royal treasure. And I would as soon think of entering the lower regions as that church.

"Just as you please," replied Mr. "Stay where you are for half an hour and you will see the bell swinging and hear its voice laughing at you.'

friend went into the church and soon

Mr. Giles dropped his voice into a came out again followed by the others, ow whisper, and anspered: "Hum- and preparations were made to hoist the bell into position, Mr. Parker took his place on the top of the tower beside an impromptu crane that had been erected, with its projecting arm reaching out beyond the wall, and "Listen," said Mr. Giles, as he took holding suspended a rope that was his friend by the arm and drew him to draw up the bell. Alf was made ready. One end of the rope was se-curely fastened to the bell, while the you are now, and had been drinking a other end, which had been run over a great deal as you have not. He was pulley on the crane above, was secured to a windlass on the ground. Eight men seized the arms of the windlass else-for some companion of twenty and walked slowly around it. The bell years before-and he talked about rob- began to rise and soon was swinging clear and then began to ascend. High er and higher it went while Mr. Parker allowed the rope to pass through his

> Mr. Giles stood speechless, shading his eyes, and watching this monstor of a bell suspended by the neck and swinging between sky and earth, and

The bell reached the top of the tower, and, slowly rising was soon above it. Mr. Parker took a firm hold of the "I rather think he was so drunk rope, and called for help to swing it over the parapet, that it might be lowered through the tower roof to the bear-

ings prepared for if. He looked down at the motionless Mr. Giles, and waved his hand exul- along and said: tantly. Was it only imagination that caused Mr. Giles to think that the crane was vibrating, or was it actually moving? He thought he saw it leaning toward the church, and Mr. Parker appeared to be using all his strength to

It was not imagination. The crane was toppling and being dragged by the weight of the bell.

What was Mr. Parker's strength as compared with the gravity of that mass of brass? Nothing. The fastenings once loosenen, a hundred men could not have held it. It must go. Mr. Giles saw this, and cried out

with alarm. The men below jumped from under. and the ponderous bell and rope and crane swung partly around, with Mr. Parker still clinging on. He loosened his hold, but too late.

He had been dragged beyond his balance, and conscious man went down with senseless metal. Not onto the ground, but onto and through the church roof.

The men rushed inside of the church and the cry of fire was raised. They hurried for water. The bell had struck the stove, crushing it to the ground, and scattered its coals, which had lighted the surrounding woodwork and soon filled the church with flame and smoke.

Water came too late. The church was doomed, and the men could do nothing but stand by and watch the de nor in the delay of the d vouring flames destroy their house of worship, and leave nothing standing save a few jagged pieces of wall.

"I told you so; I told you so," said Mr. Giles. "Poor Parker, he wouldn't onto two of the men, killing them in- believe me, and now where is he? Dead! with ease a turnip, an apple or a potato. His life is sacrificed, and the church is destroyed, all on account of that accursed bell, which I knew could never bring aught but evil.'

When the fire subsided Mr. Parker's burned bones were found beside the bell, which was cracked from rip to top, and lay on its side deeply sunk into the ground.

Not a man was found who would touch it, and there it was left amid the ruins of St. Agnes, and there it lies to this day on the ground that is cursed, appeared very much affected by what he had heard, and began to fear that, avoided, especially after nightfall, exavoided, especially after nightfall, excepting by the ghost of old Humphrey, which is said to haunt the spot .- Chi

cago Daily News. "The Goose Honks High."

"Do you know," said Captain S. H. Jones, "the saying, Everything is lovely and the goose hange high," is not cor-

"No; why? "It should be, 'The goose honks in passing south at the beginnig of the cold season, utters a peculiar note, 'honk,' and from that fact originated the saying. People in the interior have perverted it into the goose 'hangs' instead of 'honks' "

Captain Jones is a South Carolinian to the mannor born, and bears the weight of sixty-one years with the same easy nonehalance that he bore the old double length saber that hangs in his coom, which he wielded in many a wild dash with Wade Hampton in the campaigns of Virginia during the late war. So, his word is good authority in regard to the goose "honking" instead of 'hanging' high, for he has heard the note uttered by this peculiar bird many and many a time as the wanderer soared aloft above the rice fields of Carolina .-

A Lucky Widow.

The luckiest woman in Kansas City buxom young Widow Blossom, proprietress of the great Union Depot restaurant who feeds 2,000 people daily at 50 cents a head for a good square meal, and owns a three-story hotel across the street where part of them may sleep if so minded. The lamented Mr. Blossom located in the Union Depot several years ago and had some little trouble in making both ends meet. Expenses were high, and for a time it looked as though he would have to abandon the enterprise to some one with more capisome widow carries on business at the same old stand and is yearly laying away a snug sum, estimated all the way from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. She would marry any day, but like most woman with money, fears to wed

a fortune-seeker. -Life in the little German village of Strobeck, in the Hartz Mountains, is almost entirely given up to chess play-ing. Even the children in the schools Mr. Giles was left alone, and his are proficient in the ancient and royal THE SNOW BIRD.

Winter is coming, Winter is coming;
Birds know it, skies know it, hearts know it
Sleep again, snow again, drifted so deep again, Over each brave Spring poet

Sing the old year with his beard of gray-He looketh at you so sadly; Is it a masque that the robes of May Fit his gaunt limbs so badly?

"Love again, nest again, sing again, young again,"
Hark! 'tis a Lear gone crazy—
autumn will soothe him with wine and And golden-rod give for daisy.

Winter is coming, Winter is coming; Birds know it, skies know it, hearts it.

Weary-winged snow bird, fly o'er the sea
And break the news to the poet.

—Grace Duffie Roc.

Horace Greelev's Ham.

After the Tribune had moved its offices to Spruce and Nassaw streets.in the take money from the many for the beneold building, Mr. Rhoades came down one morning about 9 o'clock and saw a big ham lying on the heater. Franklin J. Ottarson, the city editor, came in and said: "Dave, whose ham is that?" "I don't known, 'Ot,' " was the reply

"Give it to me," said "Ot." "Nothing of the kind," said Rhoades. If you want it come around and get

the office that ham was there

Ottarson promptly went around and took it. At 12 o'clock Mr. Greeley came "Dave, where is my ham?"

"Your ham! Get up to Ottarson's as quick as you can, probably you will find it in the pot, boiling."
"Well, confound you," said Mr.

Greeley, using more vigorous language, however. "Why did you give Ottarson that ham ?"

wouldn't give it to him, and he took Next day Mr. Greely said: "Confound you, you gave 'Ot' that ham.'

" 'Ot' says you did !" "He's not telling the truth."
Shortly afterward Mr. Greeley unurdened his mind to his associates, in words something like these: "You lot of thieves, I'll have to pin my shirt on my back if I don't want to lose it

among you !"

Sharp Knives for the Kitchen.

The pathway of the average cook is eldom if ever rose strewn, and when necessity obliges her to put up with "makeshifts" of the ordinary kitchen, do not blame her too severely if the weeds of discontent spring up and gain a strong foothold. No workman, be he carpenter, joiner, mason or decorator, can do perfect acceptable work without appropriate tools, neither can a cook work as fast or as well with inconveniences as she can in a properly appoint-

The one item of paring knives is a matter of gigantic importance to the cook, with her many "irons in the fire," yet it is an exceptional case where a kitchen is found containing these necessities that are sufficiently sharp to pare In the average American kitchen they are "as dull as a hoe," to use a common

It the happy possessor of one or two of your grandmother's old tin case uold on to them with a determueu grip; "their price is above runt day is so poor that it will not hold n edge. A good file, polished down on a grin 1 stone, with one end fastened into a wooden handle, the other sharped off to a point, is said to be far better than any manufacturer's knife-the steel being of so much better quality. A small whetstone should be its constant companion.—Good Housekeeping.

Looking for Brains.

Burt G. Wilder, professor of physiology, comparatively anatomy and zoology in Cornell university, not satisfied with collecting over 4,000 specimens of entire animals, preserved in alcohol, has now decided to give his attention to a careful study of the human brain by means of actual observation, examination and experimentation. For this purp se he has secured the brains of several hundred persons who died recently. Among these are the brains of philosophers, artists, business men, even murderers. Dr. Wilder has discovered some curious facts from his study regarding a

man's accountability for his crimes. By a peculiar process Dr. Wilder hardens the brain before it is taken from the body. Dr. Wilder is anxious to get the brains of some professors, and is on a still hunt for bequests of this kind. One prominent college president has already presented his brains to professor Wilder on his decease, and several professors of left him their bodies as well as their brains. Dr. Wilder, among other things, shows that insanity in many cases springs fromlack of cerebral nutriment consequent on poor blood circulation.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Texas One-Tenth the Country.

A great many people want to know now large texas is in area. They look in quite a number of alleged statistical abstracts and never find the same figures in two of them. The official figures of Texas area are 262,696 square milesequal to about 8.9 per cent. of the entire area of the United States and territories. Texas is six times larger than New York, seven times as large as Ohio and 100,000 square miles larger than all the eastern and middle states, including Delaware and Maryland. Compared with the countries of Europe she has 34,000 square miles more than the Austrian empire, 62,000 square miles more than the German empire, and nearly 70,000 square miles more than France.

The wildest dreamer could not have predicted a century ago anything so inconguous as has happened during the past month-the arrival at Jaffa, in far-off Asia Minor, of three American ocomotives, to be used on the railroad to Jerusalem. Is the day approaching when the camel, that beast of burden for unknown ages, shall go to join the dodo and the megatherium?

Prices and Taxes.

All the mouth pieces of man poly are now denying that the McKinley bil will increase or has increased prices Let the housewife go to the stores and see for herself. She will buy cheaper to-day, too, than sie will next spring. Up to the moment the McKinley bil became law every one of these tooters for monopoly admitted that it would increase prices and defended it on the principle that cheap goods made cheap men. If the McKinley bill had not enabled and compelled American manufacturers to increase prices what was it wanted for? Who else asked for it? There is a simple and an effective answer to all of the falsehoods now told

concerning this most infamous measure. It is this. If the new monopoly tariff intend to oppress the poor, if it does not fit of the few, why sustain it? Why not repeal it.

That bill was passed as the price of

the heavy campaign contributions of the Tariff beneficiaries to Republican campaign funds. It has increased prices. It will increase them still more "I only know that when I came into It can be defended on no other ground. Nobody but monopolists asked for it. If they are now honest in disclaiming the benefits that it confers upon them let them agree to advocate its repeal. In no other way can the people escape its burdens.

Snaka Swallowed the Bahy.

Cincinnati Enquirer. George Wharton, of Brown county, tells a blood-curdling snake story. Mrs. William Huzelly, living in a log cabin, was making soap in the back yard, having kissed her sweet little six-months "He took it," was the reply. "Ottar-son came down and asked for the ham. I

and was horror stricken to find a hideous blacksnake of enormons size trying to and a number of boys in the vicinity swallow the child. It had engulfed thehand and swallowed it up to the arm-pit and was writhing in its contortions and efforts to make further progress. Grasping the hideous reptile in the middle, it seemed to relax its hold and disgorge the child's arm, then turned upon its mother. She dashed it to the floor, and in soon as the school convenes a cane and her wild frenzy stamped it to death. It spectacles will be dropped for his benproved to be of the black racer species, seven feet two inches long, and measuring six and one-half inches in circumference. The baby lived, and the only inconvenience it suffered from its terrible experience was that its arm and

hand were blistered as if scalded in hot

water.

Insults. It is always better to pass a dozen intended insults without recognition than to take offense at a single unintentional neglect or reflection. Misunderstandings are fruitful of more unkindly feelings in society than ever result from deliberate ill-nature. Hundreds of friendships have been sundered by that egotistical sensitiveness which is ever looking for offense. We can all point to certain persons who are thus morbidly sensitive to a painful degree. They are disagreeable companions. We need not waste our precious time in pointing to them, however. We have each some thing to guard in our own character. We are each inclined to take offense too easily. If we could remove this ever jealous watchfulness, society would be relieved of a very disagreeable feature. Then pass neglect and personal reflection, as gracefully as possible, instead of being offended when no offense is intended.

The Bridegroom Was Confused.

A resident clergyman, who has a keen relish for humor, tells of an incident in the professional experience of a clerical friend. The clergyman referred to had been engaged to perform the marriage service, and the expectant bride and groom were standing before him in the church. The service had proceeded as

far as the question:
"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife ?" No response being made, the question was repeated a little more emphatically:
"Wilt thou take this woman to be

thy wedded wife ?" "Eh-ah-beg pardon. Were you speaking to me, sir?" He was assured of the fact : and having regained consciousnes the twain

were quickly made one.-Portsmouth

Received 1,000 Volts and Lived. SAN FRANCISCO, November 23-L. W. Morgan, an employe of the California Electric company, last night received the full fo ce of 1,000 volts of electricity. He was repairing a wire on Kearney street and was torty-three feet from the sidewalk. He clung by his hands leading educational institutions have to the wire and when another workmen attempted to bring him down his grasp on the wire could not be broken. wire was finally cut and Morgan dropped unconscious into the arms of his res cuer, who brought him down safely to the ground. The palms of Morgan's hands were burned to the bone, and after regaining consciousness he suffered intense agony. Morgan will recover.

> THROWN HIS MONEY.—Cosmopolite So you've been to Boston? Rusticus-Oh, Yes.

C .. Did you get to Faneuil Hall ? R,-Oh, Yes. C.-Did you hear Phillips Brooks preach? R -Oh, Yes.

C .- Did you go up Bunker Hill Monument? R.-Oh, Yes. C .- Well, did you go into one of those 5. ent stores and hear the girls say Caawsh ?'

R,-No. C .- Then you have simply thrown your money away. - Boston Courier.

They Weren't In It.

"Who carried off the gates of Gaza?" asked the Sunday-school superintend-

It was the Sunday morning after Halloween, and twenty-seven boys rose up at once and said they hadn't had anything at all to do with it .- Chicago

Keep Your Word.

A story is told of a man who visited President Lincoln, and was in the habit of making promises, more freely than ne kept them. In order to induce one of Mr. Lincoln's boys to sit on his lap, the gentleman offered to give him a charm which he wore on his watch chain. The boy climbed upon his lap. Finally the gentleman rose to go, when Mr. Lincoln said to him, "Are you not going to keep your promise to my boy?" "What promise?" said the visitor. "You said you would give him a charm." "Oh, I could not," said the visitor. "It is not only valuable, but I prize it as an heirloom."
"Give it to him," said Mr. Lincoln sternly. "I would not want him to know that I entertained one who had does not increase prices, if it does not no regard for his word." The gentle-enrich favored interests, if it does not man colored, undid the charm and handman colored, undid the charm and handed it to the boy, and went away with a lesson which he was not likely soon to forget, and which others may profit by

learning. Be slow to promise, but never fail to perform a promise which you have made,

A Turtle's Toilet. Never until this year have I been so

glad to see the school begin," said a prominent citizen. "Why?" asked the curious friend.
"Well," replied the gentleman, "I shall tell you of a remarkable effect

which a school a few miles from here has produced upon the lower animals. "A year ago a young couple were boating on a pond in the vicinity of this school, when the youth, who was row-ing, took off his cuffs and laid them on

the seat in the stern of the boat. "By an unfortunate twirl of her parasol the young lady knocked the articles overboard, and the weight of the buttons

took them straight to the bottom. "Now comes the wonderful part. A day or two ago the pond was drained, fish; but imagine their snrprise when they found a large snapping turtle wearing the cuffs in the nost approved college style. In consideration for his intelligence the snapper was allowed to pursue his course in civilization, and as soon as the school convenes a cane and

"Oh-h-h!" - Minneapolis Tribune,

A Great Painters Queer Mistake.

At a fine art exhibition David, the French painter, stood among a crowd of persons who were admiring one of his best paintings. One of the crowd. whose dress bespoke a cab driver, gave

"I perceive that you don't seem to care for the picture?" said the great ar-"Not a bit !" "Still everybody stops to look at it."

manifest signs of contempt.

"There's little need to. What an ass the painter must be to make a horse with his mouth all covered with foam. and yet the animal has no bit." David said nothing, but when the exhibition was closed for the day he painted out the foam.—London Tid Bits,

Not QUALIFIED .- They were canvassing the chances of the candidates on both tickets, when a man who had been napping in his chair behind the

stove arose and said: "Thaz all rize, but I know of one man who can't be 'lected nohow." "Who's that ?" asked several voices in chorus.

"But why?"
"Cause he ain't qualified f'r 'er po-"What! Why he has a fine educa-

"Thaz Mr ..

"He's a worker." "Can't help zhat." "And everybody likes him." "But he isn't qual'fied ?" "Wherein isn't he qualified?" "Rize here. I met him on the street two hours ago an' he didn't ask me to

have 'er drink. Can't be 'lected I shay.

'Merican people have no confidence in

such a feller as zhat."-Detroit Gree

"Makes no diff'rence."

Press. -What we neel is not reforms in methods and forms so much as a change in social tendencies. Let the influences which are concentrating wealth at the cost of ignorance and poverty among the masses be checked and the funda-mental intention of republican institutions will assert itself. Let them keep on and the misgovernment of American cities will be among the least of the

---Noble works ought not to be printed in mean and worthless forms and cheapness ought to be limited by an instinctive sense and law of fitness. The binding of a book is the dress with which it walks out into the world. The paper, type and ink are the body in which its soul is domiciled, And these three-soul and body and habiliment-are a trio which ought to be adjusted to one another by the laws of harmony and good sense

evils that follow.

All this rush to the cities, by cutting down the ranks of the food producers, is bound, sooner or later to give the raising of farm products a tremen-duous boom. When Horace Greely used to go about lectuing to the farmers he told them the best thing they could do was to set out shade trees. He thought he knew something about farming, but the millionaire railroad president goes far ahead of him on practical points.

The newspapers are again speculating on the probability that the Mormons will gather themselves together, bag and baggage, and go to Mexico. As there is no danger that their morals will have an injurious effect on the natives of that sun baked land, it is to be hoped that they will go hence without delay If they can teach the Mexicans industry their going will be a good thing all around.

--We suppose it is only the "good Indians" who are experiencing religion under the ministration of the redskin Messiah.