GOD KEEP YOU.

God keep you deareast, all this lovely night, The winds are still-The moon drops down behind the w

God keep you, dearest, till the light.

God keep you there when slumbers me

away And care and strife Take up new arms to fret our waking life,

And keep you through the battle of the day

God keep you my beloved soul, How vain, how poor is prayer-

I can but say again and yet again God keep you every time and every where.

IDENTIFYING ANNE.

Anne made another hasty search through her traveling-bag, spilling out a hand-glass, a clean collar, and two or three other things in the process. The two women in the opposite section looked with cold curiosity at this impetuous young person. Anne did not notice them. She scrambled the things together, crammed them into the bag, and snapped it shut. Then she lean-ed back with a baffled expression.

A well-dressed young man at the further end of the car looked up from his book and watched her also, idly, but with vague disapprobatiou. A girl traveling alone ought to preserve a sedate and reserved demeanor. This girl, with her repeated and fran-tic overhauling of her traveling-bag was attracting the attention of the people in the car. The traveling salesman in the next section was keeping an eager eye upon her.

Anne did not notice the traveling salesman. Neither had she observed the well-

dressed young man at the further end. She was engaged in wrathful cogitations.
"Mary's husban: will never be able to find me now," she thought. "Why did I say a navy-blue dress and a red necktie?
All the world is traveling in navy-blue, and I've lost my red necktie. I'm sure I put it into the bag." She made a tenta-tive reach for the bag, but thought better of it. "Somebody took it out, of course. I wish the whole family wouldn't insist upon doing my packing for me when I travel. It was perfectly silly of Mary anyway to marry a man nobody had ever seen. Por-ter!" A small white hand and a large black one approached and the porter for the second time that afternoon bent himself prostrate and gazed lingeringly under the seats, while Miss Anne Edgerly stood in the aisle and cheered him to renewed endeavors whenever he essayed to rise. "Tain't thab miss," he declared finally,

getting to his feet apologetically but determinedly. "It suttenly ain't.

Again Anne leaned back in her seat and reviewed the situation. She did not know New York. Mary's husband was coming in from their country-place to meet her and take her out.

"And how shall I feel going out there alone, even if I could find the waywhich I am sure I couldn't-after putting Mr. Robinson to all that trouble-"thus ran her unhappy thoughts. "And, of course, he is very conventional and digni- you.' fied. It would be just like Mary to marry that kind of a man." At this further lack consideration on Mary's part her feelings grew lower. Still her eyes, vaguely hopeful that something might turn up, wanderad about the car. They flitted lightly by "Then you will feel no obligation about smile to greet them, they brightened momentarily at a scarlet ribbon on a baby's to add, warned by her expression. bonnet, they scanned expectantly the family of children that dodged in and out of the state-room; and coming back discouraged by way of the old lady and her daughter in somber black, they came suddenly to an amazed and joyful stop. The young

man next wore a red necktie! Not a line of flashing scarlet like the ribbon she bad lost. His was a dull and upobtrusive red, but it was red. Fascinated, she continued to stare, until lifting her eyes a little bigher, it was apparent even to her absorbed mind, that the owner of the necktie was disapprovingly conscious of her gaze. Then she dropped her eyes, but her thoughts refused to leave the necktie. He had another-she remembered now noticing him when he got into the car at Chicago. If only—she glanced furtively at him from under her lashes. His face was turned away, but the profile looked severe. Once more she reached for her traveling-bag. This time she took out a red silk dressing sacque and eyed it speculatively. And the two women opposite and the traveling gentleman and the young man, whose eyes had by this time return-ed to ber, wondered what this absorbed and erratic young woman was going to do

'Have you any scissors?'' said Anne. "Have you any scissors?" said Anne.
She was addressing the two women.
"We have not," they answered as one person, with the glibness of those who thankfully escape responsibility.
"Oh, dear!" murmered Anne. "But then if I had scissors I shouldn't have any needle and thread. I remember mother told me to take needle and thread.

she put them in." She opened the bag. "But what use would needle and thread she continued. I haven't any scissors." New York was barely an hour away. She put the bag back with a firm band and called the porter. He listened, supernaturally grave, and departed. But could see the gleam of his white teeth as he bent confidentially over the young man. Her ears sharpened by anxiety and ambarrassment, could all but hear the

"The lady wants to know, sah, if you'll please and sell youh necktie?"
One glimpse of the shocked astonishment on the teatures of the listening young man -then she turned her unhappy gaze out of the window. Uncounted ages passed.

"He says, miss," the porter's hushed voice sounded in her ear. "He says, miss, as how he don't caab to sell none of his

property."
"Do you mean—" she sat up straight—"that he refused?"

"Yes'm, he said as how-"

"You will please return," said Miss Edg-y, "and tell him that I wish to speak

Promptly, and without a smile, the por-ter retraced his steps. The young man sbrugged his shoulders. Then, somewhat to his own surprise, he arose and followed the solemn negro to the end of the car. The young woman motioned him to the seat across from her. After another in-

began the young woman in a low, sweet, icy voice, and with the proud air of one who tells her tale, indifferent to the listener's attitude. "I am to be met at the station by a man whom I have never seen and who has never seen me."
"His misfortune!" the young

would have murmured but dared no "The arrangement was," she continued, "that I should wear a blue dress and a red

"And I have lost the tie," ended Miss Edgerly, as one might speak with calm of a fallen city or a vanished estate. She lifted her eyes to his. And then, had she told himshe was going to China and needed his head for the Dowager Empress, it would bave been at her service. The thought that it was not his mission in life to sup-ply traveling young women with red neck-ties was forever fied. In its place rankled the reflection that he had all but thrown away a heaven-sent opportunity to do something, however slight, for a girl like this. Her face—a water-color face, with charcoal effects in hair and eyes; her voice, low, sweet, with the cold music of a mountain brook, convicted him of intolerable rudeness. His offense loomed big before him and he wondered at this thing that he

had done. "I do not deserve," he began, "to be allowed to give you this necktie—I never saw such dark-blue eyes," he thought.

"I wish to buy the tie," she corrected, still very cold and gentle.

He fairly stammered in his haste to amend his speech. "I mean, I do not deserve to be allowed to sell you this darkblue necktie-at least I would say this-

Anne. "No, black, I mean - Jove! they are blue after all," his thoughts ran. "I am very anxious to sell you anything—anything—oh, fool! what are you saying?
Her expression was growing icier. Mr.
John Harrington Wells pulled himself to-

gether. "I assure you I am anxious to make all amends," he said. "I realize what un-pardonable annoyance I have caused you-" Miss Edgerly, from the lofty position of the one in the right, looked down upon the penitent.

"Then you will sell me the necktie," said M1. Robinson. "I'll be back imme-

Mr. John Harrington Wells proceeded to get into more trouble. "Won't you let me give it to you?" he begged.

As he trotted away, a maid looked out of the door: "Mrs. Robinson, nurse says—" Mrs. Robinson dropped her embroidery "Certainly not," said Anne.

"That is simply to refuse," she inter-ipted. "We will let it go."
"Indeed, no!" he cried, shocked at the rupted.

awful thought.
"Then?" she suggested, coldly patient.
"I do not remember what it cost," he "It cost seventy-five cents," said Anne. 'I have one like it."

"But you bought yours at a department store, and they charged you more. I am quite sure it was a quarter I paid for this. Besides," as she prepared to speak, "it is second-hand and you never get more than half value for second-hand things."

"I shall pay you seventy-five cents for it," said Anne. "Really I could not take that" he pro tested. "Imagine my feelings after a rob-bery like that. I tell you," with another courageous impulse, "I will rent it to

"How absurd !" "'Not at all. You do not want the tie-"Very well, I will rent it for seventy-

the traveling man who were a pleasing returning it, and I want it back. I was always fond of this necktie," he hastened with in Chicago society. Moreover, to add, warned by her expression. "It was a dear friend of Anne's mother. was given to me.'

Miss Edgerly raised her straight brows the merest fraction: "If you will let the porter bring it to me," she said, "I will give him the money." She did not pick up the hook that lay beside her ; she not even turn her eyes away to signify as enjoyable," it ended. "He is delight-that the last word had been spoken; but fully obliging." the young man found himself rising from the seat opposite her and taking leave with

a how of grave respect.

Presently the porter delivered a little it over. package to Anne and returned with the silver. The transaction was ended. Miss Edgerly had the tie, Mr. Harrington Wells had seventy-five cents, and the porter had a dollar. He was content; so was Miss

Edgerly ; Mr. Wells was not. Anne, secure in the certainty that Mary's husband could not fail to find ber, leaned back in her seat and allowed all annoying thoughts to slip away, soothed by the knowledge that it was now Mr. whose eyes roamed the car in the hope that something might turn up, on that point her mind was firm. She would not drop her handkerchief nor leave her um-brella, both of which acts were customary with her; there would be no possible hance for any one to basten after her with offers of assistance. It was right that she should be unhappy, as she knew he was without looking at him. She would mail the tie to the address on his card. Then

she would forget him entirely.

And Mr. John Harrington Wells wa then if I had seissors I shouldn't have any mondering what god of idiots prompted needle and thread. I remember mother him to enclose his card in the package, told me to take needle and thread. Maybe thus cutting off his one excuse for approaching her. There, the porter was brushing her hat and coat and umbrella and bag. Now, she was standing in the aisle, slight and graceful, turning slowly about while every speck of dust was being removed from her blue dress. Her slow revolution brought her face toward him, but her gaze was over his head. Now she was putting on her hat, bending forward in her seat to look into the little mirror : now she was calmly straightening the red tie, and now she was leaning back in her seat, buttoning her gloves ready to leave

the train. "In five minutes, sah," said the porter.
Mr. Wells submitted absent-mindedly to
the porter's brush, his mind busy evolving and rejecting schemes. He walked delib-erately down to the end seat and addressed himself to the statue-like young woman

who sat there. "Will you not allow me to stay with you until you are sure your friend finds

It was not what he meant to say. He had forgotten what that was.

"It is quite unnecessary," her tone was frigid. Only the consciousness of the red tie she wore kept her from summarily dismissing him. Just because she did not want to, she put up a nervous hand to it.
Then she lifted an involuntary glance to his face. His expression bespoke his anxious assurance that he was not aware of her

having on a red tie.

"I am an entire stranger in New York," Wells. A stout, amiable-looking gentle. An Inscription Famed for Beauty of man stood before them and held out his hand. The train had come to a standstill.

"You are Miss Edgerly, I know. I saw tke name on your bag the first thing. Lucky," continued Mr. Robinson with a smile that included Mr. Wells, "as I'd forgotten all about how Mary said you would be dressed. All I remembered was that she said you were uncommonly pretty." he laughed joyously, and glauced inquir-

ingly at Anne's companion.
"Mr. Wells, Mr. Robinson," murmured Anne. It was all she could do, but she did not turn her eyes again in Mr. John Harrington Wells's direction. Not so Mr. Robinson. He greeted the young man

with the greatest cordiality.

"Live in New York, Mr. Wells?" he inquired. "Then you must run out and see us while Miss Edgerly is with us." He entered into details of the easiest way to get there, while Anne stood in stony silence, and Mr. Wells, after vainly endeavoring to catch her eye, thanked him with graceful ease and said he would be delighted.

Anne sat under a tree in Mary's English garden and read aloud to her hostess. Two weeks had passed since her arrival, two weeks undisturbed by any intruding stranger. As she read "Geraint and Enid" in her clear, low voice, her mind wandered from the poem to the fact.

Mr. Robinson, bearing cold drinks on

tray, appeared from the house.
"Come, girls," he said briskly, "you've had enough of that stuff. Now a little ginger ale-Hello! who's this?" young man was being directed across the Miss Edgerly's eyes darkened with stern lawn with the absence of ceremony charinquiry. "They are black," he thought. acteristic of the Robinson household. Mr. Robinson gave an exclamation of pleasure. Robinson gave an exclamation of pleasure. "Why, it's Mr. Wells!" he set the tray

down hastily on his wife's embroidery, and went forward with outstretched hand. has taken you a long time to look us up. Mary. my dear, Mr. Harrington Wells, Anne's friend. Have a glass of ginger ale. Wells ?"

Anne's friend shook hands with Mrs. Robinson, and then turned to Anne. She gave him a chilly little hand which he took in a generous grasp, the while he

diately."

and a rose. "You will expuse me a moment," she said sweetly, but abstractedly; when the baby was in question the rest of the world

counted not. She also vanished. "I stayed away two weeks," said Mr.
John Harrington Wells. "Do I deserve nothing for that ?"

Miss Edgerly looked over the young man's head at the climbing roses on the garden wall. "I sent you the tie," she "I got it, thank you. I did not come after the tie."

"You had no right to come at all." "Ab, but you could not expect me to

make no effort to see you." "You took advantage." "A man would be a fool not to take advantage of a chance to know you."

She did not reply to this. "I have been very busy for the past two weeks," he continued slowly. "Is that an apology for not calling

He smiled.

the low seat and went across to lay a letter in her lap. "It is from Mrs. Blaisdell." The word "and" occurs 35,543 times. in her lap. "It is from Mrs. Blaisdell."
Mrs. Blaisdell's was a name to conjure willingly she opened the letter. A long and very informal letter of introduction it was, and it endowed the bearer, Mr. John Harrington Wells, with all desirable qual-

ities. "You will find him useful, Anne, as well

This sentence threatened Anne's gravity. Moreover, she did not know what to say, so she went back to the beginning and read "Mrs. Blaisdell's writing seems to trouble you," he suggested. "Can I be of any help? She let me read it."
"I think you dictated it," said Anne.
He laughed out. "Really, I didn't,"

he assured her, "but I went back to Chicago to get it lest she might have forgotten some of my good qualities." He watched with enjoyment the curve in Miss Edgerly's red lips. "The whole incident would have been so without point if we had never met again." he said.

"No one was planning to make a story of it," returned Anne. "And, anyway, that would have been a much more original ending. Even now, if we never saw each other again-"I am not willing to go any such lengths

as that just for the sake of originality,' interposed.
"Besides, I should feel that tamely copying Henry James."
"If I were going to write the story," said Anne reflectively, "I should have the obliging young man turn out to be Mary's husband."

"No, thank you," he said hastily "That would be very hackneyed. "Well, if I were going to write the story," repeated Miss Edgerly, rising to her feet and dropping the letter and the "Idylls of the King," and her handkerchief, "I should end it one of those two ways."

He bent one knee to pick up her scattered property

tered property.
"And if I write the story," he said,

paused a moment looking up at her form where he knelt, "if I write the story it shall have a very different ending."—By James Hopper, in McClure's Magazine.

Who Should Write Our Stories ?

It is Life that asks "Who should write our stories ?" and then answers the ques tion after this fashion : The love story-Twain Now, what is behind you?"

The English story—London.
The tearful story—Paine.
The creditor's story—Hope.
The baby story—Howells.
The newly-wed story—Batcheller.
The venne had story—Flower. The young bud story—Flower.
The sarcastic story—Cutting.
What's the objection to adding: The helpful story-Ade. The temperance story-Wells. The sleepy story—Chambers.
The incendiary story—Burnett.
The traditional story—Chestnutt.
The simple story—Green.

For the past year public interest has been directed to memorial monuments as, so I imagine that I shall give some inforin addition to our own, adjacent towns have recently erected memorials to their dead beroes and it is natural that each should think its own best. However that northern hemisphere of land, of popula-may be, there is one in Columbia, South tion, of civilization. It is the point where Carolina that, perhaps, surpasses them all in its beautifully expressed sentiment. Because of the universal admiration excited it is worth the attention of any who may not have seen it before.

The following is the inscription on the Confederate Monument, "Erected by the Women of South Carolina," "To South Carolina's dead of the Confederate Army 1861--1865." Unveiled May 13th, 1879.

> THIS MONUMENT PERPETUATES THE MEMORY

Of those who, True to the instincts of their birth. Faithful to the teachings of their fathers, Constant in their love for the State, Died in the performance Of their duty ;

Who Have glorified a fallen cause By the simple manhood of their lives, The patient endurance of suffering. And the heroism of death ; And who

In the dark hours of imprisonment, In the hopelessness of the hospital, In the short, sharp agony of the field, Found Support and consolation

In the belief That at home they would not be forgotten. Let the stranger Who may in future times Read this inscription Recognize that these were men Whom power could not corrupt, Whom death could not terrify. Whom defeat could not dishonor.

And let their virtue plead for just judgment Of the cause in which they perished Let the South Carolinians Of another generation Remember

That the State taught them How to live and how to die And that from her broken fortunes She has preserved for her children The priceless treasure of their memories. Teaching all who may Claim the same birthright

That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism Endure for ever.

BY W. H. NESCOTT.

Old Testament Statistics

Here are some facts about the Old Testament that it took one man three years'

time to figure out : There are 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 590,439 words and 2,728,109 let-The middle book is Proverbs. The middle chapter is Job xxix.
The middle verse would be II C

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times. The shortest verse is I Chronicle 1:25. The twenty-first verse of Ezra vii, contains all the letters of the alphabet. The nineteenth chapter of The Secon Book of Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are practically the same.

In the New Testament there are 27 books, 160 chapters, 7,959 verses, 181,258 words and 838,380 letters.
The middle book is II Thessalonians. The middle chapter would be Romans xiii, if there were a chapter more, and Romans xiv, if a chapter less.

The middle verse is Acts xvii, 17. The shortest verse is John xi, 35. The middle chapter of the entire Bible also the shortest—the 117th Psalm The middle verse is the eighth of the 118th Psalm.—Ex.

Location of New Hospital for Criminal

Insane. The State has been fortunate in the matter of the site for the new hospital for the criminal insane. Fairview, the place selected, is in Wayne county, than which there is no more picturesque county in Pennsylvania. The site lies two thousand feet above sea level, and contains six hundred and twenty-five acres, and, let us record it to their credit, the officials of the D. & H. company, from whom it was bought, for once evinced a desire to act generously, the cost of the tract being only five dollars. Four hundred and sixtyeight acres are already cleared and contain a large house and two barns, the rest being woodland. The place is somewhat remote, but even that makes it the more desirable. The farther from the crowded centres the criminal insane are taken the better it will be for the majority of the people. Naturally the D. & H. expects to get back more than what i gave away through its charges for freight, express and passengers, and, as it has dealt generously with the State, we hope it will. The next duty in the matter is to hurry the appropriations for the building, so that the criminal inmates of

Just as He Thought.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained:
"On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled :

"I knew it! I told mamma you'd see that patch on my pants."

A Bit High.

"This bill for your new frock is really a bit high," observes the plutocrat to his daughter. "Six thousand dollars is considerable to pay just for an auto suit." "But, papa, the suit itself really is quite inexpensive. The most of that bill is for trimmings." "Trimmings?" "Yes. I spent \$5,200 for an auto of the right tint to match the suit."—Puck.

-First Stylish Lady-Oh, dear, I've lost my pocketbook.

Second Stylish Lady—Dit it have any money in it, or were you just shopping.

great deal of attention in church.

Edna—Why, all the girls said it was your new shoes. money in it, or were you just shopping.

The North Pole.

Let me attempt to answer the question -What is the north pole? And in doing mation that will be new, even to the oldest and best informed of my readers, writes Commander Peary, in *Youth's Companion*. The north pole is the precise center of the the axis of the earth cuts its surface.

It is the spot where there is no longitude, no time, no north, no east, no west-only south. It is the place where every wind that blows is a south wind.

It is the place where there is but one night and one day in every year, where two steps only separate astrono nical noon It is the spot from which all the beaven

ly bodies appear to move in horizontal courses and a star just visible above the horizon never sets, but circles forever, just grazing the horizon. More than this, the north pole is the last geographical prize which the world has to offer to adventurous men; the prize for

which the best men of the strongest, most enlightened, most adventurous nations of the earth have been struggling unsuccessfully for nearly four centuries.

Perhaps I should say a word or two in

explanation of my statement that there is What is the north pole.

What is the point from which we estimate time here? It is noon, that is, the moment when the sun cro-ses the meridian where we are, or some fixed meridian that has been selected. At the pole there are no meridians, or, rather, all the meridians

of the globe are gathered in one point, so there is no starting point for time as we estimate it here.

Another point which should be made clear is one on which a great many people have an incorrect idea. That is, that the north pole—the geographical pole—is an entirely different spot from the magnetic pole—the center of the magnetic attraction,

where the compass is useful. The latter is some 1,600 miles south of the true north pole, being located on or near the peninsula of Bootha Felix, the most northerly mainland of North America, about on the meridian of Galveston. At the north pole the compass with the proper correctness for variation is as trustworthy as in other portions of the earth's surface. The four things which, it may be

said, go to form the conception of the arctic regions in the minds of most people, are the cold, the darkness, the silence and hunger. Almost invariably the first questions asked me by the strangers are in regard to those things, and the questions are usually in the order given above .- Pittsburg Post.

Japanese Tobacco

Attention is called to Everybody's by Charles Edward Russell, in an interesting instalment of "Soldiers of the Common Good" to the recently established Japanese tobacco monopoly. He says:
"These matters and the Japanese pur-

poses become clearer if we take concrete illustrations. Manufactured tobacco and cigarettes, for instance. Once we enjoyed an abundant trade with Japan in these things, for we had taught her to want them, and then joyously we supplied her want at high prices. Thus in the end Ja-pan served copiously to swell the hard-earned treasuries of the American tobacco Trust, for the Japanese were industrious consumers and the trust could charge what it pleased, having the trade by the throat. But when the trust bad established branch "No," he said, "I was busy getting an excuse for calling at all." He got up from xx. 18, if there were a verse more; and verse in them \$12,000,000, the Japanese government concluded that it might as well have the goodly profits as let the Trust have them, so it went into the tobacco husiness on its own account. It bought factories and stores and passed a law establishing itself in a practical monopoly of the tobac-co tride, for no makers of cigarettes, cigars or tobacco were allowed to sell their products until they had been offered to, and declined by, an agent of the governmenta necessary provision, because in Japan cigarette-making is largely a domiciliary trade. Still there might have been left to the American Trust a chance to compete in quality of product or in some special lines if it had not been for one thing. The Government put an import duty of 250 per cent. on cigarettes and tobacco. Therenpon the American cigarette vanished faster than their own smoke, and the defeated American Tobacco Trust was glad to sel to the Government (for what it could get) its business and branch houses.

"Now in Japanese shops you will see on shelves formerly loaded with American product nothing but the cigarettes and to-

pacco of the Japanese government.

Nation of Coffee Drinkers. According to the department of Commerce and labor, during 1904 there were 1,053,000,000 pounds of coffee consumed in the United States, valued at \$81,000,-000. This is equivalent to about 13 pe for every man, woman and child of the

population.

The total production of the world dur ing the same year was 2,260,000,000 pounds, so that the United States consumed nearly half of the total supply. But 104,000,000 pounds of tea, worth \$7,000,000, were imported during the same period. The imports of all tropical products during the year amounted to \$465,-000,000, while the total imports of all sorts reached the enormous sum of \$1,036,000,000.—Phila. Record.

Sued for Mixing Milk for Troops. Food Commissioner Warren brought suit at Gettysburg against the Hanover Produce company, which furnished adul-terated milk to the troops during the re-cent encampment of the National Guard.

Quazrain.

Who hath no need of pain To chasten and control, God pity him, for he must be Dwarfed and infirm of soul. C. L. Story, in Munsey's

-"Disappointed in her husband? exclaimed Mis. De Style in surprise. "Why, before they were married she tell me he was a Greek god.' "So she did," responded Mrs. Van Nobb, "but he turned out to be a regular

-Tess-Oh, yes, she's certainly getting old.

Jess—Yes?

Tess—Yes, she's beginning to complain that the styles of bonnets and gowns are not as pretty as they used to be.

Gray Hair is a Diseas

No one need be gray baired who does not wish to be, declares Prof. Metobnikoff, the great Russian biologist and embryolo-gist. Metchoikoff told his savants of the Academy of Medicine lately that gray hair on the human head is a kind of disease caused by the superactivity of a certain living cell inside each bair which feeds on the pigment. A comparatively low degree of heat is fatal to this cell, which shrivels and dies if one passes an iron heated to 60 degrees centigrade (140 degrees Fahrenheit) through his or her locks.

The !-arned Russian again states the fact that great emotion will turn the bair gray in a night. But he has a new reason for it. He says fear or sorrow has strange power to stimulate the pigment-devouring hair cell, which literally fattens on human misery. Metchnikoff further told the astonshed savants that the chameleon's frequent changes of color are due to the same singular organism which is made superlatively active by the lizard-reptile's intense

"Whi her away, little boy?" inquired the well meaning stranger.
"I go to swim, sir," replied the spectacled infant.

"And where do you swim?" persisted the stranger. "I swim, sir," the infant made answer,

"in the shallower purlieus of excessive dampness." -- "Poor Mrs. Boozer suffers terribly

from the liquor habit," said Mrs. Gabb. "How is that?" inquired Mrs. Chinn, scenting gossip.
"When her husband comes home at night he is too far gone to pay attention to

her remonstrances and the next morning he has such a headache he can't listen to

--- "That fishing song in the new opera is clever, don't you think?" asked the critic. "No," replied the bard luck angler; "it

isn't at all natural."

"No; the lines are too catchy." "Grabem is suffering from a severe case

of yellow fever."
"Gracious; has the disease appeared in our midst?" "Yes, but he's had it for years, Grabem would rather bear the chink of gold than

the music of the best orchestra.' ---He-"I'd consider it a great pleasure to talk to a woman like Miss Gassaway."

She-"What! Why she'd talk you to death." He-"I said I'd consider it a pleasure to talk to her, not to listen to her.

REFRIGERATOR RULES.

Use clean, flat dishes to hold whatever is on the lower shelves. Buy your ice in pieces as large as can be accommodated. This is much more economical than to buy small

Be careful not to fill dishes too full so that they will spill over. If anything is spilled, don't fail to wipe it up immediately.

Pack the ice well together and do not wrap it in paper or cloths; instead, keep the door of the ice chamber shut as much as possible.

Do not put food of any sort directly on the ice. If it is absolutely necessary to place it near the ice, see that it is in glass or porcelain. Empty the refrigerator at least once

a week; scrub the interior thoroughly, then scald the ice chamber and drainpipe with boiling water in which a lump of soda has been dissolved; follow this with clear boiling water; wipe dry and let it air for twenty minutes.

Great Men's Childhood. "Many great men," said a psychologist, "gave signs of greatness even in their childhood. Mozart at the age of five composed a piece of music so difficult that his father, a professional musician, had some trouble in playing it.

wrote the 'Compendium of Universal History, Being an Account of the Leading Events From the Creation Down to the Present Century.' "Hartley at seven wrote a long and abstruse essay on the 'Nature of Man.'

"Macaulay before he was eight

losophy. Milton at tweive wrote two epics. "On the other hand, Goethe, Steele, Dr. Johnson, Wagner, Voltaire, Tennyson, Poe and Fenimore Cooper were deemed stupid in their childhood."

Bacon at nine finished a work on phi-

Among the sayings attributed to Douglas Jerrold is a very bitter one he applied to Mark Lemon, then editor of Punch. Lemon was deeply attached to Dickens and showed it in a very open fashion, which perhaps aroused the great satirist's jealousy. At all events, as Jerrold was walking out one day with Lemon and another friend, and Dickens with several more behind them. Lemon suddenly dropped away and turned back. "What has become of Punch?" asked Jerrold's companion. "Did you hear Dickens whistle?" was the cynical reply. "Dickens pays the dog tax for Lemon."

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The French philosopher M. Le Bon, commenting on the motto of the revolution, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," declared that the real difference between the French and the British lay in the fact that the French were enamored of equality and cared little for liberty, while the British insisted on liberty and never gave a thought to equality. And when some one quoted this to Rudyard Kipling he instantly added his own comment to the effect that what the American really preferred was fraternity. "He is a good fellow himself, and he expects you to

Mr. Spongely (slightly related)— Splendid! Magnificent! Do you know, Uncle Eli, I believe I shall never get tired of seeing the sun set behind that hill! Uncle Eli-That's what me an'

mother's beginnin' to think,-Puck.