

What They Make Judges Out Of. Justice David Brewer of the United States supreme court, during an address before the students of law at the University of Pennsylvania, told them one of the experiences of his judicial career at his own expense.

"It happened I was sitting at one time on a number of cases in which a good friend of mine was interested as counsel, and it also happened that in many of them my decisions were rendered against my friend's clients. One day after the completion of such a case we sat together talking, when a very bashful young man from the rural districts came in to see me bearing a card of introduction to obtain my advice upon the choice of a profession. 'What do you think you want to do?' I asked him. 'I kind of thought I'd better study law,' he replied, 'not that I want to very much, but because I guess I'd like to be a judge. They make judges out of lawyers, don't they?' he asked, somewhat hesitatingly. 'Once in awhile, my legal friend replied before I could answer. 'Once in awhile they do, but not often.'"

He Wasn't Fooled.

A once famous publisher was a man well acquainted with general literature, and it was often said of him that he never failed to name the author of any given passage. A would be wit, thinking to have a little fun at this gentleman's expense, told his friends at a dinner party before the said publisher's arrival that he had himself written some verses in imitation of Southey and that he intended to puzzle old F. with the question of their authorship.

Accordingly later in the evening he was quoted his lines, and, turning to Mr. F., he said: "I am sure they are Southey's from their style, but I cannot remember where they occur. Of course you can tell us."

"I cannot say I remember them," replied Mr. F., "but there are only two periods in Southey's life when he could have written them."

"When were those?" asked the joker, with a wink at his friends. "Either in his infancy or his dotage," was the quiet reply.

Spanish Railroad Trains.

The Spanish train averages possibly twenty miles an hour—to allow one to make time exposures of the scenery perhaps. It makes frequent and long waits. At every station the guards run up and down, shouting the name of the town and the number of minutes for each stop. At every station also the two military guards who accompany each train descend and walk around the cars, looking to see that no robbers are concealed. As there is at least one stop an hour these guards get some exercise before the day is over. They say this custom was adopted to drive away any brigands who might be concealed in or under the train and that it has been successful. These military guards are very fine looking men and wear an impressive uniform. We saw more than one black eyed senorita look approvingly after them as they passed by.—Outing Magazine.

Getting at the Truth.

At twenty-three he thought fate was making a special effort to keep him down.

At thirty-five he thought he might have done great things if his wife had not been such a handicap.

At forty he believed he would have been a great man if his children had not made it necessary for him to cling to the sure things.

At fifty he was positive that there was a conspiracy against him on the part of his fellow men.

At sixty he felt that if he could have been thirty-five again nothing could have stopped him.

At seventy he began to believe that he had failed because of a lack of courage and inability to make the most of his opportunities.

At eighty he was almost sure of it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Savages.

In the New Hebrides are many islands whose interiors have never been visited by Europeans, for the simple reason that to attempt to do so would be to court certain death at the hands of the treacherous and vindictive natives. A little to the north of Assam, too, almost within sight of the tea gardens and the pretty bungalows of the planters, is the country of the Padamites, wherein no white man has dared to set his foot for at least 500 years past.

Punishment and Crime.

"She seems to be having a pretty good time now that she and her husband are separated," whispered the three girls in the corner as she entered the room.

"I don't blame her," said one. "He beat her, didn't he?"

"They looked her over again."

"Well, I don't blame him for beating her," the third declared, "if she dressed like that. That red is awful."—Exchange.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiors.—Shenstone.

Proved.

Mr. Snapp—Life is full of contradictions. Mrs. Snapp—And I say it isn't.—Boston Transcript.

Success consecrates the foulest crimes.—Seneca.

Proved His Theory, but Died.

The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a number of years ago at Lebanon, O. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shot had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self-inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Clement L. Vallandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back of his head in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vallandigham died.—Exchange.

Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner.

Turning from King Henry's chapel, with its wealth of fancy's "fairly frost work," to the poets' corner in Westminster abbey, we are attracted by a spell mightier than that of carven stones in the presence of those "serene creators of immortal things" who have enriched our literature with gifts beyond all price. This "glorious company of paupers," as they have been termed, says a writer in Great Thoughts, have won a fame in the glow of which that of statesmen and warriors wanes and perishes, "touched to death by diviner eyes." Drawn together, as it were, by the spell of Chaucer, "our first warbler," what Spenser calls "blissful oblivion's rust" has failed to tarnish their golden record. We move entranced amid the memorials of Dryden, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Milton, Gray, Addison and many more, including the impassioned peasant singer, Robert Burns, and the great Victorians, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson.—London Standard.

Encouragement.

"I have a splitting headache," sighs the beautiful young thing. "Have you ever tried magnetic healing?" asks the obliging young man. "No. What is it?"

"You rest your head, thus, on my shoulder, and I pass my arm about your waist in this manner. Now be perfectly calm and see if this does not relieve you."

The position is maintained for five or ten minutes, and then the obliging young man asks:

"Does your head ache any more?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, I'm sorry I don't seem able to relieve you."

He is about to remove his arm when she looks up at him chidingly and says:

"It seems to me that if you have any confidence in your method you would be willing to keep on trying."—Chicago News.

Why She Shut Down.

"A charming gentleman about four years old used to pass my house every day on his way to kindergarten," said a lady. "and in course of time I made his acquaintance and gave a penny to him each morning when we parted. 'Eventually his mother requested me not to give any more money to him. The next morning I did not present the usual penny. He did not seem to notice the omission. The succeeding day when the penny was not given to him he said nothing. But on the morning of the third day when the penny was not forthcoming he sidled up to me and whispered: 'What's the matter? Ain't your husband working?'"

Uncertainty of Lion Hunting.

A lion is a fearful animal. Do not run away with the idea that he is not dangerous. You may have luck to kill twenty, but No. 21 will likely get you. However careful and good a shot you may be, there is the greatest danger in tackling a lion. I remember Colonel H., who had lived in Africa for nine years and during that time had never seen a lion, and the first lion he saw he wounded and got badly mauled, saying to me: "Here, man; you have been here only sixteen months and have killed five lions. Chuck it, man, while you are in luck. They are bound to get you if you go on hunting them."—Forest and Stream.

Practical.

Elderly Gentleman (putting his head in at the door)—Mrs. Wilkins, will you be my wife? I have £2,000 and a good home. I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind.

Mrs. Wilkins (promptly)—I've £3,000 and a better house than yours, and I'll give you three minutes to get out of this.—London Tit-Bits.

The Whole Story.

"I hear you are giving up your charge," said one aged and infirm minister to another the other day. "How are your people taking it?"

"Oh, well," was the answer, "I'm resigning and they're resigned."—Liverpool Mercury.

Bright and Hot.

"Smith got off a bright thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"A lighted cigar some one had carelessly dropped into the chair he sat on."—London Fun.

Disgusted.

Loafer the First—I thought this yere unemployed fund was for charity. Loafers the Second—So it is, ain't it? Loafers the First—It ain't. It means work.—London Sketch.

"I am truly grateful to you for what you did for me last winter," writes Mrs. Edward Smith, of Jeddo, Orleans Co., N. Y. "Your Invalids' Hotel is truly a home for the sick." The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., presided over by Dr. R. V. Pierce assisted by nearly a score of specialists, is always full of men and women seeking a cure of chronic diseases. But no Hotel or Institute would hold the great army of women who are under treatment by Dr. Pierce and his staff from day to day. Thousands of sick women are taking advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of a free consultation by letter. That offer is open to you. All correspondence is strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription make sick women well and weak women strong.

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—Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Seehler & Co.

—Every dog has his day, but unfortunately we can't all be dogs.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There's a story of a despondent Sultan of Turkey whose seems told him he could be cured if he would wear the shirt of a perfectly happy man. His envoys searched the world for the happy man, and found him at last in Ireland. But when they seized on him to get his shirt, he was shirtless. His happiness was caused by perfect health. All happiness has its basis in health. People who "feel blue," who are discouraged and despondent will find their spirits rise and their courage come back with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes the clogging impurities from the blood, strengthens the stomach and cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition so that the body becomes healthy through an increased supply of pure blood and perfect nourishment.

—Does he ever do anything on time?" "O, yes. He quits work."

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