## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Spiritual Coufficts of Life."

TEXT: "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breakthere wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he sawthat he prevailed not against him he touched the hollove of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's
thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him,
And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh.
And he said, I will not let thee go except thou
bless me."—Genesis xxxii., 24-26.

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob balts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning. but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maining him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into in-

whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "The day breaketh!"

You see, in the first place, that Go I allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence, by the brook with a tremen lous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den, for David, dethronement and wild beast den, for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptis, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax, for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreek; for John, deselate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning survey of the year, for Mr. Event drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverbouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross For when the scale the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbserews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Bedhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell, Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And, benold, he found himself alone by the brook Jabok, and it was midnight. That evil appears saized upon him and he saized upon the

te seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the nelp of the eternal God, ne will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from another and hell of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips and clinched their fists and cried, with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "God

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit railie! again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit huried it into utter darkness. First I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and musical instruments and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children wers dreaming their sweetest dreams and Chris-tian households are silent with slumber, angel watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniar i. He fell from an honored social po-sition; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose alters he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better

termination than that.

I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help when they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cap of many temptations, came out strong and deflant. They clinaged. There were the weithings and elineaed. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and, at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the dark with the green with the green. ness with the cry, "Fnanks be unto God.
who giveth us the victory through our Lord
Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart
that first was desolated by becavement and
since by the anxieties and trials that came

in the support of a family.

It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of pov-erty and sorrow, is most affecting. It was a humble home, and passersby knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than those of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopyles or Balaklays, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred."

of death rode the six hundred."

These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul! The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky, "Thy fatheriess children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in He!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said. "I do it by what I call cross prayers When I had my rent to pay and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street.

and nothing to buy it with, and bread to bey and nothing to buy it with I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say. The Lord help me." I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, The Lord help me." And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprise i to fin I out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a mac, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to

you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit an i the dungeon were the Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurrie me that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to turnsh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have had their own way. They are proud discontented, useless and undappy. If you want to flad cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Teil" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris an I serena led him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a frient and said, "I would give all this brilliant seens for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancacity feeding of Rossini, who had everything this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misrtunes were innumerable, waea he says :

The hill of Ziou yields
A trotter discret sweets
Be ore we reach to be heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets,

Then let our songs aboun 1 And every tear on ory We are marcain a tarough Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on his.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that aves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them, and the Israelites are and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails, it is the quails! You will yet find our that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with the angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that while our wrestling

Learn again that while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through 'this world the mark of the combat. What proved those premature wrinkles in your face? What writened your hair before it was time for frost? What stienced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah, it is because the angel of trouble hath fouched you that you so limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have presed through

the fire do not feel as gay as they once did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we stoles that we can, unmoved, see our cra'lle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand un-moved and see our gardens of earthly de-light uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to Him than our beloved dead to us? No Wo have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have disd because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of cora put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all consuming grief that wrings its hands and grin is its teeth and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot wrings its names and grin is its been and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have foun I the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were

Again, we may take the idea of the tert and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more giad to see the mora-ing than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terri-

ble as an army with banners."

Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Arminians in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are non-essentials in religion.

During my vacation one summer I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was Sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopal church and knelt at the alter and received the consecrate I bread. I do not know which services I enjoyed the do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting," "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience I see many As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go away saddened and broken-hearted. Go I will lift your burden, Go I will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's blessling. I know He will, Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The rains of each will Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to

ening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Meianchthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hopes of deliverance. After awaile Luther got up and said to Meianchthon: "Come, Philipp, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm of David, "God is our refuge and strength, a very pleasant help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be trouthough the waters thereof roar and be trou-

though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains saake with
the swelling thereof. Selah."

Death to many, may to all, is a struggle
and a wrestle. We have many friends that
it will be hard to leave. I care not how
bright our inture hope is. It is a bitter
thing to look upon this fair world and know
that we shall never again see its blossoming
spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling
streams and to say farewell to those with
whom we played in childhood or connseled
in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we
may have to wrestle, but God will not leave
us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven
that a dying soul cried unto God for help,
but was not delivered. The lattice may be
turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to
dim the light of the milinight taper, or the
room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood, or the church of Christ
may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls
all is well. may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along—I o'clock in the morning; 2 o'clock in the morning; 4 o'clock in the morning. The day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die, I am in no graden arming this world.

grudge against this world. The only lault I have to find with the world is that it treats I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well, but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgivenness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus oeside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unicaring, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me hore, excessing that "Let me go; let me go. Tas my breaketat" FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

Who has not heard of "Little drops of water, little grains of sand?" is repeated in every nursery, sung beside every cradle, is on the lips of millions of school children, and is as familiar as the Twenty-third Psalm and as popular as "Robinson Crusoe." Who wrote it? How many score of years ago was it written? In the library of the Illinois Woman's Board of the World's Fair were to be seen, in a neat panel, the words, suitably illustrated: Little drops of water.

Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the pleasant land. So our little moments Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of Eternity.

So our little errors Lead the soul away From the path of duty Far in sin to stray. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Help to make earth happy,

Like the heaven above. These sweet, simple lines were written by an Illinois woman. They have been so long popular that most people may have thought they were written several generations ago. The author is Mrs. Julia Carney, and the lines were sent to the Illinois Woman's Board by the Knox County Columbia Club.- [New York Obser-

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

Maple sugar, which is made from the sap of the hard maple, is generally manufactured in the months of March and April. When it is time to begin, the men go around and with half-inch bits bore holes a little way into the trees, and drive in iron spouts. In these spouts are hooks on which to hang the buckets. Only a few years ago every sugar-maker used wooden spouts and buckets, and boiled the sap in huge kettles hung on a pole over the fire. When the buckets are nearly full, the sap is gathered in a large tub on a sled drawn by horses. When this is full, it is drawn to the boiling-place, and hours. emptied into large vats or storage tubs. The sap is then strained and boiled.

There are two methods of boiling now used, viz., long pans and evaporation. In the first case the manufacturer usually has two pans, one called the sap or back pan, and the other the syrup or front pan. The syrup pan is shorter than the other. These are set on huge arches of brick or stone, with a large chimney at the back end. The fire is built at the front end under the short pan. The pound. back pan is kept nearly full of sap. and as it boils down it is dipped into the front pan, and every day when it I hour. is thick enough it is dipped out of Pudding, plum, 2 to 3 hours. this pan and strained. Although some sugar their syrup off in the woods, it is usually taken to the house to be canned or caked. In the evaporation the sap passes from the back to the front of the pan through small tubes so slowly that by the time it reaches the front end it can be drawn off as syrup. This is the more rapid method, and makes whiter sugar.

Sometimes there is such a big run of sap that they have to boil nights in order to prevent the sap from wasting. This is the happy time of sugaring for the boys, whose great delight is to boil at night. They roast potatoes in the ashes, broil meat over the coals, and boil eggs in the pan. It is a fine sight to see the flames shoot up and hear the crackling of the wood as it burns .- [Harper's Young People.

## CHIPMUNK HUNTING.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of all was the chipmunk hunt, writes Charles Alexander Eastman, a Sioux Indian, in his reminiscences of boyhood. We killed these animals at any time of the year, but the special time to hunt them was in March. After the first thaw, the chipmunks burrow a hole through the snowcrust. and make their first appearance for the season. Sometimes as many as fifty will come together, and chase one another all about the scene. These gatherings occur only early in the morning-from daybreak to about nine o'clock.

We boys learned this among other secrets of Nature, and got our bluntheaded arrows together in good season for the chipmunk expedition. We generally went in groups of six to a dozen or fifteen, to see which would get the most. On the evening before we selected several boys who could imitate the chipmunk call with wild-oat straws, and each of these provided himself with a supply of straws. The crust will hold the boys nicely at this time of the year. Bright and early they all come together at a certain appointed place, from which each group starts out in a different direction, agreeing to meet somewhere at a certain position

of the sun. My first experience of this kind is still well remembered. It was a fine crisp March morning, and the sun had not yet shown itself among the distant tree-tops, as we hurried along through the woods until we arrived at a place where there were many signs of the animal. Then each of us selected a tree, and took up his position behind it. The chipmunk caller sat upon a log as motionless as he could, and began to call. Soon lost his power of speech several years we heard the patter of little feet on ago as a result of fever. He dreamed the hard snow; then we saw the chip- one night recently that he could munks approaching from all directalk, and when he woke in the morn-

tree or a log, as if uncertain of the THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

one another about. In a few minutes the chipmunk caller was besieged by them. Some ran all over his person, others under him, and still others ran up the tree | Not So Wonderful After Att -- Absent against which he was sitting. Each boy remained immovable until their leader gave the signal, then a shout arose, and the chipmunks in their flight all ran up different trees.

Now the shooting-match began. The little creatures seemed to realize their hopeless position; they would endeavor to come down the trees and flee away from the deadly aim of the youthful hunters. But they were shot down very fast; and whenever several of them rushed toward the ground, the little redskin hugged the tree and yelled frantically so as to scare them up again! Each boy shoots always against the trunk of the tree, so that the arrow may bound back to him every time; otherwise when he had shot away all of them, he would be helpless, and another, who had cleared a tree, would come and take away his game. So there was warm competition. Sometimes a desperate chipmunk would jump from the top of the tree in order to escape, which was considered a joke on the boy from whose tree it had escaped, and a triumph for the brave little animal. At last all were killed or gone, and then we went on to another place, keeping up the sport until the sun came out, and the chipmunks refused to answer the call. - [St. Nicholas.

## STATISTICS FOR THE COOK. How Long Things Should Be Baked,

Fried and Boiled. BAKING.

Beans, 8 to 10 hours. Beef, sirloin, rare, 8 to 10 minutes per pound. Beef, sirloin, well done, 12 to 15 minutes per pound.

Beef, long or short fillet, 20 to 30 minutes. Beef, rolled rib or rump, 12 to 15

minutes per pound. Biscuit, 10 to 20 minutes. Bread, brick loaf, 40 to 60 minutes. Cake, plain, 20 to 40 minutes. Cake, sponge, 45 to 60 minutes. Chickens, 3 to 4 pounds, 1 to 11

Cookies, 10 to 15 minutes. Custards, 14 to 20 minutes. Duck, tame, 40 to 60 minutes. Fish, 6 to 8 pounds, 1 hour. Gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes. Graham gems, 30 minutes. Lamb, well done, 15 minutes per

pound. Mutton, rare, 10 minutes per pound; well done, 15 minutes per

Pie crust, 30 to 40 minutes. Pork, well done, 30 minutes per Potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes.

Pudding, bread, rice and tapioca,

Rolls, 10 to 15 minutes. Turkey, 10 pounds 3 hours. Veal, well done, 20 minutes per

BOILING. Asparagus, 15 to 20 minutes. Bass, 10 minutes. Beans, shell, 1 to 2 hours. Beans, string, 2 hours. Beef a la mode, 3 to 4 hours. Beets, young, 45 to 60 minutes. Bluefish, 10 minutes per pound. Brown bread, 3 hours. Cabbage, young, 30 to 45 minutes. Carrots, 45 to 60 minutes. Cauliflower, 30 to 45 minutes. Celery, 30 to 40 minutes. Chickens, 45 to 60 minutes. Clams, 3 to 5 minutes. Codfish, 6 minutes per pound. Coffee, 3 to 5 minutes. Corn, green, 5 to 8 minutes. Corned beef, 4 to 5 hours. Eggs, 3 to 5 minutes. Eggs, hard boiled, 15 to 20 min-

utes. Fowls, 2 to 3 hours. Haddox, 6 minutes per pound. Halibut, cubical, 15 minutes per

ound. Ham, 5 hours. Hominy, 1 to 2 hours. Lamb, 1 hour. Macaroni, 20 to 30 minutes. Oatmeal, 1 to 2 hours. Onions, 30 to 45 minutes. Oysters, 3 minutes. Oyster plants, 30 to 60 minutes. Parsnips, 30 to 45 minutes, Peas, 15 to 20 minutes. Potatoes, 20 to 30 minutes. Rice, 15 to 20 minutes. Salmon, cubical, 15 minutes per

Small fish, 6 minutes per pound. Smoked tongue, 3 to 4 hours. Squash, 20 to 30 minutes. Sweetbreads, 20 to 30 minutes. Tomatoes, 15 to 20 minutes. Turkey, 2 to 8 hours. Turnips, 30 to 45 minutes. Veal, 2 to 3 hours. Wheat, 1 to 2 hours.

BROILING. Chickens, 20 minutes. Chops, 8 minutes. Steak, 4 to 8 minutes. Fish, 5 to 15 minutes. FRYING.

Bacon, 3 to 5 minutes. Breaded chops, 4 to 6 minutes. Croquettes, 4 minutes. Doughnuts, 3 to 5 minutes. Fish balls, 1 minute. Fritters, 3 to 5 minutes. Muffins, 3 to 5 minutes. Small fish, 1 to 3 minutes. Smelts, 1 minute.

JOHN HINEMAN, of Memphis, Tenn., tions. Some stopped and ran up a ing he found that his dream was true.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Mindedness -- Out of Season -- A Danger Removed -- Etc., Etc.

NOT SO WONDERFUL AFTER ALL. Howson Lott-Talk of horses! A bicycle is the thing. Why, I've ridden one for two years and it hasn't cost me a cent, even for repairs. Lon Mower (inquiring as to the

make)-Whose. Howson Lott-Well, to tell the truth, it's my brother-in-law's .-

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

He was the clerk of a millionaire And was loved by his "boss's" daughter. The old man raved in a manner rare And did all he could to thwart her.

When he found they'd been wed in the civil courts He felt his heart grow bigger, And he wrote out a check with lots

of noughts, But forgot to put in a figure.

- Raymond's Monthly. OUT OF SEASON.

She-Who's that fellow over in the corner of the room? No one pays him any attention, and three months ago I saw him fairly lionized by all

He-Oh, that's Halfbacke, the football player. - [Chicago Record. A DANGER REMOVED.

Cora Vah Salleigh .- I believe Mr. Fitz Toppmann is anxious to call on

Clara Giltmann-Have you given him any encouragement?

Cora-Certainly not, but I incidentally remarked the other evening that the gout in poor papa's feet prevents him from wearing anything but slippers just now. — [Raymond's Monthly.

"And do you ever invite your poor relations to visit you?' "Oh, yes, indeed! You see, they are all too poor to get here."-[Truth.

INCREDIBLE.

Willi Wilt-Do you know-aw-Miss Perte, since the pink tea at Mrs. Codde-Fishe's yesterday afternoon my mind has-aw-been quite blank?

Miss Perte - What, Mr. Wilt! Only since yesterday!-[Raymond's Monthly.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

"Well, why don't you say that you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during the little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management.

"Because I don't wish anything of know of. the sort," she retorted. "I only wish you were one .- [Indianapolis Journal.

IN A LONDON FOG.

Cholly-It's deucedly perplexing, don't you know!

Wegie-What is, deah boy? Cholly-Why, now that Lawd Wosebewy is at the head of the Libwals and Lawd Salisbewy of the Towies, don't you know, I don't know whetheh I'm a Towy or Libwal. -[Puck.

NOT STRONG ENOUGH. Mrs. X.-Why don't you get a ser-

vant girl? Mrs. Y .- Oh, dear me, it's all I can do to do my own work without doing a servant girl's work .- [Truth.

GOOD AT GUESSING. Uncle George-Are you good at guessing? Little Dick .- Yes, indeed.

head in the spelling class .- [Good

paper.

News. THE POLITE EDITOR. Poet-I have here, sir, a poem which I wish to have printed in your

print it to-day or to-morrow. Would it suit you as well at some later most celebrated teacher in the city. date? Poet (gratefully)-Oh! any time he's a beat! Mary don't sing a bit would be perfectly satisfactory. Use louder now than she did when that

your own pleasure about that. Editor-Very well. We'll try to [Puck. get it in sometime in the Spring of 1994.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

First Cowboy-I don't mind an Injun havin' his rights. Second Cowboy-Them's my sentiments, too. He ought to have his

rights. "But if he undertakes to assert ten." his rights then he ought er be scalp-

"That's what I say, pertickerlarly if he has any good ridin' ponies,-[Texas Siftings.

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

Mrs. Smarte-Oh, you needn't make any excuses, I can read you like a book. Mr. Smarte-Precisely. When you

read a book, you skip all the noble.

soul-inspiring passages and read only

the trash .- [Boston Transcript. THEIR TASTES DIFFERED.

Mr. Smythe (of Boston, across the table)-Which do you prefer, Lamb or Bacon? My own tastes regarding them are very mixed.

Miss Jones (of Chicago)-Oh, I reckon I like bacon a little the best. be has been a familiar figure on Third (Aside to the waiter)-And put some street. liver in the pan with it .- [Truth.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

She-Hush, dear; you are forgeting yourself.-[Raymond's Monthly.] go out to the bridal couple.-[Cinting yourself.-[Raymond's Monthly.]

A CULPRIT.

Bobbie-Didn't you say yesterday that it was wrong to strike another? Bobbie's Father—Yes, Bobbie. Bobbie—Well, I wish you'd tell ny teacher so. - New York World.

FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT.

Mr. Browne-Half a dozen men told me that my new gown was a dream and you haven't expressed a bit of admiration for it. Browne-But I have to pay your

dressmaker, my dear .- [Raymond's Monthly. AFTER A TIP.

Waiter-I think you've forgotten something, sir.

Guest (hurrying away)-Well, you can have it, my good man .-- [Raymond's Monthly.

SLIGHTLY DELAYED.

Customer-Is the proprietor in?

Waiter-Yes, sir. Customer-Take this steak back and ask him to jump on it. Waiter-You'll have to wait a lit-

orders ahead of you.-{Life. ANYTHING TO MAKE A LIVING.

tle while, sir. There are two other

Bouttown-This is the first night of a new play, I see. Manager-Yes.

the audience for a dollar .- [Life. MERELY A GUESS.

Bouttown-I'll go in and be one of

The Spectacled Girl-Have you read "Ships that Pass in the Night?" The Auburn - Haired Girl-No. What kind are they-courtships?-[Indianapolis Journal.

AS ADVERTISED. Sufferer-You advertise to pull teeth without pain. Is that true or

false!' ANOTHER MATTER.

Dentist-It's true-if the teeth are

"Jones has skipped with \$20,000." "He's a genius!" "And he took your umbrella along,

"He's an infernal scoundrel!"-[Hallo.

PROPOSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. "What was the greatest disap-

pointment of your life?" asked her dear friend. "When a deaf and dumb man tried to tell me he loved me in a dark hallway," she responded .- [Hallo.

FITTED IT.

"What do you generally take after a full dinner at the club?' "An ambulance." - [New York

HAS GOOD REASONS. Viola-But, papa, the Marquis is

charming; and he is certainly generous to a fault. Papa-Well, he ought to be: he's got more of them than anybody I

THE TRUTHFUL EPITAPH.

A man lies here who was too wis (Or so he thought) to advertise. He's very dead, as you may see, But his business is more dead than

> -[Washington Star. NATURAL CURIOSITY.

He-One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. She-No; but it would give a good deal to find out .- Detroit Free Press.

NOT TO BE CONCEALED. Beth-The position of woman from

the fifth to the fifteenth centuries was particularly unenviable. May-Yes; they were Middle Age ladies, and everybody knew it .-[Truth. EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCE.

Maude-I'm engaged to four men. Eleanor-Yes, three of them told

me about it when they proposed to me.-[Chicago Record. NO IMPROVEMENT. Mr. Porkingham-You pay Mary's new singing teacher twice as much as

Mrs. Porkingham - Yes; he's the Mr. Porkingham (in disgust)-Well,

Editor (looking it over)-We can't you did the other one, don't you?

cheap man was learning her .-A SUPERFLUITY. "May I offer you my arm, Miss Jakersen?'

"Thanks-I've got two of my own!' NEW ARITHMETIC.

'Can you lend me \$50?" "I was just going to ask you for "Oh, all right? Then you only

owe me forty."

Diminutive Bride and Groom.

A special dispatch announces the marriage of Maurice Bear of this city to Miss Bertha Levy of Birmingham, Ala. The nuptial knot was tied at the home of the bride, in the presence of many relatives and intimate friends. The union is rather a notable one on account of the diminutive size of the contracting parties. The clever groom, who has a wide acquaintance in this city, is less than four feet in height, and his blushing bride is no taller. The groom, despite. his stature, has made rapid strides inbusiness, and for the past few years

The bride is a most charming young woman, and she has been quite a factor in the Hebrew society He (angrily)-You are the biggest at Birmingham for some time past. The good wishes of a host of friends