A TALE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

There was a man in our town who thought
 himself wondrous wise.
Said he, "What costly frumperies the average husband buys!
Now I'll cut out all the 'Household Hints'
 and give them to my wife,
And she'll furnish the house on nothing
 at all, you better bet your life!"
So he bought some ancient newspaper files,
 and his wife got on her knees
And began to manufacture things with
 elegance and ease.

She gathered a lot of barrel staves and
 made a window seat;
She thought of a new canary cage and a
 hoopskirt was her meat;
She painted old shoes with liquid gilt and
 hung them over the wall;
She covered a keg with turkey red for a
 hatrack in the hall;
She made some beautiful picture frames
 of her husband's cast-off socks,
And built a table and sideboard out of an
 empty dry goods box.

She hung the coal scuttle over the door
 ('twas lovely, so she said);
She turned a hideous hen house into a
 handy folding bed;
She cut new mantel draperies out of old
 plaid underskirts;
She made some parlor lambrequins of her
 husband's flannel shirts;
She planted a palm in his old silk hat and
 tied up his cane with bows,
And what she didn't finally do, the Lord
 He only knows!

The husband pined and pined away and
 sickly grew his soul,
As he saw her making a standing lamp of
 a pitcher and curtain pole.
And his step grew slow and his cheek
 grew wan as she hammered away
 with force,
A-making a fancy Japanese screen of a
 rickety old clothes horse.
One day she began on a chandelier, and
 then he went outside
And swallowed poison, cut his throat and
 shot himself and died.
—New York Press.

THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

On the heights of Portland the December mists, still undispersed by sunrise, hung thick, obliterating all traces of the prison buildings from the roads, where several ships of the Channel Squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope. In the prison itself there was no light as yet save in the corridors, up and down which the ever-alert warders paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's hewing of stone and uncongenial tasks; but in one the occupant, a man of 35, good-looking in spite of prison garb, close-cropped hair, and the ravages of toil and despair, lay on his bed awake.

A little more than ten years ago he had stood in the dock of a West of England city listening to a judge with a hard voice, though with kindly eyes, pronouncing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. All that an eloquent counsel could do had been done for him, but to no avail. The evidence seemed conclusively damnatory, and the foreman of the jury, after an absence of half an hour, answered "Guilty" to the usual question, with a ring of conviction in his voice. The Judge's words to Thomas Harborde fell on deaf ears. He stood stupidly gazing at a young girl sitting at the back of the court in the company of a sweet-faced old lady, as though he saw nothing. At last a warder touched him on the shoulder, and the same instant a piteous cry of "O, Tom! Tom! They're going to take you away from me!" rang out in the court, over which the dusk of late afternoon was creeping, gradually blotting out the features of those who sat at all in shadow. The prisoner turned round as though about to say something to the Judge on the bench, and then, led by the warder, he vanished down the dock stairs to the cells, to be known no longer as Thomas Harborde, but by various numbers; at Portland Convict Prison as "No. 27."

The sense of innocence brought him—contrary to all preconceived notions of writers of fiction—no meed of satisfaction; it merely filled him with desperate wrath and blackest despair. In the early period of his solitary confinement he found himself confronted day in and day out with the crushing sense of the legions of hours, minutes, and seconds before he could hope to be a free man—if ever he were to be one again. By good conduct—against the very thought of which he at first rebelled, refusing to accept any boon at the hands of fate—he might reduce these years to two-thirds, maybe. What then? Millions of seconds, each one to him, a prisoner, an appreciable part of life; hundreds of thousands of leaden-footed minutes, each one filled with poignant despair, must pass ere the time of release drew near. At work, under the scorching sun or in the keen air of winter, in the quarries it was all the same. These hours and minutes became embodied in the person of the wardens and fellow-prisoners, in the presence of his chains. From a possibly dangerous man he became almost an inanimate machine, a mere cogwheel in the round of daily toil and poison discipline. At first he attacked the stone as though he were revenging his wrongs upon human flesh and blood, at last he tooled it with the unthinking regularity of an automaton. It takes a year or two to trample the human element out of a man of Harborde's type; but the effect of stone walls, silence, and brutalized companions, if slow, is none the less sure. Only in his case he became an automaton instead of an animal.

Through the long December night, while the mist enshrouded Portland and restricted the range of the lights at the Bill to half a mile or less, and whilst the sirens sounded from the light-house gallery almost continuously, answered faintly by others from vessels far out to sea, or booming harshly from others near at hand, Harborde lay awake reckoning the weeks, days, hours, and minutes which comprise the remaining two years of his term. He had but just dropped off into a half-sleeping condition when his cell door opened, and instead of the hard face of the warder come to tell him to tidy up he saw the Governor and chaplain, with the warder in the background.

What could it mean? He sprang up, rubbing his eyes, and almost before he knew what was happening the Governor had told him in a few words that he had received the Queen's pardon, and then proceeded to read the same. What did it all mean? No other thought germinated in his dull brain. Free! Free to go where he willed! Free to walk out of the gaol gates. Never to return within the stone walls which had shut him in from the outside world, as surely as though no world other than that contained within them existed. The prison bell clanged, startling him into a state of wakefulness. The Governor had finished reading the official-looking paper, and with the conclusion of the formal part of his duty he added a few words of congratulation. Harborde seemed to have no comprehension of their meaning. He remained standing in the center of the narrow cell speechless. At last the chaplain made him understand the import of the document which had just been read over to him.

"Free! Free! It is impossible," he exclaimed, and then he threw himself on the bed in an agony of joy. The clanging of the bell afresh, the slamming of doors, the echoing of footsteps down the resounding corridors recalled him to a sense of his position. A warder entered with a suit of clothes. With trembling fingers he removed his prison garb; worn, soiled with weather and labor, and intolerable. The trousers felt chilly after the thick prison tight-fitting knickerbockers, and rough, thick, worsted stockings. The coat seemed to fit him nowhere. With one look around his cell, on the walls of which he had done innumerable calculations to keep himself from insanity bred by the terrible silence and sense of loneliness, "No. 27," now no longer a mere figure, a machine, but a human being, stepped into the corridor.

There was a breakfast for him such as he had not tasted for nine long years, but he had no appetite. The one idea now possessing his mind was home, escape whilst the Governor was willing for him to depart. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, drank a few gulps of cocoa, and then with the allowance money in his pocket hurried to the gateway.

He was free. Free to go wherever he liked. Free to start for home as fast as steam would carry him. Free to stretch out his arms to the placid gray-blue waters of Western Bay, now denuded of their mantle of fog and sparkling in the sunshine. Free to breathe the pure air uncontaminated by companions criminal and vicious. But the waters, the hillside, the lovely stretch of verdant country extended before his eyes had no charm for him save that they spelt freedom. Behind him lay the prison house, the flagstaff, from which no ensign of dread fluttered to tell of his escape. Before him lay freedom.

He rushed down the road, waving his arms with the reawakened instincts of a boy escaping from school, oblivious alike of the sympathetic gaze of women he passed and the half contemptuous remarks of the men. He dashed into the bleak, shabby little railway station, only to learn that there was no train for an hour. Already his limbs, unused to such riotous movement, and still feeling the lag of the chain, had begun to fail him, making the half-jocular suggestion of the solitary porter that he should "take a little exercise and walk to Weymouth" out of the question.

"I'll have to wait," was all he could think of to say.

"Doin' time ain't altogether exhilaratin' nor strengthenin' work," the porter remarked.

Harborde nodded his head, yet longed to tell him that he was an innocent man. The porter, however, had vanished, to return in a few moments with a paper.

"Here, mate," he exclaimed with rough kindness. "You won't know all yesterday's news, I'll go bail."

Harborde seized the paper. No, he knew nothing of yesterday's news, nor that of thousands of days which had once been yesterday. He could see nothing at first. The print swam in a confused jumble before his eyes. When his sight cleared he commenced to read. How strange it all was! He used to be a great reader before he became "No. 27." And now he seemed to know nothing of the world. New names confronted him everywhere. Names of those in authority, names of towns, names even of countries. Where was Mashonaland and Matabeleland? He was confused. He read on. This delicious new found turmoil of the world, how good it was after all.

At last his eye caught a small paragraph stowed away at the bottom of the third column on page six of the paper. He read it and reread it over and over again: "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to pardon Thomas Harborde, who was convicted of forgery at the Westchester assizes some ten years ago and is now completing his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude at Portland. Harborde will be released this morning. The step has been taken in consequence of the dying confession of a man at Bristol." Nothing more! Now he knew why he had been released. And so death had taken Edward Tilwell out of the hands of justice. It was hardly fair of death.

The porter came up whistling to tell him the train would start in ten minutes. He got up, thrust the paper into the man's hands, pointing to the paragraph.

"That's me."

"You Thomas Harborde?" exclaimed the man. "Then all I've got to say it's a hanged shame the Queen didn't send a coach-and-six for you. Let's have your hand, man, to wish you good luck. Got a missis? No? So much the better; poor soul, if you had it would have cut her up terrible."

"No," said Harborde, as though speaking to himself, "I was to have been married; but that's years ago now, and I'm an old man."

"Old!" interjected the porter, "you're no more than five-and-thirty, I'll go bail. You do look older, to be sure. But wait till you've been out a bit, you'll soon rub off them lines and look a bit more uppish."

The engine at the end of a short train of carriages relegated to the Portland line after becoming too thoroughly out of date for even the Somerset and Dorset local service between Weymouth and Dorchester, gave a thin, wintry squeak, and Harborde, in a fever of apprehension lest it should start without him, tumbled into the first carriage that came handy, ticketless.

The porter came to the door. "You've got no ticket. Here, give me a shilling, and I'll get it for you. Book to Weymouth?"

"Yes," said Harborde, fumbling in his pocket for the money.

"Now, you're all right," the porter exclaimed, returning a couple of minutes later; "there's the ticket and the change. No, thanks; you'll want all you've got. Good-by, mate, and good-luck to you."

With a bump and a groan the train moved out of the station and ambled along the line running at the back of Shesil Beach at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Harborde was one of half a dozen passengers, but there was no one else in his compartment. He sat thinking of all that had happened. He had heard nothing of those at home for many months; they might all be dead. How would he have the courage to go to the door with this possibility? What would he do if Jane told him his mother was dead? He covered his face in his hands at the thought, and sobbed as only a strong man can sob in the corner of a carriage. With a great jerk the train pulled up at the station, and Harborde got out. His fellow travelers regarded him with curiosity because his friend the porter had told every one of them who he was when he examined their tickets, inveighing bitterly the while against the caustic humor of pardoning an innocent man.

Harborde noticed nothing of this. He inquired of a porter the next train on to the junction for Applebury, and then discovered that he was both hungry and faint for want of food. He went out into the slippery, muddy street at the back of the houses on the Parade and at length found a quiet little eating-house, where he was served with a meal by a girl, who had a pitying eye, after consulting with her superior in command. At 3 o'clock he was again on his way in his train, in the company this time of other fellow-creatures who one and all regarded him with a feeling akin to that with which they would have submitted to the company of a dangerous animal. Harborde noticed it after a time, and putting his hand to his head suddenly made the discovery that his hair was noticeably short. After this he realized that he was a marked man, and no longer wondered why the lady opposite drew her warm plaid dress away from his feet, and the other lady with two children sidled as far from him as possible and asked the guard to find her seats in another carriage at the next station. He was innocent, but how could he explain it to them? If they could but know what he had suffered surely they would weep. He hadn't the paper with him; even if he had perhaps they would not believe that he and Thomas Harborde mentioned in the paragraph were one and the same. Two men got in where the lady with the children got out. They each of them threw a glance, shrugged their shoulders, and then became immersed in their papers.

It was quite dark when Applebury was reached, and Harborde, luggageless, speedily passed out of the station without being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas good and finery—in the main street now had large plate glass windows in place of more countryfied fronts, but were otherwise much as fifteen years ago. For a moment he stood confused, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by-street, and then again turning take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he reached the garden gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the drive to the door. What if they were all dead? He grew sick at the very idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the house. What if she were ill—perhaps dying? At last his legs carried him up the drive, which swept round the little front lawn in a semi-circle. He heard the bell tinkle shrilly at the back of the house. The sound seemed like home. All at once he remembered how, years ago, he had hanged it with a long-handled broom till it jangled against its fellows on either side.

The door opened. A flood of light streamed out on to the gravel. It was a strange face and the fact sent an icy shock to his heart. Far outside himself he knew that he did not recognize as his own asking if Dr. Harborde were in. A year seemed to pass before the servant said "No," adding, "Did you wish to see him particular?"

"Yes."

"He'll be in in half an hour."

"Is—is Mrs. Harborde in? Is she alive?" said the man at the door, throwing the words at her even once his tongue had conscious to frame them.

"Why, lor bless me, yes! Come, none o' that!"

But it was no use. The man she had just noticed had suspiciously short hair and a strange, wild-looking face had pushed past her, thrown open the sitting-room door, stumbled into it, and thrown his arms around a sweet-faced old lady, who rose in alarm at his sudden entrance.

"My son! my son!" rang out through the house. "Mother! mother!"

The girl stood rooted to the spot, then she ran to Jane, and the two of them came out into the passage. In the sitting-room with its pink-shaded lamp a woman was seated kissing every line in her son's face—every line that the long years had written. And he stroked the hair that still lay thick, though white, in a coil at the back of her head.

Suddenly the man started up.

"Jess?" he asked, huskily.

Some one who had lain, half-stunned with joy, in a wicker chair well out of the range of the lamplight came into his vision.

"Jess!" he cried, folding her in his arms whilst the room swam round. "My Jess!"

"Tom!" came the answer.

"But I am old," said he; "so old."

"And I, also, with the sadness and loneliness of waiting. But now—now I am young again."

The voice of the elder woman broke the silence after a moment. "For this, my son, was dead and is alive again."

And they began to be merry.—London Black and White.

Wizard with the Whip.

An Austro-Hungarian, named Piskslug, has created a sensation in Vienna by his wonderful performances with a whip—some of which are described by the London Tit-Bits:

"The first thing he does is to take a long-lashed, stout-handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music, and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

"More interest is evinced when he seizes a vicious-looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful force may lie in a whip-lash in the hands of an expert.

"A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and swinging the lash round his head lets fly at the calfskin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece out of the leather, leaving a clean-cut hole.

These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium-sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Any one in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

"A still more difficult feat is the snapping of coins from a narrow-necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of a half-crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whizzing through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it."

Commercial Travelers' Home.

The commercial travelers are great people. Not to appreciate the importance of their labors is to acknowledge one's ignorance of the methods of trade. They are the most intrepid nomads that are left on the earth. They live in sleeping-cars and hotels, brave the perils of the rail, the lunch counter, and the hotel bed; live single or apart from their families, endure all weathers and any company that offers—and all that the affinity between good goods and solvent buyers may be discerned and triumph. The attention paid to them during the late campaign attested their importance in the community. Great pains were taken, especially in Chicago, to equip them with sound fiscal and political sentiments, so that they might scatter good seed wherever they went. Their national organization is building a home at Binghamton, N. Y., for worthy indigent commercial travelers and their dependent families. It is to complete this building that the Commercial Travelers' Fair is being held in the Madison Square Garden. It began on the 15th and closes on the 28th, and through it the travelers aspire to raise $150,000. It is a great fair, full of novel shows and managed by people of enterprise. No doubt it will meet with the success that it deserves.—Harper's Weekly.

Prentice's Advice.

Once when George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, was coming out of a public building in Louisville, he was about to pass through a double door which opened both ways. He started to push at the door on his right. A young man coming from the opposite direction was pushing at the same door, being his own left. Prentice lost patience, and throwing himself against the door, it flew open, and the young man went sprawling on the floor. Assisting the youth to rise, Prentice remarked: "Take my advice, my son, keep to the right in your way through life, and you'll never run against anybody but a blamed fool, and you needn't apologize to him."

The Difference.

"Professor Glacier's lecture lasted until midnight."

"That's the time mine usually commences."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man who has a silk hat has as much to keep him busy as a woman who has a baby.

NOT AFRAID OF BIG THINGS.

An Instance Which Shows Armour to Be a King Among Men.

Phil Armour, of Chicago, is not afraid of a big thing, and he is ready to fight to hold his own. An instance of this, writes Frank G. Carpenter, occurred in the spring of last year. For some time the grain brokers in Chicago had hoped to be able to down Armour. They had tried it a number of times and failed. At last it was discovered that he had bought 3,000,000 bushels of wheat to be delivered in May. The market was in such state that he had to take it. The Chicago elevators were full, and the brokers laughed in their sleeves when they thought of Armour having all that wheat dumped down upon him and no place to put it. They expected he would have to sell it, that they could buy it at their own prices, and that he would lose a fortune by it. This was the situation about the 1st of April. On that day Mr. Armour called in his architect and builder. Said he: "I must have within thirty days elevators built large enough to store 3,000,000 bushels of wheat."

"It can't be done," said the architect.

"It must be done," replied Mr. Armour.

"It is a physical impossibility," was

P. D. ARMOUR.

the reply. "We might do it in a year. We can't do it in a month.'"

"I tell you it must be done," was Armour's reply. "Call in some of the other men."

At this, others of the employes connected with building matters were admitted. They all joined in with the architect and pronounced the putting up of the structure in that time an impossibility.

Mr. Armour listened to them, but his iron jaws at the close came together more firmly than ever, and he said: "I tell you it must be done, and it will be done!" He then gave his orders. He bought a little island, known as Goose Neck Island, in the mouth of the Chicago River, on which to build the elevators. He had advertisements posted over Chicago that any man who could handle a pick or drive a nail could find work by calling at P. D. Armour's stock yards. He put up an electric lighting system and worked three gangs of men eight hours at a stretch, putting so many men on the work that they covered it like ants. He went out every day and took a look at the work himself, and the result was he had his elevators built three days before the wheat began to come. This work had been done quietly, and few of the brokers knew of it. He took care of his 3,000,000 bushels and made a big thing off of their sale.

ANTI-FAT CABIN.

Experience of the Smith Family in a Hut Apparently Haunted.

A strange and most unaccountable mystery is reported from near Elwood, Ind. About six months ago a family named Smith moved into a little log hut on a farm. They were all large people, and the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Smith had two sons, all of whom looked as if they were prize winners in a "fat folks' show." The house had been unoccupied for some years, and in a short time after they moved into it they began to grow small and shrink away so rapidly that they got scared. They were not sick, but before long they had shrunk to half their natural sizes and their clothes hung around them like bags on poles. They killed a hog, and, having nowhere to hang the meat but in the house, they strung it on poles and hung it up near the ceiling in the sitting-room. In a few days it, too, shrank away to a shadow of its normal size. This was the last straw and the frightened family moved into another house, and the hut was turned open to the stock of the farm, and they stayed in it of

BECAME WALKING SKELETONS.

nights and stormy weather. As soon as the family moved they began to get fat again, but the stock that took shelter in the cabin fell away so rapidly that they became walking skeletons. Smith was fattening hogs, and these slept in the cabin, and try as he would he could not feed them enough to make them fat. In desperation he shut the stock out and then burned the cabin.

Never Ate Solid Food.

Tommy Horton is one of San Francisco's freaks. Though 23 years old he has the faculties and physical appearance of a boy early in his teens. He is by no means half-witted, for he has all the wits of a boy of 16. But at 3 his mind naturally should have developed.

Until three weeks ago he has spent all of his time at home, but now he has a situation as errand-boy for a dealer in microscopical supplies. This work has taken him to scientists and through them his condition became public.

Tommy, though born healthy, had early in life all the infantile diseases. Besides, he had stricture of the stomach, as a result of which his digestive apparatus went on a strike, and has remained out of work ever since. Then he was ruptured, and afterward had a severe attack of asthma.

Never in his life has he eaten a bit of solid food, and, for a time, it was only with the greatest difficulty that his stomach could retain even milk and water. He takes broths and baby foods, and sometimes goes for days without an ounce of nourishment.

Consequently, for lack of phosphates, his brain hasn't developed. He is left in a lamentable condition of naive honesty. His skin is as smooth and innocent of hair as that of a baby.—New York Press.

MADE A GREAT SUCCESS.

An Editor Who Knew Nothing About the Business, but Made Money.

I was talking with a printer the other day who worked for a number of years at Farmington, Minn., for a man by the name of Squires. At one time he had a partner by the name of Farmer, the firm name being Farmer & Squires. One day when the press was being loaded the "&" dropped out, leaving plain Farmer Squires, and the edition was run off before it was noticed; Farmer sold out the next day, but it was Farmer Squires' paper from that on. He made a big success of the paper, although he didn't know a four-pica lead from a two-revolution Hoe, and he did not do a thing toward running the paper except making contracts for foreign advertising—that was his strong point; he got hay knives, fanning mills, sewing machines, pile drivers, washing machines for advertising; he accepted all propositions, including patent medicine and scholarships. The printer had to do the rest; he built the fires, set the type, got the news, attended to the political and moral end of the paper; smoked the wedding cigars; chased over the county on a bay horse after subscribers, took the blame and looked happy—and the proprietor edited the trading end. He traded farm machinery for cows, hogs, hens, grain, wood, anything to sell, eat or burn. Once he had an angry cow tied to the front door of the printing office that he had traded a hay rake for. The cow tore the clothes almost off the mayor of the town, who rushed into the office so mad that he forgot to stop the paper, but he scared the devil so bad that he stopped his growth. Sometimes there would be an auction at the office, and Squires would stand on the bed of the Fairhaven press and sell a lot of truck so there would be room in the office to get out the paper, but he never got stuck on anything and finally sold out for a big figure on the strength of his profits, which quit with him.—Grafton Record.

Most Idle Nation.

The palm would probably go to the Transvaal Republic as regards its original burgher population. The Boer does just as little work as will keep himself and family alive, and the most of that he gets done by Kaffir servants, who, in the more out-of-the-way districts, at any rate, are practically slaves. In and about the gold fields and industrial centers he just lets his land on mining and other leases to the Outlander, and does hardly anything at all. Of European countries it would be hard to choose between Spain and Turkey. In Spain constitutional indolence, fertile soil and a magnificent climate combine to make life one long dawdle. In Turkey the natural thrift and industry of the real Turkish population are paralyzed into idleness and apathy by the hopelessness of winning anything worth having which will not at once be stolen by official corruption.

Poison.

The dangerous character of aconite, or monkshood leaves, is well known to most grown persons, but children need instruction to avoid those large palm-shaped leaves which are dark-green on the upper surface. This most deadly of vegetable poison causes great depression, often blindness, tingling all over the body, parching and burning of the throat and stomach, and finally death ensues.

Luther's Wedding Ring.

Luther's wedding ring was a most elaborate affair, containing representations of all the articles used at the crucifixion; the ladder, the cross, the rope, the nails, the hammer, the spear, the thorns, were all shown in the circumference of this peculiar piece of jewelry.

Early Watches.

Watches were first called Nuremburg eggs; some of them were five and six inches in diameter, as large as the small-sized cheap clocks now exhibited in store windows. They were first made in 1447.

Life of a Theater.

The average life of a theater is twenty-three years. From 1861 to 1867 inclusive, 187 theaters were burnt down, and twelve every year since has been about the average.

"What a remarkable man Monocle is; so far-sighted, you know." "Yes; and yet he's so near-sighted that he can't see two feet without his glasses."—Philadelphia North American.

Every one is the object of somebody's suspicion, and should regulate his conduct with that thought in mind.

A man who saves his words, usually saves his money.