THE PATIENT SEASONS.

How patiently the seasons bide their time!
No murmur from the bud that months ago
Was ready, were the earth inclined, to blow;
The birds are happy in their chosen clime.

We doubt there are communings 'neath the snow,
And some bright eyes that never close in sleep,
And some sharp ears that listen well and keep
Sweet hope alive in little hearts below.

Then let the winter wear itself away,
Borne thither on the breast of freighted rills;
A dream of spring has touched the constant hills,
And made the valleys patient of delay.
—Mary A. Mason in Youth's Companion.

ABE AND AUSTIN.

Austin and I were sitting up with the corpse. Abe had been a stiff since 8 o'clock, and it was then six hours later. We were cattlemen—cowboys they would call us east—living in a ranch on the Pecos in Texas. Abe was lying on a buffalo robe over against the wall, where he died. He had been grunting around for several days complaining of his old wound. He was taking a drink when I went out in the afternoon to salt some deer; when I came back, he was dead. Austin and I straightened him out and threw a saddle blanket over him. We closed his eyes, but left his head out. It seemed more natural like.

Austin was sitting facing the corpse. I had my back that way. We were playing treasout poker for yearling heifers. All of a sudden there was a noise over by the corpse that made us both start. It sounded like two knocks on the floor. We dropped our cards and went over. Everything was all right. I said it must have been a prairie dog or gopher—we had no cats nor rats around there. Austin was horribly scared. He swallowed a larger drink of whisky than usual. We went back to our game, and presently we heard the rap again—this time louder. We up again and went over. All was quiet as a quit mining camp. Austin was shaking all over, and he says, "D—— if I take any stock in spirits outside of the jug!" Then he took another drink and banged out of the ranch. When he came in, he says, "We'll have a norther tomorrow."

We didn't play any more. We sat there talking about whether we better start Jose (our cook) out on the range to round up the boys for the planting. Presently Austin says, "Did Abe ever say anything to you about being married?" "No, he didn't," says I. "If he's married, some one ought to get word to his woman." Then we kept still a spell. Then Austin says: "Was Abe married?" "I know nothing about him," says I. After a little I says to Austin, "Was Abe married?" "I know nothing about him," he says, and then he went off of his box onto the floor as if a broncho had kicked him. I jumped up to help him, and as I did so I saw Abe (the corpse) sitting up on that buffalo skin looking powerful mad. His lip was curled up like he was trying to hiss something, and his arm was stretched out, and one long bony finger was pointing at Austin, who lay knocked out on the floor.

I don't want any encores to that act. I was so scared I couldn't smoke. I bent over and shook Austin, but he seemed like dead. As I went over for the jug to get something to help him, I saw Abe was lying just as we had fixed him, and the blanket looked as if it had not been disturbed. I took about five fingers myself, then poured some into Austin. The first thing he did when he came to was to look at his shooter. Then he walked over to the corpse and peared to be examining the blanket. Then he says: "That's the second of those d——strokes I've had. I guess the next will fetch me." I didn't tell him what I'd seen, and I didn't ask him what he'd seen. It didn't always pay to ask questions. Austin drank right along—a drink between drinks—and an hour later he fell over on the floor. I threw a robe over him.

I didn't feel any too good sitting there alone after what I'd seen, and I took more than I should have myself. I don't remember much about going to bed. The first thing I knew was Austin shaking me and saying, "Bill, where the devil's Abe got to?" I got up and looked around. There was the buffalo skin, but no Abe, and his Winchester was missing. We called in Jose. He'd seen nothing out of the way. We both felt far from comfortable and decided to ride up to the next ranch and tell the boys there. When we caught up our ponies, there was Abe's sorrel as big as life. We didn't come back to the ranch for a week. Then we were so played out and sick nothing could have scared us, but both of us kept wondering where Abe had gone.

Two years afterward Austin and I rode into Cheyenne from the Crazy Woman's fork, where we were then living. We went into Talbot's saloon. The barroom was separated from the theater part by a plain board partition. We sat down at a table in the barroom and called for liquor. There was a long haired, heavily whiskered man who looked like a bullwhacker stretched out on a bench. He looked as if he were sleeping. We'd taken several drinks, and I got to thinking of old times and somehow of Abe. "Do you ever think of Abe now?" I says. "Indeed I do, often," says Austin. "I'll never rest till I know what became of him."

Just as he said this the bullwhacker rose up and says: "Mr. Williams, or Austin, if you prefer it, you may rest from this date. I am Abe!" Austin reached for his gun, but Abe caught his arm and said, quietlike: "Hold on a minute. If you want any shooting later, I'll give you a show." Then he turned to me and said: "Years ago, back in the states, Williams here and I loved the same girl. Her parents did not approve of either of us. She made me think she loved me, and she led Austin to believe he was the favorite. She finally consented to a secret marriage with me, and we slipped away, saying nothing.

"Somehow the report got back to her home that I had taken her off under promise of marriage and had then deserted her. Austin never recognized me up to the day of my supposed death, but I knew him the first time he showed up at our ranch on the Pecos. After you went out that afternoon I felt very sick and really thought I was dying, so I turned to Austin and said, 'Williams, I'm John Walker.' Quick as a cat he was on me. I couldn't get my gun, and he had me by the throat, so I couldn't speak. He choked me, as he supposed, to death. The next thing I remember was hearing you two talking about me as if I were dead. I really felt not far from it.

"When Austin, in answer to your question, said he knew nothing about me, it made me mad, and I rose up to tell him he lied. The sight of me knocked him speechless. I knew then I was supposed to be a corpse. When you both had turned in drunk, I crawled to the jug and took enough to strengthen me. Then I slipped out, mounted the first cow pony I found and rode away. I did not feel like fighting Austin—in fact, he would not have touched me had he waited to hear me—and I thought my disappearance would worry him some."

Again Austin reached for his revolver. "Wait," said Abe, "until I finish. I married the girl and treated her as white as a woman ever was treated, but five months afterward she ran away with a blooming drummer. I hear the music tuning up. Come inside. I have something to show Austin there."

Abe purchased the tickets, and we entered the partially filled room which was doing duty as a theater. A rude stage was constructed at the end of the room, and a few men seated on boxes before it were grinding out of their cracked and discordant instruments an air that recalled "Rise Up, Willie Riley." Presently the large canvas wagon sheet that served as a drop curtain was raised, and a gaudily and scantily dressed and roughly painted woman marched to the center of the stage and burst forth in a song that would not have been tolerated east of the Platte.

Austin's eyes were riveted upon her. At first surprise was seen in his face, then nausea. Abe was watching him. Presently the latter said: "If you envy me now, Mr. Williams, I will go outside, and you may shoot me." But Austin extended his hand to Abe, and we left the building together, as Philadelphia

THE EVERLASTING GHOST.

A Phantom That Has Made Little Progress In Thousands of Years.

We are asked to believe in ghosts because in every age there have been ghost stories. But would it not be more natural to suppose that in every age the human mind has been subject to aberrations, and that some specific weakness or irregularity of the mental constitution or of the physical organ, the brain, on which all thinking, so far as we are aware, depends, has probably given rise to this particular class of hallucinations?

We cannot pretend as yet to know the mind thoroughly in health and disease, but this we do know, that there are thousands and millions of persons whose lives are never intruded on by ghosts and who know absolutely nothing of "occult" phenomena. According to a reverend gentleman's figures, only one woman in twelve and one man in ten has had any "occult" experiences. Now, what we should like very much to have would be a further analysis of these figures showing the percentage of flighty or otherwise ill balanced minds among the "occult" and the "nonoccult" (if we may so apply the words) classes respectively.

Our own experience would lead us to believe that the proportion would be vastly larger in the former class than in the latter. Who has not known many examples of the tremulous, nervous, hypersensitive, wonder loving, hysterical or semihysterical type of constitution among the devotees of ghost lore? And if such examples occur, as we believe they must, to the mind of every one, is it not at least a probable inference that "occultism" in its various phases has something to do with that kind of mind!

The ghost may be very ancient, but we do not believe in him the more. The trouble about him is that he has made no progress since the earliest times. In fact, on the whole, he has fallen back. We should not be disposed to talk of the "levitation" of Elijah ourselves had not the Rev. Mr. Haweis used the term before us. But if, following the reverend gentleman's lead, we consider the prophet's alleged translation in that light, surely it was a most successful feat in "levitation," and a little ahead of anything the modern world can show.

And, speaking generally, the apparitions and visions and other spiritual or occult phenomena of ancient times had more "body" to them than those of our own day. If therefore the ghost has made no progress in the course of three or four thousand years, if he is just as uninstructive and inconsequent a phenomenon now as he was when we first encountered him, if not a little more so, we may perhaps be pardoned for thinking that he may be safely and fairly ignored by people who have an average amount of business to attend to.—Popular Science Monthly.

Lamar's Long Hair.

There is a young lady now prominent in Washington society to whom as a little girl Lamar revealed one blood curdling reminiscence. He was accustomed to visit her father's house and had often noticed her gazing curiously at his hair, which he wore very long and flat to the sides of his head. One day he said to her: "My dear, you look as if you wanted to ask me something What is it?"

"If you please, Mr. Lamar," she answered, "why do you wear your hair that way at the sides?" Lamar drew on his most serious expression, and in a low, hoarse whisper between his lifted palms he replied, "Because, my dear, I—once—hand—a—fight—with—a—man—and—he—cut—off—my—ears!" For a long time afterward the little girl was struck with a chill of horror every time she looked at him, until one day in the midst of a gesture he swung his hair back far enough to assure her that his head was supplied with its normal complement of members. But she never, to the day of his death, entirely got over the effect made upon her by the pretended dread secret.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Meaning of Telepathy.

Few people would be apt to understand what you meant if you talked to them about "telepathy." New sciences spring up so rapidly nowadays that it is hard work to keep track of the new words coined for them. Telepathy is related in meaning to telegraphy, in that it is a sort of mental telegraphy, or feeling at a distance, being derived from the Greek, pathos, feeling and tele, at a distance. It is only a new and more scientific name, however, for what we commonly speak of as mind reading, though not all mind reading is telepathy.

Richard Hodson, secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, defines telepathy as the ability of one mind to impress or be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense, and cites some remarkable instances of mind reading and thought transference investigated by the society. These, he thinks, confirm the conclusion that thought transference is a reality.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Greek Noses.

We learn that the nose of Socrates was not Greek, but such as Greek artists usually assigned to satyrs. Occasionally, as in a beautiful group of a satyr playing dice with a nymph on a bronze mirror, they gave satyrs another kind of nose. The noses of the ladies in the Tanagra terra cotta are of all agreeable orders of nose, not necessarily Greek. The chances are that the Greeks varied as much as we do in their noses, while the tradition of their art preferred the conventional straight nose. In the same way the kind of Romans who had their portraits done on coins and gems were just the sort of energetic, conquering people who have Roman noses everywhere, like William of Orange and the Duke of Wellington.—London Saturday Review.

Self Control.

Teacher—What is the meaning of self control?

Boy—It's w'en a teacher gets mad and feels like giving a boy a black mark and doesn't.—Good News.

Books Which Are Not Books.

In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia-abiblia—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocketbooks (the literary excepted), draught boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns and generally all those volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without," the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's "Moral Philosophy." With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.—Charles Lamb.

A Famous Gold Nugget.

On the 18th of August, 1866, a monster piece of gold was taken from the Monumental mine, near Sierra Buttes. This giant nugget weighed 1,596 troy ounces and was estimated to be worth $30,000. The mine was owned by William A. Farrish & Co. The nugget was afterward sold to R. B. Woodward of San Francisco, for $21,036.62, and was placed on exhibition at the famous Woodward gardens.—St. Louis Republic.

An Accommodating Street Car Line.

The street car system of Tallahassee, consisting of one car, is operated by a "nigger and a mule," both of whom live only to please the people. If the car happens to be going one way and a passenger wants to go in the opposite direction, he has only to say so, and the mule is immediately hitched to the other end and the car started in the desired direction.—New York Tribuna.

Talking Away From the Subject.

When Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems, and for whom the poet had a high regard, first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery, so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

Men of sense often learn from their enemies. It is from their foes—not their friends—that cities learn the lesson of building high walls and ships of war, and this lesson saves their children, their homes and their properties.—Aristophanes.

A HYPNOTIC IMPOSTER.

An Englishman Who Could Do Many Things For Teachers of Hypnotism.

The subject who came to me had been a shining light in the profession, and I have reason to know that he was exceptionally gifted. He had performed to crowded houses under several great artists at the Aquarium, and elsewhere in London and the provinces. He had figured at select seances of scientific hypnotists. He had been privately operated on by medical men anxiously seeking after truth. And, by his own statement, he had humbugged them all. What proof had I, then, that he was not humbugging me? Ample proof. He offered, in the first place, to do under my direction everything which he had done in public and private seances when under supposed hypnotic control. I contemplated, in the first instance, accepting this offer and giving a demonstration to a select circle, and it was solely owing to myself that this was not done.

As a preliminary, I asked him to exhibit a few of his powers for my private edification. He complied without hesitation. He first of all passed himself into the "cataleptic" state and lay on the floor rigid. Two members of my staff took him in this condition and laid him across the backs of two chairs—the back of his head resting on one and his heels on the other. He remained so for several minutes. On a pass being made over him with the hand, his body became arched upward or downward. Two fairly robust individuals next sat on his body, and the "cataleptic" supported them without signs of inconvenience. He then himself thrust a needle into his arm and through the lobe of his ear, to prove that he was insensible to pain while in the cataleptic state.

Next he showed how one side of his face could be drawn down by toothache ("suggested" by the operator), while the other side was distended in a broad grin. Again, at the "suggestion" of the operator, the grin and the toothache changed sides, and so on. He offered to swallow an ounce of cayenne pepper in a glass of water, but unfortunately I had no cayenne pepper at hand. I asked him whether he could take a wineglassful of ipecacuanha, and he professed readiness to do it at once. The cayenne pepper I could partly understand. It would be a mere question of standing a certain amount of pain. But I asked him how he managed to control the effect of the ipecacuanha. "We only do it for a time," he said. "You can learn to do it with practice, like the rest of the tricks. But we always bring the stuff up after the performance."

He also expressed his readiness to drink oil. Among novel tricks which he offered to perform was that of "slowing" the pulse while under hypnotic influence. Of this he claimed to be the original inventor. I asked him whether all the "subjects" were equal imposters. "All," he said. He knew them all personally and would answer for them. He ridiculed the mere suggestion that there could be anything genuine in hypnotism, whether in Paris, London or anywhere else, but here he may have spoken beyond his knowledge.—London Truth.

Strongley Indorsed.

The anvertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people, because it is true; and is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation They tell the story—HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headace, constipation.

If an "at home" means an evening reception, an after call is necessary; if it is simply a tea, no call is necessary.

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Subscribe for this paper $1 a year.

It is truth in medicine the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform the cure, and are the best. Thomas, Druggist.

We feel sorry for the home that is not enlivened by a sister's presence.

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Cherubini, the great Italian opera writer, was the son of a theater violinist.

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Beber Lehighton; and Biery Weissport.

A live cottonwood tree with petrified roots is growing near Atchison Kan.

The Boston Star

and how to deal with them, and other valuable medical information, will be found in Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work; elegant colored plates. Send three 2-cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

An Independence, Ind., woman is said to have become paralyzed by eating popcorn.

The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of colds are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure, will quickly perform a wonderous cure. T. D. Thomas.

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The best dressed man in the house of representatives is Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania.

Some of the Grand Army boys may be interested in the following from Alex B Pope, A. D. C., Commander Dep't, Tenn, and Ga; He says: "We have had an epidemic of whooping cough here (Stewart, Tenn.) and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been the only medicine that has done any good." There is no danger from whooping cough, when this remedy is freely given. It completely controls the disease. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Reber, Lehighton, and Biery, Weissport.

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J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discavery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Carber, of Cookseport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Free Trial Bottles at Reber's Drug Store, Lehighton, and Biery's Drug Store, Weissport. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

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The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those wishing the prescription, which will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing, will please address.

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The Carbon House has been renovated and improved throughout; it is electric lighted and well ventilated, and is among the Best Hotels in this section of the State. The patronage of the public is solicited. Best accommodations for permanent and transient custom. Charges very moderate. Fine Liquors, Fresh Beer and Porter and Good Cigars, for sale at the Bar. June 16, '93-1.1

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BREAD AND CAKES.

Rye, Wheat and Vienna Bread

Fresh Every Day. Our Vienna Bread cannot be excelled. We respectfully solicit your patronage. Watch for the Wagon.

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You have noticed that some houses always seem to need repainting; they look dingy, rusted, faded. Others always look bright, clean, fresh. The owner of the first "economizes" with "cheap" mixed paints, etc.; the second paints with

Strictly Pure White Lead

The first spends three times as much for paint in five years, and his buildings never look as well.

Almost everybody knows that good paint can only be had by using strictly pure White Lead. The difficulty is lack of care in selecting it. The following brands are strictly pure White Lead, "Old Dutch" process; they are standard and well known—established by the test of years:

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For any color (other than white) tint the Strictly Pure White Lead with National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, and you will have the best paint that it is possible to put on a building.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

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To see Nursery Stock. We grow all the best best varieties, old and new, replace all stock that dies, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salary or commission paid from the start. Write for terms. H. E. Hooker Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. Established 1855. Incorporated 1893

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LISTEN, YE AGED!

"Cheerful and Happy at 79!"

NERVOUS PROSTRATION OF Eight Years' Standing CURED BY TEN BOTTLES!

THE FOLLOWING FROM A GENTLEMAN SO WELL-KNOWN AS THOROUGHLY RELIABLE PROVES THAT "DANA'S IS THE KIND THAT CURES."

SOUTH PEABODY, MASS., TO THE PROPRIETOR OF DANA'S SARSAPARILLA:—

Eight years ago last March, I was stricken with **Nervous Prostration. THE** Weary days and sleepless nights followed. I **suffered extremely** from affection of the **Kidneys** and **Stomach**, was not able to attend to business of any kind, felt no desire for company, and at last **became wholly unfitted for the slightest duties. KIND** life was a burden to me.

I was attended by skilled Physicians who told me finally that **there was no help for me.**

Since taking your Medicine I have **fully recovered.** I have taken **ten bottles** according to the printed directions, and from being hopeless and discouraged, am now **cheerful and happy**, and although I am **79** years of age in February next, I am able to and do **THAT work every day**, as my well-kept garden and the general appearance of improvement about my grounds will abundantly testify.

I do not fail to recommend your Medicine to all afflicted of whom I may hear, and consider myself a **living testimonial** of the **wonderful efficacy** of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. **CURES** Yours truly, JOHN SHAW.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

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ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY IT.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY FEVER GIVES RELIEF ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60c. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York

It Will Build You Up

Are you all run down? *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

THE CONJURER.

Into the world from far away,
Where the year is always mated to May,
And the wind sounds soft as a lark aloft,
A conjurer came once on a day.
Many a mystic spell he knew
Wherewith to turn grass alike to blue,
To make of bare grass in light as flowers,
And locks that are old turn light as new.
A book of his magic he had, and he
Then called hence sweet fairies flow,
And pleasures bloom in the air green
Where naught for service seemed to grow.
Out of the sunny sky above,
He bring a white Peace, like a heavenly dove.
His might is one, and his art is pure,
And his name—the conjurer's name—is Love.
—Julia M. Lippmann in St. Nicholas.

After Dinner Speaking.

An after dinner speech should never be wholly facetious, unless the speaker is very facetious indeed and cuts his speech short. It should not be frivolous, even when the speaker is full of frivolity. It must not under any circumstances be silly, though there be people who laugh at silliness. It must not be too long winded, or highly exciting, or overheavy, or ultra argumentative, or entirely statistical, or in the least rancorous. An after dinner speech should be appropriate to the occasion and delivered on time. It may contain some essential thoughts, some strokes of humor, some scraps of knowledge, some bits of fancy, some sound reasons, some good whims, some green dressing and a little fat.

Every ablebodied man of New York is apt to be an after dinner speaker some time in his life. It is possible that as many as 5,000 after dinner speeches have been made here during one winter season. One man has a record of 10 of them for a single week, three of them for one evening.

We have heard some tiptop after dinner speeches, a few. We have heard others that were wearisome, inappropriate, exasperating, enfeebling or foolish. We have heard several which were rant or drivel.

A good many men have won renown by making clever after dinner speeches.—New York Sun.

Unfortunate Names.

"Well, thank heavens, I am plain Mary Ann again," declared a young woman to a sympathizing friend on one of the cross town cars yesterday. "I did so hate that name—Luella. Mama said Mary Ann wouldn't do at all. She called it 'outre' or something like that. She declared that I must be given some romantic name that would sound pretty for calling. So I have been Luella for half a year, and I'm heartily glad that I left her and am going to Mrs. Northwest's." The other girl gave a horrified look at mention of this name. "But, my dear," she exclaimed, "I worked for Mrs. Northwest, and I know all about her. She has a daughter named Mary, and it will never do for you to be Mary too. She called me Mamie, and she'll probably call you Callie or Susanne or some other ridiculous name." Then both sighed.—Philadelphia Record.

A Frivolous People.

"I maintain," said a shrewd observer recently, "that the American people are becoming frivolous."

When he was asked what evidence he could bring to prove his assertion true, he replied:

"I want no better evidence than their indifference to serious public affairs. Our political system has developed certain defects, but no effort is made to get rid of them. The people of some of our largest states submit to 'boss rule' which they could crush forever by giving attendance at caucus and the polls for three consecutive years.

"See, too, how a system of frequent and prolonged holidays has developed. We work fewer days and fewer hours in the day than our fathers or even our elder brothers did. Every one seems to be forever looking forward to vacation, like a schoolboy.

"And what do they read? What do you read? When you open your paper in the morning, to what do you turn first? To the proceedings of congress, or the great happenings at home or abroad? I trow not. You look at the score of the baseball games, or the discoveries of reporters relative to the latest sensational murder, or at some other personal stuff about people of whom you never heard before, and who are dragged before the public by circumstances in which the public ought not to have the smallest interest."

This is a harsh judgment, but it cannot be denied that there is enough truth in it to cause us to pause and remember with the poet that "life is real, life is earnest."—Youth's Companion.

Stealing the Declaration of Independence.

When James Monroe was president and John Quincy Adams secretary of state, an ingenious English engraver obtained permission of the two dignitaries mentioned to take the Declaration of Independence and engrave it in facsimile on copper. He carried the precious document to the printing office of one Peter Force. When everything was in readiness, he placed it upon the imposing stone and laid a sheet of india paper of the same size upon it. This india paper was next moistened with water in which gum arabic had been dissolved. A heavy proof roller with a weight hanging from each end was then rolled several times over the historic document. When the india paper was removed from the face of the instrument, it took with it at least one-half of the ink used in writing and signing the document.

The document is less than a century and a quarter years old, and with proper care should be almost as legible as it was on the 5th day of July, 1776. As it is, only 11 signatures out of the 56 can be read without a glass, and some of them have disappeared beyond recall, all on account of the thieving trick of a government which, when they found that they could not keep the colonies dependent, stole the very ink from the document which declares our independence.—St. Louis Republic.

**The Wife of Robert Louis St