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Uncle Sam has 1416 clerks sixty years old and over.

According to present estimates about 20,000 miles of cable will be laid within the next two years.

Houston, so the Post announces, is now the largest city in Texas, its new directory giving it a population of 61,530.

Mexicans are allowing American machinery to enter that country free, in order to hasten development. It is enormously wealthy, but its wealth is hard to develop.

"Not only was the blarney stone at the World's Fair bogus," laments the New York Mail and Express, "but the beautiful girl from Kildare in one of the adjoining booths was born in Pittsburg."

Lord Rosebery, the new British Premier, once introduced a bill to substitute an elective Senate for the House of Lords. He is said to be heartily in favor of removing the veto power of the Lords.

Quinine is not used in the United States as extensively as it was ten years ago. In that time the consumption has been reduced fully twenty-five per cent. There is more quinine sold in Louisiana than in any other State in the Union.

Says the Washington Star: It is with difficulty that people generally can be made to realize to-day that the long business depression is ended. Yet that is the welcome and demonstrable fact. For some weeks now the news dispatches have contained each day a lengthening list of manufacturing establishments that had resumed operations.

The use of carrier-pigeons has increased to such a degree that the French Government has decided to impose severe penalties upon all persons found keeping them without a license, and to prohibit the importation of foreign born pigeons, even when merely destined for pie purposes, the object being to prevent any possible carrying of news with regard to French military matters, should there be necessity.

The United States Government owns a great many miles of 'longshore telegraph lines, connecting lighthouses, live-saving stations and other Government property on the coast. It is usually easy to recognize these Government lines by their low poles of rather small iron piping. These poles are planted deep in the sandy beach, and, being of small diameter, they present little hold to the sea winds, and thus are seldom blown down.

The United States Government is seeking by precept and example to induce towns with names ending in the forms burgh, borough, boro, and burg, to adopt this last form. Burg is the usual pronunciation in the United States of the form burgh, and most Americans refuse to sound the final "h," even of Edinburgh. These several suffixes, and, as well, bury, brough, and barrow, are related to the Anglo-Saxon verb beorgan and the German bergen, to hide or to sheter. The several suffixes are also related to several Anglo-Saxon forms meaning an earthwork, and from this came the application of such suffixes to indicate a fortified town.

One element of difficulty in bringing Spanish-American offenders against the laws to justice in our Territories derived from Mexico is the ties of race and kinship. An atrocious criminal of Mexican blood may be protected through years of a lawless career by relatives and family friends who themselves are eminently respectable and, except where the safety of friends or kindred are concerned, law abiding. This protection is continued after the criminal has been brought into the courts, in the way of the bribing and packing of juries and in the providing of avenues of escape from prison. Thus for years the murderer and outlaw Porfirio Trujillo has gone at large, or, when apprehended, has found it easy to escape the penalty of his crimes. His present headquarters are in the Manzano Mountains, east of Albuquerque, in Eastern Bernalilo and Valencia Counties, where, with a price on his head, he perpetrates his depredations and outrages with a high and defiant hand. One form of plundering with Trujillo and his gang is to go into a flock of sheep and drive off hundreds at a time, or to run off cattle from the plains ranges, kill them, and sell the meat to inhabitants of the mountain towns. They do not hesitate at murder, either for booty or revenge.

PATIENCE.

Be patient! Easy words to speak
While plenty fills the cup of life,
While health brings roses to the cheek,
And far removed are care and strife.

Falling so glibly from the tongue
Of those—I often think of this—
Whom suffering has never wrung,
Who scarcely know what patience is.

Be patient! when the sufferer lies
Prostrate beneath some fell disease,
And longs, through torturing agonies,
Only for one short hour of ease.

Be patient! when the weary brain
Is racked with thought and anxious care,
And troubles in an endless train
Seem almost more than it can bear.

To feel the torture of delay,
The agony of hope deferred;
To labor still from day to day,
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard.

And still to hope and strive and wait
The due reward of fortune's kiss—
This is to almost conquer fate,
This is to learn what patience is.

Despair not! though the clouds are dark,
And storm and danger veil the sky;
Let fate and courage guide thy bark,
The storm will pass; the port is nigh.

Be patient! and the tide will turn,
Shadows will flee before the sun.
These are the hopes that live and burn
To light us till our work is done.

—All the Year Round.

LILLIAN'S LOVER.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"OH, I am afraid," said Jessie Morton to herself, "that I have missed my way."

Down in the rocky gorge the Chiquet River roared and foamed; across the snow-mantled landscape a red glow of sunset yet lingered; while the black pines and cedars quivered in the wind.

"I wish," added Jessie, "that I had asked that man below which was the right turning to take. But I was afraid of him; he looked so cross."

She was a tall, slim slip of a thing, with blue, wistful eyes, hair of the real Scotch gold, and red lips, that trembled partly with cold, partly with a certain vague terror at the position in which she found herself.

In her hand she carried a heavy bag, for Jessie had no money to pay omnibus hire, or to engage a sleigh at the railway station.

"Suppose," she said to herself, "this lonely road should lead nowhere, except into the woods? Suppose it should conduct me straight into a gypsy camp? For it seems more and more desolate the farther I go. Suppose I should be frozen to death, all alone here, with no helping hand to save me?"

"Take care, child," cried a loud, clear voice. "Do you want to be run over?"

It was no gypsy, nor yet a black-brown tramp, simply a plump, comfortable woman, driving herself in a trim little red cutter. She eyed Jessie curiously through her spectacles. Jessie returned the gaze with interest.

"Please, madam," said Jessie, "can you tell me if I am near Bucknor Hall?"

"Bless me," said the woman, "don't you know? Bucknor Hall was burned down last night, and the old lady was suffocated in the smoke. Friends of yours?"

Jessie put her bag down in the snowy road; she trembled violently.

"No—not exactly friends," she said. "But I was engaged to go there as companion and reader, and—and—Oh, what shall I do now?"

The old lady looked meditatively at the lash of her whip.

"Come from New York?" said she, after a pause.

"Yes—from the Wilberforce Protective Agency. And I spent all my money for the ticket here."

"One or two bright round tears detached themselves from the long lashes and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Mrs. Parkhurst, who prided herself on her knowledge of physiognomy, made up her mind on the spot.

"One thing is very certain," said she. "Mrs. Bucknor will never require a companion and reader now. And if you're puzzled what to do next, you had better jump in and go with me."

"Where?" said Jessie.

"Home," said Mrs. Parkhurst.

Now, Jessie Morton herself was not a bad judge of the human face divine, and in the indescribable solitude of this moment, she caught at the welcome idea of shelter and company.

She got into the red cutter, drew the buffalo robe around her shivering form, and nestled close to Mrs. Parkhurst, before she ventured to ask, timidly:

"When is—home?"

Mrs. Parkhurst shook the reins. The pony darted merrily over the smooth road into the purpling dusk.

"It's the Bassett Military Institute," said she, with a very visible pride. "I'm housekeeper there."

"What!"

"Oh, take care!" scolded Mrs. Parkhurst. "You should hold on tight when we turn those sharp curves. You had very nearly fallen out. Yes, the Bassett Institute. And a fine place it is! I was thinking—if your references turn out what they should be—we might make room for you there. We need a smart young woman in the linen-room. I suppose you can do something else besides companioning and reading—eh?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You'd like a place?"

"I must have one."

"Then," said Mrs. Parkhurst, "we'll think of it. Fourteen professors and one hundred and ten boys—that's a family to take care of, isn't it? For the colonel's wife is an invalid, and don't trouble herself about the housekeeping. I and my widowed daughter run the whole establishment, and there are nine of us sit down to dinner in the housekeeper's room. There!" as they drove in between two massive stone gate-posts, into an avenue of rustling tamaracks. "Do you see that pretty young lady gathering holly berries? It's the colonel's daughter, Miss Lillian Bassett."

"You've come back, have you, Parkey?" cried a sweet, girlish young voice. "Did you bring my chocolate caramels?"

"The candy store was shut up, Miss Lilly."

"Oh, how perfectly shameful!"

And a cluster of glaring red berries, aided by a not unskillful hand, hustled through the air, and hit the housekeeper exactly on her nose. But, instead of evincing offense, Mrs. Parkhurst only laughed.

"Isn't she pretty?" said she, "and such a mad-cap. Well—perhaps marriage will sober her down."

"Is she to be married soon?" asked Jessie.

"We don't quite know," said Mrs. Parkhurst. "But one of the young professors admires her very much, and we think she don't quite dislike him."

Jessie looked wistfully back to where Lillian Bassett's scarlet mantle lighted up the snowy terrace. Why were some girls so happy, while others toiled ceaselessly on in life's shadows? Why was life such a problem?

For awhile, however, the wheels revolved smoothly. Jessie's references, forwarded from the Wilberforce Protective Agency, proved all that could be desired, and she was engaged to take charge of the linen-room.

During an outbreak of scarlet fever she found herself particularly efficient as a nurse, and Mrs. Parkhurst soon began to wonder how it was that she had ever got along without her.

* * * * * * *

"Married, Lilly! Really married! And to that handsome young professor of mathematics!" cried Adela Maurice, Lillian's ex-schoolmate. "Well, I never expected to see you caged! And he's quite a self-made man, they tell me."

"I tell dear Lillian," said Miss Bella Bassett, the sharp-nosed maiden sister of the genial colonel, "that she should not make too sure of anything in this world. The captain is very handsome, and all that sort of thing, but—I'm afraid he's inclined to be a flirt."

"Nonsense!" cried Lillian, coloring wrathfully.

"Oh, but indeed, I've met him twice at the shrubberies, walking with that pretty yellow-haired girl that takes care of the linen-room," persisted Miss Bella.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Maurice. "One of the servants?"

"Now, Aunt Bella, why can't you hold your tongue," flashed out Lillian, "when you know very well that old Parkhurst says she is a reduced lady?"

"Reduced ladies have no business wandering about the laurel hedges with handsome young engaged men," viciously retorted Miss Bassett. "And I really think my brother ought to inquire into it. There she goes, flouncing out of the room. Well, I'm really afraid, Adela, that our Lillian's temper isn't altogether perfect."

"I don't think mine would be," said Adela Maurice, "if I were badgered like that."

"It is a dreadful trial, isn't it, to see your lover drifting off into another woman's snares?" said Miss Bella, wilfully misunderstanding things.

While Lillian, running up stairs, paused to catch her breath at one of the big mullioned windows on the staircase.

"How I should like to cram a big bath sponge into Aunt Bella's censorious old mouth!" said she. "Only to think of—"

Suddenly she paused. Down on the lower pine walk, where the west winds had swept the path dry of snow, Captain Moreton was pacing up and down with the gold-haired young girl at his side.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" said brave Lillian, swallowing the rebellious lump in her throat. "I suppose he happened to meet her, and—"

At this precise moment, however, the couple paused beside a group of dark spruces. She could distinctly perceive her lover bend his tall head to kiss—yes, to kiss the yellow-tressed lassie. And then they passed on into the tamarack thickets and were lost to view.

Lillian stood still, her bright eyes brimming over with tears, a pang transfixing her heart as if some poisoned arrow were buried there.

"And I loved him!" she said, aloud, "Oh, how I loved him! But this is an end of it all. To-night, when he comes to talk to me—to-night there must be an end of it all!"

The young professor was certainly a very handsome man, with his brilliant blue eyes, his brown hair, shot with golden gleams, and those straight, clear-cut features of his; and when he came cheerily in that evening, Lillian's heart failed within her.

"How can he bear himself so bravely?" she thought. "Where is his conscience—his manly truth?"

"I am glad, Lilly, to find you alone," said Captain Moreton, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

She jerked it away.

"I hate sitting hand-in-hand," said she, in answer to his surprised glance. "It's so—so spoony!"

"Well, just as you like, darling," he acquiesced, seating himself beside her. "To find you alone, for I wanted to talk with you very particularly. I have a secret to tell you."

"There may be more secrets than one in the world," said Lilly, in a low voice.

"A secret that is not entirely my own—a secret that may, perhaps, alter all our existing arrangements—"

"It undoubtedly will," said Lilly, rising to her feet in her excitement. "You need not go on, Captain Moreton. I know all, and I give your betrothal ring back to you!"

"Lilly, I would scarcely have thought this of you!" he said, gravely.

"No? For what did you take me, then? Am I not a woman, with a woman's spirit? Do you think I can continue to love a man who is false to me?"

"False to you, Lillian? But I am not that. Sweet, whether you marry me or not, I shall go on loving you loyally to my life's end!"

"How many girls do you love at once?" bitterly asked Lillian.

"I? Why do you ask that question?"

"Because I saw you this very afternoon in the pine walk with another woman. I saw your arm around her waist. I saw you stoop to kiss her!"

"Oh, you saw me, did you? Then my story is half told already. It is but a short time, Lilly, since I knew it myself."

She stood looking at him with large, surprised eyes.

How dared he speak so lightly—and to her?

"Lilly, that sweet young girl whom Mrs. Parkhurst has employed in the linen-room—Miss Moreton, she calls herself—is my own sister, and she has concealed herself from me, fearing that the knowledge that she was in the institute in such a capacity would prejudice my future unfavorably. She was a governess in New York—she was coming here as companion to poor old Mrs. Bucknor, who was killed in the fire—and Mrs. Parkhurst, ignorant of any relation between us, brought her here. And, noble heroine that she is, she would have gone away without betraying herself, had I not chanced to meet her by accident. She thought I would be mortified, but instead I am proud of her beyond the power of words to express.

"'But Miss Bassett?' said she.

"And then I told her that this evening you should know all. I have kept my word. Now I await your verdict. Have I not reason to triumph in such a noble sister as this?"

Lillian burst into tears; she hid her face on Moreton's breast.

"Oh, Will," she cried, "what a dreadful goose I have been to doubt your love! Go and bring her here at once. Tell her I want to see my dear new sister. Tell her that, hereafter, her home must be with me. There's plenty of room in the new house for your sister. But first, Will, kiss me and tell me that you forgive me, quite."

And so the brave young girl, who had subordinated her whole life to her brother's success, was promoted to her proper place on life's ladder.

"I could have been happy anywhere had I known that Will's future was assured," said she.

And Lillian laughingly told her that she could be as happy in the new college as anywhere else.

"And we," said she, "will be a deal happier!"

Miss Adela Maurice and Jessie were the bridesmaids.

Aunt Bella put her disappointment in her pocket, and the wedding came off at Easter, greatly to Mrs. Parkhurst's delight.

"I knew," said that worthy dame, "that she was something out of the common the first look I had in her face. Physiognomy never yet failed me!"—Saturday Night.

At Sea on an Ice Floe.

Recently the lifeboat society at Cronstadt received news that toward the south shore of the Gulf of Finland, about thirty miles from Cronstadt, some 200 fishermen and peasants, and their horses and sleighs, had been suddenly carried out to sea on a large ice floe, which had been detached apparently by a recent storm. The ice-cutting boats at Cronstadt were laid up for the winter and could not be used. Twenty sailors, however, with two officers and assistant surgeons, were dispatched over the ice with two lifeboats on runners, and a similar party started to the rescue from Oren'enbaum, on the other side of the mouth of the Neva. The latest telegrams from Cronstadt state that the fishermen and others have been found and all rescued by means of a bridge made of poles and planks, which were thrown out from the firm ice. They had been cut off from the mainland for at least forty-eight hours, during the latter part of which provisions were passed over to them by the inhabitants of the nearest shore.—Scientific American.

A Dog of Destiny.

Phœnix, Arizona, has a bobtailed dog which is destined to make a place for himself in history. Recently he broke up a race between hose teams. He acts as chief mourner at all funerals held in the city. But now one more has been added to his accomplishments. On several occasions recently he has stopped runaway horses by seizing the lines in his teeth and holding on till the animals stopped.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Caerphilly Without Care.

Apropos of the prevailing inability of trainmen on our elevated and other railroads to call out the names of stations with distinctness, a gentleman who has lived for several years in Wales says that there is at least one station in that country which the railway guards are bound to pronounce carefully. It is Caerphilly.—New York Tribune.

AN ARTIFICIAL ICE RINK.

SAN FRANCISCO'S NOVEL INDOOR AMUSEMENT.

Real Ice Artificially Produced, on Which People Skate in Summer Clothing—How the Ice is Made.

SKATING on real ice in summer attire is rapidly becoming one of the most popular indoor amusements in San Francisco. To native sons and daughters who have never experienced the rigors of an Eastern winter, it is a thrilling novelty. To those who have enjoyed the exhilarating sport in a land of blizzards and frosts, it is made more enjoyable by the fact that winter dress is unnecessary.

These are only a few of the reasons why the frozen lake in the big Mechanics' Pavillion, with nearly 10,000 square feet of polished surface, is visited daily by hundreds who can skate and many who are speedily learning. The sheet of ice is five inches in thickness, 100 feet long, and sixty feet wide. At least 500 persons can skate with comfort at a time, but it was a trifle crowded on the opening night, for no less than 811 glided or struggled over the slippery surface, according to the respective skill of the skate wearers.

"This idea of a big skating rink with natural ice," said W. W. Donaldson, "is not exactly a new one in this country. Right here in this city it has been tried three times, but each attempt failed because the organizers did not master the intricate mechanical appliances. This is the first natural ice skating rink operated in the United States, and the fourth in the world. There is one in Paris, another in Berlin, and a third in Southampton, England. Therefore this is the fourth in the world and the first in the United States. The successful construction of this rink is the result of ten years of careful study and experiments on my part while engaged in the cold storage business. I was preparing a similar rink in Chicago when the disastrous fire destroyed the big cold-storage building at the World's Fair. The plant being destroyed, we had to abandon the project.

"How is this natural ice produced? There is no secret about it. The ice is produced by a machine of the ordinary type employed in cold-storage work. The difference here is in the manner of freezing. In cold storage it is done in tanks and insulated rooms. Here the ice is frozen three times a day and the refrigerament used is anhydrous ammonia. This is employed to cool the strong brine. After the brine is cooled it is pumped through a system of pipes 40,000 feet in length, which run through the water that is turned into ice. The cold brine absorbs the heat. The floor beneath is insulated and made up of dead air cells and covered with lead to make it watertight.

"In the placing of the pipes lies the principal secret. The pipes run in three centers from a header at each end of the tank. These headers are six inches in diameter, and the pipe is taken out of each header at six-inch centers. This admits of circulating the brine from both ends at the same time. The return is also taken from both ends and carried back to the brine tank. By this means we have a cooling surface exposed to the outside air. In this way we outwit nature, and our ice surface has an even temperature all over. Through inch pipes leading from the headers the brine is kept in constant motion.

"Of course, after being used several hours the surface of the ice becomes cut up and somewhat rough. That is why we have three sessions daily—morning, noon, and night. During the intervals the snow is swept off the ice, and with a hose or orchard sprayer a thin coating of water is spread over the ice to fill up the cuts. In this manner we have a perfectly smooth surface three times a day. The water is frozen at a temperature of about ten degrees above zero, which would be as cold, probably, and as hard as ice frozen in any cold country when the temperature is above zero."—San Francisco Call.

A Very Variable Star.

One of the most remarkable stars in the sky, whose antics have puzzled the astronomers ever since it has been carefully observed, is Argus, sometimes the brightest star in the constellation. Argo Navia, one of the most brilliant constellations in the southern heavens. When this star was first catalogued, in the seventeenth century, it was set down as a star of the fourth magnitude. In less than a century it rose to the second; then at the beginning of this century diminished again to the fourth, rose in a few years to the second, became in 1827 of the first magnitude, then again of the second, again in 1838 of the first, rivaling Sirius in brilliancy, then gradually dwindling down to a star which at present is barely visible to the unaided eye. A satisfactory explanation of these rapid and singular changes has thus far baffled the sagacity of astronomers.—Picayune.

Australian Eggs.

Eggs are now shipped from Australia to England. A trial shipment, made by the Hon. J. H. Conner, of Victorian eggs and cheese, was lately inspected by an officer from the department of the Agent-General for Victoria. With regard to the packing of the eggs, they had, in the first place, been rubbed over with grease and afterward placed with bran, flour, lime and pollard in small cases. When opened they were found to be perfectly fresh and sweet. The cheeses, which consisted of both forty pounds and "small loaf" sizes, were sound and of good flavor.—Scientific American.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Silk is woven by electricity.

Aluminum does not rust or tarnish.

The steam engines of the world today give 50,000,000 horse-power.

There is a prospect of steam turbines being applied to torpedo boats.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gredually diminishing in size.

A large meteor fell near Atchison, Kan., and people for miles around went looking for it.

The inventors in Chicago are quarrelling over the ownership of an apparatus for the transfusion of blood.

Opticians say that the eye can detect the color produced by adding but one-millionth of a gramme of fuchsine to a glass of water.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exercise.

Italian fire engines are supplied with hose fitted with electric wires, so that the fireman handling the hose can communicate with those at the engine.

Every well-developed adult of the human species has lung surface equal to 1400 square feet. The heart's power is sufficient to lift itself 13,000 feet each hour.

Among the most astonishing freaks of tornadoes are the stripping of feathers from fowls and of clothing from persons. As these effects cannot be produced by the wind, they are ascribed to electricity.

In the Western deserts a spot of ground becomes excessively heated, causing the air above to descend. This produces an influx of the atmosphere from all sides, but unequally, the result being a gyratory motion and a sand-storm.

St. Mary's Falls, Mich., is now being utilized for electric power production, the power being transferred to the Sault by wire. A new flouring mill will be run by electricity, and it is contemplated to use electric power in the iron mines.

Smokeless powder has been followed by a chemical combination called a "fog creator." A German named Reihm is the inventor. It is a shell, which, when it explodes, enshrouds in darkness the troops at whom it is aimed. It also causes the soldiers to cough.

Edison is now at work with a plan to grease the sides of ships so that they will slip through the water more readily. He says the friction of salt water and its constituents is much more than is generally believed, and if he can only do what he is trying to do the Campania can make the voyage between New York and Liverpool in four days.

Professor Falb, of Berlin, prophesies a very probable collision between the earth and the comet of 1866 on November 13th, 1899, when the comet will cut the point where the earth arrives every year at that time. But he does not think harm could come of such a collision, the material of the comet being so light, unless the carbonic acid gas, of which it is probably composed, should poison our atmosphere. But, anyway, he says we may look out for a magnificent shower of meteors on that date.

A Student's Confession.

D. A. Costigan, a student at the University of Fayette, West Union, Iowa, who was alleged to have been sandbagged and dragged out of town on Tuesday night, has made a full confession in writing exonerating every one but himself. To avoid taking part in an oratorical contest, Costigan besmeared his clothes with dirt and his face with blood and injected fluid under the skin above his eye so that the eye appeared swelled as if struck by a club. He reappeared at his room at 11 o'clock at night and told his room-mate that unknown men had knocked him down, carrying him four miles in the country. The matter was investigated by the college officers, but no clue could be obtained. Costigan's actions excited suspicion, and finally his room-mate charged him with complicity in the matter. Costigan then admitted that he had planned the whole affair to escape the contest and create a sensation. Costigan is about twenty-five years of age. He was a candidate for County Superintendent of Schools in Clayton County last fall. He has left the university.—New York Post.

Lotus Eaters.

According to Homer, the lotus eaters were a people who lived on the northern coast of Africa, visited by Ulysses in his wanderings, and who endeavored to detain his companions by giving them the lotus to eat—whoever ate of this fruit wished never to depart. The Arabs called the fruit of the lotus the "fruit of destiny," which they believe is to be eaten in Paradise. The lotus is a shrub two or three feet high, and its fruit, which is produced in great abundance, is a dwarf of the size of a wild plum, which has a pleasant, sweet taste. The name lotus has been given to several beautiful specimens of water lily, especially to the blue water lily and the Egyptian water lily.—Chicago Herald.

An African Prince.

What do you think of this for a name? Eyo Ekpenyon Eyo II. That, however, is the name of an African Prince taken by an Englishman to Liverpool to be educated, and now he is so cold, shivering all day over the fire, he asks but for one thing in the world—to go back to Africa, where once he went about in bare feet and sunshine to his heart's content.—New York Journal.

SONG OF THE RED BIRD.

When the first faint glow of light
On my window, pale and white,
Wakes the thought that night is o'er—
When I fain would slumber more,
And strange visions fade and glow
As my dreams flit to and fro,
Suddenly without I hear
Piping clear, but soft and near:
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer! Cheer!
Day is coming, day is here!
Merry, merry, morning, merry!
Sleep no more, O do not tarry,
Light is breaking, cheer, cheer, cheer!"

Lying there in vain regret
That the day owes night a debt,
That the dark is soothing still,
Though the light will lead and thrill;
Musing o'er a fading dream,
Conning o'er some worldly scheme,
Suddenly again I hear
Sweet and mellow, strong and clear:
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer! Cheer!
Love is waiting, love is near!
Money, money, nay, not money,
Makes life happy, makes love sunny!
Work is blessing, cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"

—Charles W. Stevenson, in Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A close friend—The one who never lends you anything.—Philadelphia Record.

Are the members of a college Pi Eta society particularly partial to pastry?—Lowell Courier.

Generally a man can get into fashionable society with a golden wedge.—New York Journal.

Woman's sleeves must be hot-tempered, as they are nearly always ruffled up.—Florida Times.

Jones—"What does he do?" Brown—"Do?" Why, he does everybody."—Florida Times-Union.

As much hate can sometimes be put into a word as can be fired out of a musket.—Ram's Horn.

A genuine sign in a Market street restaurant, Philadelphia: "Six o'clock dinner here from 5.30 to 7.30."—Life.

The fellow who tells all he knows wouldn't be half so insufferable if he knows all he tells.—Phiadelphia Record.

It is an indisputable fact that every man who wears his watch in his vest pocket is behind time.—Philadelphia Record.

Nedders—"What's a bon mot?" Slowitz—"Something you always think of after it's too late to say it."—Chicago Record.

If you have nothing else to do see how rapidly you can say "soup soothes theosophists thoroughly."—Texas Siftings.

The Benefits: "What makes some girls look young so long?" "The men are to blame. They won't propose."—Life's Calendar.

A man denies himself pleasures when he is young that he may have money to pay out to the doctors when he is old.—Atchison Globe.

It is a mistake to suppose that women ever marry for money; sometimes, however, they marry for the want of it.—Boston Transcript.

Sime—"Your father was an old whaler, wasn't he, Jimmie?" Jimmie—"Yes; but near as I can remember ma did her share of it!"—Boston Courier.

"My wife is very sick, Doctor." "Is she suffering much?" "Suffering! Well, I should say so. Why, she had such a bad cold she can't talk."—Spare Moments.

"How is it that Lightop takes so much interest in all that Nupop's baby tries to say?" "Oh, he's writing a dialect story and depends on the baby for ideas."—Inter-Ocean.

Stuyvesant—"Half the world never knows how the other half lives." Madison—"That's what comes of living in flats without an air shaft."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Affable Swell—"Well, the fact is, my name is not Smithson. You see, I am traveling incog. There's my card." Fellow Passenger—"Glad to hear it. I'm traveling in pickles. Here's mine."—Band of Life.

Mother—"Do you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?" Small Son—"I guess so. Shall I take my sled and go out and see if I can find one who wants to?"—Good News.

Lady—"You say you are a musician. Well, I'll give you a little practice. Just go over to the woodshed and tackle a few chords." Tramp—"Excuse me, madam, I am a tenor and I fear those chords are too heavy for me."—Philadelphia Record.

"I wish some missionaries didn't vary so much," said King Kannabile, as he swallowed his portion of the roast. "I wish so, too," said Queen Kannabile, "but there are so many brands of Presbyterians these days it's hard to tell what to order."—Harlem Life.

Man of Fashion (reading a newspaper that a village schoolmaster has shot himself because he could not pay a debt of fifty marks)—"Ridiculous! Why, if I were to shoot myself for every fifty marks that I owe I should be kept at it all the year round!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Honeymoon (to bridegroom, in railway train)—"Do you love me?" Old Party (confidentially from the other seat to the bridegroom)—"She's asked you that forty seven times already. I get out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window."—Tit-Bits.

It Worked Both Ways: She—"Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?" He—"Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for." She—"But suppose I should die?" He—"Then I would be provided for."—Life's Calendar.