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Mayor Swift, of Chicago, says that if the City Council is corrupt, it is the fault of "prominent citizens."

In 1887 General Sherman predicted that "the most terrible war ever known will take place in this country before the end of the century."

In the District of Columbia it is found that an old law, still un repealed, permits a dying man to will his children away from their mother, even though she is innocent of any wrongdoing.

It is a curious fact, mused the Chicago Record, that there are 635 more persons and firms engaged in the liquor business in the State of Iowa than in Kentucky...

The use of bloodhounds by police and sheriffs for tracking criminals is increasing rapidly all over the West, and according to the New York Sun, the general testimony is that the animals are a valuable aid.

The New York Medical Record refers to the fact that Dr. Snow, to whom Great Britain owes its first immunity from epidemic cholera for the last twenty-five years, and, of course, for all future time, is almost forgotten in this country...

In a technical sense we have no National holidays, as there is nowhere a power to set apart such days and compel their observance, declares the New Orleans Playmate. A State can only establish a holiday within its own borders...

In "A Glimpse of Longfellow," published in one of the magazines, Rev. Minot J. Savage calls him "the most widely read poet of the English-speaking world." This is approximately true, observes the New York World...

GOLD AND SILVER.

Life has two ages: The silver and golden; A book with two pages; A new and an olden.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN.

SOFT light from a large hanging lamp fell upon the daintily laid dinner table. Its glow centered upon the russets and golds of the chrysanthemum in the Venetian glass jar...

"I saw Parcell Jones to-day," said Mr. Porter during a momentary absence of the servant. "He looks like a man who has been through a mill."

"Well," he inquired in a carefully modulated tone, "how is it to-day? Have you got on any better?"

"Care ill became the plump visage of the worthy couple. To judge from the surroundings their circumstances were affluent. True, a strictly refined taste might have taken exception to the alliance of the purple and gold brocade curtains with the maroon wall paper...

"Oh, Tony," Mrs. Porter replied. "If you only knew what I suffer from those persons in the 'ouse'!"

"Yes, but, Tony, dear, you know Mrs. Pennington persuaded me. She said as 'ow it was a Christian charity to give 'em a trial as domestic; for the pore things couldn't get situations as governesses now."

"I wouldn't mind that, Tony, if they did their work well; but they don't. This one can't cook a plain chop. If it wasn't for shame's sake I'd take the cooking myself. She goes about with her eye-glasses dropping into the saucepans, and a fine cookery book in her 'and, and she can't boil a cabbage. She's just 'at twelve lessons in fancy things and thinks she knows all about it."

"You forget the histories in the library bookcase," said Maud, bitterly. "All uncut. Come, let us make the best of it," said her gentler sister; "you must look back and remember how glad we were to be able to come here together, where there were no other maids with whom we would have been obliged to associate."

"And I'm sure, Tony," went on Mrs. Porter, determined to fully unburden her mind, "that they employ a chair-woman surreptitiously. I saw one slipping out by the side door yesterday."

"I know you are suited, but if you was so kind as to recommend me I will be truly grateful. Hoping as how you and Master keeps your usual health and with humble respects, I remains, Your Obedient servant, 'MARTHA GOODYEAR."

"And a capital cook, too," granted Mr. Porter, pushing the muddily coffee and sudden toast. "Martha, you send of them girls, and get Martha and her niece to come 'ere, and I'll take you a trip to Monte Carlo."

"I shall!" But after her husband had departed for the city Mrs. Porter wavered and felt her courage leak away every time she looked towards the bell. Her motherly heart sympathized with the girl. She knew how hard servitude must be for spring decorations of her home...

"Well, what is it to-night, Maud?" she asked placidly. "Oh, Christine, I'm sick of this," was the passionate reply. "Talk of the drudgery of governessing. Governesses can keep their hands clean, and look like ladies at least."

"I can't ever anticipated finding any difficulty," said Christine, thoughtfully, "though naturally what people have been working at all their lives comes easy to them."

"I should like to see you, madam, upon a most important matter, without danger of being overheard," he demanded. "Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Porter, "you can. Please step in 'ere."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. A Crucial Year—A Truthful Girl—Modern—Justice—Her Idea—A Schemer—No News in It, Etc.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. A TRUTHFUL GIRL. Papa (on the top of the stairs)—"Is that young man gone, Mamie?"

LIKES IT WELL ENOUGH. Paternal Visitor—"Do you like to go to school, Little Boy?"

A SCHEMER. He—"I'm afraid I couldn't make you happy, darling, on only \$2000 a year."

NO WONDER. The Phrenologist—"Your bump of self-esteem is enormously developed."

A VALUABLE ACQUISITION. Mr. Cohenbeimer—"Misther O'Brien, vos it your lidded poy dot magician took silver tollars from his nose and ears at der show last night?"

HER IDEA. Mrs. Goodkind (laying down her newspaper)—"My sakes! Those people out in Oklahoma must be a filthy set."

HELD UP. "I see," said Mrs. Haskroft, "that they have passed an ordinance imposing a fine on any one who yells 'fire' in a church."

A SERENADE.

Sleep, love, the world is sleeping— Why should you wake? Sleep, love, the stars are keeping Watch for your sake!

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Don't stand on your dignity too much! Get off occasionally and hustle.—Pack.

TEACHER—"What was Joan of Arc maid of?" Pupil—"Made of dust."—Boston Transcript.

THE MAN WHO CONDUCTS HIS BUSINESS in a slipshod manner naturally loses his standing.—Pack.

BY HAVING A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING and everything in its place, you can be a source of great comfort to careless people who don't remember where they leave things.—Pack.

SOFTLIGHT—"The Widow Passe proposed to me last night." Sapphead—"Really! What did you say?"

CHARITY IS A DIVINE ATTRIBUTE, but the man who sets out to practice it soon discovers that it is a one-sided affair. It is regarded by the other fellow as a very slick and easy way of getting something for nothing. Be charitable, but keep a backswab and half a cord of wood on hand.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PERSON WHO WILL CONSIDER SOME phrases with which a man who has fallen down on a slippery sidewalk can adequately express himself without shocking the passers-by and laying himself liable to arrest, will do much to advance the cause of civilization.—Pack.