

A wheel should be

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and when John Carver asked redemption of promises given he found himself face to face with a black wall of impossibility, in which the blackest and most ponderous stone of all was the impending counting-day.

"Mr. Carver!"

The wretched man started as if to face an accuser. So absorbed had he been in bitter introspection that he was unconscious of the entrance of his

that death had come to relieve him of all earthly pain. Then slowly the mists rolled away, the noises dwindled to the normal sounds of subdued conversation, the rustling of papers, the footfalls on velvet carpet and marble stair. Some one spoke to him—a commonplace remark. He answered in his ordinary voice. But oh! to be

According to the Greek method, servant of a candidate, marriage broker of young domestics, marriage broker of his own daughters for money, etc.

**Voice of a Statesman.**

"Those who don't like my course in the matter of sugar," observed the eminent senator, placidly stirring his cold tea, "can lump it."—Chicago Tribune.

A would-be poet handed two of his poems to an editor, asking him which would be most suitable for publication. The editor having glanced through one in effusion, replied:

"The other one."

"But you have not read a line of it," exclaimed the astonished poet.

"Never mind, it can't be worse than the first," was the crushing reply.—*Truth.*

**Why He Wept.**  
Jones—What makes you look so blue?  
Smith—My only brother is going to marry Miss White.  
"I don't wonder you feel bad about your brother marrying that heartless flirt."  
"O, it isn't that; I want to marry her myself."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Sift-

Justice—Were the shoes in his possession?  
 Policeman—No, sor-r.  
 Justice—What's the evidence, then?  
 Policeman—Whin I rin down the shtrate cryin' "Shtop that!" be shtopped at wunst an' looked back.