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Something Each Day. Something each day—a smile. It is not much to give, And the little gifts of life.

Something each day—a word. We cannot know its power; It grows in fruitfulness.

Everything Needed. Many localities have no appliances for cultivation of social life but the saloons.

Opportunity. It seems as if this world was specially devised to develop the spirit of sympathetic helpfulness.

The Ever Present Guide. The four, long days would be dreary And the restless nights so sad.

Light Comparisons. It is very hard to estimate the brilliancy of a source of light.

Working. When the time comes for us to wake out of the dreams of the world's sleep,

When the time comes for us to wake out of the dreams of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of the night?

It is said that heaven helps those who help themselves, but it does not apply to those who help themselves to the personal property of their neighbors.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Topic for the Week Beginning Aug. 5, "The Evil of Envy"—Text, Luke xv, 25-32.

"He was angry and would not go in." Something can be said for the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal son.

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ALL SHORT OF WIND.

NOT A MAN IN TOWN COULD BLOW UP TO SEVEN POUNDS.

Mr. Peckham, the Postmaster of Jericho, Tells About the Meeting Which Discussed the Advantages of Starting a Brass Band.

"Look here, pap," said Squar Johnson as he dropped into the postoffice one day when I was alone.

"I've got a notice written out for all patriotic citizens of Jericho to assemble at the postoffice this evening.

"I wanted to know what the scheme was, but the squar winked and nodded and looked mysterious and went off.

Without giving his secret away. There was a great deal of curiosity during the day.

"Feller freeman of Jericho, we live here a beautiful town, a suburban climate and a population to be proud of.

"By John, but he's made a pint!" said Deacon Spooner as he winched on the counter with his cane.

"As I take it," said Moses, "a brass band plays tunes, and I'd like to know in advance what sort of tunes this band is going to play."

"That depends," said Enos. "I don't go much on a brass band that toots its wind all over town and wastes it on the air."

"I can't exactly say till I know what the band is going to do," replied Jabez. "My old woman is mighty fond of brass band tunes which lift up the heels, and if the band'll come over to my house three times a week and give us sunthin' free, I'll chip in."

"I'd like to ask the squar," said Jube in his humble way, "if he expects that band to meet him at the depot when he comes home?"

"But I'd want the same thing," said Ebenezer Scott. "I ain't no justice of the peace, but my dairy is milkin' 28 cows this summer, and I feel I'm as big as anybody. I go over to Dobb's Ferry once in two weeks, and I should want that band to toot me off and toot me home again."

THE EDITOR STRUCK.

HE JOINED FORCES WITH THE PRINTERS WHEN THEY QUIT.

The Winning Member in What Bill Sterritt Handled a Demand For Increased Pay by the Press on the Old Dallas Times.

There are ways and ways of settling labor strikes. The Dallas Times has used the "sympathetic strike" plan, at times securing a settlement by calling on the forces of allied trades.

The Times under the Sterritt regime employed five men and one woman in its manufacture. The latter was the wife of the foreman of the printing room and worked at the "casser," while the "printer's devil" performed double duty by acting as the motive power of the hand press.

"There's more'n a pint bobbin up here than you kin shake a stick at, but we might as well live one more," Spooner we hear from Lash Williams.

"I takes ten pounds, reckoned by a lung tester," said Lash, "and you'd want an extra pound for walkin' on hills."

"I'm glad you're here," said the editor. "You've been a long time away, and we've missed you."

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THE TILLAMOOK LIGHT.

Perched on the Highest Point of Our Lighthouse Department.

The highest point used by the house Department of the United States Government as a signal station precipitous rock in the northern part of Oregon, called Tillamook Head.

It is eighteen miles south of the entrance to the Columbia River, and a mile southwest by a half a mile from Tillamook Head, on the coast.

The reason for the difficulty of curing keepers for Tillamook is that to be a man not only risks life in accepting the position, but his son as well.

"What's that dog doin' on the cliff?" asked Harry Jackson, a clerk of Darktown, whose general air was that of deploration.

"You're charged with idling loafing," replied the Recorder, "and I'm idling and loafing."

"You see, Judge Briles," Harry claimed, "I worked twenty-one years in the chain gang, and I just now worked dem old galleons of mine for frassulls, and when I got out of stockade I was bleeged for gettin' out of galleons, and when I got out of galleons I was galleoned for gettin' out of galleons."

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STANLEY LIVINGSTONE.



BLEW OFF HIS NOSE.