

THE GUEST.

Love, who was guest within my House of Life, Is strangely become master. Yesterday I had him come, with all his host. Yes, in poured-out wine with subtle perfume she, In music did I play my part. Of courteous host who gives his all and all but better. Yet suddenly I trembled, and my guest, Drew sword and laughed and laid it to my heart. Now an I master here and thou, my host, No guest," he said, "but slave to do my will. And slavely have I done his bidding still. Serving him best when that I feared him most. Ah, came never a gentler guest to be so pitiless a master. —Theodosia Garrison, in *Ainslie's*.

ABOUT FIANCÉES.

What Ben Got For Telling Sam the Truth.

The men in the store watched the young farmer assist his wife into the respectable looking buggy outside, arrange the packages, spread the laprobe generously and carefully over the young woman's knees and then, himself uncovered, drive away. "Clayton's going to take good care of that wife of his," commented the storekeeper.

"Foolish of him," declared Washington Hancock. "He'll get tired of washin' up that buggy of hisn after a while 'n' conclude the ole waggin's good enough to come to town to trade in," said Sol Baker sagely.

"Course he will," agreed Hancock. "He'll have her out to the woodpile splittin' stove wood, like as not. I've knowned that to happen, too."

Baker had the grace to look embarrassed when the storekeeper sneezed. "There's wuss things than splittin' a liddle mite of wood now and then for a woman," he said.

"Anyways, Clay's wife'll take all the care he kin give her 'n' then need more. If he ain't washin' the dishes for her afore long I miss my guess. She don't like no kind of work none too well. She didn't do a gal."

"Ain't a great hand to cook, they tell me," said the storekeeper. "Most any one of the other gals could heat her out when it come to firlin' up a meal. Seems like Clay 'ud have took 'Lisbeth or Birdie if he was set 'n' bound to marry into the family. This 'un's mighty slack mouthed by all accounts. I could ha' told him suthin' on that score if he'd come to me 'n' ask me."

"Why didn't you tell him, anyways?" asked Marvin Parrish. "It's a pity she's slack mouthed," observed Hancock. "It's them kind of wimmin that gits to talkin' about their neighbors after a while. An' it's a funny thing that it's allus the wimmin that does that. You might set in this store when Rufe 'n' Sol here was shootin' off their mouths year in 'n' year out 'n' you'd never hear them say a word agin anybody —not if you was stone deaf. But when a man sees a feller in danger of blightin' his life by takin' up with a gal that's ornery 'n' no account he ain't doin' no more than what's his duty to give her the right kind of warnin'." If a feller's got good sense he'll epraphate a word in season or that sort 'n' won't git mad about it. Anybody's apt to be a mite keener 'n' unthinkin' in the matter of choosin' a gal when he's young. I bet there ain't a married man here but what'll say that's so."

The storekeeper nodded involuntarily and Hancock grinned.

"S fur's not takin' a word o' good advice kindly's concerned I reckon there's the many a man would tell you that if somebody'd come to him in time 'n' let him know what he had a right to expect from the gal he was 'thinkin' o' marryin' he'd never have married the gal he did," resumed Hancock. "There's some what does git warnin' in time. I rickerleek right well when a cousin o' mine, Sam Hancock, thought o' hitchin' up with a gal he'd met up with when he was a young buck. He seen the gal 'n' tuck her buggy ridin' once or twice 'n' he figgered to himself that she was jest about the fustest young woman that ever set a foot on this green earth. He couldn't make out that she'd got a fault or a blemish. She'd allus acted that way 'n' he was 'round, so how was he to know any better?"

"There was one thing though, an' that was that Sam had a mighty level head on him for as young as he was. He'd slip up on a trade wunst in a while, but he never slipped up twicet the same way 'n' he'd made a many trades by the time he was twenty year old. No, Sam wunst nobuddy's fool."

"Well, there was a feller lived neighbor to the gal's folks, name o' Ben Crittenden, 'n' he knowed Sam 'n' he knowed the gal. He figgered that Sam was a likely boy 'n' that it wasn't right for him to stand back 'n' keep his mouth shut when he c'd do good by openin' it. So he come to Sam one day and he taken him out behind the barn for a conf'eshal talk."

"Sam," he says, "I allow you know that I'm a friend o' yours 'n' that I ain't a trouble maker or a striver. I've got suthin' to say to you, 'n' if I say it I don't want for you to git mad 'n' prance 'round on your ear."

"Certainly not," says Sam. "If you've got anything on your mind you say it."

"It's about Berthy," says Ben. "I ain't a-goin' to git mad," says Sam. "What about Berthy?"

"It's thisaway," says Ben. "I wouldn't say nothin' at all if I thought you'd had the chance to know for yourself jest what kind of a gal she was. But you know, 'n' I have. I hired out to her paw all through one harvest 'n' I know what I'm talkin' about. That gal's mighty shifless, Sam, jest shifless."

"Is that so?" says Sam.

"I wouldn't tell you if it wasn't so," says Ben. "An' I wouldn't say nothin' against her neither if you wunst a friend of mine. She'll shif off 'n' leave her mammy to do the work if she kin, 'n' if she can't she'll jest about ha' to do it."

"That's 'n' bad," says Sam, lookin' thoughtful.

"The meals she cooks 'nd sicken you," says Ben. "Harvest time a feller hain't particular, but they sicken 'em. An' when she's 'round the house she's ain't sticked up the way she is when she goes to a church seshubible, I tell you that."

"Sho!" says Ben.

"Yes, sire, 'n' her temper hain't none o' the best. I seen her belt her young brother one day 'n' knock him outways. If you take my advice, Sam, you'll drop out."

"Sam studied a moment 'n' then he got up 'n' abucked his coat. Ben looked down his nose. 'You hain't mad?' he says.

"No," says Sam, a-splittin' on his hands. "I hain't a mite, but I'm jest goin' to walk you 'round a spell to teach you to mind your own affairs 'n' to quit taddin' on gals. An' with that he lit 'n' an' done it."

"Did he marry the gal afterward?" inquired Baker.

"Co'se he did," replied Hancock. "Why wouldn't he?"

"You said he had a heap o' sense," urged the storekeeper.

"Not regardin' them matters," said Hancock. "No man has. But there wasn't no more wrong about that gal than there is about any gal, 'n' I reckon they got along about as well as most, her 'n' Sam—mebbe better."—Chicago News.

LORD FERRER'S TRIP TO TYBURN TREE.

Fraser Park Lane in London Was Tyburn Lane in the Days of Feroocious Murderer of Servant.

Park lane, in London, was Tyburn lane, and it seems as if the galleys—described in an old document as "movable"—at one time stood at its east corner. In that case the stealthy burglar of Mr. Wertheimer's snuff boxes must have trodden very near the ignominious dust of many a pioneer in his own profession.

But whether it be Mr. Wertheimer's or Lord Battersea's house that stands on the site of Tyburn Tree, or that carefully groomed house at the beginning of the Baywater road, upon whose walls hangs the narrow cage from which a lark's song ascends over the din of the motor bus, the Marquis Avebury, itself a "movable," marks the region of many a martyrdom and many an execution. It was there the ferocious Lord Ferrers was hung in 1760 for murdering his servant. Horace Walpole's words paint the picture well.

"He shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of about two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he were only going to his own burial, not to his own execution."

And when one of the dragons of his horse Lord Ferrers expressed much concern and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine."

On went the procession, with a mob about it sufficient to make its progress slow and laborious. Small wonder that the age of Thackeray, with Thackeray's help, set up its scaffolds within four high walls. Asking for drink, Lord Ferrers was refused, for, said the sheriff, late regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great indecencies having been committed by the drunkenness of criminals in the hour of execution.

"And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you; your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up at some tavern; the confusion would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire."

But decency—so often paraded by those who outrage it—ended with the murderer's death. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried—the greatest tragedy, to his thinking, of the day!

Thus the three boilers, which were found in the jungle near San Pablo, were in excellent condition, being quite free from corrosion. In good shape also were the two cylinders. The engine, which was in place in the hull, was in excellent condition, and could not be surpassed by modern machinery. Moreover, the copper piping on all the machinery is of very heavy design, and shows more careful workmanship than is found in modern machinery.

The excellent state of preservation is due, in the first place, to the high quality of the material, and, secondly, to the fact that it was all abundantly covered with white lead and grease when the work was shut down.

What is a Man?
"All the constituents of a 150-pound man are contained in 1200 eggs," said the chemist.

Scott's Wise Dog.
So voracious a man as Sir Walter Scott had a wise dog, a bull terrier. Said the novelist once: "I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him and explained the enormity of his offense after which, to last moments of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story in whatever tone of voice it was mentioned without getting up and retiring to the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said 'the baker was well paid' or 'the baker was not hurt, after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced."

Cat Rearing Rabbits.
A Wreham man named Wellstead found four blind baby rabbits on his holding and took them home to his cat for food. Pussy was nursing her own kitten, and instead of eating the rabbits she proceeded to nurse them, and under her fostering care they are doing well.—London Chronicle.

Cracked Hair.
"I don't want my hair brushed over my forehead any longer," declared Harold. "I want a crack in it like father's."—Harper's Weekly.

HOW "THE LADIES" FARM—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

Not a thousand miles from this city live two charming and attractive women, whose story is full of interest. Both are blessed with every social quality, are most engaging in presence and are possessed of that suave manner that bespeaks their gentle blood and worldly polish. They met with loss of fortune when barely entered into the third decade of their years. Seriously put to the task of deciding how best to use the slender remnant of money in their possession, they began a thorough examination of the business ways and means open to women, and sought to learn the varied experiences of those who had prospered as well as those who had failed. At last they came to the conclusion that with their personal views, inclinations and native predisposition to retaining the protection of a home, as well as love of the country, they decided to purchase a small farm and to work it.

Then came the search for the farm, and looking up the details of the sort of farm they would have to learn all about. This took some months of hard study and much gleaning of information, together with cautious financial calculations. It goes without saying that family and friends did their very best to oppose the undertaking. They enthusiastically pointed out the wreck their young friends would make of themselves physically and financially as the result of their social ostracism as the result of their social ostracism as the result of their social ostracism.

Finally there came a day when a suitable twenty-acre property was found and purchased. It was located in an extremely desirable part of the country, within a few miles of a well-known town, with every advantage to be known, having friends who summered in that vicinity living in homes of their own. The house on the property was well built on the Southern colonial style, and by no means in bad order. Stables and outhouses, in like manner, were in fairly good repair, so that the outlay for repainting and refitting the whole was far below their anticipations.

Their scheme of farming consisted in raising food for a few cows and two horses, and the making and keeping of a large vegetable garden, to supply a summer clientele. The raising of chickens and squabs was, however, to be their chief work, and the most remunerative, while the selling of milk, butter and eggs was to be carried on the year round. In the late autumn, all outside work being completed, the house was furnished with the beautiful furniture of three generations of the choice belongings of departed ancestors. This lent a graceful dignity and air of cultivated ease quite beyond the simple but homelike dwelling. A trusty Swiss and an intelligent Norwegian house-worker were engaged to do their share of putting in order and order to practice along the lines.

For the time being the Swiss was farmer, dairyman, groom and coachman on occasion. The modern Mules With "Empire Walists."
Three hundred mules with Empire walists and chest measurements of sixty-one inches are preparing for a tour of India. A British officer, with an eye to beauty in the mule line, is here picking them up. The party will sail in December, and this will be a chance for those rovers who turn up about the British coast.

India, being a fearful hot place, is shunned by the aristocratic officers of the contingent of the army there. The poor subaltern spends his leave of absence on the coast, where it is cheap; the real swell goes to the Himalayas. There is where the Missouri mules are going. Their baggage will consist of machine guns and ammunition. They will travel in parties, one carrying a small cannon, another a howitzer, and another a mortar. The carriage and the balance will carry ammunition.

The "Empire walist" means a short coupled mule. The British army buyer's rule is for a "head like a picture, legs like bars of iron and feet like masons' mells, short in his coupling and intelligent." To this is added, in the mule department, a chest measurement of sixty-one inches.—Kansas City Journal.

Palimpsest Brasses.
The reformation in England during the sixteenth century, and the wave of puritanism which followed, resulted in the destruction of much church furniture and ornament—in many cases amounting to complete plundering or destruction of whatever was valuable. Among other things memorial brasses were often stripped from old tombs, and it has been thought that this was due to general dislike to the form of record. But lately a number of palimpsest—or used over—brasses have been found in English churches, and their occurrence suggests that the destruction of old brasses did not follow religious scruples, but that the brass was taken up and sold, often to be turned over and the reverse side engraved in memory of some person recently buried. As the brasses are usually engraved with an effigy of the deceased person, and cut to the shape of the engraving, it would not always be possible to alter an ancient memorial, but often it could be done. A rarer form of adaptation was to use the brass without reversal, adapting the ancient effigy to the requirements of the time, crests or incongruous attire being cut away, and new details worked in to take their place.—Scientific American.

The Satisfaction of Curiosity.
There is nothing a woman enjoys so much as a letter from some married woman that is stained with tears.—Atholton Globe.

Mexico does not yet raise enough cotton to keep her spinners busy.

America's Supply.

By W. FRANK McCLURE.

The greater part of America's salt supply comes from New York State, which furnishes forty per cent of the total production of the United States. Michigan comes second with twenty-five per cent, and Ohio, Kansas and Pennsylvania are next in line. Our States in the aggregate produce nearly a quarter of the world's supply, and this is saying a good deal, for salt exists in practically every country in the world. The total output of the United States annually is close to 30,000,000 barrels.

Originally salt was obtained by the evaporating of sea water. In some of the newly discovered beds of Louisiana it is easily extracted from muds by mining operations. In the Eastern and Middle States it is often necessary to go down into the earth 2000 feet before the great beds are reached. Some of these beds underlie our great cities and cover miles of territory.

The diameter of a salt well is about a half foot. Into its depths reach two pipes. Water is forced down one of these pipes and comes up in the parallel one. On reaching the bottom of the well the water mixes with the salt, and on its return journey carries a supply of brine to the surface, which is immediately transferred to vats called "vacuum pans." These pans are cone shaped at the top and bottom and of wide circumference in the middle. The vacuum is, of course, formed by pumping out the air. Heat is furnished within by a system of steam pipes. At the right temperature the brine will boil and evaporate.

Within the vacuum pan, the brine circulates freely, and after the concentration takes place the finer salt falls into the buckets of an endless belt, upon which it is carried up and over a wheel which is in a little room on the roof of the factory. At this point salt resembles slushy snow.

As the buckets on the belt pass over this wheel, they discharge their slushy looking salt into a chute, through which it is conducted into bins. Then, when a goodly portion of the moisture has drained off, a very wide belt conveys the product to big cylinders, which are known as "dryers." As these revolve, and the salt is thrown about within them, it is simultaneously subjected to continuous blasts of hot air. The cylinders are on an incline, which enables the salt to deliver itself at one end as fast as it becomes sufficiently dry, after which it goes to the storehouse.

Still another plan provides for bringing the brine from the wells into a vat 20x70 feet long and five feet high. Heat is furnished by steam pipes submerged within. The salt, in accordance with this process, comes to the surface in crystals, which later divide themselves into smaller particles and settle to the bottom. A paddle passing over the bottom draws them off at one end ready for the other operations. This is known as the "grating pan process."

The packing of salt into sacks and barrels employs many men. Barrels are filled in great warehouses, where the piles of salt often aggregate 40,000 to 50,000 tons. The small sacks of fine table salt are filled automatically, twenty-four at a time. These sacks are first sewed up, a very small opening being left at one corner. Each sack is fitted over one of the twenty-four small projections of the filling machine. As fast as a sack is filled, it drops into a trough. The sole work of the operator, who is usually a woman, is to put new sacks in place and stack the filled ones in a nearby cart.—From the American Inventor.

Barber Shop Like Roman Bath.
Through arrangements which were completed recently New York City is to have a barber shop which is to rival in splendor the baths of ancient Rome, after which part of its appointments will be fashioned.

It will be established in the New Pennsylvania Railroad terminal and the rental is to be \$10,000 a year. Michael Hochman, who has shaved thousands at the Waldorf-Astoria, will be the proprietor.

In the new shop almost everything is to be of marble and glass. Each chair will cost \$150 and will be surrounded by a canopy and velvet hangings. There are to be ten shower baths all finished in marble. A department of manicuring, for which provision has been made, will be unique in that each manicurist will have a little glass walled office of her own.

Marble benches like those in the Roman baths will line the walls. Twenty barbers will be employed in the main shop. In another shop which Mr. Hochman has issued from the McAdoo terminal officials there will be ten barbers.—New York Herald.

Artists and Color Blindness.
Artists are as subject to color blindness as other men. The writer had tested the color sense of a large number of them—colorists, engravers, illustrators—and found an average of one in twenty-two color blind. As a class they are quicker to recognize varying shades, but a green-blind artist will place a brown skein of worsted with the green as readily as a layman. The possession of an "artistic temperament" bears no other relation to the keenness of one's color sense than comes from close observation and use of color. If an artist's eyes at birth do not possess all color-sensing zones in his retina, he cannot develop them by cultivation.—From Edward A. Ayres' "Color Blindness," in The Century.

Belgium's 120-Pound Rails.
Rails weighing about 120 pounds a yard are being tried on the Belgian State railways. It is considered that the present eighty-pound rails are not sufficiently heavy and strong for main line traffic. In view of the great increase of weight in locomotives and passenger cars, some 100-pound rails are in use, but mainly at turnouts and crossings. With the new rails heavier fishplates are used, and the sleepers are spaced twenty to twenty-four inches centre to centre, instead of thirty-two inches. The rails are all of the Y section.—Engineer.

TRAMPS IN NORWAY.

New Laws Regarding the Treatment of Men Who Won't Work.

The Norwegians have passed a special act which enables the authorities to deal in a wholesome way with able-bodied loafers, beggars, tramps, aliens and drunkards who shirk their financial duty to their dependents. An able-bodied man who will not work can now be warned by the police against his manner of life and sent to the workhouse if he persists. Thus direct official action is taken against idling and idlers. He is to be prevented coming on the community for support, or so acting that his family becomes a charge on the poor law—the interpretation clause to include even a man's divorced wife and his illegitimate children. This, of course, involves the providing of work, and hence with difficulties, but probably easier in that country than in England, as they have immense tracts of available land which could be brought into cultivation, and this it is affirmed would conduce to the prosperity of the country.

That the country means business can be further inferred from a suggested method of preventing escape through the possibility of work being irregular and intermittent. A person may be ordered by the police to go to the labor bureau, but not to do so, and on the other hand there may not be any work. Both these contingencies are realized, so the idea is to give an unsuccessful applicant a card which will be evidence of obedience and also state when the next visit must be paid. This is a detail that may be varied, but it indicates the size of the meshes of this official net. Suppose a person refuses to do the work assigned, or is dismissed through bad conduct and within a year either he or his dependents come on the poor law for relief in consequence of the return to lazy habits, then the authorities can send him to the workhouse for eighteen months, or for three years if it is a second offense. The workhouse is an institution between a prison and an English workhouse, and the chief points are that liberty is forfeited, begging is impossible, and they must face either work, hunger or punishment.

The provision with regard to tramps is most stringent. A person found roaming about and endangering the safety of others is liable to detention in the same establishment for three and up to six years. The course is clear and effective. The individuals are first watched by the police and then warned that they must get a fixed residence within a given time, and if they do not they are taken in charge. Some option is reserved to the police as to whether they will send a lazy person to the workhouse or to his legal home, should they find out where it is, but the decision rests with the police. In this connection it is important to know that the police have certain judicial functions unknown to such officers in this country. It is quite possible, and even probable, that some will be found who are unable to settle because too poor, and in these circumstances they have a house found for them, the funds for this purpose being provided from money set apart for the purpose. The place in the first instance is considered by the police, but there is reserved the right of appeal to a higher court.—From the Poor Law Officers' Journal.

The City of Maples.
The stranger in Macon, Mo., invariably notes the large number of magnificent shade trees that border the streets of the town. The place has come to be known as "The City of Maples," and the inhabitants tell with pleasure of how these trees were acquired. In 1872 John W. Beaumont, real estate man, "went broke" and could not pay his taxes, which amounted to \$18. He offered to the city council in lieu of the cash 10,000 young maple trees, from one to two inches in diameter, all ready to set out. It was that or nothing, so the council took the trees. By public proclamation the mayor fixed an "arbor day," and everybody who would agree to set them out and care for them received from six to ten trees. At that time the town was almost bare of trees of every kind. Almost in a day Mr. Beaumont's legal tender for taxes was in the hands of the inhabitants, and they so faithfully carried out the mayor's injunction that to-day there is hardly a street in town which is not beautifully shaded by thick leaved trees, suggesting a town in the tropics.—Kansas City Star.

This Tea Didn't Need Sugar.
A little maid of four years was distressed the other evening because her father did not come to dinner on time. Her grown-up sister said to her in fun: "Papa is naughty, and when he comes, we won't give him any tea."

When he did come, the sister sent the teapot out to the kitchen for fresh tea. The baby looked on with a troubled face and stole softly to her own room. Shortly she returned with something squeezed up in her tiny fist. Going up to her sister she whispered: "Annie, I'll give you all my pennies if you'll give papa his tea."

And, opening her hand, she displayed all her carefully hoarded pennies.—New York Times.

Houses and Homes.
There have been and there are today in the various lands of the earth many people who have no houses and nothing that you could call furniture, even of the antique variety. But there can be no doubt that they are far happier than many who are comfortably housed in mansions which contain everything that money can buy.—Uncle Remus Magazine.

What's an Eel?
Summoned on Monday for taking fish from the Thames during illegal hours, Stephen Thomas Bidmead said he was selling, and that an eel was not a fish, but a "fresh water serpent." After a long consultation the bench held that an eel was a fish and ordered Bidmead to pay costs.—Lloyd's Weekly.

THE WAY IT DIDN'T HAPPEN.

Clifford Tremblay, in Puck.

"Mother," said little Willie Jones, "if there's no work to do, I'd like to join the other boys, and go in swimming, too."

"There's not a bit of work to-day," said Willie's mother kind, "It's useful to know how to swim, so go—I do not mind."

"Father," said Willie to his pa, "When he had older grown: 'I'd like to smoke and wish that I had a briar pipe might own.' 'And so you shall,' said Willie's pa, 'I'll buy you a pipe, and you can smoke of my many son; And to the store he went to buy A real expensive one.'

"Dear folks," said Willie to them all, "When he was twenty-three: 'I love Marie, and we're engaged And soon will married be.' 'We love her all,' 'She's just the girl!' 'The one for you we'd choose.' Which goes to prove these lines are false And writ but to amuse. —Clifford Tremblay, in Puck.

"What luck to-day?" "We ran down a man." "Did he put up much of a race?"—Pittsburg Post.

"Is he a man who uses good judgment?" "Excellent. But he always puts it to use about a day too late."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Beggar—"Kind lady, I was not always like this." Lady—"No; yesterday you had the other arm tied up."—Chicago News.

"Jones is the most prominent member of our golf club." "Why, he can't play golf?" "No, but he always pays his dues."—Cleveland Leader.

It does seem strange, without a doubt, in this great big world we have met. A man will never be "all out" until he is "all in!" —Chicago News.

Bacon—"I see the proprietor of the railroad restaurant has just died." Egbert—"Is that so? Whom did he leave the sandwiches to?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"I'll make you sorry you ever quarreled with me!" "What will you do? Go home to your mother, I suppose?" "No, I'll bring mother here!"—Sketchy Bits.

"That fisherman is always talking about the whoppers he caught." "He doesn't catch them," answered Miss Cayenne. "He merely tells them."—Washington Star.

Barter—"I tell you, no man can realize the meaning of eternity." Carter—"Oh, I don't know. I spent a week once in Philadelphia."—Somerville Journal.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet—" "Well," he queried, as she hesitated. "And yet," she continued, "man is the oftener broke."—Truth.

He—"How can Mrs. Smythe afford to keep three servants?" She—"My dear, she plays bridge with them every Monday and they owe her money."—London Opinion.

Watch—"Eight bells, and all's well." Mrs. Pohunk (feebly)—"I guess, Josiah, he hasn't looked on this side of the boat lately, or he'd know better."—Brooklyn Times.

I give to you this violet. In this great big world we have met. And hope that we already get. Once more again together get. —William Volk.

Mrs. Wigwag—"How is your husband, Aunt Mandy?" Aunt Mandy—"Porely, ma'am. He was gitfin' along all right, but now de doctah done say he got de convalescence."—Philadelphia Record.

Seranton Sammy—"No use talkin', pal, I got to do something to change me personal appearance; 'in beln' mistook for Roosevelt too often for comfort lately." Hoosier Hank (faintly)—"Well, 'n' all de vain vanity! How'd yer git dat hallucination?" Seranton Sammy—"How do you account for me bein' 'trun off' railway trains four times, 'bein' invited for chop wood on five different occasions, 'n' once asked if a bulldog could bite ter de hone through de calf uv de leg, all durin' de past week?"—Puck.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
The virtues are not poured into us, they are natural. Seek and you will find them; neglect, and you will lose them.—Chinese (Mencius).

That I can pray "God help me!" is a proof that He will help me. Because a prayer can be prayed at all there is certainly a divine ear to hear it. It is because I can call upon God in the day of trouble that I am sure there is help for me somehow under providence.—Ethanazy.

God cares for everything that He has created; but on the whole earth nothing is so interesting to heaven as the fidelity of the soul, the fidelity of a weak heart and feeble will, endeavoring to overcome temptation. All the glory of earth is pale and faded beside the persevering struggles of such a soul.—Ephraim Peabody.

It is a great thing to feel, in our human sorrows, that it is not fate that is trying us, not necessity that is compelling us, but our dear Father who is dealing with us, working out for us His good ends. It is the sublimest power man ever puts forth to be able to say, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."—Thomas Lathrop.

The true glory of kindness consists not so much in some signal acts of generosity or charity as in those kind offices and unpretending services of love, whose constant influence is like a healthy atmosphere, unseen, yet indispensable to our happiness. It consists in those "sweet, small courtesies of life, which sweeten the cup of existence as we drink it."—Charles Follen.

To our Father, who knows all, we can speak out. He has no conventional maxims by which to measure us, no half-experiences, no harshness; no jealous injustices, such as among men demands to be considered love. He cannot therefore mistake us, we are sure of justice; and it is that, and not love alone, which we ask from Him, if our souls be true.—Stopford A. Brooks.