

NOBILITY OF TREES.

A Tribute to the Majesty of the Mighty Oak.

Directly in my path stood an ancient swamp white oak, the greatest tree, I think, that I have ever seen. It was not the highest nor the largest round, perhaps, but individually, spiritually, the greatest. Hoary, hollow and broken limbed, his huge bole seemed encircled with the centuries, and in this green and grizzled top all the wins of heaven had some time come.

One could worship in the presence of such a tree as easily as in the shadow of a vast cathedral. Indeed, what is there built with hands that has the dignity, the majesty, the dignity of life? And what life was here! Life whose beginnings lay so far back that I could not more reckon the years than I could count the atoms it had builded into this majestic form.

Looking down upon him from twice his height loomed a tulip poplar, clean, balled for thirty feet and in the top all green and gold with blossoms. It was a resplendent thing beside the oak, yet how unmistakably the garbled old monarch wore the crown! His sixth more than balanced the poplar's great height, and, as for blossoms, nature knows the beauty of strength and inward majesty and has pinned no boutonniere upon the oak.—Dallas Lore Sharp in National Magazine.

CAUGHT BY THE CRY.

The Way an Australian Bandit Was Trapped in London.

"Coo-ee" is the curious cry that was one of the signals of the native blacks of Australia. The cry was speedily adopted by the invading whites. The final "ee" is a very high note, a sort of prolonged screech that resounds for long distances through the bush, and thus enables separated persons to ascertain their relative positions. On one notable occasion this peculiar cry was heard in London. A daring bushranger made his appearance one morning in front of a bank in Ballarat and coolly posted a notice on the door to the effect that the place would be closed for an hour.

Entering, he terrorized the officials with his revolver and got clear away with \$30,000. Some time afterward the authorities received information that the man had been seen in London. One day a detective thought he espied his man in the Strand; but, not being quite sure, he hit upon an expedient. He uttered a piercing "Coo-ee." Passersby stood fixed in astonishment, but the Australian, acting on the spur of the moment and recognizing the familiar sound, hastened to the person who uttered it. He was promptly arrested and was taken back to Australia.—Chicago News.

POWER OF PURPOSE.

Conceive Your Ambition Clearly and Follow It Conscientiously.

We all can measure the outward triumph of a man's life, but we rarely measure the forces out of which the triumph springs. Men suddenly emerge into the blaze of fame, and then the world wakes up and wonders how it has all happened. There is no such thing as luck in any world over which God presides. What, then, is the secret? It is purpose. The great victories which men praise are always won first of all in a man's own soul. The great men who stamp themselves ineffaceably on the ages are always the men who are capable of conceiving a purpose clearly and of following it courageously through evil and good report. You may sweep aside as relatively trivial all questions of the range of their gifts, the scope of their intellectual life. The great thing which you have to reckon with is the immense strength and heroic persistency of their purpose.—W. J. Dawson.

Taste and Touch.

Touch, Dr. Andrew Wilson has reminded us, is probably the oldest of our senses. It is also, we may add, the most active where taste has always been assumed to be paramount—at the dinner table. It is a fact overlooked that we like what we like less because we taste it than because we feel it. What is there wonderful in the taste of your perfect, your ripe potato? Nothing or little. But, ah, the feeling! What have the resistance of bread, the sudden coolness of butter, the tenderness of asparagus, the crispness of biscuit, to do with taste? Something almost negligible.—London Chronicle.

Thunderer and Poet.

An early copy of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" volume (1896) came into the hands of Dallas, then chief literary reviewer to the London Times, who, after ruminating on what we will call the pygmy poems, strode off to Moxon's with an ultimatum. Either, said he, let them withdraw the book or he would denounce it and destroy it. As they had no wish to be denounced or destroyed themselves, they preferred to accept the former alternative. John Camden Hotton brought out the book.—Fortnightly Review.

How She Won Out.

Gladys—Papa says you're a loafer, Jack. Jack—What reason has he for entertaining such an opinion of me as that? Gladys—He says you spend three or four evenings here every week without having any apparent purpose in coming.—Chicago Tribune.

A Wretch.

Justice—What's the charge against this prisoner? Officer—Yer honor, he's a public nuisance. He's been goin' around in th' dead of night wakin' up night watchmen an' then runnin' away!—Cleveland Leader.

Some successful men are 95 per cent backbone, and some others are 95 per cent cheek.—Chicago News.

The Lower Animals.

Animals have keen perceptions—keen in many respects than our own—but they form no conceptions, have no powers of comparing one thing with another. They live entirely in and through their senses. To all that finer world of reflection, imagination, comparison, reason, they are strangers. They never return upon themselves in thought. They have sense memory, some intelligence, and they profit in many ways by experience, but they have not soul memory or rational intelligence. All the fundamental emotions and appetites men and the lower animals share in common, such as fear, anger, love, hunger, jealousy, cunning, pride, curiosity, play, but the world of thought and thought experience and the emotions that with it belong to man alone. It is as if the psychic world were divided into two planes, one above the other, the plane of sense and the plane of spirit. In the plane of sense live the lower animals, only now and then just breaking for a moment into the higher plane. In the world of sense man is immersed also. This is his start and foundation, but he rises into the plane of spirit, and here lives his proper life. He is emancipated from sense in a way that beasts are not.

The Everglades.

The climate of the Everglades of Florida is almost faultless. It is singularly equable, showing no extremes of heat and cold and not subject to sudden change. Even a "norther" coming out of the region of ice and snow, is soon softened to milder temperature, and the heat of summer is made genial, though the mercury may be well up in the eighties, by the ozonized air which is everywhere in the glades. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. The latter may be roughly spoken of as including June and September, although well in the glades sudden light showers in limited areas are likely at any season, and in the autumn a high degree of humidity is constant. A lifetime might be spent in the region and no sign of malaria ever be discovered. Pure air that moves in gentle breezes over a vast expanse of pure water is the perfect assurance of health, as evinced in the fine physique, splendid coloring and athletic vigor of the Seminoles, who has a monopoly of as fine a climate as there is on earth.—Century.

The Wrong Spirit.

The president of the New York Normal college was addressing a band of young women. "Young women," he said, "generally make excellent teachers. But if you dislike the work turn to anything else but teaching. We cannot succeed ever in what we hate. Bad teachers, when we find them, are persons who dislike their work. They are like the young girl in the country town who said to one of her friends:—

"Yes, I am going to take up teaching."

"The friend looked amazed. 'You?' she exclaimed. 'You a schoolteacher? Why, I'd rather marry a widower with nine children.'

"So would I," said the other. "But where is the widower?"—New York Tribune.

Origin of the Banjo.

In the early part of the nineteenth century in the town of Banjoemas, on the island of Java, a negro native determined to construct a musical instrument for his own use. Taking a cheese box and heading it with a goatskin, he ran a handle through it, and, adapting violin strings tuned to the first, third, fifth and eighth notes of an octave, he christened it a banjo, from the first two syllables of his native town. Gradual improvements on this rough and ready instrument were made, and about the middle of the century it crossed the Atlantic and, though unpopular in London at first, soon became well liked.—London Chronicle.

"Laugh While You Can."

Hogg left Eton in 1883, about which time he met Ruskin for a memorable moment. He had run into a room where his sister was painting under Ruskin's eye. He did not notice Ruskin, but went to his sister and made some laughing remark to her. "You had better laugh while you can," said Ruskin, "for every year you live you will become more and more miserable."—From "Life of Quintin Hogg."

Intemperate Tea Drinking.

In this age of mental tension, high pressure and overstrain tea is felt to be doing much to overstock our lunatic asylums. There can be little doubt that tea drinking is a form of intemperance in these days, a national and female intoxication second only to that of strong drink and in some respects perhaps even more injurious.—Family Doctor.

Concocted.

Lyles—Did you ever come across a more concocted fellow than Balger? They say he is an atheist, and I believe he is. Boster—I wouldn't like to go so far as that, but I know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being.—Town and Country.

A Mean Suggestion.

"You know," said Miss Kreech after her solo, "I intend to go abroad to finish my musical education." "Why not finish it right now," suggested Miss Cadley, "and save the expense?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

For Instance.

"Lucy," asked the teacher, "what is the meaning of 'suecinct'?" "It means short, ma'am." "A rabbit has a suecinct tail."—Chicago Tribune.

The Change.

Fred—She isn't the pretty girl she used to be. Arthur—Is that so? Fred—Yes. Her father lost all his money speculating.

Blessings of an Alphabet.

"Few people realize," said a college professor, "that the twenty-six symbols that we call the alphabet represent singly or in combination all the sounds of all the languages upon earth. By forming letters into words we are able to embody thought, to render it visible, audible, perpetual and ubiquitous. Embodied in writing, the intellect may thus enjoy a species of immortality upon earth, and every man may paint an imperishable portrait of his own mind immensurably more instructive and interesting to posterity than those fleeting likenesses of face and form entrusted to canvas or even to bronze and marble. What myriads have passed away, leaving not a wreck behind them, while the mental features of some contemporary writer survive in all the freshness and integrity with which they were first traced! Literary painting is the greatest of all delineation! For it we may thank the alphabet and the Phoenicians for the alphabet." "It was Gibbon, I think, who said that Phoenicia and Palestine would ever live in the memory of mankind since America as well as all Europe had received an alphabet from one and a religion from the other."

Eccentric Wagon Wheel.

A very interesting paradox is the one concerning an ordinary wagon wheel, which is solid and rigid, yet when fastened on its axle on a wagon when the wagon moves part of the circumference of the wheel which is in contact with the ground is for an instant at absolute rest, while the point directly perpendicular to it is flying along at a high rate of speed. The two points horizontal with the center of the wheel are traveling pretty fast, but only half as fast as the topmost point, and as the up going horizontal point increases in speed the down going one slows up until it is at rest for a moment when in contact with the ground. Yet the wheel is one solid piece and there are only two points going at the same rate of speed at the same time. Yet if the wheel is taken off the axle and rolled down an incline every point of the circumference moves at the same rate of speed.

Ocean Streams.

The fresh inflow of salt water from the Arctic seas which mingles with the inflow of the rivers produces in the regions of the north and east of the New Siberian archipelago a very cold, clearing out current, which carries before it all the fragments of the central ice field, forming thus a mighty drift toward the eastern coast of Greenland. This cold current bears along on its surface loes, ice fields, icebergs, hummocks, etc., and washes up along the Greenland coast an almost insuperable barrier. When this current reaches Cape Farewell it divides, one portion descending straight toward Newfoundland, while the other goes to increase the current in Baffin's bay and Hudson strait. It is this last mentioned current which carries icebergs even down to the latitude of Vigo, and its power plays an important and capricious part in the meteorology of Europe.

Ireland's Sacred Oak.

In years gone by Ireland had a sacred oak dedicated to St. Columban, one of the peculiarities of the tree being that whoever carried a small bit of the wood or bark in his mouth would never meet with a violent death, it being especially efficacious in saving Christian martyrs from the block. It was known throughout the British isles as the holy oak of Kenmare. After the lapse of many centuries this sacred oak was uprooted by a storm, after which it was said to be guarded by angels to keep heretics from gathering the wood for fuel. At last a wicked tanner "harked" one of its largest limbs and tanned some leather, which he made into shoes for himself, imagining that such relics would bring him wealth and power. He wore them but once, however, but that one time was enough to make him an incurable leper.

Reading Room of the British Museum.

The reading room of the British museum is crowned by a spacious dome, which is about thirty feet wider than that of St. Paul's cathedral. It is 140 feet in diameter and, with its 60,000 superficial feet of glass, springs more than 100 feet in height. Neither St. Peter's at Rome nor Santa Maria at Florence is a match to it. It is larger by forty-five feet than the dome of the capitol at Washington, by thirty-five feet than that of Darmstadt cathedral, by thirty-three feet than that of St. Sophia, Constantinople, and spreads sixteen feet further than the concave roof of the tomb of Mohammed Adil Shah at Bijapur.

The Man Who Is in Earnest.

The vital necessity for the qualities of inspiration, reality and magnetism was brought home to me when I was a schoolboy fiddling at college functions. I saw speakers who came forward and who—well, just spoke so many words. Then would come an orator, a man who acted the part, who lived the part, who was the part because he believed it, and so swept the people off their feet.—J. P. Sousa in London Interview.

One Occupation Less.

A visitor at a small resort on the coast, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, asked one of the men whom he saw at the village store what he did all summer.

"Loaf and fish," replied the native.

"What do you do in the winter?" continued the inquiring visitor.

"We don't fish!"

His Prescription Failed.

Doctor (after the diagnosis)—Apparently your system is run down from nervousness superinduced by loss of sleep. My advice would be for you to try sleeping on your left side awhile. Fair Patient—But, doctor, I am slightly deaf in my right ear—and my husband talks in his sleep.—New York Times.

Gladstone's Unpopularity.

Gladstone was not beloved. He was an institution. How can one love an institution? A member told me that he asked another Liberal why he disliked Gladstone. The reply was, "Oh, he is always so in the right!"—From M. D. Conway's "Autobiography."

Gold's Gliding Effect.

"That fellow is a perfect boor." "S-s-sh! He's worth \$4,000,000." "That so? Well, as I was saying, he's a man of marked individuality."—Pittsburg Post.

Not Gullible.

"One of our boys has been stealing raisins again. I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine.

Lawful Debt Legally Collected.

When Mike left the employ of Brother Rubbles, who keeps a country store and also "farms it" in Washington county, Me., he owed a considerable balance to Brother Rubbles. Mike seemed quite willing to forget about it, but more intimate acquaintances of Brother Rubbles never lost faith that the account would be squared in due time.

After Brother Rubbles had ceased even to drop gentle hints about the little bill Mike became the owner of a single lusty hog, of which he was inordinately proud. He bragged about it unceasingly, and Brother Rubbles made a friendly call one day to see it and praised the hog in a way that delighted the heart of the lucky owner.

"Can't see how ye got him so fat, Mike," said Brother Rubbles. "Mine don't fill out that way. I guess it takes an Irishman to bring up a pig." Then after a pause Brother Rubbles added: "I've got a shot I'll give ye if you want it. I should like to see what ye can do with my stock."

There is an old saying that gets forth the danger of trusting the Greeks even when they offer gifts, but Mike had never heard it. At the first opportunity he went over to Brother Rubbles' barn and brought away the sorriest looking shote that ever lived. The next day Brother Rubbles "leveled" on the big hog. The law would not have permitted him to do that so long as Mike was the owner of only one pig.

The Chinese empress Si-ling-Chi, 2650 B. C., was supposed to be the first woman to dress herself in silken raiment, though silk was used in the arts nearly 1,000 years before her reign. She was placed among the Chinese divinities under the title of "Sien-Thsan," which means "first promoter of the silk industry."

Silk was worth its weight in gold in many parts of the world for centuries. Its immense cost may be estimated by the fact that a silken garment is mentioned as one of the wondrous prodigies of the Emperor Heliogabulus, while a gown of the same material was refused by Aurelius to his empress on the ground that he couldn't afford the price. Such was the importance of the silk industry in China that the people in the principal growing and manufacturing district took the name of "Seres" and their country "Sericia," from the word "Se," which in the ancient writings means "silk." A curious thing about silk is this: The raw material is produced by the cheapest labor in the world, while the finished product is among the most costly of merchandise.

Timely Advice.

When a certain financial panic broke out the senior editor of a trade journal published in the interests of business men and financiers was on a visit to a mining town. Fearful lest his junior in the office at home might give editorial utterance to pessimistic views and weaken public confidence still further, he hastened to a telegraph office and dispatched a brief message of advice.

It happened that the junior partner on this particular day had just become the father of a pair of fine twin boys. While his friends in the office were congratulating him upon this event a messenger entered with a telegram.

Dear George—Things look blue, but they will brighten up soon. Take a cheerful view of the situation. HIRAM.

The Great American Novel.

The great American novel, of which so much was once heard, does not come, but the work is gradually being written in departments. The country is too vast, as the novelists have perhaps seen, for one novel to cover the ground as they used to hope. They are, therefore, specializing, and some of them are writing so conscientiously and observing so well that those of our own practitioners whose tendency is to repeat a convention rather than turn afresh to life with each book ought to be feeling uncomfortable.—London Times.

An Apology.

An excited military man entered the editorial sanctum of the Odessa (Mo.) Democrat, exclaiming: "That notice of my death is false, sir! I will horse-whip you within an inch of your life, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue." The editor inserted the following next day: "We regret extremely to announce that the paragraph which stated that Major Blazer was dead is without foundation."

A Polite Necessity.

"Your daughter is highly accomplished."

"Well," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "she knows a great deal about English literature and can speak several languages, but I wish I could hire somebody to teach her just what slang it is proper to use in fashionable society."—Washington Star.

Franks of Fate.

"There goes Tuffnut, the pugilist. Under other circumstances he might have made a success of a very different kind."

No Doubt.

With a fair tenor voice and his peculiar system of fighting he would have made a tremendous success on the opera stage.—New York Press.

The Trust in Doctors.

Fawle—When you come to think of it it's really remarkable how many people trust a doctor. Crosby—Yes. But don't you think it's even more wonderful how many people a doctor trusts?

Not Gullible.

"One of our boys has been stealing raisins again. I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine.

It would be a much more progressive world if we economized the time we give to other people's business.—Pack.

THE BLUE RACER.

It is About the Fleetest Thing in the Reptile Family.

"The swiftest snake I have ever known is the blue racer, as we used to call the reptile in the Arkansas foothills, and I want to tell you this particular snake can travel like a blue streak," said a man from Arkansas. "The fact is, the name 'blue racer' was given to the snake because of the reptile's fleetness. I have seen blue racers dash across the road at such a rapid pace that you could only see a mere suggestion of blue, and if you did not happen to know the snake and its habits you would not know what it was. You could not possibly get the idea that it was a snake you had seen flash through the dust of the country road unless you knew something of the blue racer. Just what speed the snake makes I do not know, but it is a rapid pace. The rattlesnake is supposed to have good speed, and, as a matter of fact, the rattler can whiz along at a pretty swift gait, but the blue racer is not in it with the blue racer. It would be interesting to know just how fast different snakes travel, and if we knew I dare say we would find that the blue racer is about the fleetest thing in the reptile family."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ANTIQUITY OF SILK.

The Product Was Worth Its Weight in Gold For Centuries.

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VENETIAN WOMEN.

They Have No Need to Bother Their Heads About Fashions.

The women of Venice are absolutely free from the rule which Dame Fashion exercises over their sisters elsewhere. They care nothing for modes. With them the length of the skirt remains always the same, neither short nor long, and they always wear plainly made dark dresses, black stockings and the heaviest slippers of the east. Hats are unknown.

The universal outdoor wrap for all ages and all sizes is the black shawl with a deep skirt fringe. It is folded with a short point above and a long one below, and sometimes it envelops the figure from head to foot. It is never fastened at the throat, and when it slips off it is gathered up with one outstretched arm, which makes the spectator think of a big bird stretching its wing.

In their attire the women of Venice are independent, only wearing local clothing, but, with feminine inconsistency, they are thoroughly up to date in the matter of hairdressing, the style of their coiffures changing from time to time, according to the vogue of the moment in London and Paris.

Only a Beginning.

The rich widower was paying assiduous court to the handsome young woman lawyer.

"I don't know, Mr. Welph," she demurred. "There are—there are settlements to be considered, you know."

"If that is all, Miss Maggie," he said, "we'll have no trouble."

"Here he slipped a diamond ring on her finger."

"How does that strike you?" he asked.

"H'm!" she rejoined, holding it up to the light and inspecting it critically. "I think it will do quite well—as a retainer."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bishop's Fall.

Bishop Peck of the Methodist church was a large man, weighing over 350 pounds. While on a tour and stopping at the residence of a presiding elder the bishop turned over in his bed and the entire furniture collapsed, dropping him to the floor with a tremendous thud. The presiding elder rushed up stairs, calling: "What is the matter, bishop? Is there anything I can do for you?" "Nothing is the matter," answered the bishop, "but if I don't answer the call to breakfast tell your wife to look for me in the cellar."

Excitements of Begging.

There must be an excitement about begging, which is almost like the pleasure of stalking—taking the measure of the person you see in front of you and knowing the kind of appeal that is likely to weigh with him.—Bishop of Manchester.

Hoping He Won't Find It.

"That man's always looking for work."

Let no man talk of freedom until he is sure he can govern himself.—Goethe.

Trying a Joke.

Some years ago in a North Carolina court, Judge Shipp presiding, the trial of a cause had been protracted till near midnight. The jury were tired and sleepy and showed flagging attention. Willie Marchison, who was addressing the jury, thought to arouse them, so he said, "Gentlemen, I will tell you an anecdote." Instantly the judge, the jury and the few spectators pricked up their ears and were all attentive, as Marchison was admirable in that line, had a fund of anecdotes and no one could tell them better. But he soon proceeded to tell one of the dullest, prosiest and most pointless jokes possible. Everybody looked disappointed. The judge, leaning over, said in an unmistakable tone of discomposure, "Mr. Marchison, I don't see the point of that joke." "Nor I, either," replied the witty counsel. "But your honor told it to me on my way down here, and as I thought the lack of appreciation must be due to my obtuseness, I concluded to give the joke a trial by jury."

Had Feathered His Nest.

The gauge by which worldly prosperity is measured is not always the same. But it does not so much matter what standard is used so long as it shows accurately the amount of gain or loss. "I remember Bill Gasset as a shiftless young n'er do well," said a former neighbor of Mr. Sands, revisiting his old home after many years' absence, "but I hear he left his widow quite a substantial property. How did he manage it?"

"He made choice of an excellent wife, and she took him as the smartest woman often take the poorest specimens of the men folk," said Mr. Sands thoughtfully, "and, what's more, she made something of him, put some gum into him and what all. Why, sir, when he married her all he had for a mattress was an old mackerel stuffed with dried leaves, and when he died he had no more than three mattresses stuffed with live goose feathers. I guess that tells the story."—Youth's Companion.

Oysters a Fool Loner.

A wholesale oyster dealer was sizing up a new invoice. "There are some old fellows in that lot," he said as he showed to one side some abnormally large ones. He picked out one and measured it. The shell was eight inches long. "The age of an oyster has absolutely no effect upon its quality," he said. "It doesn't get tough with age, like the higher order of animals. How long does an oyster live? Well, I couldn't say exactly. I have known Maurice river oystermen to claim that an oyster undisturbed in a neglected cove would live for twenty-five years before it finally died of old age, and an oyster of the Maurice river type keeps on growing all the time. I have seen some myself that measured nearly a foot in length."—Philadelphia Record.

The Force of Strong Personality.

Who has not felt his power multiplied many times, his intellect sharpened and a keener edge put on all of his faculties when coming in contact with a strong personality? Such has seemed to unlock hidden powers which he never before dreamed he possessed so that he could say things and do things impossible to him when alone? The power of the orator, which he flings back to his listeners, he first draws from his audience. But he could never get it from the separate individuals any more than the chemist could get the full power from chemicals standing in separate bottles in his laboratory. It is in contact and combination only that new creations, new forms, are developed.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

The Dane's Bill of Fare.

Lieutenant Robert E. Peary at a dinner of the Arctic society once spoke on the privations suffered by his party in his previous expedition. In the course of his remarks he mentioned the fact that the sole article of diet for thirty days of one of the members of his party, a Dane, was dried bones. Afterward Lieutenant Peary was approached by a friend who expressed incredulity. "That must have been a great Dane of yours," said he sneeringly. "Yes," replied the lieutenant; "he was a splendid dog."

With a Free Hand.

"Sir," began the visitor. "I come to you in the interest of the city's poor children. I thought you might like to contribute to our fresh air fund for them."

"Of course," replied the kind hearted suburbanite. "You may take as much as you please from my place. But how in the world are you going to carry it?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Disconcerting.

A prominent English clergyman once congratulated an old lady on her bravery in fighting her way to church against a terrible tempest, but received the disconcerting reply: "My husband gets so cross-grained after meals that I have to get out of his way, so I might as well go to church."

Should Know Everything.

Editor's Son—I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was goin' to rain next Fourth of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor.

Figuratively Speaking.

"No," said Meeker, "I never did have any head for mathematics."

"I suppose not," rejoined Bleeker. "I have always understood that even at home you didn't count."—Chicago News.

There is one body that knows more than anybody, and that is everybody.—Talleyrand.

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EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 109 No. 113 No. 101 No. 15 No. 107
Pittsburg	8:25 9:00 9:10 9:30 9:40
Williams	9:20 9:55 10:05 10:25 10:35
Lawrenceville	9:50 10:25 10:35 10:55 11:05
Swiss	