A ROMANCE OF PRONOUNS.

It was evening, it was moonlight, it was late, and it was fair.
I was courting, I was happy, I was brave, for she was there.
She was pretty, she was blushing, she was willing to be wed.
He arrived, and he objected. He was papa, so I fled.
I returned. He was repentant. She was coaxing her mamma.
Papa relented, and I thanked him and forgave him—dear papa!
Then he blessed us. I was happy, while she blushed a rosy red.
He was willing. She was willing. I was willing. We were wed.

—London Tit-Bits.

HALTED BY A MOUNTAIN LION.

A Night Adventure of Three Girls on a California Road.

We were driving from Oakland over the ridge that divides Alameda and Contra Costa counties, three girls bound for a country dance at Moraga valley, a little settlement on the Contra Costa side. It was late in January, and the night was pitch dark, but as the young rancher who drove knew every inch of the way we were not afraid.

We had made the ascent of the mountain and were driving down at a good pace when suddenly the horses stopped, reared and then swerved to one side, overturning the rockaway and landing us all in the mud on the side of the road. No one was hurt, and as we picked ourselves up, wondering in a dazed way what the trouble was about, something leaped out of the bushes, over the backs of the prostrate horses and lit in the brush on the lower side of the road. There was a fearful roar, and then we saw two great, green eyes glaring out of the darkness.

The driver had succeeded in pulling the frightened horses to their feet and righting the wagon. He ordered us to get into our seats, and handing the lines to the girl on the front seat he told her to hang on for dear life.

"It is a lion, and he'll jump in another minute," said the man.

Then, as we sat speechless from fright, the rancher drew his revolver. There was a scream unlike and more dreadful than anything I had ever heard. Then the great beast rolled a few feet in the brush and was still.

After the horses were quieted and we had regained our composure sufficiently, we jumped out of the rockaway, and, with the aid of matches, examined our game. It was a splendid young California mountain lion, measuring about four feet in length. We three girls were all very brave when we found the beast was really dead, so we helped the driver lift the carcass into the back of the wagon and then continued our trip, creating a great sensation among the young rustics at the dance when we told of our adventure. To be sure, we gave the driver credit for the actual killing, but weren't we there when it happened, and didn't we keep quiet, instead of screaming as lots of girls would have done?—New York Sun.

In Want of Milk.

A good story is told of two young Englishmen traveling in Europe. They had never thoroughly mastered any of the languages commonly spoken on the continent and were particularly weak in their French, knowing that language well enough by sight, but not having a speaking acquaintance with it.

Finding themselves in a small French town one evening, they were desirous of obtaining a good cup of coffee. Knowing that cafe was coffee, and that lait was milk, they endeavored to call for a judicious mixture of the two, but their articulation was of so remarkable an order that they succeeded only in getting the coffee. Cafe au late they tried without success. Then du lay-it was attempted unavailingly. The suggestion that lait might be pronounced "light" was adopted, equally in vain.

Finally in despair one of the struggling youths exclaimed:

"Well, it's mighty queer we don't know enough to get a little drop of milk."

"Do you want milk?" asked the waitress, opening her mouth for the first time.

"Y-yes," stammered the travelers, overwhelmed with surprise.

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" queried the girl as she flounced off.

And again the young men didn't know.—London Tit-Bits.

Passing an Examination.

The story of a well known bishop which reached me the other day seems good enough for publication. The bishop was one day examining a batch of deacons for priests' orders. After the theoretical part of the examination, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you have passed a most excellent examination in theory. I should now like to see you do something practical. I shall go into the next room and personate a sick man. You will come in, one by one, address me as a sick parishioner, and say something comforting." When his lordship had retired, the candidates were in some confusion, and nobody cared to begin, but at last a mad Irishman volunteered to be the first. He entered the study and approached the bishop, who was lying with a woebegone air on the sofa, and thus addressed him: "Oh, Anthony, Anthony! The drink again! Shure it will be the death of ye! Turn from your evil ways before it's too late and be a man!" This is said to be the last time that the bishop held a practical examination.—London Truth.

Æsthetics Run Mad.

O'Kief—Why did the Newsplices move?

McEll—The wall paper on their old flat didn't harmonize with the new baby's complexion, I believe.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Annapolis was so called in honor of Queen Anne. The Catholics, who settled it, called it St. Mary's. It was renamed Arundelton, in honor of the Earl of Arundel, still later was christened Anne Arundel, and finally the present name was bestowed.

DETAILS OF SCHWENINGERISM.

The Authority on Fat Reducing Enlarges His Directions.

Professor Schweninger recently gave this elaborated summary of his treatment to a correspondent of The St. James Gazette: "Eat as much as you please as often as you like, but not too much at a meal. Drink no liquids at any meal. When thirsty, drink a little good aerated water, with a few drops of lemon or orange juice squeezed into it, but only an hour before or an hour after meals. You may also take a little white wine or cider that is not sweet, or now and then a cup of tea, but never coffee. Smoke a little and indulge with moderation in the other little luxuries to which you have been accustomed.

Bathe often, but do not wet the entire surface of the body at once. Exercise should be regular. Change your position as often as possible. Do not remain standing or sitting or lying too long at a time nor pass too many hours in bed. Take your meals at a different hour every day. Never eat at regular hours, but whenever you are hungry, and, if it be not too soon before or after a meal, drink whenever you are thirsty. Better eat a dozen times a day than overload your stomach at two or three heavy meals at long intervals. Do not eat the same article of food too often."

Practicing a Fit.

Crossing City Hall park one day a reporter saw an Italian boy suddenly fall flat on his back on the pavement. Several companions instantly knelt by his side, some slapping the palms of his hands, some rubbing his face. They were all laughing very much, and after a minute or two of this work the boy rose and in two or three more minutes repeated the game, this time all being serious, especially so when they noticed that the same man was watching them.

The boys who were doing the slapping and rubbing looked out from under their tangle of hair and grinned at the reporter a little at first, and then became serious again.

"What is the game?" the reporter asked a newsboy who was also watching.

"Dum kids is pracf'cin a fake," he replied.

"A fake?"

"Sure, having fits t' work guys. Any old guy takes pity on a kid wid de fits and gives him a nickel. See?"—New York Sun.

SAWDUST VALUABLE.

Modern Discovery For the Utilization of a Heretofore Useless Offal.

One of the methods whereby profit has been made from sawdust is the manufacture from it of oxalic acid, which is a simple process, producing a material in wide commercial demand in the art of dyeing and other chemical arts. As intimated, the process is not only simple, but the outfit for conducting it does not involve a large investment. The principles involved are not complicated, and the process can be carried out by cheap labor under the superintendence of a fairly intelligent director.

Oxalic acid is frequently met with in the vegetable kingdom, especially in combination with gases which destroy its poisonous character. Oxalate of lime is found in considerable quantity in the rhubarb plant. Oxalate of potash is found in the sorrel, and oxalate of soda in salicornia and sal soda. Formerly the acid was obtained from the sorrel, Oxalis acetosella, but more recently from sugar by the action of nitric acid upon it. The nitric acid and sugar are boiled for some time, then evaporated to dryness, and the oxalic acid formed is purified by crystallization from water. A much cheaper material than sugar is sawdust. In this case an alkali must be employed instead of an acid, as well as at a higher temperature. The operation is conducted in an iron vessel of suitable size and shape, and either caustic soda or potash is employed, the yield being greater with the latter.

Some recent experiments made go to prove that a mixture of 40 parts of caustic potash to 60 parts of caustic soda will produce as large a yield as when potash alone is used, provided the operation be performed in shallow vessels with thin layers of the material, avoiding as far as possible the fusing of the mass. Soft woods, such as pine and fir, produce larger quantities of oxalic acid than hard wood like oak. The proportion of the wood to alkali should not exceed 75 to 100, and the temperature should be about 480 degrees F.—Philadelphia Press.

Might or Right.

I have often asked my radical friends what is to be done if, out of every hundred enlightened voters, two-thirds will give their votes one way, but are afraid to fight, and the remaining third will not only vote, but will fight, too, if the poll goes against them. Which has, then, the right to rule? I can tell them which will rule. The brave and resolute minority will rule. Plato says that if one man was stronger than all the rest of mankind he would rule all the rest of mankind. It must be so, because there is no appeal. The majority must be prepared to assert their divine right with their right hands, or it will go the way other divine rights have gone before.

I will not believe the world to have been so ill constructed that there are rights which cannot be enforced. It appears to me that the true right to rule in any nation lies with those who are best and bravest, whether their numbers are large or small, and three centuries ago the best and bravest part of this English nation had determined, though they were but a third of it, that pope and Spaniard should be no masters of theirs.—Froude in Longman's Magazine.

An old and good remedy for nervous headache, which is felt at the base of the brain, is camphor. It is most effective when applied to the part and rubbed for a few minutes.

Omaha is named from a tribe of Indians.

AS TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Are Not Its Exponents Seriously Mistaken In Some of Their Claims?

Prominent woman suffragists in the east give out that they propose to continue to strive for the enfranchisement of their sex until their efforts are crowned with success in every state in the Union. These women are to be commended for their untiring zeal, which is no doubt actuated by a lofty and sincere desire to see what they conceive to be the right prevail, but to some extent at least they are idealists who see in the success of their efforts an entirely new condition upon a very much loftier plane of existence for woman than is now secured to her by the lawmaking power of governments, but the question is, How is the mere enfranchisement of woman going to fit her for the duties and requirements of political equality?

The mistake that suffragists make, it is safe to say, is in advancing the theory that all women are as well fitted by nature to deal with economic and political problems as the average man, and that opportunity is all that is needed to demonstrate that fact. It will not be denied that some women are naturally better equipped in every way to deal with political questions than some men, but is it not the exception rather than the rule? And does not the exception obtain because natural law demands it so to be? If so, it is difficult to see just how the enfranchisement merely is going to change the natural order of things. It is argued, and the proposition may have merit, that political equality might in time be the means of educating and advancing woman in the school of experience up to where she would have a comprehensive understanding of what is needed from time to time to advance the material and social welfare of humanity, but it would be an experience concerning which history gives no intimation of the probable outcome.

The ultra antisuffragists insist that woman has but one natural sphere, and that is domestic and social life, but that is as far from being true as the claim that the enfranchisement will remedy all the evils of our political life. There are plenty of women who are as unfit for domestic life as many men are for military duty. We do not mean mentally or physically unfitted in either case, but they were just "born wrong," and nothing less than recreation would fit either one for what their sex would indicate were the natural avenues of existence and employment for them.—Omaha World-Herald.

ASBESTUS MAKING.

Preparing the Mineral For Its Many Important Uses.

If any readers have ever made the acquaintance of asbestus at all it has no doubt been in the shape of backing to a gas stove or a firebrick. Very few people outside the trade know what enormous quantities are utilized where machinery is used. The business done in domestic asbestus is a mere bagatelle compared with that got through in packing for steam boilers and engine pistons.

Asbestus in its original state is a fibrous mineral indigenous to Canada and other places and is sent over here in lumps like pieces of raw slate on the top and bottom, while the sides are covered with a fluffy substance—the fiber, when it is pulled from the bulk. You can pick each lump to pieces with your nails, although to look at it one would think that nothing less than a heavy hammer would make any impression on it.

When it reaches the factory, it is put into crushers. These are like the ordinary mortar mixers that you see where building operations are going on, and the resulting gritty, fluffy mass is thrown into what is termed a "devil."

The devil tears it up with sharp prongs and then sifts the grit from the fluff. The former is used for mixing with the asbestus in other processes, while the latter is shot into a receptacle that reduces it to a consistency almost as fine as cotton wool. As it falls from this machine it looks for all the world like snow.

In other departments the raw asbestus is crushed and then mixed with certain earths to be used for covering the outer surfaces of steam boilers, asbestus being a nonconductor of heat.

Then, again, large quantities of millboard are made for packing between fireproof doors and articles of that description, while occasionally it goes to form one of the main constituents in a fireproof theater curtain.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE PLAY.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theater to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low
And hither and thither fly,
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast, formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible woe!

That motley drama!—oh, be sure
It shall not be long!
With its phantom chased for evermore
By a crowd that seek it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the selfsame spot,
And much of madness and more of sin
And horror, the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The artist solitude!
It writhes—it writhes with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vain fangs
In human gore imbrued.

Out, out are the lights! out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero the conqueror, worm.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

TOBY AND THE BEAR.

A MANEUVER OVER WHICH THE WISE OLD NATIVES DIFFERED.

Toby Was the Smartest Bear Dog In All the Woods, and His Owner Wouldn't Have Sold Him For $100, but He Wasn't Cut Out For an Acrobat.

"I had a dog named Toby when I was living up in the Pennsylvania lumber woods," said George W. Reynolds of the National Lumber company. "He was a bear dog. Bears, as every one knows who ever lived among them, hate dogs beyond everything else, two legged or four legged, and will frequently give up a good chance to escape from a pursuing hunter just for the satisfaction of waiting for the dog that is yelping behind him and taking a fall out of him when he comes up, a fall that usually ends the dog's career, especially if it is a dog not especially trained to hunt the bear.

"This dog Toby of mine was famous all through these woods. He was acknowledged to be the most accomplished dog when it came to getting the best of bear that had ever been in that country, and if any hunter didn't catch a bear when Toby was along it wasn't the dog's fault. Once Toby was borrowed by a man named Crowley, who knew where a couple of bears were hanging out. The dog routed them out and drove them plumb to Crowley, who could easily have shot them both, but instead, when he saw them coming, he cut and ran. Tim Bull, who had gone along with Crowley on the hunt, said that Toby just stood still and gazed in amazement after the flying hunter. Crowley, seeing that the bears had got away, soon came back. The dog showed his opinion of Crowley by bristling up and growling savagely and threatening to eat him for a few seconds. Then he quit and went home. Ever after that Toby would snap and growl at Crowley whenever he saw him.

"One day I was looking over a logging job I had contracted for and discovered signs of bear along the creek. Next day Toby and I went out to see what we could do with the bear. We soon struck the trail, and Toby located the bear in a small patch of laurels, from which he soon routed brain. He brought the bear to bay in a little open space in a piece of chestnut timber. There was no necessity of the bear turning at bay, but he evidently wanted to get a whack at Toby. I could have easily sent a bullet through the bear, but having the utmost confidence in Toby's smartness, and seeing that the bear was anxious to put his smartness against the dog's, I concluded to let him have the chance and to enjoy the sport of a few minutes' maneuvering between the two.

"It was fun. Toby worried the already ugly old chap with tricks and quick movements until the bear was wild with rage. Do what he might, he couldn't get a blow or a bite in on Toby, while Toby got a nip at the bear at almost every turn. This amusing dance lasted for ten minutes, and I felt so proud of my dog that I declared there and then that it would take a good deal more than a $100 bill to buy him.

"Some wise old natives of those woods assured me afterward that what this bear finally did was a premeditated act, deliberately and successfully carried out as planned. Others declared that it was an afterthought of the bear's. I myself held and hold yet that it was entirely an accident, because I will not admit that there ever was a bear smart enough to get the better of Toby by design.

"After sparring and rushing fruitlessly at the dog for ten minutes the bear put his back against a tree and breathed hard for at least a minute. Then it suddenly dropped to all fours and hurried toward another tree a rod or so away. Toby followed, and as the bear started to climb the tree seized it by one of its hams. Although the dog must have set his teeth deep in the flesh, the bear did not stop on his way, but climbed on as if nothing was worrying him. The dog held on and was lifted from the ground as the bear climbed. The higher the bear went the tighter Toby appeared to hang on to its rear, and presently he was swinging in the air 15 feet from the ground.

"The sight was so funny that I just tumbled on the ground and roared. The bear stopped when about 15 feet up the trunk of the tree, clung there for a moment, and then let loose. He came down like a pile driver. When he struck at the bottom of the tree, Toby was between him and the ground. There was a faint yelp, and that was all. Three hundred pounds of bear had flattened 40 pounds of dog out of all kind of shape. The catastrophe was so sudden and unexpected that before I could recover from the painful surprise it gave me the bear had disappeared in the laurels. There never was a smarter bear dog than Toby, but he wasn't cut out for an acrobat. There is where he made his mistake. There never was a smarter dog than Toby, nor was there ever a deader one when that bear got off of him."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Huntington's Baths.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington recently got a new maid. She instructed her about the arrangement of her bath. "You will prepare my bath every morning and every night," she began. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the new maid, "two baths a day! Why, my last lady took one in a week, and the little children only took one a week too." "Poor little wretches!" exclaimed the new mistress. And she tells the story in the same spirit, but she does not tell whom her maid lived with before she got her. The two baths a day are supposed to have an effect in keeping down her flesh.—Philadelphia Press.

To the Manner Born.

Grubber—What a well bred man Mixer is!

Dumley (who doesn't like him)—He ought to be. His father is a baker.—Quips.

HIS LAST POEM.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old, plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

Oh, to mount again where erst I haunted,
Where the old red hills are bird enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when evening dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp bestarred!

Oh, to dream, oh, to wake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render
Through the trance of silence
Quiet breath!
Lo, for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the slighter movement sounds and passes
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

—R. L. Stevenson.

VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

It Consummates Life—No Single Life Is the Perfect One.

We hear young men say, "I am too poor to get married," and girls, "The man I marry must be rich." These remarks appear harmless, and they may have a certain business shrewdness behind them. Still the larger truth is that the speakers most often do not take an honest view of marriage, no matter how honorable may be their purposes. Money cannot insure happiness, and long experimenting in the countries of Europe has shown that mating for wealth is the sure road to a lax and immoral domestic economy. It would seem that the sensible view to take of marriage is that it consummates life for the poor and the rich, the vulgar and the refined; that no single life is the perfect life. The future of mankind depends almost wholly upon happy marriages and healthy offspring. And this suggests that there should be no marrying of unsound people. Greater selfishness cannot be imagined than that which brings children into the world doomed to a life of immitigable misery, the hereditament of those who bear their parents' burden of disease. Shall we say that questions arise in this connection too delicate for discussion with young persons? Is it better to leave the discussion to be raised after it is too late?

The sensible view of marriage is the view that comprehends every consequence. To the young people looking forward to a long and happy wedded life it is of vital importance that no element of the subject shall be a mystery; that nothing connected with the matrimonial venture shall be left to the hazard of chance. Parents must understand that their children are to be parents; that there is no escape from the responsibility, and that education is incomplete and training inadequate which does not qualify for paternity and maternity. The young man and the young woman who are fitted for marriage are fitted for all that a healthy, courageous and happy life demands or imposes.—Chautauquan.

Jack's Royal Spree.

"Kipling ought to study Jack," said a naval officer. "Jack's the most picturesque man on land or sea, and nobody has written about him as he is.

"If I could do it as well as Kipling, there is one story I know of which is as good as the 'Reincarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.'

"When I was assistant engineer on the San Francisco, there was a coal passer named Tom Delargy under me. He had been saving up his money for a long time to cut a big splurge when he was discharged. I think he had about $600 coming to him.

"Jack is a royal 'spender,' and his shipmates all told him that he needn't go farther than the Bowery to have the most gorgeous spree.

"But Delargy wasn't going to be so commonplace. He took time to think it all out, and whenever he got hold of an American newspaper he studied it. The way the railroad magnates enjoyed life struck his fancy.

"So when his time was up, and 'Pay' turned over Delargy's $600 to him, he went and chartered a private car and rode around the country till his money was gone. Then he came back and reenlisted."—New York Journal.

Emotional Literature.

"I suppose you see all sorts of people in the course of a day's run?" said the observant man to the train boy as he bought a package of wintergreen chewing gum.

"You bet!" said the boy, after the manner of his kind. "Look acrost the way there at that woman a-cryin over 'Unluckily Married; or, the Doom of Mary Jane.' When she come on the car this mornin, she were as pretty as a wax figger, all red an white. Sence she's been a readin that novel she's cried till her face is all streaked and striped. The paint's run so she looks jest like a zebry." And the youth walked on, leaving the observant man in deep thought.—Detroit Free Press.

Autocrat of th[illegible]

Mrs. Faintheart ([illegible] window)—Officer!

Policeman—Y[illegible] am. What's wrong, ma'am?

Mrs. F.—N[illegible] wrong, but I wish you'd step [illegible] the kitchen and tell the cook no[illegible] rn the meat, as she did last night. [illegible] afraid to.—Pick Me Up.

Beecher generally spoke in a conversational tone, with no great effort at what is commonly denominated oratory. When he rose to a climax, however, his voice was equal to any emergency, but even his loudest tones seemed to cause him little effort.

The hoopskirt was in full feather in 1596. It was then made of iron and sometimes weighed as much as 30 pounds.

In 1861 the French government ordered several lighthouses to be lighted by the electric light.

EARLY LIFE OF PAUL JONES.

He Came to America to Inherit an Estate In Virginia.

There is no record of his having attended any school except that of the parish of Kirkbean, but he developed a truly Scotch passion for reading and writing. He went to sea when 12 years old and made two voyages during his minority in a slaver, but hating the traffic he left it and the ship too. At 20 he was in command of a fine brigantine. About this time occurred what he calls, in a letter to Robert Morris, "a great misfortune," adding, "I am under no concern whatever that this or any other circumstance of my past life will sink me in your opinion." The trouble was a threatened criminal prosecution for having had a carpenter flogged, which was the usual mode of punishment in those days. The matter was investigated, and Paul Jones was fully acquitted.

It is worthy of remark that the magistrate who inquired into that matter notes that Paul Jones expressed great sorrow for having had the man flogged, although the charge of cruelty was fully disproved. He returned to Scotland once after this, and although affectionately received by his own family his friends and neighbors seem to have treated him coldly. The smart from this injustice turned the indifference he felt for his native land into hatred, and ever after he considered himself quite free from any responsibility for having been born and having spent the first 12 years of his life in so inhospitable a country.

In his twenty-seventh year a great and fortunate change occurred to him. His brother William, who had emigrated to Virginia and died there, left him an estate. There is no doubt that Paul Jones was often afterward in want of ready money, but it must be remembered that everybody was in want of ready money in the eighteenth century. Certain it is, from his papers preserved at Washington, that he might be considered at the beginning of the war a man of independent fortune.

The two years of his life in Virginia are obscure, as might be expected from a man living the life of a provincial country gentleman, which the records concerning him prove. At the outbreak of war with the mother country Paul Jones hastened to Philadelphia, and through Mr. Joseph Hewes, a member of congress from North Carolina, got his commission as senior first lieutenant in the infant navy of the colonies. It was then he made the acquaintance of Robert Morris, to whom he felt a passionate gratitude and affection, and whom he named as sole executor in his will, Mr. Hewes being then dead.—Miss Molly Elliot Seawell in Century.

IN THE FUTURE.

When the Girl Who Earns $5,000 a Year Will Be a Desirable Wife.

"Don't you think it about time for Mabel to consider the subject of matrimony?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, there is plenty of time," replied his wife. "Mabel is very ambitious, you know, and she is used to certain so called luxuries that she would dislike to give up."

"Well, frankly, I think she is working too hard."

"Oh, no, she isn't. It will do her good. And since she won that case in the supreme court her income has been steadily increasing. If she continues to do as well in her profession, she may be able to think of marriage in a year or so. You see, things have changed since we were married."

"Indeed they have," he sighed.

"Then a girl's beauty, temperament and accomplishments had more to do with her matrimonial chances, but it is very different now, very different indeed. Mabel is not yet the prize that I wish her to be, and I doubt if she could be sure of getting the kind of husband that I desire her to have. The best young men are very particular, you know."

"Very true," he admitted.

"Many of them will hardly look at a girl whose earning capacity is not $4,000 or $5,000 a year. Mabel agrees with me that it is best to wait until she has reached that point, and then she is sure to be sought after by the very best and most desirable young men in the city."—Chicago Post.

"A Nice Pupil!"

Napoleon was a great soldier, but he could not spell. His handwriting was also so bad as to give rise to the rumor that he used undecipherable characters to conceal the fact that he, the master of Europe, could not master French orthography.

In the early days of the empire a man of modest aspect presented himself before the emperor.

"Who are you?" asked Napoleon.

"Sire, I had the honor at Brienne for 15 months to give writing lessons to your majesty."

"You turned out a nice pupil!" said the emperor, with vivacity. "I congratulate you on your success!" Nevertheless he conferred a pension upon his old master.—Youth's Companion.

Wanted to Help.

Mrs. Van Mission—What are you reading, my pet?

Little Daughter—I is readin a long article 'bout how to roast a turkey.

"What for?"

"I thought next time you went slummin I'd ask to go wif you, and while you was distributin tracts I'd tell 'em how to roast a turkey."—Good News.

Ireland was originally Irene, or the "Western Isle." It was called the "Emerald Isle" because of the brilliant color of its verdure, which throughout the year is a lively green.

Mary, queen of Scots, had red hair and a cross eye, and in spite of the encomiums of her contemporaries is believed not to have been a handsome woman.

"Poor Richard's Almanac" commanded at the last sale $18.