SWEET MEMORIES.

BY FRANCES S. SMITH When winter hurls her bitter sleet Asress the unprotected more, Speeds on toward his schun door; But through the sharp-fauged, hipping air May crust his beard with tey rime, It exampt from his memory tear The sweet delights of autometer time,

So every memory borne of joy Will live as long as life shall last; No changes can the charm destroy— Willings can the charm destroy-The proof 'gainst every arrow east, backward view recalls the hours That once our youthful pulses thrilled, a summer flower Live in the scent from them distilled.

The memory of a childhood passed Beneath a gentle mother's sway. With love's sweet marite over it cash Can never wholly pass away. Whatever table fact sweet marite over Whatever table fact sweet marites are Still will the fond heart sometimes turn Back to those careless, happy days.

Then let us, as we journed on, Endeavor some sad heart to cheer-Twill be an act to think upon When ending our probation here-A joy to know that after death Has set the realizes spirit free, the set of the realizes applied to the set of the realized of the set of the set the set of the set of the set of the set the set of the set of the set of the set the set of the set of the set of the set the set of the set of

THE TWO STUDENTS.

BY ALBERT H. MODRICKER.

There is a saying that the angels keep watch over every slumberer. If this is a fact, then the angels who are guarding the sleep of two students must

guarding the sieep of two students must be very patient. Peacefully and deadlike they sleep in one bed, and only their snoring inter-rupts the silence. The sun looks upon their faces, slowly it passes over their heads and begins to sink low in the horizon.

Finally one of the angels impatiently arouses one of her proteges, who, rub-bing his eyes, looks at the clock. "The devil!" said he, "only half past fix and awake—not a trace of a 'sore head.' Yes, it was excellent cham-pagne! However, a lunch would be a good prophylactic. Hello, 'Pawner,' arise! It's time for you to visit the laboratory,"

A good prophylactue. arise! It's time for you to visit the laboratory." Receiving no answer, he laughingly remarked: "I'll arouse him," and pro-curing a glass of water, said: "I bap-tize thee in the—" "This maneuver had the desired ef-feet, for he suddenly awoke and ex-claimed: "Stop! "Samuel," to the recent? how opened, and a

claimed: "Stop! 'Samuel,' to the rescue?" At this cry the door opened, and a plump woman with blushing checks and foldedrarms entered, and approach-ing the bed, said, a little irritated: "Mr. Edward Ruller, how otten have I asked you to call me by my right name? It's Ursula Lasca-for short, Madame Lasca. Why do you give me such an unchristian name which can' Green be tound in this year's almanac?" "But, 'Samuel,' listen: Notwith Standing the fact that my name is Ed-ward Ruller, I am nicknamed 'Pawner.' Can you find such a name in the al-mana?"

Can you find such a name in the al-manne?" "There's a good cause for calling you pawner," she replied. "Thave boarded dozens of students, all of whom were, no doubt, heavy in debt, and yet, not one of them were so much troubled by the pawnbrokers as you, and that man yonder, Mr. Killian. Why, four of them called to-day, and if it were not for that inscription on the door: "Small-Pox Here!" they would have entered your room this forenoon." "What! forenoon? Pray, what time is it then?"

"Supper time." "Ah! so, so—it is." At that moment the door bell was

At that more the small-rung loudy. "Another, broker—well, the small-pox sign will frighten them perhaps, or, at least, keep them from seeing you," said Madam Lasca, as she left the

"'Pawner,' we must go to the hospi-l. Nothing can save us," said Kil-

"Pawner, "Can save us, "Interpretent of the same state of

adding: "It's certainly terrible to go there." "Fly, nothing," said "Pawner," "for by the time we have finished our toilet they will be here. But," he added, hopefully, "they'll surely discharge us when they discover we're not sick." "But, "Pawner," replied Killian, "if we're in there once we'll have contracted that disease." Further conversation was cut short by the entrance of Madam Lasca, who said: "Do yon centlemen now realize the

said: "Do you gentlemen now realize the consequences of your tomfoolery? My residence will be shunned after your departure," adding: "Do you know what will become of yon?" "Alas, yes!" said Ruller. A ring at the bell was now heard and Madam Lasca hastened to open the door.

addam Lasca instelled to open the door. "They come," said Ruller; "but I'll never be taken alive. I prefer to die by violence than of small-pox." So saying, he grasped a rapier and posted himself in a corner of the room. Seizing a sword Killain followed his example, just as the door opened and two policemen entered. The officers observing the determined men, said:

said:

men, said: "In the name of the law no resistance. us." Drop your weapons and follow

us." "No, we'll not go, for we're not sick," both replied, firmly. "Then we will use force." "You may try it! We prefer to die here rather than to accompany you to the small-pox hospital, where a hor-rible death awaits us. No, sir, we will not go!.

the simil-pox hospital, where a hor-rible death awaits us. No, sir, we will not go!, "But,gentlemen, the Debtor Prison is quite a comfortable place to reside in. It's nonsense to tak to death." A person condemnea to prison for life could not have felt happier at studdenly receiving a commutation of his sentence to only ten days, as did those two students, when they heard the words: "Debtor Prison." "We bow our knees before the law and will accompany you," said Ruller, bowing to the policeman. Almost instantaneously with the words two men entered, one of whom said: "Are the sick men able to descend the stairs without support, Mrs. Lasca?" "There are no sick persons here,"

Lasca?" "There are no sick persons here," replied Madam, folding her arms and laughing. The two policemen were utterly as-tonished; but, finally, one of them said:

This hed but, finally, one of them said: "There must be a mistake some-where. The two gentlemen are in ex-cellent health and there is nobody sick in this house to our knowledge." "Perhaps somebody is sick in the next house," said one of the hospital officials, adding, "come, let us denart." "And we'll depart, too," said Killian to the policemen, aiming to escape the hospital. All descended to the street, and very soon were the two students put in the Deltor Prison. Very seldom have prisoners greeted their cells as did those two men, for they felt sure that their kind parents would not permit their long detention— in fact, in a few days they were released, and the press announced: "The rumor of two eases of small-por is uter Haise." "President Board of Heatth."

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your own. "Fresh" Joung Women. Thave we not noticed, within the last few years, a change in the demeanor in "society" girls towards the other sex? asked a writer in *Elackwood's Maga-site*, How shall we define it? A kind of brusque andacionsness in conversa-tion, with a soupcon of slangy chaff; an affection of assiming to know more of what is what than their mothers and grandmothers were ever permitted or supposed to know. Do they not often go perlously near the border line which onvenance prescribes shall not be overstepped? We do not mean this spade a spade, and when young demoi-selles of sensibility and viracity used to splae a spade, and when young demoi-selles of sensibility and viracity used to splay or diver themselves with the day thruly that our ancestresses of the last western. This sone in which it is alleged, and truly that our ancestresses of the last wester. This sone times quite different from for the misfortance of Jonis sone from their softer, gentler, weaker iday, the sex were wont to appeal to may for the misfortance of sone and spatement, that prevails. In former days, the sex were wont to appeal to may from their softer, gentler, weaker in the from a man's standpoint in the than from a woman's. A girl nowadays will unabashed chaft her mals provide as the female manishness on toiceable in the beau monde of to day, and, we may add, so unloyely. It a woment is contrast, not a caricature of himself.

How to Dress a Baby.

HE Colossus of the field of the construction of the relation o How to Dross a Baby. A baby should be warmly dressed, but not encumbered with clothing. When it perspires too freely it is too warm and is likely to take cold if the air happens to be colder than usual or its exposed to a draught. On the other hand a great deal of vitality is wasted in the efforts of nature to keep be body warm if it is not protected with sufficient clothing. The provide the state of the state of the state of the efforts of patter to be the other state of the state of the state with sufficient clothing of whice around the state of the state of the state and long enough to go twice around to tight, and fasten it with small state pins. On this put a long-sleeved advantion to the state of the state. Of the sta

What Rizzling Is. Tired New-Yorkers rizzle every day. To rizzle is a very different thing from to razzle. A well-known New York doctor thus describes his method of rizzling:

doctor thus describes his method of rizzling: "I retire to my study, and having darkened the room I light a cigar, sit down and perform the operation. How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stiffe the brain. In that delightful condition I remain at least ten min-utes, sometimes twenty. That is the condition most helpful to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit tanimals have of sleeping after eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than that ten minutes' rizzle every day." A Strange Legend. The feet with and add much to is some fort. Do not be afraid of fresh air. Open the window and provide artificial heat sufficient to keep the room at a tem-perrture of 68° . Do not let the air blow directly upon the child; a screen placed near the window, or a strip of flannel pinned in front of the opening, will prevent this. Take the baby into the open air every pleasant day, putting on sufficient it in a baby carriage with a young girl whose carelessness might injure it for life.

life. Always dress and undress a young baby by an open fire. If it cries during the day, unpinning its foot blanket and warming its feet will sometimes quiet it,—Ladies' Home Journai.

Physicians for Sick Childre

inself. coultern Women. There seems to be a prevailing heresy in some quarters that Southern women do not possess the culture and learning which are supposed to mark the ad-yancement of the sex elsewhere; it is true that their standard did not ori-ginate in the rarified air of Concord, nor are their tastes in sympathy with to fitself does not imply a defect, only a difference. In the first place spinster-hood as a vocation is not popular in the some single blessedness or an early grave must be the lot of some what in their education, and hence their table and while from numerical res-soms alone single blessedness or an early grave must be the lot of some what in their education, and hence their tables and time are given to subjects and domestic point of view. As a rule the women in the best circles all speak French, not the average boarding-school French, but the French of the French-man, with the accent of France, if not always of Paris. They are accomplished may be the standard liferature, how the standard liferature, the generally calls is statemanship, i follows that cultured women are in-tifered and well up in political issues, In addition to all that they are generally good housekcepers. If they are also ond housekcepers. If they are also don dovels, of bonbons, of dress, of society, who can prove that they have sacrificed higher duties to theses, of society, who can prove that they have sacrificed higher duties to theses. A strange Legend. A strange legend comes to us from the Sioux, who alone can tell the true history of that deadly ambuscade. They say that on the hillock where Custer fell now grows a plant musc tall, slender leaves, curved in the exact form of a saber, with edges so sharp as to inflict keen wounds upon unwary hands, and those who pluck it once soon drop it, so strangely cold and clammy are its leaves. It bears a golden-hued, heart shaped bloosom, and in the center is one small spot of brilliant red, like at orop of blood. The Indians regard it with superstitious ave. They call it "Custer's heart," and cannot be induced to touch it, claiming that the bloosen crashed in the hand leaves a blood-red stain im-possible to remove.—Denver Repub-lican. The Sensus Scheme Wouldu't Work. Physicians for Sick Children. There is in New York a unique or-ganization, known as the Summer Corps of Physicians. These are under the direction of Dr. Cyrus Edson and their duty is to visit the crowded tenement districts and attend the sick children of those who are unable to pay anything for medical treatment. The number of physicians is fifty. As soon as one of them diagnosis a case a prescription is written on a blank which contains a list of the free dispensaries where medicine can be obtained. The benefits of this organization can be fairly well underof the free dispensaries where medicine can be obtained. The benefits of this organization can be fairly well under-stood when it is said that during the summer months in New York there are as many as 100,000 sick babies. This on an average leaves to each physician 2,000 patients to attend to. The physicians are all graduates of the re-gular schools and must pass a strict competitive examination before being admitted into the corps. They are paid \$100 a month during their term of serv-ice which begins on July 1, and ter-minates at the end of August. Not only do these physicians attend sickly chil-dren but they give tickets for various charitable excursions whereby the mothers are enabled to procure salubri-ous air for themselves and their sick darlings. The principal aliment of the children during the summer is cholera infantum. The total outlay for the two months, July and August, including medicine is \$12,000.

Making a Reduction.

"Strawberries, ma'am?" queried the huckster, as she stood in the door of har house in Jersey City. "How much?" she cautiously in-

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

[Culled from our Exchanges.] BUST developer—whisky. CASE for appeal—an orange. PEACEFUL revolution -turning

A PEACEFUL revolution --turning a somer-sault DEER are not the bravest of animals and yet they always die game. THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught are coming to visit us. Connaught people raise any objection to this? THE "woman's club" craze is giving considerable currency to the question: "Does your wife carry a night key?" "WELL," said the rural visitor at New York, "if that's Cleopatra's needle, I'd like to see some of the stockings she used to drn," AMY-There's a hole in your stocking

used to darn." Any-There's a hole in your stocking shie as big as a dollar. Mabel- A gold dol-lar or a silver dollar? Amy-No; a paper dollar. Miss. JAYSMITH--What are you read-ing. Lou? Miss Jaysmith-Are they the poems of the present pope or the hast?

New Haven Palladium. Women Palladium. Women Bill Collectors. Bill collecting is a new job for the women of this town. One of them came in to see a Broodway business mun last Friday, and tolling about it he said: "I had heard that there were a few female collectors in New York, but I had never met with one. It is a good idea, it seems to me. If a man had presented that bill I would have de-layed paying for a few days until I had-made my own collections. But she came at me in such a quiet, business-like way that I had nothing to say, and went right up to the desk and drew a check for the amount." Mone of these collectors, an attractive young woman, talked freely of her occu-pation. "I enjoy collecting bills very much," she said. "I have plenty of outdoor exercise and the experience of meeting new people every day is pleas-ing." Nest: WIFE---Why couldn't you have come home at a decent time of night, say? Husband--Could, m'dear, jes easy as not; but I (hic) was waitin' fer you t' go t' sleep. outdoor exercise and the experience of meeting new people every day is pleas-ing." "Are you confined exclusively to busi-ness houses?" "Oh, no; I go to the residence parts of the city. There I have a little anusement, which I quietly enjoy. The servants meet meet the door with silver eard servers and ask for my card to take up to the lady of the house. This was, at first, somewhat embarransing, and I resorted to busi-ness cards, but that plan did not work well. Word would usually be sent, down to call again. I had to drop that program, you see. Now, when the servant asks my name I say no matter, or something of the kind, and I usually get to see the person I want to find. Often the lady of the house thinks an old friend has called and has a surprise in store for her. She rushes into the room, where I await her coming with a face beaming with expectant delight. Her disappointment when I make known my business and present my bill is grot.

"Wux, my dear, you had a party hast month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends?" "This is not to entertain my friends but to snub my enemies."

enterial your intensis. This is not to enterial my friends but to sub my enemies." WIFE-II I put one stamp on this letter, will it get to Philadelphia to-morrow? Husband-Certainly. Wife --And if I put two stamps on it, will it get there to-day? "I 1s-" began Tommy, when his teacher interrupted him, "That is wrong; you should say I am," All right," said Tommy. "I am the' ninth letter of the alphabet." BRONSON--What a heavy shower! It is raining cats and dcgs! Amy-quizzically): What kind of dogs does it rain, Mr. Bronson? Bronson-Sky terriers, probably. LITTLE JOHNSE-Mr. Merritt and sister have a new way to make lemon-ade. Mrs Brown-How did they do if? Little Johnnie-Cora holds the lemon and Mr. Merritt squeezes Cora. SOMETIMES IT IS LATE-Editor (look ing at his watch)-The paper has not gone to press yet! What is the mat-ter? Foreman-The nihlists' daily threat to the Czar hasn't come in yet. GOSLIN--Hello, old man! how are threat to the Czar hasn't come in yet. GOSLIN-Hello, old man! how are you? I haven't seen much of you lately. Maddox-You have seen more of me than I have of you. "How do you make that out?" "Well, I'm much bigger than you." MATIDA SNOWBALL-I say, Uncle Mose, what does yet think ob my new spring sui? Uncle Mose-Folks what puts on all de close dey kin git puts me in mind of a sweet pertater patch dat's all gone ter vine.

Mandy when another engagement is made. WHEN you come to look at it properly there is nothing strange in the fact that no citizen of Chicago has ever been converted to Mormonism. A man who can't live with one wife six weeks at a time naturally stands aghast at living with fifteen or twenty. A TRAVELER is about leaving a hotel. "Well, landlord, here's a howd'ye-do; you go and charge me two dollars and a half for a bed, when you know very well that the house was so full I had to sleep on the billard table." "Well, sir, please look at our rules posted up on

please look at our rules posted up on the wall there—'Use of billiard table 25 cents an hour."

cents an hour." John Mater's Hobby. There are hobbies and then again there are hobbies. Some wise men always carry umbrellas, even when the sun shines brightly. Others there are who consider that without an equino chestnut in some portion of their wear-ing apnarel they are in dauger of rheumatism; and there are many other peculiar notions well known to every-body, in which men will indulge them-selves. But there is a man in this city who has about the queerest hobby of them all. He has had it for six years, he still has it, and he proposes to con-ninue having it. His name is John Maier. He is of Teutonic extraction, and he is a tailor, having an establish-ment at No. 241 Wooster street. Whenever he can he devotes his time to catching butterflies. This is his hobby. What does he do with them? He simply chloroforms them and frames he his store are six such collections, sveraging about two and one-half feel sume. M, Maier has certainly done some

known my business and present my bill is great. "Sometimes the lady, supposing that I am making a call, sends words that she will be down presently and then sets about making elaborate prepara-tions for her guest. I have waited twenty minutes or more in this way." "Are you successful among business men?" "Business men nearly always pay

-urneye hunting ... and of but-terflydom by the administration of just a little choloform. The wings are then pinned to the wood to insure their hold-ing their perfect form, and when the arrangement is full of dead butterflies it is relieved of its cargo and the pretty, gauxy little fellows are tucked upon the background of the coming addition to the collection. Mr. Maier has been do-ing this sort of thing for six years.-New Haven Palladium.

"Are you successful among business men?" "Business men nearly always pay with promptness. Occasionally I meet a crank, but the downright kickers are hard to find." The fair collector said that she had been accustomed to book-keeping. On throwing up a situation she looked around for something less. The oppor-tunity to collect bills happening to pre-sent itself, she took it as an experiment, thinking that something better would follow, but she was delighted with her new business and did not mean to leave it. "Do you collect old accounts?" she was asked. "Yes. I have collected bills that have been running for a long time. Nearly always I am pleasantly and cordially received, even in these cases. Seldom do I go more than twice to col-lect a bill. The firm that employs me sars it is like doing a cash business."— New York Press.

in mind of a sweet pertater patch dat's all gone ter vine. At THE STATION-Dearest Laura don't ery so! If everything else van-ishes, we shall yet have left to us mem-ory! "Ah, dearest Emma, then per-hape you will remember that I lent you five dollars two years ago!" Ethel Reddy-Mamma, won't you please ask Dr. Dorce is not a bird doctor. Ethel Reddy-Well, papa said tis sexpected the presents will come in handy when another engagement is made. WHEN you come to look at it properly there is us and the part of the properly lect a bill. The firm that employs me-says it is like doing a cash business."— New York Press. Tensers ago a single country-seat stood upon the bank of a wide inlet of the sea on the New Jersey coast. Wooded hills shouldered each other along the beach, from the sides of which magnificent views of sea and land opened to the horizon. A few wealthy people with taste bought this place, and built simple but beautiful houses. Not a tree or a shrub was disturbed; the first principle of their art was to reverence nature. In consequence the ground in this village is sold now at almost fabulous prices, so eager are the wealthy denizens of New York and Philadelphia to find something like primitive nature in which to rest during the summer. A few Wasten years ago covered with heavy pine forests, with marshes stretching, bronzed and crimson, in the sun with great jungles of bay bushes, gray with their waven beries, through which tiger-likes flamed, and pink morning glories and white yarrow were massed together. The spot was so exquisite in its beauty that it was hunted by artists every year. But some of the owners of the land became ambitious to give it "a boom." The yhoped to tempt city buyers by making it a porimition of a city. The trees were cut down; enormous clay streets, were run a tright angles, sumy marshes, tangles of flowers, survy stables, and candy-shops were opened. The last belated butterly fisped its wings over the "avenues," ivery stables, and candy-shops were opened. The last belated butterly funged its wings over the "avenues," stretch, and candy-shops were opened. The last belated butterly fusped its wings over the "avenues," invery stables, and candy-shops were opened. The last belated butterly fusped its wings over the "avenues," invery stables, and candy-shops were opened. The last belated butterly fusped its wings over the "avenues," invery the butterly, to find quiet and should they come to this mean initi-tion of them in summer? They went ion, like the butterly, to find quiet and sholde wi

abated. They were horrified and speechless when the doctor at his departure said to Madam Lasca: "My amanuensis will at once order an ambulance; and, wishing them a speedy recovery, I bid you good day." "Diotor, will you not not come and examine us, and see if we're really sick?" But the doctor had hastily followed his scribe, who had fled down the stairs. For a short time all was silent. Sud-denly both students simultaneously jumped out from the bed, and with a half-comical, half-despairing look gazed at each other.

Truly that pig had a good deal to

Is IT quite right to call an expert

Feminine Wishes.

a woman is contrast, not a caricature of

Southern Women.

himself.

Feminine Wishes. Are women mercenary? asks the New York Evening Sun. Are they ambitious? Are they shut in to a nar-rower range of ambition and purposes than men? Read this testimony and discover, if you can. Ten women-some famous, some clever, all women of thought and action-were dining on Saturday night. From the head of the table started the question: "If you could have one wish granted.-but one in all the world--what would you wish for?" "To be President of a railvoad," and I would wish for fame," said the low-voiced woman next. "And I would wish for fame," said the low-voiced woman next. "And I would wish to know what pro-toplasm is," said the little student be-yond. "I think," came in tones of soft per-plexity from the foot of the table, "I think if I were to wish for anything it would be a wish to want something so much that I would be glad to work hard for it." And out of the necessary quiet that followed this reply, came the voice of the next speaker in positive tones: "One hundred thousand dollars." "I should like to be able to write something so good that all the world woman next. "Heneightor draw a long breath..."

woman next. Her neighbor drew a long breath. "I should wish for health. Given that, I could have all these other things," she said.

"Only one wish? Well. 'a house full "Only one wish? Well, 'a house full of books and a garden of flowers, 'which fine sentiment is oribbed from Andrew Lang," quoth her neighbor; 'and the last woman lifted her beautiful eyes and said in earnest tones: "I hope you won't feel shocked, but really I should only wish for total annihilation."

Kept Silent Thirty Years.

The death of Mrs. Susan E. Merri-field, which occurred here recently, re-vives interest in one of the most peculiar cases ever known of a vow of a silence made and kept thirty years. In 1860 Mrs. Merrifield, who, it is said, was a little woman of a peculiarly bright and cheery disposition, was telling her husband of some occurrence, when he requested her in a very surly manner

"How much?" she cautiously in-quired. "Twelve cents a quart, ma'am, or two quarts for twenty-five cents." "Oh! Well, I'll take two quarts." "Exactly, ma'am." He measured out the berries, got his quarter, and drove off, while she disap-peared in the house. She came out again after a couple of minutes, how-ever, looked up and down the street, and not being able to see him any-where she shook her fist in the direc-tion he two-k and exclaimed: "I'll 'know him by the wart on his nose, and I'll get even with him if it takes a year!"-New York Sun.

Takes a year "-New York Sun. A Keal Soldier to Play With. Child's nurse (to her sweetheart as she hears her lady coming into the kitchen unexpectedly)-Hurry, Aug-ust; begin playing with the children anick "

quick." " why, Anna," exclaims the mistress, "Why, Anna," exclaims the mistress, "what is this I see?" "Oh, madam, you know the dear children were so anxious to have a soldier to play with that—you see— well, I went out and got one of them."

THERE are nearly nine thousand licensed saloons in New York City, not to count the multitude of places that go on in the most unlicensed manner.

The Sensus Scheme Wouldn't Work A tough-looking enslower with a dilapidated valise in his hand stopped outside the gate in front of a house in one of the suburbs a day or two ago and called to the woman who was sitting on the acceptie

"Madam, you will oblige me with the information whether or not you keep a dog?"

dog?" "What difference does it make to you, sir?" she responded. He took a dog-eared notebook from the valise and made a memorandum in

A Strange Legend.

information whether or not you keep a do?"
"In the difference does it make to you, sir?" she responded.
He took a dog-carcel notebook from the values and made a memorandum in.
"Refuses to answer," he said. Raising his voice he called out again:
"Man of the house at home?"
"Nover you mind!" retorted the wrow. Anything you want?
He appeared to be on the point of making another entry in his greasyme morandum-book, but though to have a home. All are in shing another entry in his greasyme morandum-book, but though to have a seled you these queesions, and in the fall and wing memorandum book, but though to correctly you positively refuse to answer?"
"That as a guarantee of good faith. If I understand you correctly you positively refuse to answer?"
"The vander stand me excely. The shares it his back out as a guarantee of good faith. If I understand you correctly you positively refuse to answer?"
"The vander stand me excely. The shares it his is a guarantee of good faith. If I understand you correctly you positively refuse to answer?"
"The vander stand me excely. The shares are divided according to their in already been along here, siz."
"The vander stand we excely. The bass fully two thusand coccoms and in consequence act just as do incure the share of a careful streamer with a share or the share of the same of

place can now be seen as a sum. Beauty is a rare possession; and com-mands a high money value. It would be wise, if but from the most sordid motives, to preserve the repose of the wildness, the inimitable charm of nature, which they are in such eager haste to destroy. — Youth's Com-munity.

haste to destroy. — Fouta's com-panion. An Associate Judge, who sat on the bench with the late Judge "Ben" Wade in Ohio, was once asked how he got along with the presiding law Judge. "Oh, well enough," the old farmer said. "Judge Wade only consulted me once. That was when a case had oc-cupied the court the whole day, and Judge Wade, along in the afternoon, bent down and said to me: 'Mr. don't you find these seats blanked hard? That's the only time he ever consulted me."-*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

ANCIENT fans had long handles, so that ladies used their fans for walking sticks, and it was by no means unusual for testy dames to chastise unruly chil-dran by beating them with their fan sticks.

It is only when a man is compli-mented that he thinks he is seeing him-self as others see him.