

The New York Bible Society last year distributed 60,424 Bibles and Testaments in this city. Some idea of the cosmopolitan sides of the greater city may be gathered from the fact that the books distributed were in twenty-four different languages, not dialects, but basic languages.

A man in Paris finds a profitable business in collecting bad debts by stopping at the debtor's with a wagon, around the top of which are these words: "This buggy only stops in front of the houses of people who will not pay their debts." Everybody, and particularly business people, dread this man's buggy so much that they pay promptly.

The editor of the Murfreesboro (Tenn.) News thus accounts for hard times: "We let our timber rot and buy fencing. We throw away our ashes and grease, and buy soap; we raise dogs and buy hogs; we raise weeds and buy vegetables; we catch five-cent fish with four-dollar rods we build school houses and send our children off to be educated, and lastly we send our boys out with a forty dollar gun and a ten-dollar dog to hunt ten-cent birds."

"Dum-dum" is the curious name of a new bullet of which the British Government has been making a test. Experiments would seem to justify the title: for this small-arm missile produces a wound which is more fatal and terrible than the old bullet of slow velocity. A bullet that makes a large exit than entrance, even after breaking havoc within, would certainly strike a soldier dumb-dumb. In America has recently been invented however, a secret solution by which leaden bullets may be coated so as to render them superior to steel-cased bullets. At a distance of thirty yards, some of these coated balls pierced at black and others bored through flat-iron.

According to the New York Tribune Mr. Lorrillard, the rich New Yorker who has been living in England some years, "seems to be talking at random. His assertion that Englishmen will not invest money in America ever at twenty per cent. income is wild and his prediction of a currency panic here is still wilder. Is he aware of the fact that gold in the Bank of England would be below the danger line to-day but for our leniency, and that foreigners will probably owe us on trade balance at the expiration of the year \$500,000,000? Is he not aware that we sell to Europe what she must have, and buy from her nothing that we must have? Political economy is not taught on English racetracks."

Says Harper's Weekly: "While the English language is spreading over the face of the globe wherever liberty is possible, it is sad to mark the apparent incapacity of the noble German tongue to conquer new territory or even to maintain itself within its own legal limits. In Bohemia it is rapidly disappearing. In Hungary it has been exterminated within the last fifty years. The eastern provinces of Prussia have been in German hands more than 100 years, yet the people there are still little Prussian to-day as when Kosciuszko laid down his life for personal liberty. The Danish provinces were conquered more than thirty years ago, yet the new generation speaks Danish and hates the very name of Prussia. In Alsace Lorraine, men who were babies in 1870 have now served their time in the German army, and are nominally German subjects; yet the German language finds there a resistance insurmountable, even with the aid of a vast army of spies, gendarmes, officials and 60,000 troops. A large Massa chusetts manufacturer passed through the province this summer, and had occasion to visit a machine shop at Mulhausen, employing some 8000 workmen. As an American the manager treated him with frankness, and gave him an opportunity to convince himself that the workmen were French at heart in spite of the years that are past. The Baltic provinces of Russia were German in 1891, but since their Russification has set in with a thoroughness comparable only to the South African rinderpest, and before long German linguistic expansion on that frontier will be as effectually checked as it is in Bohemia, in Posen, in Alsace-Lorraine and on the borders of Denmark. Nor is the German language faring better in the German colonies, for the simple reason that German emigrants prefer almost any colonial flag to their own. The official press of Germany clamors for more warships, in order to protect alleged German colonists in far-away tropical swamps. Territorially, Germany has almost 1,000,000 square miles of colony, but land without population is like a harbor with no commerce."



WHERE IS IT?
"Too much money in the country!"— That's what some folks say; Wish they'd please locate it for us— Send it down this way! If they've got it, and don't prize it, Reckon we could utilize it!

"Too much money in the country!"— Talkin' jest like that! Wish they'd tell us in a whisper Where that money's at! If they'll tell us where they hide it We'll be willin' to divide it!

"Too much money in the country!"— Every where you walk! Wish they'd stop their tongues a minute, Let that money talk! If they've got it, and don't prize it, Reckon we could utilize it!

—Atlanta Constitution.

OUR BOARDERS.

E had settled down to housekeeping in the town of D—, where Jack, who was a lawyer, hoped to win fame and fortune. Our house was large and old-fashioned, and although built half a century ago was still in good repair. A board, well-kept lawn sloped away to a shaded carriage drive on the west. On the opposite side, the flower beds bloomed bright and beautiful, a genuine delight to me from the appearance of the first snow-drops to the last chrysanthemum. A heart-shaped bed of pansies, purple, white, velvety black and yellow, looked out with old-fashioned primness and dignity from the centre of the front lawn at the passersby. At the back of the house were the kitchen garden, with its trim box hedges, and the old barn or carriage house, a sorrowful remnant of better days. The latter was now untenanted save by a few predatory swallows and a family of yellow-jackets, who had taken up their abode in the vacant hay loft.

Our family, besides Jack and myself, consisted of two boarders, Mr. Prince and Mrs. Fellis and our two servants. Mr. Prince, who was getting on in years, was extremely dignified, always dressed in respectable black; he came and went about the house as he pleased. He had been with us for some time and Jack and I had become very fond of him. He was quiet and good-natured, went on occasional errands, and never failed each morning to carry in the mail and lay it beside Jack's plate at the breakfast table. He had, however, two faults, which in my eyes were very grave. He would never wipe his feet before entering the house, and although I had admonished him several times for his lack of thought, I had been unable to break up his careless habit. His favorite lounging place was the broad Turkish couch, with its numerous pillows, which occupied one corner of our cosy library. He would stop in the doorway, look cautiously about him, and finding the room tenantless, would throw himself down among the pillows; never failing to rest his unpeppered feet upon the prettiest one of the number.

One day, finding him there, my wrath overcame my courtesy and I unceremoniously dragged the pillow from beneath his feet. My heart smote me immediately for my harshness as he awoke, left the couch and walked out of the room without even a glance in my direction. His wounded feelings soon healed, for a day or two later I found him comfortably ensconced in his old place. Our other boarder was a pretty young widow, Mrs. Fellis by name. Jack had known her before we were married, but somehow I never felt jealous of this acquaintance. She was gentle and affectionate but excessively nervous. Her dress was always of the softest gray. Black she detested, as it was decidedly unbecoming to her small figure. She would sit for hours in a large old easy-chair in the library, where she and I spent most of our time. I always fancied that she had a good voice, though I had never heard her sing. She had an exasperating habit of humming a certain monotonous tune in a low key at all hours of the day.

Toward Jack and myself she was friendly and affectionate, though never demonstrative; but when in company with Mr. Prince she preserved a frigid dignity, and met all his overtures of friendship with a cold rebuff. She had peculiar fancies and queer fondnesses for odd places. The old barn was a favorite haunt, and here she would spend hours at a time, revealing apparently in its solitude and dilapidation. It was untenanted, as I have said, except for the swallows and wasps who built their nests beneath its rotting eaves. Occasionally a tramp would stray in under cover of darkness and claim its hospitality for the night. What Mrs. Fellis fancied in the place we never knew, but Jack and I seemed powerless to prevent her from going there.

It was at the close of a hot August afternoon. Mrs. Fellis and I sat upon the broad piazza behind the thick curtain of woodbine, attempting to keep cool. It was too warm even for conversation. I dozed over my book at one end of the piazza and Mrs. Fellis nodded drowsily at the other. Mr. Prince lay stretched at full length beneath one of the huge

mangles on the lawn. He was in a bad humor occasional by the appearance of a tramp at the gate half an hour previous. Mr. Prince was distinctively snobbish. To poorly dressed people he was barely civil, while tramps were his special aversion. He had dispatched this last specimen with small ceremony, and now lay panting from his exertions.

The heat was intolerable, not a breath of air was stirring. The leaves drooped, dusty and motionless, and over all hung that peculiar, ominous calm which betokens the approach of an electrical storm. Soon we heard mutterings of distant thunder, and in a few moments the storm burst upon us. The rain fell in torrents, the wind roared furiously, and blinding flashes of lightning followed each other with startling rapidity.

At the first sharp peal of thunder, Mrs. Fellis, whose nerves were never strong, and were now completely shattered, gave one wild glance around, sprang from the piazza and fled to the barn. In vain I called to her. No sooner had she disappeared within its doors than above the howl of the wind and roar of the thunder came a loud crash, followed by screams of distress. The old barn had fallen in. Paralyzed with fear at the thought of Mrs. Fellis's fate, I was about to rush after her when Mr. Prince, who had taken refuge on the piazza when the storm broke, dashed by me and disappeared among the ruins. Very carefully he clambered over loose boards and rafters, and in a moment or two reappeared, carrying the much frightened but unhurt Mrs. Fellis. He deposited his burden at my feet and once more returned to the ruins.

Satisfying myself that no harm had come to the little widow, and quieting her fears as well as I could, I saw her safely seated in her favorite armchair, and throwing on a cloak, the storm having now abated, I went in search of Mr. Prince. I found him frantically tugging at what seemed to be a bundle of rags pinned under the falling timbers. A few more vigorous tugs and the bundle was dislodged, and there before us, white, and trembling with fright, stood the tramp whose appearance early in the afternoon had roused Mr. Prince's wrath, and whose screams of terror we had heard above the crash of the falling building. Finding he was unhurt, and not liking the attitude which his rescuer now assumed toward him, he picked his way carefully over the debris, and lost no time in getting clear of the premises.

When Jack returned an hour later I narrated the stirring event of the afternoon, proudly telling of Mr. Prince's coolness and bravery and Mrs. Fellis's narrow escape from a tragic death. Jack listened with delighted interest, and when I had finished caught Mrs. Fellis in his arms, patted the hero of the hour lovingly on his shaggy black head, and vowed that he should have the handsomest collar the town could produce; for if ever a dog deserved to be rewarded Prince did, and if Mrs. Fellis failed to love and respect him forever after, she would indeed be an ungrateful cat.

WISE WORDS.

Do good constantly, patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that life was not worth living.

Do not esteem too lightly the small things of life, for the whole universe of God is made up of insignificant atoms.

Life is rather the state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born till he has passed through death.

Work touches the key of endless activities, opens the infinite, and stands awe-struck before the immensity of what there is to do.

Obstacles which seem to hinder our course afford the best opportunities for developing the courage and accumulating the power which we need to pursue it.

Affection in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternally!

It is the united action of the brain and the eye that forms the action to close observation. We must think about what we see if it is to be a permanent impression. When the mind is vacant the eyes are robbed of their value.

True piety is of the heart rather than of pretension. The closest students of human nature have found that it is the tragedies and sorrows of life that are the real tests of religion. Most anybody will do that which is profitable. Few are faithful to their own shame and loss.

Tyndall once concluded an address to the students of a London university thus: "Take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as an oarsman in a rotten boat: What can he do but by the very force of every stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care of the timbers of your life boat."

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

The two kinds of people on earth, I ween, Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses Are always divided in just these two classes, And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road? Or are you a leener, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SHARP INDIAN PACKERS.

CARRYING MINERS' OUTFITS OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO THE KLONDIKE.

Striking Costume of the Native Alaskans Who Engage in the Transportation Business—Dogs as Assistants—Packers Are Untrustworthy and Hard Traders.

Arrangements for packing are made (at Dyea) with Isaac, "Chief for the Chilkoots," as the sign reads above his cabin, but outside men can be hired. The Indian men's dress is picturesque. Some wear the gayly colored Mackinaw jacket; others a blue denim garment, half shirt, half coat; others still a loose coat of blanket, the sleeves or a patch across the back being made of the striped ends, and as the blankets used by these Indians are of the most brilliantly assorted colors, the color effects are distinctly striking. For head-gear they wear little common felt hats or bright wool toques or a colored kerchief. All possess rubber hip-boots, but when packing they wear only moccasins outside of "Siwash" or blanket socks, and sometimes an overshoe to the knee. Indian fashion, dogs and children, men and women, crowd into their dirty abodes, which smell of spoiled fish.

The dogs are not so numerous as I expected, nor yet so quarrelsome and noisy. The Indians train them not so much for sledge-drawing as for packing small loads on their backs, and it is not unusual to see an Indian with one or two medium-sized dogs, with a little pack on each side, sagging nearly to the ground, trotting along with his luncheon.

When an Indian is packing he ties his single small blanket upon his back over the pack. A stout stick to balance with and to assist in climbing completes his outfit. Twenty or thirty Indians will take up packs and put a whole outfit over at one lick. They are not trustworthy and are wholly unscrupulous. They do nothing even for each other without a price, and I have carefully noticed that they make no distinction between themselves and whites even for the same service. If one engages them at a certain price and some one offers them more, they lay down their packs and take up the new ones; or if on the trail they hear of a rise in the scale, they stop and strike for the higher wages. Some of them speak good English. Indians from Sitka say these fellows are wild Indians, and look upon their ignorance of letters with some contempt. But if ignorant of letters, they are shrewd, hard traders, who are making money fast and saving it. They have a strong predilection for gold, but at the same time, as our silver friends will be pleased to know, silver is in no less favor with them. In fact, it seems to be hard money they want. I knew an Indian to declare solemnly he could not change a five dollar bill, showing the only two silver dollars he had. But when a gold five was offered instead, he fished a whole handful of silver out of his pocket. They are taking all the small change out of circulation. They come to the traders several times a day, make a trifling purchase to get change, and then store it away. The small-change problem is indeed a serious one. There is not enough small currency in this country to do business with. The gamblers and the Indians are getting it all.—Harper's Weekly.

Hydrophobia Without a Bite.

The death of Mlle. Santasiero from rabies should be a lesson to ladies who kiss lap dogs and let them lick their faces. Mlle. Santasiero is the daughter of the former chef of Queen Isabella, who keeps a well-known restaurant where one can have Spanish and Neapolitan dishes. The only daughter, aged twenty, had a bull terrier named Bob, of whom she was very fond. Bob two months ago fell ill. His mistress nursed him and lavished caresses on him. He showed his gratitude in licking her face and hands. He then ran away from her and howled if she went near him. The poor brute may have felt an irresistible desire to bite, and so wanted not to have that easy opportunity. However, he grew worse. He bit, some days ago, two customers and a man who was furnishing ice. They went to the Pasteur Institute, and seem to be doing well, but Mlle. Santasiero, whose foot he attempted to bite, fell ill last week. She thought she had a cold, and kept on saying: "Bob did not bite me." Certainly his teeth had not pierced the shoe leather. Fever supervened, and then convulsions. The doctor said she was suffering from rabies. When her mother went to kiss her she cried, "You must not, I only kissed Bob, and see, I have this distemper." For two days her convulsive state was dreadful. The third day was quiet till just toward the end, when congestion supervened suddenly and she died. No trace of a bite could be found on her foot or any other part of her body. The dog's saliva, it is thought, must have been absorbed as he licked her face.—Paris Telegram to the London News.

Where Mustaches Are Unsafe. Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaska winter never wear mustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes imbedded in a solid cake of ice and the face is frozen before a man knows it.

A Musical Upholsterer. Signor Tosti, the Anglo-Italian composer, after a hard day's work, either teaching his many royal pupils or of composing, seeks recreation at his favorite amusement of upholstery. The greater part of the chairs, and the whole of his wife's boudoir have thus been upholstered by Signor Tosti.

BEE MOUNTAIN.

Crevasse Filled With Honey and Occupied by Snakes.

About twenty miles from Cleburne, on the Brazos river, is Bee mountain. On one side it rises several hundred feet above the country around and the other fronts the river and rises perpendicularly for 500 feet. On the perpendicular side are several crevasses or caves, in which places are millions of bees and tons upon tons of honey. It is impossible to scale the dizzy heights from below, although the rocks are worn-out places that look like steps had been made to climb this mountain ages and ages ago, and it is believed by some that aborigines scaled this cliff to procure honey for their primitive meals.

Within the memory of man, however, parties have been daring enough to have themselves suspended with a rope and let down to where the bees enter the rocky bluff, and the tales they told of the vast amount of honey would sound like a story from the "Arabian Nights."

One man, a cowboy, who worked on the old Abe Wilson ranch, which was quite famous here in an early day, had the temerity to have some of his co-laborers let him down with a rope. Where the bees entered, he said, the crevasses were not large enough for a man to enter, but a little south of that point was a hole about four feet high and eight or ten feet wide, which he entered. What he saw simply struck him dumb with amazement. There, hanging from the top of the cave, which seemed to extend for a quarter of a mile back, were great combs of honey twenty or thirty feet long and from four to six feet wide. They looked like a great lot of fine silk lace curtains hanging in some grand old hallway. The humming of the bees sounded like the noise of many spindles in a great factory. He had a hunting knife with him and sliced off a piece of the honey and ate it, and was just about to slice off more to bring to his companions on the mountain above, and who were waiting to pull him up, when his attention was drawn to another direction. On listening closely he detected a hissing sound and one unlike that made by the bees. Presently, from the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he saw at least 100 serpents coming toward him, their little beaklike eyes shining in the glare of the torch he carried. To use a street phrase, he "tore out," leaving his hunting knife and the Klondike of honey behind. When his friends had pulled him up he had fainted from the fright. When he recovered he told them what he had seen. At first they laughed at him, but finally it became an accepted fact that in Bee mountain there are tons of money, but no one since that time has ever been reckless enough to venture in that cave, where not only millions of bees and tons of honey are to be found, but where a den of serpents greets the intruder. Alderman Tom Childress has a summer home which adjoins this mountain, and is going to tunnel into the side of it and try to arrange to exterminate the serpents and have this wonder to exhibit to his friends.—Galveston News.

Oregon's Christian Martyrs. "Eleven years of the united life of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had passed," writes George Ludington Weed of Dr. Whitman's patriotic achievement in saving Oregon to the United States, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In all his labors she had been an inspiration and a support, sometimes the only one. But the life of romantic beginning was to have a tragic ending. Whatever the causes of that ending, direct or remote, or whatever their relative force, the result was one of the saddest in American history. In it Dr. and Mrs. Whitman must ever be recognized as the Christian patriot martyrs of Oregon. The fatal day was November 29, 1847, just half a century ago. The full tale of its horrors need not here be told, though the incidents are at hand. The partly-lifted curtain reveals enough—Dr. Whitman's fall by the tomahawk at the age of forty-five, and Mrs. Whitman's by the rifle at the age of thirty-nine. There was a shallow grave invaded by wolves, and then a deeper one, which until now has been without a monument. Twelve others of their household, butchered with them, share their grave. But the memory of the long-forgotten hero is being revived. A bronze statue is being erected near the spot in the region of his triumph and martyrdom. As in palace car I was hurried through it, where his lone wagon had tediously sought the way, he seemed everywhere present, and each mountain monument recording his deeds.

"The Oregon saved from falling into the possession of the English by Dr. Whitman's heroic efforts means the Washington, Oregon and Idaho of to-day, a territory of two hundred and seventy-one thousand square miles, equal to New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and three Connecticut."

Wild Animals in India. Very liberal rewards are given to the natives of India for the slaying of wild animals and venomous snakes. But in a recent report of the Government of the Central Provinces it appears that the number of wild animals for the destruction of which rewards were paid increased from 1474 to 1596, while the number of snakes killed fell from 6845 to 1337. The cattle killed, tigers were responsible for 704, and panthers for 694. The number of tigers killed during the year was 323, as compared with 225 in the previous year. This increase in tiger killing is said to be due mainly to the greater activity on the part of European and American sportsmen, and, perhaps, also to their improved marksmanship.

PSALM FOR THE BIBLE.

POSSIBLE RESULT OF A DISCOVERY IN AN EGYPTIAN RUIN.

Ancient Papyrus Books Which Contained the Psalter Complete—One Psalm Which Is Absent From the King James Version of the Bible.

A new psalm may be added to the Bible now in use in Christian churches. It will be known as the 151st.

The new psalm has just been discovered as the result of explorations made in Egypt. Two years ago, while certain Egyptian peasants were digging up and carrying away the light soil which is so much valued for dressing, from the ruins of an ancient Coptic church, their tools struck a slab of stone. The slab was pried up, and it was found to be the cover of a stone box. In the box were a lot of books wrapped in coarse linen cloth. The books were of papyrus, but bound in linen covers.

Those who found the ancient papyrus books sold them to the British Museum, where they have been the subject of close investigation. They were found to contain a copy of the Psalter written in Coptic, the language spoken by the Egyptians during the time of Christ. Not only was the Psalter complete, but it contained one psalm which does not appear in the King James version of the Bible. It is known as the 151st psalm and reads as follows:

1. I was small among my brethren, and youngest in my father's house. I tended my father's sheep.
2. My hands formed a musical instrument and my fingers tuned a psaltery.
3. And who shall tell my Lord? The Lord Himself, He Himself hears.
4. He sent forth His angel and took me from my father's sheep, and He anointed me with the oil of His anointing.
5. My brothers were handsome and tall; but the Lord did not take pleasure in them.
6. I went forth to meet the Philistine; and he cursed me by his idols.
7. But I drew his own sword and beheaded him, and removed reproach from the children of Israel.

This psalm is supposed to have been written by David after his combat with Goliath. Its beauty and vigorous language resemble that of the others in the Psalter.

If you will turn to your Bible you will find that the Book of Psalms contains only 150 of the Hebrew hymns. The new psalm just discovered may add another to the list. Many biblical scholars have previously contended that this 151st psalm should be included in the version used in the churches. Theologians in former times had disputes upon the prints and it was finally agreed that it should be treated as spurious.

But this discovery may lead to a general acceptance of its authenticity by all who reverence the Bible. For the manuscript is the oldest complete manuscript of any biblical book known to be in existence. Its exact date is difficult of determination, but it is certainly earlier than the seventh century.

Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, has translated the Psalms from the ancient Coptic, and is now preparing a history of the manuscript which will be published by Kegan Paul, French, Trubner & Company, of London. Dr. Budge, whose reputation as an Egyptologist is world-wide, is confident of the authenticity and antiquity of the book. In his preface he recounts the history of the discovery and tells of his reasons for belief in their truth.

"That these volumes had lain in the box for several hundred years," says Dr. Budge, "there is no possibility of doubting, but there is no way of ascertaining the exact period when they were first placed in it. It is the opinion of some that the church and monastery which once stood upon the site where the books were found had been in ruins for some centuries, and the general appearance of the place supports this view. There is no reason for supposing that the books were buried along with the body of any ecclesiastical official or monk, for it is certain that they had been expressly written for use in the church of the monastery, and that they were not the private property of any member of it.

"It would seem that at some period of trouble or persecution an official of the church carefully prepared the box in the event of its ever being necessary to hide books, and that when the need arose he wrapped these volumes in linen with the greatest care, and laid them in it. Their wonderful state of preservation testifies to the wisdom of the choice of a hiding place and the thoroughness with which he carried out the self-appointed task.

"The matter of dating the Psalter is one of considerable difficulty, for we have no fixed points in Coptic paleography to serve for purposes of comparison. The shape and size and general appearance of the pages of the older portion in every respect suggest that the volume cannot have been written after the end of the seventh century of our era, but it seems to me that the date when it was written lies nearer the beginning than the end of that century; it may, indeed, quite well be placed at the end of the sixth century.

"When the book had been in use for some time it was put aside for some purpose, probably because of its defective condition, and it was not brought into use again until after it had been repaired and rebound; the style of the covers, I am informed, suggests the eleventh or twelfth century as the period of the general repair of the book."—Chicago Times-Herald.

During the past year 1920 acres of land were planted to canaigre in Arizona, and the acreage will be much larger the coming year.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—

This was Doctor Smart— He thumped on my chest, and then he said: "Ah, there it is! Your heart! You mustn't run—you mustn't hurry! You mustn't work—you mustn't worry! Just sit down and take it cool; You may live for years, I cannot say; But, in the meantime, make it a rule To take this medicine twice a day!"

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—

This was Doctor Wig— "You're liver's a total wreck," he said, "You must take more exercise! You mustn't eat sweets, You mustn't eat meats, You must walk and leap, you must also run; You mustn't sit down in the dull old way; Get out with the boys and have some fun— And take three doses of this a day!"

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—

This was Doctor Bright— "I'm afraid your lungs are gone," he said, "And your kidney isn't right, A change of scene is what you need, Your case is desperate, indeed, And bread is a thing you mustn't eat— Too much starch—but, by the way, You must henceforth live on only meat— And take six doses of this a day!"

Perhaps they were right, and perhaps they knew,

It isn't for me to say; Mayhap I erred when I naively threw Their bitter stuff away; But I'm living yet, and I'm on my feet, And grass isn't all that I dare to eat, And I walk and I run, and I worry, too, But, to save my life, I cannot see What some of the able doctors would do If there were no fools like you and me. —S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

PITH AND POINT.

College Maxim: Initiation is the sincerest flattery.—Life.

A superfluous man is now alluded to as a third wheel to a bicycle.—Puck.

Every woman wonders why the newspapers don't have more recipes and less sporting news.—Puck.

"Did a servant come to the door when you rang?" "Heavens, no! It was the cook!"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The true sailor is like the ocean— however great a roll he may have at sea, he breaks when he strikes the shore.—Puck.

A man feels hurt if his wife is not interested in his business; but, oftentimes, he doesn't know the color of her last new dress.—Puck.

"It would be just like a woman," remarked the observer of men and things, "to go around with the chip pinned on her shoulder."—Detroit Journal.

"You want to be careful of Geezer. He don't pay his debts." "Thanks for the tip. You see, I owe him some money."—Philadelphia North American.

"Plumpton says he is very jealous of his reputation." "Well, he has reason to be. I wouldn't trust it for a moment if I had it."—Chicago News.

Sunset Simms (drowsily)—"Do you see Prince or Wales never wears a suit of clothes more than once." Weary Willy—"Well, needer do we—only it's a longer once."—Puck.

When a woman says her acquaintance's new bonnet is "just horrid," the chances are that she will have one exactly like it in the course of a week or so.—Boston Transcript.

Boreum—"Seems to me I have seen you somewhere." Grumpington—"Very likely. Why don't you go there and hunt for me if you want to see me again?"—Boston Transcript.

Hungry Higgins—"As far eight hours being enough for a day's work." Weary Watkins—"It ain't any man who'd do a day's work or get six months."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. O'Flaherty (to Nellie, aged nine)—"And what is the good in getting you a French governess if you goes and says Fido has the mange, instead of the menage?"—Harper's Bazar.

"Can I change here for Bristol?" said the old lady for the fifteenth time on the journey to the guard. "You can if you like, ma'am," said the official, cheerily, "but you'd better not if you want to get there."—Tit-Bits.

Perambulating Florists' Shops.

One of the new wrinkles in trade is the perambulating florist shop, and it must be confessed that it is a capital means of throwing temptation in the face of the flower buyer. Who can resist these decorative plants when brought to your very door? Not every one has the knack of furnishing flowers in the house, yet according to the new scheme of furnishing, it is necessary that palms or some flowering shrubs should enter into the interior decoration. In our steam-heated rooms the delicate green house beauties soon wither and die. A few hardy plants like the rubber tree, sage palm and ferns may be preserved through one season, but even their freshness must be renewed by visits to the florist or gardener. At this season, too, appear all sorts of flowering chrysanthemums. Therefore, when one beholds this floral wagon, loaded with their splendid blooms, it is impossible to say them nay. House plants add greatly to the cheerfulness of an apartment. If you can't set up a cat or a dog or a bird, then you must have something that will need tender oversight and care. What's the matter with a baby? Well, a good deal. With all due respect for the light infantry, it is much easier to watch the growth of a little Japanese lily.—Boston Herald.

Three Wild Turkeys at One Shot.

Henry Smith, of near Denmark, Va., while out hunting squirrels, came across a drove of wild turkeys which were so intently taken up with fighting among themselves that they did not see him, and he fired into the drove and bagged three with one shot. Mr. Smith is more than eighty years of age.—Baltimore Sun.