



It is related of Emory Storrs that when taunted for his abstemiousness by his friends saying: "What is there in water? You can say nothing for it," he pronounced the following eulogy on water: "How do you expect to improve on the beverage furnished by nature? Here it is—Adam's ale—about the only gift from the garden of Eden. Nature's common carrier, not created in the rottenness of fermentation, not distilled over guilty fires. Virtues and not vices are its companions. Does it cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruelty to women and children? Will it place rags on the person, mortgages on the stock, farm and furniture? Will it consume wages and income in advance and ruin men in business? No! But it floats in white, gossamer clouds far up in the quiet, summer sky, and hovers in dreamy mist over the merry faces of all our sparkling lakes. It veils the woods and hills of earth's landscapes in a purple haze, where film lights and shadows drift hour after hour. It piles itself in tumbled masses of clouds, domes and thunderheads, draws the electric flash from its mysterious hiding places, and seams and shocks the wide air with vivid lines of fire. It is carried by the winds and falls in rustling curtains of liquid drapery over all the thirsty woods and fields, and fires in God's mystic eastern heavens His beautiful bow of promise, glorified with a radiance that seems reflected out of heaven itself. It gleams in the frost crystals of the mountain tops and the dew of the valleys. It silently creeps up to each leaf in the myriad forests of the world and tints each fruit and flower. It is here in the grass blades of the meadows and there where the corn waves its tassels and the wheat is billowing. It gems the depths of the desert with the glad, green, oasis, winds in oceans round the whole earth, and roars its coarse, eternal anthems on a hundred thousand miles of coast. It clasps its hand in the flashing wave crests of the sea, laughs in the little rapids of the brooks, kisses the dripping, moss-covered, old, oaken well buckets in a countless host of happy homes."

APRIL.

April with her tender blushes,
Skies so fleecy, white and blue,
Mingled with the song of thrushes,
Making all the world seem new.
Tears and smiles alike are blended
In sweet, fickle April's play,
And sweet song birds attended
The bright matins of the day.

April, bright-eyed, dimpled daughter
Of the old, gray-bearded year,
With your songs and merry laughter
And your softly falling tear,
None of all the merry maidens
Can be half as dear to me,
In their bowers of summer gardens
As sweet April eye shall be.

—Grace Wesley, in *Drain, Or., Echo*.

NO OBLIGATIONS.

MAN—(to friend)—You didn't seem to treat that gentleman with politeness."

FRIEND—I spoke rather roughly, I admit.

MAN—You have changed toward him. The other day I saw you shaking hands with him.

FRIEND—Yes, he owed me then, but he has paid me, consequently you see that I am no longer under obligations to him.
—*Arkansas Traveler*.

BELLAMY'S MISTAKE.

WIKES—I see that the publishers of "Looking Backward" have made \$50,000 on that book, while Bellamy, the author, has made but \$5,000.

MINKS—Well, if Bellamy had looked forward instead of backward, he would have published it himself—*New York Weekly*.

PRIDE OF STATION.

MR. FOURCROFT (proudly)—Note this magnificent business block. I own every foot of the ground on which it stands, and it is from this that I derive my income.

OLD GENT—Ah, yes; I remember this locality very well. It was here your grandfather had his junk shop.—*New York Weekly*.

HAD TO BE FAST.

A.—What a wonderfully fast horse that Axel is.

B.—Bound to be fast. Just look at the gang at the race track he is obliged to associate with.—*Texas Siftings*.

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

MAN—How pale the moon is.

JOURNALS—Yes; it has been out until quite late for several nights.—*Yonkers News*.

A COMMON TROUBLE.

"How did Robinson happen to get swamped?"

"He got into the swim too deep."—*Wesley's Weekly*.

Rev. Mr. Talmage says "There is no happiness in this world for an idle woman." Mr. Talmage should reserve his sympathy for the overworked woman. The idle woman can derive considerable pleasure from a twenty-five cent novel and a five dollar poodle dog.—*Scrivener's Herald*.

Fame is fame. Mr. Watterston now has his picture printed in connection with a story as to how he dropped a couple of thousand dollars at poker.—*Julip*.

Workmen don't have to strike these times to be "out."—*Fuck*.