

"I don't want ten seconds, old man," she replied, as she shook out the dish cloth.

"I'm a woman of business, worth \$16,000 and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I give you four seconds to get."

And he got.

There are several things I would advise a young man not to do. One is that he should never marry a poor girl who has been raised up as a rich one.

Neither should marry her for her money alone. But if she be a good sensible girl a pile of double loons will never hurt her.

For my part I think it is just as easy to love a girl with a fortune, and perhaps a little easier, than the one who is not able to buy thread to darn the heels of her stockings.

If it is a crime to marry for money it is equally as bad to marry without money.

It is not wrong to marry a girl with a fortune, but it is wrong to marry a fortune with a girl. And young girls when they begin to search for a husband should be careful lest they find themselves roped and branded without knowing how it happened. You can trust a girl's taste in everything except men and it is a mighty good job for some of us that she slips up on that sometimes or we might all be bachelors.

Again, a young man should never marry an old woman for it must be very annoying to have a gentleman come up, pat him on the head and say to the lady, "What a bright looking chap your son is, Mrs. Smith."

He soon grows tired of seeing people size up his wife as one of his ancestors.

And again, it is equally foolish for an old bachelor to marry a young girl of half his own age.

Think how annoying it must be to have the porter come round in the cars, and say: "Wouldn't your daughter like to have a pillow under her head?", or "Can't I loan your daughter a magazine or give her an orange?"

I, therefore, want you to remember that marrying the wrong person is the one mistake you've got to live with all your life.

There is nothing in this talk that two can live cheaper than one. A good wife may double a man's happiness, but she doubles his expenses also.

I believe in short engagements and long marriages. The time to size up a partner for life is before the engagement. There's no use in sitting on the mourner's bench with the sinners after you have really got religion.

No girl should marry a man to reform him. A girl who does so may make a good wife, but she will never make a good husband.

And young men should be on their guard against those who are too talkative.

An editor once asked his reporter if he got an interview with Mrs. Brown, and he replied that he saw her, but she wouldn't talk. And then the puzzled editor asked, "When did she die?"

A careful observer once said, "There were women whose presence would make the floor of a garret gorgeous with roses and there were other women whose influence would cause cockle-burrs to grow out of the velvet carpets of a palace."

[To be continued]

FUPILS' ITEMS

Mattie Kanim is now working in the laundry.

Calvin Darnell has been promoted to the sixth grade.

Amanda Legget is out again after a short illness.

Mrs. Beck has been ill for some time, but is getting better.

The Y. M. C. A. boys have a fine reading room at Mitchell Hall.

Maxime Barnaby is practicing faithfully on the clarinet and Albert Geary on a cornet.

If all the boys were as quiet and nice in school as Paschal George they would learn faster.

Miss Minnie Getchell the new nurse and her hospital girls are making a flower garden.

Last week Miss O'Here treated the girls for working so well. They made 31 duck dresses.

The many friends of Harriet Jones are sorry to have her depart for her home in New York soon.

Every student must now just think what answers they will respond to the questions in the coming examination.

Frank Booth is nightwatchman in the engine room at present, and Thomas Compton is firing at the school building.

The baseball ground has been plowed and graded and is about ready for use, and basketball will soon be a thing of the past.

On March fifth the following new pupils arrived from Humboldt Co., Cal: Annie Sherman, Ollie Larkin, Harrison Coonskin, Caroline, Fred and Harvey Wright.