A VOICE FROM THE FARM. EDMUND LYONS.

nat my life is a round of tolly you so that my life is a trace of the sale of the sale

a sumly. I never have worked in vain, as the spring to the golden fall; as the spring see the golden fall; arest has ever brought waving grain, and said to spare for all, and sud to spare for all, then in the eventure, freed from case, as my farmouse door as my farmouse door and little times waiting there, that has the millionaire more!

well-free may never have hoarded wealth;
Ser lives may at times be rough;
If it their homes they have love and health,
if it their homes they have love and health,
if y land these riches enough.
if y land they will ever own
is land that the strong right arm
is land that the strong right arm
is land that the strong right arm
is land the fer less heart alone
full to a fertile farm.

nothing beyond my simple wants unde for cloudy days; and a little for cloudy days;

2: to grim spectre my homestead haunts,

2: son as silver and gole might raise,

2: son as silver and gole might raise,

2: son as eliver and gole might raise.

3: son as eliver and gole might raise.

4: son as eliver and gole might raise.

4: son as eliver and gole might raise.

5: son as eliver and gole might raise.

6: son as eliver and gole might raise.

6: son as eliver and gole might raise.

6: son as eliver and gole might raise.

7: son as eliver and gole might raise.

8: son as eliver and gole might raise.

8: son as eliver and gole might raise.

9: son as eliv

ves, I'm laboring all day long, res, i'm laboring an during the muscle, too; the mind and the muscle, too; the make the Lerd, who has made me strong, green me work to do, ast, ucceed, is the idie drone ast, ucceed, is the land, stampire on the land, stampire on the land. ng fruit that by others was sown, not by his own right hand." -Clipper

WHAT SHE FOUND.

Isadore Stafford was a woman to be mied. Why not? Rich, a widow and ll young, or at least far from old, the ble world lay at her feet, and she had is to reach out her hand and take what wished; everything but happiness; at had eluded her and never seemed other from her than on this Christmas s, when we see her standing by her adow tapping impatiently upon it her exquisite fan. Isadore Staf-el never forgot her fan. With it she ed constantly, and those who knew the pretty thing just the state of its ter's mind. Her fans were as unique lerself, and I could no more describe than I could describe her moods si thoughts. Her favorites were a pure ary, whose carving were half an inch thickness, and executed by Italy's st sculptor; a black jet, at whose swayed to and fro in the air frail his of the valleys, and one of gold, set in small turquoise stones in heathendesigns-but I am not telling the sy of her toys, but of the woman heras she stood that wintry day amid luxurious surroundings, watching lazy snowflakes fall on the pasters-

"Yes, the old year is almost gone and New Year will soon be here. I not happy? Who can tell? I sim know I am net, and for once refuse have my house thrown open to hunals on New Year's day, who bow thems in and out with the senseless "I wish you a happy New Year." This woman, envied by all who knew or, nevertheless, was to be pitied. The ber, a golden apple of Sodom, outmhes. She had never known povty, never been compelled to toil, never a soiled her tipy fingers with work; at she had missed also the mental dise that results from these, and the me of parents, sisters and brothersexpect when she marries, for hers had en little more than a business arrange sat, made and urged by her guardian, stshe should fall into the hands of stane-hunters; and when the shackles ere broken by death, the sense of relief s so sweet that no thought of marriage ad since ever entered her mind. Of ourse she had been sought, and persist-uly, but with a charming firmness she alkepther lovers her friends, by the "no" she uttered, and lived the years at came and went, as others weary-

arted have done. Osce only, and that in her school-girl bys, she had felt the thrill of happiss; but this was now so far away, so that in her memory, had flashed across is life so suddenly and then vanished ver, that it now seemed a mere dream her brain. Again she looked from window. The flakes were falling re rapidly; great, soft flakes that pted one to raise the face to feel the ed things brush against it; and the alldren, wild with delight that Christas so near, laughed and shouted and need as merrily as if they were one

"Thirty-two! Life half gone, and all of in a chase after something that es not exist. I'll make a vow on this istmas Eve, and if I fail to keep it my its ghost rise up to condemn me! tom this day no thought of happiness hall enter my mind. It shall be ban-abed with the fairies and hob gotlins I eleved in when a child—and quite as applical as they."

ith the storm.

At this moment her eyes fell on a cou sof miserable creatures, barely cov-nd with rags that fluttered in the storm its flags of distress, as shivering hands and their way from their folds to beg Assers-by for a coin."

There, Isadore Stafford! What have on to say now of unhappiness or misery lang as such people exist in the world? hirty years! Ten times thirty are threeed. If I should live thirty years loger I could at least lift three hundred tals from degradation to humanity, non-suffering to comfort. I'll try it! the idea is a new one and pleases me. the knows but life will be interesting ome after all? How strange if, after ling the world over to find novelty, should find my first happy New Year

The inspiration took thorough possesof her, and after ordering her carshe hastily dressed for the street.' TeSt. Luke's, John."

One would think she had often been to to have seen her run up the steps ed ring the bell; but the matron did sem to recognize her, and stood in expectant attitude to hear what her or's errand might be. are your beds all filled?" asked the

ratic-looking stranger. We are over-crowded, madam, and tre been compelled to decline some nts for lack of room." and what has been done with them?

"Nothing, I fear."
"Could you get nurses for them if
afortable beds were provided?"
"Tes, indeed!"

"How soon do you think the children could be moved?

"To-morrow." "I have come on a singular mission to-night, and I trust you can help me to fulfil it.A wealthy lady has taken a whim irto her head of opening her house on Christmas to some suffering children. She does not wish her name to be known in the matter, but des red me to see if you could direct half-a-dozen children that are absolutely suffering for want of care and comfort; or, better still, send nurses and children to her house tomorrow. She will keep them until beneated, or until you can find room for them here. There will be a lady in charge who will see that they want for

nothing. "I should not call the lady's action a whim, but a most Christian like act. I wish all who have wealth would do likewise, and I can promise you nurses and childen to-morrow.

"Thanks! She will be delighted. You will also send your physician?" 'Of course.

"To morrow, then, at — Lexington avenue," and bowing, she passed out into the shadows, jubilant over her success.

"Home, John." As she rested among the soft, warm robes she murmured:

"I felt very guilty to hear that good woman say, 'Christ-like,' when it was merely a whim for novelty, but already I am enjoying the plan immensely Everything works like a charm. The old world is passing away; already the new is dawning. What a blessed inspiration! Who knows but that something in the universe I shall find, if not happiness, real blessedness?"

"Is she in her right mind, do you think, Mary?" asked Alice, Mrs. Stafford's maid, of the waitrees, when the house was electrified by her plans.
"And that's what I've been wondering

to myself-since I see the change in her manner. Don't I remember going into her room that very day, before she went out into the storm, and seeing her sitting in her great crimson chair, with her hands crossed and her eyes having that far-away look that is never good for mortals to have. I see, of course, that she did not wish anything, and thought I would go down and have a few words with my cousin about receiving calls, and when I came back she was goneand you know how we fretted about her for two mortal hours. At last she came back, and her face shone as if she had been talking with angels; and taking me off by herself she told me to make every thing ready in all the spare rooms for company, and to put up an extra bed in the largest. Of course I supposed she was going to astonish her friends by some elegant entertainment, but when I hinted at this she said: 'Oh, no! It is better than that, Mary. Entertainments make heart-aches, and this is to make happiness, I am going to keep the holidays in a new way. Perhaps the New Year will be really a New Year.' You see that sounded very strange. What could New Year's be but New Year's anyhow? When she told me it was cripples and children from the hospital who were coming, I knew for certain she must be a little out of her mind, but she looked so beautiful and bright I had not the heart to oppose her. Something has happened to her, as sure as I'm a sensible girl."

Not only were Alice and Mary, but every domestic in the house was convinced that their mistress would soon be saw not one or two, but half-a-dozen pale-faced cripples brought into the house and placed in the elegant rooms that had hitherto been devoted to the great and honored among her guests. Not a thing was allowed to be changed in these rooms. Delicate ornaments, statuettes, pictures, books, all remained as before, and under the elegant counter-panes and blankets lay wistful-eyed, suf-fering children, who almost forget their pain in the beautiful world where they found themselves. Nurses cared for them, and in and out moved Isadore Stafford, dressed in a plain black dress and white cap, not unlike a Sister of

Every eye brightened when she came in sight with her beautiful face, and as she passed from room to room, smoothing a pillow here, or patting a cheek there, the little visitors, as she called them, drew a long breath and believed that they had already reached heaven and an angel had ministered unto them.

Among these children was one toward whom Mrs. Stafford felt particularly attracted-a bright-faced boy of perhaps ten years of age, with great brown, luminous eyes, and a mass of goldenbrown curls clustering over his head. He told her his name was Arthur Cleveland; that he had no parents- no one in all the world but Kitty. Kitty was his sister, and was a little thing, whom he was drawing in his little wagon the day on which he had been hurt by the runaway horses.

"Oh, ma'am! just think if it had been Kitty!" said the poor little fellow: "I should have died-for she's all I have in

the world., "And where is she now, Arthur?" "I have not seen her since. A woman took her home and will take care of her till I get well. When will my back get

well? "Pretty soon-I hope. Would you

like to see her?" His eyes were all the answer she needed, and before night little Kitty was playing on his bed, and a crib near by told that she was a fixture, also. She was not handsome like her brother, but winsome and attractive, with such cunning baby ways, that Mrs. Stafford, who had never seen much of baby life, thought her a miracle of smartness.

The servants had been forced to believe their mistress no longer insane, but merely giving way to one of those freaks which they had become accustomed to, though, as Bridget, the cook, said-

Who would ever imagine she'd be guilty of turning this iligant house into hospital fuli of cripples and nurses and

"Well, if it's her way of being happy I am sure we need not object. It's all the better for us, for if these children were not here the house 'ud be thrown open to hundreds of gentlemen New Year's day, and then we would have to be in all day," said Alice. "I, for one, am mighty glad she's amused hersell in that way, for I want to see my friends at my cousin's."

During these days Mrs. Stafford had not seen the physicism, who came and

quite understand why his little patients were inmates of one of the largest pal-

aces of the city. The night before New Year's at last came, cold and stormy. Mrs. Stafford had been out all day, ordering flowers and fruits and all sorts of gifts for her guests, and only returned home when the gan was lighted in the streets. Running up to her room to remove her wraps, her cheeks aglow with happiness and health, she went to her pet's room and found, not Arthur and Kitty and the nurse merely, but a tall, heavily-bearded man, who stood in the center of the room, tossing Kitty like a ball in the air. Such crowing and laughing from Kitty! Such joy and clapping of hands from Arthur!

Mrs. Stafford stood for a moment unseen and unnoticed, enjoying the scene, and feeling more genuine happiness than she had known in many a year. Suddenly Kitty turned and saw her, and reaching out her hands to be taken, sprang from the doctor's futo the arms of Isadore Stafford, utterly regardless of the fact that she was queen of society. To Kitty she was a beautiful woman, with a loving heart, or perhaps she was merely the personification of comfort. Cuddling close to her guardian, she turned to look at the doctor and play coquette with him, as babies have done since the days of Cain. Mrs. Stafford also looked in her life. She recognizes it with a up-and bowed. The doctor stood transfixed.

"Is it possible, Isadore, that we meet thus-and over the gulf of years and changes, stand face to face once more? Little I thought that you were the Lady Bountiful who was ministering to my little patients the largest dose of health they could have had. Tell me of yourself.

"Come into the library. There is little to tell. You have followed your ideal-that is easy to see. I have fived a useless, tedious life without aim or profit. This freak that brought you to my door was only a dream that led me to hope for happiness by doing good to others. All selfishness, after all, you

"How beautiful you are, Isadore! How well all these elegant surroundings become you! It is well you did not marry me. A doctor's life has little luxury in There was a tone of bitterness in his

voice as he spoke, that for a moment ciety, and almost defiantly she said in reply,—
"Luxuries and happiness are not synonymous. I have never seen an hour's happiness since we parted until I brought

these children here. You have had to work, have suffered weariness and exposure, but have no doubt had a happy home to come to when the day was gone. "Did you suppose I would marry? Did visible one. In a prettily written book, you fancy I was like a woman? Ready not probably out of print, purporting to to yow to love and honor when I knew it was a lie?" he answered still more bit-

terly. "It is true, I have been happy, bis wife's eyes after crying that they rebut it has been in the line of my duty—sembled "the sun's clear shining after at least, I have not been miserable. My home has been wherever sickness and suffering called me, and the years have server is not inclined to be so complipassed quickly because so full of cares." "Poor Allen! Mine has been infinitely

worse. I have done no good, and the years have dragged their slow length along, each more tedious than the last." And so the two talked over the years until the clock on the mantel struck and reminded him that others were waiting of drawing, the eyes disappear, and the an inmate of a lunatic asylum, when they for him to bring comfort and relief. lips are drawn up, revealing half an inch ting the door softly, left her alone.

How the memories crowded! They neath their power life had suddenly be-

"Of all strange things that ever happened this is the strangest," said the society belle to the young gentleman by her side, a day or two after Easter. "Isadore Stafford married! The heavens must be going to fall! I should as soon expect to hear of Mother Mary Angelus being married, for, surely, she is more agreeable to gentlemen than this cold, elegant creature, that has lived so long among us and has never cared for any-

"The fact of her being married is not as strange as the way it was done, according to my notion," replied the gentleman. "I believe in Cupid; that any veteran he aims at will fall. I always thought she would find her fate sometime. These proud icebergs always do; but I never thought she'd marry a doctor and turn into a sister of charity. To think of the men she has refused!

"They say he was an old friend, and some one told me he was her first lover. If so, that accounts for everything. Her maid told a friend of mine that it was the strangest ceremony ever seen in New York. You know she did not receive New Year's, and everybody was disappointed, because it had been a favorite house for callers. Well, I happened to know what was going on behind those closed blinds, while hundreds of elegant gentlemen were dropping their cards in her basket. Shall I tell you about it?"

"By all means." "Well, you will scarce believe me when I tell you that her parlors were as brilliantly lighted and as elegantly decorated as if she were to sit in them, dressed by Worth, and adored by the multitude-and all for what? For a few hospital children to enjoy. They were brought down into the parlor to receive their gifts, and then they were served in the dinning-room to a regular swell dinner. Of course the doctor was there, and they say she looked as happy as a girl. She had only met him the night pefore for the first time since she was a girl. There must be a vein of romance in her nature, or she would never have taken such a freak into her head. Well-

bred people should never have freaks." "Yet this must have done a great deal of good. Think of the blessing to those wretched children. I never thought she

eemed happy in socity."
"It must have been her own fault then. Worth as much as she is, I think I should manage to be happy," replied the fash-

ionable young lady.
"You prefer money te friends, then?"
"It is our best friend, I think." "I fancy as Mrs. Stafford she found life rather lonely," was the persistent re-

went at regular hours, and who could not joinder of the young gentleman, "I hope she'll be happy.

"Never fear. Late love marriages are always happy," replied the belle. "And she was marrid at Easter." "Yes, quietly in church, and she has begun her new life by adopting a little boy and girl, who were her guests. I

wonder if she'll give up fashionable life, and we shall lose her nobby entertainments. I think it will be horrid if she does. Mrs. Dr. Campbell did not forget her

society friends; but, after a time, gave a grand reception, to which all were invited; after which she devoted herself to her home and the wretched and suffering, until, not ten a year, but double that number, were lifted into a new world by the power of her woman's

"When I gave op seeking happiness, I found it, and blessedness also," she

Time's Mirror. The approach of age first shows itself about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper and deeper, until the incipient crow's feet are indicated, developed, revealed. The woman, who, looking in her glass, perceives the lines diverging from the outer corner of her eyes knows that she has reached an era ment. sigh, if she is a vain, a lovely or a worldwoman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile. None of us, men or women, like to feel youth-that precious possession-slipping away from us. But we should never be on the lookout for crow's feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a dis-figuring expression of emotion, and those who get into the habit of weeping over small vexation do much toward acquiring a careworn, miserable expression and are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known to not only injure, but actually destroy the sight. Few woman look pretty or even interesting in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose blotted out all conventionalities of so-ciety, and almost defiantly she said in and most children make most disfiguring and distorting grimances while crying; and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal dis-play of tears should study a becoming more of producing them before her looking glass. Grimaces soften no hearts, and tears, accompanied by the usual dis-Democrat. tortion, have a hardening effect, if not a be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes that poet say of sembled "the sun's clear shining after

mentary. Grimaces of a somewhat similar order are frequently made during the action of laughter. Care should always be taken with children to prevent their falling into this habit. It frequently reaches such a that had come and gone since they parted pitch as to render the laughter positively unsightly. The face is distorted and out With a long, kindly pressure of her of pale pink gum. This peculiarily somehand, he said "Good-night," and shut- times runs in families, partly from unconscious imitation. I know one family whose grimaces during laughter are most ludicrously alike. When they are came in at every door, and hung about most ludicrously alike. When they are every picture and corner. They sang in all assembled at the dinner-table and a her heart and danced in her eyes. They joke goes around, there is not a single blotted out the present and in its place eye left in the family. Much, if not all painted pictures of her school-days. Beneath their power life had and declars. in childhood. The laugh can be culticome a beautiful thing, and every hour a vated quite as much as the voice. Actresses take lessons in laughing with occasionally very charming results. do not, however, advise that such teaching should begin in early childhood, lest it should destroy spontaneity and pro-duce an effect of artificiality; but I very strongly recommend mothers to check a disposition to make grimaces during their children's indulgence in mirth.

rain," a very pretty natural object, in-

deed, but during the rain inself the ob-

A Great Country.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the Dakota man, "we have got the biggest country, the biggest people, and the biggest farms there are anywhere on earth. What d'ye think of farms three or four hundred miles square?" and the Dakota man leaned back and enjoyed the astonishment of the mob.

"What d'ye raise, chiefly?" asked a quiet man, who had taken it all in. "Wheat," replied the man from akota, "We don't do any business but Dakota.

wheat.' "I don't think I want any of it," remarked the quiet man. "It locks to me as though there couldn't be any houses to live in up that way."

"That's so," murmured the crowd.
"Houses!" exclaimed the gentleman from Dakota, "Houses, houses! Why, when I say that territory contains more and better buildings than all the rest of the United States put together, I am ashamed of myself for the mildness in which I draw it. Houses! Gentlemen, it is a positive fact that there isn't a square foot in that territory that isn't built over, and in some cases they have to run poles off the roofs of the buildings already erected, and on those poles they have built houses right over the streets and roads. That's what keeps us so warm in winter and cool in summer. The cold and sunlight never gets through."

"Do I understand you that every foot of that country is roofed in?" demanded the quiet man. "Is that a fact, or are you gawing?"

"Just as sure's you're born," replied the Dakota man, promptly and confidently. "If a man goes into that dis-trict with the idea of building, he's going to be left hard."

"In that case," rejoined the quiet man slowly-"in that case, you will be kind enough to explain to me just where those big farms you have been speaking of are

"Stranger," said the Dakota man .-"Stranger, you think you have put a poser, but there is just where we utilize everything that leads to wealth. Gentlemen, them farms are on the tops of the houses, and we put them up there so as always thirsty when I am woke up."—
to let them get the sun, and at the same Texas Siftings.

"You can't make a mistake. I am woke up."—
to let them get the sun, and at the same texas Siftings. houses, and we put them up there so as always thirsty when I am woke up."—to let them get the sun, and at the same Texas Siftings.

time keep them out of the wet! You see,

wheat-But they interrupted him with a brick, and rolled him in the mud, and when the police got him away from them, he explained, frankly, that they would do for police in Brooklyn, but out where he lived every policeman contained ever six hundred thousand square miles, and that it only took two to keep the whole territory straight .- Brooklyn Eagle.

The Oneen's Bedchamber.

Court circles have lately been not a

little agitated in their august minds

over a matter which your readers will be

glad to hear has at last been settled to

every one's satisfaction. I refer, of course, to that immensely important appointment of extra bedchamber lady to the Queen. This pre-eminent distinction has just been conferred on the Duchess of Bedford. It can be held only by a peeress, and the Duchess has for her colleagues the Countesses of Mount Edgecombe, Mayo, Gainsboro', and two others. These are all "extras, and are aided by eight ordinary ladies of the bedchamber. But let no Republican reader, whether in France, Switzerland or America, fancy that these extra and ordinary ladies can singly or collectively fulfill the arduous duties in connection with the royal sleeping apart-They are assisted by twelve "bedchamber women"-note the gradation in title-who have a claim on Her Majesty, either by reason of their own or by their husband's services. A small salary is attached to each office, which, however, is esteemed not so much for its money value as because it brings the bearer within the charmed circle of court life. The real work of attending to the Queen's bedroom is performed by a couple of very ordinary housemaids, of German extraction, whose names are "never told," and whose wages are such as few serving women in the states would care to accept. I remember on one occasion piloting an American around London on his first visit to this metropolis. He expressed unbounded astonishment at seeing over a shop the legend, "Surgical instrument maker to Her Majesty," as if the Queen must needs have an instrument maker all to herself. I don't know what he would have said at the notion of a grand total of forty extra and ordinary "ladies" and 'women" of the bedchamber, not one of whom would for a moment deign to render the least personal service in that apartment whose title she bears, Of course all this costs a good deal, and it comes in under that "civil list" which radicals like Dilke, Labochere and Bradlaugh tell us costs the country \$5,000,000 a year .- London Cor. St. Louis Globe-

A Sudden Case of Conversion.

The Boston Sunday Budget contained

the following: Mr. Charles R. Train, some time attorney general of this ancien: Commonwealth, tells an incident that happened in his father's church, in Framingham, 'a many years ago." It seems that his father, a Baptist minister, had long wanted instrumental music in his church, but had been opposed by several prominent members of his congregation. notably by Mr. Ben Haven, a near neighbor and friend, who loved the old ways and was set against innovations. But at last the pastor, who was one of the "quiet kind," and apt to carry his point, got a man in the church who brought along his bass viol. prepared to accompany the singing of the congregation. Old Mr. Haven walked into the church, and took his seat in the front row of pews, putting his hat, as was customary with those who sat in the higher seats of the synagogue, upon the communion table. The opening prayer was over, and the first hymn given out, when the strains of the viol sounded through the church. Amazed, Mr. Haven rose in his place, gave one look up into the gallery where the musician was bending to his work, seized a hat and marched down the sisle in high dudgeon. Getting outside he tried to put on the hat, but he found that by mistake he had taken one several sizes too small for him, in fact, a boy's hat. This made him pause. He stopped, reflected, made up his mind that he was wrong, and that this was a direct sign from heaven to prove it to him. So he walked meekly back up the isle, restored the hat to the communion table, took his seat and never again opposed instrumental music in the house of God. About the most sudden case of conversion on record.

How She Punished Him.

A young woman riding in a Boston horse car had endured for ten minutes the fixed gaze of an impertinent dandy, when a simple way of getting the better of him occurred to her. Assuming an expression of horror, which gradually relaxed into amusement, she looked steadfastly for a moment at a point on his coat collar just below his ear, and then with a quiet smile turned her eyes away. Never was the complacency of a young fool more completely disturbed. He fidgeted in his seat, went through dreadful contortions, and almost rolled his eyes out of their sockets in the effort to extend his range of vision to the point below the ear; brushed softly, eagerly, then frantically, the suspected spot, and at last, in an agony of apprehension, rushed out of the car, and into an adjacent bar-room in search of a mirror.

Over His Time.

"Well, how is your brother doing in St. Louis?" asked the first, as he halted a moment at the door of a business house on the Bowery. "Vhell, he doan' fail yet."

"Seems to be doing a good business?" "Seems dot vhay.

"Well, I hope he'll do first rate." "I hope so, too, but I dunno. He has been dere tree months und doan' fail yet, und I can't oxactly make out what he means. Six weeks vhas blenty of time to bust oop in a blace like St. Louis, und pay ten cents on der dollar?'-Wall

Street Daily News. Prohibition item: "Wake me up, darling, to-night and give me a toddy, said an Austin inebriate to his wife, as they were about to retire for the night. "But how will I know when you want

SHORT BITS.

No matter how homely a woman is, a looking-glass possesses no terrors

"You are setting us a bad example." as the algebra class said when the teacher

wrote a hard equation on the board. We frequently hear the expression. "Bee in a bonnet." Who ever saw a bonnet without a B in it?—Boston Star.

A witness in a New York court testified that he could drink a keg of lager and attend to business. He was a policeman, we believe .- Phil. News.

A Chicago girl said that she could not remember the number of her shoes, and then got mad because some one said that it was a good deal to tax one's memory with.

When a man is a fool and knows it, he is a comparatively harmless animal, but three quarters of our human life are caused by fools who are not aware of the

The second day after a young aspirant for Thespian honors begins his first engagement in a two-line part he makes it a point to speak contemptuously of "am-Rev. Mr. Cook thinks there is nothing

like a journey round the world to take the conceit out of a man. But we sup-pose Mr. Cook can't afford to make thirty or forty circuits. A bald-headed man who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered,

wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers .-Cincinnati Saturday Night. A New Yorker has been fined \$300 for

giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. That's right; give to boys as much as you like, but don't try to poison our giraffes .- Oil City Derrick. A young widow was asked why she was going to wed so soon after the death

of her first husband. "Oh, la!" said she; "I do it to prevent worrying myself to death on account of dear Tom. "My brethren," said Swift, in a ser-"there are three kinds of pridemon. of birth, of riches, and of pride. I shall

now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice. "I'll go if I see fit !" was the exclamation of Mrs. Tweezers, as her husband demurred at her attending a ball. "I'll

go if I see fit." "Very well, then; you'll see fits if you go !" was the crusty reply. The French authorities have captured Louise Michel, After seeing her picture in a New York illustrated paper, remarks the Baltimore American, we trust that we may be allowed to hope that they will

keep her. Muskrats are, somehow, very plenty in the streets of Lynn, and so many folks are gunning for them that a man who turns a corner suddenly is quite liable to get his legs filled up with shot intended for a rat.

Standing on ceremony: "That was a funny story Mr. Dixon told, Aunt Jessie —the one that made you laugh so much, you know!" "Yes; why didn't you laugh, Ida?" "Oh, I don't know Mr. Dixon well enough."

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all. Washington Irving. One lady at the Vanderbilt ball repre-

sented a pack of cards. Several gentle-men appeared as knaves, and the "Douce" were more than four railroad kings in the pack. - Low. Cour. A make-up that would be popular:

"Yes," said a man in the theater gallery, "the make-ups were generally fair, but there was one make-up that I would like to see-a make-up for lost time between the acts. - Boston Transcript.

The examination of cash in the treasury has thus far revealed a deficit of five cents in a bag of silver. It is barely possible that in a fit of abstraction one of the clerks borrowed half dime to buy beer and forgot to return it on a salary day,-N. Y. Com.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions, and yet a man who suspected that his wife was going to ask him about where he was the night before, couldn't get into a position in that chair which seemed comfortable.-Bos. Post.

The St. Joseph Mo. police justice who in dismissing a case the other day said, "I shall dismiss every case of woman in-sulting where it can be shown that the woman first flirted with the accused,' should be promoted to the court of equity if it can be proved that he is not 'masher' himself.

If biennial means once in two years and triennial once in three years, Boyce of St. Albans, Vt., wants to know why bi-weekly doesn't mean once in two weeks, and tri-weekiy once in three weeks. And by the same token, why doesn't centennial mean a hundred times in a year?-Low. Cour.

"Why didn't you return me that poem I sent for your examination?" angrily asked a man presumably possessed with the divine afflatus. The critic sweetly smiled as he replied, "I intended to wait until the two-cent postage law went into effect and then—" But the irate versifier had disappeared like a house a-fire.

The Pittsburg Commercial, apropos of the presence of Dukes, the murderer at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, advises the citizens not to drive him out of town. The Commercial man has evidently heard of the Oxford Don who, seeing an obnoxious proctor in the hands of the students, cried aloud: "Don't nail his ears to the pump." And they were

nailedt Vennor predicted sometime ago that 'April will enter on Sunday with a March storm." That April did enter on Sunday proved true, according to the almanae and the enforcement of the penal code; but the March storm was left out in the cold. Vennor is hereby notified that if nothing happens, Fourth of July this year will enter on Wednesday .- N. Y. Com.

A writer who makes woman the subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams at night, makes public his conclusion that a good looking woman seldom or never displays her foot in publie. The next time, he says, you see a lady exhibiting her foot rather gener-