NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you've anything to grieve you, And Gil your heart with fears, If Poverty bides near you, And your days are dimined by tears, if you bud with souidespatring No answer to your prayers, Don's say a word alkout it, for Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you, And pain and sickness briag A gloom that clouds the sunshine And shadows everything. If you feel that lot so weary But seldom mortal bears, Don't say a word about it, for Nobody really cares.

This world is fond of pleasure, And, take it at its best, The saily bored unless you Meet it with smille and jest; It yawns o'er Want's complainings, At Borrow coldly stares, So never tell your troubles, for Nobody really cares. -Margaret Eylinge, in Harper's Weckly.

IN HASTE.

An Important Letter, Three Broken Eggs and a Telegram.

It was when postage stamps were three cents apiece, and eggs twelve and and a half cents a dozen, that Mr. Huggins, the proprietor of the little country store at Elkion, sat at his high desk one dreary afternoon, with his head studiously bent over his book, making out an account of sales.

"Please sir," suddenly interrupted a thin, small voice proceeding from the space in front of the desk, "will you give me a stronp for these three eggs,

and you needn't mind the change." Mr. Huggins slowly lifted his eyes from the b'g book, to look for the small speaker below them.

It was a mite of a girl, not more than six years old, who held a letter in one hand and with the other tightly grasped her apron gathered together for the safe keeping of three eggs lying within.

Mr. Huggins' senses had been so ab-sorbed in the difficulties of his long sum addition, that it was several momenta efore he could recall them and bring them down to a level with the little head lifting itself engerly up to him; but reaching out his hand mechanically, he took the letter, and supposing he would immediately take the eggs also, would immediately take the eggs also, the little girl incationaly opened her apron, when, alas, with a pip! pip! pip! as though they were kissing each other a hasty good-by, out rolled the eggs, and with a smash! smash! smash! hay on the floor, a medley of gold and silver, and ivory shells! For one moment the poor little mea-

For one moment the poor little messenger stood silent with dismay, and lifting her distressed face to that of Mr. Huggins, she burst into a wall so pitiful that the heart of the store-keeper wast ouched with compassion.

"Why, what on earth did you open your apron for, little gal?" said he, by way of soothing her.

"To -let- you-get - the- eggs." sobbed the child. "I thought you were going to take them." "And so I was," he answered, "but

you ought not to have let go your grip till I had hold of them. Well, well, they won't hatch now, that's certain," they won't hatch now, that's certain," he continued, with a touch of philoso-phy in his tone, "but there's no more use crying over's mashed eggs than over split milk; you ought to be glad there are so few of them; and what were you asking me to do with them?" them P

"To give me a stamp, please, sir. seen a little latter riding But oh, what will mother do now! Her nearest railroad station. an't go and she said it was to

The little eyes beamed like stars through the failing tears. "O, sir, if you would." she cried, "and when my ien lays three more eggs I will be sure

to bring them to you." She turned quickly to the door, but pausing there, as if with an unconquerble impulse, she looked back, saying "And if you please, sir, do make it p fast, for that's what she said-in haste. it go

"That child has got more heart than head," thought Mr. Huggins to himself as he silently watched her depart withas he silently watched her depart who-out making further efforts to explain mail regulations. He knew the little customer quite well as the child of Widow Carson, who had come to the widow carson, who had the first of those terrible floods that had sent so many homeless ones back from the banks of the treacherous Ohio. It was said that her husband had perished in the waves after placing his wife and child in safety, and here she had lived ever

since in a little log cabin not far from the store, where with her small patch of corn and potatoes she supported, as best she could, herself and Jess and the little yellow dog. But only a few days previous to this, Mr. Huggins had felt compelled to refuse her any further credit, till the bill, slowly lengthening on his big book, was paid up, and it was doubtless because of this that she had not sent to him, at once to ask the ad-

vance of a stamp for this all-important letter. Meditatively he looked at the envelope, with the address scrawled in so tremulous and unpracticed a hand that he doubted much whether it would ever reach its destination, and the words of Jessie returned to his mind-"She said if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste."

It seemed a sufficient permission to the kind thought in his heart, and opening the awkwardly sealed covering, Mr. Huggins with difficulty made out the words written evidently by a hand the tremulous with emotion:

"I have just heard you were seen in Rockport yesterday. looking for Jess and me; it seems too good and wonderful to be true, but I write at once to say that we are here, and God grant my letter may reach you in time. I will write 'in haste' on it, and I will pray day and night that He will make it go quickly, for Jess and I are in such need that unless you come to us soon, I do not know what will become of us. We have mourned for you so long as dead that I can scarcely write now for the beating of my heart at the thought of seeing you again." Though Mr. Huggins was often

called a rough, cold man, yet there was certainly a strange moisture in his eyes as he closed the letter. In a moment he had taken in the whole situation. Jessie's father, then, was not dead as supposed, but had been separated from his wife and child on that terrible night, and had lost sight of them. The sorow ing woman had just heard that he had een seen seeking those who mourned him; but it was evident that he was not long to remain at Rockport. What if this chance of reunion should be lost. These words, "I will pray day and night that God will make my letter go

Striding from the store and locking the door behind him, Mr. Huggins was

seen a little latter riding rap' ly to the "I want this telegram sent at once,"

SMUGMUGGERY.

the Astonishing Changes Which Result from Removal of Beard and Mustache.

A wave of smugmuggery is engulfing he land. To those who do not know what the scientific term smugmuggery means, I might explain that it refers to those who transform themselves into mugwumps by shaving off their whiskers and mustaches. It is a barber's recognize him-all on account of his smugmug.

I desire to point out some of the disasters that have occurred through the slavish following of this new fashion. I don't suppose that I shall be able to check this growing evil, but the instances that have come to my knowledge may serve as a warning to some who have not yet become smugwumps. There was John G. Stivers, for instance. Stivers wore a long, black of the reign of the grand king the "Petit Homme Rouge" showed himself to Louis XIV., and then followed a beard topped by a mostache, and you doubtless have noticed when you spoke to him about anything that he had the habit of striking his long, black beard slowly in a way that certainly left the impression that Stivers was a deep² a

very deep-thinker. I know that was the effect it had on me. I remember a few weeks ago meeting him, saying, "Well, Mr. Stivers, looks as if we were going to have a Russian war?" Stivers stroked his beard thoughlfully, and said:

"Yes, it looks that way. But -

well, you wait a few days." "Now," said I to myself as I left him, "there's a man who has studied the Afghan matter in all its bearings. No

flippant opinion there." "Well, of course you've seen Stivers since he shaved! The weak, irresolute mouth and receding thin is now in full view. I happen to know that in a very short time he was to have been taken in as a partner in the house of Ready, Made & Co., the clothiers, whose contidential clerk he has been for so many years-manager I might say. Now he thinks his whole trouble arises from the fact that, when he went into the establishment just after shaving Mr. Made approached him smillingly and said: "Anything we can show you to-day, sir?" Of course it made a big laugh when the clerks saw that old Made had

been trying to sell something to his own manager, but that was not the trouble. Mr. Ready himself told me that it astonished him to think they had ever sought the advice of such a man, and of course now any mistakes that had happened in over purchase and that sort of thing were laid to the charge of Stivers' suggestions. Now he is out of employthe ment, and no one ever prefixes "Mr." to his name. It is pitiful to see the way his hand wanders aimlessly around his smooth face searching for

Then there was Dr. Schuyler Brown. Tuileries, and only three years later he quickly," and the wan, anxious face of little Jess rose together before Mr. Huggins' mind, and with a sudden movement he rose abruptly, saying half aloud: "And my name is not Huggins if it don't groups which are a sudden about the prescribed for by so boyish a look-ing man. By the time he lost half his practice the facts of the case dawned on Picayune. him, and his leaving will doubtless bring back patients and beard.

I see by the papers that Mrs. Simp-kins Calendar has got her divorce from poor Simpkins. Of course the very ght of his smugmug in court was

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND. THE SPECTER IN RED.

the French People. The Ponderous Joke Which Colonel Dick Beight Played Upon Him.

mons and disastrous war, the death

the king's own death. Louis XV. next

king and queen sat at the council table;

the Princess Elizabeth sat beside her

mother, who held the young dauphin in

her arms, and from time to time stood

by name, was destined to be the imme

Something Better.

anted the French throne and was

Colonel Dick Bright, of Indiana, bears There exists a tradition that the Louoff the honor of perpetrating the first re, he great square and the Tuileries alase, where it stood over there to our joke at the expense of the new Attorney-"ght, are haunted by a spector called General, himself an inveterate joker and "Le Petit Homme Rouge." The ap-a hearty lover of good fun. While carance of this specter is always fol- Colonel Bright wasSergeant-at-Arms of wed by a national misfortune-civil the Senate his personal relations with commotion, revolution, public disaster, Mr. Garland, then a member of that or the death of the head of State. When body, were intimate and cordial. The Catharine de Medicis built the Tuileries two gentlemen, indeed, became warm she took forcible possession of a lot of friends, and have since remained so. since took forcible possession of a lot of other people's property, including a hutcher shop, the owner of which was known among his neighbors as the "Lit-the Man in Red," because of his bloody bainess. This butcher was the witness of some of the adventures of Kate de Medicis, and, in order to be sure of his dience, the queen-mother had him de-sured into a subterranean pasagoway ears since early in the morning had wed into a subterranean passageway been poured a ceaseless flood of praise hat connected the Tuileries with the and appeal in the interests of men seek-Lohvre, where he was murdered. The ing office. "Dick, old fellow," said the Attorneypirit of this poor fellow took up its

bode in the garret of the new palace, ad ever since he has been a herald of General, advancing with his hand extended and wearing a pleasant smile, eath or misfortune. In the latter days 'I'm glad to see you.

The two clasped hands and dropped down on a sofa side by side. Mr. Garland had a pleasant chat in prospect, and the hope of hearing a new story or of the Duke of Bourgogne and his wife Whin six days of each other, and then

"Mr. Attorney-General, you look fa-tigued," said Colonel Bright, sympathetically.

called by his people "le bien aime." One day the "Little Man in Red" showed "Dick, I am fatigued. I'm glad it's all over for the day, and I'm glad you are here. It's refreshing to talk to a man on some other subject than office." self to the king, and not long after he died with smallpox, loathed and de-serted; he died as hated and detested a Mr. Garland took one of Colonel monarch as ever sat on a throne. Poor Bright's hands and rubbed it down Louis XVI. must have seen the butcher's with a gentle stroke. Colonel Bright, ghost the first night he slept in the Tuileries after that howling mob had all unobserved, smiled a very wicked, forced the royal family to move into Paris from Versailles. On the 20th of smile. He then straightened up and assumed a slightly embarrassed and se-

June, 1792, the sans culottes gathered in this Place du Carrousel and forced "Senator," he said, dropping into the old title, "I'm sorry to disappoint you; but I am seeking office myself. I have their way into the palace. For six long hours the royal family were forced to witness a defile of the vilest scum come in late to get an uninterrupted audience. through such rich apartments. The

Mr. Garland's face lengthened and a small sigh escaped him. But he rallied and said in his old way:

"Well, I'm glad to see you, anyhow. State your case, old fellow."

him on the table for the people to look at. One fellow took off his red cap and placed it on the head of the infant "We have always been good friends, Senator," began Colonel Bright; "the very best, I trust. I served you when I could when in office." dauphin, who began to laugh and amuse himself by peeping out from under it at the crowd. The beast of a

"You did more than I ever asked you Santerre, finding that this baby incident to, and I can never forget it," generously admitted Mr. Garland.

was putting the rabble into a good humor, shouted out: "Take off that "Well, then, I ask a small return now," replied Colonel Bright. "I cap. Don't you see it is stifling the child?" Among the spectators of this don't want any of these places here at home, where there is such a scramble, extraordinary scene was a young lieubut I want to go abroad. If there is no tenant of artillery, who, as he walked away when all was over, remarked: other applicant deemed worthier of the place, I should like to be made In-"With these cannon planted at the palace door, I could have swept the Place du Carrousel of all this canaille in spector of Pork at Jerusalem. I am well indorsed for the place, as you will see," handing over some papers. "I ask your assistance to get it. I can imfive minutes." That officer, Bonaparte agine no objection to me, unless it should be urged that, being from a hog-raising country, I might become the diate successor of Louis XVI. in the had an opportunity three years nater he had an opportunity to show the effect of skillfully handled guns on a mob, when from the steps of St. Roch Church he cleared the same place and put an end to the reign of terror.—*Paris Cor. N. O.* ereature of a pork ring and force only one kind of meat on the Jerusalem market. My character, however, is good enough, I trust to survive such an assault.

Mr. Garland had mechanically taken the Colonel's papers and heard him through without once catching on. He had actually begun to read the applica-She stood on the front steps gazing tion, which had been made out in due at the eclipse through a bit of smoked form, before the light dawned upon

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

-To stab the people's Free School is to pierce our country in the heart-is matricide -W. H. Venable, in Intelli-

-The cost of the maintenance of re-ligion in the United States is estimated at one-half cent per annum for each individual.

-"It is doubtful," says the New York Graphic, "if there are fifty men in the United States who speak and write the English tongue correctly." It is probable that every one of these fifty or less is teaching a foreign language in a university.—Chicago Current.

-The annual meeting of the Ameri-can Tract Society was held at Washingcan Iract Society was need at Washing-ton, D. C., recently. The reports showed receipts of the year, \$357,470; ex-penditures, \$345,083; books, tracts and periodicals circulated, 9,250,000; numper of colporteurs, 161, who made 155,-225 family visits.

-The nine leading denominations in London provide sittings as follows: Church of England, 677,645; Congre-gationalists, 172,547; Baptists, 136,178; Wesleyans, 96,140; Salvation Army, 35, 180; President and 32,221; Principle 35,180: Presbyterians, 32,221; Primitive Methodists, 17,785; Methodist Free Church, 17,100; Roman Catholic, 51,-190.

-The growth of the Free School in popular favor has had a striking dem-onstration in Berlin. In 1883, 122.098 children received gratuitous instruction as against 53.783 in 1872, while only 34,646, or 22 in 100, children paid for instruction in 1883, as against 33,995, or 39 in 1872. At the present time about four-fifths of the Berlin children are educated at public expense.

-In New York there are 489 churches. chapels and missions, which have ac-commodations for 375,000 persons. The 396 Protestant places of worship can accommodate 275,000. Of the 304,782 children in the city, 115,826 are in Sun-day-schools, while 103,329 is the estimated attendance at the day schools, public and private. The current expenses of the churches amount to about \$3,000,000 a year. -N. Y. Herald,

-In a report to the Baptist General Association Dr. Evans states that while Pennsylvania had a population of about 4,500,000 only 500,000 are members of Evangelical churches. There are eleven counties with a population of 300,000 without a single Baptist Church and five counties each having only a single church of the Baptist denomination. There is only about one Baptist to every sixty-six or sixty-seven of the popula-

says that when some one asked Rev. Dr. Meredith how he would deal with Christians who refuse to join the church, the eminent divine made this characteristic reply: "I would talk with them, I would not tell them they could not go to heaven unless they joined the church. but that they had better do so. - I think I would talk to them in this way. If I were going to Europe I would go down to the Cunard wharf and take passage with others on a large vessel made on purpose for such a voy-age. But if I were a fool I would take an eighteen-foot dory!"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Speaking of names, one of the "characters" of Providence, R., I. is an aged negro of diminutive stature, who is happy in the possession of the name of Clorious Valorious George Washington Peck Hamilton Stout.-N. Y. Tribune.

-Hugo Arnot one day when panting

tion. -A writer in the Congregationalist

start at once and go in haste!"

seemed to realize more and more the extent of the disaster.

"To go in haste," repeated Mr. Hug-gins, with a smile of superior knowl-edge. "Yes, I see, she has written on it in haste, in haste." Well, that might it 'in haste, in haste.' Well, that might have done some good, perhaps, fifty years ago, when letters were carried about the country on horseback; I doubt if it will hurry up the steam cars very much. But for mercy sake, little gal, do stop crying!' he ejaculated sudden-ly as the deepening sobs smote his heart anew and brought him back to the business on hand. "Didn't I tell year there's no use criting over sumshed you there's no use crying over smashed eggs! So, look up now and tell me what is the great haste about this particular letter!"

"O, I don't know 'zackly, sir," answered the child, tearfully, "but I know it is something very particular indeed, and will break mother's heart a'most to knew it hasn't gone. You see, she had been over to Miss Riley's and she come back with the tears all running down her checks, and she hunted round till she found this paper and a pencil, and wrote the letter with her hand all in a tremble. But after it was all done up, she just remembered that she hadn't a stamp, and I ran as fast as I could to Miss Riley's, but she hadn't one, nor any money either, and mother just sank down and cried as if her heart would break, and then, sir-wasn't it lucky-I know a stamp cost three cents, and I just throught of my old hen. Buff, who was laying eggs that I wanted so to hatch, and there was just three in the hatch, and there was just three in the nest, but I couldn't see mother cry so, and I ran out and brought i...m in to her, and she was so glad—well, I wish you could have seen her—and she said: 'Thank God for the eggs, Jess, and run as fast as you can, for this letter must go in haste,' in haste, that's just what she said—but oh, the eggs are all broken now, and what will mother do!'' The long story came to an abrupt end

The long story came to an abrupt end with a fresh wall of grief.

"Well, don't take it so to heart, child," said Mr. Huggins with his gruft kindliness. "There's no great harm done; the letter can't go till to-morrow any how, for the mail has been gone se three hours

"To-morrow!" repeated the little girl in diamay. "O, sir, mother won't sleep a wink to-night if she knows that; she said a day might make it too late, and that if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste." "But that's all nonsense, child."

said Mr. Huggins, beginning to lose patience. "There's no such thing these days ; letters now all go one way and in one time, and that's a deal quicker than they once did. . But you run ho now, and if you like you run home now, and if you like you needs't tell rour mother anything about the wait-ing, nor the eggs either; I'll put a stamp on for you and send it as soon as a can."

he said. handing a slip of paper to the The sobs grew louder as the little girl clerk, on which was written. "To John Carson, Boatman's Tavern, Rock-

port: "Jess and I are here; come at once, and in-quire at the Eikton store for the house. "Many Carsos." Rockport was only a hundred miles

away, and Mr. Huggins e.st many an expectant glance next day alon; the road leading from the ration. And sure enough, about half an hour after the three o'clock train had whistled, a sun-burnt stranger with eager, anxious face, came down that road and hurriedly entered the store.

"Can anyone tell me where Mary Carson lives?" he asked, nervously, of Mr. Huggins.

"Yes, my friend, and I will lead you a part of the way myself," answered the proprietor, promptly, and without losing oment the two were soon in sight of the little log cabin.

"That's the house," said Mr. Huggins, you can easily find the rest of the way alone. and with these words he turned back, leaving the stranger to hasten onward.

He heard the little dog give its quick, yelping bark, and a backward glance showed I im Jessie already at the gate, and the mother standing with clasped hands motionless in the door-way; but this was all, and you and Mr. Huggins both will have to imagine the rest of the story .- L. L. Robinson, in N. Y. Observer.

Too Much Jersey.

"Does your wife wear a jersey?" blandly asked the smooth-tongued dry goods clerk of Farmer Furrow, who was making a few purchases for his better half.

"Now, look a-here, young fellow," said the old granger, with a look of mingled scorn and ferocity, "don't yer be too fresh. I may be a countryman, but I'll be darned if I'll take y guft

from ver." "Why, I didn't mean a ything, tim-idly retorted the clerk. "I merely asked

"Well, sir, if that's all yer want to know I'll tell yer. She milks Jerseys and feeds 'em and waters 'em, but, by gosh! she doesn't wear 'em, confour yer picter!"-N. Y. Herald.

-We notice that the new code physicians won a victory at the Academy of Medicine, in New York Thursday night by electing a full ticket. We don't know the code, but presume it is to put "Dr." after the patient's name and collect of the administrator.—Lowell

Courier.

-According to reports an application of gun-cotton has been made in such a manner that it will eventually supersede the use of steam for the purpose of light locomotion and driving small machinery.-N. Y. Tribune.

-The sale of cigarettes to children in Missonri is forbidden by law.

enough to turn the case against him. Simpkins wasn't a bad-looking fellow when bearded like a pard, but the transformation was something awful. Why the man was idiotic enough to shave is a mystery to his friends. He ought to have remembered how he looked without a beard.

The fashion spares neither o'd por. young. I met old John Mortimer yesterday out for the first time in three weeks, and he looked haggard with the gray stubble of a three weeks' growth on his face. I think it served John right. I told him a month ago that that brutal dog would kill somebody yet; but Mortimer thought because the dog knew him it was all right. It was useless to tell old Mortimer that the brute had selected samples of the cloth-ing of every friend that had the cour-age to call at the house. When the old man came home that night shaved smooth the dog did not recognize him, and so kept him up the tree in the front yard till Mrs. Mortimer and young John came home from the singing meeting. Young John would have brought him down from the tree with his revolver, too, if he had had it with him, for the old man was so hoarse with shouting that he could not speak above a whisper, and they thought he was a

treed tramp. It is rather enrious how the scar on the upper lip of that McAdam who was arrested last week for the Chicago defalcation led to his being identified. No one was more astonished than Brown. Brown said he would have trusted him with any amount. The case has been so fully reported in the papers that it is needless for one to go over it. Seems to me McAdam would rather have consulted safety than fashion. His mustache will have a chance to grow before he is at liberty to select his own barber again. You might have noticed in the society

columns some weeks ago that young Froman was engaged to Stimson Jones oldest. Well, that match is off. Came off with Froman's beard. She said she had no idea the corners of his mouth in western Paris.—Paris Cor. N. Y. jeopardized his cars to such an extent. She never dared say anything funny for fear he would smile. Finally the match was broken off. She couldn't

stand that mouth. Of course the above instances are

well known; otherwise I would not mention them. It shows the surprising effect of smugmuggery. Let the young men of this country think twice before they smng their mugs.-Anti Smugmug, in Detroit Free Press.

- Florida oranges are being exported from Boston to Liverpool in large quan-tities. A lot of one hundred boxes. which were shipped recently, arrived in good condition, and were sold at satis-factory prices, although they came in competition with the Mediterraneau competition oranges, which are sold in England at low prices.

glass, and the old fellow stopped his him. his wagon and gazed all around in search of the attraction. Discorning nothing unusual he called out:

"What is it, marm-what's the riot?" "The eclipse," she answered. "Whar is it?"

"On the sun."

"Y-e-s, does seem a leetle dim up thar," he said, after a long squint, "but, Lor'-a-massy, it's nuthin' tur grown folks to waste their time over! If you want to see sunthin' better-sunthin' real excitin'-come out hum with me. I've got a five-legged calf, a two-headed chicken and an oak tree as was struck by lightnin', and you kin see 'em all without a glass an' have a biled dinner on top of 'em for nuthin'. 'Clipse of the sun, eh! Well, now, how little it does take to tip some folks off their balance!"-Detroit Free Press.

A Parisan Suicide.

A dramatic scene was enacted recently in the Rue Pierre Charron. A man of lean countenance, worn, haggard, unkempt, and thinly clothed. stood at the corner of the street, a prey to the deepest distress. Addressing the passers-by, he declared that he was ruined, and that his children had not it toward his breast, and fired. He was raised and carried to the entrance of a house, and upon his coat being opened his shirt was found to be deeply dyed with blood. A warm-hearted member of the crowd which had assembled undertook to make a collection for the wounded man's family, and was pro-ceeding to pass round the hat when the police came to transport the suicide to the hospital. Hereupon the suicide dis-appeared with the revolver and the warm-hearted man with the collection. Evening Post.

Then his lips began working, team at the curbstone and stood up in and, the start once made, the corners of his mouth ran away toward his ears. and the Attorney General subsided in a hearty roar of laughter. Colonel Bright joined in, and the two friends again

shook hands. "Dick," said Mr. Garland, rising and walking off a few steps, "what will you take to go over and try your game on Bayard? Do it; and you can com-mand me for the best dinner in Washington.'

But Colonel Bright was afraid. He felt that he didn't know the Secretary well enough. He contented himself with lunching with Mr. Garland at Mr. Garland's expense on what he had al-ready accomplished .- Washington Telegram.

The Average Cost of Living.

How many persons have even a rough dea of the average sum upon which by far the larger part of the citizens of the United States are fed. clothed and housed? A recent statistician estimates that eighty per cent. of the population of this country is supported by from forty-five to fifty cents per capita a day. At the latter figure this makes \$164.25 as the average annual cost of living; but, as by average we mean the balance between extremes, there must be many touched food for days. Suddenly he live upon. That fifty cents a day is a generous estimate will be admitted when it is remembered that many mill operatives earn only from five to seven dollars a week, and that the wages of farm hands run from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and that on these sums several persons are often supported. When it s remembered, too, that some other human beings have a yearly income equal to what is necessary for the subistence of 500 or 1.000 of these "average" mortals, the startling contrast between the extremes of our modern society must be most evident .- Philadelhia Bulletin.

A Pin Piano.

Mr. E. M. Taber, the librettist of 'Desiree," was a clerk in the Pension Office, and his desk was immediately text to the wainscoting of the hall. After he left his successor made a dis-covery. Ranged along the wooden walnscoting was a row of pins, the low-est deeply imbedded in the wood, the highest simply far enough indented to keep it from falling out. There was such an evident purpose in this row of pins that the attention of the chief of the division was called to it. Running his finger-nail along the row, he found that each pin represented a natural note or a semi-tone. It took but a minute more to play a tune upon this pin piano, and, until the novelty wore off, Mr Taber's ingenious arrangement of pins was a source of amusement to his form-er fellow-clerks. - Washington Post.

with asthma was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling ovsters below his window. "The extravagant rascal," said Hugo, "he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month."

-Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the "obliquity of the ecliptic to the terrestrial horizon." This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later. - Chicago Tribune.

-Little girl on a visit to St. Louis-"O, mamma, I think this must be heaven." "Do you, pet? Why. "Don't you see, mamma, all the ladies and gentlemen have wings, but they are on the sides of their heads instead of on their backs." "Hush, darling. Those are not wings."

-"You say, Mr. Simpkins, you want to marry?" observed Miss De Silva. "Yaas, I want to find the richest and prettiest woman in the world, who will marry me for love. Can you tell me where to find her? "Indeed, I can't," replied the young lady. "My acquaintance with insane asylums is very slight."-Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

-A young lady at home from board-ing school for the holidays was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied: "No. I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity." The young lady never was asked if she would have anything over again .--Chicago Inter Ocean.

-"Do you eat hash with a fork?" asked the landlady of her new boarder. "No, ma'am," he responded, kindly. "Ah.you eat it with a knife, then?" with "An you can a what a improval. "No, some evidence of disapproval. "No, ma'am," he repeated, more timidly than before. "Indeed, Pray, may I ask how you do eat it?" "Yes, ma'am." "With tear and trembling, "How?" ma'am." He left the same day.-Merchant Traveler.

-Many men of many minds: -Many men of many minds: The man who writes, and writes in verse. Is seldom worth a linker's curse. The man who plays the violin, Is always lanier than sin. Grae man no thinks he knows it all. D splays a mighty sight of gall. The man who thinks himself the best. Is he whom we should all detest. But he who pays the printer is The noblest Roman in the "biz." -Big Springs (Tex.) Pantagraph. - "Pa. does the samagre come out of

-"Pa, does the sausage come out of its hole on Candlemas day and look around for its shadow so as to make an early spring. Ma says it does." "What are you diking about?" said the papa to the little boy. "It is the ground hog that comes out of its hole, not the sansage." "Well, ain't sansage ground hog?" and the little one went off on his roller skates as though shot out of a gun, leaving the old man to worry over the incipient punster in an otherwise respectable family,-Peck's Sun.

The head flatsuch a way as to lessen the chance of leaking. - Chicago Journal.

-Mrs. Gadabout-"Well, they say woman is a conundrum, anyway." Mr. G .- "You are just about the easiest co nundrum I ever did see." "I am? Why?" "I never come home without finding you out."-Philadciphia Call.

-An improved lead-headed nail for

use in putting on corrugated iron roofs has made its appearance in the market. The shank of the nail is round and sufficiently sharp at the point to enter the wood readily, and may be driven home in the usual way. tens under the blows of the hammer. or a punch may be used, which will give it a conical head. The lead of the head

comes in contact with the sheet iron in