The footsteps of the dead.
But no sound I hear, and no sight I see,
For my love comes back no more to me.

How soft the light of her tender eyes.

As she smiled in her sad, aweet way:
As we stood beneath the glowing skies
At the close of that blissful day!
That smile, when I close my eyes, I see,
But my love comes back no more to me. Too fond for kisses or warm embrace.

What could we do but stand, And give and take, with tender grace, The theil of a classing hand? That hand no more in mine shall be, For my love comes back no more to me.

If love and pity go hand in hand,
How quickly they may learn
What grief remains for those who stand,
And wait their love's return.
That grief in my heart must always be.
For my love comes back no me to me. -Henry Schell Lobingier, in Current.

STEP-MOTHERS.

A Few Words in Behalf of This Misjudged Class.

The world is every day growing more humane, more just and charitable. The narrow, social, secular and religious walls that have so long divided man from man are breaking down. Human sympathies are broadening, ample elbow-room and fair play seems to be the motto of the present generat on.

But amid all the humanitarian progress of our age there remain a few prejudices that like rank weeds defy all efforts at extermination, and foremost among these is the old time prejudice against step mothers, a class that with mothers-in-law may justly claim to be the most ill-treated port on of the human race.

The step-father and the father-in-law awaken none of this antipathy which society, with an unpardonable lack of chivalry, visits upon that so-called weaker sex it claims to protect and cherish.

The very word step mother recalls a series of portraits now pathetic, now repellent-portraits stowed away in most memories from fairy tales and picture-books that were both the delight and torture of childish days. On the one hand we see the step-child halfclad, half-fed, groaning under the lash of a cruel task-mistress and tyrannical usurper-a pale, sad, forlors, ghostly little creature, who, after the arduous tasks of the day are ended, steals softly to the grave of the own mother to pour forth unavailing plaints and tears upon that senseless sod-to pray in agony to be laid at rest from life's sorrows by the side of the one heart that has beat in

unison with its own. The reverse of this doleful picture is the step-mother—a grim, remorseless female with cast-iron features and Medusa glance, with a nose and chin sharp as her temper and almost meeting over the toothless jaws, with long arms ending in skeleton fingers that delight in blows, with a heart hard, preverse and hideous as its outward tenement.

The world abounds in step-mothers. We all know them, but who has ever seen one answering to this picture? The actual step-mother is no being apart; like men and women in general, she has her full share of faults and virtues. But in her case the faults are exaggerated, the virtues scarcely recognized She is a martyr to whom few are willing to accord the martyr's crown; a tragic heroine who may never expect to find her poet. Her history, save in exceptional cases, may be sketched as follows:

By marrying a widower she has become at the same moment both wife and mother. She enters the new home with a heart full of kindly sentiments. with a sincere desire to take the own mother's place to the child or children Heaven has bereft of maternal care. The more children there are, the harder and more complicated becomes her task. We will take the easiest case and suppose there is only one, but that this one is a girl-a less facile subject for step-motherly management than a boy.

The step-mother's lirst meeting with her little charge (whom its father's fond eulogies had led her to believe an angel all but the wings) is not encouraging. She finds averted glances where had hoped for the gaze of truthful, trustful eyes; her caresses are repelled, her loving words awaken no response.

"The little one is shy and distant like most children in the presence of strangers," says the father; "she will soon learn to love you."

Months pass. The child has grown accustomed to the new mother's presence, to the new atmosphere of care and tenderness, but she remains distant. The little soul, that should warm to these caresses as the spring soil warms to the sunlight, is still cold and unresponsive. The sweet cherub has smiles for others, sunny glances, kindly words and merry laughter for all the world but her step-mother. Her gayety abroad is in strange contrast with her sullen obstinacy at home. Her heart seems an Æolian harp, responsive to every kindly outside breath, echoing every voice of affection save that from

her step-mother's lips.
The step-mother broods over all this, asking herself the reason, and questioning her own conscience as to any remission in duty. She little dreams that some outside Penelope is all the while busy unraveling her home-work. This Penelope is presumably a relative or bosom friend of the first wife, who from a misguided sense of loyalty to the dead

thus wrongs the living. The child, on her visits to these old friends and relatives, finds herself the constant object of tearful lamentation. The one theme upon which they ring all sorts of changes, is her own mother -the one mother who loved her so dearly, who, were she living, would do so differently from the stranger who has usurped her place: this stranger whom it is nothing less than sacrilege to call by the sacred name of mother. In short, the child is given to understand, more by covert insinuation than by direct words, that any love or respect she awards the living mother is robbery of

the dead. Perhaps she learns this leason at home from some old family servant or govgrness-a person not bad at heart, the victim of a suspicious nature that magnifies molehills into mountains, or of a wawkish sentimentality that dis-

cerns in the dear departed-rendered doubly dear and sacred by death-virtues that would be impossible to any inhabitant of this world, "Poor motherless little creature!" "Sweet, for-saken darling!" "Lovely innocent." these words—uttered in every note of the gamut of sympathy—form the constant refrain of the tune the child hears early and late, and it is no wonder that she ere long comes to regard herself as the most forlorn and ill-treated of human beings. Thus early schooled in self-pity, in distrust and hatred, she is indeed an object of commiseration.

For the wisest reasons the step-mother den'es the child some wonted yet harmful indulgence, and thereby rouses a revolt among the whole circle of spies and meddlers. Their manner declares to the object of their jealous care, even though words be wanting, that this woman, who has thrust herself into the own mother's place, takes a malicious delight in crossing her, and grudges her even the most harmless pleasure.

How is this young creature to believe in one whom all around her distrust? How, in her inexperience, can she be expected to obey that golden rule of love even to one who despitefully uses

and persecutes her? Now comes the Christmas and fairy story books, with their gaily-colored pictures, to confirm what all the world says about step-mothers. These stories and illustrations are of all grades, from that of the step-mother who clothes herself and her own daughters in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, while the little step-child occupies a sort of Cinderella's place in the household, to that crowning atrocity of a step-mother, who murdered her little step-son and set his heart, nicely cooked and placed in a daintily povered dish, before his own father!

Credulity is the leading trait of early youth. To the child, printed books and painted pictures never lie. This child fairly groans under the weight of so much cumulative evidence against stepmothers, and learns to doubt at an age whose supreme happiness is unquestioning faith; to hate when the most beautiful privilege of the human heart is to

This poisoning of the very sources of the child's love and trust must needs react upon the step-mother. The noblest woman is still human. The Dona des of the old Greek myth, doomed through all eternity to attempt to fill a bottomless cask with water, were assigned no more hopeless task than that of the unloved step-mother.

The strongest sense of duty, the most unselfish magnanimity, are likely, in the long run, to succumb to ingratitude. To give out love, the heart must receive love. The stream not replenished from a living fountain soon runs dry. The kindest and most affectionate nature grows unsympathetic if it meet only indifference, and a slighted affection often changes into dislike and even

The wicked step-mothers of the storybooks and of the popular imagination have now and then found their counterpart in real life, but in only exceptional cases. The care of children, even if not one's own, tends to call out the best, rather than the worst, traits of womanly character.

Many a woman, in taking upon herolf the office of step-mother. seeks to kindle on the altar of a deserted temple the holy flame of a new affection and reverence. She sets for herself the high the midst of loneliness and desolat on: of being a true mother to children who have suffered that supreme earthly

affliction, the loss of an own mother. She gives to this work the best years. the best energies of her life, only to find the result estrangement, perhaps hatred. This state of things, deplorable as it is for her, is unutterably more so for the step-children, who are now forming characters for life, who must in after years look back upon childhood which should have been to them "a moment of God," as to a period of unrest, discontent and bitterness. Silent, intangible influences have been at work undermining the happiness of the home which might have been an Eden, but which has become a desert.

Who is to blame for all this? The common verdict of society, constituting itself both judge and jury, would condemn the step-mother, while the father and the step-children would be pronounced innocent. In the step-mother all family sins find a convenient scapegoat. We contend that while all these three parties may be at fault, the burden of guilt rests with outside people, with those influences of which we have spoken which come from without the home.

Let the woman who is not prepared to steel her heart against the steady assault of outside enemies, who is not confident of her power to conquer by love and good works the foes that may arise in that new household, remain far from the home where a bereaved husband bewails his loneliness, and where children, every one, most likely, an angelic being in his love-blinded eyes, await a step-mother.

If she feels within herself the spirit of both hero and martyr, she may venture to assume this cross, hoping for the crown that in the end awaits faithful endeavor and pious sacrifice. It may be given to her to perform that miracle possible but to few step-mothers-to win the entire love and confidence of

the children contided to her care. When she, too, lies beneath the sod, they may cherish her memory as that of a ministering angel who came to them in life's sorest need and desolation to replace the angel they had lost. And when light lips profane the name of step-mother, these step-children, burdened yet with an unpaid debt of affection and gratitude, may attest that next to the name of own mother it is the most sacred word on earth. Francis A. Shaw, in Chicago Interior.

-"If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, an old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi." "I don't 'spects we kin," the darkey replied doubtfully. "At what time was the ham 'stolen?" "Bout lebben o'clock, dey say." "Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?"
"No, sah; I wah hidin' de ham."—Texas

Siftings. -The common school system of New Orleans was established in 1843. It was I modeled exactly after that of Boston.

OLD BOTTLES.

In the cupboards of every house,

What Breomes of Them After They Have Reen Dumped Into the Alley

great majority of these bottles, it is very plain to see. were the receptacles for medi ice at one time. The size and shape, denote their u-e, evenit the chemical ofor that hangs about them did not betray the family medie ne bottle. Once a year, or perhaps not more than once in three years, the emploards, dark closets and corners of the house are raided and the collection of old bottles are dumped into the alle: the housekeeper won lering how it hap-pened that she overlooked the trach so long. What becomes of the old bottles is a quest on that here presents itself, and, after a little investigation, a reporter is able to answer it. Taking the bottle that is thrown away as a sample, for is chances for further usefulness seem the most forlorn, it would, if not broken by passing wheels, soon be saized upon by the rag-picker. There is a regular t ade in old, bottles, and special inquiry is made for them by the ragman who has a wagon. The all eventually find ther way to the same place, the warehouse or sorting-room of the wholesale dealer in rags, waste paper and other refuse matter. The old rag-picker brings in his assort uent of bottles to headquarters, and tuev are consigned to a special room, where they are treated to the first bath received -ince originally purchased. The washing is thorough enough to remove all di-coloration inside, and to take off any labels that may be attached. The various bottles are then carefully sorted, each size is put together, and when a sufficient number of one kind i collected they are packed in boxes hold ng one gross if mall, and from one to six dozen if of larger sizes, and put away for sale. The amount of homeopathic medi-

cine-bottles that thus reach the rag warehouse is enormous. These little receptacles of the sugar pellets and white powder distinctive of homeopathy find a ready sale to homeopathic doctors. The bottles are assorted and delivered re dy for use again at a much lower figure than the wholesale drugg st can supply them, and so there is a continual ebb and flow of the little bottles from the house to the alley. thence to the rag-house, and then back once more to the doctor's office. Ordinary druggists' vials are assorted in like manner, and find a ready sale among the smaller drug stores. Bottles of mixed grades, such as patent medicines are put up in, are more difficult to dispose of by the dealer. He finds a majority of them have the name of the medicine and the manufacturer's name blown into the glass, and the bottles can not be used very well for any other purpose than they were originally intended for w thout a poss bility of suit for damages being begun by the manufacturer. About a year ago a large a rag nferehant to a person who since I have been here."

preparation. The fraud was for the name blown in the glass deceived many into purchasing the bogus medvine. So many similar cases occurred stop the reusing of their bottles by a were returned to them in good order. This opened up a new field for the oldbottle man, and therefore all bottles that have patent-medicine manufact- them. urers' names blown in them are the most sought after, for there is a customer ready to but them who is only

too anxious to do so. Another class of bottle is the slightly damaged ones, old whisky bottles and a numerous assortment of unmarketable kinds. These are broken up and sold to bottle factories to be put in the furnaces and remixed with new material to be made over for the trade. Pop bottles and others used in kindred concoctions for consumpt on in saloons, etc., are rarely thrown away unless broken. The pop manufacturer allows a per centage off the selling price where the bottles are returned to him intact. A saloonkeeper who sells a bottle of pop to be taken away from his premises invariably requests the return of the bottle. and will pay a cent for it rather than not get it back .- (hicago News.

The Lawyers' Paradise.

A stranger who had been by adversaw, met a gentleman in Little Roo and said:

"Seem to have a pretty good contry here." "Yes."

"Much killing going on about hre?"
"Not very much." "Hang fellows here sometime don't they?"

"Sometimes." "Good opening here for a Awyer, I suppose? 'Yes, very good." "They tell me that a lawer in this

country is the boss." "Well, he seems to do vey well." 'Got a good many lawyrs out here that don't amount to such, I sup-

pose?" 'Yes, several." "That makes a good lawyer stand higher."

"A good lawyer his things pretty much his own way."
"Does very well." "So I have heard This is a great

place for criminal pactice?" "Yes, pretty good"."A lawyer can stand in with the Governor and may things how!?"

"Yes. I believe "Glad to hear | My name is Godon. What is yor name?"
"I am the Cornor."

Collapse. - Ajansaw Traveler. -"Globe Totters" is one of the names for th tourists who take the beaten track ound the world.

WHY THEY CON'T MARRY.

Lady Clerks in the Departments at Wash-

"She is a nice-looking girl, a very piled up in out-of-the-way corners, and nice-looking girl," and the speaker thrown about in dark and dusty nooks, threw his head on one side and assumed where the housewife only goes once a the gravely reflective air of a council year, when cleaning house, may be sear. The person thus criticised seen empty bottles of all sizes, shapes tripped along through the corridor of and colors. Some have curious-smell- one of the department buildings, apparing liquids in them that have been par- ently not only indifferent to any possitially used, and others are discolored ble criticism, but unconscious that she by the drying up of their contents. A was being looked at. She wore a dainty summer dress, and looked as feminine and sweet as a young, happy girl can look, and consequently the Star representative could not forbear remarking to the watchman, as he loitered near the door for a moment, that she was a pretty girl. This official glanced at the fair vis on, at first in a perfunctory sort of way, and then, as the influence of this feminine beauty penetrated his soul, he relaxed from his official indifference and uttered the above as his solemn if not enthusiastic conviction. The young lady, ho e er, was not aware that she had been officially stamped, as it were, as far as the infivence and author ty of the watch force went, but continued on her way to the desk where the Government claimed her services.

"There are a good many pretty girls employed in this department,' served the Star man as the watchman's eyes returned from to lowing the retreating form, and as his countenance resumed the gravity of official position. "Yes, there are," was the rather

brief answer, as if the matter was hardly worthy of further consideration. "I suppose that they all marry and leave you?" said the Star man, in a

"Indeed they don't." replied the watchman, with returning animation. "It is very seldom any of them get married.

matter-of-course tone of voice.

"Why, how is that?" asked the Star man, with great interest.

"I don't know that I can explain it," was the response, "but at any rate that is the fact, as far as my information goes. I have been in the Government employment for thirteen or fourteen years, and I don't recollect in all that time of more than four or five of the

ladies employed in this department get-

ting married. You evidently think that

because that young lady is pretty that

she will be married, but in a Govern-

ment department t e fair and plain seem to have about the same fate. "Why aren't they married?" persisted the listener, as he thought of the absurdity of such fair flowers being allowed to waste their fragrance in solitude. "They have opportunities. They are thrown continually in contact with men, and you know that department

clerks get married, and they seldom marry rich wives. "As I told you," answered the watch man, with some irritat on at the attempt to draw him into an argument, "I dor't know the reason why, but I know me fact, because it is the result of my own personal observation. When the clirks marry they choose a wife outside of the department, and they may not berich or half as pretty and smart as he ladies he meets in the department, but quant ty of Lottles that had contained in vertheless that is what thedeparta certain patent medic ne were sold by ment clerk does, and has always done

as engaged in counterfeiting the As he concluded with the gove, the watchman took up a newspaper, and it long time undetected, and was evident that the discussion was at be divided into six stores each, con-

an end as far as he was conjerned. The Star man, however, was not satis led with his conclusion, and the more that manufacturers took occasion to he thought about it the more he was convinced that the watchman was standing offer to buy back all that wrong. The matter began to grow in interest, and the Star nan, as he met with people who would be likely to throw light on the ubject, consulted

> One of these persons said: "I think that it is true but fw ladies in the departments marry, and the reason for it, in my opinion, i that they have acou red an independence and they don't care about reliquishing it. Of course, if an opportunty should be presented of making a killiant marriage and acquiring socul position and wealth, I think that is a majority of cases the ladies would accept it. But when a woman isearning her own living and has an in ome which she can use as she pleases a average marriage does not present he inducements that it does to womin who is differently situated. Beside, such a woman's ideas are more practeal and her appreciation of the size f a dollar in every-day life does notheed the experience of marriage on a shall income.

Another person, in discussing the sme matter, said: "I think that while great many ladies in the departments do not desire to marry unless they can better the r condition, still it may be laid down as a general princitisements induced to come to Arkan ple that they are apt to lose their attractiveness in the eyes of men. Their constant association with men every day, their occupation, which is not, strictly speaking, feminine, causes them to lose that feminine grace and charm which is so intangible that it is felt rather than expressed. Men are attracted to women because they are so different. It is what we mean when we speak of a womanly woman, and it is those qualities of mind and heart that find their best development in the domesticity of a happy home. Women are apt to lose the delicacy and charm of nature when thrown in daily contact with men, and they are apt to become masculine. I do not think that men are attracted by wishy-washy women and pretty doll faces, and that in order to be womanly it is necessary to be impractical and silly. But still I imagine that most men, and the best men, like feminine women; and, while it is not always the case, still I think the ma ority of women in the departments gradually lose this quality of their nat-

> The Star man did not pursue his injuries any further, for, while not exactly satisfied, still it was realized that the old adage, "Many men, many minds," was still true. - Washington

-The annual consumption of ivory s that produced by sixty-five thousand elephants. It is not known how long the supply may last, but if it should cease substitutes for it would readily tooth. -Boston Budget. be adopted. - Chicago Times.

BUILDING STONE.

The Future of This Important Industry in

Concerning the future of the building-stone industry little that is definite can be said. As the population increases and becomes more fixed in its abode, there naturally arises a demand for a more durable building material than wood, which is still largely used in the country towns and smaller cities. As wealth accumulates, too, better and more substantial buildings are erected, which are often profusely embellished with the finer grades of ornamental stones. The demand, then, is sure to increase. In regard to the amount of the supply there can be no question; everything would seem to depend on the quality, variety, and cost of working of yet-to-be-discovered material. Are we to continue to import as now the finer grades of our ornamental stones, or will our own quarries, yet perhaps to be opened, produce enough and more than enough for our own use? I am inclined to think the latter.

In many of the Eastern and earliest to be settled States very little is yet known regarding their final resources. In Maine, for instance, fully one-half of the State is vet unknown land. Its present quarr'es are nearly all immediately upon the coast. What are the resources of its immense interior can not with certainty be foretold. In the Southern and Western States and Territories, this condition of affairs is naturally greatly magnified. The Virginias, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, all contain excellent material, none of which is now in our principal markets. Michigan can furnish brown sandstones in great abundance fully equal to any now quarried in the more Eastern States, and other sandstones of a beautiful mellow tint are known to occur in Western Arizona. The Rocky Mountain region contains an abundance, both in variety and quantity, of grantes, sandstones, marbles, and the more recent volcanie rocks, as basalts, rhyolites and trachytes. Some of these are very beautiful, excelling anything in this respect from the Eastern States .- George P. Merrill, in Popular Science Monthly.

AN ARCHITECTURAL WONDER.

One of the Marvels of the Civilized World-A French Conception.

The French are a people of ideas, and as a consequence lead the world in many departments of science and at. They know more about the con- posishun. struction of the dramas than do the writers of other nations, and they are a statesman. constantly farnishing novel conceptions in painting and statuary. The Bartholdi statue is one instance of this. But they have another project on foot which promises to be one of the marvels of the world. Mons. J. Bourdais, a French engineer, proposes to illuminate all Paris by what he calls a Sun Column. It is to be one thousand one hundred and eighty feet high. The ground floor will be a permanent museum of electricity; super-imposed will rise a six-story column, surmounted by a prominade capable of accommodating two thousand persons. The center, a granite core, will be sixty feet in diameter, and will be surrounded by a highly artistic frame-work of iron faced with copper. This will taining sixteen rooms, sixteen feet in height and fifty feet square. rooms will be used for what is known as aerotheratic treatment. Patients will find here a purity of air equal to that upon the highest mountains. The central core of this giant monument will be hollow to permit the use of scientific experiments. On the top will be placed an enormous electric lamp that will cast a flood of light over all Paris; it will have an intensity equal to two million Carcel burners. Above all will loom up a statue representing the Genius This wonderful building, Science. when finished, will be the most extraordinary edifice in the world, and will add greatly to the attractions of the French capital. - Demorest's Monthly.

ALASKA.

Forests Containing Lumber Enough to Supply the World.

Alaska forests contain enough timber to supply the world. The forests of pine, spruce, fir, and hemlock cover every island of the archipelago and a goodly portion of the mainland.

The trees are straight and tall and grow close together. The only sawmill at present in operation is at Douglas Island, and so far there has not been a cord of timber cut for shipment. The trees, as a rule, do not always cut up into good-sized boards. For fuel, however, the wood is excellent, and much of it is available for building purposes. There is little decorative wood, although the yellow pine is richly colored and might be used to advantage in interior work. Alaska spruce is an excellent variety, and often measures five feet in diameter.

It is considered the best spruce in the world, and the supply is very abundant. In the interior of the country timber is of much heavier growth than near the coast and on the islands. Regarding the hemlock, there is a large supply, and the bark compares favorably with that of all the Eastern trees used in tanning establishments.

No one has yet attempted to compute the value of the Alaska forests, It may be they will not be necessary for years to come, but whenever wood grows scarce elsewhere, or whenever civilization fastens itself upon Alaska, the timber of the region will be found ready at hand and existing in rich profusion. Calculating only approximately the value of our possessions today, the forests must be considered. Practically inexhaustible, they add most materially to the wealth of the Territory .- San Francisco Chronicle.

-For toothache take two parts of wax, two parts chlora hydrate, one part of carbolic acid; melt them together, dip a little cotton batting into the mixture, let it cool, cut off a piece, warm it and insert it into the hollow

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

New Rules-The President Philosophizes on the Mule, the Weather and Corns. [Detroit Free Press.]

There was an unusually large turnout at the regular Saturday night meeting, and the half dozen Chinese lanterns which Giveadam Jones had purchased at his own expense and hung up around the hall pro-duced what Samuel Shin termed "A spec-tacled affect of de wildest disorder."

It was announced that the following new rules and regulations would govern until further orders;

The hour for opening the regular meetings will be 8 o'clock,

No clay pipes over one year old can be smoked in the library without special per-

The eating of peanuts, popcorn, candy, etc., during sessions is calculated to divert attention from the solemnity of the occasion, and is therefore discouraged.

Members who bring their dogs with them must be prepared for the worst,

Any member found with his hat on after the triangle has sounded will be fined not

All religious and political discussion is strictly forbidden. Members are also asked to ab tain from telling fish stories or relating adventures with snakes and Indians



BROTHER GARDNER SPEAKS.

"Gem'len," said the president, as he softly rose up and calmly looked down on the shining pates of Sir Isaac Walpole and Elder Toots, "dar am some few things it would be well fur you to disreck-lect: "De man who sots on de fence when de

sun shines will be diggin' fur grub when it rains. "Industry may make de back sche but she fills de stomach au' kivers de feet, "De man who wants satisfaxshun by law will satisfy de lawyers sooner dan bisself.

'Knockin' a man down bekase he differs wid you doan' prove de truf of your own "De less a man knows de mo' anxious le

seems to be to make de public believe he am "Let us now attack the reg'lar programm;

and destroy de bizness which has called us toreder." The secretary called attention to the fel-

lowing paragraph in The New York Sun: "Danforth Smith, a col red resident of Hoboken, was yesterday fined \$20 and sent to jail for three months, for brutal treat ment of his mule. He is said to be a mem ber of Brother Gardner's Lime Kiln club "Does his cognomen appear on our rolls! asked the president.

"Yes, sah, He jined dis club one y'ar

ago, and was perticklerly recommended far his child-like disposition."
"You will at once notify him dat he am suspence) fur six months—not fur wellopin' de mule, exactly, but mo' tekase he was (aught in the act and sent to fail. I owns a mule myself, and while I strive to be placid an' forgivin' an' charitable, dar am occasions when I has de ole woman lock me up uown cellar an' stand at de doah wid a sho gun. If she didn't I should jump in on dat mule an' pound him till life While I sympathize wid Brudder Smith, le mus' stan' suspended in deference to public

pinvun." Givendam Jones offered a resolution to the effect that the club adopt Professor Wiggins' weather predictions up to Jan. 1. Shindig Watkins objects i. He didn't be-

lieve in binding the club to patronize any particular prophet's weather. E.der Took favored the idea. Wiggins had predicted a mild winter, and if there was any mild winter lying around loose he wanted one The Rev. Penstock opposed the resolution Wiggins had predicted a rainy summer and he had purchased a new pork barrel to put under the eaves on the strengta of it. The bottom of toe barrel had scarcely been was

"Gem'len," said the president with a desire to cut short further debate, "I recken dis club hat better take de weather as wi find it. De prudent man will pile up de wood, stock in de meat and taters an' de pend upon Providence fur an airly spring De resolution am declar'd outer order The secretary tuen announced the follow-

ing from Point Pleasant, W. Va.: I see that the Lame Kiln club folks are not admirers of "colored corn doctors" Being a corn doctor and toe nail parer, l most earnestly protest against the late action of the ciub, and hope it will be recorsidered. I am also the proprietor and man ufacturer of "Macamey's Lightning Corn Exterminator," and shall forward a free trial bottle to any one obtaining the certificate of Brother Gardner that he is a member in good stanling in the Lime Kiln club

Yours respectfully, PHLEGM MACAMEY. The tender-hearted Samuel Shin moved that the vote of censure on the profession be reconsidered, but cries of were heard from all parts of the hall, and

he was promptly hissed down.

"All of fo'ty y'ars ago," solemly observed
the president, as he rapped for order, " made up my mind dat de man wid a co'n on his toe must either grin an' b'ar it or suffe amputashun of de leg close at de hip. Nuffin has since happened to change my belief. De co'n doctan am a man who raises u false hopes in your busum. He talks grandly of delirium tremens, spinal meningitis and lumbago an' odder portions of de human anatomy, an' he softens up your co'n and shaves off de top-charges, one dollar. Fur de nex' free days you bless all de world, but on de fo'th or fifth de same cle co'n turns up fur bigness, rested, recuperated an' ready fur six months of hard work. Let de res lushun stand. De janitor will now blow out de lights an' we will go home.

> The Minister Seeks Information. [Chicago Tribune.]

A new minister over on the west side was around during the week making the so-quaintance of his parishioners. He called on Deacon Smith, and desiring to ascertain what business the deacon was in without seeming too curious, he concluded to get at

it in another way.
"Now, my little girl," he said to the year-old, "what is your name?"
"Sadie Smif, sir."

"Your papa goes down town every more Can you tell me what is ing, I suppose. does down townF

"No, I tan't; but I beard ma tell him the other night if he did it any more she'd snatth him bald-headed. Didn t you, par