

TO-DAY'S POSSIBILITIES.

I may not, when the sun goes down, Have added to my store Of worldly goods or gained renown Through gallantry or lore.

And when the sun goes down I still May be a better man— No matter what the fates may will— Than when the day began.

Finding the Diamonds.

It was her system that made Mrs. Robinson what she was. If a lie got anywhere near her she was up and after it with anything she could lay her hands on. She showed her that lying didn't pay when she was concerned. A lie turned into a serpent as soon as it got out of her mouth, and you were glad to get behind another.

Not to say that her system hadn't its drawbacks. Every system has. And the naked truth is sometimes as awful a thing—ten times as awful than any lie you can think of at the time.

When Susan Jones came, however, Mrs. Robinson had her work cut out. The girl lied like an eel—there was no catching hold of her.

At first she just chirped out lies as light-beamed as a bird. "Pleas'm," "Yes, m'am," or anything that came over the tongue. But the cat had a way of looking an alibi that astonished Susan.

So Susan got as cautious as charity, and it would have done your heart good to see the two at it. For Mrs. Robinson had no sooner got the ferret of truth into one hole than Susan was out of it at another.

Anyone else would have got sick and disgusted, but Mrs. Robinson didn't. "For," she said, "the girl has her good points, and I'll make a woman of her."

And she succeeded, for Susan got worn out by the sheer uselessness of the thing, and at last shut down in disgust. After that the girl did not depart from the truth for six months, and then she let off the awful lie Mrs. Robinson had ever heard in her born days.

At least Mrs. Robinson thought it was that. She was in the coal cellar where Susan was in the coal cellar, and she took her breath away.

"It's one of them 5-cent things as you buy in your tinker's shop," she said at first. "Just a lot of rubbishy lies. I don't believe it's worth bothering about."

She took it to her mistress, however. Mrs. Robinson gave a cry when she saw the ring and started up with her mouth open. "It looks like one of the ones mentioned in my grandmother's will," she said. "I shouldn't wonder if it belongs to the lost set of diamonds."

Mrs. Robinson was a widow and lived with her brother John. Few men could be wiser than Mr. John when he tried spectacles made him look like Solomon. When he came home he put on and raked out the inventory. He placed his forefinger on an exact description of the ring. It was valued \$500.

And Susan got notice accordingly.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," said the girl, gulping down a sob. "Then why did you tell me such a thing?" "Because it's true."

"Don't say any more. I don't want to hear it. I don't suppose you will expect any wages."

Susan turned ghastly pale. "I must have them," she gasped. "My mother needs the money to pay her rent. If she doesn't get it they will turn her out into the street, and she's not strong."

"She doesn't intend to try to sell the ring—at least not yet," thought Mrs. Robinson. "If I give her her wages she won't need to do it, and she'll send it back."

As the old lady lay awake in the middle of the night, the door was cautiously pushed open and Susan came in silently. "Mrs. Robinson, are you awake?"

"What is the matter, Susan?" "Master has gone up to the garret with a candle. I think there is something wrong."

Mrs. Robinson came hastily over her bed and followed Susan noiselessly along the passage. A glimmer of light shone through the banisters above.

Mrs. Robinson saw that her brother was coming downstairs, starting straight ahead with his eyes dilated.

He approached as stately as a wax figure, and almost brushed against them. The light of the candle fell full on their white, upturned faces, as he passed, but he took no notice of them.

Down the next flight of stairs he went, his sister and Susan following, for they wanted to see what he was going to do. They lost sight of him at the foot of the stairs, but soon heard the door of the coal cellar creaking on its hinges.

Stealing toward it they peered through. He was inside working a stone in the wall, which in a few moments he dislodged and set down on the floor.

He next took an iron box out of the hole he had made, applied a key to it, raised the lid, and took some small articles out.

Then he replaced everything as it had been before, and carefully obliterated all traces of his operations, left the cellar.

As he passed his sister and Susan they saw that he carried the lost ring between the forefinger and thumb of his left hand.

He then made his way toward his sister's room, into which he disappeared for a few seconds. Coming out again he mounted the stairs in the direction of the garret.

"It's no use following him," said Mrs. Robinson. "I know the key he used and can get it in the morning."

Mr. John was coming down the garret stairs again, and they both held their breath in anxiety.

He came all right till he got about half-way down, and then, whether one of his heels interviewed a tack or something, no one will ever know, but all at once his legs shot out in front of him and he went sailing down the stairs, missing one step more at every bump.

With the supernatural dexterity which characterizes the somnambulist, he managed to keep the candle in all the time, and now set it down in the lobby with a clank right end up.

Mr. John rose with his face quite serious, and without rubbing himself or anything, went along the passage and disappeared into his own bedroom.

"It is evidently not the first time he has walked in his sleep," said the old lady. "He must have visited the box before. That is how the ring came to be found. It must have dropped on the floor. To think that I never had the slightest suspicion! Susan, can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, m'am." "There, you see the ring on the toilet table, just where I left it the night it went missing," remarked Mrs. Robinson, as they entered her bedroom.

"The lost diamonds are in the box which is hidden in the wall. I saw them. Get to bed, and we'll see them in the morning."

And they did see them, and a wonderful set of diamonds they were. A beautiful, dazzling, shimmering necklace, and bracelets, and rings, all as set forth in the inventory.

"It was really you who found them," said Mrs. Robinson to Susan, "and I'll have them valued, and you'll get your legal reward and more. I'll pay your mother's rent as long as she lives."—London Weekly Telegraph.

The individual who frequently goes on a tear is seldom able to pay the rest.

DISTANCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

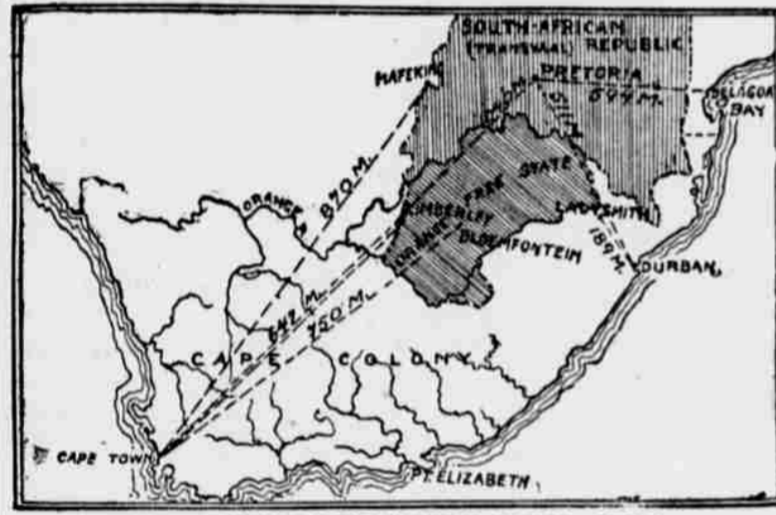
They Often Appear to Be Somewhat Confusing.

The question of distances in South Africa appears to be somewhat confusing. The figures here given are taken from official sources and may be relied upon. The distances in which the most interest is taken are those between Cape Town, Durban, and Port Elizabeth, the main British bases on the east coast, and the towns of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking. In each case is also printed, for purposes of comparison, the name of some town or city which lies at about the same distance from Chicago.

The distance from Cape Town to Kimberley by railroad is 647 miles. From Chicago to Minneapolis is only 421 miles, while, continuing the journey, it is but 618 miles to Watertown, S. D. From Cape Town to Mafeking is 870 miles, which is forty-two miles less than the distance from Chicago to New York. If the English, moving from Cape Town, should start to capture the capital of the South African Republic they would be obliged to travel 1,040 miles to reach Pretoria, which is practically equivalent to the distance between Chicago and Denver, 1,033 miles, and is 118 miles further than from Chicago to New Orleans. In a movement from Cape Town to Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, 750 miles would have to be covered, which is more than equal to the distance from Chicago to Des Moines, Iowa, and return.

From Durban, the chief sea port of the English colony of Natal, it is 183 miles by rail to Ladysmith, while from Chicago to Springfield, the capital of the State, is 185 miles. If an expedition against the capital of the Transvaal republic should be started from Durban it would be obliged to cover 511 miles to reach Pretoria. From Chicago to Omaha would be a shorter journey by nineteen miles.

Port Elizabeth is another sea port with railroad connections which might



MAP SHOWING DISTANCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

be used as a base for military operations. From Port Elizabeth to Pretoria is 740 miles and to Bloemfontein is 450 miles. Comparative distances are from Chicago to Baltimore, 801 miles, and from Chicago to Kansas City, 488 miles. From Delagoa Bay, in Portuguese territory, the port from which the Boers have received their supplies and munitions, to Pretoria is 334 miles, thirty miles further than from Chicago to Cairo, Ill.

When, soon after Oct. 10, 1899, the date of the Boer ultimatum, the forces of the Transvaal moved down into Natal from their headquarters at Johannesburg, they advanced 252 miles before they met with the British at Glencoe. Then, after the fighting at Dundee, which is on a spur of the main railroad, they made a further advance of forty-two miles to Ladysmith. Thence, still following the railroad, they moved south sixteen miles and succeeded in destroying the railroad bridge at Colenso over the Tugela River, thus cutting the line of communication with Durban, 173 miles away.—Chicago Tribune.

A Hero of the Mines. In Rossmore mine, in Pennsylvania, there is a celebrated mining mule, Old Duke, by name. Old Duke has been there for thirty years and has saved many lives. He has an instinct for fire damp—the deadliest of all dangers that threaten miners—which is marvelous. Nothing else makes him uneasy. But once he sniffs the fire damp he bolts for the lift. This gives the alarm, and the men follow in his path.

They are not born in pits and caves, these mules whose lives are passed beneath the earth. But they are used in mining, and from the day when they first enter the mine they never leave their underground quarters until accident, old age or lameness renders them unfit for further work.

He Rose to the Occasion. There was a bit of fence opposite Rowley's drug store in T—, Kan., and as it proved convenient to loungers it was broken down more than once. The owner, after putting it in order a second time, fastened a barbed wire on the top. There was fun for the clerks for a while watching those who, when just about to sit down, suddenly concluded that business called them elsewhere. One day a farmer in from the country lounged up to the fence, and without noticing the barber wire, drew himself up and sat down squarely. He didn't jump, he didn't swear; he merely got up and remarked coolly: "I think I've dwelt on that point long enough."—Harper's Bazar.

Much the Same. Johnnie—Paw, what is a "paradox?" Paw—Well, a paradox, my son, is something that is self-contradictory—something that doesn't seem to agree with the facts which permit it to exist. Johnnie—Oh, I thought it meant a pair of doctors.

Pa—Well, I guess it does.—Baltimore American.

Burning Playthings. When a little Japanese girl marries the burning of the bride's playthings is part of the wedding ceremony. The bride lights a torch, which she hands to the bridegroom, who with it lights a fire in which the toys are destroyed.

One-Half Farmers. Nearly 50 per cent. of the people of France and Germany are engaged in farming pursuits.

Science AND INVENTION

Muir Glacier in Alaska, about 100 miles north of Sitka, between Chitka and Dyea, and Mount Fairweather. It terminates in Glacier Bay. It was discovered by John Muir, the writer and mountain climber of California, in 1878, when he was making a canoe trip among the islands of Southeastern Alaska. The glacier was named in his honor.

The "axle-light" system is to be applied on the trains of the Atchafalpa, Toleka and Santa Fe Railroad on an extensive scale. Each car will have its own storage batteries supplied with electricity generated by the axles of the wheels, and the locomotive headlight will derive their illumination from the same source. It is calculated that each full train, exclusive of the locomotive, will develop nearly 5,000 candle-power of light.

If the weather is exceptionally clear, and a strong glass is used, a large vessel can be sighted five or six miles away at sea, either from the bridge or look-out station, fifty or sixty feet above the water, and if the vessel sighted be a steamship, her smoke can sometimes be detected before her stacks or hull are visible. Taking the height of the observer in feet, and extracting the square root, the result approximately expresses in miles the distance at which the sea's surface can be seen from a ship.

A notable recent achievement in archaeology is the discovery in the Roman Forum of a massive pavement of black marble nine feet square, which some believe to be the veritable "black stone" which the Romans venerated as marking the tomb of Romulus. Under the marble, among other objects, was a broken stele, or sepulchral column, covered with archaic Latin characters, and this is considered to bear out the statement of the later Roman historians that in the early days the Romans spoke a tongue which their descendants could not understand.

An enthusiastic wheelman in New York State recently got rid of a troublesome sprinkling of tacks in a novel and effective manner. The trouble occurred on a cycle path which had been made with clinders brought from the yard of a shoe factory, and which were filled with iron tacks. It was proposed to build an entirely new path, but our rider solved the problem more cheaply. Constructing a framework carried on rollers, like a carpet sweeper, he furnished it with six powerful magnets and swept the track repeatedly, stirring up the clinders until every tack was removed.

Between the northern point of Long Island and Watch Hill lies a row of little islands, two of which, Plum Island and Goose Island, possess a peculiar form of mineral wealth. It consists in heaps of richly-colored quartz pebbles, showing red, yellow, purple and other hues, which are locally called agates. They are used in making stained-glass windows, and there is a sustained demand for them in New York to keep the owners of one or two sloops employed in gathering them from the beaches, where the waves continually roll and polish them, bringing out the beauty of their colors.

With the Crossley reflecting telescope at the Lick Observatory photographs have recently been obtained which show a surprising structure in the celebrated Ring Nebula in the constellation Lyra. With an ordinary telescope this nebula appears only as a delicate oval, hanging like a little smoke-ring, with faint stars sprinkled about it on the dark sky. The photographs not only reveal a star situated in the center of the ring, but they show that the ring is made up, to use Prof. Keeler's expression, "of a number of narrower rings interlacing somewhat irregularly." The space within the ring, which is covered with a faint nebulosity, is seen in the photographs to be crossed by three dark and two bright bands. Near the ring is a small independent nebula whose photographic image appears in the form of a "left-handed, two-branched spiral."

A MODEL ESTATE.

The Splendid Seat of the Late Millionaire of Westminster. The peculiar characteristics of the late Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, were well shown on his estate at Eaton Hall. This estate is beautifully situated partly in Wales and partly in England, the River Dee running through it.

One of the Duke of Westminster's hobbies was good roads. He had one of the best road engineers in the kingdom in his employ, who was continually experimenting with material and machinery for road-making. The hundred odd miles of driveway on the estate are by far the finest in Europe. None in Great Britain or France equals them. The cyclist can actually ride ten miles at a time without seeing a loose stone the size of a hen's egg. Most of them are built of a clay and cement foundation, on the top of which is laid a mixture of crushed stone about the size of a walnut and more cement. This gives a surface so smooth that after a rainstorm washes away what little dust there is the top is like asphalt, only more level and without the undulations so often found in asphalt roadways. Other parts of the highways are composed of macadam without cement, but forced into place by the weight of twenty-ton rollers operated by steam. The system has been an object lesson which highway builders in her Majesty's domain and on the continent have studied with profit. The road-making has given employment to a force of 300 to 400 men constantly. Just how much has been spent on the roads at Eaton Hall cannot be exactly estimated, but it runs up to over \$1,000,000. However, his grace utilized them but little, going over his estate on his private railroad line. When built, about ten years ago, this was one of the most extensive private lines in the world. It was laid out with a gauge of three feet. The rails weighed twenty-five pounds to the yard. The engines averaged about five tons each, and under a full head of steam carried the owner over his place at the rate of eighteen miles an hour.

The road is thirty-five miles long. The main terminal station is a covered corridor at the hall. The Duke could step from his library into this corridor, get aboard the train and come back to the same place in three hours, after visiting the principal centers of interest. Unless he wished to leave the car and walk around at some of the stations, he could take the trip bareheaded and in evening dress, as the cars are heated by steam in cold weather and lighted by gas. Most of the rolling stock was used by the guests and the workmen about the place, as the Duke found that he could transport the farmers, gamekeepers, gardeners and others here and there by steam and save time and money by it. When a man had work to do at a point twenty miles or so from where he had been employed, the train could save half a day or so in carrying him where he wanted to go. Up to the time of the Duke's death a regular schedule was in service. Trains were run each way over the road at least twice a day, and extra ones when needed. The owner had a "special" consisting of a miniature palace car. It was elegantly upholstered and had an office, a smoking compartment and most of the appointments of the American private car except a sleeping compartment.

ORIGIN OF THE WIG.

First One Mentioned in History Worn by King Saul's Daughter.

The first wig mentioned in history was made of goat's skin and worn by the daughter of Saul, King of Israel. The first artistic wigs were made in the south of Italy for the Gaglianinis, who lived in Apulia and were known for the luxuries of their toilet. These people were, they say, the first who painted their faces; thus they did with the juice of strawberries.

The Persians wore wigs. Xenophon relates that little Cyrus, when he visited Astyages, his grandfather, whose eyes were framed in blue paint and who wore an enormous wig, threw himself on his knees and cried: "Oh, mother, what a beautiful grandfather I have!" Aglais, a maid of honor, was so struck by the appearance of the old gentleman that she remained with Astyages as a slave.

The Phoenician women, who were proud of their hair, having been ordered by their priests to offer it up on the altars dedicated to Venus after the death of Adonis, obeyed, but with murmuring. Soon after they were consoled by a Greek merchant, who told them that he would give them the means of hiding their bald pates under luxuriant curls. In his chariot he had hundreds of wigs of all colors.

Wigs were in vogue in Rome toward the end of the republic, and so well made that, says Ovid, "No man could know if his wife had any hair at all before she had given him an opportunity of seizing her by the tresses."

Teutonic peasants were the providers of blonde hair for rich Roman princesses, who loved the contrast of its faxen hue with their black eyes. They even had morning wigs, small and tightly curled, of any color, and they kept the beautiful fair ones to receive their admirers at night. Messalina had 150 wigs to disguise herself.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Their Remarkable Record. It would be well if all families could point to an creditable a history in point of freedom from domestic broils as that of Deacon Kendrick, of Nashville.

The good deacon and his wife were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. A large concourse of relatives and friends had assembled at the old homestead, a splendid dinner had been served and eaten, and the speeches, without which no anniversary of this kind is considered to be complete, were in progress.

"In all these fifty years, my friends," said Neighbor Brown, in the course of his remarks, "as I have been told a hundred times and believe to be true, our venerable friend and his wife have never exchanged a cross word. Is it not so, Deacon?"

"Yes, that's true," replied the deacon. "Is it not so, sister?" asked Mr. Brown, addressing Mrs. Kendrick.

"Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye. "Abner may have given me a cross word now and then, but I've never answered back."

Why Not Live Forever? Old age results from the body becoming too heavy and clumsy for the muscles and sinews which are necessary to healthful activity. In all the food we eat there is a certain proportion of lime. So long as the muscles are actively employed this lime is worked out of the system. If the body becomes inactive it accumulates about the joints and makes it more and more difficult to move them. Some of it gets into the muscles themselves, making them hard and inflexible. This is the reason why heart disease proves so often fatal to old people. When the muscular valves of the heart cease to work freely there is danger at almost any time of fatal results. If any man could exert enough will power to make himself take a certain amount of exercise every day, barring accidents, he would live forever. Of course, a man might accidentally acquire a fatal illness, and in that case he might die in spite of his dumb-bells.

The Rubicon. The great Caesar drew near to the Rubicon falteringly, and when he was come at last to the banks of the noted stream, he hesitated to cross.

"How different it would be if I were a college graduate!" he exclaimed, with emotion.

This incident in the life of the famous Roman admonishes us to take advantage of every opportunity to obtain a liberal education.—Detroit Journal.

Regarded as a Crime. There is one country in the world where it is considered a crime to smoke. Abyssinia is the region, and the law forbidding tobacco dates from the year 1642. It was at first merely intended to prevent priests from smoking in the churches, but it was taken too literally, and nowadays even foreigners have to smoke sub rosa, as if they were still schoolboys.

Gold in Kamchatka. Kamchatka may soon become as popular a resort as the Klondike, as gold has been discovered there in promising quantities.

A woman with a cooling voice is invariably disliked.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Present Incident Concerning Mr. World-Wise—The Judge said he was a learned man and he was young—Present Deductions that You Will Enjoy.

"You claim you were insane when you proposed to Miss Autumnleaf," said the lawyer to his client, who posed as the defendant in a breach-of-promise suit. "Can you prove it?" "No proof will be required," replied the victim of circumstances.

"Why not?" asked the limb of the law. "Because," answered the other, "the minute the jury gets a glimpse of the plaintiff's face the case will be dismissed."

Love's Young Dream. She (on their wedding tour)—What is the whistle blowing for, dearest? He—I don't know, darling; but it must be for either a station or a tunnel. She—Oh, I do hope it's a tunnel.

Editorial Comment. "Poor old Jones, the grocer, died early this morning," said the village editor's better half. "Huh!" exclaimed the local opinion holder, "he's been dead for years."

"Been dead for years?" echoed the astonished wife. "Why, what do you mean?" "Just what I said," replied the v. e. "Any man in business who doesn't advertise is a dead one."

Not Particular. Brown—I hear Jones is looking around for new quarters. Smith—Oh, I guess he isn't particular about their newness. He borrowed an old one from me this morning.—New York World.

Out of the Ordinary. Bilkins—Do you remember that freckle-faced, snub-nosed Ellen Brown that used to go to school with us? Bivens—I never thought she was freckle-faced or snub-nosed. I always thought she was pretty. What became of her? Bilkins—I married her. Glad to know that you took my view of her. It's a pleasure to get ahead of these joke writers once in a while.—Omaha World-Herald.

Wedded to Realism. "See here," said the stage manager, "your manuscript calls for a different servant girl in each act. That means three salaries where one would be sufficient. Why not have one servant girl?" "My dear fellow," replied the playwright, "you forget that I am a realist. Two weeks are supposed to elapse between each act."—Philadelphia Press.



This man ain't much for drinkin', but it looks powful like he'd hab to git along to-night wif nothin' but a cocktail.

Very Remarkable. Quinn—That's a strange case. DeFonse—What? Quinn—Why, Jones has a cold in his head and he can't think about anything but ice.

A Safe Inference. Nodd—We haven't much of a dinner to-night, but you're welcome. Todd—How do you know what you are going to have? Nodd—Well, we had roast beef yesterday.—Puck.

BETTER IN THE END.



Carrye—They say she has given up advocating "woman's rights." Cholly—Yes. She goes in for "women's lefts." Carrye—What are they? Cholly—Whothers.

Joys of Matrimony. Wife—I met an old acquaintance today, Mr. Mecker. You remember he was your rival for my hand. Husband—Yes; I hate that man. Wife—You shouldn't hate him just because he used to love me. Husband—Oh, that isn't the reason, I hate him because he didn't marry you.

Cautions. "Do you think a prize fighter has a right to call himself a gentleman?" "Er—there isn't one within hearing, is there?"—Indianapolis Press.

How It Happened. "So she ran away with him?" "I think she did. From what I have seen of him I don't think he had gumption enough to run away with her."—Chicago Post.

A Lesson in Arithmetic. "Yes, that's true," replied the deacon. "Is it not so, sister?" asked Mr. Brown, addressing Mrs. Kendrick.



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A Weather Prophet. Silas Whiffle—The indications is that this is agoin' to be a hard winter. Drummer—Are the muskrats putting in a supply of coal?

Silas Whiffle—I don't know as tew that; but our county jail is fillin' up with tramps.—Puck.

A Training School. Meeks—Stone always speaks well of everybody. Weeks—Merely a force of habit. Meeks—How so? Weeks—He's a marble cutter, and his specialty is cutting epitaphs on grave-stones.

Cause for Worry. "I'm always worried when Henry begins saying string." "Why?" "It makes me think he has been doing something extravagant in business."

The Responsibility. Mr. Grumps—The Ladies' Journal says a woman should make herself as attractive to her husband after marriage as she did before. Mrs. Grumps—Huh! My father always gave me plenty of money to make myself attractive with. You don't.—New York Weekly.

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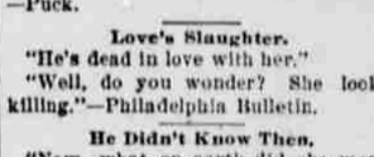
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In consequence of having abused our sight by over-application, or reading or writing by gas or candle light when our eyes are weary, many of us have to adopt eyeglasses at a comparatively early age. What should be done at the first sign of falling sight is to consult an oculist at once. Eyes that are weak and become bloodshot under very little strain should never be taxed severely by black and white work, whether it be in the form of needle-work, pen and ink, books or musical sight reading. Whenever the eyes feel tired, refresh them at once by closing them for a few moments and letting them rest. As green is the most restful color to the eye, let your lamp shade be green. The finest tonic for the eyes is cold water. Cold tea also makes an excellent bath for weak eyes.

The most delightful feature of a sleigh ride on a cold night is the arrival at your destination.

Some of the political complexion are not even skin deep.