

NATURE.

I know she loves me. Every day she fills my soul with joy that only true love thrills...

A BAD CASE.

My husband is at last convinced of the error of his ways, and has implored me to give his free and frank confession to the world...

When One Sleeps. A shrewd man says, "A man can deceive me as to his real character when he is awake..."

Funny Mistakes of Authors. Everything lies in the application of a manuscript to the right channel. I have seen some funny mistakes made by authors...

An Improved Castor. A useful castor of novel form is being used in England. It is intended to obviate the difficulties arising from the ordinary construction of castors...

Do You Want One? There are about thirty castles and palaces in Spain which can be rented at from \$3 to \$10 per week...

Wentman—I don't think much of your poetry, Tenner. Tenner—Collum—No? I don't think much when I write it.—American Grocer.

But my presence of mind did not desert me. I have a strong will, and I vowed that our child's inheritance should not be thus squandered...

Messrs. Hammer & Tongue have the honor to announce that on Thursday next they will sell by auction, in their great rooms in Black street, the valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture in the Sheraton, Adams and Chippendale styles...

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, "you don't mean to say that you bought your own?" But at this crisis a merciful film came over my eyes, and I swooned away.

My husband is completely cured, and we are gradually now trying to collect modern coins, which we pick up elsewhere than in salesrooms.—St. James' Gazette.

It was a half knowledge of this fact that a clever French woman used to phrase when she declared that she never would see any of her friends early in the morning, because she hadn't got her mask on yet...

The trouble is that there are a lot of careless, unthinking authors writing today who ought to be in some other business. They hear some one speak a certain title—perhaps it may be in naming a list of dead magazines—and they immediately grasp at the name as a new channel for their wares...

A story overheard ran something like this: "I was sitting in a box at a theatre one evening when one of the men present said: 'I always look around in a theatre for the easiest way of escape in case of fire, or for some way in which I could reach the stage if an accident were to occur there. Now, suppose that actress' gown should take fire. I would step on that garland there, steady myself by the rail with the arm which held my overcoat, reach my foot across to that frieze in high relief and spring thence to the stage. In thirty-five seconds I should have reached her and have the garment fastened with my coat. It laughed at him. Well, as it happened that very actress' gown did catch fire, and she gave a piercing scream that almost threw the house into a panic. What did my friend do? Forget all about his fire scheme and lose his head like the rest? Not one bit of it. He did just exactly what he said he would do. His coat was around the woman in less time than it took me to wonder at his activity, and the audience was cheering him. It was a sort of discipline with him, you see.' Repeated in print for the benefit of those who may have a chance to play the hero some time.—New York Tribune.

None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unburdens us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful and sleep sweet and undisturbed. The happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers.—New York Ledger.

Nicknames of the New States. Only four of the six states created within the past two years have nicknames, so far as we have heard. These are the Dakotas, Montana and Nevada with their cast. Dakota has been dubbed the Flicker-tail State, South Dakota the Swinge-cat State, Montana the Stubbled-toe State, and Nevada the Chinook State.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BRITISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

Strong Language of Carlyle on Those Who "Embarked in Philanthropy." By way of individualizing for ourselves the philanthropist as Carlyle believed he found him in his own country, we ask first, I think, what is his place in society?

Passing to Carlyle's charges against the class now under consideration, those who, to quote his own words, "embark in the philanthropic movement," his first and heaviest charge, at bottom inclusive of all others, is not that they misconceive the situation. It is not that they deny the existence of great public misery—they have seen that they are even impressed and stirred to action by it. They at least do not call good evil and evil good, put "bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

The offenses and omissions of the last 200 years, Carlyle believed, had been every one of them registered against his countrymen in heaven's chancery; had all the while lain there generating frightful interest and compound interest, until at last they had produced the frightful situation the philanthropist would cope with, having for some of its palpable external features abroad an "idle black peasantry," by the thousand, at home, 30,000 "discontented needlewomen who can't sew," scoundrels in jail treated by the method of love, the deserving poor, struggling hard outside to keep their heads above water, further taxed at the risk of their entire subsistence, in order that among scoundrels the method of love may reign; 8,000,000 paupers in the country, "Connaught potentially cannibal," and as "the evangel of freedom and real programme of a new era," the "whitewashing" of the "scoundrel population" and the "sweeping out of the gutters."—Lecture of Robert Nivens.

A young business man in town recently bought a strip of land along the lake shore near Lake View, and a short time afterward moved up into the vicinity of the land. His friends say that he did it so that he could watch the land, but this he denies. However, he has a good eye for the main chance.

"It isn't a big strip," he said, "but it gives me riparian rights; that is why I bought it." "Going to fill in?" he was asked. "No. The waves are making half a foot a month for me by washing up refuse." This is to show that he has a good business head. It was rumored in real estate circles that he got out on the shore in the morning with a hoe and a rake and pulled in everything that got within reach, but this could not be verified. The following, however, can be...

"He was standing at the window one morning, looking over his land, when he suddenly started his wife by exclaiming excitedly: 'Great Scott! There are a lot of boys on my land playing sailor!'" "What of it?" his wife asked innocently. "What of it?" he cried. "What of it? Why, they're digging harbors on my riparian rights. Wait a minute and I'll fix 'em." He grabbed his hat and rushed out. "Did you settle it?" asked his wife when he returned a moment later. "Oh, yes," he replied with the air of a man who had done a good stroke of business. "It's all right now. I told 'em that that was no way to play sailor in Chicago; that they ought to build piers to land their boats at, and now they are building piers and making more land for me every minute."

That's the eye for business some men have.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Ready. A story overheard ran something like this: "I was sitting in a box at a theatre one evening when one of the men present said: 'I always look around in a theatre for the easiest way of escape in case of fire, or for some way in which I could reach the stage if an accident were to occur there. Now, suppose that actress' gown should take fire. I would step on that garland there, steady myself by the rail with the arm which held my overcoat, reach my foot across to that frieze in high relief and spring thence to the stage. In thirty-five seconds I should have reached her and have the garment fastened with my coat. It laughed at him. Well, as it happened that very actress' gown did catch fire, and she gave a piercing scream that almost threw the house into a panic. What did my friend do? Forget all about his fire scheme and lose his head like the rest? Not one bit of it. He did just exactly what he said he would do. His coat was around the woman in less time than it took me to wonder at his activity, and the audience was cheering him. It was a sort of discipline with him, you see.' Repeated in print for the benefit of those who may have a chance to play the hero some time.—New York Tribune.

Burdens of Indolence. None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unburdens us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful and sleep sweet and undisturbed. The happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers.—New York Ledger.

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