

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Comparatively little milk is consumed in southern cities.

A trooper's sword measures thirty-three inches, while a lance is nine feet long.

Chicago did not get a place on the map until 1837, when its population was 4,470.

In the early days of railroading bogies were used to help the locomotives on up grades.

The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps used by all the governments of the world up to date is 19,242.

A London curio dealer has in his window a placard reading, "Several bits of armor for sale, suitable for mortars."

There are more railway tunnels, viaducts and railroad bridges in Switzerland than in any other country in the world.

Sheerness, England, though an important naval station and a town of over 15,000 inhabitants, does not possess a single telephone.

Owing to the rapid growth of the United States the English language is now spoken by more persons than any other civilized tongue.

The percentage of Jews engaged in trades and doing manual labor for a living is greater in New York than in any other city in the world.

In defense of a charge of selling milk wholly devoid of fat an English cow keeper said that his cows had been eating cabbage, but the defense availed him not.

A cat which had been driven into a shade tree by the dogs at Nashua, N. H., was rescued the other day after it had remained in this position for three whole days.

Sark, one of the Channel Islands, has a prison that contains four cells. But in the last five years it has had only three occupants. Sark has a population of about 600.

While chasing a mouse the other day Mme. Delator of Paris broke through the floor of her room and found in the hole a brass box containing gold coins of the value of \$1,000.

Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, a famous London hostelry, among whose customers in bygone days were Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell, Thackeray and Dickens, is to come into the market.

Australia has found a new use for discarded tram cars. Sydney ladies have them painted green and white, hang them with baskets of flowers, train wrecks over the roof and then use them as flower boxes.

An automobile transportation service has been recently established in the Kongo Free State. Coal is scarce and petroleum or gasoline impossible, and it was found necessary to use wood for fuel. The machine makes twelve miles an hour and has the capacity of a ton.

utilize them as afternoon tea rooms.

A Somersworth (N. H.) woman recently found in the family Bible \$15 in bills, judging from the dates of the bills, must have been concealed in the book about a century. They were among the first paper issues of the United States government.

One of the funniest consequences of young Alfonso's visit to England is the birth of the "hidalgos" which, a modified Spanish turban with which modified Englishmen are beginning to deck their heads. Although distinctly more suitable for winter, it makes a gallant appearance.

Torrey and Alexander admit that their revival campaign in London was a failure, and Dr. Torrey remarked in a recent address there, "I suppose it would be safe to say that during the last year there have not been five persons definitely converted in any one church or chapel in London."

New York alone has 924 libraries, with 9,079,863 volumes; Massachusetts, 924 libraries, with 7,619,004 volumes; Pennsylvania, 491 libraries, with 4,580,212 volumes. These three states have about 30 per cent of the libraries and 40 per cent of the number of volumes reported for the whole United States.

Russia has probably the most curious tax in the world. It is called the "amusement tax" and was instituted a year ago to fund an institution for the poor under the title of the "Empress Marie Foundation." The tax is laid upon every amusement ticket sold, and the managers increase the price accordingly.

A block of granite weighing over 300,000 pounds, that on top and with clean breaks on two sides, has been found near Woodbury, Vt. Three hundred feet north is seen the ledge from which the block broke away. The two are on about the same level, but between them rises a barrier of granite fifteen feet high. Local geologists are trying to figure out what natural causes brought about the shift in the position of the block.

It has been discovered that the judge has no objection under the Vermont liquor law and that he is bound to sentence a convicted seller for a certain length of time for each offense. William Cavestone was recently convicted on twenty-five counts in Bennington county, and it was figured that he was in a fair way to get a sentence of sixty-one years. When he discovered this fact he took "leg bail" and left his bondsmen to settle with the law.

Joseph W. Wilson of Springfield, Mass., has a whip which is a work of art. It was the first whip made by Clinton Cannon of Wakefield after he had finished his apprenticeship. It is an ordinary coach whip of one piece of whalbone, with a piece of ivory set in the butt. The whole butt is studded with ivory to make it have the appearance of blackthorn. The whip was never used, but has been in the possession of the Cannon family since it was made in 1842.

Crushed. "Really-er," stammered the gossip, who had been caught red handed, "I'm afraid you overheard what I said about you. Perhaps-er-I was a bit too severe."

"Oh, no," replied the other woman. "You weren't nearly so severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you."

POLLY LARKIN

"It might be worse!" That little sentence is my panacea for all the trials and tribulations of my life, Polly," said a little friend the other day, and when I looked at the forlorn, worn-out little woman, I wondered how it could ever have been much worse for her. Such a patient, pathetic face, with her big brown, mournful eyes appealing to you in every glance. She talked so hopefully of what the future might hold in atonement for all her sufferings in the past, but you could read volumes in her eyes. They told the pathetic story unknown to her, and you wondered how the frail body could stand up under the burden. Her mother died when she was but ten years old and a step-mother soon came into the household, and from that on she was a burden-bearer. Little step-sisters and -brothers came into the home, and it ended hiveschool-days. She was needed to act as nurse girl until she was round-shouldered and almost deformed. She was crowded out as the step-sisters grew older until she was nothing but the kitchen drudge and maid of all work. After a long spell of sickness she was sent to the country to recuperate. There she met a young farmer, who fell in love with the forlorn girl, and she married him and settled down to a quiet life on the farm. Then came the first happy days of her young life. Three little children came to brighten their home, and for a time they prospered. Then death entered and took the oldest child, after weeks of intense suffering. "When I saw that little form lowered to its last resting place, I thought my cup of sorrow was brimming over and that there was nothing to live for. I was wrong, Polly. I forgot my good blessings, and that God had been good to me and had left my husband and two babies, and I grieved night and day for my child who had been taken away. His death was the beginning of our troubles. My husband went about his work a gloomy, despondent man, and I forgot to cheer and help brighten his and the other children's lives in my own selfish grief. The crops were a failure, for the army worms visited the country and our home happened to be in their path, and not a blade of grass was left but bountiful crops in grain, vegetables and berries had stood a few hours before. The fruit trees were stripped of their leaves and fruit, and our prosperous and fertile little farm looked like a cyclone had struck it. It was a picture of desolation.

We mortgaged the farm to get money to start in anew after the army worms had taken everything. Heaven pity any one who is compelled to place a mortgage on their home; nine times out of ten they lose it. They had better make the people a present of it in the beginning. We could not even pay the interest, and it was not long until we were compelled to give up the home we loved and had worked so hard for. With streaming eyes we packed our household effects into our wagon and drove to a little place we had rented, and commenced life anew. Just as we began to see our way clear, the hardest blow of all came. I had driven over to a neighbor's ranch, a couple of miles away to get my husband, who had been assisting him in harvesting his grain. On our return we found our house in flames. With a cry I shall never forget, my husband sprang out of the wagon and rushed into the burning house to rescue the children. The next moment the roof fell in. That was the last I ever saw of my husband and babies. The neighbors, who saw the flames for miles around, came hurrying to the assistance, but it was too late. Only the charred bodies of those who had been dearer than life to me were found. I went into brain fever and no one thought I would live. But my mind had not come—my work was not finished here, and slowly I came back into life and health. How I regretted that my summons had not come while I was so ill, so that I could have joined my loved ones. How bitter I was for a time, and how black everything looked to me. Then the thought that has helped me over so many thorny places came to me one day—how much worse it might have been. They could have been so badly burned that they would have lingered in agony for days. As it was their sufferings were over in a few minutes and they were at rest. I, alone, was left to bear the burden of sorrow, and I was thankful that my dear ones did not have to live through the agony that was my bitter portion. How hopeless and how black it all seemed for a time, and yet, it might have been worse. You will find it so every time, Polly, if you will only stop and think about it; things can be worse, and if you look about you, you will see the truth of this every day. My life has never been a flowery or a very happy one, except for the few years of my married life when we were all together. We can always find some one else worse off than ourselves, if we will only take the trouble to look around. I am going to keep faith and hope alive in my heart, and look on the bright side, for I have seen enough of the shadows and depths of sorrow. Do the best you can and live up to the Golden Rule. It is a good religion to live up to, and it is comforting and soothing.

I have noticed, too, that it will not do to air your disappointments, or carry your troubles to others. People

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Undeceived by Phone. There is a young woman up in the Bronx who has a friend in Wall street. He calls three times each week and says she is the only girl he ever loved. She believes him until the other day, when she called him up on the phone. "I'll disguise my voice," she giggled as she picked up the receiver, "and jolly the dear boy along."

There was a buzzing over the wire, and the next minute she heard his familiar voice at the other end. "Hello! Is that you, George?" she asked in a different voice.

And George responded: "Why, yes, you little darling, of course it's me. What do you say to going over to the beach for supper this evening? Yes, I got your note. Say, Grace!"

There was a sharp click, and the voice was interrupted. The young woman in the Bronx had dropped the receiver and turned pale. Her name was Katharine.—New York Globe.

His Remarkable Memory. "Excuse me," said the absentminded professor, "but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes," answered the young lady, "our hostess introduced us just before dinner."

"Ah, yes," rejoined the professor. "I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face."—Detroit Tribune.

Open to an Engagement. "Little boy," said the teacher of the class, "do you intend to come to Sunday school regularly?"

"I guess so, ma'am," answered the urchin with the cropped head and the soiled face, with some hesitation. "Is dere anything in it 'sides de picture cards and de picnic?"—Chicago Tribune.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Way Nan-ab-beju Made the New Earth After the Flood. "I will tell you the story of Nan-ab-beju. He is the man who made the new earth after the big water came and covered it."

"Big waters came, and there was nothing anywhere except water and the sky and the sun and the stars," said the old Chippewa. "Nan-ab-beju made a great raft and put on it some of everything that had been on the earth—specimens of each kind of animals, of all the trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, birds, rocks, and one man and one woman. In short, he did not leave anything except sand. He forgot to save some sand, and yet he could not do anything without it. He sailed out far into the food and made a little island, very, very small. Then he found he had no sand. He made a very big line, longer than hundreds of deer-skins cut up into ribbons and tied together, and he took a muskrat off the raft and tied the line to it and threw it down into the water. The frightened rat dove down and down, and when there was no longer any pulling at the line Nan-ab-beju knew the rat was at the bottom of the sea. Then he began to pull the line up. At the end of it came the poor muskrat, stone dead, drowned. But Nan-ab-beju saw that the little black paws of the animal were clenched as if there was something in their palms and that the rat held tight hold of even after death. The little paws were found open and in them were found half a dozen grains of sand. One grain would have been enough for the great Nan-ab-beju.

"Nan-ab-beju blew his breath on the muskrat, and its life came back to it. Then he mixed the sand in the little island that he had made and blew on that also. As he blew and blew it swelled and swelled until it was so big that Nan-ab-beju could not see the sides or end of it in any direction. Nan-ab-beju was not quite certain whether he had made it as big as the old earth before the big water came. He had to make it as big as it had been—so big, in fact, that no man or creature could find the end of it. He had plenty of animals that could travel over the earth and find out how big it was, so he decided to take two huge buffaloes off the raft and send them to see whether there was any end to what he had made. The buffaloes ran off with all speed, and Nan-ab-beju sat down and waited. In a few days the buffaloes came back and said they had found the end of the earth. So Nan-ab-beju blew and blew on the ground again, and it swelled so fast that you could see it broadening. When he had blown until he was tired he took a crow off the raft and sent it to see if it could find the end of the earth. The crow was gone a very long time, but at last it came sailing back on the wind and said it had flown till it was tired out and there was no sign of any end to the earth.

"Nan-ab-beju, to make sure, blew again and swelled the earth a great deal bigger. Then he untied and unloosed and unloosed all the animals and drove them from the raft on to the land and left them free to roam where they might. He took all the trees, plants, bushes and shrubs and planted them around, and he blew the grass out of his hands as hard as he could blow it, so that it scattered all over. Next he let loose all the birds and bees and bugs and snakes and toads and butterflies, and finally he invited the man and woman, both Chippewas, to go ashore and make the new earth their hunting ground. And Nan-ab-beju's task was done."—St. Nicholas.

Surf Bathing Abroad. Unlike Americans, Englishmen prefer to have their surf bath before breakfast. They slip out of their rooms and into the surf as a sort of duty and prefer a buff bath, or one without the incumbrance of a bathing suit, if they can be permitted to enjoy it. With them the bath, even in the breakers, is more of a duty than a pastime, as it is with the French and Americans. Neither do the people of continental Europe enjoy the pleasures of the surf with the same avidity as marks the summer day along the American coast. There is more or less of custom or fashion to dictate to the temporary dwellers along the seashore.

He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glass he breaks.—Selden.

ANIMAL ANIMUS.

Ways in Which Wild Brutes Show Their Contempt For Mankind. "Wild animals have a great many ways of showing their contempt for humankind," said an artist who has made a specialty of modeling animals.

"Every one has an idea that elephants become tame and even fond of people, but this is altogether wrong. They are easily tamed, but are never tamed. They are docile just so long as the keeper has his good in his hand or the memory of a burning endures. I had proof of this one day while modeling one of the elephants in a big animal show. I was sitting in his stall, with my modeling stand, not knowing that on certain days he was given an extra allowance of chain. Suddenly he flung his trunk around with such force that it smashed the stand to bits and sent me a dozen feet outside the stall.

"He never forgot his failure to finish me, and soon afterward he expressed his anger in a more vulgar and less dangerous manner. As I worked I heard him make a loud sucking noise, but suspected nothing. At last when he had his mouth quite full of saliva he blew it toward me.

"This is not only a trick of elephants, but of other animals as well, as I have learned to my sorrow. Camels have the same habit, and while working near a camel one day I was treated to a shower of finely chewed cud."

This sculptor and other artists agree that the cat animals have a different mode of attack. There seems less of spite and more of real hate in their method. Sculptors usually place their modeling stands as close to the bars as possible. This same one was once working close to a tiger's cage, with the beast lying very quiet, apparently asleep. Without even raising his eyeballs the big cat struck between the bars with his heavy forepaw, splintering the stand and sending the clay in wads on the floor. The artist, warned by a sixth sense developed by those who are much about animals, had jumped back just in time to escape.—New York Herald.

GIOTTO, THE ARTIST.

The Circle He Drew From Which Grew a Famous Phrase. Giotto was a famous painter, sculptor and architect of the latter part of the thirteenth century. He was a son of a poor shepherd, but the attention of the great artist Cimabue, having been attracted to the boy by a drawing the lad had made on a fragment of slate, the young artist's fame spread rapidly throughout southern Europe.

In those days it was customary for the popes to send for the noted men of their realm, more for the purpose of gratifying their desires to see such celebrities than anything else. Giotto was no exception to the rule. No sooner had the young Tuscan become famous than Pope Boniface VIII. invited him to Florence. When young Giotto arrived at the gates of the pope's private grounds, according to the account, the guard halted him and inquired concerning his mission.

The artist made the matter plain, but the guard was not satisfied with the explanation, frequently interrupting Giotto's explanatory remarks with, "I know he must be a much larger and distinguished looking person than yourself," and "Giotto, too, is a famous painter. By your walk I would take you to be a shepherd." Finally, upon demanding evidence of the artist's skill, the latter stooped and traced a perfect O in the dust of the path with his finger. Any one who has ever attempted the feat of drawing a perfect circle "offhand" will know how difficult it is.

It is needless to add that the artist was forthwith ushered into the presence of the supreme pontiff, and that since that time "Rounder than Giotto's O" has been a favorite hyperbole to indicate "impossible perfection."

Dry Goods and Wet Goods.

The Hon. Jacob S. Galloway, judge of the probate court of Shelby county, and the Hon. West Langhain, who succeeds him as judge of section four of the circuit court, where divorce cases are tried, were talking of the divorce evil.

"I am beginning to believe," said Judge Langhain, "that it is the careless consequence upon ownership of each other that is responsible for most divorces."

"No, no, my friend," replied the expert in these matters. "My experience runs through many years, and I am thoroughly convinced that there are just two things that break up most marriages."

"And they are?" queried Judge Langhain.

"And they are," answered Judge Galloway, "woman's love for dry goods and man's fondness for wet goods."—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Professor Wentworth and John J. The stories told at the expense of Professor Wentworth, commonly known as "Bull" Wentworth, and for years connected with the Phillips Exeter academy, are legion. The following, however, is one of the best:

It was the custom, on opening day for each instructor to take the names of the pupils of his classes.

"Now," said Professor Wentworth on one occasion, "I want every boy to give his full name. If your name is William Henry Smith, say William Henry Smith, and not W. H. Smith nor William H. Smith."

The list was nearly completed satisfactorily when the name of John Jay Brown was given. The professor's chance had come, and he roared out: "John J. Brown! John J. Brown! Will any one tell me how to spell J?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "J-A-Y," and Professor Wentworth laughed with the rest.—Boston Herald.

Enough to Kill It. The Greek row is usually not a place for humor, nor is the professor of Greek at the College of the City of New York a very humorous person. Nevertheless the following joke was sprung on him. The class had just returned from the chemistry room, where they had bravely listened to a discourse on the elements. The Greek lesson was commenced with a history of it and her endless wanderings. Pinnally Professor Tisdall asked, "What did it do of?" A student who had been awakened by the question gasped out, "Icicle de botanissum."

What He Was Afraid Of. A man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress and a hat were walking down a street.

"Is it true that you are engaged to that young widow?"

"Not at the present writing. We were engaged, but I broke it off."

"Aren't you afraid she will take it to heart?"

"No, but I'm afraid she will take it to court."

An Exception. "I don't seem to be able to make you understand," said the professor of physics, "that heat always ascends and cold descends."

"Well," replied the bright boy, "how is it when I get my feet cold and wet the cold always settles in my head?"—New York Life.

A Poor Thrower. "She was just crazy to marry him, although she knew he didn't really love her, and now see the result. He treats her with contempt."

"That's just a woman's bad aim. She threw herself at his head and landed at his feet."—Philadelphia Press.

Still Disappointed. "Pete," said Meandering Mike, "did you hear about de kind lady up in Michigan dat left a fortune to feed tramps?"

"More money wasted," answered Plodding Pete. "What ails us ain't hunger. It's thirst."—Washington Star.

Fahrenheit. "How did the Boston girl strike you?"

"She struck me as being about thirty-two."

"Thirty-two years?"

"No; degrees."—Woman's Home Companion.

Too Open. "Do you like an open countenance on a person?"

"I thought I did till my mother-in-law made us a visit."—Houston Post.

Shirring Popular. Shirring on heavy coats is a favorite means of trimming simple gowns and even when used on handsome costumes is very effective.

Harmless. Bell—Did that anonymous note worry you?

Nell—Oh, no. It was from Jack. He always writes them when we have a falling out.—Detroit Free Press.

The Sea Serpent. Tales grow in the telling. We all must agree. The tail that grows fastest. It seemeth to me. Is that of the serpent That lives in the sea. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Good. "You say he is a financial wreck. Then why is it that he appears so happy?"

"Well, I guess his credit's so poor that he can't even borrow trouble."—Cleveland Leader.

Before the Ceremony. Rural Groom—Sue an' I can't see no reason why we shouldn't get along when we're married. The Magistrate—Well, I just marry folks and don't express any opinions.—New York Press.

MALIBRAN WAS A TEASE.

The Great Prima Donna Was Full of Mischief and Caprice. No prima donna was ever more delightfully capricious, more full of mischief, than the famous Mme. Malibran. At the rehearsals of "Romeo and Juliet" she could never make up her mind where she was to "die" at night. It was important for Romeo to know, but all he could get was "not sure," "don't know," "can't tell," or "it will be just as it happens, according to my humor; sometimes in one place, sometimes in another." On one occasion she chose to "die" close to the footlights, her companion, of course, being compelled to "die" beside her, and thus, when the curtain fell, a couple of footmen had to carry the pair off, one at a time, to the intense amusement of the audience.

John Templeton, the fine old Scottish tenor, was probably never so miserable as when he was cast to sing with Malibran. Very often she was displeased with his performance, and one evening she whispered to him, "You are not acting properly; make love to me better," to which, so it is said, Templeton innocently replied, "Don't you know I am a married man?" Evidently the lady did not think there was anything serious in the circumstance, for not long afterward, when in "Sommambula" she was on her knees to Templeton as Elvino, she succeeded in making the tenor scream with suppressed laughter when he should have been singing by tickling him vigorously under the arms.

BITS FROM THE WRITERS.

The simple life does not need lentils or cellular clothing. It needs those rarer things, gratitude and humility.—G. K. Chesterton.

She wore far too much rouge last night and not quite enough clothes. That is always a sign of despair in a woman.—Sebastian Melmoth.

Keep your head on your shoulders. It's bound to rest on some one else's occasionally. Still, keep it mostly on your own.—"A Pagan's Love," by Constance Clyde.

If you feel that you've really got to tell a secret, go somewhere where it's dark and you'll be alone. Then keep your mouth shut.—"The Middle Wall," by Edward Marshall.

Not that marriage is so beautiful, but it is necessary a girl should find that out for herself, so that she can turn her mind peacefully to other things.—"A Pagan's Love," by Constance Clyde.

When Editing Was Easy. An aged Hartford man was talking about the late General Joseph H. Hawley.

"I remember well," he said, "the time when General Hawley was an editor in this town. I remember a story about editing that he told at a banquet fifty years ago."

"The man who introduced General Hawley began by saying that editors were always up to mischief of one kind or another."

"What did you mean, you scoundrel?" or another. He said there was a Hartford man who once went to a Hartford editor and said indignantly: "What did you mean, you scoundrel, by printing my name in your obituary column this morning?"

"Why," said the editor, "aren't you dead? I thought you were dead, of course. Don't you remember promising me last week that if you lived till yesterday you would settle that account of mine?"—Buffalo Enquirer.

Jefferson Nonplused. The late Joseph Jefferson used to say that about the most embarrassing experience of his life befell him in the Mills building, Wall street, New York. While waiting for an elevator one day a stout little man wearing a full beard approached and greeted him by name. Mr. Jefferson responded pleasantly, adding: "I know your face perfectly, of course, but I can't place you. I see many faces, and I'm apt to get confused in my study of physiognomy."

The little, stout, compact stranger smiled as he turned his clear over in his mouth and said, "I'm General Grant." Jefferson always declared that he got out at the next landing and walked down three flights of stairs to the street for fear he would make himself additionally conspicuous by asking the gentleman if he had ever been in Washington or if he was a veteran of the late war.—Detroit Free Press.

Multiple Screws. Multiple screws were used as early as the American civil war on certain vessels known as "tin clads" on the Mississippi, their adoption being necessitated by the shallow draft. The great advantage they possess in securing a vessel against total disablement and for maneuvering soon made them the rule in the navy. They were much longer in coming into use in the merchant service. But since the era of the very large transatlantic steamers, beginning with the Paris and New York and the Teutonic and Majestic, all very large vessels have been built with twin screws.

The truly generous is truly wise, and he who loves not others lives unblest.—Hume.

SPECIALISM IN L.A.W.

The Solicitor and the Barrister In Our Legal Practice. In this country nearly every student admitted to the bar is under the impression that there is in him the more than possibility of a great trial lawyer. Having read accounts of brilliant cross examinations and successful addresses to juries, he has in mind that he is entirely competent at the outset to try the most complicated and difficult cause. Unfortunately as to many who are not qualified for that work it is only after very many years and after considerable experience at the expense of litigants and the public, if at all, that they ascertain that they have not the peculiar aptitude necessary to the successful trial lawyer. In the meantime not only have clients suffered, but the business of the courts has been retarded to a very serious extent by the lack of adaptability on the part of the practitioner as well as by lack of experience, since it is impossible that every man admitted to the bar shall have the opportunity to try a sufficient number of causes to give him the degree of experience requisite in order to obtain the best results.

Sooner or later in the interest of the clients and to save the time and patience of the courts there must be in this country a natural division between the labor of the solicitor and the duty of the barrister, not artificial or conventional, but one which shall grow up from the nature of the case, by which certain men who are best qualified for the trial of causes will carry on that work to the practical exclusion of those without special adaptability for that class of business. In this, as in every other direction, the specialist must find his place.—Green Bag.

THE GRAVE OF ELIA.

Hutton's Effort to Find the Tomb of Charles Lamb. Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London" was largely a labor of love and was the result of years of hard work. Mr. Hutton gives this example of the difficulties that stood in his way: "Another Sunday afternoon I devoted to a pious pilgrimage to the grave of Charles Lamb at Edmonton. As usual, nobody at Edmonton knew anything. The churchyard is not a small one, and it is entirely filled. The sexton and the gravedigger and a few persons wandering about could give me no information. Most of them had never heard of Mr. Lamb, and I could not find the sacred spot. Naturally I applied to the rector, and as he left the vestry door after service leaning on the arm of a pretty young woman I approached him, raised my hat and asked politely if he could tell me where Charles and Mary Lamb were resting. Really he could not say! And I, forgetting the day, the rector came to his sacred office, cursed that rector for his criminal ignorance.

"Great heavens," I said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself! In your care have been placed the ashes of one of the foremost men in the whole history of English letters. And you don't know where they are! They have made your churchyard and your parish distinguished all over the world over. I have come 3,000 miles to visit Charles Lamb's grave, and you, the rector of the church, don't know where it is! You ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself! And I turned upon my heel and left him standing there speechless and confounded."

Half an hour after the above incident occurred and while Hutton was groping around the graveyard in the twilight the rector came to him, but in hand, apologized most humbly for his ignorance, which he had corrected in the meantime, and conducted him to the grave of the immortal Elia.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

We never knew any one who did not talk "shop" too much. How you admire the man who catches you doing a good deed on the sly! What a sorry spectacle a spoiled child is when away from its mother! A whipping never hurts so much as the thought that you are being whipped.

Some men are washed of their sins so much that they finally have a faded look. Tell a bad story without names, and every one will have an enemy to attribute it to. Ambition dwindles away in time like a cake of soap, and by the time a man is seventy he can't remember that he ever had any in the tub with him.—Atchison Globe.

A Long Felt Want.

Flannery—What's the matter wid ye, Mike? Finnegan—Tis near kilt I was be fallin' down an open coal hole. Flannery—Well, well, 'tis too bad they can't invent a coal hole 'till stay shut when it's open.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Collection of Idiots.

"I want to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage," said the young man. "You're an idiot," said the irate father.

No Repentance.

"She married in haste and repented at leisure, didn't she?" "She hasn't repented any that I know of."

But she is divorced?

"Yes, but she gets \$200 a month alimony."—Houston Post.

Don't Header Others.

Next in practical importance to the being possessed by a purpose of doing something in the world is the being possessed by the purpose of not hindering others in their doing whatever they have to do in the world.—Faith and Works.

How She Took It.

Adolphus Hunt—Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble minded? Miss Riches—Oh, Mr. Hunt, this is so sudden!