

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

The tongue shows to a physician the disease of the body; to a philosopher the disease of the mind; to a Christian the disease of the soul.

In a good neighborhood one may be sure there is good home influences; and next to that, as productive forces in making character, good schools.

An instructor in an Indian school says it is easier to overcome an Indian's prejudice against Christianity and convert him than reconcile him to manual labor. But after he is Christianized, even then he won't work.

When God would educate a man, he compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by knowing all sufferings, he may know also the eternal consolation.

Not many men undergo a radical change of character in death. The strong probability in the case of every man is that he will die as he has lived. Those who are calculating upon a death-bed repentance take their peace with God, take upon themselves a most awful hazard.—Independent.

There is nothing more repulsive or hideous to view than a corrupt, sin-disfigured character brought into sharp contrast by the weak and shallow disguises of cosmetics and gaudy attire. Meekness, patience, kindness, charity, a self-denying spirit—these are the vestments of the highest type of beauty—the kind which commands not only the admiration of the best of men, but is admired by God himself.—Christian at Work.

Christians bear crosses of different descriptions, but they should bear them in one and the same spirit of submission to God's will. The commonest burden that any man carries becomes his cross of blessing, when he bears it cheerfully and marches in the direction of the Master. By looking to Jesus and contemplating his earthly career, the follower quickly learns how to carry any cross that may be laid upon his shoulders.—Interior.

A writer in the New York Evangelist thinks that the abundance of "lesson helps" tends to lessen the study of God's word. It is more than possible that there is something in the suggestion. Those who write the lesson commentaries do the studying, and the reading teacher, who may do all the better work in his class, yet loses the mental and spiritual benefit of close contact with the word. If this is true, it is not the first instance in which he who feeds others is himself un-lungered. All honor to those who labor so hard to furnish the teacher with weapons, but sad for him who is seduced into neglect of a close companionship with the Scriptures.

WIT AND WISDOM. Man was given brains for a purpose. Some never find this out. Bachelors and old maids are naturally quite self-possessed.—Oil City Derrick. There isn't wisdom enough, put it altogether, to tell what makes one apple sweet and the next one sour. A father may be more or less paternal and still not be a desirable pattern for his children.—Alton Democrat. Advice is a most useless thing—a wise man doesn't need it, and a fool won't have it.—Vicksburg Commercial Herald. The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among uncalled for baggage after the limited express train has gone by. A stained memorial window in a church is a pretty thing to look at on Sundays, but a free bed in a hospital is a blessing forever.—N. O. Picayune. The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them. Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or walnut, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.—Swift. Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of crime long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though very seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—Sir Walter Scott. Modesty is becoming in a man or woman, but that is false and deceitful modesty which persuades him or her that no harm will come to others from the evil course pursued in obscurity. A very inconsequential sinner may develop into a demon of depravity in time; and is equally liable to provoke others to evil doing, who look below their own level for patterns.—Interior. The advice of a father to his son: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee," is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of his self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right, and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than to be bitten by him in contesting for it; right? Even killing the dog would not cure the bite.—Abraham Lincoln.

THE SHYSTER LAWYER.

A Story Whose Probability Will Not be Questioned by His Friends.

It was night. The streets, deserted by all save an occasional pedestrian with a stolen umbrella, were swept at intervals by fierce gusts of wind, and the rain came down with a steady pour which threatened an overflow.

A lawyer sits in his easy chair reading a newspaper. The marble clock on the mantel has just struck ten, and he is about to throw down his paper and follow his wife to bed, when—

"Ah! ha! I've struck it!"

His eye had lighted upon a five-line local item to the effect that Bloody Bill Bunkum, of 4290 Atwater street east, had been arrested for stealing a grindstone, but was discharged at the police court for lack of evidence.

The lawyer rushed for his boots and hat and coat. There was business in both optics.

"What! going out?" called his wife.

"Yes."

"In this awful storm?"

"I must. My duty as a leading member of the Detroit bar calls me. A noble citizen has been basely slandered and libeled by a newspaper. I must see him ere I sleep."

"And get the case?"

"Yes."

"On a divy?"

"Exactly."

"Go, my husband, but be discreet. Don't let anybody drop on the fact that you are shyster for cases. You are supposed to be a way-up lawyer, demanding a cash fee when you take the case; but if others shyster why not you? Go hunt out the slandered Bloody Bill Bunkum and take his case on the whack."

It is an hour later. A figure wrapped in oil-skins and covered by an umbrella knocks at the door of No. 4290.

No answer.

Knock! knock! knock!

"What the bloody heavens is wanted?" demands a voice from an upstairs window.

"Are you Bloody Bill Bunkum?"

"I ar'. What of it?"

"I must see you at once. There's money in it."

Bill felt his way down stairs and opened the door and asked:

"Now, then, what bloody thief are you?"

"I am not a thief. I am a leading member of the Detroit bar. Hush! Don't speak so loud."

"Come upstairs. Now, what is it? Want me to swear to an affidavit?"

"No. Do you know that you have been grossly slandered?"

"I do. When I was up in court the judge himself said he believed I ought to be in State prison."

"I mean by the papers. Why, the Free Press has damaged your character \$10,000 worth."

"No!"

"Yes, it has. It says, or at least, strongly hints, that you stole a grindstone."

"Which the same is in my back yard at the present minute."

"Did you steal it?"

"Of course. I can be confidential with a lawyer."

"But it wasn't proved?"

"Oh, no. I had two witnesses to swear that I was in Toledo for that bull month."

"And you were discharged?"

"I was. The Judge wanted to send me up, and the jury looked cross-eyed at me, and the prosecuting attorney called me a jail-bird, but I got free, bless the law."

"And now the Free Press jumps on your character and seeks to ruin you. You must begin a libel suit."

"I have no money."

"But I'll foot all the costs and take it for half what we can get."

"But the paper told the truth."

"But it can't prove it. Bloody Bill Bunkum, think of your wife."

"I will, sir."

"And your children."

"Yes, sir."

"And of your standing in the community. Do you want the finger of scorn pointed at you on the streets?"

"Never!"

"And have your children taunted about grindstones?"

"Never, some more!"

"Then we will sue the Free Press for libel and whack up on the verdict, which won't be less than \$5,000. Here, sign this agreement. Some of us now keep them on hand in blank. Now, then, a last word: Keep sober, if possible. Talk about the slander. Tell every body how it prevents your getting work. Have your wife ready to testify that you can't sleep from mental worry. Get some one to call your children names. Dig a hole and bury that grindstone, and look out for the police. If it wasn't for the police and the newspapers men like us would be rich."

"Yes, sir."

"That is all. Good night. Go to your bed with the assurance that all will be well and the case will be rushed."

Verdict for the defendant.—Detroit Free Press.

Unreasonable Expectations.

Mr. Jerusalem Cohn—Now shut look at yourself. Dot was the most stylish hair of pants dot ever you went anywhere.

Mr. Chatham Greene—Wall, I dunno. They seem to me a little small for the style.

Mr. Jerusalem Cohn—Too small, vas it? Vy, dot clothing fits you powerful. You don't suppose it vas stylish to put four yards of five-dollar goods in a dree-tollar hair of pants, vas it?—Puck.

CHINAMEN AT HOME.

Their Methods of Business, the Way They Work and How They Live.

I think I promised to give you some of the Chinese characteristics from a business point of view. One rigidly enforced law or custom of Celestials might be, with good results, incorporated into the usages of all nations. It is the payment of an indebtedness at the close of the year, and I am sure it must add to the enjoyment of the week's holiday that welcomes in the new year, during which all business is suspended and festivity reigns supreme.

Whether these people are indeed the descendants of the "lost tribes," or not, they have some of the traits of the Israelites found in other lands. Their distinct national peculiarities, as well as their ability to drive sharp bargains, makes a Chinaman's personality as distinct as that of the Jew. Perhaps nothing better can illustrate the business methods of the country than some unique experience in building a house on the American plan.

Just before the debt-paying period was a favorable time to purchase materials. The brick was bought at a less price than the same quality sell for at home. The wood used for building comes down the Pel-Ho in logs and is deposited in a log yard, and for a time time our yard was a lively scene of donkey carts unloading brick and sawyers cutting the logs into plank, scantling and joists.

Our comprodre (the middle-man who talks "pigeon English" and does the bargaining) had a tussle with the "carrying guild." He tried to use men out of this class to bring the logs, but the union men attacked them with clubs, and we were obliged to use the guild carriers.

I also had a "racket" with the sawyers for attempting to cheat in their measurement, and they laid off for several days. They finally agreed to measure according to foreign custom, and the work is done more satisfactorily than it would have been at the mill. There is but one in this region, and that is an English machine and does inferior work.

Three gangs of men are now busy hauling dirt to fill in the low places and we soon expect to cart tgo for sand from the coast and another from the interior. Our Oregon lumber will come soon. There was not time after my order reached Vancouver to have the doors and sash made in time for shipment. Finding that they would have to be made here, I sent for the carpenter to come to my office and made him understand that I wanted him to make a draft of a door. With a little help he did so correctly, and was much pleased when I told him to make a door, which when done was so workmanlike that I am glad that the work is to be done here at a less cost and a better job. He has made a desk for me that many a skilled mechanic could not improve upon, and he enjoys my commendation highly.

The Chinese have very little originality but are very observing and careful imitators. What they learn they know thoroughly, but they are not as house servants wholly trustworthy, and need to feel that you are watching them. They succeed best with few conveniences, a small kitchen and things in their own way. With the poorest kind of a cooking-stove, and with a single boiling place, a cook will prepare a surprising number of courses, and serve them all hot.

There are plenty of meat shops in Tien-tsin, and fruits and vegetables can be bought at moderate prices, but for all ordinary groceries we must send to Boston, San Francisco, or some European city, and order a year's supply. Tea, of course, is abundant and cheap, and of fine quality, though one would better not watch too closely the curing and packing of it for market.—Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Dodging the Bullets.

The physical effect produced upon different men in the presence of danger forms an interesting study, but in many cases the outward signs as indicated by the actions of the individual in no wise measure the degree of courage or his fear. The practice, for instance, of dodging shots, "jack-knifing" under fire, proceeds from a nervousness which is often purely physical, and has but little more significance as a test of courage than winking when something is thrown in one's face. The act is entirely involuntary. A general officer who was killed at the second battle of Bull Run was one of the most gallant soldiers that ever drew a blade. Every body had predicted his early death from the constant and unnecessary exposure to which he subjected himself. When under fire the agile dodging he performed was a whole gymnastic exercise in itself. His head would bob from side to side and occasionally bob down to his horse's neck with all the vigor of a signal flag in waving a message. These actions were entirely beyond his control and were no indication whatever of fear. Dodging to some extent under a heavy infantry fire is very common. I can recall only two persons who throughout a rattling musketry fire always sat in their saddles without moving a muscle or even winking an eye. One was a bugler in the regular cavalry and the other was General Grant.—Century.

A resident of Lancaster, Pa., has a stove that was cast in 1769. It has but one door, that for putting in wood in front, and has what is supposed to be a coat of arms on the front. On each side is the head of a woman and "H. W. Stiegel, 1769, Elizabeth Furnace." At the lower corners of the sides are Masonic emblems, and on the back the figure of a man standing against a tree.

CULTURE AND COBBLING.

Foot-Coverings Turned Out by Millions in and Around Boston.

More than half the people of the United States—men, women and children—wear shoes that come from Boston. This is, indeed, headquarters of the boot and shoe industry for the whole country—the center from which the marketable product of the great manufacturing towns hereabout is distributed. The population of these towns is chiefly made up of workers in the huge shops, which turn out foot-gear at the rate of nearly 100,000,000 pairs every year. Spencer, Worcester, Brookfield and other settlements in Worcester County devote themselves to the making of long-legged boots. Shoes are mostly put together in Plymouth, Abington, Re Klund, and other places on Cape Cod. Slippers afford almost exclusive employment to the busy inhabitants of Haverhill. Low shoes, for summer wear, nearly all come from Newport, and ladies' boots, etc., give occupation to the residents of Lynn, Beverly, Newburyport and Marblehead. All these goods are brought, for selling, to the modern Athens, where each big manufacturer has his ware-house. From the ware-house agents are sent all over the continent to solicit orders of the "jobbers," or wholesale men. Sometimes the jobber orders through the agent so many cases, as per sample shown; but more often he makes a note of whatever pleases him and comes to Boston himself subsequently, to visit the warehouses and select his stock for the approaching season. A factory proprietor does not ordinarily make more than two or three different kinds of shoes or boots—for the reason 't is cheaper to produce the same sort of thing in quantities—and so the wholesale man trots about from one establishment to another until he has purchased what he calls a "full line." Subsequently he sends out traveling men, to drum up the retail dealers, who must buy what they sell from the jobbers. For the manufacturers, as a rule, will not dispose of their goods directly to the retailer, thus compelling the consumer to pay what would seem to be the untended mind to be an extra unnecessary profit. And this is rendered more aggravating when one considers the difference between the actual cost of turning out a pair of shoes and the price at which the same pair is finally sold. The expense of making it is to the manufacturer, say, \$1.25—of good stock and well constructed for wear—and his price, by the case, is \$1.80. The jobber receives \$2.60 for it from the retailer, who charges his customers \$4.50 for the article—marked down from \$6, don't you know. The gains on the sale of more expensive boots are much greater.—Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.

CHARMING HUMBUGS.

How Pretty Women Are Playing Confidence Games on Business Men.

A new class of swindlers have begun operations in Fifth avenue and upper Broadway," said one of Inspector Byrne's detectives this morning while watching a well-dressed woman across the street.

"That 'lady' over there is a leading member of the gang," he continued. "She would make \$10 or \$15 a day if let alone. She used to be a shop-lifter. Because of the danger of detection and a certain knowledge that she'd be sentenced to the longest term possible if again arraigned before any justice in the city, she and some of her former companions have conceived the idea of making a good living as aristocratic beggars. You see they dress fashionably, have pleasing manners and know just whom to strike.

"A good-natured business man is their victim every time. One of the gang will accost him in the middle of a block, out of hearing distance. Her manner of greeting him would lead any one across the street to think her an acquaintance. In a low tone she says she has lost her pocket-book or been robbed. Her husband or brother, of course, is a member of the same exchange as the gentleman addressed. Her name is given and recognized, and then, with false embarrassment and blushes, she would trouble her victim for a few dollars.

"Nine times out of ten the unsuspecting individual will say: 'Why, certainly; pray don't mention it,' and pass over a five-dollar note in a hurry, glad at the opportunity to do it. The swindler asks for his card and goes in search for another victim, after expressing her hearty thanks. The same person is never 'struck' twice, and in this way the swindler escapes positive detection. A few of the fraternity will tackle members of their own sex with a story calculated to win a dollar or two; but this is only done when there is scarcity of male prey. They work all sorts of dodges, and are often successful simply because of their fine appearance and good manners. I tried hard to get a well-known man who had been swindled by that woman across the way to prosecute her, but he declined, saying it would be a shame to look up such a pretty woman."—N. Y. Telegram.

Cause for Surprise.

Friend (to young artist) — Why, Charley, I'm surprised to see you out to-day!

Young Artist—Why so?

Friend — I passed your boarding-house a little while ago and I saw a shirt hanging on the line which I am quite sure belongs to you.—Texas Siftings.

When a man learns to mind his own business and to leave the affairs of others alone he accomplishes a success as great as falls to common mortals.—Wartha's Vineyard Herald.

GREAT MEN'S NEIGHBORS

Some Stories of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Other Noted Writers.

A "society" woman at whose table Longfellow was dining asked him: "Oh, Mr. Longfellow, have you ever published a book?" This was after two-thirds of his life-work was done. Hawthorne says that in his later years he met many people who knew him well as the ex-surveyor of the Port of Salem, but who never knew that he had written anything, and had not even heard that there was such a book as "The Scarlet Letter." Even the genial "Autocrat" is not appreciated by every body in his own town. One day an American gentleman went into a barber's shop as Dr. Holmes was going out. "Do you know who that was that just went out?" asked the barber. Being curious to see what account of Dr. Holmes the barber would give, the visitor shook his head. "Why," said the barber, "that's old Dr. Holmes." "And who is Dr. Holmes?" "Oh; he's been a doctor here a good many years. I believe he ain't practicin' any more, but he's thought a great deal of."

A crushing remark was once made by a would-be flatterer to Mr. W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Shortly after the publication of "The Lady of the Aroostook," "A Foregone Conclusion," and "Venetian Life," a lady asked that gentleman for his autograph, whereupon he wrote some impromptu verses in her album. She read them over, and then gave an encouraging smile. "Oh, Mr. Howells," she exclaimed, "I should think you might do something for the papers and magazines; I've seen much worse things than that in print!"

When even Dickens and Thackeray met with experiences somewhat similar to this, the small fry can scarcely hope to escape. Men well known in other walks of life are scarcely less fortunate than the novelist. Take, for instance, the story told by a clergyman as being part of a conversation held by him with an Englishman to whom he pointed out General Grant's residence in New York. The Englishman asking: "What name?" and seeming to attain no further light, the clergyman repeated it to him and said: "Of course, you have heard of General Grant? He was our President for eight years, ending in 1877."

"Ah!" remarked the Englishman, still with no evidence of recalling a fact previously known.

"Then, too," proceeded the clergyman, "he was a great General, and was in command of 1,000,000 men at the close of the war. You remember our late war, of course?"

"Well, no," was the answer. "Beg pardon, but I have just arrived in this country, and was so long at sea that I have not heard the latest news. I was at sea sixteen days, really."

This gentleman was scarcely abreast with the times, and his ignorance reminds one of Mark Twain's famous question to a railway carriage bore: "Adam? What's his other name?"

It is really surprising how few eminent Americans are known to the average "general reader" in England. In America, the names of many of our prominent men must be familiar, in consequence of the frequency and familiarity with which their actions are discussed in the columns of most of the great newspapers. One is surprised, indeed, to see English affairs dealt with as if England were only some two hundred or three hundred miles from New York.

Greatness is paid homage to by some people in peculiar ways. Every body must remember the story told in connection with Victor Hugo. The great poet was startled one morning by the intrusion of three Englishmen. "Victor Hugo," said one, consulting a pocket-book. The poet bowed, thinking that he should be asked for his autograph next. After the visitors had stared for a few seconds the pocket-book was again consulted. "Eleven o'clock; the lions!" said the spokesman. Then the party bowed and walked out of the room.—Chambers' Journal.

PAPER UNDERWEAR.

Chinese Paper-Makers Compete with the Manufacturers of Muslin.

Paper fabric will actually take the place of genuine cloth to some extent. In a modification of what used to be called the Fedora front, to be worn by a fashionable girl, the chemisette, or at least a portion of it disclosed between the front edges of the jacket, is composed of paper, stamped and cut in imitation of lace and embroidery. This innovation was premeditated to the extent that an order was sent to China more than a year ago for the manufacture of the stuff in the fibrous sort of paper produced only in that country. Thus it is that the masculine example of paper collars and cuffs has been followed, in an idealized manner, by a feminine acceptance of paper chemisettes. The paper looks exactly like soft, unlaundried linen, and is quite tough enough, it is well to say, to prevent easy accidents in the way of rents. Patterns are ingenious imitations, not only of plain, fine muslin, but of lace. That is timely, because there is a tendency to use lace more generously with demi-toilets for the afternoon. Some ladies are returning to the handsome real laces so long laid aside, while the merchants still find their best profit in the fine hand-woven imitation laces so long popular. Gauzes, net, blonde and silk muslins, together with ribbons, are combined with frills and jabots of lace in plastrons, vests and fichus of various kinds. Even for full dress toilets the sencerita jackets are worn with a full blouse of cream-white China crepe.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

CRADLES FOR BABIES.

Some Singular Prisons Prepared for Infants in Distant Lands.

The Chinese have a queer institution which they call the winter cradle. It is shaped somewhat like an hour glass and stands on end. There is an opening above and below, and the waist, which is contracted, serves to keep the celestial baby on his feet. Day after day little almond-shaped eyes peep over this top of the cradle and little hands play with miniature dragons and other toys until the nurse puts in an appearance. Some of these winter cradles are made of wicker-work and are beautifully painted by Chinese women artists. It is almost impossible for one to be upset; but now and then, when two are placed together and the occupants declare war and measure arms, two cradles roll over the floor to noises that "bring down the house."

The Lapp baby very often has a snow cradle, for when the indulgent mother attends church she makes a hole in the snow outside and deposits the young Laplander therein. It is no uncommon sight to see a circle of these snow cradles in front of a Lapp chapel, and now and then a lot of fierce-looking dogs are on guard to keep off the wolves that might meditate a raid on the baby contingent. The Lapp cradle in material differs essentially from that used by the Bushman baby, whose mother digs a hole in the hot sand and chucks him therein in the shadow of some lonely bush. Sometimes the cradle is ready to hand in the shape of an ostrich nest, and now and then some feathers left by the mighty bird help to soften the nest of the future Bushman warrior.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amazon that cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up around the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub. Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little tot to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it is not wise to leave baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during the siesta, and the chatter of the monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.

Patagonian babies are kept in cradles made of flat pieces of board. Two pieces of guanaco skin are so arranged across the cradle that the child is firmly fastened inside, and can be carried thus suspended from a saddle bow without danger. In the rude huts of this people these cradles are hung hammockwise to the rafters, and amid the smoke that darkens everything, including his very nature, as it seems, the Patagonian infant passes the first stages of babyhood. When the village migrates the cradle is swung from the saddle, and in swimming a stream it floats like a canoe on the surface, while the horse is almost entirely submerged. Sir Francis Head, who saw a good deal of Patagonian life years ago, leaves on record the statement that the Patagonian baby in his queer cradle is one of the best natured representatives of the infant world.

One would hardly go to Kaffirland for a fantastic cradle, and one almost as queer as it is fantastic at that. Yet he would find such a one there. The Kaffir baby, when he comes into the world, is put into a cradle or bag made of antelope skin, with the hair on. This baby castle, narrow toward the bottom, widens to within a few inches of the opening, when it again suddenly contracts. The skin is turned inward, giving the young Kaffir as soft a bed as some found in the cradles of royalty. Four long strips of antelope skin are attached to the cradle, and enable the mother to swing it on her back after a peculiar fashion.—Drake's Magazine.

Don't Learn to Carve.

Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it. A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibility, which, while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles into the forehead. If you do not perform the work artistically, you are criticised. If a tough fowl gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap, you are laughed at and make an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones if you send the choicest out to Smith, and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for yourself. The waiters make you the subject of their remarks, and by putting their heads together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulders in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the fiendish leer on their faces that they have set you down as a blacksmith. If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your collar wilts, necktie gets away, your appetite leaves you, and when your labors are finished you begin your dinner with the air of one who has been in a pugilistic mill and come out second best. Don't learn to carve.—Nebraska State Journal.

Knew How It Was Herself.

"When you speak of the early closing movement, Miss Craycraft," exclaimed the caller, with enthusiasm, "you touch on a topic in which I am deeply interested. I am in favor of anything that will shorten the dreary hours of working-men and women."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Sloggs," said the young lady, as she looked hopefully at the clock. "I am a working-woman myself."—Chicago Tribune.