THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN.

How an Individual with Ready-Made Statistics Swindles Farmers.

"How is it that you still manage to sell so many lightning rods?" was asked the other day of an agent who makes Pennsylvania his stamping ground.

"Because people want them," he replied. "It is rare that you can sell one in a town or city nowadays, but nine farmers out of ten want them."

"Do they believe in them?"

"They do—after I have got through talking. It is the man who is not posted who brings reproach on the lightning-rod business. To be a successful business man you must be loaded."

"How?"

"Well, I call upon a farmer who has just built a fine barn. He has been told that rods are N. G. He receives me very coldly, and promptly announces his belief that I am a humbug. I laugh and pretend to feel very jolly, and presently bring out weapon number one."

"What is that?"

"The losses sustained on barns by fire insurance companies doing business in the State. I show him that in one year 2,140 barns were struck by lightning and consumed. Of this number only four had rods. They were, of course, the rods made by a rival company. Our rods would have saved them. Then comes weapon number two. I show him a list of 7,000 barns on which we have rods, and not one of them has ever been damaged."

"And he is convinced?"

"Oh, no. I have a whole battery in reserve. I get the position of his barn by compass, and then find at least three reasons why it is unusually exposed to lightning. I advise him to cut down certain trees in case he won't have a rod, and offer to bet him $100 to $20 that his barn will be struck inside of a year. I explain how thunder storms originate, what attracts lightning, which corner of his barn is the most liable to be struck, and why our rod beats all."

"Where do you get all your statistics?"

"Make them for myself, sir. I may be a little over or a little under, but it makes no difference to the farmer. I have the number of barns burned in the United States last year. I made my own figures. He can accept them or not. I don't press him to buy a rod, but I am bound to give statistics. He invites me to stay to dinner, and after dinner I demonstrate the virtues of our rod."

"How?"

"By an electric battery. I have only to show him the sparks and flashes on the point to make him believe. Then I talk about 'circuits,' 'grounded wires,' 'induction,' 'attraction' and so on, and he gets in such a hurry for a rod that we have to work far into the evening."

"Does your conscience ever trouble you?"

"Never. Every body should have a lightning-rod—one of our own make. They are ornamental. They give a jaunty air to roofs and chimneys. There is no delicate machinery to get out of order. It is no expense to run one after it is up. While you are off huckleberrying in the daytime or asleep at night the lightning-rod is attending right to business and not charging a cent. No, sir, my conscience is as clear as a bell, and my sales this year will be one-third larger than last. I've got statistics to show that every barn in the State equipped with our rods escaped hurricanes and cyclones as well as thunderbolts last year."—N. Y. Sun.

LONG-TAILED SAINTS.

How Apes Are Worshiped in Some Portions of India.

The European residents of British India are often astounded at the absurdities of idol worship which the Brahmins continue to enforce even upon the more intelligent classes of the natives; but the most preposterous of those superstitions certainly seem the worship of three or four dozen varieties of mischievous apes. Some of those long-tailed demigods are revered merely as distant relatives of the monkey-saint Hannman, while others (the Entellus ape, for instance, and the Rhesus Macacus) are considered so ineffably holy that their murder would be worse than homicide; and in the consciousness of their inviolable sanctity the objects of that worship consequently recognize no human rights which a four-handed saint is obliged to respect. They enter storehouses in broad day-time, and must be tolerated in deference to the prejudices of the natives; though if their movements are not constantly watched they are sure to utilize their business opportunities with the celerity of a New York alderman. In orchards their depredations are limited only by the capacity of their paunches; but no orthodox Hindoo ever expels them by direct force, and he seems to consider it a fair compromise if he can manage to gather a twenty per cent. share of his own crop. There are special infirmaries devoted to the relief of decrepit four-handers; and the testimony of hundreds of intelligent foreigners has established the fact that during various famines, that almost depopulated the villages of the afflicted districts, those monkey hospitals were supplied with an abundance of food; and a starving true-believer would mitigate his distress by robbing a temple as soon as by touching the stores collected for the support of his sacred long-tails.—Drake's Magazine.

—Nineteen Congregational churches have been organized in Iowa during the past twelve months.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Doctors Don't Know so Much as Some Folks Think They Do.

The disagreements among physicians on points in their profession, that by this time should certainly be so well established as to be irrefutable were medicine an exact science, has led many intelligent people to think that, outside of anatomy, doctors know but little more than other folks.

Doctors disagree not alone in diagnosing or attempting to cure diseases, but also as to the means for preventing them. Almost every article used by man for food, drink or raiment has been both recommended and condemned by differing medical schools, and frequently with no consideration for the varying natures and environment of men.

Not many years ago there was a great pother about the habit, among both men and women, of holding up certain articles of clothing by a snugly fitting waistband, and all sorts of contrivances for this purpose were invented for women, generally patterned after men's braces, the design of which was to shift the weight from the hips to the shoulders. Now comes an English doctor with a series of cases of consumption, chief among which are this: "Braces are another curse of civilization—by suspending the weight of our clothes from our shoulders instead of fastening them in the 'savage' and natural way, by a girdle round the waist." In this as in other things people "pay their money and take their choice," being assured that whatever they do they will have some sort of medical authority to back them.

The most damaging testimony against medicine as an exact, reliable science comes from its own great practitioners. Thus the famous Dr. Abercrombie said that "Since first cultivated as a science, medicine is fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty. We can not properly be said to act upon experience, as we do in other branches of science." Sir Astley Cooper, the celebrated surgeon, said in a hospital lecture: "The art of medicine is founded on conjecture." Dr. Hoffman, the most celebrated physician of the eighteenth century, wrote: "As regards most medicines the physician is deceived, as their true properties are quite unknown, and we know of no general law of nature for their remedial employment in disease." And our own Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes holds pretty much the same view, as he says: "If all drugs were cast into the sea it would be so much the better for men and so much the worse for the fish."

Perhaps a great advance has been made in the science of medicine since these great professors wrote and spoke, but it can not yet by any means be classed among the exact sciences. Many new remedial agents have undoubtedly been added to the pharmacopœia, and some of them are, no doubt, good in curing disease or alleviating pain, but the professional gentlemen who prescribes one of them or half a dozen of them in combination is never perfectly sure as to what the result of their administration to a patient will be.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A PECULIAR TRADE.

The Delicate Work Done by an Old German Doll Mender.

"This doll that I am working on now has received an injury which is a very difficult one to treat. You notice that the poor thing has had her eye punched in, and I've got to take off the top of her head to get it out. First, you observe I warm her flaxen hair over this heater, which melts the glue or cement, and allows me to scalp her—thus. Then I punch a hole in the back of her head and shake out the eye, put on a piece of plaster, replace her hair and cement her eye into place as good as new."

The doll mender says that so many of the modern toys are made of iron that his business has been greatly interfered with; these toys being indestructible, they never require his services. In the dull season the toy mender mends china, glass and woodcarvings. From this you will see that toy mending requires a delicate touch and much patience, besides a certain artistic sense. A few years ago a lady, calling, upset a table on which was an almost priceless set of coffee-cups. They were very valuable in themselves, and were made more valuable because a gift from a very dear friend. What was to be done? There lay the pieces, not one larger than a five-cent piece. Every cup and saucer was different in decoration from every other cup and saucer, and it seemed hopeless to think of matching them with the pieces all mixed up. Every fragment was carefully picked up, and taken to a little old shop where was a little old man famous for mending delicate objects. He grew very much excited when shown the pieces, and said he could mend the set—if not all, at least some. A few weeks later the set was returned, every piece perfect to the eye, and the only way to discover that they had ever been broken was by holding a piece up to the light; then there were seen dark lines running in every direction. What wonderful skill and patience it required to do that work!—Christian Union.

—A Baltimorean recently dropped asleep on a park bench, when, his head falling forward, he unconsciously choked to death over the stiff edge of his celluloid collar. A dog died in Illinois the other day from drinking the water in which a flannel shirt had been rinsed. A St. Louis man died of erysipelas contracted from a verdigris brass collar-button eating into his neck; and a man in Chicago was roasted to death by the firing of his cotton undercloth-ing as dried before an open grate.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Supposed Origin of a Popular Expression Now in General Use.

In the year 1490 Aldo Manuzio, the founder of the celebrated Aldine press, settled in Venice, and began what proved to be his life work, the gigantic task of preserving the literature of Greece from accident, further than that which had already befallen it in the Eastern Empire by committing its chief masterpieces to type. To this scholarly Italian, "printer of the Holy Church and the Doge of Venice," we owe our printer's devil.

Manuzio, or Manutius (for he is more familiar known by his Latin name), had in his employ a little negro boy, who was accustomed to run errands and make himself generally useful about the establishment. Outsiders, with whom he came in contact, and to whom a negro was an unfamiliar sight, regarded the boy with a superstitious awe that gradually deepened into a terrified belief that his color indicated an unholy intimacy with the prince of darkness. The report was, therefore, circulated that Manutius was in league with the devil.

Now this seems, on the surface, absurdly improbable, but when we remember the age and the superstition with which the nation of Southern Europe have from all time considered an object of novelty, the case seems most possible. Moreover, the ancient monkish legends taught that the devil had been known to assume the form and color of a negro, having appeared in the previous century before St. Vincent Ferrier in the guise of an Ethiopian who threatened him with war to the death; and again, in like form, he had tormented St. John of Egypt in the desert, mocking and insulting him during a long fast. The association of ideas was, therefore, in this case not a new one.

To protect himself and the boy from persecution, however, and to satisfy the curious that his slave was not an emissary of Satan, the printer made a proclamation in church to the following effect: "I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him." And from these circumstances arose in Venice the somewhat unintelligible expression a "printer's devil."

"This character," says a member of the press, speaking feelingly, "is almost identical with the origin of the art (of printing), and we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having a guardian exclusively assigned to us, from whom, notwithstanding his generally reprehensible conduct to other people, we have so little to apprehend." Moxon tells us that in former times the duty of the printer's devil was to stand by the tympan on which the blank sheets of paper were spread, and take them from the frame as fast as they were printed; and he adds that, in consequence of their handling the fresh ink so constantly, "they do commonly so black and bedaub themselves that the workmen do jocosely call them devils."

Printer's slang seemed to combine the extremes of good and evil. From the circumstance that Caxton's printing press was set up in the Scriptorium of Westminster Abbey, the association with that place led the apprentices to designate black smears made by too much ink on the sheet, "monks," while a space unintentionally left blank was known as a "friar." Thus the good fathers were forced to keep company with the evil one without any volition of their own.

Boswell says that one day, while talking of a very respectable author, Dr. Johnson related the fact that he had married a printer's devil, at which Sir Joshua Reynolds exclaimed: "A printer's devil, sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face, and in rags." "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "but I suppose he had her face washed and put clean clothes on her." In this account neither Sir Joshua, nor Johnson, nor any of the large company present expressed any surprise at the existence of a female printer's devil; and there is reason to suppose that women were not infrequently employed to assist in the work of printing, since Stock, in his "Life of Dr. Beddoes," speaks of a woman's nimble and delicate fingers as being particularly well adapted to the office of compositor. It it to be hoped that in so anomalous a position she was careful to "mind her p's and q's."—American Notes and Queries.

A Soap Miner's Yarns.

The natural soap mines of Owen's Lake, Cal., are thus accounted for by one of the company now working them. He says that the waters of the lake contain a strong solution of borax and soda. In these waters there breeds a grub that becomes a fly. The flies die in the water and drift ashore, covering the ground to a depth of a foot or more. The oily substance of the flies blends with the borax and soda, and the result is a layer of pure soap. These strata repeated from year to year form the soap mines, where large forces of men are now employed. This soap miner is quoted in a San Francisco paper as follows: "There is another queer thing about the waters of these lakes. You shoot a duck there and fail to get it, and in a little while, when it drifts ashore, you will find that its fat breast and sides have changed to an elegant toilet soap, and you can chip it off and use it and it is just as nice as any refined soap."—N. Y. Sun.

—If happiness be only freedom from mental care and physical pain, then its best securities are a hard heart and a strong stomach.

ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

Heroic Defense of a Ship Attacked by a Multitude of Savages.

About 1835 Captain Silas Jones, now president of the First National Bank of this town, says a Falmouth (Mass.) letter to the New York Herald, sailed from Wood's Holl as third officer in the ship Awashonks. Captain Collins, on a four-years' cruise in the South Pacific ocean. This voyage was one of most intense excitement and hairbreadth adventure, and, while Captain Jones is of a quiet and unassuming character and not fond of putting his glory before the world, yet your correspondent obtained a story full of interest and one that is not known to have been published, although in years past it was a theme of much discussion.

The vessel had a crew of about thirty-five men, including captain, first, second and third officers, and made the voyage around Cape Horn without incident. She cruised about the South seas, and when eighteen months out had 900 barrels of fine oil in her hold.

Closing in with a group of islands just north of the equator Captain Collins decided to make a trade with the natives. The ship was hove to, with most of her sails set, in a small bay where the calm water reflected the strip of white sand, green palms, and tropical plants that skirted its margin as well as the purple hills of the interior.

A number of native dugouts put out to the ship and made fast to her chains and the savages clambered over the vessel's rail. At a favorable signal a fierce yell burst from their dusky throats, causing the ears of those who heard it to tremble and their hearts to quail. In less time than it takes to write it the ship's decks were full of natives and the unarmed crew made for the rigging, jibboons and forecastle—in fact, anywhere to escape the bloodthirsty islanders.

The fight that ensued was a desperate and indiscriminate melee. The natives had been so sure of a surprise that they had formed no plan of attack, depending entirely on their overwhelming numbers. At the first rush Captain Collins and the first mate were engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with some of the savages who had availed themselves of the ship's cutting-in spades, and the poor men were immediately hacked to pieces. Thomas Gifford, of Falmouth, a seaman, made a bolt for the forecastle, and received a blow from a spade. He carries the scar across his forehead to this day, and it is a most unpleasant reminder of that bloody massacre.

Captain Jones, then a youth of about twenty, found himself surrounded by a number of infuriated natives, each struggling for a whack at him with keen-edged spades. He managed to parry the blows, jumping into the vessel's hold, and crawled among the tiers of oil-casks in the cabin. Here he found the steward and two seamen on the floor covered with wounds inflicted by the murderous spades. The rest of the ship's company were either aloft or cooped up in the forecastle. In one corner of the cabin was the magazine, containing the muskets and ammunition. Seizing the muskets Captain Jones gave them to the wounded men to load, while he set about rescuing the Awashonks.

The natives were scattered over the decks, stealing what they could get their hands on. They plucked up the ring-bolts from the deck's rails and tugged at them when two tons' strain would not have pulled them out. They pried at bolts and straps, picked at nail heads, wrenched down kettles and stove-pipes and threw them in the canoes. The chief, an ill-visaged rascal, was at the wheel endeavoring to beach the vessel, but he was not up in navigation. First he put the wheel down, and the sails not filling he put the wheel up. Slowly the Awashonks headed off and gathered headway toward the beach. An Indian who lived in Mashpee, some ten miles from here, cut the braces and the sales were taken aback. A shower of arrows and heathenish maledictions were hurled at him as he sought shelter in the tops. The vessel lost headway, but the chief continued his experiment with the rudder.

The cabin, where Captain Jones had taken refuge, was lighted by two windows in the stern and a large skylight overhead. When the enemy peered into these apertures a well-directed bullet sent them away in hot haste. For over an hour this skirmish between a desparate man and a hundred murderers continued. As fast as the wounded men could load the muskets Captain Jones would put their contents where they did the most good and the islanders began to have a wholsome fear of the window and set about devising some better method of attack.

Looking up through the skylight during the quiet that followed Captain Jones saw the chief at the wheel in his frantic endeavor to beach the vessel. Taking careful aim at his broad, naked chest, he pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through the deck, and, having spent its force, rolled along the planking, to the chief's very feet. The savage left the helm, inspected the bullet hole, and then laid a piece of board over the splintered plank; he then returned to the wheel as unconcerned as could be. Another bullet from the musket pierced his heart and the lifeless form rolled into the scuppers.

At the death of their chieftain the islanders fled panic-tricken to the shore and the Awashonks was laboriously put to sea. She soon fell in with a merchantman, Captain Proctor, and was brought to Wood's Holl by a portion of the merchant crew.

Captain Jones was offered a master's berth by the owners of the whaler he had so bravely defended, and up to 1864 he followed the sea in that capacity.

MR. BIXBY'S EXPERIENCE.

How a Good Man's Ardor for "Perpetual Poems" Was Cooled Forever.

Mr. and Mrs. Bixby had been married ten years and the blessing of children had been denied them, a fact that caused them deep regret. Mrs. Bixby often said:

"It must be so sweet and interesting to witness the unfolding and developing of the infant mind."

"Ah, yes," said Bixby, "a child in the home must indeed be a well spring of joy," a sort of a perpetual poem."

It was soon after making these speeches that they went to an orphan asylum and adopted "little Jacky," an interesting youth of about nine years.

They hurried home with their prize, eager to witness at once the unfolding of his juvenile mind.

It began to unfold and develop before he had been ten minutes in the house. Latent and unsuspected, as well as undesired tendencies, began to manifest themselves in Bixby's "perpetual poem."

Before a week Bixby had changed his mind about a child in the house being a "well spring of joy." He said it was more like a "sink hole of—," but Mrs. Bixby wouldn't let him say it all; she said it sounded too much like swearing.

At the end of six weeks Bixby transferred the boy and all his right in him to a ranch owner out West who was on the hunt for "perpetual poems" out of which he might make good cow-boys.

Bixby thought Jacky was just the boy the ranch-man wanted. He had formed this opinion from the "unfolding" he had witnessed of Jacky's young mind and developments of six weeks.

In summing up his losses afterward Bixby said to a friend:

"I wouldn't have one of those things in the house again for five hundred dollars a week. If I thought I'd ever have one of my own now I'd go and take a whole package of arsenic, and Mrs. Bixby would drown herself.

"That boy I had for six weeks didn't leave a whole piece of furniture in the house when he left. He poisoned our splendid old Maltese cat the second day; he killed my Plymouth Rock rooster the next day; he broke nine of the piano keys, and scratched his name on each of the four legs with a nail. He broke our pier glass with a tack hammer; tore all the engravings out of ten costly books; tied my mother-in-law's wig on the dog's head and turned him loose. Then he took her teeth and fixed them so he could work them with a string and carried them off to school where he traded them for four glass marbles.

"He set fire to the barn twice and tried to paint all the white parts of my horse red. He broke or tore or mashed something every ten minutes. He insulted every body who came to the house. He fought like a tiger when I tried to take my revolver from him. I think he had two fights a day every day for six weeks. Next time I want to see any thing unfold itself I'll go off and get a half-grown hyena and turn it loose in the house so I can have some peace during the unfolding process."—Time.

BRAINS ALWAYS WIN.

An Enterprising Peddler Who Understood His Business.

Stranger—Beg pardon, madam, for calling you to the door, but will you be kind enough to tell me who that ignorant, vulgar, commonplace woman in the house across the way is?

Mrs. Gabb—That's Mrs. Stuckup.

"Stuckup. Thank you. I must remember the name so as not to waste any time on her in the future. How did such a hopelessly ignorant woman get on this very respectable street, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I called on her once, but she never returned it, and that ended our acquaintance, you may be sure, the odious thing."

"I should say so. Why, that woman wouldn't know a lady from an orang-outang; she wouldn't know a bright spoon from a black one. It's an actual fact that it isn't five minutes since she said she had never heard of the Skihigh silver polish; and when I even went to the trouble to brighten a spoon for her she said it looked just the same. Never saw such ignorance. I suppose you have always used the Skihigh polish, of course. You have the bright, cheery, beautiful appearance of ladies who do, but perhaps your supply is most out, and in that case—"

"I believe it is. I'll take a package."

"It comes in cans, madam. One dollar, please. Thanks."—Philadelphia Record.

A Change of Base.

Fond Father—Julia, my dear, you know I refused young Sniggleby's request to marry you last evening."

"Yes, and it was real cruel."

"Well, don't cry, dear; I have reconsidered the matter, and will be glad to have you marry him."

"Oh, how good you are! How did you change your mind?"

"I was at the base-ball grounds to see the exhibition game, and the young man who can stop a hot grounder as Sniggleby does has a great future before him."—Nebraska State Journal.

Afraid of the Cooking.

"Come up to the house and have dinner with me, Charley."

"Well, I don't care if—gracious, what a looking head! Has somebody hit you with a brick?

"No, we were fooling, and my wife hit me with a biscuit."

"You'll have to excuse me to-night, Sam. Some other night, perhaps."—Chicago Herald.

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

How Mr. B. Conducted Himself Under Very Trying Circumstances.

I wanted to send off for a lady's fashion magazine, and on a dozen different occasions I begged of Mr. Bowser to write the letter and send off the money. He kept promising and neglecting, man-like, but one evening he said:

"Give me the name of that magazine and I will get a letter off to-morrow."

"It's gone," I answered.

"Who sent it?"

"I did."

"Humph! Do you mean to tell me that you wrote a business letter?"

"I do. I ordered the magazine and sent in a year's subscription."

"What did you write?"

"O, in the usual form."

"And chucked the two dollars into the letter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's about what I would expect of you. You'll never see money or magazine again."

"I won't? Why?"

"Because, in the first place, it stood just as good a chance of going to some machine shop as to a magazine office, with your style of directing an envelope; and because, secondly, if some post-office official doesn't steal the money, they will gobble it at the end of the route and swear they never got it. Mrs. Bowser, you are as simple as a child."

"But it may come all right."

"Yes, and we may discover a box of gold in the back yard. There's but one way to do business."

"How's that?"

"See this P. O. money order for $38? I am going to send that to Boston to-morrow. It will go straighter than a crow, and there is no cause for worry. However, it's useless to try to learn a woman how to do business."

Three or four days went by, and then he suddenly inquired:

"Have you heard from that magazine, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose not. When you do hear please let me know. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

Two days later he asked me again, and I was then able to show him a letter acknowledging receipt of the money, and a copy of the magazine.

"It seems to have gone through," he said as he handed the letter back, "but that was owing to Providence. Probably the parties had heard of me and hesitated to defraud you for fear I'd raise a row."

"What about the order you sent off, Mr. Bowser?"

He jumped out of his chair and turned pale and gasped:

"By gum! but I'd forgotten about that! I ought to have had an acknowledgement three days ago."

"Can't have been lost, eh?"

"N-no."

"It was the only proper way to do business, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was, and of course it got there all right. I'll probably get a letter to-morrow."

When the morrow came I asked him if he had heard from his order.

"Not exactly," he replied, "but I am certain that it got there safe."

"But they ought to acknowledge it."

"Y-e-s."

"There is but one way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. When I send off money I receive an acknowledgment of its arrival. You are sure you sent it?"

"Sure I sent it? Do you take me for a lunatic, Mrs. Bowser?"

"But it's so queer."

"I don't see any thing so queer about it. I wrote again two days ago, and I shall have a letter to-morrow begging my pardon for the delay."

A letter arrived next day. I saw by Mr. Bowser's perturbation when he came home that something was wrong, and he finally handed me the letter. It read:

"No post-office order has been received from you. Please do not try any more chestnuts on us."

"But you did send it," I protested.

"Of course I did."

"Directed your letter all right?"

"Certainly."

"Stamped and posted it?"

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser, you talk as if I didn't know enough to get aboard a street car and pay my fare!"

"But it's so queer. There is but one business way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

He glared at me and was too insulted too reply. He went to the post-office and made complaint, and for the next two weeks that lost order was the topic of conversation. The officials sought to trace the letter, and Mr. Bowser made affidavits to this and that, and the hunt was still going on when, in dusting off his secretary and straightening up his loose papers, I found a letter sealed and addressed to the Boston firm. I had no doubt it contained the missing order. I quietly handed it to Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner, and his face turned all colors before he could open it.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, "you men folks have curious ways of doing business. It is sing——"

"I'd like to know how this letter got here!" he demanded.

"You left it here, of course."

"Never! Because I scolded you about your careless way of sending off money, and because you wanted to get even with me for it, you took this letter from my pocket and detained it. Mrs. Browser, this is the last straw to the camel's load! Do you want alimony or a lump sum?"

Next day he was all right again, and he even stopped at the sale and brought me up half a dozen pairs of gloves.—Detroit Free Press