COMFORTED.

I'd just been desperate all that day; I couldn't stand one thing more: The work was piling and piling up, like an aw-

fel mountain before.

I gave my disbeloth a twist and a wring, the wring of my b tterest mood, said: "If the Lord is tender, or cares, He'll show me a token for good.'

And Milly turned, as she stood outside, in her pretty new figured gown, the tears in her big blue eyes-God bless her: they seemed to drown A little of all I was suffering. She waited, and

then said she "Perhaps He sends us some tokens that we do not look to see.

When she was gone I sat down and cried, with my head on the old red shawl, I almost thought there wasn't a God to plan for this world at all!

But after I'd cried my tears away, I thought of what Milly had sa d: I thought of it all the afternoon, and when I had gone to bed.

In the morning I went to the door, and there was my cactus at last in bloom; A great, red, glorious blossom that had burst 'twixt the | ght and gloom.

And when I looked deep into its heart, I felt a kind of an awe: The sheaf of stamens! that perfect cup! but that wasn't all I saw.

I gazed at the gnarly, prickly plant, so bare and crooked and dry.
With that blossom just like a rosy star dropped

out of the morning sky, Then sank to my knees beside the door, and there on the cold, wet sod, I knew there was One who cared for me, and He was the loving God,

For oh! if He has the power to make such a flower by love d vine, Perhaps He will bring a pure white soul from

such a poor life us m ne: It is dry, and twisted, and dreary, filled up with my household dust: But ah' I have seen His token, and I know I

can wait and trust. -Ellen Hamlin Butler, in Maine Farmer,

TWICE DEAD!

The Message of the Corpse-A Strange, True Tale.

[Written for This Paper.]



IE night was bad Rain and sieet came in fierce gusts. The darkness was awful. "Are the horses

ready?" The speaker was panoplied in rubber: great-coat, hat and boots, and was looking at the priming of a brace of pistols. The young man to whom the question had been addressed had just come into the room, stamping and blowing with the beisterousness of youth

and health: 'Yes, sir; and we'd better hurry up, for they won't stand tied much longer. My eye, but it's dark out doors!"

"Go and tell Prof. Cronin to be ready for us by the time we get back. Tell Pat and have to come on and bring the dark la tern with you as you come back. 'All right, sir," and the young man went

Arthur Denver, left alone, slipped his pistols into his pockets, looked all around the waiting-room of Westmoreland College, in which he was standing, whistled oftly a part of a tune in an absent-minded way, and stepped out of the light room

into the darkness of the storm. The sudden transition from light to dark dinded him, but he soon saw the dim lights in the far-off windows of the college asmaitory, and discerned before him the swaving branches of the trees and the rush of rain-drops across the ath of light that streamed from the window of the room he had just left.

He remained standing long enough to have developed some impatience-though, if the wind could have taken cogn zance of the face it beat against, it would have perceived that the m nd was far away and was noticing neither the weather nor the lowgring temperature-when simultaneously a good-natured peal of laughter and a clatter of horses' hoofs announced the arrival of his young friend with the team. He drove op at a dashing pace and reined his horses to so suddenly it threw them on their taunches. Arthur could dimly see, behind the restless horses, a light spring wagon and in it the dark and shadowy figures of three men. He climbed in and took the vacant seat beside the driver. At a word the mettlesome steeds sprang forward and sped through the darkness at a breakneck

'You will have to learn to be more quiet on expeditions of this sort, Morton," said Arthur Denver

"It was not I who laughed so botsterously just before we came up with you," replied the young man.

'Indeed? I thought it was." "No. sir. It was Graeme.

"Graeme! The idiot! What does he out on such a night as this?" He be always out on these koind of neights, sor," spoke up one of the men on

the back seat. Arthur Denver shrugged his shoulders. 'Are you sure you know the road, Mor-

Been over it ever since I was a child,

And he did know it, for they flew around the hillsides, over dangerous ground enough in daylight, without an accident. The rain still beat in gusts directly in their faces. A smothered impreea ion from one or the other of the two men in the back seat betrayed their nativity and early religious training, as well as varied the monotony by marking the passage of some particularly rough chuck-hole or high culvert. They sped on, winding among the hills and measuring many a dreary lane before they stopped. And when they did halt, it was before a gate that had over it a huge white arch dimly discernible through the murky night. The gate was locked, but it yielded to the "open sesame" of a broad key in the hands of Morton. Through the gate the wagon passed, and along the graveled driveway wound its tortuous way smong the habitations of the dead until it came to a new-made grave. Here the men alighted. d while the late occupants of the reas and shoveled away at the mound, Morton hitched the horses and stepped back to watch the gate, and Arthur skilfully lit his pipe beneath his

great-coat and smoked. Half an hour later the same team was making a return trip over the same road. A lith passenger was now aboard. But this passenger lay on the floor of the

wagon in a sack.

At the college gate Prof. Cronin met

"Have you got Alice?" he inquired. "You had better put her in your room, Prot. Denver, till to-night; the lock is broken or the door of the dissecting room, and if it will not inconvenience-" "Not at all."

Morton drove on slowly through the college grove. The wind had died down and the rain ceased, leaving the air full of damp fog. The first indications of dawn were barely observable in the gradually clearing eastern horizon as the trees began to loom into spectral shape, holding their wide-spreading arms and dripping fingers over the wagon passing beneath. somber pile of the college outlined itself indistinctly against the gray sky. To the left lay the dormitory hall, to the right the building occupied by the laboratories, recitation rooms and the bachelor apartments of Prof. Arthur Denver. To the last-mentioned place they drove. The professor paid the men, dismissed Morton with the



WE SHOVELED AWAY THE MOUND.

horses, took the sack in his arms and noiselessly entered the house. He haid his hurden on a sofa, and retiring into the next

room went to bed.

George Dascar was handsome, clever, passionate, weak; and, because he was weak, cruel. He loved Annie Morse blindly, madly. She well, she was young, and if she felt a reciprocal sentiment for a young man who besieged her at every available opportunity with fierce love, who could blame her! She knew not her own heart, to tell the truth, and vascillated between the taciturn professor at the medical college and the handsome grain buyer. Sometimes she thought for long days how happy she would be if Arthur Denver would smile and cast his brown eyes on her alway. And then Dascar would come into her mind and all his windy sighs and protestations of how he certainly should die unless she would love him in return. At this stage in her reflections she would look at herself in the glass and wonder what any one could see in her to love so desperately-all of which showed that Dagcar's flattery had not fallen on stony

ground. That same gray morning, after the stormy night. Dasear came down to his office with unusually light step. The officeboy was surprised at not being kicked. The dog caught his master's good humor, as dogs will, and ti d himself into beau

knots on the floor as an evidence thereof. "Poor Alice!" muttered Dascar to himself, as he picked up his morning paper and adjusted himself to scrutinize its contents,

"Poor Alice! She wasn't a bad girl. I should have wanted her to live, had it not been for that miserable secret. On the whole, she acted very well about it. Though she always opposed my paying attention to Annie, yet she never did any thing to infure my prospects. Now she is dead, and the last mouth is closed that could blab any thing of that cursed business. I wish the memory of it had died with Alice. Well bars and bolts of certain institutions are as strong as the grave and keep secrets

He read his paper. He threw it down and sauntered out along the street to see if he could get a sight of Annie. He had often passed her house before at even more unresonable hours than this to catch a glimpse of her. This time he was successful. She was on the porch just starting to town

"Mr. Dascar, of all men!" "And why not Mr. Dascar?" offering his

arm and closing the gate for her. "Who would have thought of seeing you at this time of day? I should have imagined you immersed in business and tobacco smoke by this time. Papa always is, And here you are, without the scent of a cigar, actually! What will happen next

She would have chattered on, for she was in a happy, talkative mood, but he interrupted.

"I told you I would not smoke if you disliked it. I would do any thing for you. I came by on purpose to see if not you, at least the house that sheltered you last night in the dreadful storm. I envy it." He spoke softly, yet with a peculiar abandon and incoherence that was a pretty simulat on of emotion.

"O dear!" said Annie, innocently enough. George Dascar's brain worked fast. Out of the many thoughts that rushed through it came this conclusion: "Tell her now, before that other fool does. You're all safe. The only witness is dead."

"Miss Morse-Annie, I will say it. Have you not seen it? I must marry you. You know I love you to my death. Do not tell me 'nay.' I know this is a queer time and place for a proposal. I can not help it. My feelings overpower me. I dare not look you in the face. I shall call this evening and learn my fate. I leave you and turn here. No, do not answer." And he was

Annie stopped a moment gazing at his receding form. Her heart fluttered; she was dizzy. It was only for a moment, however, for she hurried on her errand, a

bright flame burning in each cheek. That forenoon there was a terrific battle. The arena was Annie Morse's heart; the combatants, George Dascar and Arthur Denver. Not a literal hand-to-hand combat, as in the days of chivalry, but Annie would now think of one and then of the other in a dazed way that bespoke her the subject of cross mesmeric influences.

Arthur Denver was to come that afternoon and take her to see the new city library. He would have a chance to improve his prospect. Would he do it? If he didn't-well, she didn't know what, if he graph in the local newsdidn't.

The afternoon passed, but no Arthur Denver came, notwithstanding he had pleaded with her to make the engagement. and to do so she had broken several others. She was plqued.

When George Dascar came he had that much in his favor that he knew not of. He improved his chances well, and when he left her house that evening it was with the pockets. Then he said:

promise of her hand. Things went on smoothly. The wedding was at hand. Arthur Denver did not show

III. When Arthur Denver awoke from his slumbers and came back into his ante-room, he saw an empty sack lying on the floor.

"Where has it gone?" he exclaimed. His first sensation was a peculiar cold wave, commencing along the lower part of the spinal column and terminating promiscuously among the roots of his hair. Then a strange numbness about the knees; also ne trembling there. In short, he was

scared. He recovered partially, however.

in a moment, and-looked under the lounge. This trait he probably inherited from his maternal ancestors. Of course he did not expect to see any thing under the lounge, but the exertion relieved his mind and he arose and wondered why "it" had been taken away in broad daylight. He went to see Morton and found him in bed, He called on Prof. Cronin, only to be told that the professor had not seen any thing of "it"-hadn't been in Denver's room that morning. Then there was a scene. No-body knew any thing of "it" but those three and the two hir d assist ats. It was improbable that the last-mentioned would have taken "it," for they were professionals and depended on the college for employment in their semi-ghoulish calling. It could hardly be possible that the other college boys had played a joke. The only thing to do was to keep quiet and await developments. Of course it would turn up But it didn't. Arthur Denver spent that

day in quiet but earnest investigation, to such an extent that he forgot Annie Morse and her engagement. The next day and the next and many days passed and no solution to the mystery. The affair leaked out somehow, and the students noticed with reticent awe the saddened aspect of their best-beloved professor.

Alice Cranston opened hereyes and knew not where she was. She was cold, she knew, and damp to the skin, but a vail seemed to hang over her mind Making an effort to move, she felt an exeruciating pain in every muscle. She continued her exertions, however, until she had extrieated herself from the sack and stood up in her grave-clothes in the sitting room of Prof. Arthur Denver. Her eyes had in them a wild stare, and showed that, although she had been restored to life reason had not yet resumed its full dominton She seemed to be laboring under some imaginary fear and, with a low ery of pain, she darted to the door, turned the key, opened the door and fled through the hall. Instead of turning to the left when she left the professor's door, which would have taken her in a few steps to the front exit of the building, she ran to the right, which led

her into the penetralia of the house. On

she flew in her delirium til suddenly, upon

turning a corner, she rushed into the arms

of Martin Graeme. Martin Graeme was the janitor of Westmoreland Medical College laboratory. He was what was left of a great physician. Through pecuniary trouble his mind had been shaken and when soon after this blow his beloved wife and his only daughter went to the grave within two weeks of each other, old Dr. Graeme turnel from horrid grief to silly sentility. He proved himself harmless. He loved to wander about the buildings, muttering incoherently to himself. The true, courteous gentleman survived the wreck of the scientist and scholar, and, treating all the students with studious gentility and respect, he in turn was always the recipient of their pity and equally exempt from their joking rudeness. His venerable aspect helped him in this as well. His hair was of peculiar whiteness and his face bore the marks of a learned sage rather than a crooning dotard. He had asked for and received the position of janitor of the laboratory and amused himself with childish rearrangement of its paraphernalia. He lived by himself in a small cottage a little distance back of the college grounds-the same little cottage where he had spent many years before,

the happy days with his wife and daughter. Miss Cranston started back from the rough encounter with new terror. In a moment, however, the serene aspect of the bowed old man whom she had almost upchanged her terror into confidence Her distraught mind studied a moment his patriarchal appearance, as well as that benevolence and chivalry which even her confused faculties could discern in his face, and the next instant she threw herself on him for protection.

"O save me, sir!" she cried clasping her arms about him; "protect me! Some one is after me! Did you not see it? Oh! there, there! See its horrid eyes!-

So she ran on in an ecstacy of frenzy. sane man in the old doctor's place would lave been nonplussed; the imbecile seemed to comprehend the whole situation. He caught down a great-coat that hung upon the wail of the hallway by them, threw it over her shoulders gave her his arm, and together they went out of the rear door through the woods-path to Dr. Graeme's cottage.

Time passed on. This saying is trite, but it is very essential to a story-teller. When Arthur Denver remembered his engagement with Miss Morse it was already forty-eight hours too late to fulfill it. The mystery of the missing corpse had so engrossed his mind that even the thoughts of the sweet girl who had filled his quiet life



with delicious hopes were crowded from his attention. He sat down immediately to pen his regrets and request pardon. As he prepared to put his pen on the paper his eye casually fell on a newspaper that lay upon the table, and he read this para

"The engagement of Miss Annie Morse to Mr. George Dascar is announced. The wed-ling will probably occur in the latter part of

He put down his pen slowly and took up the paper. He read the paragraph a dozen times. Laying the paper down on the table he arose and contemplated the little squib profoundly, with his hands in his

"The devil!" So he did not send his note. Neither could be make up his mind to see Annie knowing her to be another's; that other, too, Dascar, whom for some reason he had always instinctively despised. Now he doubly despised him for a good reason.

The wind and rain of March gave way to the more temperate weather of succeeding months until, in course of time, July came round, bringing much elation to Dascar, palpitation and unaccountable uneasiness to Annie and bitterness and melancholy to Arthur Denver. An incident occurred, however, at this time that brought affaire to a crisis. It all came about through

Graeme. One day he stepped up to Arthur

on the college campus and said "Doctor, I have a patient at my house whose disease baffles me. I desire your services in consultation if you have leisure." This with all the grandeur imaginable "Certainly, Dr. Graeme, I shall be glad to

be of any service. I have an hour's leisure " At the cottage he saw a pale, thin woman, almost a skeleton, lying in the bed, A rapid glance of his trained eye saw the evidences of approaching death. As he approached her bedside she raised her eves "Oh, sir," she said, in a faint gasping voice which he had to bend low to hear, " do not need a physician so much as I do a friend. I have been delirious a long while and do not know now where I am nor who this old man is who takes care of me so kindly and attentively. I may live long enough yet to do some good. I have tried to tell the old man, but either he is silly or I am not yet sane. "His mind is mostly gone."

"Well, his heart is all whole yet! Butmy breath is short -I have no time to explain what I do not clearly understandmyself. Answer-me some questions-sir. I abjure you - as a dying-woman-that you speak-the truth-as 1 shall. Do you-do you know - George Dascar?" Arthur Denver started, colored, hesi-

tated, gazed at her scrutinizingly and suspiciously nodded affirmatively. "Do you-know Annie Morse? Yes? Ara you a-a friend of hers? Then-tell me-

are these two to be married?" "They are. Next week." The woman gave a little scream and fainted. Arthur hastily gave her a restora-

tive and she revived. "I must see her. Lean-closer. My strength-is-failing. He bent his ear close to her lips and she whispered a few words that made him spring to his feet. Growing red and white

in turn, he gia ed upon her. "What proof?" he reared. She signed him to be silent and went on

"His -letters - are at - Mrs. Sherman'son Schuyler avenue - together with -

abundance of other proof. "In three hours she shall be here," he said, regaining his composure. "I leave you some strengthening wine. Medicine is useless. It is wrong to deceive you with false hopes. You may live a week and you may die to-night. God forbid that you should die before I return. Quiet yourself. She shall return with me.

He was gone. An hour, two hours, three hours passed, like as many lifetimes in the invalid's room, as she lay gazing at the slow-moving hands of the clock. Three hours passed. Soon the quick ear of the dying woman caught the sound of hoofs and soon the crunching of the gravel announced that a carriage had stopped b. fore the door. A moment later Miss Morse came into the room, followed by Graeme and her father, Annie's eye caught the wan, emaciated face and looked sympathy. The invalid motioned them to be seated. Graeme offleiously offered Annie a chair, but she drew close to the bed. You have something to say to me?" she

The sick woman gasped once or twice and spoke with a great effort: You-will not-be offended? You-you

will-be-be-calm?"

so startled him:

"Indeed, yes." "I have not much-much breath. Forgive-forgive Yes, yes, poor soul! I understand, 1

forgive you any pain you may cause me. Do not be afraid. Speak out. My father is Alice looked relieved. She rested a few moments, ther, motioning Annie to come near, as Dr. Denver had done she whis pered in her ear the same words that had

"George Dascar has a wife in the insane asylum at Bonesborough." When Annie fell back her father caught

her. "Be calm, daughter, and thank God for what you have escaped. I know it all. Dr. Denver has put the proofs in my hands. It is enough proof to say that at a hint from me Mr. Dascar has left town. To this dying woman, however, neither the doctor nor I could refuse the satisfaction of speaking the words that would sever you from that -

'Never mind, father. Do not abuse him yet. It is so sudden. I must think. Please take me home " Her face were an unnatural paller as she

left the apartment. "How did you get possession of those papers?" asked Arthur Denver of the sick woman when he called later in the evening. "Mrs. Dascar, after she had been cruelly deserted, was my best friend. We lived like sisters until his persecution drove her crazy. I took possession of all her papers when they took her away to the mad-

"At the place I got the papers they told me you had left there some time ago and had taken another boarding-place. Did you come from there here?"

"No: I went from there-to the-tothe-Dr. Denver best low to catch the words

to solve the mystery of the woman's presence at Graeme's, for the old man gave a new story every time he was asked how the woman came beneath his roof. "Take a little wine," he said. She drank and, resting a moment, said:

"To the-to the-new department-in the in the Marine Hospital. Dr. Arthur's face was ashen when he put the next question.

"Are you the nurse who was employed there and had brain fever? You are not Alice - Alice Cranston?

The answer solved more mysteries than one in Arthur's mind. "I am.

A spasm passed over the sick one's face, the arms were thrown wildly up, and sank slowly down, the head fell back, the eyes grew fixed and glassy, the chin dropped, leaving the mouth partly open. Dr. Denver touched the woman's lips with the tips of his fingers and said quietly: "This time POMPRET JOY. she is dead."

The Depth of the Ocean.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or 81 miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the North Atlantic Ocean, south of Newfoundland, soundings have been made to a depth of 4,580 fathoms, or 27,480 feet, while depths exceeding 34,000, or 61 miles, are reported south of the Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific Ocean. between Japan and California, is a little over 2,000 fathoms, between Chili and the Sandwich Islands 2,500 fathoms, and between Chill and New Zealand fathoms. - Chicago Herald.

FLIRTATIONS IN RUSSIA.

Business and Politics Discussed By Young

People of Both Sexes. Of course flirtations are going on on every side. There is not a girl on hand but who, at the end of the scuson, would have found her special "affinity." Yet there is such a radical difference between Russian and American flirtation as to make the Russian article almost unrecognizable to the American. Social life in Russin-evenin large centers of population - seast on such lines as constantly to throw the men and women together: family men are in the habit of bringing their unmarried friends to their homes. Here social and business questions, as well as polities, all such topics as are considered of interest to men alone, are freely discussed in the family circle-mostly over the tea-table. The girls, as well as the women, get

to be thoroughly versed and interested in the most serious of life's problems, and, as occasion offers, turn out splendid helpmeets to men in all their undertakings. No matter what social or political question is brought uppermost by the times, it is thoroughly discussed in the presence of women, and the men's course frequently is modified according to the women's suggestions. So, in their flirtations, then, the younger the two kindred spirits, the more they vie against each other in stringing up their talk to the most serious topics; their idea is that love may make them womanish and handicap their usefulness in their chosen sphere of action. As soon, however, as a couple of lovers come to an understanding they begin to lay plans for a life's work in common. The futurn does not appear to these enthusiasts in any other form than that of a wide field of duties toward their lower, oppressed brethren. A Russian girl of liberal tendencies scorns the idea of being "supported" by her husband. And again, it would be difficult to find young people in Russia nowadays who would be willing to pledge their love to one another "forever and ever," as was the custom of sentimental lovers of former times. Their acknowledged ambition, however, is to be "honest" before any thing else, and they promise to deal fairly with each other, and not to treat each other with rechauffe sentiment when there is nothing else to offer. When the ardor of love gives out they are prepared to remain true and fast friends. It is understood nevertheless that, were a stronger, unconquerable passion to assert itself in either of the two for another, then the ethics of the young "Intelligencia" would command the unloved husband or wife to commit a peculiar kind of hari-kari -giving his or her partner full liberty of choice. Though the Greek Church is strongly set against divorce, and there is no other but Church marringes recognized by Russian laws, there is a kind of pride among liberalminded young married people which impels them not to impose love and company on one who refuses to appreciate it. Not long since still stranger ideas

were popular among the educated Russian young people. A few years ago it was by no means an uncommon thing for two young enthusiasts to marry on a firm understanding never to assume toward one another the relations of husband and wife This transaction, though taking the form of a church wedding, was called a "fictitious" marriage, and was generally resorted to to help a liberalminded maiden who had not yet reached her legal majority to throw off the tutelage of unsympathetic parents or tutors, and to acquire the right to dispose of her estate or her money at her own will, since in Russia a married woman-no matter how young and inexperienced-is perfectly independent from her husband in her property rights.-N. Y. Star.

Didn't Like the Milk.

A London Bishop had gone down nto the country to visit a charitable institution, into which poor lads had been drafted from the east end of Londen, and in addressing them he congratulated them upon the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast and the Bishop kindly asked:

"Are you not comfortable? 'Have you any complaints to make?" At last the leader raised his hand,

"The milk, my Lord."

"Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is tenfold better than you ever had in London.'

"No, indeed, it ain't," cried the boy. In London they always buys our milk out of a nice, clean shop, and herewhy, here they squeeze it out of a beastly cow."-Tid-Bits.

Curious Test of Breeding.

about to watch him or her. If the off from the calling list of the family. If he or she sits quietly and does not the high mildewed old "palazzi," as being decidedly in his or her favor. -N. Y. Star.

-The following epitaph on husband and wife-the husband having died first-is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries: "I am anxiously await-1,500 fathoms. The average depth of | ing you-A. D. 1827." "Here I amall the ocean is from 2,000 to 2,500 A. D. 1867." The good lady had taken her time about it.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB. What the Society Has Accomplished Since

Its Foundation in 1877. When the meeting had been called to order and several of the windows lowered from the top to let out the edor of burning woolen, caused by Elder Toots getting his back too near the hot stove, Brother Gardner arose

"We hev begun de twelfth yar ob de existence of dis club, an' it ar' an appropriate time for figgerin' up what we hev accomplished as an organization. I hev made a leetle calkerlation. which I will purceed to read:

"We have improved the moral status of de cull'd race in America 52 per cent

"We hev reformed upwards of (estimated) 50,000 pussons, who war addicted to de use of intoxicatin' drinks,

"We nev converted upwards of (estimated) 1,000,000 pussons to de science of nygienne an' sanitary regula-

"Twelve y'ars ago 3,000,000 dogs owned by cull'd pussons war' allowed to sleep under the bed. To-day the number is estimated at less than 100. "When dis club was first organized

de loss of chickens in de United States by midnight evaporashun was calkerlated at 10,000 per night fur ebery night in de y'ar. At dis date it will not aiverage fifty.

"Twelve y'ars ago no cull'd pusson in diss hull kentry felt any moral obligashun when in de presence of a water mellyon. At de present time de said mellyon has got to be de biggest an' de ripest sort, an' to hold out actual incouragement to be tooken in, befo' a cull'd man kin be tempted.

"In seventeen different States dis club has taken precedence of the regular legislachures, an' its purceedings ar' read an' honored wid fur mo'

"In many localities de Limekiln Club is considered de superior of Congress, an' our reports on agriculture, fishin', possum-huntin' an' astronomy ar' accepted as standard by a large majority.

"We hev inducted the speerit of economy an' thrift into (estimated) 4,000,000 bosoms, adding to de capital of de kentry at least \$75,000,000 per

"Twelve y'ars ago de best educated cull'd man in dis kentry couldn't tell a six-shillin' chromo from a \$2,000 paintin'. At the present date de same kin be told six miles off. "Eben up to seben y'ars ago no cull'd pusson in dis kentry had any idea of

gravitashun, astronomy or medical science. To-day 6,000,000 of our race know why a grindstun falls to de ground when you point it up in the air. Almos' ebry man, woman an' child keeps track ob de moon's phases an' knows de sun's distance from de airth. De cause an' effect of chillblains is now common knowledge, an' de cull'd man who gits a whack in deeve knows all about de virchews of fresh beef as a remedy.

"To sum up, we hev made a record of which ebery member of de club may justly feel proud, an' we hev honestly airned de right to inscribe on our banner: Sie Semper Tremor."

Rev. Penstock, who has been very quiet for a few weeks past, now arose to inquire: "Does de cha'r fully comprehend de

meanin' of de Latin term just used?" "De cha'r does!" was the emphatic response.

"Exactly, but I-I-what did de cha'r mean to infer?"

"Brudder Penstock," replied the president, with a whole cold storage company in his tones. "dis cha'r hasn't passed frew college an' bin loaded down wid certificates an' diplomas, but nevertheless he reckons on knowin' what he is talkin' about. De meanin' of dat Latin is: 'We Hev Got To De Top.'"

"But I-I-!" "Brudder Penstock, sot down! You is disturbin' de meetin' an' layin' yourself liable to a fine of half a millyon dollars!"

Penstock fell backwards in a heap, and the president then announced the local officers and committees. - Detroit Free Press.

Funerals in Venice.

Where is the person who, upon the first eager introduction to the gondola, has not felt that he is stepping into his coffin when, with scant grace, he creeps into the black cabin of the lithe black boat? With me the impression was perhaps deepened because in our passage up the canal we twice made way for a funeral procession bound for the island cemetery to the north of the city. The one tuneral was that of a girl. She lay under a blue pall in the middle of the boat, a crown of white flowers, symbolical It is told of a wealthy family in this of her virginity, being over the pall. city that it is their regular custom to The other was a youth, whose tender apply to new acquaintances a test of age was marked by the crimson pall. breeding which they are accustomed Both were flanked by tall candles. call the "booby trap." They seat the After the bodies came the friends in stranger in a rocking chair and sit other gondolas, priests in violet, and acolytes in scarlet. The sun blazed visitor rocks the verdict is given upon all from the blue heavens, so against him and he is thenceforth cut that even this dolorous scene, enacted on the smooth purpled water, between stir to and fro the case is considered not wholly melancholy. - Cornhill Magazine.

> -A wall street man recently celebrated the silver anniversary of his wedding by making handsome presents of money to employes at his firm, the gifts varying with the length of service performed. It is said that over \$10,000 was distributed in this happy manner.