Friends and days once dear to m And although the firelight dreaming Pleasant is, yet still there run Through it all deep tones of sadness.

Like to shadows o'er the sun; For the dear ones whose sweet faces Made my heart so giad and gay. They with whom I talked and journeyed On each happy summer day Now are absent; and I miss them

As I sit alone to night, As I see their dreamland faces In the dim and flickering light Yet some day in the far future. If our Father wills it so,

I shall meet the friends I dream of In the firelight's ruddy glow. But to night, when they are absent, It is pleasant just to see, In the glowing light before me, Faces of those dear to me.

So I sit and dream and wonder, In the fire dame's ruddy glow While the day is slowly dying, And the shadows come and go. -Good Housekeeping

A Deep Hole.

For the last 200 or 200 years there has been much speculation among scientific men as to the exact cause of the phenomenon of earthquakes, which has incidentally added new interest to the query: How thick is the earth's crust? In discussing the earthquake problem different schools of scientists have taken different views of the matter, one branch of them supposing the "quake" to be the result of an effort of the great internal heat to escape through a weak portion of the earth's crust; the others declare that it is caused by shrinkage of the outer strata on account of the cooling process going on deep down in the bowels of the earth.

About ten or twelve years ago the German government made a gigantic effort to settle this perplexing question for all time to come by sinking a shaft near the city of Schladebach, with the object especially of obtaining trustworthy data concerning the rate of increase of the earth's temperature with each succeeding 100 or fraction of 100 feet of descent. At last accounts the shaft had reached a depth of 1,392 meters, which is believed to be the greatest depth to which man has yet penetrated the substratum of the globe. The temperature of the shaft at the 1,300 meter level was 48 degs. centigrade, or 120 Fahrenheit. If this percentage of increase is maintained the boiling point of water will be reached at about 3,000 meters, and at 45 miles the heat would be sufficient to melt any known substance. - St. Louis Republic.

Deceived by Appearances.

On a Philadelphia train that came through here the other day the passengers derived considerable amusement from the actions of a handsome young man and a worried looking but still pretty woman. They were so entirely absorbed in each other that they were not separated for a minute the whole trip. When she wanted to walk on the platform in Baltimore he promenaded up and down at her side, yet they never spoke only when necessary, and the people concluded that a honeymoon quarrel was in progress.

Nobody doubted for an instant that they were bride and groom. When they got out here to change cars for Richmond, their destination, the conductor who knew the man well, said: "Well, so Philadelphia and arrested. - Washington

Afraid of Being Buried Alive.

I for one am not at all surprised at the rather startling instructions in the will of the late Duchess Pozzo de Borgo that in order to make quite sure of her death her heart should be removed from the body. The dread of being buried alive in a condition of trance or coma is spreading curiously, and I have heard quite a number of people express a desire to be cremated, not upon hygienic grounds, but simply through a horror of being buried alive. The supposed necessity of such strong measures is not very flattering to the doctors, but that it is a growing idea is obvious.—Lady's Pictorial.

A Gentle Voice.

Tommy-Oh, I'm so glad you've come home, papa! Mamma has been awful mean to me today. Mr. Skyflatt-Ah, I am afraid you

have been a naughty boy Did she spank you? Tommy-No; but she scolded, and her

voice sounded like it does when she talks at the ice man down the dumbwaiter shaft, -Puck.

Ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts. possesses the remarkable ability of recollecting what he has written without reading it over even by himself. It is said that during his most animated speech he has in his mind's eye a vivid impression of his manuscript, so that he knows where every page and every line ends, and even where there are inter-

Fowls have undoubtedly a larger vocabulary than any of the other domestic animals; yet in half a day you will probably hear from them all the sounds that they use in ordinary life. But anything out of the ordinary is instantly expressed in unusual sounds.

Possibly the most expensive cigars ever made were the 20,000 Havanas made for Spanish Marshal Prim as a present for Napoleon III, each cigar being stamped with the imperial N. in gold. They are said to have cost \$12.000.

The poor people of Russia have had a hard time of it this winter. Terrific snowstorms have prevailed recently throughout the southeastern portions of Russia, and whole villages and numbers of isolated houses have been almost buwied in snow.

THINGS YOU CAN DO AT A DINNER.

Ways of Entertaining Your Guests Which Are Not Commonplace.

It is very hard to invent anything new that will help to make a dinner pass off well and make it remembered. If one has money enough and brains it is less difficult, but there are always so many people who have more money and quite as generous an allowance of brains who have done the thing before and done it so much better.

The gastronomic part of the dinner is not considered—that is a matter for the cook: but there is much more to a good dinner than food, although some people will deny this and call it absurd. There is a great deal in making the diners at ease with one another if they chance to be strangers, and that cannot be done by substituting Little Neck clams for oysters. But it was done very cleverly the other night in this city where some bright young people of New York were to meet some as clever young people from two other cities.

When they seated themselves they found a large, square envelope at each plate addressed to each of the dinner big pine tree in Lindsdey's wood there party, and with mutual bows of the grewn violet. Twas after much besitaparty, and with mutual bows of the head they opened them with some curiesity and read them with gradually in-

creasing smiles. Each note began abruptly as follows: 'My Dear Miss," or "Mr.," as the case was, "This is to assist you getting along | the purple lips of the flower and drank well with the man [or girl] on your right. His full name is ---, and he is interested in ---, noted for ---, talks well on -, and becomes tiresome on his special hobby, which is ---." Then followed a warning not to speak of such and such topics, or to refer to this or that political, religious or public question in terms of disrespect.

Of course the notes were at once passed on to the man on the right, and so on around the table, and the ice in consequence was broken at once. It is just as well to remember, however, that the writer of the notes should possess great tact, and not too keen a sense of humor, because the slightest jest which might

offend would be fatal. The opportunities in the way of dinner cards and menu cards are vast. Sometimes they can be made very pleasant reading by clever quotations under the names, which compliment or satirize the diners, and sometimes they can be made very valuable by autographs and sketches by clever artists.

One man in Philadelphia, who is noted for this sort of thing, gave a dinner to a theatre party who were going to see Henry Irving, and had the menu cards made of photographs of the actor, with his and Miss Terry's autograph underneath. At another time he gave a dinner at the Rittenhouse club to a dozen men, on which occasion the menu cards were printed without punctuation and in a solid block of type, something like this: "Littleneckclamspeasoupwhitebait meltslambsbrains," etc. The card ended with, "Cheeseandtheusualsweetthings coffeeandlargefatexpensivecigars.'

Some menu cards now have places for the autographs of the diners, and some time during the dinner they are started around the table with stylographic pens. and every one present signs his name to every other person's card until he gets his own back again.-New York Evening Sun.

A London Method.

London is covered with houses which have been huddled together anyhow by long. Hope you get her there all the speculative builder, on borrowed right." "Oh, I guess so. But she's a money, and without much, if any, remighty slippery customer, and I have to gard for the comfort or convenience of them. How the thing is worked was ing back to Richmond an unusually briefly explained the other day in the clever shoplifter that he had tracked to bankruptcy court. A receiving order was made against a builder who began business thirty years ago, admittedly without any capital. In due time he became a bankrupt. That, we may assume, did not hurt him very much.

At any rate, we shortly afterward find him carrying on his business again, and then in the course of another nine years he once more sound his way into the bankruptcy court. On that occasion the violet's blue cap. He was eager to there was the cheerful payment of one shilling in the pound—an unusually back with the rope. Thus struggling large dividend under the circumstances. they went by the flower on a run. On he went again, more gayly than before. Then he "worked" several building estates with a firm of solicitors, but somehow or other that did not answer. and consequently that enterprising gentleman made his third appearance in the persecute those whom they love.-London Herald.

Wood Like Steel.

Jarrah wood forms the subject of an interesting article in The Kew Bulletin. This wood, a native of western Australia and a species of eucalyptus, has several valuable properties which fit it for special uses, but it is so hard that it cannot be easily worked with ordinary tools. Were it not for the fact that ships are now mostly built of steel jarrah wood would form a valuable material for their construction, for vessels built of it have after Under such fostering care the violet betwenty-five years' service been found as came ambitious, and put out another sound as when launched, although they stem. From the top of this stem there have not been sheathed with copper.

The Kew authorities have been in communication with some of the London vestries, and as a result jarrah wood is being tried in the London streets for paving purposes.

Something Like Leather. Student (from Pontefract, alias Pom-

fret)—I say, professor, whatever did they make soldiers' shoes of in Cæsar's time? Professor-Of leather, I presume. Was there anything more suitable in those

days, do you think? Student-No; but not the kind we use, you know. 'Ow do you think the h'ides

of March would 'ave answered?-Puck. The Non-Comprehension of a Word. The Head Waiter-Isn' yo' gwine t'

tip me, sah? Mr. Hayborn - Lord, no! I won't touch yer. You kin't been very 'tentive, but I don't lay it up agin yer 'nough t' lay hands on yer.-Judge.

GIVE ME THY HAND.

Give me thy hand When storms are fi reely blowing,
When mosts are shattered by the angry blast,
When nothing tells the way thy ship is going. When blacked darkness o'er the sea is cast.

Give me thy hand.

Give me thy hand.

Give me thy hand When every breeze is sleeping, When demon-like a dead calm holds the sea, When putience pales, her tedious viril keeping, When sea and sky have naught of hope for thes.

Give me thy hand. Give me thy hand When every sail is swelling With freshening wind, when laughing is the sky,

And perfumed breath from distant flowers is tell Of fales enchanted that before thee lia.

Give me thy hand I have the heart first blidden in my breast,

He her kons only on to heaven and rest,

-Eliza Lamb Martyn in Boston Transcript.

MICKEY FINN'S VIOLET.

Out of the ground at the foot of the tion that the flower had pushed its way up through the carpet of brown needles which covered it, and at last timidly showed its head. Every morning a slanting beam of sunlight shot through the branches of the big pine and kissed up the beads of dew which nestled in its green leaves. After many days of struggling the flower began to manufacture its new spring bonnet. This bonnet was "woven in looms of air" and shaped by the "shuttles of the sun." Still, while this process was going on, the flower often shrank and trembled as a vicious blast, lingering over from March, chilled its tender leaves. But one day, when the sun was brighter than usual, the bonnet opened itself and a subtle perfume came from it and mingled with the balsamic odor of the pine and the faint breath of the honeysuckle. Twas the eau de cologne of the wood. A dainty bloom was this, and coquettishly did it wave upon its slender stem.

It seemed as if all the dwellers in the wood had conspired to protect the flower. A big bumble bee was pilfering sweets from the violet one day when a blue bird flew down and gobbled it up. A red headed woodpecker picked up a bug which was gnawn g away at the violet's stem. A brown breasted robin tripping by stopped to look at the flower. A squirrel lingered on its way up a ragged oak, turned to inspect it, then whisked out of sight in the foliage. And every day the stem of the flower grew

stronger and it perfume sweeter. But across the fields from beyond the meadows there came one day a destructive animal which consumed every green and living thing before it. This was Mickey Finn's billy goat. It happened that the venerable old graybeard had gnawed the rope which bound him to the gether to look at the violet.-New York stake in Stumpy Field and had gone on Sun. a little ramble. As he ambled down the Old Point road, dragging behind him about twenty feet of clothesline, he if thestewardcannotgetwhitebaitbroileds looked every inch a conqueror, and and peered out fearfully as he went by. On arriving at the wood he sniffed the air redolent of fresh and growing things. After cranning tender crasses for awhile fed only on dandelion shoots and other dainties in the wood. Violet, you are in danger!

The goat stood on the crest of a ridge, below hun with a dreamy expression in his eyes, as if he enjoyed the scene. Suddenly he turned his head and fistened. Down the aisles of the wood came a faint 'Halloo, Billy, Billy, Billy!"

There was a moment of silence, broken only by the soughing of the big pine. Then above the voices of the wood came watch her like a cat." The good looking the persons who are doomed to inhabit the call again, this time nearer by. The man was a deputy sheriff, and was tak them. How the thing is worked was heary and wicked old truant lifted his head and uttered a ma-a-a-a of welcome. Barefooted and flushed with exercise

Mickey Finn made his appearance. most affectionate relations prevailed between the boy and the goat, which was shown by the ardent manner in which the goat rubbed his head against the boy's legs. Mickey picked up the rope, and the pair started homeward. Beware, violet!

The way led past the big pine. As they went down the slope of the hill the goat saw through the leaves the twinkle of reach the flower, but Mickey held him Mickey caught a glimpse of the violet as he went by, however, and the desire for possession seized him.

When the goat had been safely tied to a stake again and the kerosene oil had been poured upon the rope by Mickey to tleman made his third appearance in the keep the graybeard from chewing it court. Thus do the gods sometimes again, the boy returned after the flower. He took his mother's fire shovel with him and dug it up, carrying enough earth with the plant to protect its roots. He planted it in the front yard and built a little fence of sticks around it. The flower drooped and faded for a day or two, then it resumed its pristine brightness of hue, all its exquisite bloom, all the subtle odor of perfume which it had borne in the wood. Every morning Mickey watered it from an old tomato can, and powdered the earth around it until the soil was soft and loamy. Only the morning sun was allowed to shine upon the violet, for at midday the hot rays would have blasted the flower. grew another bloom, with a yellow heart and with purple petals softer than im-perial velvet. Every morning before he went to school Mickey knelt over the flower, and his nostrils dilated as the perfume greeted his freekled nose. Then he covered the delicate plant with a roof of brown paper to shade it from the noonday heat. All day long as he toiled over his spelling book and primary geography the picture of the nodding violet danced on the page before him. It obdanced on the page before him. It ob-scured the naked savages in Terra del Fuego; it came between little Mike's eyes and the Cape of Good Hope, and with tantalizing insistence interfered with the boy's spelling of "phthisis." In fact, violets nodded archly all over his desk. Hide, violet!

But the kerosene evaporated from the rope which bound the billy goat, and he began to chew upon it as he had in days gone by. He was in no hurry about the job apparently, for he chewed with painstaking persistency, knowing that patience always brings a recom-pense for toil. After chewing for three hours without once relaxing his jaws, the rope fell apart. Once more he was

free to roam at his own sweet will over and dale in Stumpy Field, and e'en in the balmy Lindsley's Wood if his fancy ied him thither. Instead, however, he went straight to the shanty. It happened that Mrs. Finn saw the goat comarations for defense, but the billy vaulted over the fence, and began his old time foraging in the back yard for cabbage stumps and the juicy potato paring. Mrs. Finn was afraid of the tilly. Frequent encounters had taught her he was not to be trifled with. She stood in the kitchen door, armed with a clothes pole, When the goat came within reach she used this weapon upon the goat's back; but when the goat resented this familiarity she retreated into the kitchen, and closed the door behind her.

After a nu aber of these encounters the goat rambled around into the front yard. Here he fed upon the fresh and juicy crocus and the budding byacinth. Mrs. Finn looked helplessly out of the window at the destruction going on. She dropped a sad iron upon the billy's head, but he only shook his head and resumed his feeding. A stove plate roused a little more animation in the gont. Still be pursued his wicked under-

taking Take care, violet! When the goat reached Mickey's flower he ate the brown paper first, and then with one fell snap of his jaws took in the precarious violet. This must have proved very toothsome to him, for he lingered over the choice morsel like a gourmet until Mrs. Finn deluged him with a kettle of hot water. Then he rolled over on the ground in pain. Finding no relief in this, he jumped over the fence and went down the Old Point road at a gallop and disappeared. After his departure Mickey would be heartbroken if he discovered that his violet was gone. How

Mrs. Finn went out to estimate the dam-Suddenly it occurred to her that could she repair the damage? Ha! she had it. There must be other violets in the wood. Flying down the road went Mrs. Finn, fire shovel in hand, climbed a stone wall and went headlong through a brake of blackberry bushes in the wood. The birds were singing and the squirrels clattering overhead, but she paid no attention to them. At last in a little shady hollow, her search was rewarded. Carefully she dug up a fine

violet and started for home. She put it in the place where the other had been, and fifteen minutes later the brown paper was in position over the violet, and all signs of the goat's invasion were removed. Then Mickey came home. The first thing he did was to examine the flower. While Mrs. Finn was still busy washing the dirt from her hands her boy dashed into the shanty. "Mother," said be with shining face.

"Fwhat's th' matther, me b'y?" "Me vi'let has t'ree flowers. Wan o' thim growed since th' mornin'." "Ha, ha, me bouchal! Faix, them

wild flowers grows mighty fasht this warrum weather.' Mrs. Finn kissed the rosy upturned

face of her boy, and they went out towriting a dispatch. suddenly, "I want to make a little bet with

Sealskin Sacques.

The best scalskins and the majority of the come from Alaska. The seals are children hid behind their mothers' skirts car it near shore, and driven to seal on the land. Here they are kept and fed for a time like other cattle until killing time. They are not allowed to be killed until they are 2 years old nor after he grew tired of this ordinary fare and they are 4. The skins of baby seals are too tender, and the old seals are kept for breeding. When they are killed the skins are all packed in brine and sent to London. It seems odd that sealskins which which ran like a great backbone through are obtained within the United States the forest. He looked off upon the river have to be taken out of it and carried over long journey from Alaska to Eng land to be cured and dyed, and then brought back to the United States again for sale. Such is the fact, however. The best, and about the only place for preparing scalskins is in London itself, on the banks of the Thames, and the dirty water of the Thames is used in the process. Several attempts have been made to establish places in the United States, but they have all failed, even where the skilled workmen were brought over from the English establishment. the climate or it may be the dirty Thames water which affects the skins peculiarly. Whatever it is, the same skins cannot be prepared here anything near as successfully as they can in London. -Boston

The Object of Conversation.

That the main object of conversation ought to be pleasant companionship would seem obvious enough; but the fact, simple though it is, is often forgotten. Serious people sermonize, scientific people lecture and prosy people prose, as if the end in view were moral improvement, or education, or a quiet nap, all of them certainly excellent things in their proper place, but that place is not conversation. In these days, when intellects are more upon a level, it is difficult to imagine one person holding forth to his neighbors, say at an afternoon call, with solemn airs and affectations of superiority. The modern drawing room does not say unto the prophet, "Prophesy unto us," the philosopher, "Give me of your knowledge;" it asks only for pleasant talk, for small talk, for talk in which all may share.-London Globe.

Poisoned by Nutmegs. "To our already formidable list of poisons," says The London Hospital, "may be added, as a source of occasional danger, the fragrant nutmeg. It is not likely that adults will ever die of eating nut-megs; but the inquisitive fingers of children find their way to the spice box, and thence convey many things to their curious palates. At least one fatal case has occurred, where a boy of 8, having eaten two nutmegs, fell into a comatose condi-tion and died within twelve hours. The symptoms were similar to those of opium poisoning.'

A Costly Tomb.

The Duke of Hamilton's family mausoleum rivals anything of the kind ever known. It cost \$900,000. The tomb is a model of the Castello di San Angelo at hunt with the other dogs, and Rome, and the internal decorations are superb, the gates being a copy of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, and the coffin of Duke Alexander, who built the dog allowed the others to pass him, and then mausoleum, is inclosed in an Egyptian sarcophagus of black marble, covered with hieroglyphics, which was brought from Alexandria. - New York Telegram.

A citizen of New Ulm, Minn., owns a horse whose eyes, hel claims, change from a very light color to dark blue twenty-four hours before a change of

A spring of natural cologne has broken forth in the southern part of Algiers. The liquid has not been analyzed, but its oder is very similar to that of patchouli.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

It Cost Tilton 50 Cents to Hear His Own Lecture.

Theodore Tilton was about to lecture at a well known hall in Maine. He arrived at manager. He was informed that he was within, but could not be disturbed, as the scure was about to commence.

"Can I go in and speak to him?" he humbly asked of the highly important ticket taker. "Yes, if you have got half a dollar."

Tilton produced the coin and passed into the hall to listen to his own lecture. He enyed the joke much, and said it was a good seture and well worth the price of admission. - Fairfield Journal.

Grant's Sorrel War Horse.

"The first time I saw Gen. Grant to know him," said Maj. Osmun to a knot of story tellers, the other day, "was in the November of 1864. I was then attached to Hancock's headquarters, and was sent to carry a dispatch to Gen. Grant. It was raining for all t was worth, and the and about these Petersburg trenches was like gine. Putting my horse to a gallop, I was getting over the ground at a good rate, and soon I met met resend a solitary rider astrode a Ritle sorr-1 norse. The man's slouch but was pulled down over his eyes, and the rain was coarse ing in streams down on the ponelso in which he was closely wrapped. A moment later came up with quite a group of riders, and catching sight of a lot of gold braid, jumped at the conclusion that I had struck some general's staff. I asked if they knew where Gen. Grant was, and one of them said:

"Why, boy, you've just passed him." "Without a word I wheeled my horse and dashed back to the solitary figure ahead. As I came up he seemed to take in the situation.

for he said sharply: 'Who are you looking for, young man? "'Are you Gen. Grant?' I asked eagerly. " "My name's Grant, he said stidly, holding out his hand for my dispatch. Then he

"'Why didn't you come to me at once?" " I-I'-"Well, what?"

"'I didn't think you were Gen. Grant.' "'You didn't! Why didn't you? "I saw his eyes twinkle above his cigar, that must have gone out three or four weeks before it looked so bad. So I ventured to

tell the fact: 'Because I didn't suppose Gen. Grant would ride such a looking horse as that." "He burst out into a hearty laugh, and

Gen. Badeau told me afterward that it was the first time for a week he had heard Grant to write a startling editorial. laugh. The general receipted on the envelope for the dispatch and dismissed me, saying:

'The next time you are sent to Cen. Grant perhaps you will know him. "But after that I took my dispatches to the

chief of staff."-Detroit Journal,

A Joke on Burleigh.

A story is told in the corridors of the Delayan which is "on" Hon. Henry G. Burleigh, of Whitehall. He was seated on a sofa | editor's face. "Will you please repeat that?" not long ago talking with Ratiroad Commiss | hearked. sioner Baker, when a well-dressed young man stepped up to the telegraph desk and began | had the explosion occurred live minutes before "See here, Burleigh," remarked Mr. Baker,

The surrounding politicians pricked up their ears.

"What about?" asked the Whitehall wizard, curiously,

beside him? I want to bet you that he walks off when he has finished his business and forgets to take those gloves." "Nonsense," was the sage rejoinder, "He wouldn't forget anything so valuable."

After a few minutes, chaffing the bet was made and the sarrounding group drew nenrer to watch the result. Mr. Burleigh looked skeptical and Mr. Baker contented. Finally the stranger buttoned his coat and

turned to go, but he left the gloves. "Hold on," shouted Mr. Burleigh after the refreating stranger, "you have forgot-

'Sit down, Burleigh," said Mr. Baker calmly, "sit down. Those are my gloves. Then the watching multitude smiled a moist, odorous smile, and the bet was paid.-Albany Express.

"Whar Dut Veal?"

Senator Lamar is reported as telling the following story of his experience at a political meeting in his own state soon after the war. He was one of the speakers, and alluding to the civil war, suggested as a parallel case the parable of the Prodigal Son and the joyful reception at his home when the naughty boy returned. He was succeeded by a negro, a Republican, who, after some general remarks, paid his respects to Lamar's parallel. "Forgiben!" said he. "Dey forgiben-dem brigadiers! Why, dey'se come walkin' into de house an' bang de do' an' go up to de oi' man an' say: 'Whar dat veal!"-New York Sun,

Lincoln, Cullom and a Darkey,

Senator Cullom telis a story about a negro porter at Willard's hotel in Washington who was always obsequious in his attentions to him. One day the darkey looked up at him and said: "Boss, you look pow'ful like Marsa Abe Lincoln. Didn't you nebber hab nobody tell you dat?" "Yes," replied the senator, "I have been told that; but you know they say Mr. Lincoln was the homeliest man in the country." "Yes, I knows dat, but you do 'semble him most almighty much."-Detroit Journal.

A Dog Who Wore Spectacles.

An Optician-I was told some time ago the following remarkable story of a Kentucky doe that had become almost totally blind. The sound of the horn no longer aroused his blood, and while the other dogs of the house went forth eagerly to the hunt, the old afflicted animal remained behind, sad and discouraged.

While at play one day some children, who knew the poor brute's inflemity, placed upon his nose a pair of common spectacles, the glasses of which happened to be very strong, The dog at once awoke from his stupor and showed his pleasure in unmistakable signs, The glasses were thereupon adjusted in the best possible manner so as to remain on the

The next morning he started off to the hunt with the other dogs, and soon it was be who led the pack. But unfortunately his speciacles brushed up against a bush and were torn from their resting place. The old picking up the glasses he carried them to his master to have them readjusted.

The dog is now a confirmed spectacle wearer, so much so that when any one attempts to remove his goggles he becomes very savage, -Jeweler's Weekly,

Fenrs a Relapse.

Doctor-Did you say to your husband, Mrs. Hendricks, that, if agreeable to him, I would send bill for services rendered during his re-

Mrs. Hendricks-Yes, doctor; and he thought you had better wait until he gets a little stronger. - Life.

The Old Man Ahead.

"No. Mr. Sampson-George, dear," said "I can never, never be your wife, the girl.

but I will always be a"---"Ab, darling," interposed young Mr. Sampson, and his heart was throbbing the buttons the door unattended, and inquired for the off his new silk vest, "why do you address me in such an endearing term if it can never,

never bef Because, George, dear," and again the name fell from her hips like music in the night. 'I'm to be a mother to you in the

spring. Your father"-But the son-in-law had fled -- New York Sun.

Good News.

"Tom, have you heard the news?" "N , what is it?"

"The schoolmaster is dead!" "Bully! Now I can wear thinner pants."-

A Keeper of the Truth.

A man, dressed in greasy overalls, went into a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. When asked if the city editor or some other man on the force would not do as well, he replied that he had come on very important business, and must see the editor-inchief. When at last his persistence had forced an entrance into the room where greet policies were outlined the editorsaid: "You were determined to see me: now, as

quickly as possible, state your business." "All right, sir. I like your paper, and I want you to have a chance of saying some thing that will startle the country. For some time I have been engineer at Grayson's

"Well, but what have I to do with that? "Just hold on a minute. This morning the boiler exploded"-

"Go to the city editor if you want to hand in a piece of news." "I thought timt I would give you a chance

"Editorial the dence! We have such acci dents nearly every day." "No, you don't. Just give me a chance to get done, and you will thank me. No one

was killed when this boller exploded." "That's nothing strange." "And," continued the visitor, "no one would have been burt had the boder exploded five minutes before it did."

A strange expression settled upon the "I say that no one would have been burt

it did. All other explosions that I ever heard of would have been five times as disastrons if they had occurred a short time before, for a party of young ladies or a commiffee of gentlemen, or some important personage had, of course, just left the mill when

the explosion occurred.\*

The editor's eyes had grown wonderfully "About a sure thing, of course," was the bright. "My dear friend," said he, "dear reply. "Do you see that young man at the because you have chosen me to be the origtelegraph desk and the nice seal skin gloves | inal recipient of this great piece of intelligence, lead on, and I will follow you. A man with such a glorlous appreciation of the truth is a rare lewel. Come, sit down beside me, that I may feel your presence as I write. Stay by me, gentle keeper of the truth, for my mind is stirred up, and I fain

Bionen Talk.

Winter Visitor in Lower California (holding on to a tree and designing fragments of barns and other personal property whizzing past) - You never have harricanes or evelones here, I understand. Is this the regular thing in the zephyr haef

Resident uslinging with desperate energy to a grapevine - The mildness of our cli-mate, combined with the unsurpassed fertility of soil and the amazing abundance of our luscious tropical fruit, our entire freedom from destructive storms and the unexampled cheapness of our lands-look out for that flying horse trought-the success that any man with a few hundred dollars can attain in vineyard planting, hop mising or-hold on, can't you? Don't be an a burry! With three acres of land here and a cow-(regretfully)there he goes, sixty miles an bour, toward Santa Barbara! If behad stuck on two minutes longer I could have convinced him, blast his prejudiced hale!-Chengo Tribune.

Fit for the Gods,

Young Man (to waiter)-Waiter, I want some roast turkey. Give me the outside slice off the breast, a nice, lar a piece of the liver, and, as I am hungry, you might bring me both second joints.

Young Man icontemplatively)-Yes, there is something more I intended to order. Let Waiter-I guess it must be the earth. How'll you have it cooked:-New York Sun,

Waiter-Yes, sie; anythin' else,

Solid Meals for an Ostrich. Al-Give me \$5 worth of assorted hard-

Ed-What do you mount Al-That's all right; my wife has a pet ostrich. The bird must eat.-Tid Bits.

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