THE GOOD NEW TIMES.

THOUGH the "old folks" talk of the good old times,
When land was plenty and cares were so few;
Yet the "young folks" listen with doubtful smiles,
Convinced they were not as good as the new.

Those were gay sleigh rides, grandpapa, I know;
While lassie ne'er danced lithe as dear "grandma'r;"
But some things could be said 'bout a modern beau,
And a cozy jaunt in a palace car.

Those were wonderful loaves dear "grandma'r" made,
And she broidered your socks with a wondrous darn;
Yet she wondered sometimes, I'm sure, if it paid,
(Would have left had she dared for a promenade
And enjoyed to have spun a little street yarn).

No doubt her papa, great-granpa, you know,
Really frowned when she purchased her wedding dress,
And sighed as he wished for the "good old times,"
When bonnets were cheaper and dresses took less.

While his great-grandpa, I've heard it said,
Wouldn't spare the wool for his daughter to weave;
But sighed for the fashions of Paradise,
And longed for the fig leaves of Mother Eve.

Soon forgotten is pain, when pleasures are o'er,
"Distance enchants us," the poet was right;
Who wanders his memory back to deplore,
The collar too high or the boots all too tight?

The maiden who lingers o'er past hours of bliss,
Forgets as she day-dreams of heroes and rings,
How her hair wouldn't crimp and her gloves wouldn't fit;
For "deeply depraved are inanimate things."

There are bountiful times in these good new days;
There are lives as beautiful, pure and true,
As any who moved to the simpler ways;
And it may be a trifle better, too;—

Since God with infinite, loving design,
Is raising the nations nearer to Him;
And the steady sweep of the centuries,
Ever chants a progressive, happier hymn.

Then a glad New Year, this my earnest wish,
I send in hopeful, jubilant tone;
That the coming year, rich-freighted with love,
May prove the best that you ever have known.
—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

THE little folks are talkin'—they talk like anything
'Bout Santy Claus a-comin', an' what he's goin' to bring;
An' the mother never scolds 'em or tells 'em 'bout the noise;
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys!

Because they know that Santy Claus knows everything they do,
An' while he's loading up his sleigh he's watchin' of 'em, too!
An' them that minds their mothers, they gets the most of toys—
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys!

They've just been writin' letters to Santy Claus each day
An' tellin' him just what they want an' showin' him the way
To where the house is, so he'll know just where to leave the toys,
Fer just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys!

They're gittin' mighty anxious for the days an' nights to go,
An' all of 'em are happy an' they make their mothers so!
She never has to scold 'em or tell 'em 'bout the noise,
'Cause they're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys.
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Happy New Year.

Delight and pathos are inextricably mingled with the thought of New Year's day, says the Boston Watchman. It is only a conventional point of time: any other would do as well. Every day closes an old year and begins a new one, but for all that we cannot help feeling that this day, which is agreed upon throughout Christendom for the beginning of a new year, is somewhat unique. The pathos comes from the review of the past, and from the sense that another notch has been cut for us on the stick of time. The delight arises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come. What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's day.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Lilla's Xmas Presents.

LILLA SPRAGUE seemed to blow in at the door with a gust of wind and a drift of snow. Then, having kicked a pair of snow encrusted overshoes into a corner of the hall, Miss Lilla ran upstairs in a hurry.

"See here, mother," said Lilla, "it's all over now."

"What, dear?" Mrs. Sprague asked, looking up absently from a letter she was writing.

"It's all over—I say, it's all over between Randolph—oh, what a foo—foo—fool I've been!" And she flung herself, sobbing, on a big horsehair sofa.

"But why, Lilla?"

"Don't ask me like that, mother. Don't! I've told you before. And this—this is the sec—sec—second time. Oh!" More sobs.

"I don't understand you, daughter," said her mother, leaving her batch of Christmas correspondence and going to carry comfort to the tragic figure on the horsehair sofa.

"He's run away again!" Lilla roared.

"Done what, dear?"

"The same as he did before."

"What did he do before?"

"Mother, I told you, day before yesterday—ran away from me. He thought I didn't see him."

"Mr. Watts ran away from you?"

"Yes, mother, and I'll never speak to him again. Day before yesterday he at least had the politeness to bow. This time he just turned and went down a side street. He was with that frump of a cousin. I just hate her, and him, and the whole lot."

"Don't be foolish, child. Mr. Watts will be here to explain it all. You'll see."

In answer to this Lilla only rose from the sofa, grimly took off her wraps and hat, muttering: "Yes, I'll see," and disappeared through a door that led to her own room.

Mrs. Sprague did not follow her daughter with any further attempts at consolation, neither did she guess what Lilla was going to do, and that was to write a note:

Dear Sir—In case you may wish to make any explanation of your very strange conduct on two occasions this week, I wish you would spare yourself the trouble of doing any such thing, either personally or in writing. Your ring shall be returned by mail, registered.
"LILLA SPRAGUE."

That little projectile which Lilla fired at her fiance very nearly ended the life of Randolph Watts; at least, so Watts said. He could not think, or he might have seen an easy way out of the horrible maze into which he had got himself. His transgression stared him in the face. He had run away from Lilla—twice—and had even congratulated himself on his escape from her and chuckled over it secretly. How was he to convince her that his evasion was not an evidence of disloyalty to her?

It was only three days before Christmas and Watts had promised himself that, whatever future Christmas might have in store for him, that Christmas should be the happiest he had known so far at least.

That night he lay awake until he was exhausted. Next morning he got up and went to his business mechanically.

The first ray of comfort came with his cousin, Mrs. Sucher—the same whom Lilla had spoken of as a "frump."

"Why, Randolph," said Mrs. Sucher, as she entered the office, "what is the matter with you? Have you been ill?"

"She saw me," was all Randolph could say.

"Yes. I came to speak to you again about it. I forgot——"

"Oh, it's no use now, Cousin Mattie. She will not 'receive me or my letters'—never."

"Pooh! Did she tell you so?"

"She wrote to me—I mustn't go there."

"Look here, Randolph," said the common sense matron, "this is all nonsense. If Lilla Sprague won't receive me, she must be a ninny——"

"Don't say that!"

"I will say that. But anyhow, her mother will see me. I am going now to

"IT IS ALL OVER NOW," SAID LILLA.

call on Mrs. Sprague. And now, look here, about this bracelet."

"Shall we go on with that?" said Watts, with a faint smile.

"Of course we shall, stupid. Higgins says he has tried to set the watch with the face in, as you wanted it, and he can't make any better job of it than Moore could. Now I think I'd better go and take it back to Moore's and tell them to set it with the face out, don't you?"

"Very well," said Watts, with almost childish resignation.

"And then the miniature can go inside with the original crystal over it, eh?"

"Very well."

"And then I'm going straight to Mrs. Sprague's."

"Are you?"

First to Higgins' Mrs. Sucher went, where she took possession of a remarkably pretty and uncommon gold bracelet, a tiny old-fashioned watch and the miniature. Then to Moore's, where she left the bracelet, the watch and the miniature. Then to Mrs. Sprague's.

As Mrs. Sucher entered Mrs. Sprague's private and individual sitting room she heard a whisk and rustle of skirts and a door closed behind a rapidly retreating figure.

"Lilla not well?" said Mrs. Sucher, with an incredulous laugh. "Too bad. These Christmas preparations are undeniably fatiguing. I have spent three weeks, my dear Mrs. Sprague, running about town in search of the right present for the right people."

"You must have laid yourself out to be generous," said Mrs. Sprague.

"I am generous. I give my time and labor to help other people give presents. That brings me to the object of this visit. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sprague, "and I am burning with curiosity. So make haste and tell me."

"Oh, then you know?"

"You were with Randolph Watts when he ran away from Lilla yesterday. How was it?"

"You promise not to tell her?—to keep it for three days? Very well. You see, he wants to give her a bracelet he had made for her, with a very pretty motto on it in enamel. Then he wants to give her a beautiful little watch that belonged to his poor mother, and he has had a little miniature of his mother made to fit in behind the watch. First he took the

"OH, IT'S NO USE NOW, COUSIN MATTIE."

watch to Moore's. That was the day he ran up against Lilla, when he had the whole package in his hand, and was afraid she would ask him, and ran. Yesterday, just as he was taking me to hold a consultation on that wonderful bracelet, we saw Lilla coming along. I said to him: 'Randolph, if she meets us she'll want to walk along with us, and then the whole plot is ruined. Let's turn down here before she sees us.' But it seems she saw us after all."

On Christmas morning, in spite of many earnest assurances from her mother that that morning would bring a clearing-up if all her trouble, Lilla was as terribly cross and out of tune with the chimes as she had been for four days past.

She found a stocking tied to the head of her bed, as she had expected, and took the stocking down and opened it mechanically. Then she found the bracelet with a scrap of paper in which, in her mother's writing, were the words, "Press the spring and look inside, behind the watch." And when she looked a lovely, loving face looked back at her—a face that was very like Randolph Watts' own.

And at the bottom of the stocking—away at the very toe—was another paper which said, "The bracelet ought to tell you why I ran away. R. W."

Then she laid her head and bracelet on her pillow, and wet both bracelet and pillow with tears until her headache was all gone.

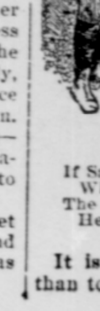
THE DECORATIVE HOLLY.

Wreaths of Its Glossy Leaves Woven Round the Earth at Christmas.

MUCH of the Christmas sentiment is due to the holly, which, with its bright berries and glossy leaves, is one of the most decorative greens used at the Christmas season, and is adapted especially well to wreath form, the color lasting longer and the general shape being more satisfactory than when made of the evergreen. Strange as it may seem, hundreds of holly wreaths are sent out to the cemeteries, their green and red brightness signifying the loving remembrance for dear ones passed away—yet somehow a little incongruous even from a sentimental standpoint. One is so apt to associate holly with crackling wood fires, rollicking jollity, good eating and drinking, and other material enjoyment, that in memoriam it seems a trifle out of place; yet in the poem of that name which Tennyson has made immortal, we read: "With trembling fingers did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth." So that the holly has before its present vogue in cemeteries been associated with the memory of those no longer in our midst.

Botanically speaking, the holly is a genus of trees and shrubs of the natural order Aqui foliaceae, chiefly natives of temperate climates, with evergreen, leathery, shining and generally spinous leaves. The common holly, the only European species and a native of some parts of Asia, also is a well-known ornament of woods, parks and shrubberies in Great Britain, the stiffness of its habit being so compensated by the abundance of its branchlets and leaves as to make it one of the most beautiful evergreens. It is found as a native plant in Scotland, although Britain is nearly its northern limit. It attains greater size and displays greater luxuriance in the northern than in the southern parts of its geographic range, often appearing in the former as a tree of considerable size—20 to 50 feet high—while in the latter it is generally a mere bush. The name holly used to be derived from the very ancient use of the branches and berries to decorate churches at Christmas, said to be connected originally with the Roman Saturnalia, from which the tree was called holy tree.

A CHRISTMAS WISH



If I wuz Santa, and Santa wuz me,
D'you know what I would do?
I'd load with presents the Christmas tree
And have 'em all marked "For Willie B.,
With p'raps for Charlie a few.

P. S.—I'm Willie B.

First of All.

If Santa Claus would ask the horse,
Who has to pull the loads,
The gift he'd like for Christmas
He would shout, "Good Roads!"

It is better to give a Christmas box than to receive one from a pugilist.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

CERTAINLY there was nothing about Abram Smollet to suggest the gay Lothario. He was the most commonplace, not to say plainest, looking of mortals, a respected member of the board of trade and a thorough business man. I don't suppose any woman except Smollett's wife ever looked at him twice, and yet Mrs. Smollett was inordinately jealous.

Lydia got it in her foolish head that Abram was spending more time in his office than he ought, and became frightfully jealous of the typewriter, whom she pictured in her own mind as a siren of unlimited power over the other sex.

When she made an unexpected descent upon the office, however, she found a long-legged, red-haired boy battering the keys of the machine, and the only woman on the premises was the scrub woman, of whom even Lydia could not be jealous.

Smollett is as methodical in his habits as a well-regulated town clock. On a certain day every spring he leaves off flannels, and on a certain day in the fall he puts on overshoes. Once in every two years he has his watch cleaned at the jeweler's. The time for renovating his chronometer came around lately, and Smollett left it with a jeweler on Broadway, in the shopping district.

Stocks were rather shaky about that time, and he had to be at his desk early and late to watch matters. He couldn't find time to go around after his timepiece, and its absence was always bothering him, for he had to depend upon church clocks, a French mantel clock that was never known to be right half a day at a time, or his wife's chatelaine, and was always missing cars and being late at appointments.

So dear Lydia, with the best of intentions, found the jeweler's ticket and went herself after the watch, saying nothing to Smollett about it. When she presented the ticket to the jeweler, he looked at it and then at her.

"This is a gentleman's watch, miss."

Lydia blushed prettily. "Oh, yes; it's my husband's," she said.

He brought it from the safe and said: "I think it's all right, ma'am." He snapped the case and opened the back of the watch to look at the works. As he did so a tiny lock of hair slipped out upon the show case.

The jeweler glanced at it and then at Lydia. Her hair is a golden brown. The lock which had dropped out of the watch was yellow.

The jeweler was a wise man; he was married himself. He glanced slyly at Lydia. Her eyes were flashing and a red spot burned in either cheek. She had seen the lock of hair, but he, out of the goodness of his heart, tried to shield the victim. He closed the watch without putting back the hair, and started to pack the timepiece in a box.

"You have forgotten something," said Lydia, in a hard voice.

"I beg your pardon."

"You have forgotten something," she repeated, pointing to the yellow lock, which he had sought to hide with his coat sleeve.

"Oh, that?" said this blessed Ananias. "I guess you're wrong, ma'am. That's a bit of hair a customer of mine wanted me to put in a locket for him——"

"I saw it drop," said Lydia, with a calmness that quelled the jeweler's glib tongue. "Put it back in the watch."

He obeyed; she paid his bill and swept regally from the store. That is why Smollett, going home that night after a peculiarly vexing day, and longing to forget business for a few hours in the society of his charming little wife, found in her place an iceberg.

Smollett was puzzled, but made no comment. With women, as in business, Smollett's was a waiting game. He always went on the theory that, if he waited long enough, the other fellow would show his hand. So after dinner he retired to the library with his paper.

His theory was again proved correct. She soon appeared, but a glance at her face assured him that there was little change in the weather. He wished he had ordered James to light a fire in the grate. She stood beside the table and placed a box upon it.

"There is your watch."

"Oh, thank you, my dear," said the unsuspicious Smollett, "I'd never found time to go around for it."

She made no comment, but watched him take it out, snap it onto his watch chain, and slip it into its accustomed place in the left breast pocket of his vest.

"You beast! you brute!" she cried, tragically, and as the hurricane of tears burst she ran from the room and shut herself into her own apartments again.

Poor Smollett was thunderstruck. He tried, in a sneaking way, for the servants were greatly in evidence, to gain audience with his wife; but she would not open her door and he spent the night on the couch in the library and went down town the next morning in a most bewildered state of mind and an empty state of stomach.

Lydia's actions so worried him that he could not keep his mind on his business. He was irritable and generally fractious, and the red-headed young man suffered accordingly. About noon Charlie Paget, an old friend and a good lawyer, came in. Charlie's eyes twinkled, but his manner was solemn.

"See here, Abram," he said, "what's this I hear about you?"

"What is it? That I've sold C., B. & Q. short? That yarn's stale," snapped Smollett.

"No, sir. Something more serious than that."

"What is it?" in dawning wonder at the lawyer's solemnity.

"It is—er—something regarding your private life. I know it isn't any business of mine," Charlie hastened to say, with a deprecatory wave of his hand; "or would not be had I not known you so long. But as a personal friend——"

"Personal fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Smollett, crossly. "What are you getting at?"

"Why, this trouble with your wife," said Charlie, with the air of a funeral mute. "Abram, I never thought it of you. I never would have suspected that you, Abram Smollett, were a gay deceiver; that you were living a double life——"

"Double——" well, a word not exactly permissible in good society. "What do you mean?" yelled Smollett, his ugly face turning a deep brick red.

"Hush, Abram!" said the lawyer, solemnly. "There is no use in your growing excited about it. Did you suppose that you could continue in such a course of infidelity without being found out some time?"

"See here!" Smollett arose in his might, seized Paget by the shoulders with no gentle force and seated him in a chair. "This has gone for enough," he said, in a passion. "Explain your words. What has my wife been to see you about?"

"Divorce!" said Charlie, in a sepulchral voice.

Smollett simply wilted into his chair. Charlie leaned forward and tapped him smartly on the knee.

"That's it, Abram. The poor child has put her case in my hands; but I begged her to let me see you before we began drastic measures——"

Smollett's face was pitiable. "How—what——"

"How did she discover your infamy?" demanded Charlie, without compassion. "She saw that lock of the other woman's hair in your watch——"

"The other woman!" gasped Smollett. "What other woman?"

"In your watch."

"A woman in my watch?"

"No, no. The lock of hair."

Smollett drew out his timepiece. He gradually grew calm. He opened the back case and the yellow lock fell into his hand. He looked from it to Paget.

"Is this it?"

"That, I presume, is the fatal evidence——"

But Smollett withered him. "Do you mean to say my wife has been to see you?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"I prevailed upon her to go home and wait till I had seen you," said the lawyer, chuckling wickedly.

Smollett put on his hat and did not appear in the office again that day, much to the disturbance of certain stocks in which he was known to deal heavily. But in the afternoon he was seen driving with his wife in the park and later they occupied a box at the theater.

Paget dropped in on him a day or two later.

"Has the divorce been settled out of court?" he asked.

"Now I suppose you think you're smart, don't you?" returned Smollett.

"Well, I'm always glad when I can bring families together instead of separating them, if there isn't any money in it for me," said Charlie, sanctimoniously.

"Huh!" grunted Smollett.

"And in this case the evidence was so dead against you. Any woman could have made a perfectly clear brief out of it——"

"Oh, I don't suppose you will be satisfied till you know it all," growled Smollett. "That lock of hair was——"

"Yes?" said Charlie, with interest.

"Was Lydia's. Her hair has grown a good bit darker than it was when she was a child of 6. Her father gave me that lock and I've carried it—well, a good many years. Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, slowly. "But was Lydia?"

And then he barely escaped with his life to tell the rest of us of Smollett's detection in the character of "a gay Lothario."

Successes Gained in Early Life.

Although most authors do not achieve distinction until they reach middle age, many cases are on record where young men have done able work. Dickens wrote "Pickwick" when he was 21 years of age. Robert Browning published "Paracelsus" when he was 23, to say nothing of the immature "Pauline," written when he was 21.

Nothing that Mr. Swinburne has written is better than "Atalanta in Calydon," and it was published when he was 28, and after he had written much other verse. The late Christian Rosetti published a book containing some of her prettiest poems when she was only 16.

The "Defense of Guinevere" was given to the world by William Morris when the author was but 24. Coventry Patmore was already a contributor to many leading magazines when, at the age of 21, his first book was printed. Lord Tennyson's early efforts are well known; and although Oliver Wendell Holmes did not win fame as a poet till after middle age, he was a writer of verse in his undergraduate days.

George Meredith wrote "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" before he was 31; and Robert Louis Stevenson won his first success when 28.

An Artful Trick.

Some years ago, a traveling French doctor was in the habit of employing an ingenious artifice. When he went to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer a reward of five hundred francs to whomsoever would bring it to him.

The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town.

"Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow; he must be very rich, for he offers five hundred francs for finding his dog."

The dog was never found, but patients were.

Nature's Mimicry.

One of the most curious examples of Nature's mimicries is the substance jewelers call odoreta lete. The ordinary observer would call this lovely stone pure turquoise. But it is really nothing of the kind. It is simply the fossil teeth of long extinct animals which have been become tinged with various mineral salts. It is much softer than the true turquoise. All the best turquoise comes from Khorassan, in Persia.

Fritz's Record.

Father—Look here, Maria. The reports that this boy of yours, Fritz, brings home from school are something disgraceful. I shall have to see to it.

A term later—"Maria, our boy, Fritz, is improving wonderfully at school, according to his reports."

Another term later—"I must say, Maria, that boy of mine, Fritz, is getting along at school in a way that I have reason to be proud of."

People are so anxious to see something going on that a dog fight attracts attention.

CYANIDE'S DEADLY ATTRACTION

Those Who Handle the Drug Drawn Almost Irresistibly to Swallow It.

"Just now we are engaged in the making of tons of cyanide of potassium," said a member of a firm of manufacturing chemists, "and of all poisons this, to my mind, is the most dangerous, because of a singular quality it possesses. It is in appearance so very attractive to those who handle it that they are often seized with an almost overwhelming desire to eat it. To one man it probably suggests sugar, if he have a fondness for saccharine substances, and to another snow newly fallen, but to both it is so alluring that they may only overcome the temptation to put it in their mouths by great force of will power.

"The very men who make it and who are most familiar with its deadly properties are pursued by an unreasonable desire to eat the poison, and as long as they remain in its vicinity this extraordinary craving endures. They know that to give way to the craving means death almost instant and horrible, and as a consequence are usually able to resist the strange temptation, but during the last ten years we have been engaged in the manufacture of the drug four of our most intelligent and steady workmen have committed suicide in this way."

"Ever feel like eating it yourself?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," the manufacturer replied. "Many times when in contact with the cyanide fumes, and I have had to leave work precipitately in consequence. So well is this curious fact known in all works where cyanide of potassium is made that there are always two men at work together, and a jar of ammonia, which is the antidote to the poison, is kept at hand."

JOKE WAS ON THE DOCTOR.

Answered an Emergency Call and Is Still Looking for His Pay.

One night recently a physician on West Adams street was called up about 12 o'clock by a tremendous ringing at the door bell. He rushed down stairs to find a woman trembling with excitement, who grasped out:

"Run, quick, doctor—that little house across the street—my husband—poison—suicide."

The doctor hurried over and found a burly fellow rolling about on a bed and groaning as if in terrible pain. His wife and three other women—his two daughters and a sister-in-law—were crying and wringing their hands. There was a bottle on the table labeled "Poison" and half of the contents were gone.

"I sized up the situation in two minutes," said the doctor, "and turned the women out of the room and shut the door."

"Now, what do you mean by this?" I said, giving the fellow a good shaking.

"Oh, nothin', doc," he said sheepishly as his groans subsided; "jest foolin' the women folks."

It developed that the supposed suicide had come home drunk the night before and that his wife had remonstrated with him. And now there is a bill to pay. The doctor sent it first to the wife, and it was returned with a brief note to the effect that she wasn't paying her husband's bills. The husband returned it with the suggestion that, as his wife had summoned the medical man, she might meet the expense.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Sign Painter's Triumph.

"What was the hardest job I ever tackled, did you ask?" said the sign painter to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter. "It was an 'ad' for smoking tobacco I painted on the side of the Grand Canyon on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. I was working for a Buffalo concern that had a contract to put up 5,000 landscape signs for a tobacco company, and a gang of us traveled over the country looking for good effective locations. This place in the canyon was as tough a proposition as any sign writer ever went against. The side there went straight up about 200 feet, and at the top there was a big overhanging ledge. It was easy enough to let down a ladder from above, but on account of the ledge it hung at least forty feet out from the face of the rock.

'After studying it over for a while I spliced a couple of fishing poles together and fastened a soft sponge to the end. That was my brush, and by lying flat on the ladder I managed to do a very decent piece of work; at least, you could read it like a book from below, and that was the thing we wanted. When the railroad people found out what I had done they were as mad as blazes, especially the chief engineer, who was an aesthetic sort of a gent from Boston, and he tried for nearly a month to get it off, letting down Chinamen with scrubbing brushes on poles, but they only made it all the brighter. At last he got some brown paint, about the color of the rocks, and smeared it out, but it took at least a dozen coats and cost a heap of money. If they had only let that sign stand it would have been a great addition to the canyon."

Merely a Question of Spelling.

He was the engineer of an ocean liner and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity coming up, he indignantly combated the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it, and, leading him to a window, told him to pull up his sleeves and place both hands flat on the glass. They then, on either side, took a firm grip on his wrists. At the end of a few moments his wife said

"Don't you feel a pain, Willy?"

"No!" he replied, and returned a like negative to a second and a third inquiry.

At this third response most of the company began to laugh, and it suddenly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the same.

A Good Fire Kindler.

On one of our outings to the mountains we secured a quantity of very rich pitch pine which made such good kindling wood that when it was gone the old way of whittling shavings seemed very unsatisfactory, and we set out to find something better. Pouring kerosene on makes the fire start quickly, but we have a prejudice against being burned alive. After various experiments we hit upon the following which is safe and cheap and good. Take a flat ten-pound lard pail. Break corn cobs in two and stand the halves on end in the pail until the bottom is filled. Then pour kerosene enough over them to wet the cobs and leave a little in the bottom of the pail, so that half an inch or less of the cobs will stand in the oil. One of these pieces of cob laid in the grate will light readily from a match and burn strongly enough to start quite coarse kindling, and prove a great help on cold winter mornings.

No woman is a heroine to her hired girl.

The Marriageable Age.

A spinster who is still living in hope says the marriageable age is anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.—Chicago Daily News.

The Typewriter Invention.

A statistician has proven that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement.

Foolish men make feasts and wise men eat them.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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His Misfortune.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

Bobby Smart—Yes, ma'am.

"Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?"

"He was a poet."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

"A Miss is As Good as a Mile."

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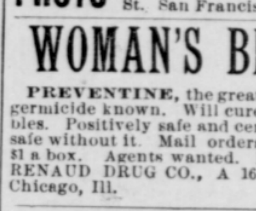

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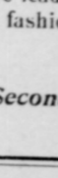

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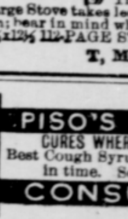

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