

Some Distinction in That.
Don't let my refusal of your proposal embitter you, Mr. Simpkins.
He—Oh, not at all. After all, it is something to have been rejected by a girl who owns a \$500 dog.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing New in That.
"You can't dispute the miracles in the Bible, man, why just consider the raising of Lazarus!"
"Humph! I've seen people raised that have been dead longer than Lazarus. Why my wife raises Cain every day!"—Denver Times.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 15th.—A Medical authority says: "In many families throughout the world (and I often take the place of the family physician, for practically everyone suffers at times from disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels. Certainly from no other medicine can such good results be obtained. This Herb remedy makes people well, thus greatly increasing their capacity for enjoying life. It is good for young and old."

The Cheerful Wight.
"Yes, he's always happy when he's hunting for work."
"What a cheerful disposition. And is he never discouraged, never sad?"
"Only when he finds it."—Philadelphia Press.

Brotherly Assistance.
Rodrick—They saw that Beaker was held up by masked men the other night.
Van Albert—Yes; it was at the masquerade ball. If they hadn't held him up he'd never got home.—Chicago Daily News.

Long live the King! The King is Wizard Oil! Pain his enemies, whom he conquers.

Rather Serious.
Wife—I had to get a policeman to put out the cook.
Husband—Come, is she?

"Oh, no. He proved to be her best fellow, and they're both waiting for you in the back hall."—Life.

The Difference.
Pater—You are very forward, sir. In my day the young man waited until he was asked to call.
Young Man—Yes, and now he waits until he's asked not to call.

Good Reason.
Arthur—Has the widow given you any reason to hope?
Chester—Yes; she told me last night that I reminded her of the only husband she had ever really loved.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or convulsions after the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Send for FREE BOOK, "Fits and Epilepsy," by Dr. J. C. Williams, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Far Sighted.
Little Girl—Please, mamma, can I hold the baby for awhile?
Mother—No, dear; you're too little. You'd let him fall.
Little Girl—Well, mamma, can I have him when he's worn out?

Sure He Knew Best.
Mamma—Dora, your father says that that young man of yours, Mr. Hart, is deceiving you.
Dora—But he isn't mamma, for I asked him, and he said he wasn't. Of course he knows better than papa.

WANTED A young man, woman and child suffering from indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headache, nervousness, etc. Write to American Long Hair Pad Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

His Great Anxiety.
Athlete—Did I—break it, doctor?
Doctor—I will be plain with you. The arm is broken, the collarbone crushed, the skull is fractured—
Athlete—No, no, no! The—did I—break—the—
"What?"
"Record?"—Tid-Bits.

Depressed.
"I am afraid Bliggins has met with reverses."
"What makes you think so?"
"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

I am sure Pico's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. T. H. BROWN, Maple street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

All Servants Alike.
Towne—I could never understand why political officeholders are called public servants.
Brown—Why not?
Towne—Because they are really our bosses.
Brown—Well, I guess you never kept house, did you?—Philadelphia Press.

Not Unusual.
May—Have you heard of Clara's hard luck?
Belle—No. What is it?
"Now that they are married they have to retrench awfully to make up the money he wasted while courting her."—Life.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
A Fantasy Floored.
Scribble—I'm getting up a fetching article on "How Men Carry Their Umbrellas."
Mrs. Scribble—Huh! Men don't carry their umbrellas; they lose their umbrellas and borrow other peoples.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wanted—Newer, Truer Maxims.
Mr. Schermerhorn—I hope you had the new girl clean up the hall, Lobelia. You know "A new broom sweeps clean."
Mrs. Schermerhorn (wearily)—Not in this instance. She said she wasn't going to clean up any of our former girl's dirt.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Hour Was Late.
"Now McElrane has more good sense than anyone I know," continued Mr. Staylate. "I tell you, he's the coming man."
"If he has all the sense you say," remarked Miss Peppery, making an effort to suppress a yawn, "I should think he would be the going man at this hour."—Philadelphia Press.

ARE the PROFESSIONS OVERCROWDED? LAW

On the first of January there were enough lawyers in Chicago to fill four full regiments in the United States army, says the Tribune. The exact figure was 4,400. At the same time there were practically 1,000 less physicians, which allowed one doctor to every 500 people, so that it is plain that lawyers have a worse prospect before them than those who follow medicine. During the year 1900, which is the latest year for which figures are available, 140 members of the bar in Chicago left the profession for some other line of work. During the same period forty lawyers died and twenty went out of practice for one reason or another, making a total of 200 less lawyers in Chicago than in January, 1900. During the same period, however, 350 new lawyers hung out their shingles in Chicago, so that there actually at least 150 more attorneys in the city than there were one year ago.

It is estimated that during 1900 the average income of the attorneys of the city did not exceed \$750. One lawyer, who has been more than ordinarily successful, and whose average income for the last few years has been more than \$4,000 a year, declares that the average of his professional brethren does not exceed \$500 a year. The secretary of one of the leading law schools of the city estimates that the income of the lawyers of Chicago averages \$1,000 a year. Striking an average between them the figure of \$750 is reached.

Even with an average of \$1,000 a year it is to be considered that at least 2,000 of the members of the legal profession in Chicago do not make as much as the income of a brick mason under the union scale. It is estimated that perhaps six or eight lawyers in Chicago average \$20,000 a year, while a large number touch the \$30,000 mark. A considerable number of lawyers, who count themselves among the successful, make between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year, while the attorney who can figure up \$5,000 a year is by no means to be despised. This leaves a startlingly small amount as the average of the less fortunate half of the legal profession.

To the man who looks at the subject from an unprejudiced standpoint it would seem that the legal profession is already greatly overcrowded. That lawyers take the same view of the situation is shown by the changes which have been made within recent years in the matter of requirements for admission to the bar. Under the rule which prevailed but a few years ago it was only necessary for an applicant to appear in open court and pass a so-called examination, which was supervised by a few members of the bar. The present rule, which was adopted by the Supreme Court of the State in 1897, only four years ago, provides that every applicant for admission to the bar must present credentials showing that he is a man of good moral character; that he is a graduate of one of the high schools of the State or possesses an equivalent education; and that he has studied law for at least three years. It is also provided that all or at least part of the examination shall be written. As a matter of fact, it is said by lawyers to be ten times as hard to secure admission to the bar at present as it was a few years ago.

HE GAVE TO THE WORLD.
His Self-Seeking Neighbors All Called Him Eccentric.
Three years ago there died in one of our Southern cities a man whose rules of life were so different from those of his neighbors that most of them thought him mad.
He lived in a spacious old house, surrounded by a garden, which he had bought forty years ago. Large blocks of business houses now hemmed it in, and he was offered a price for his lot which would have made him rich. But he would not sell it.
"This is home to my old wife," he said. "I could not buy for her with this money you offer the comfort and content she has in her home and garden."
"But you can make your sons rich," it was urged.
"I do not want to make them rich," he replied.
His neighbors sold their lots, speculated, amassed large fortunes, pushed their sons into politics or made them manufacturers or brokers, that they might amass still larger wealth. He made of his boys working horticulturists like himself.
"It is a business which will give them comfort, but not wealth," he said. "In it, they will not be employed by other men, nor employ many hands, and so will be outside of any future struggle between capital and labor in this country."
When he had gained a sum large enough to keep his wife from want, if he should survive him, he gave up his vineyard and gardens to his sons, and devoted the rest of his life to charitable work and to the culture of a new grape of a peculiarly fine flavor. When he had succeeded in bringing it to perfection, he gave cuttings from it to all the poor horticulturists that he knew.

TO A MAN, he said, "should try to leave the world richer by something for his having been in it. Some men leave a great picture or a book or noble thoughts to it. I only have a grape to give."
He gave it with all his heart. His neighbors, whose business in life had been to gather great heaps of money, called him eccentric. Judged by all that is noble in life, who was more sane, he or they?

Distinctive "Reading."
An aged colored man, who is well known to some of the attaches of the city hall, for whom he frequently does odd jobs at their homes, is familiarly called by the sobriquet of "Tute." One day "Tute" asked one of his many employers if he would kindly read a note for him. The request was complied with, and it proved to be a call upon "Tute's" services as a whitewasher and cleaner of cellars. "Why, 'Tute,'" said the man, "this is very plainly written, and you surely ought to be able to read this yourself, for I have frequently seen you reading the papers." "Well, that's just it," replied "Tute." "You see, I can't read writin' readin', but I kin read readin' readin'." This peculiar explanation revealed that "Tute" could manage to read print, but was unable to read writing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Town Is Given a Bridge.
A new form of beneficence to a New England town is that taken in the gift of Francis Schell, of New York, who has given Northfield, Mass., a \$25,000 bridge.

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Ever notice how much of your time you throw away?

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—Indianapolis News.

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