Due of the Craft Makes Public the Dlary Through the dark valley thou will pass to

One or the Craft Makes Public the Diary of One Day with the Muse.

When the public senies is an a underly jumps of foctic efforts it doesn't paisor to think of the circumstances which may combine to make some vers worses—so much worse—than others. Now, for instance, take a poem on sleep. Go to work on it in an office where the community in general likes to drop in every once in a while and assure you that there wasn't anything that offended them in this morning's paper. They come in one and two at a time. The first two lines them in this morning's paper. They come in one and two at a time. The first two lines

one and two at a time. The first two lines are easy:

When through the west the droway sun Is historing to repose—
"Bello! How are you? Got any exchanges that you're not looking at?"

"Help yourself."
[From the other side of the rooin]: "No you don't; I can't allow those papers to be carried off before I've looked at them."

When through the west the droway sun Isstantoning to repose.
When flowers their task of beauty done—
"Ab, w.iting poetry, I see. I knew a fellow in Colorado who could write poetry by the yard. He was a good one."

When thowers their task of beauty done
Their weary petals close—
"Doggone these woodens. A man can't tell what the weather is going to be four hours abcod."

When grant passing brosses murmura.

When every passing breeze murmurs— When every breeze as it passes— (Confound the meter). When every breeze that passes sings—
"I just now drank some hot beef tea and
ny tongue hasn't any more skin on it than an

eel. Lend me your pen a minute. -that passes sings A lazy-

"How soon'll you be through?"
"Next week, if I'm not luckier than I have

A lazy hilbity.

A lazy hilbity.

How sweet the kies that shimber brings
To seal the drooping eye.

(Now, let's see if it fits together.)

When through the west the drowsy sun
Is hastening to repose,
When flowers their tank of beauty done
Their seary petals close.

When every breeze that passes sings
A lazy lollably.

How sweet the kies that shimber brings
To seal the drooping eye.

Ought to be more than one verse? Maybe
here ought; maybe there ought.—Washingon Post.

He Didn't Recognise the Poem.

New Editor (to Old Schoolmate)—It harts me, old fellow, to wound your feelings, but really we are so everatorized with poerty that it is uscless to read yours. We can only accept what shows unmistakable genins.

Old Schoolmate—Well, just read that poem, and tell me what you think of it. It may prove better than you imagine.

New Editor thaving read the poem)—It is not I feared, the poem shows no promise whatever. Pardon me, but it is simply abound.

Old Schoolmate (with a broad grin—That's just what I thought. It's a copy of some verses you wrote in my autograph album, while we were at school together.—Munsey's Weekly.

Money Enough.

Agent—Here is a book, sir, every gentle-man ought to have, "Hintson Architecture."

Mr. Smallpurs—I have no use for it.

"But, sir, it teaches you how to build a beautiful villa, a regular palace, for only

"I haven't \$5,000. I haven't over \$510 my

name."
"Well, the book is only \$1."—New York Weekly

The Tools He Needed.

The Tools He Needed.

"Why don't you work!" said a charitable lady the other day to a tramp, before whom she had placed a nicely cooked meal.

"I would," replied the vagrant, "if I had the tools."

the tools."
"What sort of tools do you want!" asked

A knife and fork."-New York Ledger

A Disappointment.



Mr. Jenkins—Uncle John promised to so us something for the parlor, but I never pected anything of this size.



Mr. Jenkins (after haif an hour's work)— No. Pil be hanged if I did!—Munsey's Weekly.

A Considerate Debtor. Collector—When are you going to pay this bill! I can't be coming here every day in the

week.
Debtor-Well, what day could you con

on, conveniently!
"I could call on Saturday."
"All right; from now on I shall expect you every Saturday."—Texas Siftings.

The Poor Poet.

Stubpen—Why do you always write with blue ink, Scribbler?

Scribbler analy!—It's the way I feel.—Bur lington Free Press.

PASSING.

To the discribility of granding years.

At her critices sighs, the unwilling tears.

At heat the ond grows slowly into sight.

Death doth but wait for day's retreating light,

For that tranced hour when eve's first beacon

peers, and vespers gently fall on juded ears.
To give the send the signal for its flight.
Then, with a brow unclouded as of old.
A heart no longer sasthed by Serrow's scars,
out of life's mists and vapors manifold,
Into that clime no shadow ever mars
Thou will emerge, and rapt communion hold.
With the believed, long gathered to the stars.
—William Toyabes in Murray's Magazine.

The Critic's True Function

Your individual self perfection is the ost landable thing in the world to strive for, but as the nucleus of a gospel it is insipid. Frequent the busy haunts of men who occupy themselves with kin-dred pursuits—not literally, of necessity, but sympathetically and in imagination. It is in union that there is strength. It is in union that there is strength. Remark tendencies, try to sum them up, to point out their significance and direc-tion. Few men can be Ruskins—et encoret

And do not imagine that you can per manently attach and benefit your kin by the mere force of correct, gentle and chasts diction on the one hand, or of set-ting an example of repose and serenity on the other, because nowadays warfare of any kind—even literary criticism—is accustomed to weapons of more robust-ness and reality, and in this sphere preaching by specific precept is far more efficient than preaching by general exthan preaching by general ex-And the most important of all things is to be in harmony with one's time and environment. Be sure, O critical there is something magical in this, however it may transcend consciousness. See, for instance, how much finer is Mr. Woodberry's essay on Browning—a piece of real criticism—than are his lucubra-tions about "the ideal life."—Scribner's.

Demand for Larger Dynas

Professor Thomson, in speaking before the National Electric Light association, called to mind the great work in the electrical field which has been accom-plished in the last few years, and, refer-ring to the ever increasing business and the call for larger machines, said that dynamos up to 500 to 1,000 horse power are now frequently called for, where a few years ago it was thought an unusual thing to speak of a 150 or 200 horse power machine, and the tendency is toward machines of much larger capacity in future electric installations.

With regard to heating our houses by electricity, Professor Thomson thought it not at all likely that we will ever leat extensively by electricity, unless we can find some way of converting the energy of coal into electricity far more directly and less wastefully than is done in steam engines of the present day. - Boston

The following story is told of Dr. Ma-gee, the archbishop of York designate. Some time since the bishop was dining with a total abstainer, who provided only water as the beverage of his guests at dinner. The host, however, leaned forward and whispered confidentially to the bishop:

"You will find some wine in your bedroom.

An amusing look passed over Bishop Magee's face, but his thoughts, such as they were, were kept to himself till the fitting time should come. Not long after this same gentleman was dining with the bishop in return at the palace at Peterborough. This time the only bev-erage was wine, but the hishop leaned forward and whispered confidentially to his guest:
"You'll find some water in your bed-

Minute Collections.

There is a naturalist whose hobby con aists in collecting the fine dust with which the wings of moths and butterflies are covered and forming them into artis tic and picturesque designs. He mounts each single grain of dust separately, so as to make boquets of flowers and fern leaves with butterflies bovering round. This he does in a space occupied by the eighth of an inch. In another design be has a vase of passion flowers made of upward of 500 grains of dust; and again he has represented a pot of fuchsias, with butterflies and birds, in three-sixteenths of a square inch.—Illustrated American.

Something Greek

Modern literature, so far as the old fashioned scholarship could misguide it, has imitated the Roman imitators of the Greeks, so that we have not even had dresses, so that we have an even and even the advantage of aping at first hand, and we are only just beginning to feel the tree influence of the Greeks, which is always toward the study of nature. Wherever one of us successed in representing life, he is seen to have done something Greek; that is, something true, something free, something free, something beautiful, something novel, something temperate.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

With Her It Is a Suco

"Do you think marriage is a failure, Mrs. hoker," asked Mrs. Simeral of the minis

ter's wife.

"No, indeed!" was the roply. "Mr. Choker gives me his fees for pin money."—Harper's Basar.

Give and Take.

The Duke of Modbury—Now, Miss Manhattan, I'll wager you know your Burke better than I do.

Miss Manhattan—Ab, but I dare say your grace could stump me on Bradstreet.—Life.

ould any one ask your opinion about the Histogenetic system of medicine, just answer heddly that it is no good. Should he ask you the reason why it is no good tell him—just because. If this answer does not confound him by its profundity and he as conforms in one probably prove effective, as it bankrupted the first iron plow establishment. Should you fail in that, too, don't give up, but insist with the powerful argument that your grandmother never heard of it; that you can't see how mercury, arsenic, strychnine, etc., can be im-proved upon, and that the old schools of medicine must necessarily have exhausted all the stock of wisdom, and that there cannot possibly be anything left to learn. And if all your powerful arguments have failed to convince him of the reasonableness of your position—you have still one Parthian shot—tell him that you are simply aston-lahed; that you thought him an intelligent

sheet; that you thought him as throughout man.
And still there are men—and women, too—upon whom such arguments have no effect, but they are thinking people who are willing to investigate before they form an ording.

PROFIX. A. T., July 39, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugène Jordon, Scattle, Wash.—Dear Sir: Having used your remedies in my family for more than two years with wonderful success, I feel that no other remedies can give satisfaction, and I inclose symptoms of my nephew's case for your consideration.

Prances A. Custis.

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CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the fol-lowing inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jor-dan, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Men may be lords of creation, but some women

James Mitchell, champion hamme thrower of America and holder of the world's record at throwing hammer and

fifty-six-pound weight, says:
"I have used Allcock's Ponous Plaster "I have used Allicock's Ponsus Plastess and found them without an equal. In the early spring, when starting in to train for the field events, I have always found that stiffness in the joints and tack set in. As soon, however, as I applied one of Allicock's Ponsus Plastens, paids and stiffness departed like magic. When I am affected with pains, etc., the result of a cold contracted while in training, I always use Allicock's Ponsus Plastens with good results. I can safely recommend them to any one who is affected with pains or stiffness, the result of any kind of exercise."

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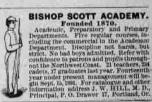
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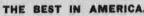
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