

SORROW IS BUT FOR A DAY.

Let us dream—let us sing by the way,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
The world is rolling beneath the blue
With ever the sweetest of songs for you,
And answered shall be the prayers we
pray:
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

The rivers in music say,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
The hills and the rills the song repeat
To the listening violets at your feet,
And the high stars sing on their heav-
enly way:
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

It is but for a day—for a day;
It will fade—it will vanish away;
And over the darkest—the thorniest sod,
We shall reap in the beautiful lilies of
God,
And the wearisome winters shall blossom
like May
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
—Frank L. Stanton.

A Thunder Shower.

THE sun was shining brightly
when Lucy Manning went down-
town, and it was oppressively
hot, but she looked dainty and cool in
her crisp luffed lawn and white hat.
Having bought a few yards of ribbon,
a shirtwaist, "marked down to half,"
and an ice-cream soda, she started
home. The trolley car was almost
empty and she took a corner seat, near
the front.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, light-
ning flashed, thunder roared, and rain
came down in torrents. The conductor
struggled nobly with the curtains, but
before Lucy's were down she was wet
through. She looked at her gown sor-



"HERE'S THE GLOVE I LOST LAST WIN-
TER."

rowfully; the color was running; it was
ruined. She minded the gown's plight
more than her own.
"What a pity," she said to herself; "I
was sure that it would wash."
Just then a tall, good-looking young
man appeared at her side.
"Good-morning, Miss Manning," he
said; "pardon me if I offer you my over-
coat. You will catch cold in that thin
gown, I am afraid."
Lucy drew herself up haughtily. "No,
thank you, I shall do very well as I
am."

"But I insist," and Lawrence Fulton
dexterously wrapped the coat around
her. Then he sat down on the same
seat, but so far away as to be almost in
a puddle. Lucy eyed him furtively.
"I don't care if he does get wet,"
thought she. "Mean thing! I wonder
how he happened to have his overcoat
with him this hot day."

Presently her conscience began to
trouble her. "Mr. Fulton," she said,
"why don't you sit farther over this
way? You are in the wet."
"I am perfectly comfortable, Miss
Manning, thank you."

"That's absurd," answered Lucy.
"You are almost in a puddle."
"It doesn't matter," said Lawrence.
"Nothing matters now," he added, half
under his breath. But Lucy heard him,
although she gave no sign.

The car sped three blocks, but neither
of the young people said another word.
At Superior street Lawrence arose,
bowed, and left the car.
"Goodness," exclaimed Lucy, almost
aloud, "he has left his overcoat." But
the car was already at Chicago avenue.

When Lucy arrived at her getting-off
place the rain had ceased. She emerged
from the overcoat a much-dragged
object. "I feel like a freak," she said
to herself, impatiently, as she walked
two blocks in her wet and spoiled
finery, with the heavy overcoat on her
arm. The sun had come out again and
added to her misery.

Arrived at home, arrayed in dry gar-
ments, and, happily, feeling none the
worse for her wetting, she ruefully
surveyed the overcoat.
"I suppose I must send it back; he
will never come for it after last night."
She shook it out, preparatory to fold-
ing it, and a long white glove fell to the
floor.

"Why, there's the glove I lost last
winter at the McDonald's dance," Lucy
cried. "Stupid boy, to take it and carry
it around." But her heart softened a
little. "That was the night after he
asked me to marry him. O, we had
such a good time at that dance."
"Lucy, have you heard the news?"
cried a younger sister, bursting into the
room. "Grace Anderson is engaged to
Mr. Worthy."

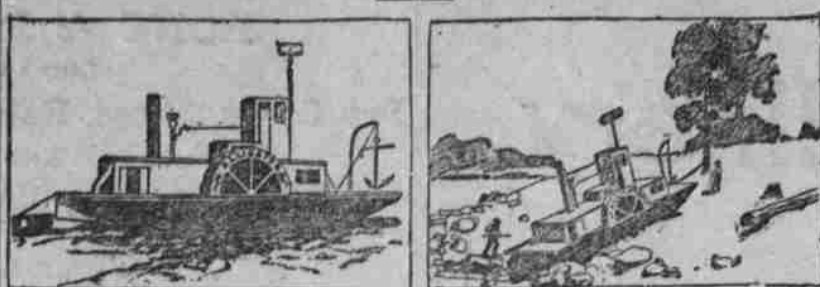
Lucy gasped. "Who told you, Molly?"
"Grace herself. She was here this
morning. I can't stay to talk now. I
want to tell Frances," and the impetu-
ous young lady whisked herself away.

"And to think—to think that I sent
Lawrence away because I thought that
he and Grace were—were too much
together. Sam Worthy is Lawrence's
best friend, and of course he was nice
to Grace. And he wouldn't tell Sam's
secret even to clear himself. O, dear,
dear!"

"Mr. Fulton, ma'am; come for his
coat," said a maid, at the open door.
"I'll see him, Nora."

Lucy gathered the great coat in her
arms and carried it to the drawing-
room.
"Miss Manning," said Lawrence, as
he came forward, "why didn't you send
it down by Nora? It was inexcusable
for me to leave it on your hands, but I
forgot r' about it."

BOAT THAT IS INDEED AMPHIBIOUS.



This is a peculiar boat called "a warping barge," that is in use on British Columbia rivers. Navigation on many of these streams is obstructed by falls and rapids over which it is impossible for a boat to pass. The Alligator crawls around these obstructions in the manner shown in the picture. It is a flat-bottomed craft with a strong winch and cable in the bow. When it is necessary for the boat to make a trip overland the cable is carried out ahead and hitched to a tree, the steam winch is started, and the winding in of the cable pulls the boat ahead.

ARE AUTHORIZED BY LAW.

Trade Organizations Have a Legal Standing in New Zealand.
Trade and labor are organized throughout New Zealand, and as such are recognized and legalized by the state in the act of 1894, says the London Daily Mail. The very title of that act, though not changed, originally ran: "An act to encourage the formation of industrial unions; and the whole spirit of the movement is that both employers and workmen should form their unions and associations on representative lines under the provisions of the act, and that all questions should be dealt with by the unions and societies up to a certain stage, and then brought by them, and them only, before the boards of conciliation, and ultimately, if necessary, to the arbitration court.

The trade and industrial unions of New Zealand are required to comply with all the ordinary business safeguards which should surround the corporate bodies which they form, and then—but not till then—they are registered by the state and placed in a position to act and be heard in industrial disputes. Penalties are attached to all breaches of the provisions controlling the unions, and in some cases to enforce the award of the court they are heavy, the maximum being £500 for each union, and failing the recovery of this there falls a maximum liability of £10 on each member of it.

The effect of this registration is to make the union and all its members subject to the jurisdiction established by the act, and although the registration may be cancelled on the application of any union, this is done under due safeguards; and no cancellation is permitted during the progress of any conciliation or arbitration proceedings affecting the union which applies. Neither does such cancellation relieve any union or its members from all obligations incurred in any previous award of the court. No workman may leave his work, or employer lock out his workmen during a dispute.

POSTOFFICES OF THE SEA.

How Mail Matter Is Taken Care of on the Big Ocean Liners.

A work with which but few persons are familiar is that performed by the men of the postal department of the big ocean liners. Twelve hours for each of six or seven days occupied in passage, they labor on a pitching, tossing vessel in a small space about fifteen feet square and three stories high. Electric lights gleam night and day in the compartment where the postal clerks work, for it is hard enough to decipher the addresses on the foreign mail matter, even in the light of years of experience. The sea postal service is now in its tenth year and is in operation on twelve trans-Atlantic vessels. It has proven such a success and is of so great an advantage in expediting the foreign mails that the government is considering the establishment of the service in other vessels.

The postal clerks are usually located in a small room below the berth deck with low ceilings and narrow berths. In this compartment the separation racks are placed. The compartment of the racks are labeled with the principal cities of the country towards which the vessel is bound, and it is the duty of the postal clerk to have all the mail delivered to the ship upon leaving port ready for distribution when its destination is reached. On one side of the room is a separation table on which registered packages are sorted and which holds a small pair of scales for weighing them and stamps for marking supplementary mail.

The effect of this registration is to make the union and all its members subject to the jurisdiction established by the act, and although the registration may be cancelled on the application of any union, this is done under due safeguards; and no cancellation is permitted during the progress of any conciliation or arbitration proceedings affecting the union which applies. Neither does such cancellation relieve any union or its members from all obligations incurred in any previous award of the court. No workman may leave his work, or employer lock out his workmen during a dispute.

A Singular Occupation.

There is a celebrated cook in London about whom it is said that he makes an income of over ten thousand dollars a year. He is attached to no house, but in his own brougham sets out toward evening for the house of some rich man who is going to give a dinner, at which every dish must be above criticism. Here he alights, and, making for the kitchen, goes through the



INTERIOR VIEW OF A SEA POSTOFFICE.

process of tasting all the soups, sauces and made dishes—advising when his palate suggests a little more salt here, a pinch of herbs there, a dash of sugar in this entree, a suspicion of onion in that salsa, etc. This done, he pockets his fee of twenty-five dollars and drives on to the next dinner-giving patron who has hidden him to his feast in this strange fashion. His nightly list comprises many houses all through the London season.

Siberian Gold.

There are now about 40,000 miners at work in the gold mines of Siberia. The grains of Siberian gold are said to be on an average larger than those of any other part of the world.

A great deal is said about the notorious lack of moral courage in men. The women are nearly as bad; when a woman is carrying a package of dry goods, and goes into a rival store, she nearly always hides it.

STYLISH HATS FOR FALL.



OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Old Lawyer—How'd I get my start? Well, shortly after I was called to the bar a rich uncle died and I came into possession of a cool hundred thousand.
Young Lawyer (in surprise)—But I never knew you had a rich uncle.
Old Lawyer—I didn't say I did; it was a client's rich uncle who died.—Puck.

Ideal Happiness.
She—What was the happiest moment of your life?
He—Well, I think it was one evening last week when I entered the parlor of my boarding house and saw a strange sign on the piano.
She—Indeed! And the sign?
He—"Closed for Repairs."

What Can You Expect?



Maudie—I hear you're engaged to get married.
Mickey—Well, wot's er man? Mer do when he's out er work an' desprit?

Guard—Somebody jumped off the bridge, but I don't know if it was a man or woman.
Friend—But you say you found some of their clothes. Can't you tell by them?
Guard—No, I only found a shirt waist.—Chicago News.

Legerdemain.
Mrs. Von Blumer—Dear, dear, I dropped my diamond ring off my finger this morning and I cannot find it anywhere.
Von Blumer—It's all right, I came across it in one of my trousers' pockets.—Harper's Bazar.

Equivocal.
"Rastus, are you really as fond of watermelon as they say you are?"
"Who, me? Watermelon? I des can't a-bear it in my sight!"—Indianapolis Press.

Not the Same.
Friend—Did Fortune smile on you?
Rejected Suitor—Well, she gave me the laugh, if that's what you mean.—Syracuse Herald.

Not Exactly.
When a man drinks like a fish it doesn't follow that he's in the swim.—Philadelphia Record.

No End to It.
Amateur Sportsman—Is this a good place to hunt for reedies?
Native—You bet! You could hunt here straight ahead for a week.
Amateur Sportsman—You don't mean it, really?
Native—Yes, 'cause you'd never find any.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Felt the Loss.
Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over his losing his job.
Potts—I feel worse—he has already touched me for \$10.—Indianapolis Press.

A Partnership Concern.
"Are you interested in your wife's Indian corner?"
"Yes; I get off war whoops over the money she spends."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew the Gun.
Sympathizing Friend—Weren't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow took aim at you with a gun?
Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first, until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I saluted and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Unsatisfactory From the Start.
"Well, what about the new nigh-bors?"
"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

Was Too Mild.
"I'm writing to Sam about his hay fever."
"Why, what of it?"
"Why, when he was here I thought he made too much fuss about it; now I have it myself, I want to tell him that he didn't make half fuss enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

When Missionary Boxes Are an Insult.
There have been missionary boxes sent to the heroes and heroines of the church, fighting her battles in the van, that have done more harm than good, in hurt pride and damaged self-respect. To a lady and a gentleman—I use the terms advisedly—were sent clothing, old shoes, old hats, old collars, cravats, gloves, fit only for the ragbag. Ashamed to send them anywhere else, the donors sent them to the unknown missionaries, and as everything that came to the church to be sent was jammed in without care or discrimination, the arrival of the box partook of the nature of an insult to these heroic, gently-bred people. Fortunately this state of affairs is not often found; it ought never to be.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Oysters Must Have Salt.
Oysters cannot live in the Baltic Sea. The reason is that it is not salty enough. They can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.
Little girls and boys don't know what trouble is. Why, you can pull their teeth with a thread!

Had a New Start.
McJigger—Jigsby's turned over a new leaf. He says hereafter he's going to work with a will.
Thingumbob—Yes, he is; he was left out of his rich uncle's.—Philadelphia Press.

Should Have Suspected.
Towne—That was a rather disreputable-looking man you just spoke to.
Brownie—Sir, that was my brother.
Towne—Oh! beg pardon. I might have known that.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Felt the Loss.
Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over his losing his job.
Potts—I feel worse—he has already touched me for \$10.—Indianapolis Press.

A Partnership Concern.
"Are you interested in your wife's Indian corner?"
"Yes; I get off war whoops over the money she spends."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew the Gun.
Sympathizing Friend—Weren't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow took aim at you with a gun?
Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first, until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I saluted and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Unsatisfactory From the Start.
"Well, what about the new nigh-bors?"
"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

Was Too Mild.
"I'm writing to Sam about his hay fever."
"Why, what of it?"
"Why, when he was here I thought he made too much fuss about it; now I have it myself, I want to tell him that he didn't make half fuss enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

When Missionary Boxes Are an Insult.
There have been missionary boxes sent to the heroes and heroines of the church, fighting her battles in the van, that have done more harm than good, in hurt pride and damaged self-respect. To a lady and a gentleman—I use the terms advisedly—were sent clothing, old shoes, old hats, old collars, cravats, gloves, fit only for the ragbag. Ashamed to send them anywhere else, the donors sent them to the unknown missionaries, and as everything that came to the church to be sent was jammed in without care or discrimination, the arrival of the box partook of the nature of an insult to these heroic, gently-bred people. Fortunately this state of affairs is not often found; it ought never to be.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Oysters Must Have Salt.
Oysters cannot live in the Baltic Sea. The reason is that it is not salty enough. They can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.
Little girls and boys don't know what trouble is. Why, you can pull their teeth with a thread!

Had a New Start.
McJigger—Jigsby's turned over a new leaf. He says hereafter he's going to work with a will.
Thingumbob—Yes, he is; he was left out of his rich uncle's.—Philadelphia Press.

Should Have Suspected.
Towne—That was a rather disreputable-looking man you just spoke to.
Brownie—Sir, that was my brother.
Towne—Oh! beg pardon. I might have known that.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Felt the Loss.
Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over his losing his job.
Potts—I feel worse—he has already touched me for \$10.—Indianapolis Press.

A Partnership Concern.
"Are you interested in your wife's Indian corner?"
"Yes; I get off war whoops over the money she spends."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew the Gun.
Sympathizing Friend—Weren't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow took aim at you with a gun?
Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first, until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I saluted and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Unsatisfactory From the Start.
"Well, what about the new nigh-bors?"
"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

Was Too Mild.
"I'm writing to Sam about his hay fever."
"Why, what of it?"
"Why, when he was here I thought he made too much fuss about it; now I have it myself, I want to tell him that he didn't make half fuss enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

STRUCK EDUCATED CHINAMAN.

The Mistake of a Green Reporter in Getting an Interview.
Numberless are the tricks which newspaper reporters play upon one another to relieve the slobber "grind" of their calling. Two young men employed on a morning paper in a large city were detailed one day to call upon the resident Chinaman and "interview" them respecting some immigration measure then pending in Congress. One of the two reporters was a beginner and the other, an experienced man, naturally assumed the management of the assignment.

"Billings," he said, after they had invaded several laundries without any important result, "here is a tea store. I wish you would go in and talk with the proprietor. I want to know what he thinks about Chinamen voting. I'll go and pull of an interview with the man who runs this cigar shop next door. Remember to use the very simplest English at your command."
The young reporter went inside the tea store, took out his notebook and thus addressed the proprietor, who happened to be alone at the moment:
"John, how? Me—me—Telegraph, John! Newspaper—savvy, John? Newspaper—print things. Un'stan? Me want know what John think about Chinamen vote, see? What John think—China man vote—all same Melican man? Savvy, John? Vote? What think?"
The Chinaman listened to him with profound gravity until he had finished, and replied:
"The question of granting the right of suffrage to Chinese citizens who have come to the United States with the avowed intention of making this country their permanent home is one that has occupied the attention of thoughtful men of all parties for years, and it may become in time one of paramount importance. At present, however, it seems to me there is no exigency requiring an expression of opinion from me upon this subject. You will please excuse me."

The young reporter went outside and leaned against a lamp post to rest and recover from a sudden faintness that had taken possession of him. His comrade had purposely "steered him against" one of the best educated Chinamen in the United States.—Youth's Companion.

Bird Music.
In his "Recollections of an Old Musician," Mr. Thomas Ryan tells of the effect produced by a violinist on a family party of Indians who occupied the front seats at a concert in Topeka, Kan. I was told there was a father with six sons in the party, all very large, broad-shouldered men. They filed quietly into their seats, preceded by a local guide, in whose hands they seemed like good, docile children.

One can never know what they thought of us, but one can do something in the way of inference. They sat quite immovable in their seats, with their ox-like eyes fixed on our party while we played serious music. No shadow of emotion could be seen on their countenances.

The fifth number of the program was a violin solo by Mr. Schultz, and for an encore he gave a little caprice, entitled "The Bird in the Tree." The moment Mr. Schultz began this piece the Indians were all alive, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they nudged each other with their elbows; and when the little bird-melody and imitations of bird-singing began they looked all around the ceiling and the walls, doubtless expecting to see singing birds flitting about.

Not seeing any, they looked at the violinist and began to understand that it was the magician. The surprise, and almost incredulity, depicted on the faces of these children of nature was a rare show in itself. At its conclusion they jumped up and down, just as little children do when something unusual pleases them.

Opportunities in Samoa.
Somewhere in that mysterious part of the South Pacific Ocean, where one day merges into another to keep chronometers straight and to keep mankind from trouble in marking the flight of years, lie the Samoan Islands, three in number, of which the smallest, Tutuila, is the property of the United States. The recent division of the islands, which are connected with the United States and with Australia and New Zealand by regular mail steamers, has assured their future. Tutuila, which is as large as the State of Rhode Island, contains many acres of the richest soil, and would make a fruitful dwelling place for 100,000 ambitious men. It could be converted into vast plantations of coffee, vanilla, tobacco, coconuts and dozens of other native products, while a thriving town could be made to flourish beneath the flower-cad trees on the beach.

Apla, in Samoa, is one of the most prosperous towns in the south seas, and its future is assured. It was in the hills north of this place that Robert Louis Stevenson, after roaming the earth for a paradise, found one. It was there he died.—Success.

Russians Praised.
A writer in the Contemporary Review passes this strong eulogy on the character of the Russians: "I found that the Russians by temperament were without exception the gentlest, most easy-going and humane nation in Europe, and I have seen them all. Their defects are many, but the leading feature in the Russian character, high and low, which stands above faults of which they have their full share, is an enthusiastic, generous humanity, easily moved to sadness and tears; full of expansive gratitude for kindness; free from meanness, pettiness, and cunning greed. In short, it struck me, the more I contemplated the Russian character, that they were the only people in Europe who possessed several of the better characteristics of ourselves. The Russians are not so fond of fair play, not so truthful, not so energetic, not so manly as we are; but, on the other hand, they are less hypocritical, more truly modest, gentler, more tender, more truly religious, more humane, and less brutal and violent in every way."

Oysters Must Have Salt.
Oysters cannot live in the Baltic Sea. The reason is that it is not salty enough. They can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.
Little girls and boys don't know what trouble is. Why, you can pull their teeth with a thread!

Had a New Start.
McJigger—Jigsby's turned over a new leaf. He says hereafter he's going to work with a will.
Thingumbob—Yes, he is; he was left out of his rich uncle's.—Philadelphia Press.

Should Have Suspected.
Towne—That was a rather disreputable-looking man you just spoke to.
Brownie—Sir, that was my brother.
Towne—Oh! beg pardon. I might have known that.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Felt the Loss.
Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over his losing his job.
Potts—I feel worse—he has already touched me for \$10.—Indianapolis Press.

A Partnership Concern.
"Are you interested in your wife's Indian corner?"
"Yes; I get off war whoops over the money she spends."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew the Gun.
Sympathizing Friend—Weren't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow took aim at you with a gun?
Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first, until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I saluted and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Unsatisfactory From the Start.
"Well, what about the new nigh-bors?"
"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

Was Too Mild.
"I'm writing to Sam about his hay fever."
"Why, what of it?"
"Why, when he was here I thought he made too much fuss about it; now I have it myself, I want to tell him that he didn't make half fuss enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

When Missionary Boxes Are an Insult.
There have been missionary boxes sent to the heroes and heroines of the church, fighting her battles in the van, that have done more harm than good, in hurt pride and damaged self-respect. To a lady and a gentleman—I use the terms advisedly—were sent clothing, old shoes, old hats, old collars, cravats, gloves, fit only for the ragbag. Ashamed to send them anywhere else, the donors sent them to the unknown missionaries, and as everything that came to the church to be sent was jammed in without care or discrimination, the arrival of the box partook of the nature of an insult to these heroic, gently-bred people. Fortunately this state of affairs is not often found; it ought never to be.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Oysters Must Have Salt.
Oysters cannot live in the Baltic Sea. The reason is that it is not salty enough. They can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.
Little girls and boys don't know what trouble is. Why, you can pull their teeth with a thread!

Had a New Start.
McJigger—Jigsby's turned over a new leaf. He says hereafter he's going to work with a will.
Thingumbob—Yes, he is; he was left out of his rich uncle's.—Philadelphia Press.

Should Have Suspected.
Towne—That was a rather disreputable-looking man you just spoke to.
Brownie—Sir, that was my brother.
Towne—Oh! beg pardon. I might have known that.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Felt the Loss.
Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over his losing his job.
Potts—I feel worse—he has already touched me for \$10.—Indianapolis Press.

A Partnership Concern.
"Are you interested in your wife's Indian corner?"
"Yes; I get off war whoops over the money she spends."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew the Gun.
Sympathizing Friend—Weren't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow took aim at you with a gun?
Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first, until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I saluted and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Unsatisfactory From the Start.
"Well, what about the new nigh-bors?"
"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

Was Too Mild.
"I'm writing to Sam about his hay fever."
"Why, what of it?"
"Why, when he was here I thought he made too much fuss about it; now I have it myself, I want to tell him that he didn't make half fuss enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

When Missionary Boxes Are an Insult.
There have been missionary boxes sent to the heroes and heroines of the church, fighting her battles in the van, that have done more harm than good, in hurt pride and damaged self-respect. To a lady and a gentleman—I use the terms advisedly—were sent clothing, old shoes, old hats, old collars, cravats, gloves, fit only for the ragbag. Ashamed to send them anywhere else, the donors sent them to the unknown missionaries, and as everything that came to the church to be sent was jammed in without care or discrimination, the arrival of the box partook of the nature of an insult to these heroic, gently-bred people. Fortunately this state of affairs is not often found; it ought never to be.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Oysters Must Have Salt.
Oysters cannot live in the Baltic Sea. The reason is that it is not salty enough. They can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.
Little girls and boys don't know what trouble is. Why, you can pull their teeth with a thread!

Had a New Start.
McJigger—Jigsby's turned over a new leaf. He says hereafter he's going to work with a will.
Thingumbob—Yes, he is; he was left out of his rich uncle's.—Philadelphia Press.

Should Have Suspected.
Towne—That was a rather disreputable-looking man you just spoke to.
Brownie—Sir, that was my brother.
Towne—Oh! beg pardon. I might have known that.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Felt the Loss.
Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over his losing his job.
Potts—I feel worse—he has already touched me for \$10.—Indianapolis Press.

A Partnership Concern.
"Are you interested in your wife's Indian corner?"
"Yes; I get off war whoops over the money she spends."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew the Gun.
Sympathizing Friend—Weren't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow took aim at you with a gun?
Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first, until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I saluted and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Unsatisfactory From the Start.
"Well, what about the new nigh-bors?"
"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

COMB TO APPLY CURATIVE.