Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one, Whether I've money or whether I've none.

He who has money can buy bim a wife, And he who has none can be free for life.

He who has money can trade if he choos And he who has none has nothing to lose He who has money has cares not a few, And he who has none can sleep the night

He who has money can squint at the fair, And he who has none escapes with m

He who has money can go to the play, And he who has none at home can stay

He who has money can travel abo And he who has none can do with

He who has money can be coarse at will,

He who has money can drink the best wine, And he who has none with the gout will not

He who has money the cash must pay, who has none says "Charge it,

pray.'

He who has money must die some day, And he who has none must go the same way.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one, Whether I've money or whether I've none

UNCLE BLACK'S HEIRESS.

"I can get along with him. I'm very sure," said Joscelind Darkridge.
"Nobody could get along with him!"
chorused the three other Miss Darkridges in unison.

Uncle Black was the personage of whom they spoke—a crabbed, ill-tempered, little old man—who lived fast?" bewailed Uncle Black. in a superb old country seat among the Catskills.

He had money to leave, but his nieces and nephews secretly believed that it would be a deal easier to go to California or Gelconda, or some of those fabulous places, and dig fortunes out, nugget by nugget, than to stay at home and earn them by making themselves acceptable to an old gentleman who had as many angles prickly spikes of temper and disposition as a porcupine.

Naomi Darkridge had tried it first. Naomi was a soft-voiced, slender girl, rors be rectified at once." with a head which reminded one of a

drooping lily. "No one can help loving Naomi," said Mrs. Darkridge, as she kissed her

daughter good-bye. But in three weeks Naomi came

back, half frightened out of her wits.
"He scolds so dreadfully," said
Naomi. "And he looks at me as the wolf must have looked at Little Red Riding Hood. Oh, mamma, I couldn't if-

but Magdalen, although a fine, tall don't do their duties. girl, with a spirit of her own, was cowered by Uncle Black's savage eyes ened. He had kept Betty, Sylvia and in less than a week.

Black's beiress.

And so she came home without loss of time.

Rhoda Darkridge, in no wise strated. abashed by the successive failures of Black Grange and its possibilities. But she also succumbed before the terrible scourge of Uncle Black's Black.

"It's scold, snarl, snarl, scold, from live up to their conditions," said Josmorning till night!" said Rhoda, as in three days' time she tearfully re-"Oh, you don't know-nobody can what a dreadful man Uncle

Black is!" "Oh, hang the old scamp!" said Mr. Darkridge, who was of a freeand-easy nature, and thought his girls a great deal too sweet and nice to be snarled at by any rich old miser. "Let him alone. My daughter needn't go begging for any man's

But here Joscelind, the youngest, iftallest and prittiest of the four girls, spoke up:

'I'll go!" said she. "You don't know what you are un-

dertaking," said Naomi, with a shud-"He'd wear out a stone;" said Mag-

dalen. "He's a ghoul!" shuddered Rhoda.

"I can get along with him, I am very sure," said Joscelind, brightly. And she packed up her little trunk, and went to Black Grange.

It was sunset-a red, flaming sunset, like one of Gifford's pictureswhen she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the old house. Everything blushed blood red in the deep light, and Joscelind could see lovely was the scenery; how substantial this old gray house, with its square towers and semi-circular, colennaded porch. Uncle Black stood such a man as this about the place! on the steps, in a wig and black silk stockings, surmounted by huge silver kneebuckles.

"So you are Joscelind?" said Uncle Black, surveying her with little twink-ling eyes, like black beads.

"Yes, I am Joscelind!" said the bright-cheeked girl, giving him

You're late!" said Uncle Black. "I am late," said Joscelind. thought the old thing of a stage never head. would have got here. The horses fairly crept and the roads were horrid."

"It's a dreadfully warm day, growled Uncle Black. "I'm almost roasted," sighed Josce

"The whole summer has been in tolerably warm," said the old gentle-

"We might as well be in the tropics and done with it," retorted Joscelind, flinging off her shawl and fanning

erself vehemently. Uncle Black gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters. "I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he. The servants are miserable—"

"No more than one might expect," interrupted Joscelind, with a depre-catory motion of the hand. "Servants are mere frauds, nowadays!"

"And nothing goes right about the charm! place."
"Nothing 'ever' does!" said Josce-

was a changed man. And Joscelind had relapsed into the original sun-Uncle Black eyed her queerly. shine of her temper—and all the do-mestic wheels of Black Grange This was quite different from the de termined cheerfulness and systematic good spirits of her three sisters. to himself. He never knew that Jos-

At breakfast, the next morning, Uncle Black began to scold, as usual. "Fish again!" said he. makes four mornings in the week

we've had fish." "I detest fish!" said Joscelind, pushing away her plate with a gri-

"And the rolls heavy again!" growled Uncle Black, breaking one open.

"Please give me the plate, Uncle Black," said Joscelind; and she rang the table-bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good-

humored Irishwoman, made her appearance. "Betty," said Miss Darkridge, "be

so good as to throw these rolls out of the window. Betty stared.

"Do you hear what I tell you?"
said Miss Darkridge, with emphasis.
And Betty flung the rolls among
the rosebushes, where they were
speedily devoured by Cato, the Newfoundland day, and Robert Roy, the foundland dog, and Rob and Roy, the two setters.

"But what am I to eat for break-"Crackers, of course," said Josce

lind. "Anything is better than imperiling one's digestion with such stuff as this! And Betty, if you send up any more fish in a month, you may ish Museum, too, there is a fragment 500 hushels o' dried apples on hand. consider yourself discharged-do you of a large candle found in Vaisor. Uncle Jonas's house hear?" "But, my dear, I am rather fond of

fish," put in the old gentleman. 'One can't eat fish the 'whole' time, said Jos elind, imperiously. "Here, as a rose diamond, and as many Betty, this coffee isn't fit to drink!

> Betty retired, with an ominous rustle of her stiffly-starched apron. "My dear," said Mr. Black, rather apprehensively. "Betty is a very old

> "I don't care if she is the age of Methuselah," said Joscelind; body can be expected to put up with such wretched cookery as this! "I really think she is not so bad,

stay there, not if I was to be made "Oh, pray don't apologize for her, richer than Miss Burdett Coutts her- Uncle Black!" said Joscelind. "They are all shift!ess, lazy creatures, who Magdalen Darkridge went next; must be discharged promptly if they

Was it posold John for ten years. "I'd sooner sweep crossings for a sible that he had scolded at them for living," said she, "than to be Uncle ten years, only to have Joscelind Darkridge outscold him now?

"I wouldn't be too short with 'em, my dear, if I were you!" he remon-

"Then let them do their duty?" her sisters, was the third one to try said Joscelind, with the air of an em-"We are all mortal," pleaded Uncle

"I expect every one around me to in some parts, being rich in springs rippin' wind come 'long with it.

lated her experience to her parents. breakfast with but little appetite. Uncle Black ate the rest of his Sylvia, the housemaid, was finishing much used as illuminating agents, mornin', though, there come a rap at dusting his library as he entered it.
"Not through yet?" growled Uncle
Black, the fretwork of wrinkles once the suggested that the sacred pit fire Nepti was of this nature. The wellThar was Billy Cripps.

more coming into his brow. said Miss Darkridge, Cooper, has suggested the following "Sylvia," severely, "if this happens again, I as the origin of the word naphtha,

via is generally a very good girl,

"Dear Uncle," interrupted Josce lind, "pray permit me to be the judge of these matters. You have ruled termed it fire-water, which name is tole me to, says he your household with a slack and in now applied to alcohol.—[Journal of "Sure ez guns, the dulgent hand altogether too long. I shall now institute a reform."

And poor Sylvia had never moved about so briskly, as she did that day. Old John, the gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general Cinciunati pork merchant's mansion in on 'em, and soaked inter 'em turmoil. Miss Darkridge chanced to a large company was assembled. All through an' through. Wall you overhear her uncle reproaching the the luxury that wealth could comold man for some fancied neglect in mand contributed to the gratification to swell an' swell. They couldn't the flower beds, whose diamonds, of the guests. Upon a blue sain push the wall down, but sumpin' had ovals and cresents of brilliant colors divan the pork merchant's daughter, to give. were the pride of his horticultural gorgeous in silks and pearls and diaheart, and she came promptly to his

"Gardening, indeed! Do you call this gardening?" she said. "Uncle Black, I'm astonished that you keep you

And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough, as that individual observad, "to make one,s flesh creep."

"My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy," apologized Mr. Black, when at last Joscelind had gone back

to the house. k. "Verra like you, sir-verra like you!" said old John, scratching his

"Like me!" said Mr. Black, slowly. And he stood for full five minutes quite speechless and motionless, staring down at the mossy rim of an ancient sun-dial, half sunk in the October." velvety grass.

"Like-me!" "There's no knowin' the masther, he's that changed," said Betty, in the kitchen, a week or so after. He's as gestion of sadness in his tones: mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a

kitten." "Sure, isn't that jus' what the young lady told us," said Sylvis, "when she came down into the when she came down into the kitchen that first morning before the fire was lighted, and told us as she was goin' to try an experiment, and we wasn't to mind a word she said, 'cause it was all by contraries. 'He Sydney Rosenfeld has completed an arrangement with Michael Gunn, of Dublin, to produce his comic opera, "The Mystic Isle," in London. They might "strike ile" by firing off Gunn's piece in this country.

don't know what his temper has got BIG SWELL.

emed to revolve on velvet.

celind had taught him a lesson.

those little tempers of hers."

her character."

a lamp:

"We get along nicely," said

But Uncle Black took all the credit

And Joscelind was his beiress and

darling after all-for he will always

believe that it was he who "formed

THE CANDLES AND LAMPS OF ANTIQUITY.

Metam, IV. that we get the most val-

nable and conclusive information on

"tæd.s, lucerna, sebaceis, et ceteris,"

that is, with torches of pine, lamps,

for the use of a wax light instead of

Subducta est puero namque lucerna tuo.'

"Hie tibi nocturnos præstabit cereus igni

This was a very large lamp, requir-

ing to be filled but once a year.

lamp remained stationary.

known

said:

window.

lyn Eagle.

the Society of Arts.

of that mineral and pretrolium. Fur-

monds, was conversing with a friend.

Presently her father approached and

her parent to the seclusion of a bay

were going to ask me to decide the

who was Corpenicus, anyhow

Egyptologist, Mr. Basil

It is from a passage in Apuleiue's

to be,' said she, and I'm going to show him.' And, bless her sweet Curious Circumstances that Brought heart, her plan has worked like a Together Billy Cripps and Jimmie It had, in good truth. Uncle Black

"Streaks o' wet weather mos' alluz fetches bad luck," said the Old Settler of Pipe county, Pa., "but I never see a wet season sech ez this un's ben but I think o' the bully luck that Billy Cripps tumbled into in the fall "now that my niece, has subdued o' '39. Uncle Jonas Billduck had a farm down in Jersey. Durned if I don't b'lieve the apples they raised on that farm of a season would a bought the hull o' Lackawack. Billy wanted to marry Jonas' darter Jemime, but the ole man didn't seem to like the notion, though he hadn't nothin' agin' Billy 'cept that he

this point. A noise being heard in wa'n't rollin' very much in wealth. the middle of the night we are teld "Wall, in '36 the apple crop w "Wall, in '36 the apple crop was that the household come in with immense. Uncle Jonas he'd more'n his sheer, like the rest on 'em. One day a smart neighbor o' his'n got an tallow candles, and was tapers, which idee. He come to Jonas and argied therefore clearly proves that candles, both of wax and tallow, were in use at this date. It seems, however, that crop'd be a dead failur, an' that the candle was probably used by the nat'rally there'd be a big call for

poorer people. At all events, the dried apples. lamp was a mark of respectability, as "Now, U "'Now, Uncle Jonas,' says he, in another verse of Martial (Apoph, 'we'll jist kind 'o go pardners like, an' 42) we find that an apology is made peel an' dry a snortin' ole pile o' apples this fall, lay 'em over, an' ketch the market heavy when it gets a hankerin' fur sech goods nex' fall,'

"The idee struck Uncle Jonas, an' Juvenal (III. 287) also speaks of the he so the hull family pselin' apples, "breve lumen candelse." In the Britann' twa'n't long fore they had 400 or In the Brit- an' 'twa'n't long 'fore they had 400 or wa'n't a very near Orange, and said to belong to large un, an' it stood 'bout fifty foot the first century A. C. Such candles from the line o' a pastur' lot b'longin' were probably provided with wicks to Hoppy Dusenberry. Nor mor'n consisting of the pith of rushes rude- 100 foot from one side o' the house, ly covered with crude wax or tallow. whar they was only one winder, an' Candlesticks for these existed, and that was up stairs, they was quite a and the toast is burned; and you later on they had a spike to penetrate steep knoll, an' at the foot o' this whether Mr. Courtney could beat an able newspaper has to make up must have put the cooking butter on the butt of the candle. However, the Jonas hed built a high wall. The egg.—[Cincinnati Enquirer. He can't mind to do without the custom of a large tention of the community beat the shell name candelabrum was more gener- groun' twixt that an' the house was stony, an' wa'n't used fur anything. ally applied to the pillar on which the oil lamp stood or from which it was so Jonas concluded to spread his suspended. Since no attempt was dried apples on boards twixt the made to provide for the current of house and the wall. He built a roof air so necessary for proper combus- over 'em, an' thar he had 'em stowed

tion, these old lamps smoked exceed-"Wall, that fall Billy Cripps was ingly-so much, indeed, that it was the duty of one of the slaves of the pesterin' the old man more'n ever to household to go round each morning let up an' give him Jemine. One day and wipe the soot from the pictures Jonas got mad.

and statues. In one case, however, "'See yer. Billy,' says he, 'I'm a at the Erectheum of the Athens, Acropolis, the lamp, which was of gittin' durn tired o' this. They ain't no use. You're jist ez likely to git pure gold, was provided with a flue. Jemime ez I am to be a livin' over thar in Hoppy Dusenberry's pastur! Now, the fus' fine mornin' you come limachus designed it for the new tem ple about 400 B. C., but the smoke 'long this way an' find me a livin' over thar, jist walk in, tell me, an' was found to be so great an evil in then you kin walk off with Jemine.'

anything designed for such a purpose "Ez mad ez he were. Jonas had to that the lamp was provided with a laugh to think o' the joke o' the stairs apologized to a friend who had latter is used as possible. Probably chimney in the shape of a bronze thing. Billy he toddled off an' made palm tree inverted. But however up his mind that he and Jemine his mind that he and Jemine

magnificent and elaborate the design, couldn't never hitch. it is certain that the economy of the "The season had been wet all generally filled with olive oil and pro- it up. One night, jist arter Jonas vided with a wick of either oakum or had give Billy Cripps his last walkin' of the dearer Caspian flax (cotton.) papers, there come up an ole tearer Occasionally, Pliny informs us, bitu-of a rain—one o' them warm fellers men was used to fill the lamp, Italy, that soaks right in. There was a recomember twere on Saturday night, ther east, and especially among the fur Uncle Jonas' family alluz took a tribes dwelling on the shores of the rest Sunday mornin's, not gittin' up Dead Sea, bitumen and naphtha were 'fore half-past 6 or 7. That Sunday

> "'Mornin' Uncle Jonas,' says he. "'Mornin.' says Uncle Jonas.

ceives some support from the fact coince largely in their rites of worship, walk off with Jemime, jist ez you

"Sure ez guns, thar were Jonas's house standin' plumb over the line CINCINNATI CULTURE AS SHOWN BY THE the high wind o' the night afore hed In the elegant drawing-room of a ple shed. The warm rain had belted know dried apples. They jist begun That sumpin' were the house. Ez them 500 bushels o' apples kep' a doublin' theirself in size, they jist quietly pushed that house along, b'gosh, never wakir' a mortal "Pauline, I want to say a word to up in it, till they landed it safe an' sound over on Hoppy Dusenberry's a slow boy. The girl arose and accompanied pastur' lot. Wall, o' course Jonas couldn't go back on his word, an' and make the boys do the ciphering,' Billy got de gal. But the dried ap-

"Pauline," began the old man, there's a couple of Cleveland dudes in the dining-room having a hot talk in the dining-room having a hot talk home beaming.—[New York Sun.]

Two attraid they began the old man, ples was spilt.

And the Old Settler took his um-weeks' vacation this summer!" grumbled Racket, throwing himself back in the hammock. "Never mind, dear,"

dispute, so I made some excuse to get More Heartless than a Cat .- Friout and come to you. Now tell me, day morning a little three-year-old boy of Andy Glover's in Schley "Oh, father," exclaimed Pauline, county, Ga., was delighted beyond the fearful rate of emeasure, and called his sister's attention to a "nice 'ittle bushy tail Eleven police justice." "how could you be so ignorant? Why, any school-boy knows who Corperni cus was. He sailed from Palos, kitten playing on the barn with the draw salaries of \$8,000 each, or nearly Spain, on the 3d of August, 1492, and old cat." discovered America the following surprised to see a squirrel romping preme Beuch at Washington. over the roof of the barn with the The venerable purveyor of swine house cat. They seemed on the best gazed exultingly at his daughter a terms, would roll over together, just moment and then said, with a suglike two playful kittens. Glover's family looked on for a long while at "Pauline, my child, if I had your the antics of the squirrel and cat. An older scn of Mr. Glover's then brains I might have been a United States Senator from Ohio."—Brooktook a shot-gun and killed the squir-rel, whereupon the cat became getting criticisms from Jewish papers. strangely distressed and would not Sydney Rosenfeld has completed mewing and calling, but the poor

Sumter Republican.

ALL SORTS.

Ranks high-Old butter. A shell race—Oysters. Food for thought-fish. The light guard—a glass chimney

Match safe—the married man. Another mammoth cave—the latest leather failure.

The hight of the season-cayenne pepper. A leading feature at a horse show-

The halter. All dogs have their daze when hit with a club.

There's always room for one mower in the hay field. Coal men are familiar with the weighs that are dark.

The successful photographer is man of extensive views.

in short stories; they prefer cereals. made—that publicity is one of the Can anybody give us the address crying evils of the age. These critics of the man whose name is Legion?

When a Wall street man goes to a sulphur spring he gets a taste of Private life is invaded, and the fire "futures.

The original D'Arc horse is supposed to have been that which Joan first rode. Is the black man who runs the

three-card game a native of Montenegro? A newspaper reporter accidentally knockel a ladder down, but imme

diately set about righting it up. A sailor is called an old salt because the minute he gets on shore he

is in a pickle. Nobody ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

Rowing men always said it would take a strong team to beat Hanlan, and it has taken a Teemer.

the latest additions to the English appetite for details of revolting crimes language, he said he would ask his or unclean gossip. There is another wife. She always had the last word. point on which the newspapers are

month. We presume they will meet to discuss measures, not men The man who uses profane language may have considerable dash about him, but he is running a risk of going where they have altogether too much

colon. A St. Louis brewer was killed the other day by being struck with the head of an exploding beer barrel. Getting at lager heads is extremely dangerous.

The editor who kicked a poet down come in to steal exchanges by saying the average reader would be surprised that he couldn't help it; he had a if he could see the quantity of news sole for poetry.

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. It was through the summer, an' was keepin' Grosgrain, looking at the pictures of nude savage women; "no clothing of any kind! I wonder what the poor things have to talk about?'

A girl named Gable in a New England town shot and wounded a burglar who was trying to get in at a window. It was a good thing for natural and pardonable curiosity with him that it was not a house of seven regard to some sensational occur

The better class of people—those who have a proper respect for themselves and their surroundings-will have nothing to do with watermelons. because they are always so seedy.

'What in the name o' the grizzly untruths, like a microscope? Because of the newspaper to satisfy it without shall dispense with your services!

Look at that clock!"

"My dear," said Uncle Black, "Syl
dities, the god of fire. This idea re"Wall, says Billy, 'I were jist all know who the critics are.] she is a magnifying lass. [Critics going so far as to make its news but we

just from the oven, now boasts that This is the other side of the shield he "descended from the 'upper crust."

"It seems to me that the lard is diminishing rapidly, Mary," said the their columns full of offensive permistress to the servant girl. "Yes'm," was the reply of the maid; "but then you know when you bought it that it was short'ning.

President Grevy is fond of going nto the kitchen and bossing the cook New York Journal. Thereby reversing the usual order of things. The cook generally bosses the gravy. we were that cook we'd gravy the boss.—Boston Star. "What are you going to do when

you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a school teacher of "I'm going to be a school teacher

know, half a loaf is better than none.

Eleven police justices in New York The sister looked and was as much as the judges on the Su-The Women's Christian Temper-

ance Union of Missouri has sixty-five unions, forty-five of which are auxiliary to the new State organization. Some Cincinnati Hebrews have been eating clams, crabs, frogs' legs

be comforted. She walked around Newport the other day, after a fashionable hunting party had returned flounces and equanimity, are pupils mewing and calling, but the pool from the chase. The verdict of the of his school.—[Boston Globe Her playmate being dead, the cat hid coroner's jury was, "Died from fatty in the barn and kept out of sight.— degeneration of the tissues, caused by lack of exercise."

NOTORIETY.

Are the Newspapers to Blame?-- A Sug. cient Answer to a Great Deal of

This is the view that some people are taking of the prevalence of su cide and other forms of violent crime that the newspapers are parily re sponsible. They give more or les space, according to their character to news of this kind. Persons of the lower grades of intelligence especially read the criminal records, conception of murder and self-murder become familiar to them, and when some crisis comes the mind turns more swiftly to the thought that ends with Guns kick a good deal the same as a blow or a pistol shot than it would men do-with what's in their breech- if it were not already saturated with such ideas. And this is only part of Grain merchants seldom indulge the general indictment which is often say that nothing is sacred against the inquisitiveness of the newspapers light of the press beats into even There are newspapers and news-

papers, of course, and some of then have a good deal to answer for. Those that make a trade of sensationelism are not serupulous as to either their matter or their manner of presenting it. But a little reflection will show any one that these form comparatively a small class among the journals of the country. Charles Dudley Warner, in speaking on the subject of the press two or three years ago, said that the moral tone of a newspaper was usually higher than that of the community in which it was printed. There was no little truth in this observation. Even the most sensational newspaper hardly furnishes crime and scandal enough It is a grave question in our mind to satisfy its readers, and the respectwhether Mr. Courtney could beat an able newspaper has to make up in large portion of the community be When Fogg was asked regarding cause it will not pander to a disease The tailors of America will meet liable to be misunderstood by the in convention at Philadelphia next public, through lack of information The public does not see, and therefore cannot appreciate, the vigilance which is exercised in every respectable newspaper office to keep such news out of its columns. More care and discretion are needed in this matter than the average reader realizes. The system of news collection becomes more complete every year, and the field is swept more thoroughly each time than the time before The wheat and chaff come in together and it is the province of the clean newspaper to see that as little of the

it is not of a kind that ought to come before the eyes of his girls and boys. At the same time, the papers must print the news. The widespread publication of a murder arouses a whole community, and often brings a thousand eyes and ears to the help justice. Then, too, there is a natural and pardonable curiosity with rences that must be satisfied. When men hear of a friend's death, they are eager to know the details of his sickness, or the accident that befell he has understand how and why. This is a human instinct, to which few of us Why is Miss L., who tells so many are superior. It is the delicate duty demoralizing.

that is thrown aside each day because

If the extreme publicity of the pres-The newspapers are accused of prying into the affairs of the home, filling sonalities, etc., and some of them are not without sin in the matter. But do the public ever think of the striving and labor on the part of a large class in the community to get themselves into the newspapers—yes, and even their home affairs? This hunger for notoriety is seen in all classes rich and poor, learned and ignorant, business men, professional writers, soldiers and poets. This tendency, too, has to be held in check If the growth of the newspaper has developed the vice of publicity, it has itself been developed and impelled by a kindred vice—the love of publicity. New York Tribune.

A DELIBERATE SEARCH FOR CHEEK. We hear of all sorts of develop-

ment in ideas in these days, but the latest is that of a young man of my replied the consoling Mrs. R; "you and retiring, and who has deliberacquaintance who is naturally modest ately set about curing himself of The convicts working in chain- bashfulness and acquiring cheek by gangs in Alabama coal mines die at regular course of expedients for makthe fearful rate of eighty-seven per ing himself conspicuous and creating remarks. Therefore comes he in and out of church at unusual hours, stands up in the cars and sits down on the boats, scrambles for front seats and places of observation everywhere; and in a general way tries to copy some of his bus-tling associates. I regret that so far his efforts are not promising to avail much toward the end desired. it must not be inferred that all these young men at the theaters who come in late and leave early and rush for The body of a fox was found near trampling over dresses and French boots and disturbing alike feminine

> A ground hog very obviously makes the best sausages.