keep their best house-id things—the best bed. muers and words; some go still farther and keep all their plety for them. Not a bit of it do they use saints, but we should like to be treated for themselves or their families; it is never seen on ordinary occasions, and so is perhaps all the nicer, and there to all the more of it for company. ush of it there surely is, if not a surfeit. The visitor is treated to it con, and horrow my Guide to Holiwith a liberality like that of the Western housewife, who, on being told by her minister that she might put less lasses in his tea, insisted that if she made it all molasses it wouldn't be too good for him.

It was Mrs. Simpkins' parlor-a nice. as-looking parlor, very. A monstrons great Bible, bound in fine morocco and gold, with a purple ribbon book-mark, a yard long, dangling white crucifixes, lay alone in seeming sacredoess on the marble centre table. Three certificates of life-membership in retigious societies hung in heavy gilt frames upon the walls. No idle ornaments or vain curiosities on the whatnot, but Divine songs and sacred hymns, Baxter's Saints' Rest, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Howe's Blessedness of the Righteous-books of exalted plety, that bear their readers like angel wings to the very gates of the beautiful city. Beside them were choice piles of magazines, labelled "Guide to Holiness."

The air of the place was still and solemn, almost holy. Deacon Wilson felt that it was while he waited there for Mrs. Simpkins. He took up a number of the "Guide to Holiness." and opened it. "Perfect Love," "Heaven Below." "Living Below Our Privilege," be read in the table of contents.

"What a godly woman Sister Simpkine is!" he said to himself, and laid the magazine in place, feeling himself so far from boliness that the very titles of the articles were discouraging to

"I am glad there are some good people," he added, looking ground the room, at the "parlor Bible," and the life memberships. "Yes, Sister Simpkins is a very devoted woman."

Mrs. Simpkins entered with sweet and. placid countenance, and grave, subdued manner, like one just leaving chapel service or closet meditation, and in low, chastened tones, welcomed the deacon, and assured him of her high estimate of the privilege of Christian communion, of the strength she derived from Christian association, the comfort from Christian sympathy.

The deacon had barely time to make t suitable response, when she inquired: "And what is the state of Zion,

Beacon? What say the watchmen on ber walls?" The question was general, and the

leacon, was safe in the answer: "Few go in at the gates."

"And why? Why is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Simpkins, with an air and tone of touching solicitude. "Why must we wait so long to see the spirit of God poured out? Surely the fault is in ourselves. The church is living far below her duty and her privilege. Too many of us are not yet sanctified. wholly sanctified—one with the Lord. Too many of us still cling to the world. still have appetite for the fleshpots o Egypt. We must come out from the world, and we must not look back."

"Oh!" groaned the good deacon, "I feel sometimes that I am the Achan in the camp of Israel, the Jonah that hinders the ship."

"Do you ever read the 'Guide to Holiness?" asked Mrs. Simpkins, when she had fully delivered her opinions on the condition and duty of the church. The deacon confessed that he had not. "It's an excellent work, deacon," said Mrs. Simpkins, with slightly increased warmth of manner. "I can recommend it with entire confidence. I have read it three years, and find it very spiritual. Perhaps you would like to read it. Take this last 1 imber, if you would."

"Thank you, sister, not to-day, Some other time, perhaps."

"The work strenuously urges the doctrine of entire sanctification; that it is the privilege of all Christians. What do you think of it, deacon?" queried Mrs. Simpkins. "Oh, I don't know," sighed the good

"The command is, 'Be ye holy as I am holy,' but, oh, dear! sometimes I'm afraid I haven't even been justifled-that after all, I shall be a cast-

"We need faith, faith to lay hold on the promises." urged the unwavering Mrs. Simpkins.

"But my life is so poor, sister." groaned the deacon. "I come so far short in everything. The thing I would not do, I do, and what I would, I do

"I believe it is our privilege to live above sin," began Mrs. Simpking, when the door opened, and a smutty, uncared-for little fellow, of half a dozen years, put in his head.

Yes, darling, you may take one off any more."

"I believe it is our blessed privilege." resumed Mrs. Simpkins, "to live above sin, to have Christ dwelling in us continually, filling us with perfect love, raising us above all doubts and fears, and strengthening us with the

hope of glory." "A blessed privilege!" echoed the deacon, and rose to go.

Don't furbish the parlor with any more religious show till you've given her as good wages as you'd think yourself deserving of it you were in her place. Don't go to a single meeting when she will lose more by your going than you will gain. Don't say any more to the church about sanctification here below till you've made your own family think such a thing is possible. Learn to be just before you even aim at perfection; learn to be patient before you think you have reached it; and be sure and take the opinion of those who know you best before you come to a settled opinion on the subject.

"Don't think I'm persecuting you. wife, nor anything of the sort. I'm from his wife,

al for people | glad you're a plous woman, and that's bald things—the best bed, and china—for their guests; some keep for them their and the children wouldn't be the worse for some, nor Bridget, neither. We aren't deacons nor ministers, nor in a sweet, heavenly way smetimes, "I thank you for this visit, deacon," said Mrs. Simpkins. "I think it is

Bridget's."

kins.

openly.

know.

mine," responded the wife.

management," interupted Mrs. Simp-

"But not all," responded her hus-band. "You get a great reputation for

plety; a great deal of time to go to

meetings, male and female, sewing so-

cieties, maternal associations, anni-

versaries, and every other religious

meeting, far and near, that you can

hear of. And you get money for

Guides to Holiness,' and life member-

ships, and great expensive frames to

hang their certificates in, thereby obey-

ing the Divine command, 'not to let

your left hadd know what your right

hand doeth,' all your good work done

secretly that you may be rewarded

"What has all this to do with Brid-

get?" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins, a

"It has a great deal to do with her."

answered her husband, "if it puts a

part of your work on her, or tires you

out so as to make you cross and un-

reasonable with her, or if it makes you

pinch her in wages, or deny her in

food, or wrong her in any way; you'll

"Well, don't it? I ask the question.

"What would you have me do more

"Perhaps not more, but I would have

you do somewhat different. You can

make some equalization. Be as sweet

and angelic with Bridget as you are

with your deacons, as mild in the

nursery where only God and the chil-

dren hear you, as you would be if the

Maternal Association were here. Show

little of your deadness to the world

and heavenly mindedness when the

new fashions come. Stop taking the

'Gulde to Holiness,' and give the mon-

ey to Bridget, as her rightful due.

and perhaps 'twould make is better.

I'm sure it would make us happier,

and you, too. Suppose you try and

"This is my first sermon, and I hope

it will be productive of good. There's

no company here, so I won't pretend

that it has been preached from a

sense of duty, but because I feel out

of patience and just like speaking my

Well, what did Mrs. Simpkins say in

answer? This only: that she was glad

there was no one in her own family to

hear him; that she was glad there

were some people who had a good

opinion of her; that the Rev. Dr.

there were a few more women just

"There are thousands of millions of

dollars' worth of diamonds stored in

deep deeps, or underground safety de-

posit vaults at the Kimberly mines in

South Africa," said J. H. Mortimer, of

Chicago, at the Republican House. Mr.

Mortimer was a British soldier in the

war with the Boers in 1881, and be-

came intimately acquainted with the

conditions there. "The natives go

down deep into the mines and bring

up the clay-like earth, which is spread

in the sun and dried into a scaly brittle

material. This is examined very close-

ly for the precious stones, which are

picked out. They are nothing but

rough looking pebbles, and their value

cannot be estimated with any degree

of certainty until they are polished.

But the pebbles are not polished at

once. They are packed up and sent

down into the bowels of the earth

again. The mine owners will not al-

low them to be sold, as the market

would be flooded and the price would

go down so that there would be no

profit in the gems. Instead they are

stored in big vaults, and brought up a

few at a time, as the market conditions

demand. As I said, there are fhous-

ands of millions of dollars' worth of

diamonds stored away."-Milwaukee

Canary Bird in Prison.

Charles Kelley, a prisoner in the

county jail, awaiting trial on a charge

of passing a forged check for a small

amount, has a canary bird as a cell-

mate, and the feathered companion is

time with its master in the penitentiary

nt Jackson, Mich., where Kelley

trained it to perform many remarkable

tricks. The bird's name is Pedee, and

it can do almost everything from

whistling "Yankee Doodle" in tune to

Pedee can roll a game of tenpins,

walk a tight rope, spell its name by

touching letters in the alphabet, jump

hurdles, ride a Ferris wheel and bicy.

cle, jump through a hoop, climb a lad-

der, ascend and descend an Eiffel tow-

er in miniature, escape from prison,

say its prayers, ride a merry-go-round,

raise a flag to the top of a pole, work

Jailer Whitman will include Kelley

and his bird on the program of a jail

Blind Railway Passengers.

special conditions and great reductions

on Belgian railways for the blind, who,

pass. The proposal has been rejected

by the legislators considering the mat-

ter, who see the prayer of the blind

expenses.

An effort has been made to obtain

treadmill and telephone for seed.

entertainment.—Chicago News.

'Remembering the Maine."

a real failbird, because it has served

Evening Wisconsin.

like her .- Waverley Magazine.

whole mind."

give us a little more family piety.

than I do now? I should like to

allow that, won't you?"

"Yes if it does."

ittle touched by the cutting irony.

"I didn't say so."

"You might as well."

"Thank you, thank you," said the kind-hearted deacon, hastening his here. I leave all house matters to movements, seemingly alarmed at this Jou." second mention of the magazine. Thank you. I am glad we meet so

good for the saints to speak often to

one another. Come again, soon, dea-

often in the house of God, sister." "I am never willingly absent from the means of grace," answered Mrs. Simpkins with something like a glow of satisfaction on her sweet face.

"I am giad you love God's worship. sister. Good-by." And the deacon took his leave in no

way benefited by his visit, and feeling that he had conferred no benefit. Mrs. Simpkins was on spiritual heights too far above him. He could not touch the hem of her garment. She flew upstairs to her nursery,

and snatched the baby from Bridget. "Now go to your washing as quick as you can, and try to have it done in some kind of senson for once. And have your dinner cooked decently, for once, if you can." Not a word of thanks to the poor ser-

vant for having held the baby so long, while her work was lying undone below stairs. What had so suddenly changed Mrs. Simpkins' look and manners? What had driven away her sweetness and placidity, her heavenly smile? How changed her voice was! So keen and cutting. How angry she looked as she called to her little son: "Jimmy, come here!" The boy obeyed. "Now don't you ever come again to the parlor when I'm there with company," she exclaimed to the young intruder, as the cuffed him first on one ear and then on the other, making both ring. She did not call him darling, then, "You're the worst boy I ever saw," she went on, "How many times have I told you not to come to the parior when I'm there with any company? And yet you always come. Just as sure as I am there, in comes your frowsy head."

This was true, for the child was bright enough to know his opportunity. The only sweet liberal time his mother ever had, was when she was under the observation of company. Then, for appearance sake, she would always give him what he asked for. He always had to pay for it afterwards in tingling ears and smarting flesh, but he was well accustomed, tough-

ened, and did not mind them much. This unsaintly and unwholesome treatment had only just been administered to Jimmy, when an odor of

burning food was perceptible. "Bridget!" screamed Mrs. Simpkins; 'your soup is burning, Bridget!" No answer; and leaving the baby with Jimmy, Mrs. Simpkins flew to the kitchen and snateard a kettle from the stove. "What made you let the soup burn?" she exclaimed, as Bridget entered.

"I was on the shed, ma'am." "But you ought not to be out of your kitchen when you've anything on the fire.

"But I had to hang out the clothes, ma'am, or they wouldn't be dried. I was so long with the baby that the washing's far back, ma'am."

"I never saw anything like it. You've always some excuse, no matter what you do. Why didn't you set the soup back while you were on the shed?" "I did not think of it, sure."

"And why didn't you think of it? I've tried so hard to make a good girl of you, and I declare I'm most tired "Well, I've thoughts of giving you

rest from me. There's no use in so much said, and being so tired, all for sup o' broth."

"No words, Bridget; I never allow my girls to answer back. It's bad enough to have my things burnt up, without any impudence from you." "You can look out for another girl to do your work. I can't suit you, and you've leave to find one that can."

"How foolish in you. Bridget, to get mad just for nothing. It was my place to get angry, and not yours. It was my money that was burnt in the soup."

"Ah, and there was no money burnt at all, and no loss of soup, neither for the children and me'll have it all to ate, burnt or not burnt-as you yourself knows well. And it's not all about the soup; there's enough more; fretting and fussing from morning till night, whenever yourself's in the house; and I'm running here for the children, and there for yourself, and me work to be done all the same, and ye never pleased, but always this is wrong and the other ain't right, and me working till I can't hold me two the bureau. Now don't disturb mother | feet t'wunst to the floor for the pain. and thin I've niver done the work half well enough."

"If your are dissatisfied, you had better go, Bridget; but first consider what it is to have a good steady place, with good religious people. You Irish girls never know when you're well

"And it's not well off any one is, that works in this house," answered Bridget.

"I sha'n't listen to any more of your impudence, Bridget. I wish you to keep on with your work till I can get another girl," said Mrs. Simpkins.

There was something indescribably galling and oppressive in her tone and manner, that roused the worst feelings the generous, good-natured Bridget was capable of, and she dashed it is argued, cannot benefit by the beauthe dipper from her hand to the floor tiful scenery through which they may before Mrs. Simpkius had turned her back

Mr. Simpkins came home tired and worn with business, and the first thing followed by petitions from the legiess, that fell upon his ears was the dash of the armiess, and, indeed, all the damthe dipper and the next a complaint aged, for a reduction in their railway

retilines things these ter-"The completes of her work."
"I-don't much wonder. She's at it every merning at five o'clock, and I leave her hard at it when I go to bed, and yet I don't believe it is ever done." idness to Be Seen in the

SORRESPONDENCE LONDON MAIL "Well, whose fault is it, I should like to know?" asked Mrs. Simpkins, 医骶骨骨骨骨骨骨骨骨骨

"It isn't mine, I know," answered her husband, "and it don't seem to be OKIO, Japan.-Deeper than ever plummet sounded in "Then I s'pose you'll have it that it's the ocean of poverty and human woe have I descended here in the metropelis of the Far East, and found the "Do you think so? Now whose world's poorest poor. Beside these fault is it? All our girls complain of starved subjects of the Sou of Heaven. being overworked, and scolded, and who cower outside his palace walls, underfed, and underpaid; and you the submerged tenth of London are have the whole management of things bon vivants, and the groveling Russians of Gorky's night refuges the spoiled children of fortune. "And this is what I get for my

Slums of Tokio.

What I have seen I doubt if any Occidental has seen before me, for the existence of such absolute wretchedness is not revealed to the tourist. and the ordinary resident suspects it not at all If he has heard some whisper of the dolorous regions near at hand, it is not regarded as politic to be too inquiring. Not by any possible chance will the guide or friend conduct the visitor to the quarters where joy is life's unknown quantity.

Slumming in Tokio is for the regulation traveler the same as if in London he went to Soho without exploring the East. None but regions of comparative prosperity are shown, because the Japanese are proud of their universal reputation for cleanliness, for artistic surroundings, and for a poverty that is always smiling, wellwashed and safely removed from actual want.

Nevertheless, Tokio and other cities have their social purgatories, their Sargasso seas of living, breathing wreck and drift. In Tokio not fewer than 200,000 people seldom, if ever, know of a certainty where the necessities of the next day will come from and throughout the land the great mafority are too poor to eat rice. The high grade rice grown on the islands is exported almost to the last sack, and inferior rice imported for those who can afford it. Rice is not in every bowl, as the tourist fondly imagines.

I have spent days and nights in the midst of this inexpressible residue of Japan in company with a brilliant native sociologist, who, like scores of his fellow students of men and things, believes that Japan has left its good days of general happiness and general comfort forever behind, and is entering upon a sordid and merciless age of industrialism, in which its people are not fitted by temperament to compete, and whose proletariat is, moreover, far too intelligent and too proud to be exploited by capital. He is crying out a warning to Japan that her seat at the council table of the powers is being paid for in the blood of her citizens, not expended as they would pour it forth cheerfully in war, but in factory and on farm, in shop and in

"Think for a moment." he cried, recently, as we looked at a Japanese battleship in the offing, "what a multitude of our tiny rice fields it takes to support such a monster, and then remember that our people can't afford to eat rice!"

Smoothtongue had told some of the But whether or not the last state of church that very week, he wished Japan be worse than her first, let us

Tokio is so vast; it is such an immense sea of sheds, that from the highest point on the clearest day one can see but a fraction of its area—but here are fifteen districts of mean streets. The crazy structures called houses, which are in reality sheds, are strung along in a series of dilapidated and filthy compartments. To folk as poor as those who live here, cleanliness, so dear to the average Japanese that it is above godliness, is out of the question.

The walls are decayed and full of crevices and cracks, the roof leaks, and there is moss and broken tiles, the shoji are full of holes or patched with newspapers, the mats are ragged firty and mouldy. There is foul water in the streets and a still fouler stench in the air, whose source is often visible to the eye. Frequently one sees dead rats in the roadway, but for fear of the plague, they are quickly made away with. After coming from the daintiness and delightful artistry of well-to-do Tokio, Shitaya is the abomnation of desolation.

The most tumble-down of these abodes may be rented for from twenty to twenty-five pence per month, but there are houses so fine that they cost as high as a penny, or even three halfpence, a day. To afford one of these expensive residences several families club together, not alone for economy, but also for warmth, in winter all hands crowding together on the mats. Charcoal is not always to be afforded. and heat is a great luxury these cold days. A whole block will sometimes take turns in warming hands at a hibachi, wherein a few chunks of

charcoal smoulder in a bed of ashes. Suppose a pipe-cleaner has had a good day, and returns to his home with, say, sixpence. He will expend this in farthing purchases of miso, a kind of soup stock, oil, fuel, tobacco and perhaps a little fish, which, if he feels reckless, he will eat raw with horseradish. He buys in driblets, and like the very poor in all the cities of the world, pays enormous prices. This has been a very good day, and perhaps he will peep in at one of the tempting cake shops, which smell so fragrant to the weary and hopeless. However, with listening to a story-teller relating from their baby-carriage to chicken-

the ancient glories of Dai Nippon. Had our pipe-cleaner returned emptymoney he would have purchased fish struck casual listeners as amusing. entrails or the offals from horses used for food, and perhaps a handful of asked a cousin, who had come to spend scraps from a garbage barrel. With the afternoon, these he would have feasted with hir

day to-morrow, so that he might re-The pawnbrokers fatten off these wretches as in no other land. It is

mpossible to escape them, and they

never releat. Anything that cost

Until November, or even until mid-

above fivepence can be pawned.

winter, one can exist in Shitaya with out bed clothing, but when the nights get cold, with the fearful piercing frost of a Japanese winter, some covering must be had. Now appears another plunderer of the poor in the guise of a capitalist, who rents quilts by the night. He charges, and invariably collects, from one farthing for a shred of dirty, patched old rag to a penny or even twopence for a foul but heavy covering. Then, too, there are frayed silk quilts for bridal couples, but these are too costly to be rented by many bridegrooms. Rent must be paid in advance, and before the family go to sleep the collector comes and gets either the money or the quilt. With a refinement of cruelty, he does not appear until the lessee has turned in, and the loss of his covering will be doubly felt. There are heart-rending scenes when penniless mothers strive to hold the quilt to protect their babes from the chill and damp. Like the pawnbroker and the money-lender, the quilt-

lender is flinty-hearted. Few of the inhabitants of Shitaya ever get enough money ahead to buy bed clothing, and the ghastly tragedy of renting is re-enacted again and again for winter after winter. Where there are so many children having but a few cotton rags, the winter means acute misery

Nothing that was ever edible can be come too bad for the very poor to use From this and similar quarters the scavengers go forth daily searching for food, and they rake the city as with a comb. Back they come at night laden with bad rice, decayed fish and meat, scraps from slop barrels, broken food from restaurants, and all manner of queer odds and ends. This second hand food business has an extensive language of its own, with special terms for every kind and condition of edible junk that is brought to the quarter. This jargon is wholly unintellibible to the uninitiated, and few there are who care to learn the language of the freezing and starving who rent rags and dine on offal. Poverty has its ultimate expression

here—its last word. STEPHEN ENGLAND.

To Outlaw the Toy Pistol.

Senator Samuel II. West has aimed a blow at the toy pistol evil by the introduction in the Legislature of a bill designed to prohibit the sale and use of that deadly weapon in Ohlo.

Mr. West's bill provides that it shall be unlawful after June 1 of this year to sell, offer for sale, give away, or explode any toy pistol, cap, cartridge or other ammunition used in the same, or any cannon crackers, or other fireworks which contain dynamite, nitroglycerine, or other high explosive as distinguished from gunpowder. The bill provides a penalty of not more than \$50 nor less than \$5 fine, and makes the dealer who violates the act liable in civil action for any damages or injury to any person who uses explosives sold in violation of the bill's provisions.

This measure provides a sweeping and radical remedy for a great and growing evil. The toy pistol and the cannon cracker claim their victims by the hundred in all parts of the country at each recurring Fourth of July. proceed to Darkest Tokio. We will visit In this city last summet nearly a score the Shitaya quarter, which is close of persons died of lockjaw due directly sives, and scores of other wounds were inflicted which put the victims in peril that was only averted by the prompt and efficient aid of surgical skill.

There should be no question as to the action of the Legiclature with respect to this bill. If any other evil of like proportions called for correction, the action of the lawmakers would be prompt and effective.-Cle land Leader.

Caught Alligator With a Fishline. While deer, duck and quail shooting have been better this season in the neighborhood of Titusville than in several years, Rockledge, Stuart and a few other places seem to have the expert fishermen. But it takes a Merritt fisherman to catch alligators. We are told that a few days a seven-foot alligator was caught with a fishline. The line was set and baited with a mullet, for trout. The alligator took the bait, and the hook fastened itself in his throat. Had the line been a rope or chain it would have been twisted apart or the hook torn out. The alligator tired himself out, and was easily taken by slipping a rope over his nose, securing his flippers, and towing him ashore, where he was killed with an ax .- East Coast Advocate (Titusville,

Honey From Seventy Colonies of Bees, A load of extracted honey, weighing 4000 pounds, was recently hauled from Tuscola to Davison, and was the product of seventy colonies of bees owned by James McKay. This was an average of fifty-seven pounds per colony, and worth, approximately, \$600. The bees did almost all the work, McKay's part being merely providing bives and comb foundations, getting stung a few times and extracting the honey—a light and pleasing task throughout. The collection of two tons of honey in a single season by seventy colonies of bees was extraordinary doings. Still, the bee not only "improves the shining hour." but cloudy days and Sundays .- Detroit Tribune.

Joint Affletion.

When the Halliday twins were bables their mother always referred he will be, in all likelihood, "broke" by to them collectively. This was natural this time, and will content himself enough, for they shared everything.

pox. As they grew a little older, however, handed, he would have hurried to the there were slight differences between pawnbroker, always near at hand, and Elnora and Endora, but Mrs. Halliday raised a few farthings on his precious took no account of them. When they brass pipe, his hibachi, or his few poor had reached the age of seven she still garments not in actual use. With the referred to them in a way which

"Where are Elnora and Endora?"

"The twins have gone with their family, and with them prayed that father to have one of their teeth out," Providence would give him a better said Mrs, Hailiday, calmiy,

THE WISHBONE. .

see Shown in the Turning of Birds in Flight. At the last meeting of the Boston Scientific Society C. J. Maynard, an authority on birds, spoke of what proved to be a very timely topic, "Why There Is a Wishbone." To begin with the speaker deplored the lack of knowledge that exists regarding the structure of the birds internally. "For example," said he, "it is doubtful if five men in the United States know much about the anatomy of the common robin. The ornithologists know all about external characters, the color, arrangement and number of the feathers.

methods of flight, habits and the like. but exceedingly little about the interlors of the birds they study." Classifications have been made largely by externals, when study of the anatomy must be a very important part of the subject. He had himself begun with the anatomy, and more than twenty years ago, in some of his publications, he dared to separate the fowls from the hawks. They have been placed in the same order, and have so remained till very recently. Now others nave separated them even more widely than Mr. Maynard did so long ago. His deductions were from a knowledge of the anatomy. The wishbone is called by scientists the furcula, and is in reality the union

of what are in man are two separate bones. These in the birds receive the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight. Few realize the strength of stroke of the bird's wing. It is said that a swan has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and in like manner the wing beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the head or face. If, therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to right or left in its flight it must be fitted with a wishbone competent to withstand the great strain of the wing stroke on one side, with no special action on the other side. For this reason we find in the eagle and like birds of quickly turning flight a furcula that is a perfect Roman arch, widely at variance with the gothic arch, which is the shape of the wishbone of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is a solid rounded arch, everywhere equaliy strong, and not developing those points of weakness that make our sport of weaking the wishbone possible.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A woman knows a woman, no matter how different they've been raised .-"The Substitute." I hold there is but one irremediable evil in life, that of growing tired of

oneself.--"The Carissima." Juge the future bi the past, but when you hav a past you ain't got much

future .-- "Little Henry's Slate." Perhaps it is from overwork among the poor that death has been reduced to a shadow. -"The Gray Wig."

I ain't what they call a pessimist, but I think poorly of most things. It's safer .-- "The Adventures of Harry Re-Good breeding sums up in its in-

stinctive attitude all the efforts a man has made toward perfection; aye, and all that his ancestors have made before him.-"John Percyfield." It is no use to pretend that hard

luck does not take the manhood out of a man. When he has an inferior part in life to play, he begins to look the part, and he looks the superior part when he has that to play .- "Letters "Yome."

Thinkers Live Long.

Thinkers as a rule live long; or, to put the proposition into more general terms, exercise of the mind tends to longevity. Herbert Spencer has died in his eighty-fourth year, Darwin reached his seventy-third. Sir George Stokes his eighty-fourth, Carlyle his eighty-six. Tyndall was accidentally poisoned at seventy-three, but might have lived several years longer: Huxley was seventy when he died, Gladstone in his eighty-ninth year. Disraeli in his seventy-seventh, Newton lived to be eighty-five and Lord Kelvin is still vigorous in research in his eigthieth. To a great extent the brain is the centre and seat of life, what Sir William Gull called the central battery, and the stimulation undoubtedly strengthens the forces that make for vitality. Healthy exercise of either mind or body, of course, favors length of days, but the strivings of the thinker and writer are seldom quite of the healthy order. Darwin. Carlyle and Spencer were victims of nearly lifelong dyspepsia, and yet exceeded three score and ten.

The People Next Door.

The reason why the people next door are invariably regarded as most worthy of our javelins is plain to me. They have a piano. I do not know of any race that is quite so unpleasant as the people next door. They are not like any ordinary people who live eisewhere. They obtain their music on the hire system, as it were, and it is generally of the type we most detest. Are we worldly minded? They chasten us obtrusively with hymns or Mendelssohn, who is for some obsettre reason regarded as a moral force in the suburbs. Are we of the elect? They hurl at us with defiant persistency the latest blood-curdler from the "halls." The thing that passes with them for a plano is called upon to do the work of three, and dividing our respective houses, be it borne in mind, is a beautiful conductor of sound .- Outlook.

London Rat-Catchers Kill 202,783 Rats. Over 200,000 rats-202,782, to be precise—have been caught at the London docks within the last five weeks. They have fallen victims to the official rat catchers, who visit every ship that comes into port and do their best to rid it of live stock of the rodent variety.

"We are very glad to see them," said an officer of a South American grain ship on Saturday. "We came here fairly swarming with the vermin, but since the rat catchers' visit I bave scarcely seen one. I believe the animals come prospecting around before wessel leaves port, and pick their ship like passengers. For instance, they would sooner sign articles on a grain ship than on one carrying pig lron,"-London Mall,

Humor of Today

He paid her compliments, before,
But now he pays her bills.
Is 't just to say that marriage
A man's devotion chills? Made It Warm For Him. she-"And did her face light up?"

Arthur-"In a way.

snapped fire and her cheeks burned with rage.' An Unboard of Thing. Janitor-"I'm going to make it hot

Her eyes

for you." Tenant-"But isn't that contrary to all precedents?"-Town Topics.

Rich Americans. "What makes you think they are such rich Americans?" "Because they know so much more

about other countries than their own." An Exception. Belle-"Is it true that suburban fire-

men are always slow?" Eva-"No; I had one to propose to me in two days after first meeting."-Chicago News.

The Point of Similarity.

He-"Her complexion is just like strawberries and cream, isn't it?" She-"It is something like strawberries; it comes in a box."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Doubt. Mrs. Newrocks-"And we shall enter

society!" Newrocks-"Well, I don't know, I've heard that sometimes you can't buy an

hission ticket."-Puck. Too Realistic Soubrette-"So you went out with a sea drama? I suppose there was a

skipper in the play?" Comedian-"Yes, the skipped with our salaries."-Chicago News.

No Encouragement. Chubber-"I see the physicians have announced that Bacorn will recover." Perkins-"Yes, the lawyers informed

them that the estate was not large enough to go around."-Butte Inter-Mountain. The Ship. "Young Spenderly has been flying

high since the death of his millionnaire uncle." "Yes, he has found it smooth sailing since he came into his heirship."-Town Topics.

She Needs the Time.

"What have you got your hat on for? The train doesn't start for two hours." "Don't worry, John, I may decide not to wear this one. Then I'll have to unpack my trunk and get cut another New York Americ

Too Late Old Jilson-"One of my most trusted clerks got married." Mrs. Jilson-"I suppose you gave him

a lot of good advice." Old Jilson-"No; he was married before I knew it-too late."--Cleveland Leader.

He Did. "I should have thought the old man would have done something handsome by you when you married his daugh-

"He did. He had her teeth fixed before we were married."-Cleveland Leader.

Last Choice. Clare-"Was he nervous when he

proposed?" Mae-"Not in the least." Clare-"He was when he proposed to me, but-oh, well, possibly he has had

a lot of practice since then."-Cleveland Leader. Laying a Foundation.

"What do you think about the war in Asia?" "My friend," answered the man whe

is slow but sure, "I haven't yet learned to spell and pronounce it. I haven't begun to think about it."-Washington Star.

Mr. Huggard-"If you can't stop looking so sweet I'll kiss you." Miss Koy-"No, you won't." Mr. Huggard-"Why won't I?"

Miss Koy-"You won't unless you can keep me from screaming, and-er -you know you can."-Philadelphia Press.

No Hurry.

Miss Sweetun (to young man who has just proposed)—"Indeed, Mr. Brisque, I was not expecting this. You embarrass me very much."

Mr. Brisque (looking at his watch)-"I will give you one minute, Miss Vera to recover from your embarrass · · · · -Chicago Tribune.

Hard on Them. "If these verses should be accepted,

said Woodby Riter, "I think I'll have them published anonymously." "Don't do it," said Crittick; "it isn't right."

"Just think of all the good fellows they might be blamed upon."-Philadelphia Press.

"Please Call Again." Slopay-"I'll have to ask you to excuse me to-day. I'm not well and besides you'll have to see my wife about

Collector-"Oh! See here! You contracted this bill yourself and you should pay it yourself without-Slopay-"But I tell you I'm not my. self to-day."-Philadelphia Press.

A Terribje Struggle.