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 By HENRY GEORGE } **for**
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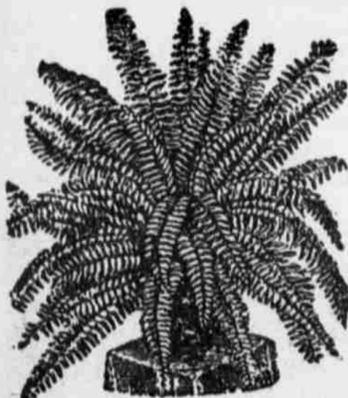
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Whether Common or Not

"It Might Ha' Bin Waur"

When failures becloud the blue of your sky,
 And troubles begin in torrents to pour,
 Just think of the floods which others have whelmed,
 And say to yourself: "It might ha' bin waur."
 You're drenched but nae droned;
 it might ha' bin waur.

When out on life's sea your vessel is wrecked
 Beyond the relief of a humanly shore,
 Cling fast to the spar you have in your hand
 And say to yourself: "It might ha' bin waur."
 Some haven't a spar; it might ha' bin waur.

When death with dread step comes into your street
 And knocks with appalling hand at your ain door,
 Hold fast to the hope that you're got in your heart,
 And say to yourself: "It might ha' bin waur."
 What if you'd nae hope? It might ha' bin waur.

And when you shall stand before the great judge
 Who'll open the book and look your life o'er,
 May he in his love forgive where you've failed
 And say to your soul: "It might ha' bin waur,
 Gang ye wi' the sheep. It might ha' bin waur."
 —John Finley, in the Independent.

Facing the Crisis

"Gentlemen, we must retrench." The president of the great railroad faced the board of directors. Every face there blanched at the thought. "Yes," he continued, "something must be done to maintain our reputation for integrity and for that sound and conservative business policy which has been one of our distinguishing traits. For, I regret to say, the interstate commerce commission does not understand or appreciate our condition. The cost of living has increased so much that, alas! I fear disaster, in view of the fact that we are not permitted to raise our rates. Gentlemen, something must be done."

All eyes were turned to the speaker. At last, with a voice that trembled with emotion, one of the directors leaned forward. "What can you suggest?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I fear the worst. We must cut our dividend."
 A deathly silence ensued. It was felt that the fate of several steam yachts was in the balance. Every man there instantly realized what it would mean.

"Can nothing else be done?"

"Nothing."

Another director leaned forward. "Gentlemen," he whispered, "let us defer this until, say, day after tomorrow. This will give us time to sell out our holdings at the present prices and buy them back very much lower after this dreadful news has passed out."

One by one they shook his hand.—From Life.

Couldn't Fool Rastus

The ease with which some people are fooled was the topic that was be-

ing talked in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night when Congressman Daniel A. Driscoll, of New York, recalled an incident that recently happened in the Empire state.

In a certain town, so related the congressman, there is a colored church of some pretensions, which has among its members a party named Rastus who was always depended upon to come across with his share of the coal fund.

Some time ago some alterations were made to the church, which included a new heating plant, and when the work was done the parson went around among the members with the hat, speaking eloquently of the cheerful giver.

"I s'pose, Bruddah Rastus," said the parson, seating himself in the former's parlor, "dat yo' am willin' to gib fo' de coal fun' de same dat ye' gib las' yeah."

"Dah's wah yo' git stung, pahson," laughed Rastus, goodnaturedly, "I ain't gibin' nothin' fo' de coal fun' dis yeah."

"Why, Bruddah Rastus," exclaimed the wondering dominie, "whatebah hab come obah yo'? What am de mattah wid dat coal fun'?"

"Look yeah, pahson," returned Rastus, continuing to smile, "yo' kain't fool me one minnit! Doan I know dat yo' done gone hab steam heat put in dat church las' week?"

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Helping a Brother

Referring to brotherly love the other night, Senator William H. Thompson, of Kansas, said he never saw it more beautifully exemplified than the way in which Green helped his friend Brown over a rather difficult place.

Some time ago, so related the senator, the Greens called at the home of the Browns. Brown, not expecting the call, was absent from the domestic camp.

"Oh, Mr. Green," remarked Mrs. Brown during the conversation, "I want to ask you something! I was looking through my husband's desk this afternoon and found some of the queerest tickets you ever saw. One was marked, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1,' another was marked 'Getaway, 10 to 1,' and so on like that. What do you suppose they refer to?"

"That's an easy one, Mrs. Brown," was the smooth rejoinder of Green. "Your husband is probably making a study of archaeology."

"Archaeology!" was the wondering rejoinder of Mrs. Brown. "Do you really think so? How very interesting!"

"Yes," responded Brother Green, "those queer looking tickets you found are undoubtedly relics of a lost race."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Good for the Fee

They were speaking about the peculiar cases that lawyers occasionally stack up against the other night, when Congressman Swager Shirley, of Kentucky, was reminded of an incident that recently happened in one of the southern states.

A lawyer got a note one afternoon, the congressman said, asking him to hurry to the county jail. Behind the bars the lawyer found a colored party named 'Rastus, who was charged with appropriating things without a permit. 'Rastus needed legal aid.

"So you want me to defend you, 'Rastus," remarked the lawyer, after