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MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE W. CROFTS.

I stood beside my mother's grave
Upon the verdant hill,
While o'er my soul in mountain wave
Emotions worked their will.

I thought I saw beneath the sod
The dust from whence I sprang,
When love untold swept down from God,
And bells of joy were rang.

I thought I heard her voice once more—
That voice, how sweet to me!—
Float gently from the farther shore
Beyond the silent sea.

And in the lilac's purple bloom,
And from the tender grass,
And on the wings of sweet perfume,
Her spirit seemed to pass.

And, as it passed, I felt my heart
Leap high in transport wild,
And all my cares seem to depart,
And I again a child.

The sun shone brightly on the mold,
Dark rippled by the plow,
The lark from out his throat of gold
Poured all his music now.

The wood, the mead, the mellow hill,
Wrapped in their dreamy haze,
Sufficed again my heart to fill
And blind my steady gaze.

And bursting from the buried past,
Bright scenes like flowerets bloomed;
Scenes all to beautiful to last,
By memory entombed.

And thus from out that silent grave
My childhood rose anew,
As fresh as when sweet heaven gave
Its light and morning dew.

And then I heard—or seemed to hear—
Sweet voices of the blest,
And thus they said: "Beyond this sphere
The weary shall find rest."

A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Miriam Green, I am astonished!" said Aunt Jane.

"Oh, but, Aunt Jane, I couldn't help it!" said Miriam, laughing.

But, at the same time, she colored very red, and hung down her pretty head.

There was no denying this offense. It was patent to all the world—or, at least, to all that part of it who might happen to be on the edge of Raven Woods.

There was Miriam Green up in the top of the old oak-tree, which reared its proud crest, an Absalom among its gold-leaved brethern, her curls all tangled, her apron filled with treasures of dark-green mistletoe. There was Aunt Jane, standing in the little, open clearing, with hands uplifted, eyes opened in the widest of disapproving glares, and sunbonnet fallen over backward on her shoulders.

"Your frock's all torn," enunciated the old lady.

"I can easily mend it again."

"And your hair blown into a tangle."

"Oh, Aunt Jane, that is nothing!" pleaded Miriam.

"And your bonnet hanging half-way down the tree!" gasped Aunt Jane, as the full weight and extent of Miriam's enormities dawned upon her mind. "When you know I *forbade* you to think of such a thing, as climbing a tree!"

"Dear Aunt Jane—" began the offender.

But the old lady would listen to no argument.

"You were sixteen yesterday," said she. "You are old enough to know better. And you shall be *made* to know better! I will punish you for this piece of inexcusable hoydenism!"

Miriam's blue eyes grew big.

Surely Aunt Jane couldn't shake her, or shut her up in the garret with a page of "Watt's Hymns" to learn, or—worst alternative of all—put her on a short allowance of apple-pie at dinner.

For pretty Miriam was still child enough to regard any of these occurrences as a serious misfortune, and one greatly to be deprecated.

But while she was yet in the agonies of apprehension, the question was definitely determined by Aunt Jane's advancing to the foot of the oak-tree and pulling away the ladder that had served as a means to reach the first bough, a ragged mass of foliage some twenty feet up from the roots. Below that, the trunk extended down as perpendicular and free of side growth as a telegraph pole.

"There!" said Aunt Jane, "since you were so anxious to climb the tree after mistletoe, you may remain there and think it over at your leisure. I will come back this evening and put back the ladder."

Miriam uttered a little cry.

"Please, Aunt Jane, don't go off!" she appealed. "I'll never do so any more. Please forgive me, just this once!"

But Aunt Jane was inexorable. With slow majesty, she strode out of the opening and was gone, even while Miriam's piteous voice quivered on the air.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what am I to do?" said Miriam to herself. "I couldn't jump down without breaking my arm, or ankle, or something; and here I am all alone in this wilderness."

There she sat, perched on a horizontal bough, clinging to the taper-trunk of the tree, and swayed to and fro in the gentle October breezes. It had been a most fascinating position a few minutes ago; now it was frightful and perilous in the extremest degree.

Was it an hour? was it ten hours? or possibly only fifteen minutes? Like the Prisoner of Chillon, our poor little captive had lost all power of calculating time. But just as the round sun hung like a ball of orange-flame above the western woods, there was the sound of quick footsteps crashing over fallen twigs and crisp autumn leaves below.

"It's John Ford coming home from hunting," Miriam said to herself, with a quick breath. "Oh, I do hope he won't see me!"

She shrunk close to the trunk of the tree, and tried to seem as much like a big bunch of mistletoes as possible. But it was useless. John Ford's keen eyes were too well used to woodcraft and all pertaining to it, to overlook her. He stopped short at the entrance to the glade.

"Miriam Green!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the girl, laughing a little hysterically. "Zaccheus he—"

"Did climb a tree."

"And I am Zaccheus, and now I can't get down."

"Oh!" said Mr. Ford. "The ladder fell, did it?"

"Y-yes," said Miriam, turning very red. "The ladder fell down."

"I'll put it up for you," said Ford.

"Do!" said Miriam, laughing to herself, as she thought of Aunt Jane.

He swung the ladder promptly up against the trunk of the tree.

"Now, it's all right," said he. "I'll just go over to see that the dogs haven't frightened Mrs. Morey's young turkeys, and wait for you outside the woods."

In five minutes Miriam Green was by his side, rosy and breathless, still clinging to her apronful of mistletoe.

"Oh, I am so much obliged to you!" said she, earnestly.

"It was rather an awkward predicament, wasn't it?" smiled he.

"What will Aunt Jane say?" said Miriam, involuntarily.

"She'll be much alarmed, won't she?"

"No," confessed Miriam. "She—that is—oh, Mr. Ford, I can't deceive you about it!"

And she told him all.

"Of course, it was very wrong to disobey her," she added, "but—"

"My poor little Miriam! My sweet, frightened darling!" cried John Ford, passing his strong arm around his waist. "She was a perfect dragoness to torment you so."

"But I belong to her," said the girl, innocently. "I have no other home but her house."

"Then belong to me, henceforward," he said, tenderly looking down into her blue, limpid eyes. "Surely you cannot have failed to discover how deeply I love you! Hereafter you are mine!"

Miriam Green, young as she was, had often dreamed of the pathway in which love should come to her, but it had never seemed like this!

"But," she stammered, "what will your uncle say?"

"What should he say?" calmly retorted her lover. "Ford Court is mine. My uncle is only my beloved and honored guest. Besides, he loves me so genuinely that my happiness cannot but be his. And—but what is this?"

They had by this time reached the solid stone wall which divided the grounds of Ford Court from the woods, and there, perched up on its height—a feminine Stylites—was Aunt Jane, with a basket in her hand, half full of the barberries which she had gathered from the huge bushes that made a scarlet-dotted screen inside, while stretched prone on the grass at the foot of the wall lay old Major Ford's monster bloodhound, Gelert. He looked around and wagged his tail slowly at the sight of John, but did not stir otherwise.

"Aunt Jane," said Miriam, "what are you doing on top of the wall, there?"

"I—I only wanted a few barberries to put in my cucumber pickles," stammered Aunt Jane, ready to burst into tears. "And—and I didn't suppose there was any harm in gathering them here. I've picked pecks and pecks of barberries off them very bushes, and nobody said a word. And I was just reaching up for the finest, when up comes a cross old savage and asks me what I mean by stealing fruit, and leaves me here with this horrid, snarling brute to watch me—just as if I was a tramp—while he goes for a constable! I never was so treated in my life! And, the more I try to jump off, the more the dog shows his teeth at me, and growls. He'd tear me in pieces if I stirred a foot in any direction, I do believe!"

"My Uncle Ford," whispered John to Miriam. "He is a perfect monomaniac on the subject of fruit thieves! The park bristles with man-traps, and there is a dog chained under every apple-tree on the premises. But it's too bad that he should have taken your aunt for one of the village purloiners! Gelert! come here this instant, sir! I assure you, Miss Green" (to Aunt Jane, who between her terror and her fatigue was on the verge of fainting), "my uncle will be the most grieved of any one, when he learns what a misapprehension he has been laboring under. Allow me to help you down. Take care—don't spill the barberries!"

"Dear Aunt Jane!" soothed Miriam, receiving the old lady in her arms, "how frightened you must have been!"

"Oh, Miriam, forgive me!" sobbed the old lady behind her sunbonnet. "I didn't know how dreadful it was, or I never, never would have pulled the ladder down and left you there! It's a righteous retribution on me, that's what it is!"

"Oh, aunty, don't fret about it!" said Miriam, radiantly. "It's all right now. Mr. Ford came along and put up the ladder again, and—and I'm engaged to be married to him! Don't look so surprised, Aunt Jane! I know I've told it in a jerky sort of way, but it all happened as naturally as possile. Didn't it, John?"

And then followed congratulations and explanations, and finally the humble apologies of Major Ford, a testy old gentleman of sixty odd years, who just then arrived on the scene, accompanied by the village constable.

"I'm sure I beg a thousand pardons!" said Major Ford. "But how was I to know? I'm a stranger in these parts, you know, and half the fruit-trees were stripped last night."

And Aunt Jane received his acknowledgment in frigid silence.

"A lady is a lady," she said to her niece, afterward, "even if she has climbed on a stone-wall to gather barberries! And no one but a semi-barbarian could mistake her for anything else!"

And Miriam Green was too happy in her own new-born felicity to argue the question with her aunt.

CRANKS AND CROOKS

A Wall street millionaire has received a begging letter asking for $25,000 to establish a home for "decayed point-givers on the financial situation.

An old bachelor died at East Alburg, Vt., the other day, and $60,000 in bonds, notes and certificates were found in the linings of his clothes.

Dr. Bread says that Howard, the great philanthropist who crossed the seas to relieve the distressed, was a brute and a tyrant in his own family, and that his cruel treatment caused the death of his wife. The doctor is of the opinion that even the extraordinary benevolence of Howard was one of the symptoms of the disease of his brain.

A young man who was sent the other day by the Roxbury, Mass., court to the House of Correction for four months had on his person a diary, which indicated that by begging he had secured about $2 50 or $3 a day, and that he had been in the habit of having a "good time." Nearly every evening was marked as costing twenty-five cents for admission to a theatre, concert or skating rink.

The Bombay *Gazette* states that the Mohammedans of that Presidency do not believe the Soudan pretender to be the "Imam Mahdi," or true Mahdi, yet regard him as a "Musjid," or spiritual guide. The true Madhi, they believe, will not appear until the close of the present century as witness to the coming of Mohamet. They also, it is said, entertain the curious belief that he is destined to experience no fewer than thirteen defeats before victory finally crowns his arms.

If the Mexican periodical, La Patria, is a representative of the religious feeling that exists in that country, the missionaries who are now trying to convert the heathen should be recalled and shipped to Mexico, where they will find a more civilized country in which to promulgate their doctrines. A recent number of that periodical was unreligious enough to contain several humorous as well as profane caricatures of the Lord, His apostles and his tormentors.

Wyatt Hare, of Nelson, Va., just dead, had some peculiarities, among them this one. He never bought a match. A fire, either open or banked, was kept up continually on the hearth. In this he trod in the footsteps of his father, and the fire upon that one hearth was a continuous fire for more than 100 years.

THE ONION.

THE ODOROUS "VIOLET OF VEGETALES."

Of all the flavoring substances used in cookery, the onion is, after salt, perhaps the most valuable, and, as many a housekeeper can give testimony, when cunningly concealed in the sauce, or ragout, or soup it yields enjoyment even to those who would carefully put it from them, if they saw it, in their abhorrence of everything pertaining to the garlic tribe. There is no doubt that this latter is most valuable food in a hot climate, especially when eaten raw. I remember reading in a book called "Angola and the River Congo," that the author never traveled without a supply of garlic, whose beneficial effects on the stomach and system were most marked. "When very hungry and fatigued," he goes on to say, "I have found nothing to equal a piece of garlic, eaten with a crust of bread or a biscuit, for producing, a few minutes after, a delightful sensation of repose, and that feeling of the stomach being ready to receive food generally absent when excessive emptiness or exhaustion is the case." Very odd contradictions in regard to this vegetable arises; for example, Henry of Navarre had his lips rubbed, the moment he was born, with a clove of garlic, a time-honored custom in his native place. On the other hand, garlic was forbidden by statue of Alanzo the Eleventh to his Knights of LaBanda, and Don Quixote cautioned Sancho Panza to be chary of it. So must honest Sancho beware of the garlic which the King of France had rubbed upon his infant's gums on his entrance into this world.

To the American taste the pronounced flavor of garlic is unsupportable, and the odor of it, while it has been called the "violet of vegetables," is anything but a delectable perfume. Still people have mourned for it; for example, the Hebrews, in their wanderings toward the Promised Land, complained to Moses of the want of the lick and the garlic, which they informed him they remembered; or, as the poet says, "The Hebrews gave Moses to understand that the scent of the onion hung round them still."—[H. H. A., in Chicago Tribune.

THEY WERE FROM BOSTON.—"Don't give it away, please, Mildred," said Amy to the High-school girl, after reciting an escapade in which she had been engaged. "No," said Mildred, "I'll make no gratuitous presentation of it." "Yes, indeed," said the High-school girl to her brother Jim, "in this affair I obtained the gibbosity on Amy." "You did what?" inquired the boy. "Obtained the gibbosity—the proturbancy, you know." "Is it something to eat?" was the next question. "Oh, dear, no, you stupid boy—merely a figure of speech—what you call 'got the bulge,' only that is horrid slang."—[Oil City Derrick.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

SLUM REMEDIES.

Rattlesnake Oil, 'Possum Fat, 'Devil's Sweat and other Compounds.

A handsome, well-dressed woman entered a Chestnut street apothecary shop last week and asked of the prescription clerk, in a stage whisper; "Do you keep rattlesnake oil?"

"No," replied the compounder, in an audible tone. "You will have to go to some druggists in the slums for that commodity."

"That's the fourth call we have had to-day for some one of the voodoo medicines," said the clerk, turning to a *Times* reporter, "and that means just four dollars out of the boss' pocket. I asked him the other day to let me mix up some of the stuff, but he wouldn't have it and stamped out, muttering something about being an 'honest man' and running a 'reputable business.'"

"But what is rattlesnake oil and what is it used for?" asked the reportor.

"The ingredients can be most anything, but the compound is usually made from lard, goose grease and sometimes a little olive oil, and it is generally used for rheumatism, fits, or for exorcising devils. Of course there is really no such thing as rattlesnake oil, but to meet the heavy demand for it a great many druggists keep a harmless compound which they sell as rattlesnake oil. It is used as an ointment and under this name it is almost invariably called for by the negroes, although, as you have just seen, it is occasionally asked for by white women who look intelligent. I can only explain this on the ground that they become imbued with the superstition from talking over their ailments with their colored servants.

"But rattlesnake oil," continued the clerk, becoming interested in his subject, "is only one of a score of these voodoo medicines and ointments. There is a great demand among the negroes for dog's fat, cat's fat, 'possum oil, rabbit fat and, in short, for the fat and oil of almost every animal and reptile you can imagine. I often have calls from the ignorant Germans and Hungarians for 'devils' sweat' and 'hell powder.' The ignorant of almost every nationality have different specifics for different diseases. The negroes take the palm, however, in the number and variety of their charmed medicines. Many druggists keep a bottle filled with a compound such as I described to you from which all calls for these various oils and fats are supplied and the druggists in the slums make a good deal from their sale.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Young Grammarian—No; you cannot say "shad has risen." Although it sounds ungrammatical you will be quite correct in saying "the shad has roes."

"Man wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long," murmured the dude, as he carefully cut out places for his aural appendages in his new three-inch collar.

Young man, when you see an old maid adjusting her spectacles and clipping out that part of a paper headed "Sealed Proposals," it is time for you to take to the woods.

The high grade of intelligence seen among junk-sorters is owing to the able articles they find in sorting the contents of newspaper wastebaskets, intimates the Cambride *Tribune*.

It should be said, in justice to the Father of his Country, that the New Jersey centenarian whom George Washington is said to have kissed did not look then as she does now.

About as mad a man as ever came out of an opera house was a young man who had just started his first mustache. He got wrathy because some one in the audience shouted: "Down in front!"

A Buffalo minister announces that "many pulpits are now filled with dudes." This may be, but there are very few dudes in the pews. They stand outside waiting for the pretty girls to pass.

Dr. Ott has learned that the rattlesnake's tail makes sixty vibrations per second. It is a shocking waste of energy on the part of the snake, as ten vibrations would scare a man just as much.

Dumas *fils* is something severe. The conversation has turned upon Mrs. X., who had been very beautiful. "She has something of the goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas, "antiquity."

An inquirer asks: "How can I tell classical music?" That is easy enough. When you hear everybody applaud and looked relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know that it is strictly classical.

Hot Springs does not feel nearly so lonesome now since Cincinnati was heard from. The local papers head their accounts of the Buckeye riots: "Cincinnati sees Hot Springs and goes her one better."

A few years ago Kalamazoo, Michigan, was not even staked out, and only last week a citizen of that place failed in business and scooped eastern creditors for over $40,000. Such is progress and civilization.

Miss Annie Huggup is one of the players in the Salem ladies' polo team. She is the "rusher" of the club, and when the captain calls out "Now Huggup," it completely paralyzes the young men in the opposite team.

"Will you have an orange or a fig?" inquired Dr. Jackson of a fine little boy, somewhat under the weather. "A fig," answered the child with alacrity. "No fever there," said the doctor, "or he would certainly said an orange."

ALL SORTS.

A broken idle—the tramy.

A full hand—A drunken laborer.

A fair X change—Two fives for a ten.

Good advice for the better—Better quit.

The question of the hour—What time is it?

The colgne of vantage—A $20 gold piece.

The war on the nihil—A fight for nothing.

Not what its cracked up to be—An oncient egg.

A flash of lightning has some striking characteristics.

A grand orash is most apt to come in the crockery business.

I'll be even with you—remarked one parallel line to the other.

Can the man who paints the town red be called a landscape artist?

A good laugh is often the festive banana peel that throws the evil thought.

A young man asks: "When is the best time to move?" When his rent is due?

An actress is like a little girl in one respect—When she gets mad she won't play.

Beer is injurious to the system only when drinking it becomes too systematical.

"I tolled you so," said the sexton to the bell that cracked and refused to peal any more.

Although Rome had eight circusses, neither of them had a calcimined sacred elephant.

Cincinnati's musical riot was a failure. Her lynching festival, however, was almost a success.

"A baby is the oasis of married life."—[N. Y. Journal. Oh! a sis is it? Thought it was a boy.

"Another expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to his barber shop.

Politeness is said by a wit to be an accomplished liar. Pity we hadn't more liars of that kind.

In the social circles of the chicken yard the lines are very distinctly drawn, for each hen has her own set.

It is said now that the peculiar sunsets were caused by the sun trying to set by the new standard time.

An exchange wants to know what our "young men are coming to." Coming to see our girls, of course.

A New York society girl is famous in her set because she "made a lovely walnut cake once." Just once?

There is one thing about a house which seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does. That is the rent.

If some tenor voices could be preserved in cans the public would gain by it. The souvenir tenor is a sad affliction.

Will newspapers never cease this truckling to wealth? A new fashion is to publish pictures of "leading plumbers."

Two boys quarreling: 'My pa is a preacher an' will go to heaven." "Yes, an' my pa is a doctor an' can kill your ole pa."

Most married women think bachelors ought to be taxed. Most bachelors who go into society at all are taxed pretty heavily.

As it must appear in England: "'Ello Tommy. Hi 'ear you'r learning to hact." "Ya's, I'm going to Hamerica next season."

In a "Dictionary of Slang," just published, we have looked in vain for the word "next," and yet it is undoubtedly a barberism.

A reporter at Pittsburg turns out to be a leader of robbers. It's a good reporter who can furnish the raw material for his work.

"Good luck taps at one's door once in a man's lifetime," and most men have just gone over to the neighbor's when the knock comes.

De good man outen place ain' 'spected no more den de bad man is. De corn whut grows 'twixt de rows is plowed up jes' de same ez de weed.

A bright reporter on the Buffalo *Express*, after seeing a delegation of Latter Day Saints, remarked that "Raphel never painted such saints."

Two mules used on Salt Lake street cars rejoice in pet names—Sin and Misery—because it is a misery to drive them and a sin to whip them.

CAPITAL IN STOCK FARMING.

There is an idea prevalent among young farmers, and the old ones too, for that matter, that stock farming is not profitable except with large capital. This is a great mistake. The young beginner, especially if he has not been thoroughly trained in the business, is better off without large capital. For capital is valuable only in proportion to experience. The man who has more capital than experience is very apt to have them equalized in an unpleasant way, and the man who has more experience and capacity than capital will find the equalization very pleasant. Sooner or later they will be equalized.

To start in stock farming all that is necessary is a span of brood mares, a couple of cows and a brood sow or two. If the farmer can take care of these properly in temporary stables and pens and can raise enough to live on till they grow into money, he is all right. With proper management he can keep the wolf away from the door with hogs and the butter or cream he can sell, and the increase in calves and colts will make him quite a respectable stock farmer. It is true this is a slow way of making money, but with care and pains it is a sure way. And it is the money that is made slowly and honestly that sticks and does good.

OLD BIBLE TEXT.

A Description of the Recent Discovery by Dr. Harkavy.

I paid a visit to Dr. Harkavy of the Imperial Library, whose recent discovery of a supposed ancient text of the Old Testament is exciting much interest in scientific and even general circles, says a St. Petersburg dispatch to the London Standard. The learned professor informed me that the manuscripts in question had been in his possession for some months, but that he had refrained from bringing them in public notice on account of the recent exposure of the Shapira frauds, and the skepticism with which a new announcement in the same field of discovery would necessarily be received. His scruples were overcome, however, by the persuasions of his friend, Mr. Neubauer, the assistant librarian at the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and he has prepared a short statement for publication pending the production of a memoir upon which he will set to work after Easter.

Assuming that the manuscripts are genuine (and as to this the doctor has no doubt), he has already deciphered enough to prove that they are of very considerable interest and antiquity, but he is unable to fix even an approximate date for them as yet, nor has he met with any important variations from the textus receptus. The manuscripts are the property of persons whom the Professor is not at liberty to name, the manuscripts having been intrusted to him merely to decipher. Their present owners bought them at one of the Black Sea ports from a Greek sailor sailing from the Island of Rhodes. They consist of some thirty rolls of vellum, which were probably once bound together. Some, however, are much preserved better than others. The "Lamentations" of Jeremiah, for instance, are comparatively fresh and easily read, while some of the parchment is so wrinkled and discolored that nothing cad be made out, though the Professor hopes by means of reagents to render the writing legible. The "Book of Lamentations" is followed by an original poem on the same subject, "The Fall of Jerusalem," signed. "Jacob, the son of Isaac." The other books which Prof. Harvaky has made out so far are the prophecies of Hosea, Joel, Obadiah, Haggai, and Zechariah, and the books of Ruth, Ester, Daniel and Zephanniah.

The most puzzling feature is that the characters employed differ materially from all hitherto known, so much that those who read with faciltiy the square writing of the other Hebrew texts are at a loss to understand it. Dr. Harkavy pointed out instances in which the letter Lamed is nearly the same as the Yemen character; while the letter Ain is quite original, being like the Greek Epsilon written backward.

Judging from what he has made up to the present time, the professor thinks the manuscript must have originated with a colony of Jews long isolated from their fellow countrymen, probably in some island or out of the way spot on the coast of Arabia.

DIDN'T LIKE THE SUGGESTION

"My dear," remarked a Central avenue young man to his best girl, "I see by the papers that a girl in Baltimore has reduced the size of her mouth considerably by whistling."

"This is singular, isn't it, George?" replied the girl.

"Yes, and it is said that after a few months' practice a four-inch mouth could be reduced to two inches and a half."

"O my, how queer!"

"Yes, dear, and I thought it would improve your looks if you were to try it."

"You horrid thing! I'll never speak to you again—so there!"

And that engagement is postponed.

The Secratary of a Western railroad corporation, who laid his yearly report on the desk of the President the first of the year, was asked what kind of a showing he had made.

"Taking the whole year, we have run $75,000 behind expenses."

"How about the first six months?"

"Why, we cleared about $30,000. The first six months of the year with us always show a profit, but the last six pull us down."

"Exactly. Please cut your report in two halves. We'll publish the first six months for the benefit of people looking for paying stocks, and we'll keep the next six here to show to stockholders who come in to inquire why we don't pay dividends."

Jones—"It is too bad. I believe I was born on an unlucky day." Smith—"Why so?" "Here I am, a mere nobody, and yet the man that I made sits to-day in the halls of congress, and he don't acknowledge his debt, either." "That is strange. To whom are you referring?" "To Colonel Blank." "But he owes all his political success to his brilliant war "record." "Yes; but if it had not been for me he would not have had any war record." "How so?" "I was drafted and I sent him to the war as my substitute."

Of the Jennette survivors, Ninderman is a laborer in the Brooklyn navy-yard at $2 a day. Noros is a dry goods clerk in New York and Lauterbach is yet unemployed, and so pressed for money that he has been compelled to raffle his Arctic clothing.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world and of the inward peace of our own minds.—[Thomas a-Kempis.