

Iron County Register

BY BILLY D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.
ST. MICHAEL, THE WEIGHER.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
On the failure and the fall,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of Inevitable Law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his first-gold stickler's hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well,
They could poise both Heaven and hell.
"Angels," asked I, humbly, then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?"
"That office is not mine,"
"Nay," he answered me, "not so;
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.
In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's Feast,
Gems, the wonder of the East,
Kubla's scepter, Caesar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Mere trifles, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' men and band,
Beechen cups of men who need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Distillations and essences,
Of young saints with grief-greased hairs,
Broken hearts that break for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran,
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this scale of pain,
While Earth's a splendor and renown
Mounted high as thistle-down.
—James Russell Lowell, in America.

A POOR COUNTRY BOY; Or the Great Mistake Made by Miss Rettie Neremore.

John Lindsay was a poor farmer, who lived on a small piece of unproductive land a mile and a half from the village. He had a large family to support, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in keeping them from the poor-house until his oldest boys grew strong enough to work at odd jobs for the neighbors, and thus increase the family income. The weakest and most timid of Mr. Lindsay's boys was Arthur, the youngest. He was not an ordinary boy, for, if he had been, it is scarcely probable that he would have been heard of outside of his immediate neighborhood. But the chief characteristics which made him different from other boys were his extreme selfishness and his indomitable will. Being physically incapable of holding his own with the other boys, he was made to feel his insignificance at home, as well as at the little district school-house where he acquired the rudiments of an education.

"He is a goo'-enough boy," a neighbor said to the teacher one day, "but he won't amount to anything. The Lindsay ain't got no ambition. They're a harmless set; but no one ever heard of one of 'em getting more'n one meal ahead, and no one never will. Nobody pays any 'tention to the Lindsay's. They're a sort of family that's no good to themselves nor any body else."

Other boys in the vicinity did not care to associate with young Arthur, and his brothers made him the butt of their ridicule; so he found himself, everywhere he went, treated as a nobody. Every slighting word or act, every smile of contempt, cut him to the quick, and made him feel all the sometimes days, of mental anguish. The only friend he had who could understand him was his mother; and she, being always nearly worn out with the cares of her large family, was unable to give him much sympathy. But he had a heart, an article which it appeared to him, his brothers and most of his acquaintances lacked; and he appreciated those trifling, but expressive acts of kindness, the time for which he knew she stole from other duties, and which made up about all the sweetness that came into his young life. His natural desire to improve his condition was fanned into a constantly-increasing flame by the undesired "kicks and cuffs" which he received from those whom he felt were no more than his equals; and very often, without replying to or seeming to notice an insult, he would shut his teeth hard, and say to himself: "Never mind. Sometime I will be in a position to compel their respect, and they shall feel ashamed of the way they are treating me."

At eight years of age, tall, thin and stoop-shouldered, with his self-esteem so dwarfed that he very rarely had the courage to look a person in the eye for more than an instant. He had, the summer before, earned a few dollars with which to pay his tuition at the village school, where he was working hard to acquire the knowledge he so earnestly desired. He paid no attention, apparently, to the jests and sarcasms of his school-mates who found much in his dress and manners to ridicule, but plodded on so diligently that he won the respect of his teachers and a few of his class-mates. This gave him great encouragement, and he worked on with renewed energy.

Hard work, when well directed, is always fruitful; and, in the spring, Arthur obtained a certificate to teach, and found a summer school a few miles from the village. By this means he was enabled to return to school in the fall with better clothes and more self-respect, and he took up his studies again with the same determination to conquer every obstacle that came in his way, that made his progress so rapid the winter before.

But a disturbing element soon came into his life against which his armor of aspiration was not proof. It was the pretty, smiling face of Rettie Neremore, one of his class-mates. Miss Neremore was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the village; and Arthur felt sure that her father would never consent to her union with a Lindsay, even if she were willing. So he tried hard to put her out of his mind. But the more he tried

to forget her, the deeper became his unfortunate attachment. Finding it useless to fight against it, he resolved to work early and late to attain the position he so longed to occupy, as well now that he might court Rettie Neremore from a station in life which she would not be ashamed to share, as to satisfy his old aspiration.

At first Miss Neremore treated the quiet young man whom nearly every body shunned, with cold indifference; but he kept on with his studies in his earnest, plodding way, and gradually, as they became acquainted with each other, her manner toward him grew to be quite friendly. There was something, however, in the expression of his pretty brown eyes which caused him to feel that she considered herself above him. Of course he made no attempt to win her love; he would not, he told himself, till he was able to do so as her equal; but he did try to win her respect.

Three years passed in this way, Arthur had decided to go to college, and, feeling encouraged by Rettie's continued friendliness toward him, he thought he would tell her of his love before starting. He was not the thin, stoop-shouldered boy now, but a tall, well-built, handsome man; and he felt that, considering that he had accomplished, he had some claim to equality with even the Neremores. The evening before his departure, he called at the Neremore mansion to hear his fate from the lips of the girl whom he had learned to love with all the intensity of his earnest nature without a sign of encouragement from her, except such as any one would expect from a friend. She received him with her usual frankness; and, when he spoke of going away, she added:

"What has led you to that decision so suddenly?"

"It is not so very sudden," he replied. "I have been nearly three years thinking it over, and making preparations. I did not suppose any body would care, so I have said nothing about it. But I did hope, Rettie, that you would care a little; and I have come to have a little talk with you, and to say good-bye."

"Rettie," he continued, drawing nearer to her, "I am under the impression that you will not wish to hear what I have to say to-night, but I can not go away for so long without knowing whether you care to have me return."

"Why, of course, we shall all want you to return," she replied, evasively.

"But you do not understand. I love you Rettie. I have loved you ever since we first went to school together. I know you have not encouraged me, but I love you all the more; and if you will only let me hope for your love in return, I will tell you all I can of your studies, and you will undoubtedly find a lady more suited to your tastes than I am."

"I do not want to find another," he said, impulsively. "I will be satisfied to remain single if I can not win you. But you do not say that my love is not reciprocated. You surely do not intend to let me go away in despair if you have the least spark of love for me? You are only joking; you will some day be my wife, if I work hard for you, will you not?"

"There are other things to think of besides love, Mr. Lindsay. I know it is hard, but you do not fully comprehend what you are asking of me, or you would not expect my answer to be different."

"Do comprehend it, too well, perhaps, and I did not expect a different answer; but if you knew how much I love you, how all my time for the last three years has been devoted to making myself in some degree worthy of your love, and how unceasingly I am willing to work for you in the future, I am sure you would trust me."

"I can not, Mr. Lindsay, and your pleading only makes it harder for me, as well as yourself. Please do not mention it again."

"It is hard then," he said, after a pause, "to be told that you are loved by one whom you tacitly admit you love in return. Your decision is," he went on slowly, "that social position is more to you than the love of a man who would lay down his life for you. You will cast me off, because I can not now offer to you that which you crave, and you can not trust me to carve a place in the future for both of us. If love means no more to you than that, I can not imagine how it is hard for you to reject mine."

"You do not understand, you can not understand!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears and covering her face with her handkerchief. "If you love me as you say you do, you would not ask me to leave a life of luxury and ease for one of drudgery."

"I do not ask you to do that. I will wait till I can offer you a comfortable home and as good a position as that which you now occupy."

"But it is all the same. You might wait ten or twenty years and be as far from wealth and station as you are now."

"Very well, Miss Neremore," he said, rising and taking his hat. "I think I understand you. I have offered you all I am, and all I hope to become. What man can do more? If I have offended you, I beg your pardon. Do not fear that I shall ever repeat the offense, for I hope I have too much self-respect to offer my love the second time to one who considers it a misfortune to have met me."

She made no reply, and in a moment more he was gone without even saying good-bye. She gave a sigh of relief as she stepped, and while removing the evidences of tears from her face, she said to herself:

"I do love him, but he must be fool-

ish to think I can marry him while he is in his present circumstances, or wait ten or fifteen years, and run the risk of his making a fortune. Work hard, indeed! I venture to prophesy that he will not be any better prepared to support a wife ten years hence than now.

As Arthur Lindsay walked down the street that night his mind was in a condition which, to say the least, was not complimentary to Miss Neremore. His disappointment was not greater than his anger at himself for allowing his affections to be so long centered on one whom he now considered unworthy of a moment's thought.

"I could have seen her passion for social pleasures," he thought, "and I had not been blinded by my foolish love. Her love for me, if it can be called that, will not prevent her marrying the first man who comes along with a sufficiently large bank account. She thinks I can not attain the position she wishes her future husband to occupy. We shall see, my proud beauty. You will be sorry for this night's work, or my name is not Arthur Lindsay."

Half an hour after the door closed behind young Lindsay, it was opened to admit a very stylishly-dressed young man whose bearing betrayed the fact that he had always been permitted to do as he pleased, and expected now to have every thing his own way. He entered the Neremore mansion that night he had not the faintest idea of going away without the promise of Miss Neremore to become his wife. He had met her six months before, and, taking a sudden liking for her pretty face and her father's fortune, at once resolved to make her his wife. Holding to his purpose remarkably well for him, he had called upon her regularly ever since, and now intended, as he expressed himself to a friend, "to end her suspense."

She was not expecting him that night, and was somewhat surprised to see him; but she was glad to have something to draw her mind out of the melancholy into which it had fallen. He soon noticed that she was unusually quiet and thoughtful, and made some remark about it; but she assured him that she felt as well as usual and had only been a "little lonesome."

This, he thought, was his opportunity, and he coolly explained his errand. What a contrast between his matter-of-fact proposal and Arthur's earnest pleading. She could not help comparing them; and she found the contrast unpleasant to her outraged heart. Mr. Weeks, however, went away with her consent, never suspecting that her hand and heart had that night been forever separated.

When Arthur came home on vacation, Rettie was married and gone. He did not take the trouble to inquire where she and her husband had settled, for his memories of his former sweetheart were not pleasant, and he would have banished them entirely from his mind had such a thing been possible. He was thankful that his poverty had revealed her to him in her true light, before it was too late; and he determined that, in the future, no girl should gain his affections until he was satisfied beyond a doubt that her character and disposition were all that he could desire.

He had studied, and needed the vacation; and as his acquaintances, in whose estimation he had risen perceptibly in the last few years, appeared to be glad to see him, he had a very pleasant time.

As the years rolled by, Arthur found that time, "the great healer of sorrow," was curing him of the wound he had received in his youthful struggle with Cupid. While finishing his course at college, he fell in love with a daughter of one of the professors, Sarah Wentworth, but it was in vain. Credit, had no such conceptions of the importance of wealth and position, as those which caused Lindsay to be rejected by Rettie Neremore; and fully reciprocating his love, she accepted him, and two years after Arthur graduated they were married.

Thirty years have slipped by since our poor, half-clothed, and ill-used country lad took his small stock of books under his arm, and wended his way to the village school-house, conscious that he was to become the laughing stock of the school, but determined to acquire an education let the cost be what it might. They have been busy years for him, and he has not worked in vain. Those who ridiculed the awkward boy have shown their appreciation of the talented man in many unmistakable ways. During four of these years, he served as a Judge of the State Supreme Court. He resigned this office to resume the practice of law; but he did not remain long in private life, for his popularity made him the most available man for his party at a critical time; and we now find him occupying the gubernatorial chair.

One evening, as he sat in his library contentedly gazing through the pages of the leading dailies, his wife entered, leading a little girl eight or ten years of age. With her large expressive eyes filled with tears, and her bosom heaving with half-suppressed sobs, the little thing looked as if she had lost her last friend. She was very poorly clad, and the biting northwest wind had so chilled her slight frame that she shivered between her sobs.

"What is the matter, child?" asked the Governor, kindly.

"My mamma is dying," she replied, and handing him a crumpled note, she burst into a fit of weeping that threatened to end in hysteria. Mrs. Lindsay took the child in her arms, and placing her in a cushioned chair near the fire, soothed her as best she could,

while her husband read the almost illegible note.

"It is from Mrs. Weeks," he said, rising, "and she asks us, as a favor to a dying woman, to come to her at once. Shall we go, Sarah?"

"Yes, of course. If there is anything that can be done for her, we should be glad that the opportunity has come to us instead of to utter strangers."

Agreeably surprised by the eagerness of his wife to do good to the sweetheart of his youth, Mr. Lindsay hurriedly rang the bell, and when, a moment later a servant appeared, he said:

"Tell Andy to get the bays ready instantly."

The horses were soon ready, and with the little girl seated snugly between them, the Governor and his wife were off on their errand of mercy. A distance of half a dozen blocks brought them to a large tenement house; and, following their still sobbing guide up a flight of rickety stairs, they found themselves in the presence of the dying woman. She lay on a scantily-furnished bed in one corner of the room, the appointments of which plainly indicated that the occupant's life had been a struggle for the necessities of existence.

"Thank God," she said, faintly, as they entered.

She tried to extend her hand but could not, and motioning them to take seats beside the bed, she said, in an almost inaudible voice:

"Oh, I am so glad you have come! I did not like to trouble you in your peace and happiness, but I have no friends with whom I can trust—"

"What is it, Mrs. Weeks?" asked Mr. Lindsay, as she hesitated. "If there is any thing to be done for us, we shall be glad to do it. I have sent for a physician, and he will be here in a few minutes; but while we are waiting for him we will make you as comfortable as possible."

"A physician can do me no good," she continued, brokenly. "I do not care for myself, but my little girl, I can not leave her. She will have no place to go, and what can she do alone in this unsympathetic world?"

"Do not fear for your child," said Mrs. Lindsay, who had, up to this time, been arranging the bed so that the invalid could rest more comfortably. "We have only one child, and I will promise your daughter a mother's care. Mr. Lindsay has told me about his early acquaintance with you; and I can honestly say that I shall love her more because of his former love for her mother. Indeed, I love her already," and she drew the grief-stricken child to her side.

"Oh, Mrs. Lindsay, you can not tell how I thank you. May God bless you and grant that she may never leave me again."

"Kiss me, my darling, and promise to be good to your new papa and mamma."

"I will," replied the girl, as she kissed her dying mother affectionately. "I will always try to be good, and do every thing they tell me."

"Good-bye, dear little Nellie. I will meet the others in Heaven, and I will look for you to join us some time."

"I will, mamma. I will." And mother and daughter again clasped each other in loving embrace.

Mr. Lindsay, who had been the wish of the sick woman from what she had learned from the daughter of their condition and surroundings; and she quickly made up her mind to adopt the child, if her surmise proved correct.

"We can do it as well as not," she thought. "She will be a companion for Willie, and it will be such a comfort to the poor mother to know that her child will have a home when she is gone."

The physician came and did all he could, but he was powerless to cope with the dread destroyer; and in a few hours Mrs. Weeks passed to her eternal home. Before losing consciousness, however, she told them that her husband had, after spending their fortune in gambling and drink, deserted her, and finally committed suicide. Her last words were:

"Do not let Nellie make her mother's mistake."

The little girl kept her promise, and the Governor and his tender-hearted wife soon came to love her as their own daughter.—*Leroy G. Davis, in Current.*

THE FRAUD OF '76.

Revival of the Great Crime by Its Impenitent Perpetrators.

April 18 was made notable in the Senate by the unexpected revival and full discussion of the great crime of 1876.

During the debate on the bill for the admission of Dakota into the Union a taunting remark by Senator Edmunds drew from Senator Vest, of Missouri, the remark that it was Mr. Edmunds who created the celebrated board which put Hayes into the Presidential chair." Mr. Edmunds rejoined:

"I wish to say with emphasis that I believe, and I think nine-tenths of the people of the United States who know any thing about it believe, that President Hayes was lawfully and fairly and justly elected by the votes of the States according to the constitution of our country."

This audacious assertion was at once met by Senator Vest, with the question why Packard, who received for Governor of Louisiana a larger number of votes than Hayes received for President, was thrown out of office and sent as Consul to Liverpool, while Hayes was sworn in as President of the United States. "I have heard," continued Mr. Vest, "the first Republican in this country, the foremost in every combat for the Republican party and its supremacy—I have heard Roscoe Conkling say upon this floor that it was by fraud that Hayes came to be President."

Mr. Vest waked up a nest of snakes. The old memories came crawling out of their holes, the old impudent pretenses, the old defiant insults to right and justice and common sense. It happens that several of the most conspicuous actors in the drama of the Great Fraud are Republican members of the Senate: Edmunds, the creator of the Electoral Commission; Hoar, a member of the infamous eight; Sherman, the visiting statesman and managing man in Louisiana, and the discoverer of Eliza Pinkston; Hawley, a member of the second Louisiana Commission, charged by Hayes with the arrangement of the Packard difficulty; and Chandler, of New Hampshire, whose feeble brain first grasped the possibilities of the situation on the early morning after the day when Tilden was elected, and who completed in Florida the work which he began at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this town. They all had their say concerning their respective parts in the Fraud of 1876; and the result was that a considerable part of the time of the Senate was taken up by this unexpected overhauling of shameful history. The whole story was spread again upon the record for the benefit of the latest generation of voters, down to the very last hush money paid by John Sherman to the negro Casenave three years after the consummation of the crime, and the list of conspirators, accomplices, principals and subordinates, who were rewarded with public office by Hayes and Sherman, at an annual cost of \$228,000 to the Treasury of the United States.

Yet not one of the defenders and upholders of the fraud answered the plain question asked by Senator Vest, of Missouri. Not one of them could satisfactorily explain why, if Hayes was fairly and honestly elected as President, Packard was not the legal Governor of Louisiana. With great force Mr. Vest recalled the memorable warning of Mr. Blaine: "You discredit Packard and you discredit Hayes. You hold that Packard is the legal Governor of Louisiana and you hold that Hayes has no title."

We should be glad to announce that in the sober review of eleven years after, and under the chastening influence of political vicissitudes, some one of these principal actors in the crime of 1876 showed signs of remorse. That is not the case. Without a single exception, their attitude is as impudent and defiant as it was when their party was in the full enjoyment of the stolen goods. Hear what John Sherman, the discover of Eliza Pinkston, and afterward the paymaster-general for the chief beneficiary of the fraud, says in 1888:

"Hereafter, when any man shall assert of President Hayes that he was elected by fraud or wrong, I will hold him in contempt. The name and fame of President Hayes are untarnished. No, no, the truth is that, whenever the integrity of the election of President Hayes is disputed, I will not only deny it, but I will, as I said, hold any man who will do so in contempt."

And hear, likewise, the Pecksniffian declaration of the impudent Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts:

"My own political life has been a very humble and obscure one, and there are some things in it which, in looking back upon it, I wish were otherwise; but I have never had a doubt that the humble part which I was permitted, by the confidence of my constituents, to take in the creation of that tribunal, and the humble part I was permitted to take as a member of it by the confidence of the House of Representatives to which I then belonged, are among the most honorable, the most useful, and the most satisfactory actions of my life."

The fraud issue will never be a dead issue, so long as these gentlemen live and boast of their part in the fraud. They need to have the sense of guilt whipped into them. Mr. Vest did well to lay on the first lash.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LOUISIANA SOLID.

Humiliating Defeat of the Republican Candidate for Governor.

The significant lesson of the recent Louisiana election is in the fact that Mr. Warmoth was beaten at his own game, with his own weapon, and in a great measure by his own former dupes, the negroes. He is the most capable and experienced organizer and manipulator of the black voters that have emigrated from the Northern to the Southern part of the Republic. When he started for the office of Governor he organized them into secret bands and enlisted them in his personal service with lavish promises of idleness and plenty. Gaining his object, with a black-and-tan Legislature subservient to his wishes, he made election laws that were intended to perpetuate his dynasty. Those laws, slightly modified by judicial decisions, are the reason that he would have served the design of Warmoth, if he had been returned to the Executive office, of turning over Louisiana, by the fair means or foul, to the opposition in the coming Presidential election. This was the programme which the defeat of Warmoth has defeated. The fact that its defeat was due partly to the refusal of the blacks to vote for

CUBAN CART-MEN.

The Fearfully and Wonderfully-Constructed Vehicles Used by Them.

There are several thousand mule and ox-carts in and about Havana. You can not find in Cuba a dray or four-wheeled wagon. This Cuban cart is literally a grand affair. The wheels are frequently ten feet in diameter, the fellos six inches broad and as thick, the spokes are as big as your leg, and the hub like a half-bushel basket. Many are covered like the old "emigrant" wagons; great rush ponches dangle from beneath; and the shafts are together larger than the little mule's entire body. A tremendous load is piled upon this cart, and benignly perched upon that is your Cuban carter or ox-cartman, with shabby, sprawling slippers, and despite the sun, a jaunty cap of red or blue no larger than, and precisely the shape of, a full-grown mushroom. The caps tell the nationality. Those wearing red ones are from Navarre, while the Biscayan are invariably told by the blue. Where bulls are driven instead of mules, as in all the heaviest freighting, the cartmen are called boyeros. The latter are Cubans or Canary Islanders. But all these swarthy cartmen are the jolliest of humans; eat gargantuan meals of soup and vegetables in the low bodegones; leave their animals at night in yards in care of stablemen and repair to the cheap cafes over in the San Leger quarter where they smoke, drink, play the guitar and sing the principal songs of old Spain until the midnight challenges of the sentinels echo from the grim parapets of La Punta fort hard by.

But in all these lowly toilers, and those of a score more classes I could describe, there is a rare and winsome good humor, which I am led to believe is not all surface radiation. It is difficult to draw the line between sunny kindness and kindly silliness in a people as ready as one may be to doubt motive in the presence of a universal good nature bordering on levity, there are here certain proofs of a certain tenderness behind these smiles. And tenderness never falls of close alliance with goodness.—*Edgar L. Wakeman, in Albany Argus.*

VAULTING AMBITION.

A Sea-Trust That Ascended Hundreds of Feet Above the River Level.

It is well known that many of our river fishes are capable of scaling dams and natural falls of considerable height. In doing this they stem the strongest current, the swiftness of which is not readily overruled by the speed with which the fish moves. The observations of a Scotch naturalist upon this point are of interest:

As we were leaping from stone to stone upon the rugged course of a mountain burn, which had lately been considerably swollen by the rain, though it was now almost dry, we came upon a sea-trout of about four pounds weight, lying on the shingle dead, but quite fresh. As there were no marks of violence about him, he had not been covered either by an otter, or any other enemy, but had evidently become the victim of his own rashness, his natural instinct having led him to follow the course of the burn too far. He had ascended at least three hundred feet above the level of the river we had just left; but though the ascent had been easy, as well as natural, at the time he made it, on the burn's subsequently sinking to its ordinary dimensions, he had been left there, a monument of the folly and danger, even in the brute creation, of aspiring too high, and of the truth of the doctrine that the most elevated stations are not necessarily the most happy or secure.

Though a salmon can not leap sheer out of the water more than six or, perhaps, eight feet, this has nothing to do with the height of a fall he may surmount. While he is climbing a waterfall he is still in his own element; he, as it were, runs up the water generally in a direction slanting across the fall, and it would be difficult to say exactly how high he could ascend in this manner.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BEST HE COULD.

Remedies Sufficient for an Income of Two or Three Hundred Dollars.

"Do you know that man over there?" asked one Detroitier of another on the Lansing train the other day.

"No."

"Well, he's a drummer for a Jefferson avenue house, and I've known him by sight for fifteen years. His employer told me the other day that he hadn't lost a day for twelve years."

"He looks the picture of health."

"So he does, but I want to make a bet with you. I'll bet you a silk hat he carries remedies with him for no less than six different ailments."

"I'll do it!"

They went over and the case was explained. The drummer, who laughed and replied:

"Well, I don't. I carry some troches to avoid hoarseness. I carry a bottle of cough medicine to ward off pneumonia. I have a porous plaster in my grip to put on if I get a lame back. I have some corn salve, a bottle of Jamaica ginger, some quinine capsules, a phial of peppermint essence, a box of mandrake pills, a liver medicine, a gargle for sore throat and—"

"Good lands!" cried both gentlemen in chorus.

"Oh, well, what did you expect?" he inquired, with an injured air. "A man on \$1,200 a year can't hear around a whole drug store, can he?" —*Detroit Free Press.*

—Husband—"I see that the papers are calling attention to the absurd way in which people say, 'Isn't it funny?' whenever they hear any thing, whether funny or pathetic." Wife—"Yes, I've noticed that ridiculous habit myself. Isn't it funny that people should be so foolish?"

—As the distance from gravel, stones or other good road-making material increases, extra attention should be paid to ditches and drains. Standing water is death to a road.