

### UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander  
From the sweet, simple faith of your youth,  
The more you peer into the yonder—  
And search for the root of all truth,  
No matter what secrets uncover  
Their veiled mystic brows in your quest,  
Or close on your astral sight hover,  
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.  
If you seek for strange things you shall find  
Them,  
But the finding shall bring you to grief;  
The door that opens behind a thief,  
And his who breaks through a thief,  
The soul with such ill-gotten gain  
With its premature knowledge oppressed,  
Shall grope in unattained wonder  
Always by the shores of unrest.  
Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain  
That hides the unknown from our sight;  
Though a shadowy faith becomes certain  
Of the new light that follows death's night;  
Though miracles past-comprehending  
Shall startle the heart in your breast,  
Still, still will your thirst be unending,  
And your soul will be sad with unrest.  
There are truths too sublime and too holy  
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch,  
We are happier far to be lowly;  
Content means not knowing too much.  
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning  
To fathom all labyrinth's unguessed,  
And the soul that is bent on vast learning  
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.  
—Ella W. Wilcox, in The Weekly.

### HER TRIUMPH.

Our city was so small and the pipe organ so large that it was an elephant on our hands, as good organists had to be hired from other cities at large expense, the only player in Hubbard being the one who manipulated the Presbyterian organ, which instrument we had tried to outbid. We were Methodists.  
At the end of two years, during which we had endured any number of organists, good, bad and indifferent (mostly the latter), I was delighted one summer Sunday morning, upon entering the church, to hear real music, and surveyed with some curiosity the small figure of a young woman about twenty years old on the organ stool. She did not attempt anything intricate, but the music was all majestic, soulful, religious.  
A few weeks later, one of the trustees asked me if we could give the new organist a room at our house, adding that possibly sister and myself might find her a pleasant companion in our little home. She had been in town about six months, writing in an insurance office, but she objected to a boarding house and wished to get into a private family.  
She came to us quietly, every inch a lady. You might not call her pretty, but she had speaking eyes which made you forget everything else when she looked at you. They were bright when she was in conversation, but I soon noticed that when she was not animated they were sad, and I felt to wondering what sorrow had befallen her so early in life. She was pleasant and helpful but not confidential, and nothing eventful occurred until just after the holidays when she came in quite excited, saying that one of her young friends at home was to be married the next week, and she had leave of absence for a fortnight. She had said very little about her family, but I knew she had sent them a Christmas box, so if I thought anything of her emotion, it was for the joy of going home.  
It was surprising—the vacancy she left in our house, and you may be sure we welcomed her return with much warmth. But though she evidently appreciated our feelings toward her, I observed that she was making a great effort to control herself. Thinking she was suffering from homesickness, I rapped at her door in the evening to ask if she cared for my society a little while. She was weeping so violently that she could scarcely speak, and when I put my arm about her she burst out:  
"O, Miss Van Zandt, if I could only—talk to you—to some one—who would help me—to bear it—and tell me—what to do! O dear! O dear!"  
By soothing words and pats, I assisted her to something like calmness, and while I did not urge her to talk, she understood that my sympathies were with her.  
Finally she told me that she had had warm feelings toward a young man two years her senior, since she was sixteen, but that he had tired of her apparently, or being influenced by another young lady. For a year she suffered torments at home, and then came to Hubbard to see whether time and absence would not kill her affection or bring back his. It seemed to have done neither, for she had met him at the wedding she had just attended, and although he had expressed pleasure at meeting her again, he did not seek her society and his time was occupied with her rival. And so she felt her long trip had been for naught, and while her judgment told her to forget him, her rebellious heart clung to her girlhood's lover.  
What could I say to comfort her?  
Nothing, excepting that God knew best, and probably that this great darkness was but the forerunner of a glorious dawn.  
After this she spent most of her time after tea playing the organ at the church, and I believe it was a soothing outlet for her pent up feelings. I often went into church to enjoy the exquisite melody which floated out under her fingers. Sometimes she used such selections as Gotschall's "Serenade," Jungmann's "Hemweh," or Marston's "Slumber Song," but more frequently it was her own improvisation.  
One evening through the dusk I discerned another listener, who, however, slipped away before I could identify him. This occurred several times, until I placed myself where I could see his face as he passed, when I recognized him as Lawrence Roberts, whom I had known from boyhood. He had recently been appointed a teacher of science in the High School, and wise men said he was destined to make his mark in some

In May the cantata of "Ester" was given at our theatre. It was not worn so threadbare then, and though it was on the boards every night for a week, the house was always crowded, and families came up by the wagon-load from all the surrounding villages and cross-roads.  
To Miss Hunt was assigned the character of Zerah, and I expect never to enjoy a rendition of it so much again. She had often sung to me in the evening, accompanying herself on our little organ, and while I thought her voice musical and pleasing, still it had a girlish quality and lacked power. But this rich contralto which rolled over the audience and sobbed and thrilled—could that belong to our Louise? Yes, through her great heart-sorrow had come her voice, beautiful, womanly, refined.  
All the women were in tears and many of the men showed emotion, while I, who loved her and understood her longing, wept uncontrollably. It did not seem as though she could keep up that tension another night, but every evening of the cantata witnessed that same fervor and the same effort on her endurance. Sunday she was prostrated, and her organ position for that day was filled by another.  
In the fall, a year after she came to our house, she told me that her mother had moved to another city and had sent for her. The evening previous to her departure, Lawrence Roberts called to see her, as he had frequently done lately. Other friends came to bid her good-bye, and as she stepped into the garden to call her, I heard her say:  
"You have been very kind to me, but I never suspected it would come to this. Tell me truly, I have not given you false encouragement, have I?"  
As he answered in the negative, I called her name, delivered my message, and started for the house. They followed me, and as the air was so still, I could not avoid hearing her last words:  
"Under any other circumstance I would not tell you what now you should know; my heart was years ago given to another and—in a whisper, 'rejected.'"  
I parted from her with regret, and we kept up a correspondence for some time. Then I lost track of her.  
Last week I met a gentleman who is an old friend both of Louise and her boy lover, Clinton Hadley. He related to me this finale:  
"One evening I attended a musicale given by a Nines, and there met Hadley, whom I had not seen in several years. He looked as handsome as ever, but a trifle bored. We were talking over past events, when I suddenly said: 'Did you know, Clint, that your old girl, Louise Hunt, is on the programme tonight?'"  
"He started. 'No! Why, she did not come to us quietly, every inch a lady. You might not call her pretty, but she had speaking eyes which made you forget everything else when she looked at you. They were bright when she was in conversation, but I soon noticed that when she was not animated they were sad, and I felt to wondering what sorrow had befallen her so early in life. She was pleasant and helpful but not confidential, and nothing eventful occurred until just after the holidays when she came in quite excited, saying that one of her young friends at home was to be married the next week, and she had leave of absence for a fortnight. She had said very little about her family, but I knew she had sent them a Christmas box, so if I thought anything of her emotion, it was for the joy of going home.'"  
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will have to ask his permission. Mr. Hadley, Professor Roberts!"—Detroit Free Press.

### Emptying English Prisons.

The annual report of the English Commissioners of Prisons, recently published, shows that there has been a large decline since last year in the number of inmates of the local prisons of England and Wales. A similar or even more marked diminution of the prison population has been noted in previous years. In spite of the increase in population, there are fewer prisoners than at any previous time in forty years. The decrease since 1878 has been particularly great. The number of prisoners in March, 1890, was 13,877, which was 881 less than in March, 1889; 1659 less than in March, 1888; 5938 less than in March, 1880, and 6956 less than 1878. The prison population is only three-quarters of that of twelve years ago, while the population of the country has increased one-seventh. The Commissioners believe that the diminution in the number of prisoners is due entirely to a decrease in crime, and not to any laxity of the police or of the public prosecutors. The contrast of these figures with the statistics of the ever-increasing prison population of the United States will afford little pleasure to the patriotic residents of this country, but one or two considerations may give him some comfort. The increase of crime in this country is due in some measure to the immigration of men who have led criminal lives in other countries, or who come here with the idea of obtaining money by criminal means if necessary. England itself has sent us not a few persons who have at one time or another formed a part of its prison population. Another reason for the increase of the number of criminals in this country is the restless and rapidly moving manner of life in some of the communities, and the roughness inseparable from life in the remote parts of the country. When the United States settles into the comparative repose of the ancient civilization the prisons may be less crowded.—New York Tribune.

### Shooting Grouse.

When flushed the ruffled grouse springs into the air with a whir and boom that make the dry fallen leaves around dance under the swiftly-beating pinions, says the Philadelphia Press. This is the bird's chief characteristic, suggestive of the power and speed of which it is alone capable. The novice, taken unawares, is often so startled at the burst to wing that he stands in open-mouthed astonishment gazing after the bird, or sometimes aimlessly lets his gun go off into the air, or as often into the ground. The experienced hunter listens for the welcome sound of the bird's wings with a zest that is akin to craving.  
The speed of grouse is truly phenomenal. After the first beating of wings that gives the momentum the bird sets its pinions and seems to glide through air like a cannon ball. Unless the sportsman be at a considerable distance in cross shooting there is no possible chance of his being able to put his aim "on" the bird at all. At a distance of thirty yards or more, if the flush is expected and the woods comparatively open, the chance is that a quick shot will pull the trigger. As to whether he will kill or not, all I may say is, try, ambitious reader, you may. I have seen it done.  
In some instances after flushing the grouse will fly straight up to the tree top, then away. This is the easiest shot to many. Of the methods of shooting the ruffled grouse I know of but two, small but dignified, gracious as a queen and twice as lovable. And such eyes!  
Her first number was an aria, "O Don Fatal," from "Le Prophete," and Hadley had scarcely recovered from his dazed wonderment, when her second song was due, an English ballad called "Faithful."  
"Friendship has failed us, old trust has gone,  
Love that was dawning is dead;  
Life and its sunshine are clouded o'er,  
Aye, for the past has fled,  
You will forget, and our story will seem  
The dream of a summer day,  
But I shall remember its golden light  
When years shall have passed away,  
I thought you loved me once,  
I deemed the story true,  
But still I am faithful to you."  
"But where the world has sung you of sorrow,  
Hiding its golden beam,  
Then, love, I pray that you may remember  
Just once again our dream!  
And when the angels guide you to Heaven,  
Or the divinings come,  
Look on the shore and give me this wail,  
Come."  
"I know you are faithful to me!"  
"I thought you loved me once,  
I deemed the story true,  
When shadows fall,  
And love is all,  
You'll know I was faithful to you!"  
"Could it be possible that she knew her old-time love was to hear her, and was she singing to him? Hadley looked as though he thought so, and under cover of the prolonged applause he grasped me eagerly, saying:  
"I want to meet her!"  
"He had that which waked-up look on his face when later in the evening I said:  
"Louise, allow me to present an old acquaintance."  
"Too accustomed to all kinds of surprises to be taken off her guard, she offered him her gloved hand in a charming manner, saying:  
"Good evening, Mr. Hadley, this is an unexpected pleasure."  
"But he said, still holding her hand:  
"Louise, may I speak with you alone?"  
"Certainly," and they stepped into an alcove, where he began:  
"Louise, O Louise! what a shame that we ever had any trouble! To-night you have brought up all the happy past, and I plead with you to forget all my unkindness and stupidity, and let us begin where we were before."  
"Excuse me, Mr. Hadley. Had it not been for that trouble, I would not have my voice and as to beginning again, I would not make my mark in some

### ICEBERG CAPERS.

#### THE TRICKS AND ANTICS OF ARCTIC MONSTERS.

It is a Grand Spectacle to See a Mountain of Ice Turn a Double Scissorsault—"Iceberg Calves."

No one who has ever seen a grand, stately iceberg on "its solemn southward march," writes Frederick Schwatka, in the New York Herald, would ever credit these floating islands of ice with undignified capers and erratic movements, so impressive is the air of awful stillness and almost colossal solidity that surrounds these colossal children of cold climates.  
Still a great mountain of ice will sometimes vary its prominent movements of steady drifting by turning somersaults and double somersaults and whirling tricks until it looks like some huge hippoboscian hippopotamus with skin of perowine whirling around in the waters of the northern sea.  
I have seen but one such overturning of these moving mountains of marble, and surely it looked as if the "great waters of the deep were breaking up" and that the end of all things had come. Great green waves went thundering by as if a hurricane might have been howling hours before had been as motionless as a mill pond. Flying heights of foam dashed down from dizzy heights above, and its slippery sides are almost covered with cascades, formed from the waters that have been lifted up by the rapidly overturning berg.  
The first intimation we had of the coming on of the convulsion was a dull shock from under the water against our ship's side as if a submarine blast had been exploded, a shock very much like that given when the great Hell Gate in New York harbor was sprung, and a moment afterward a high rising of the sea near one side of the iceberg was apparent, and through this vast lake of uplifted waters broke through a snow white mass of ice that had been detached from the high crystal mountain far down in the ocean's depths, and that came whirling to the surface with a swiftness that seemed to lift it half way out of the sea, and which kept it spinning and splashing for a full five minutes afterward.  
The release of this portion from its frozen fetters far below had disturbed the "stable equilibrium," as the learned scientists would say, of the greater and parent berg, and a moment afterward it began its stupendous swaying, as if some earthquake were influencing it from beneath, until in one of its colossal careenings it fell over and seemed to bury itself in a mass of milk like foam, as if a thousand demons were drowning in the lashed waters of the green sea, and that sent tremendous tidal waves tearing across the depths that would have engulfed the Great Eastern had she been near. It sank for a second only and then rapidly reappeared with a creamy crest that in shallow sheets of white poured down the perpendicular sides of the mighty glacial giant that was trying so hard to find a quiet rest in its watery bed.  
Woe to the ship that has ventured too near one of these monsters of ice just as it has taken a notion to give a display of its Arctic antics, for if it be broadside to the tremendous tidal wave that comes curling outward from the center of commotion, and has no time to turn "end on" to meet the rapid rush of waters, it may be thrown upon its "beam ends," as the sailor would say, or thrown over on side, by the steep front of the wave, then fill with water and sink. Such Arctic accidents have been known to occur to careless cruisers in the iceberg region, and probably some of the very mysterious disappearances of polar parties would be solved in this way if the riddle were really unravelled.  
The again if the boat has only sailing power she is liable to meet the most erratic gusts of wind, and sudden squalls that can upset her as suddenly as a tidal wave. Everybody has noticed how much more powerful and erratic are the winds around the base of a very high building in a city than elsewhere in it. And so with the great iceberg. It catches all the wandering winds of the high heavens and directs them downward, winding and twisting around its base, until it is very unsafe for a sailing boat to venture near these eddy gusts. So between the little icebergs popping up from the water below and falling down from the sides above, coupled with a chance of the colossal of them all turning a hyperborean handspiring that fairly sets the old ocean frantic with excitement, and not forgetting the twisting tornadoes that the berg brings down to its base, makes it altogether an uncertain undertaking to have a polar picnic too near one of these crystal mountains.

### A Famous Oil Town.

The survivors of Pithole, the famous oil town in Venango County, Penn., have been holding a reunion at Titusville. Mr. Porter's count of the present Pithole will show possibly a population of five persons, whereas in its palmy days it had a population of 15,000, and in point of postal business transacted it was the third city in the State, Philadelphia and Pittsburg only exceeding it. The Holden farm at Pithole, which once was sold to Chicago people for \$1,500,000, has been sold at a tax sale for \$100.—Detroit Free Press.

### PATENT ROMANCES.

#### HUGE FORTUNES REARED FROM TRIFLING INVENTIONS.

Honors and Emoluments for the Originators of Valuable Ideas—The "Drive Well" Paid Its Inventor \$3,000,000.

"There is," says an eminent authority, "scarcely an article of human convenience or necessity in the market today that has not been the subject of a patent in whole or in part. The sale of every such article yields its inventor a profit. If we purchase a box of paper collars a portion of the price goes to the inventor; if we buy a sewing machine the probability is that we pay a royalty to as many as a dozen or fifteen inventors as at once." Lord Brougham often said that he would gladly have exchanged his honors and emoluments for the profits and renown of the inventor of the perambulator or sewing machine. We are not wishful to lead our readers to covet what are termed "large fortunes" as really conducive to happiness or usefulness. "Fortune" is itself a heathen and not a Christian word. But "invention" is another thing, and the remunerative results are a fitting element for consideration in these days. Howe, the originator of the sewing machine, derived \$500,000 a year, and from their mechanical improvements the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson are reputed to have divided for many years an income of \$1,000,000, while the author of the Singer sewing machine left at his decease nearly \$15,000,000. The telephone, the plating machine and the rubber patents realized many millions, while the simple idea of heating the blast in iron smelting increased the wealth of the country by hundreds of millions. The patent for making the lower ends of candles taper instead of parallel, so as to more easily fit the socket, made the present enormous business of a well-known firm of London chandlers. The "drive well" was an idea of Colonel Green, whose troops during the war were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached, and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it have been obliged to pay him a royalty, estimated at \$3,000,000. A large profit was realized by the inventor who patented the idea of making umbrellas out of alpaca instead of gingham, and the patentee of the improved "paragon frame" (Samuel Fox) lately left by his estate and a large sum of money. The weaving, dyeing, lace and ribbon making trades originated and depend for their existence upon ingenious machinery, the result of an infinity of inventive efforts.  
The discovery of the perforated substance used for bottoming chairs and for other purposes has made its inventor a millionaire. George Yeaton, the inventor in question, was a poor Yankee cane-seater in Vermont. He first distinguished himself by inventing a machine for weaving cane, but he made no money out of it, as some one stole his idea and had the process patented. After a number of years' experimenting Yeaton at last hit upon this invention, which consists of a number of thin layers of boards of different degrees of hardness glued together to give pliability. He formed a company, and to-day he has a plant valued at \$500,000, and is in the receipt of a princely annual revenue derived from this invention. Carpet beating, from being an untold nuisance, has become a lucrative trade through inventive genius and mechanical contrivance. Even natural curiosity has been turned to account in the number of automatic boxes for the sale of goods of all kinds, and fabulous dividends have been paid by the companies owning the patents. The most profitable inventions have been the improvements in simple devices, things of every-day use, that everybody wants. Among the number of patents for small things may be mentioned the "stylographic pen," and a pen for shading in different colors, producing \$200,000 per annum. A large profit has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pocket to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that the inventor of metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000 producing realized profits of a quarter of a million of money. Another useful invention is the "darning weaver," a device for repairing stockings, undergarments, etc., the sale of which is very large and increasing. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted s-bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience will be well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over \$1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him \$2,000,000 in United States bonds. Upward of \$10,000 a year was made by the inventor of the common needle-threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived or which large sums have been paid.

### Jay Gould and Son.

When Jay Gould is in the city it is unusual occurrence for him and his son George to be seen together on Broadway between the Western Union building and Wall Street. Since Mr. Gould practically took his eldest son into partnership in the two are almost inseparable, and the smallness of stature of the Wizard of Wall Street is never so strikingly apparent than when he is seen standing or walking beside his stalwart son. George, although an uncommonly handsome and well built young man, is not above the medium height, and yet he is almost a head taller than his father. Jay Gould's demeanor toward his eldest son is a charming study. It betokens a degree of affection and pride that makes the possession of wealth seem insignificant. One day last week father and son walked into the largest banking houses downtown. The head of the banking firm arose and approached the man of millions with an air of deference. Paying no heed to courtesies intended for himself, Mr. Gould said: "Mr. —, this is my son," and his tone and manner impressed all of the persons present with the idea that "my son" is a very large factor in the Gould family.—New York Times.

### THE CLOUDS.

#### Suspended in the air

Like the mountain cliffs up there,  
And wrapt in the softest roscate hue,  
The clouds are heaped on high,  
And streaked across the sky  
With fire emblazoned on the view.  
How beautiful they sail,  
Robed in a morning veil,  
Like vessels on the placid blue,  
Ten thousand sunbeams tint,  
Ten thousand emblems hint,  
The good, the noble and the true.  
Now comes the brightsome breeze  
With lulling sound of ease,  
And drives the saffron flames apart,  
As stealing winds have torn  
And far away have borne  
Some cherished idol of my heart.  
May trouble be as light  
And virtue shine as bright  
Within the fleeting life of all,  
As clouds at airy rest  
With lightsome, downy crest,  
Or floating at the Master's call.  
—R. H. Havener, in Times-Democrat.

### PITH AND POINT.

A shady occupation—Making awnings.  
A cooper ought to be able to stove off disaster.  
Hides and pelts—The average boy in a snowball season.  
The refrain of the Arctic Circle—"Freeze a jolly good fellow."  
Son-struck—The gentleman who is knocked down by his offspring.  
The man who tried heroic measures found they were several sizes too large for him.  
A believer in signs should be cured of his superstition when he enters a dime museum.  
Teacher—"Johnny, what causes the daybreak?" Johnny—"I guess it's caused by the nightfall."  
"This parrot is worth \$500." "What gives it such a tremendous value?" "It can't talk."—Sparks.  
Miss Fish—"Don't you think a veil is becoming to me?" Miss Caustic—"Yes, a heavy one."—Epoch.  
When a "whaling bark" is spoken of, we suppose of course it comes from a birch tree.—Boston Bulletin.  
"Come out and take a walk." "No the sky is gray, and gray is not becoming to me."—Friedlander Blatter.  
Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—"Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church."—Life.  
This world is very odd—  
Make the angry housewife  
See some dyspeptic soul  
Pose as a sage.  
Peasant (to his son)—"Say, Hans, how long will you have to study before you can wear glasses?"—Friedlander Blatter.  
Dead hens lay no eggs, because they are eaten; it can't be sung of them, "Each in its narrow cell forever laid."—Puck.  
The ordinary musician dispenses music by the measure, the bass drummer gets off his by the pound.—Philadelphia Times.  
It isn't strange that there is trouble when things go at "sixes and sevens." Sixes and sevens make thirteens.—Chicago Post.  
"Did you tell your father that I loved you with all my might?" "Yes; but he said that your might was too small."—The Jester.  
It is queer, but true, that women will go to the New York Commissioners of Emigration after an imported girl when they want a domestic.  
"I don't see how people who make artificial teeth keep out of the poorhouse." "Why?" "They have so many mouths to fill."—Epoch.  
You can always judge by appearances. The gas metre very modestly covers its face with its hands; but have a care 'tis fooling thee.—Boston Transcript.  
Half a pound of glucose,  
Half a pound of sand,  
Make the angry housewife  
And the grocer bludge.  
—Boston Traveler.  
Belinda—"It's queer, isn't it, but everywhere I go the young men gather round me." Maud—"Perhaps they think there is a safety in numbers."—Boston Post.  
When a big man in a little town moves to a larger town he is putting himself in a position to learn his first big lesson in humiliation.—Athens Globe.  
A peculiarity of the rooster is this: That though it was simple chicken on going to roost in the evening, in the morning it always turns to crow.—Philadelphia Times.  
Ho—"May I take the liberty of calling on you this afternoon, or do you prefer other company?" She—"As far as that goes, no company is as desirable as yours."—Texas Sittings.  
"I had a splendid time in my vacation this last summer. Meals just when I wanted them, cold and warm baths, capital wines, and no fees for waiters or porters." "And where is this ideal place, doctor?" "I stayed at home."—Friedlander Blatter.  
A Remarkable Piece of Bluestone.  
Probably the most remarkable piece of bluestone ever quarried in this country and brought safely to tidewater is now at Wilbur. It is twenty feet long by its twenty-four feet nine inches, ten inches thick and weighs over twenty tons. It was taken out of a quarry near Kingston, and by its side the celebrated slab in front of the Vanderbilt mansion in New York, which is fifteen by twenty feet and eight inches thick, is shorn of much of its glory. This monster stone is so large that it may be cut in two for a buyer, which will detract from its actual value about twenty per cent. In its present shape it is practically dead money to its owners, as it is larger and wider either way than any sidewalk in America.—Chicago News.