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FRIDAY NOVEMBER 12 1890.

The reestablishment of our street car service should be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Business borough is stirred up over the proposition of the council to borrow \$25,000 to erect a public building.

The man who will furnish our city with never-failing street lights and plenty of them, will do the people a great service.

The question of who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives is proving even the candidates themselves.

Because it is too late let us think about where the city lines should run. Discussion on that point would be more profitable now than after the survey is made.

The population of the United States has more than doubled in thirty years; the wealth of the Nation has more than quadrupled, while the education of the people has advanced, their comforts multiplied and their moral standing elevated. We move forward, we do.

Business is an uncomfortable country for embezzlers. A cashier employed by the city of Ghent, who embezzled 268,000 francs of the municipal cash, has just caught it very hot indeed. He has been sentenced to forty years' imprisonment and five years' police supervision to follow, has been fined 8,439 francs, ordered to restore the entire sum he has embezzled, and will in addition lose all his civil rights.

The flag with forty-two stars will not be legal until July 4, 1890. Washington, the last new State, has just been admitted, and the formal admission of its representatives into Congress will not take place till that body meets. The law says on this subject: "On the admission of a new State into the Union one star shall be added to the union of the flag, and such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July, then next succeeding the admission."

Europe has it is said, now postponed its great war for a couple of years until the nations can bring into general use the newly invented smokeless powder and arm their soldiers with small bore rifles. Perhaps by that time some new adaptation that is deemed necessary will further postpone hostilities and by and by they will take to heart the lesson that it is not worth while any longer to prepare for war when by reason of the progress of invention they can never get ready.

It is estimated that the coming Congress will do some things, may consider a few bills, but will probably do nothing of importance.

As a result of the general election in the State of Ohio, the State has a divorce granted to a woman who had been married for a long time.

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violation of private premises and the violation of personal rights in the enforcement of the prohibitory law in Iowa are calculated to remind people that there are constitutional guarantees against outrages of the kind that have been described. The fourth article of the original amendments of the Federal Constitution declares that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, and papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated," and that "no warrants shall issue except upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized." If the stories that have been told of constables invading private houses in search of liquors in Iowa are true, this most carefully framed guarantee of one of the most sacred of the rights of citizenship has been outrageously violated. A law that permits anything of the kind is worthy only of a depository.

The investigation of food products recently set afoot by the Minnesota State Board of Health showed that the laboratory, rather than the field and the dairy, is playing a principal part in supplying food. We quote: "Of twenty-five samples of baking powder, two were of phosphate, four cream of tartar, and nineteen alum baking powders. Of twenty-three samples of cream tartar bought of retail grocers, two only were fairly pure, twenty-one did not contain any traces of cream tartar, being composed of tartaric acid, acid calcium phosphate, and in some instances alum. Of fifty-five samples sold as cider vinegar, eleven were pure, thirteen spurious cider vinegars made from the exhausted pomace from which the cider had been pressed, and thirty-one were colored low-wine vinegars, containing in some instances a small proportion of apple solids or cider vinegar. Three samples sold as malt vinegar were colored low-wine vinegars, nineteen being below the legal limit of acidity. Of sixty-eight samples of lard, thirty-seven were adulterated with cottonseed oil. Of ten samples of olive oil, six consisted largely or entirely of cottonseed oil, the other four being pure." The report says that all through the State impure goods are being sold for unadulterated goods.

A NOTABLE GATHERING—THE GREAT CATHOLIC CONVENTION.

It is doubtful if any body of men more distinguished and learned ever assembled in this country for any purpose, or in the interest of any cause, than that of the Catholic prelates who met in general convention in Baltimore this month. What ever may be said with reference to the illiteracy of the lay element of this religious organization, its priesthood is deservedly distinguished for its thorough and classical knowledge. Taking its prelatial order through and through, from its Novitiate up to its celebrated Cardinals, it ranks prominently among the most thoroughly educated body of men in the world. An accredited priest in the Catholic Church has worked his way up to the time of being invested with priestly orders and prerogatives, through a complete series of literary and ecclesiastical studies, ranging from seven to nine years. A thorough classical training is a sine qua non in assuming the high functions of the priestly office.

This late Convention of the Catholic clergy of the United States, and distinguished representatives from foreign countries, was one of the most noted events of this year. The attention it attracted by its proceedings, its learned discussions of mooted points in church polity, and its bold stand in favor of temperance and unequivocal denunciation of saloons and the whole saloon system, have been matters of comment by all the leading dailies.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the Convention was its visit to Washington City, to participate in the dedicatory services of the Catholic University, and the reception accorded its distinguished members, by not only the municipal authorities, but by our Chief Executive and his Cabinet. At the banquet table Cardinal Gibbons, was flanked on the right by President Harrison, Secretary Blaine and a number of Cardinals and Archbishops; and on the left by Secretaries Windom, Tracy, Noble, Rusk and Attorney General Miller. Speeches were made by Mr. Blaine, President Harrison and others.

While in Washington many of the distinguished visitors attended, and spoke at, one of the largest Temperance meetings ever held in a large rink, and under the auspices of the St. Matthews Temperance Society. Among the speakers was Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, the entire assembly of thousands rising as he advanced to the platform. Among other things, he said: "We must take hold of this vice of intemperance which darkens the mind, corrupts and depraves men, before we can do any good for the people. We are ready to make and change laws until we come to acts which affect lager beer and whisky, and then we stand back afraid. Afraid of what? Why, of brewers and saloon keepers. * * * There are times when heroic measures are needed to meet great calamities, and now a heroic measure is needed to head off this giant evil. Unfortunately the slate-makers meet in saloons, and men are selected for positions for the reason that they are acceptable to the liquor interests. * * * Men say, that is, drinking men they wanted liberty to drink or not to drink, but my observation has been that such men have an abundance of liberty to drink, but somehow no liberty not to drink. I favor high license, because it lessens the number of saloons; and men not having liquor at their doors, which they have by the multiplicity of saloons, would not be tempted by so many gilded signs."

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

Yells that brought to mind the savage in his war paint, all stirred. But that off-putting the savage of some woodland-cave? Hangings on to dress as if fence, In his efforts to explore. Stealing to a body's senses Was the little boy next door? If a window pane was shattered, Or a missile cleaved the air If the street's repose was scattered— Heads out peeping everywhere— Little need for explanation All had happened on a before: Mite of terror and vexation Was that little boy next door? Cats and dogs be intuition. Know of his approach and fled; Jauntily sauntered his position On his evening party head. As with teaching and instruction In his efforts to explore. Stealing to a body's senses Was the little boy next door? Brave, venturesome and respectful To the old folks in his way With a sympathy unfeigned. To-morrow, day or day to-day: How these things and things were mingled In his efforts to explore. Stealing to a body's senses Was the little boy next door? When, at sunset, home ward sailing, One I passed the children's noise. Marked their errands in whiskers talking. Leaving all their romping joys. Saw the little boy next door gleaming From the house's doorway before— Tears drove on my cheeks were gleaming For the little boy next door.—Independent.

Sum in Division.

Gen. Knox, of revolutionary fame, was a man of quick perceptions and ready wit, and withal was accustomed to say what he pleased. After the war he lived at Thomaston, Me., where he had a large estate. Gen. George Ulmer, of one of the neighboring towns, presented himself to Gen. Knox one day as a land surveyor. He detailed somewhat ostentatiously his long experience, together with his recent purchase of a new and very superior set of instruments. If Gen. Knox needed any service in his line, he would engage to give perfect satisfaction.

"You're the very man I have been looking for!" exclaimed Gen. Knox. "I have a hundred acres of land which I wish to divide into house lots of ten acres each. How many will it make?" Ulmer was considerably disconcerted by the suddenness of the question, and, naturally enough, was prepared to find it difficult. He began to collect himself, mentally re-stating the premises, and striving to acquire sufficient coolness to solve the problem correctly.

Gen. Knox counted as many seconds as he thought necessary, and then interrupted the other's cogitations by remarking, abruptly, "Oh, well, it's no matter about an immediate answer. Any other time will do just as well," and at once fell to talking about something else. Ulmer was so chagrined at his own stupidity that he never broached the subject afterward.—Youth's Companion.

A Chinaman on Walking.

Nobody ever saw a Chinaman with muddy shoes, no matter what the weather, unless some hoodlums had pushed him into a puddle. We take care of our feet instinctively, and get into a habit of walking carefully. If you watch on a muddy crossing you will see one American after another pick his way over cautiously, and yet land on the other side with mud on his toes, while a Chinaman will walk along after them at his usual gait, and seemingly not noticing his feet, stepping on the other curb without a particle of mud on the tops of his shoes. But when he crossed the street he did not walk as the American did. Had he done so he would have been as muddy as they. They stepped along gingerly on their toes, or, at least, the front part of the foot. In this way they put all the weight of their body on the thinnest part of the shoe, from top to bottom, and when it flattened out with each step the mud touched the leather. The Chinaman walked over with the weight of his body on the heel and in-
stead of the shoe, and the toe barely grazing the ground. The foot of the shoe that felt his weight was firm and unyielding, and did not spread into the mud.—Fung Lou in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Customs in Other Climes.

It is common in Arabia to put cheek to cheek. The Hindoo falls in the dust before his superior. The Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by. A Japanese removes his sandals, crosses his hands and cries out: "Spare me!" The Burmese pretend to smell of a person's face, pronounce it sweet and then ask for a "smell." The Australian natives practice the singular custom when meeting of sticking out their tongues at each other. A striking salutation of the South Sea Islanders is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend. The Arabs hug and kiss each other, making simultaneously a host of inquiries about each other's health and prospects. The Turk crosses his hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance, thus manifesting his regard without coming in personal contact with his object.—New York Mail and Express.

Herb Tobacco.

A new substitute for tobacco is being introduced. It is a mixture of British herbs—the particular plants are kept secret—and smokers who have tried the compound declare it to be deliciously fragrant, slightly exhilarating and without sootiness to the nerves. Combined with ordinary tobacco, it is said to make a blend as satisfactory as that of chicory with coffee. At present it is prepared in Scotland under the name of "herb tobacco," and it has rapidly grown in favor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Real Climb-Ax.

A variety show is on the road in which a Japanese "artist" walks barefooted up a sort of ladder composed of axes with the sharp edge uppermost. This is probably the climb-ax of the show.—Pecora Journal.

THE RAZOR BACK.

Whoever places the horse or the dog next to human beings in the scale of intelligence and sagacity has never made the acquaintance of the Tennessee hog, the razor back. One who knows the pig only as the fat, sleepy, grumpy occupant of the sty has no idea of the spirit and wisdom, the daring and enterprise of the species, when born and reared among the rugged mountain regions of the Cumberland. In contrast with the close pen which is all the world his northern cousin ever knows, freedom is the very air his pigship breathes from the time when he opens his narrow, speculative eyes, in the beechen shade of the hills, until the unlucky day when he is cornered by human craft and numbers and reduced to bacon. His education begins in infancy, guided by his mother, who shows him the way into all the best garden, orchard and cornfields. "He is a piggy fellow" was the recommendation given by a Cumberland valley farmer to a recent northern settler of the porker he was about to sell him. "He has allus shirked for hisself." The purchaser gave no thought to his own garden patch, but not enough, for his summer was spent in devising barriers over which, or under which, or through which it was pastime for that hog to make his way, and the man's anger was finally lost in admiration of the sagacity of the animal, whose feats of agility and ingenuity enabled him to maintain his own healthy condition, and also to treat his friends, for he is not wholly selfish. I have seen him plant his long snout under a gate, and raise it more and more, until he had wormed himself halfway through, then hold it, resting on his strong "razor back" until the drove of half a dozen or more followers under his charge had squirmed through, then, with an expressive grunt, he would lead a raid on the corn field, where a forest of tall stalks, from twelve to seventeen feet high, and bent left supposably bare, so to say during the short, wet winter. Figg knows, however, that now and then an ear has been overlooked, and he enters the rows, cocking his head, now on this side, now on that, squinting up at the top of each tall stalk, until he sees an ear at the top; then quickly he slides it down" within his reach. Quickly it is devoured and another sought out and captured, until the field is gleaned; when he rallies his troops and guides them into pastures new. Gates and bars are a laughing stock to him. Barbed wire is an agreeable irritant to his rhinoceros-like hide; and the hopeless farmer is often at his wits' end until the time when friendly autumn strews the mountain sides with "mast," which proves more attractive to these ubiquitous monarchs than are the cultivated gardens.

The Tennessee hog knows that the laws of his native state protect him, while the human would be masters of the soil must look out for themselves; and he acts accordingly. An unpleasant thing to meet is a drove of these pigs when out of temper. They will turn in a body and chase a man and dog till both are glad to mount out of reach on a fallen tree; and there they will hold them at bay, with backs erect, in a sharp line of bristles—whence their name—and with gruntings which cannot be described, gnashing their long, savage teeth, remind one forcibly of the wild boar, whence sprang their ancestry.—American Agriculturist.

Told by the Hands.

A rather unusual case of a policeman's sagacity is told by a gentleman of central Missouri. Some years ago Col. William F. Switzer, of Columbia, in company with an old gentleman of Howard county and a St. Louis physician, were in this city together witnessing some exhibition. During the performance a lady spectator exclaimed: "I'm robbed!" To prevent the thief from dropping the purse into another's pocket, Col. Switzer exclaimed: "Hold your pistol!" A policeman standing near by immediately and energetically ordered all the men in the immediate locality to stand in a line. Walking around the line twice, he began at the gentleman from Howard county and said: "You are a carpenter;" to the next, "You are a literary man;" coming to the next he said: "You are the thief," and, searching him, found the pocket-book. Asked by one of the gentlemen how he could designate a man's calling, the officer said: "The doctor there has caustic on his fingers; the carpenter has cuts on his hands; the literary man has ink on his fingers; the thief has hands which show no evidence of good work of any kind."—St. Louis Republic.

Changed the Babies.

In Nordhausen there is a cafe in which one room is specially reserved for the cabmen belonging to the rank outside. The other evening the large hall of the cafe was hired for a fete, and after supper, when dancing began, those fathers and mothers who had brought their babies with them found that the latter interfered with their enjoyment. The perambulators containing the sleeping infants were accordingly pushed into the adjoining cabmen's room to be out of the way. The cabmen, angry at the infantile invasion, remonstrated, but, as no notice was taken of their objections, they hit upon a plan of revenge. Waiting till the pleasure seekers were completely engrossed with their dancing, they secretly changed the babies. When the fete was over, the parents came, looked out their own perambulators, and wheeled them home; but found, to their horror and amazement, when they lifted out the occupants, that they had got the wrong babies.—Court Circular.

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"Are you feeling better this morning, Uncle Henry?" "Yes, Angie, dear." "You'll soon be well now, won't you, Uncle Henry?" "I don't know, dear; I may never get up again; Uncle Henry is a very sick man." "Oh, yes, I know; but you'll soon get well. I heard the doctor tell pa this morning that all the doctors in America couldn't kill as mean a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies and is well enough the next time the doctor calls to get his head under the sofa and maul him till the police break into the room. The diagnosis was correct.)—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

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"John," said Mrs. Wiggins, "I think we had better change our ice man." "Why, my dear? Doesn't Mr. Freezer give full weight?" "Yes; but his ice melts so quickly."—Harper's Bazar.

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"Do you remember when and where we first met?" I heard a loving wife ask her husband. "Certainly, my dear." "I'll wager you don't," she said; "I don't believe you can tell me now." "The first time I met you," he said quite readily, "was at a charity ball at the — hall." "So it was," she said, quite pleased; "it is very nice to know you remember so well." And when she left the room he turned to me and said: "For heaven's sake don't say anything; but I remember because that night some fellow walked off with an \$80 overcoat of mine, and I had to go home without any."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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The Bid Was Withdrawn.

In Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter of 1848, an auction sale of the personal estate of a deceased planter, comprising some seventy or eighty slaves and other "chattels," was held in the public market place. I was glad of the opportunity to see for myself how such things were done. On beginning the sale the auctioneer announced that families would not be separated, but would be sold in "lots." After a number of "lots" had been duly brought to the block and knocked down to the highest bidder, a bright looking boy was brought forward and placed upon the stand. The auctioneer at the same time called an old colored man among the crowd to come up and stand beside the boy. He did so, and the auctioneer then said: "Gentlemen, the old man is this boy's father; he lives in the West Indies, and is a free man. He wants to buy the boy and take him to his home and make him free. He bids \$400, which is all the money he has." The intent of this statement was evidently to discourage any advance on that bid, and it touched a sympathetic chord in his audience. The crowd watched the proceedings for a minute or two in silence, while the auctioneer dwelt upon the bid of \$400, and was calling it for the third and last time, when, from the outskirts of the crowd, a voice bid "Fifty." Every eye was at once turned in the direction of the bidder, who was a rough, dissipated looking fellow, a typical slave trader in appearance. The auctioneer paused a moment, looked annoyed, and then repeated his previous statement concerning the old man, emphasizing the remark that \$400 was all the money he had. "And now," said he, "I am bid four hundred and fifty." From a dozen voices came the cry: "Withdraw your bid!" The auctioneer awaited the result. The bidder growled a sorry refusal, saying he "wanted that boy, and had as good a right to bid as anybody." "Four hundred and fifty," came slowly from the lips of the auctioneer. The shouts of "Withdraw your bid!" were repeated in many tones on every side. "Well," said the bidder, "I withdraw it."

The auctioneer quickly went back to the original bid, on which he dwelt two or three times, when down went his hammer. "Sold at four hundred. Old man, the boy is yours; take him down." The crowd cheered, and the principal figure in this little drama who, the moment before, had been the picture of despair, hurried down from the stand smiling and happy.—New York Sun.

The Natives of Scraph.

The population of Scraph turned out to see us. The women were a strange contrast to the men in appearance. While the latter were as lean as whipping posts and uglier than most monkeys, the former—at least those under 20 or so—were plump, solidly built, full bodied creatures, and there were at least half a dozen in the crowd before us who might fairly be termed good looking. But the older members of the community, the women especially, almost pass my powers of description to give an idea of their weird ugliness. K. tersely summed them up as "baked monkey," but a monkey would at least have had a covering of hair, whereas these dreadful persons had nothing but their very scanty clothing to conceal any part of the leathery integument that was so tightly shrunken over their skeleton bones, and looked so hard and dry that you expected to hear it crackle when they moved. Their faces seemed to consist of a particle of flesh and looked precisely as if some one had tried to make a mask out of old leather, and falling had thrown it down in disgust and stamped on it. Yet they seemed neither decrepit nor idiotic. The men carried their complement of arms; one old fellow had girded on the longest and crookedest sword there. He looked like Death with his scythe. A woman, who resembled one of the dried mummies of blacks found in North Queensland reanimated, was pounding paddy in a wooden mortar, so I concluded that appearances were deceptive and that they were not nearly so old as they looked. Indeed, the Malayan races are not long lived and really old people are very scarce—such an instance as the late Sultan of Brunei, who lived to nearly 100, being almost unheard of.—London Field.

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No. 2 Ahead.

Two young men, both good fellows, but a little given to romancing, stood on a corner for a moment to exchange stories. "You may not believe me," said No. 1, "but what I am going to tell you is gospel. Up at Silver lake last summer I caught a half pound pickerel. He wasn't much of a fish compared with others that I'd got, so I threw him in again—first, however, clipping his tail into the shape of a heart, so I would know him again. Would you believe it? I have just come from there now; and I brought with me that same fish. I caught him again, but he gave a great fight this time, and no wonder, for he weighed between six and seven pounds. The heart shape of his tail was perfect, just as I had cut it."

"I can quite believe your story," returned the second young man, thoughtfully. "I had a very similar experience myself. Last year at the sea shore I caught an enormous bluefish. I had plenty of others, so I thought I'd mark this one and let him go. I didn't like to cut him, so I took a silver wire that I carried on my waist, and tied it to the tail of the fish. Only last week, just before I left there, I caught the same fish. He was no bigger than he was the last time I had seen him, but the little white had grown into a fog horn."

That was all, and the look of reproach that came over the features of youth No. 1 will haunt youth No. 2 to his dying day.—Chicago Journal.

Mother Love.

There are, perhaps, a hundred babies born here in the Female hospital every year, and in 90 per cent. of the cases the unfortunate mothers do not bear the names of the fathers of the children. If the mother does not desire to care for the little one we undertake to find it a home, but, very strangely, these women rarely care to part with their offspring. There has not been a time since I assumed the superintendency of the institution that I have not had applications on file for infants which I could not fill. The women leave here with their babes. Perhaps they find them a burden later on, and leave them on the steps of some friendly asylum. When we take charge of an infant here, it is with the distinct understanding that the mother shall be in utter ignorance of its future guardians. The child must be surrendered absolutely, for obvious reasons. It is, perhaps, for this reason that they prefer the foundling asylums, as they imagine that the little one may at some future time be traced out and secured should happier days come.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Treatment of Heart Disease.

It is well known that at a certain stage of heart disease dropsy invariably sets in. Professor German See, of Paris, has long been experimenting with a view to discover what element in milk rendered it such an admirable agent to stimulate the kidneys, increase the flow therefrom and hence prove of such great service in dropsy. The conviction which he arrived at was that the one important element is sugar of milk. Acting on that theory he selected twenty-five patients with heart disease, in all of which there was more or less dropsy. To each he gave 100 grammes of the sugar of milk a day, dissolved in two quarts of water. In all these cases a marked effect on the kidneys was felt within twenty-four to forty-five hours, and the dropsy diminished rapidly, and after a series of treatment lasting from six to eight days, almost all such swellings disappeared. This discovery is regarded as one of the most important which has been made in the medical world for years.—New York Telegram.

Another Longevity Table.

From statistics gathered by a prominent life insurance company it appears the occupation most conducive to longevity is that of merchants. Next to these in expectation of life come farmers; then follow in succession doctors, lawyers, clergymen, shop keepers and hotel keepers. It may be mentioned that among hotel and saloon keepers, brewers and wholesale liquor dealers the deaths from consumption, heart disease and zymotic diseases are comparatively few, while the rate for nervous diseases and diseases of the liver is extremely high. Brokers follow hotel keepers as regards average length of life, and then mechanics.—Herald of Health.

Changed the Babies.

In Nordhausen there is a cafe in which one room is specially reserved for the cabmen belonging to the rank outside. The other evening the large hall of the cafe was hired for a fete, and after supper, when dancing began, those fathers and mothers who had brought their babies with them found that the latter interfered with their enjoyment. The perambulators containing the sleeping infants were accordingly pushed into the adjoining cabmen's room to be out of the way. The cabmen, angry at the infantile invasion, remonstrated, but, as no notice was taken of their objections, they hit upon a plan of revenge. Waiting till the pleasure seekers were completely engrossed with their dancing, they secretly changed the babies. When the fete was over, the parents came, looked out their own perambulators, and wheeled them home; but found, to their horror and amazement, when they lifted out the occupants, that they had got the wrong babies.—Court Circular.

Comfort for the Patient.

"Are you feeling better this morning, Uncle Henry?" "Yes, Angie, dear." "You'll soon be well now, won't you, Uncle Henry?" "I don't know, dear; I may never get up again; Uncle Henry is a very sick man." "Oh, yes, I know; but you'll soon get well. I heard the doctor tell pa this morning that all the doctors in America couldn't kill as mean a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies and is well enough the next time the doctor calls to get his head under the sofa and maul him till the police break into the room. The diagnosis was correct.)—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Of Inferior Make.

"John," said Mrs. Wiggins, "I think we had better change our ice man." "Why, my dear? Doesn't Mr. Freezer give full weight?" "Yes; but his ice melts so quickly."—Harper's Bazar.