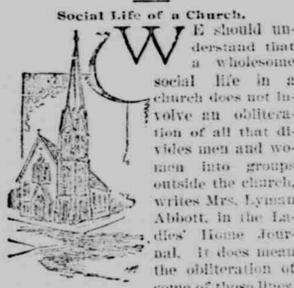


SERMONS FOR SUNDAY

PREACHED THROUGH VARIOUS CLEVER PENS.

Obiteration of Some Outside Social Lines Required of a Church—Mitchell Speaks of Four Graces—When God Speaks, Man Answers.



Social Life of a Church.
W E should understand that a wholesome social life in a church does not involve an obliteration of all that divides men and women into groups outside the church. writes Mrs. Lyman Abbott, in the Ladies' Home Journal. It does mean the obliteration of some of those lines.

Except while under the power of an absorbing interest, degrees of intellectual cultivation, tastes, habits make companionship agreeable or disagreeable. So while men and women of diverse characteristics may work together happily under the stress of a pressing need, may sing together the same hymns, may join in the same prayers, they may not at all agree in minor matters of daily living, and, therefore, constant intercourse would not be desirable. A friendly feeling, expressed in word and deed, does not make it necessary that "Fishin' Jimmy," noble Christian though he be, should invite Mr. Gladstone to visit him, nor require that Mr. Gladstone should ask Queen Victoria to invite "Fishin' Jimmy" to one of her state dinners. Lady Aberdeen has proved to us that there is a possible fellowship in the home which transcends both intellectual and social distinctions, without obliterating them. And the church should exemplify the same truth.

Prudence, Justice, and Fortitude.
"Be thou vigilant, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill thy ministry. Be sober." II. Tim. iv, 8. These cardinal virtues of Christianity are the source of all other virtues. The epistles of St. Paul are full of warning against the evils that surround us, as well as of admonition to practice justice, not only in dealing with our neighbors, but towards God and even toward ourselves, likewise they are teeming with words of encouragement to combat bravely all trials for the love of God, as also to be temperate in all things. By acquiring the virtue of prudence we are enabled to discern the evils of the world, to know God and to practice the duties of a Christian life. Justice enables us to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," to act conscientiously towards our neighbors in all things, and "to do the things that belong to God," doing His will and in all things seeking His glory. Fortitude strengthens and encourages us in the path of Christian virtue, besides giving us strength to resist temptation, and to bear bravely all trials for the love of God. Temperance is an essential virtue, and by faithfully preserving it we are strengthened in life and blessed with many spiritual graces. "He that is abstinent with the wise man, shall increase in life." A practical Christian will not be satisfied with merely fulfilling the law of God, by discharging the duties required by him, but he will likewise endeavor to strengthen his faith by the practice of such virtues as will increase his sanctity and promote God's glory. In fact, it is as much a duty to emulate all true virtues as to profess our faith. Inasmuch as "Faith without good works availeth nothing." Besides it is eminently meritorious, for by so doing we not only draw down great blessings on ourselves in this life, but we thereby store up rich treasures in Heaven, which will greatly increase our inheritance, towards which we are ever looking forward.—Francis S. Mitchell.

An Entertaining Pastor.
"I have often heard of strange methods adopted by ministers to collect money at churches, but I never heard of anything more amusing than the course of a negro preacher down in middle Georgia the other day," remarked a well-known Georgian recently. "The sermon was over and the congregation sighed with relief at the prospect of getting home soon to get their dinners. But the preacher said the church needed a certain amount of money—I think it was \$3.25—to pay expenses, and he said he didn't intend to let the congregation get away without raising it. The money was due and the members of the church owed it to the Lord, he said, to pay the debt."

"He ordered a collection of subscriptions, but before doing so he had all the doors barred and fastened the windows. He declared that he did not intend to let the brethren get out until every cent of that money was in hand or the value thereof in chickens, butter or eggs."

"On the first count it was found that \$1.65 was the pile. After singing another song and offering another prayer, another subscription was taken, and the amount went ten cents over \$2. There was another round of prayer and song, and the subscription went up only a few cents more. After going through this process several times the amount was finally raised, but it was sundown before many of the members got home that afternoon, having four or five miles to drive."—Atlanta Constitution.

Creditable to the Reporter.
"Some time in 1876, I think it was," said Bishop Hurst the other day to a Post reporter, "I delivered a sermon in Washington at a well-known church—

never mind about the name. The sermon was rather long, and at the conclusion I was in a hurry to get home in time for another engagement. As I was passing out of the church a reporter from one of the daily papers rushed up to me and asked for my text. I told him what it was and added that if he would come to my house I would let him see the manuscript of the sermon. 'Never mind that,' he said, 'I am in a hurry and I only want the text.' I thought no more about it at the time, but the next morning I was surprised to see a half column report of my sermon. It was excellently written and really made a very good sermon. But the funny part of it was that although it purported to be my sermon I had never said one of the things I was reported as saying. The reporter had taken my text and had then made up a sermon on it himself. It was really a creditable piece of work, and I don't if I could have done it better myself. I often thought afterward that if I only knew the reporter's name I would write him a letter of congratulation and advise him to study for the ministry."—Washington Post.

A Good Background.
One great difference between men of equal capacity and opportunity is to be found in the background of their lives. One man goes to his work in the morning from a pleasant home, and from the delightful atmosphere of mutual consideration and love. Another's home surroundings and family relationship are not congenial or inspiring. Is it surprising that one man addresses himself to his tasks with a zest and nerve that make work easy, while the other finds that things drag on his hands, and that he is soon worn out? One of the secrets of many a man's success is the background of a happy home life. And many a good man has failed, not because he lacked in ability or energy, but because those who stood in the most intimate relations to him were too stupid or uncongenial to make his home life winsome. Of course men have triumphed over this obstacle just as they have over others, but the force they expend in overcoming such drawbacks is just so much subtracted from their efficiency in the work of life.

The Permanence of Religion.
It is not uncommon to hear speculations on the permanence of religion. It would be just as reasonable to talk to the permanence of the intellect or the conscience, the permanence of the imagination or any other constituent element of human nature. The vocabulary of religion, its forms and ceremonies, its symbols and organized institutions, have all their perishable elements; but the source of religion is inseparable from the nature of man. We do not mean that religion is the utterance alone of a single faculty. Intellect, imagination, conscience, emotion, the love of the beautiful and sublime, may all enter into it; but this only shows from what varied sources of our nature it is derived. As long as there is anything in the universe to worship, man will be a worshiper. So long as God speaks, so long man will answer. It is strange, then, that religious authority should have been made so often to depend upon some perishable external incident of religion rather than upon the spiritual consciousness of mankind.

Jesus in the Home.
A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jennie the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked: "Don't you think these things are lovely?"
"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does He ever come here?"
"Why, no," said the lady.
"Don't you ever ask him?" said Jennie. "We have only two rooms, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."
The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for His goodness and ask him to come and live with us."

Power for Good.
Multiply your power for good by putting yourself in God's hands, to be led and used by Him. Work with God, and let God work with you, for by being in harmony with God a man increases his ability by an infinite factor, and God and eternity alone can measure and reveal the result.

Growth of Presbyterianism.
The average gain in church membership in the Presbyterian Church North last year was 7 per cent. In New Jersey it was 5 per cent. In New York 6, in California 8, in Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and South Dakota 10 per cent.

Notes and Comment.
Rev. Joseph Northrup, of North Scituate, Mass., who was reported as gored to death by a bull, had the pleasure of having three minister friends preach his funeral sermon after reading the account of his death in newspapers.

Miss Eliza Smyth, of the order of Ladies of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Buffalo, is dead after forty years' service in that religious community. Miss Smyth was an English lady who joined the Catholic Church in 1833 at the time of the Tractarian movement.

The Seventh Day Adventists in Michigan, the chief center of the sect, are proposing to discard the present names of the days of the week because of their heathen origin. They will designate them by number, as is done in the Bible, except that they will, of course, call Saturday the Sabbath.

WE HAVE THREE EYES.

Science Declares that Man Has a Rudimentary Third Eye.

Recent researches prove that man and all vertebrates seem to possess the rudiments of a third eye. This discovery is not only very interesting, but also remarkably instructive, since the rudimentary third eye of man has, by one of the most noted philosophers of modern days, been looked upon as being the seat of the soul.

As organs by proper use develop in strength and perfection, so they become weak by lack of use. If for many generations an organ should remain without use, its structure in time becomes simpler and more imperfect. Such a process continues throughout ages, an organ, by constant disuse, will become reduced to a mere rudiment of what it was in the species using the same. Thus, species of birds that only walk and run, but never fly, have only rudimentary wings, as the ostrich; while in the eagle and the albatross the wings are seen in a state of perfection.

Now, in closely examining the skulls of certain lizards, it was found that near the top of head, under the dark, opaque skin, and often in the very bone, an almost perfect eye exists, although no ray of light ever reaches it. This eye shows a crystalline lens, a retina of very complex structure and an optic nerve; in fact, all the essential parts of a perfect eye. But being covered by the opaque skin of the animal, it is absolutely useless. If this optic nerve is traced to the brain it is found to connect the eye with the so-called pineal gland of the brain. This pineal gland is, of course, in no sense of the word a real gland, but a definite portion of the nervous tissue of the brain, invariably located just back of the rounded brain-mass which generally is considered to correspond to the corpora quadrigemina in a man.

The third eye of the spotted lizard is called the pineal eye, on account of the nerve connection of the retina with the pineal gland. Now, while in certain lizards this highly developed eye is useless because it is covered by opaque skin, and in others even deeply bedded in bone, it would seem probable that in an earlier stage of development this pineal eye was not rudimentary, but in constant use. A very slight modification would accomplish this; namely, the transparency of the skin covering the eye. This is exactly the condition of the normal eyes in reptiles to-day; the skin covers them, but it is transparent where it passes over the eye. In the skulls of some of the gigantic reptiles of the earlier age of this globe, paleontologists have long ago found a large round perforation. Probably this was the socket of the third or pineal eye of the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus and the Labyrinthodon.

But a much more important conclusion must be drawn from this discovery; namely, that in all vertebrates, even including man, the traces of this third eye remain to-day. The pineal eye of lizards being connected with the large pineal gland of the same, it would seem that the pineal gland itself is but the nerve center or optic thalamus for this third eye. In all reptiles and amphibia the pineal gland is large; so it is also in fishes. In higher animals the cerebrum develops very much, overgrowing the more posterior portions of the brain. By this preponderance of the nerve mass the pineal gland becomes covered by the cerebrum and assumes more and more rudimentary forms. But it remains with obstinate pertinacity. It is even always present in man—though here only of the size of a pea and rudely resembling a pine cone in shape. It seems also degenerated in structure, having hardly any nervous tissue. These facts of form and structure have given rise to its name, that of pineal gland.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Prompt Man.
The prompt man is always ready. The call may be sudden, but he is at hand and answers with vigor. He acts without delay, by virtue of an energetic will, whose rule is:
If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

Major Skinner tells in his autobiography, "Fifty Years in Ceylon," how his prompt obedience to an order suddenly communicated made the governor of the island his friend. He was then Lieut. Skinner, 21 years of age, a member of the Governor's staff and of his military family. One day between noon and 1 o'clock the Governor, Sir Edward Barnes, seeing Skinner in the billiard room, said:
"What are you doing here, youngster? I thought you would have been at Negombo by this time."

"What to do there, sir?"
"What! Have you not received your orders from the quartermaster general?"
"No, sir; I have not seen him to-day."
"Go to him at once, and be quick in what you have to do."
It was near 2 o'clock before Skinner could find that officer. When he caught him he was ordered to proceed to Negombo—an old fort twenty-three miles north of the Government House—to make a plan of the barracks there, and to prepare an estimate of the cost of repairing them so as to fit them for immediate occupation.

The lieutenant was annoyed, for he was engaged to a dinner party that evening, to which the Governor and Lady Barnes were going. But he mounted his gray Arab, who could do almost anything but fly, and as soon as he got clear of the fort started at a gallop. At every sixth mile he drew bridle for two or three minutes, to give the Arab a chance to breathe. He reached Negombo at 4 o'clock, having ridden the twenty-three miles in two hours. Field-book in hand and with tape-line he made the measurements, jotted them

down, drew plans of the barracks and wrote down the facts necessary for the estimate. Within an hour he was in the saddle on his return to Colombo, which he reached before 7 o'clock. He then dressed and arrived at the dinner party nearly as soon as the Governor.

The moment Sir Edward saw him he said, "Well, youngster, what are you doing here? I thought I told you this morning to go to the quartermaster general for orders."
"So I did, sir."
"And what did he tell you to do?"
"He ordered me to go to Negombo, sir, to take plans of the barracks, to report the number of men they could accommodate and to submit an estimate for their repairs."

"Then what do you mean by neglecting those orders? You ought to have gone off instantly."
"I have not neglected them, sir; I have been to Negombo, and your excellency will have all the information you require laid before you to-morrow morning."
The Governor showed his delight by the glow of satisfaction on his face. He repeated the exploit to the dinner party, dwelling upon the prompt obedience. From that day the lieutenant's promotion advanced, and when difficult or quick work was to be executed, he was selected to do it.

The Best of Mediums.
You may talk about your posters and your ads upon the fence.
But they ain't the kind of mediums that appeal to common sense.
You may talk about your dodgers, and your circulars and such.
But I calculate they don't assist an advertiser much.
And especially in winter, when the snow is on the ground,
I wonder where your posters and your dodgers can be found?
But within the cozy homestead, when the parlor stove's aglow,
The newspaper is read aloud to every one we know.

The farmer sees the painted sign upon his barn and grins;
Five dollars yearly for the space he usually rents.
And there his interests in the ad begins, and there it ends.
And the same is true of nearly all his neighbors and his friends;
But they read the local paper every day or every week,
And in its welcome columns all their information seek,
And you may be quite certain that the ads therein displayed
Are also read with interest and are sure to make some trade.

It stands, to reason, anyhow, that what a fellow buys,
He's going to read, and get his money's worth, if he is wise.
The father, mother, uncle, aunt, the daughter and the son,
Are going to read the newspaper, and so is every one.
So it also stands to reason that a local merchant's ad
Will there attract attention, be it either good or bad,
And the newspaper as medium leads all other kinds with ease,
For that is where the multitude the advertisement sees.
—Printer's Ink.

A Good Ship to Sail On.
Captain Vaughan, of the British bark Sokoto, has a way of dealing with his men which is a revelation to the old-time "bucko mates," but the reports are that it works like a charm. When in port he feeds them on watermelons, peaches and other fruit when in season, and it is safe to say that provender of that sort was never seen going into a fore-castle before. At sea he has no such thing as an allowance, every sailor on the bark being privileged to eat all he wants to and can hold. The men have fresh bread every day, and all the "hard tack" they want, canned meats, potatoes, vegetables and fruit. Strange as it may seem, the cost is less than that of any other vessel of the same line. Besides this, the men work more cheerfully, keep the bark looking like a parlor, and never want to leave the employ. Captain Vaughan is breaking down the established custom, but his owners are satisfied, as he is saving money for the firm.

Romance of a Watch.
A Westboro man has a watch which has quite a romance attached to it. It belonged to Captain Daniel Chamberland of that town, who carried it to the Sandwich Islands in 1819, he being a member of the pioneer missionary band. While lying in the harbor at Honolulu, Mr. C. accidentally dropped his timepiece overboard into the deep but clear water. It could be seen upon the bottom, and the natives, who were expert divers and swimmers, were called upon to aid in its recovery. After repeated efforts one Kanaka got it, but he had been so long under water that blood gushed from his ears and nose when he came up, and he died the next day. Mr. C., who kept a journal, made a long note of the affair, therein remarking: "It is to be regretted that this poor soul should have been snatched away just as the gospel was about to be preached to him."

New to Him.
Not long since in New York city (says the Tribune), an advertiser was in the publication office of a sensational journal which makes a specialty of printing scandals, to get rates for an "ad."
"Do you want your 'ad' next to pure reading matter?" asked the clerk.
"Great Scott!" was the reply, "I didn't know you had any pure reading matter."

Doubles Up.
Eggs—How do you account for the rapid increase of population in Chicago?
Jags—Divorce.
Jags—Nonsense! Divorce ought to have the opposite effect.
Jags—Not at all, dear boy. People who were one are constantly being made two.—New York World.

WORDS OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

Weapons that Have a Place in the Archives of Great Britain.

Whoever visits the London tower may enjoy a veritable feast of swords. But amid the numberless array of weapons there are one or two that are specially worthy of notice. There is the sword of state which is gift of the monarch's side after his anointing at the imposing ceremony of coronation, which girding is more honored in the breach, one would suppose, when the monarch is a lady. The sword is first consecrated by the prime and by him handed to the lord chamberlain, who completes the function. It is a two-handed weapon, with rich decorations on hilt and pommel and scabbard, of scarcely less importance is the "sword of mercy," borne before the sovereign in the coronation procession. This sword is named curiana, but, though undoubtedly very ancient, it can hardly claim to be the original curiana. This original curiana was the single weapon of Ogier, the Dane, bold knight of Charlemagne's most warlike days. Our own curiana is in any case many centuries old. It is squarely pointed, with the hilt as though the point had been broken short; hence possibly its name. A fine gold wire encases its blade, and the scabbard is remarkably ornate.

Two other swords are carried at the coronation ceremony—swords symbolical of spiritual and temporal justice, the first with an obtuse point, the latter sharp. Curiana and those two justice swords are not often called upon to make a public appearance; it is happily more than half a century since they were last required at a coronation. But whenever the sovereign opens parliament in person the sword of state first mentioned is called from its repose.

The lord mayor's sword is even more familiar to the general public; and not only London, but most other corporations have their sword and swordbearer. It is a picturesque survival of the middle ages which one would regret to see abolished; part of the ritual of state customs, which ritual is by no means meaningless. Public attention must often be of a figurative character. Such is the mode by which the city of London sometimes does honor to those who have rendered the nation good service, presenting to them swords of honor. These civic swords have been given to men like Lord Napier, Lord Clyde, Lord Wolsey. Wellington received one in his day, and so did the Prussian Blucher.—London Standard.

Rare Relics.
Among the recent acquisitions of the British Museum there is a stone cylinder bearing the names and titles of King Pepi I. of about B. C. 2323. Two models of wooden boats are among the last purchases. These are models of funeral boats or barges, in which "the dead were ferried to the tombs on the western bank of the Nile." Their probable date is B. C. 2500. Discussing Egyptian collections, it should be remembered that last year the Johns Hopkins University came into possession of a valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, numbering some 650 objects, which was the collection of the late Col. Mendes I. Cohen, of Baltimore, which objects were gathered by him in 1822, when in Egypt, and some by purchase, in 1825, in London. The collection contains an unpublished Coptic inscription. Prof. Cyrus Adler, of the United States Museum at Washington, writes that, "considering the eagerness with which every fragment in Coptic, whether on stone or papyrus, is sought in Europe, any new Coptic inscription is worthy of study." The inscription, Prof. Adler says, is written on a rectangular block. The inscription consists of Psalm 11, verses 3-5, and Prof. Adler believes that the fragment belongs to the far more ancient and valuable Sahidic, or Upper Egyptian, version, of which no complete edition of the Psalms has yet been published." The Coptic follows the text of the Septuagint, but contains "variants when compared with the Bohairic, or Lower Egyptian, text."

Imperial Education.
Some suggestive details concerning the early education of the German emperors have recently been made known. It seems that William II. had in early childhood a tutor who was a captain of the guards. Prince Bismarck had recommended him, and he applied to the heir to the throne the principle on which he had trained his recruits, "bend or break." The young Hohenzollern was made to rise at 5:30 every morning, and at once began a course of gymnastic exercises unsuitable for a child of his age. It is this regimen, authorities say, which made Prince William so weak and nervous that his grandfather, the old Emperor, suggested one day to Bismarck that his captain of the guards would perhaps better return to his recruits.

Matched.
It is not right to boast, but it may be well to rebuke a boaster.

Dean Hole, a celebrated and witty English Churchman, once received a note from an acquaintance at Oxford which had been started thus: "My Dear Countess." The word "countess" had then been scratched out and "Hole" substituted. This was, of course, to convey the idea that the writer corresponded with a countess, and had used her title by inadvertence.

Not to be outdone, the dean began his reply: "My Dear Queen," and then drew his pen through "queen," and substituted "Dick."

Statistics of Sole Leather.
The average walker wears away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of boots that would "last a lifetime" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from eight to nine feet thick.

COST IRVING DEARLY.

His Mistake in Constructing a Cable Message Was Rather Expensive.

Two months ago, when the actors and actresses of England met to congratulate Sir Henry Irving upon the honors which the queen had just bestowed upon him, there was one New York newspaper which contained the whole of the actor's address—a matter of some eight and a half columns. The other papers contented themselves with a mere summary of Irving's remarks, and as there was no statement in his speech that Sir Henry Irving had not uttered dozens of times before, the editors were at a loss to understand why this paper had gone to the immense expense of having his whole speech published up, however, until Irving arrived here. One of the first men to greet him at the wharf was Joe Howard.

"Well," said Irving, as soon as they had shaken hands, "did you get it all right?"
"Get it?" exclaimed Howard. "My dear fellow, I should rather think I did. It nearly swamped the paper. It got in, though, so it's all right."
A puzzled look came into Irving's face. "I thought it was a good deal to send over yours," he said, "particularly as there was nothing new in it. However, as you entitled over for it, I thought that the best thing I could do was to do you the whole thing."
"This time it was Howard's turn to look puzzled. "I called you for the address! Why, my dear fellow, you're mistaken," he exclaimed. "I assure you, I thought the whole Atlantic cable had been turned loose on me. It began to arrive at my office in batches at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and it wasn't until the last telegraph boy had delivered the last installment at 6 o'clock and I saw your name at the bottom that I had the least idea what it was all about."
"But, my dear fellow," cried Irving, "I have your request for it in my dispatch box. I can show it to you. I remember the words you used: 'Cable address!'"
"Hold on," said Howard. "I begin to see light. You are right and you are wrong, old man. I did send you a cable. It was: 'Love and congratulations from the wife and self.' Then knowing your propensity for sending cablegrams with the address in full I said to myself: 'Perhaps he'll want to send an answer, and there's no use in his spending any more money than is necessary,' so I added: 'Cable address—Howard.'"

"Great heavens!" cried Irving, as the true state of the case began to dawn on him. "And I was fool enough to misconstrue this sentence. That little attempt of economy of yours cost me just \$1,500."—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Superstition in Maine.
That superstition may sometimes have an unfortunate sway over the human mind was illustrated in Saco, Me., last week, in the death of Miss Bessie Bryant, a handsome and accomplished young lady. One year ago this month she attended a party at Hill's Beach, where thirteen were seated at the table. Since that time Miss Bryant has declared that she was the one who was going to die within a year. Six weeks ago she told her mother that she was going to die in October. Mrs. Bryant laughed at her, but Bessie still persisted that she had but a short time to live. Two weeks ago she was taken sick, and from the first felt she should never get well. The case is most peculiar. That she brooded so much over the matter until it finally caused her death there seems to be little doubt.

Getting Even.
The New York Press reports an unavailing but not altogether unpleasant story of two street vendors. One of them was mauling a big apple.
Number Two eyed the operation longingly, and finally said:
"Say, Skeeter, ain't 't gimme a bite?"
"Nope," was the curt reply of Skeeter, as he bit into the rosiest part. "Makes yer mouth water, don't it?" he added.
The second boy watched the greedy fellow as the apple rapidly disappeared. Then he took off his hat, and an apple far bigger than Skeeter's rolled out. Skeeter's eyes grew almost as round as the apple, but he only said in a sheepish tone:
"Yer think yer smart, don't yer?"

The German Canary Trade.
It is not at all generally known that Germany carries on a very large trade in the rearing and exporting of canaries, and that the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these creatures is situated within the domains of that empire, away up among the Harz mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surrounding but smaller nurseries no fewer than 130,000 birds are dispatched every year to the United States and Canada, while in the same time at least 3,000 go to Britain and about 2,000 go to Russia.

Lakes Dried Up in a Night.
One of Switzerland's mountain lakes, the Maerjelen See, at the foot of the Eggshorn, was completely emptied in one night during the hot spell in September. The lake was a mile long by a sixth of a mile wide and 130 feet deep; the water probably escaped through fissures in the ice in the neighboring glaciers.

Couldn't Stand It.
Dusty Rhodes—I used to be an actor, mum, but my doctor had me give it up.
Mrs. Dogood—Trouble with your head?
Dusty Rhodes—Nope; with my feet.—New York World.

Gentle Hint.
"Are you sure that you married me for myself alone?"
Ticks—Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine.—Exchange.