

KNOW HOW, MY FRIENDS.

When any thing you start to do, If you would find success— I don't care what the thing may be, A greater or a less— It's just as sure as I sit here, With thought upon my brow, And lanky fingers, that you must— (I've been taught this truth by sad experience, and want to spare you, if possible, a similar teaching)— Know how, my friends, know how.

There is no work will not repay The time you give tenfold To studying all its ins and outs, And time a worth more than gold. So make up your minds; it will save You many a little row. Do whatever you are called to do— (Excuse the word "row," it isn't elegant, but 'tis expressive, and then it's a good rhyme)— Know how, my friends, know how. —Madge Elliot, in Baldwin's Monthly.

IN BAXTER STREET.

Walking Under Arcades or Clothes and Dodging "Pullers-in."

If the author of "The Saints' Rest" could rise from his grave and come over to New York to see the dingy thoroughfare that bears his name, and observe the inhabitants thereof, it is probable that he would be a trifle disgusted—as Lord Chatham might be if he took a walk up the street named in his honor. Baxter Street is given over exclusively to tenement houses, dirt and the clothing business, particularly the latter. The west side of the narrow thoroughfare is one gloomy bower of trousers and coats from Canal to Leonard Street, for the Baxter Street merchant extends his business over and above the sidewalks, and even into the gutters. It is impossible to walk through the street without knocking one's head against the garments hanging from above, shouldering those upon the dummy figures below, and stepping upon the shoes that line the gutters; for Baxter Street sells a complete outfit from head to heels.

The Baxter Street merchant is not particular as to his methods either. Escobar is said to have collected twenty-four crimes, including murder, which the casuists among the Jesuits did not consider criminal when committed to further the interests of their order, and although it is not on record that a Baxter Street clothing dealer ever killed a man to sell him a coat, yet each merchant will assert that his neighbor is capable of such an action, and also of committing the other twenty-three crimes to obtain his money from the dead man's estate. In Baxter Street may be found the typical Jews of fiction, the direct descendants of Shylock and Isaac of New York. It was a Baxter Street Jew who was killed in the crush at the synagogue, caused by an unprincipled person's cry of "job lots" in the vestibule. One of these clothing dealers will haggle all day over a dollar, and spend an hour upon the difference of a penny in a sale of a paper collar. A bargain with him is a sacrament.

Baxter Street rises early and retires late. At six o'clock in the morning sleepy young clerks may be seen taking down the shutters and beginning to hang the contents of the stores in the street to catch any chance workman who may pass; and as the family of the merchant always lives over or in the store, the establishments are kept open well on to midnight to secure any possible straggler. The entire family take a deep and holy interest in the business, from pater and mater families down to the toddlers of five and six years. Solomon, the father; Rebecca, the mother; Moses, the son, and Rachel, the daughter, are alike wedded to the cause, and may all be found in the street from morn till noon and noon to dewy eve, endeavoring, syren-like, to seduce the unwary within. Of course, there is always a bitter feud between each merchant and his next-door neighbor, and occasionally, when business is slack, animated combats, in which every member of each family takes an active part, vary the monotony.

One of the features of a Baxter Street clothing house is the "puller-in." Absurd as it may seem, each establishment actually has at least one vigorous employe, whose duty it is to forcibly drag any possible customer who passes into the store. Woe to the countryman who ventures into the thoroughfare. It may take him all day to get through it, for he will certainly visit every store in the street, unless he possesses remarkable strength and resolution; and if he gets out without buying something he may consider himself a prodigy. One puller-in after another will seize him. No sooner would he get past one store than the puller-in of the next would have him, and thus he would be passed along the line. The puller-in becomes a necessity in Baxter Street by reason of the contiguity of the clothing houses; for if Mr. Moses should follow a man with whom he was endeavoring to make a bargain upon Mr. Solomon's sidewalk there would be a bad quarter of an hour for Mr. Moses, unless his family were quick to the rescue. Hence it is necessary to hold the victim while talking business, lest he get into a rival's territory.

So ardent is the zeal of Baxter Street in this direction that only last week a policeman in citizen's clothes, who was taking a prisoner through that thoroughfare to the Tombs, was "pulled in," and his prisoner escaped. The officer vainly endeavored to assert his identity. The entire family all held him at once, took off his coat, put another on him, showed him all the latest Baxter Street fashions, and were offering him an extraordinary bargain in suspenders, when a uniformed police officer, who had been informed of the affair by one of the dealer's rivals, came to his rescue. As soon as the officer had been hauled into the store the prisoner, who knew that his chances for escape would be hampered by the clothes men, dodged the next puller-in and ran out into the street. But in trying to avoid Seyla he ran upon Charybdis, for the

two employes of an establishment on the opposite side of the street headed him off and dragged him in. He had the presence of mind to buy an old coat for a dollar, however, and this proved his salvation. The other pullers-in recognized the token, and he was permitted to pass out of the street unmolested.

The efforts a Baxter Street clothing dealer will make to effect a sale, and his sliding scale of prices, may be inferred from the experiences of a somewhat shabby individual who entered that thoroughfare yesterday on business intent. He was a medium-sized man who looked like a mechanic or a laborer, and he turned into the street from Franklin about ten o'clock in the morning. He was at once seized by the puller-in of the Solomon establishment, who had him at the threshold before he knew what was happening to him. Here Mr. Solomon seized him by the coat lapel and assisted him within, where he grasped him by the hand and greeted him with much fervor.

"Goot mornink, my fren, goot mornink," he said, shaking the stranger's hand with his own right, while with the left he pulled down trousers, waistcoats and coats from the shelves and spread them before him. "Was you looking for a nice pair of bants? What you tink of dose bants? Dose cost me eight dollars. I sell 'em to you for only four dollars and a halluf Here, Isaac! Wrap dose bants up for dis shentleman."

"I don't want to buy no pants," said the stranger. "I sell you a coat," cried Mr. Solomon, seizing the man by the sleeve as he turned toward the door. "Here! I sell you a coat. You want a nice Brinco Albert, hey? Vot you tink of dot for a Brinco Albert? Feel dose lining! Look at dot buttons! Der lightenink strike my partner if dot coat vos not made for Grover Cleveland! S'help me gracious. I pay four-teen dollars for dot coat. I let you haf it for nine dollars. I am always villing to help a young man along. You want to try it on first? Isaac, help der shentleman on mit der coat."

Before the stranger could protest or speak Mr. Solomon and Isaac had divested him of his own coat and were attiring him in the Brinco Albert. Isaac nimbly buttoned up the garment, and Mr. Solomon was almost struck dumb with admiration at the effect.

"Mine gracious," he sighed approvingly. "If dot coat was cut for you it don't fit you better. Dot silk facing is beautiful. Vill you year der coat away, or shall I wrap it up?" "I'll give you two dollars," said the stranger.

"Two dollars!" shrieked Mr. Solomon. "Do you want to insult me? Ha, ha! I see. Dot vos a little joke. Ha, ha! But I let you vot I do. I like your looks. I sell you dot coat for eight dollars and a halluf."

"I'll give you only two dollars for it," said the stranger, beginning to unbutton it.

Mr. Solomon buttoned it up again. "Are you crazy?" he shrieked. "You let dot bargain go! Dot fine Brinco Albert coat for only eight dollars and a halluf! Sooner dan I see you let dot chance get away, I let you have der coat a kwotter of a dollar off. I let dot go to you for eight dollars and a kwotter."

"Two dollars," said the stranger, stolidly.

"Veeping Rachel!" screamed Mr. Solomon. "Do you want to see my wife in der boorhouse and my children in der orphan asylum? I tell you vot I do mit you. I sell you dot coat for only seven dollars, but don't you say a vort in der street. Dose other glothing men dey kill me if dey knew it."

"Two dollars," repeated the stranger, with nonchalance.

"Gif me six dollars for der coat," implored Mr. Solomon. "Vot haf I ofer done to you dot you try to ruin me like dot?"

"Two dollars," the stranger said, wearily.

"Here," said Mr. Solomon, "I gif you der coat for five dollars and a halluf, but I wouldn't sell it to my own father for dot money."

"Two dollars," repeated the stranger again.

"Gif me five dollars," Mr. Solomon said in tones of griefed resignation. "I nefer had a man go out of my store dot he didn't buy somedings; so I let you haf der coat for five dollars, but I am ruined completely."

"Two dollars," remarked the stranger, coldly.

"Take off dot coat!" screamed Mr. Solomon in a frenzy. "You tink you come in here and have some fun mit me, eh? Vell, you git out of my place. I don't haf no dealings mit such a fools like you are."

"Say, young feller," observed the stranger, coming up very close to Mr. Solomon, and overlooking the fact that that individual was a score of years his senior, "I don't want no slack out of you, or I'll tear the front of yer shop out. I don't allow nobody but John L. Sullivan to call me a fool, and I'd just as leave tackle everybody in yer shop at once, as I'd tackle you alone. See? I didn't come in this shop; I was hauled in. I was lookin' fur the place where I bought a suit last year."

"My fren," said Mr. Solomon, in polite remonstrance, "it was here dot you bought dose suit last year. It was me you bought dot suit of."

"Naw, it wasn't," returned the stranger. "It was a little short man with a black mustache sold me that suit."

"A little short man mit a black mustache!" screamed Mr. Solomon. "My fren, what is your name?"

"My name is Williams," replied the stranger, in some surprise.

"Where do you live?" Mr. Solomon shrieked, in great excitement.

"Harlem. What's the matter with you?" returned the stranger.

"O, my fren," sobbed Mr. Solomon, falling upon Mr. Williams' neck. "Oze dose dose tears! Dot little short man mit a black mustache was my brother. He died only two weeks ago, and de last vorts he said vas: 'If Mr. Williams, of Harlem, comes in der shop you gif him a bargain.' My fren, my brother's dying vishes are sacred. I sell you dot coat for three dollars."

"I'll give you two dollars," said the unmoved Mr. Williams.

"Take it," said Mr. Solomon, "I lose money on dot coat, but I share it to

my brother's estate. Can't I sell you somedings more? Do you want a pair of suspenders to go mit der coat?"

Mr. Williams came back with the coat fifteen minutes later and wanted his money back.

"Vot's der matter?" inquired Mr. Solomon, confident in his power, now that the tables were turned.

"There's moths in the lining. That's what's the matter," complained Mr. Williams.

"Suffering Mozish!" cried Mr. Solomon. "Vot do you expect in der link of a two dollar coat, humming birds?"

And Mr. Williams took the coat home and poured kerosene oil on it.—N. Y. Sun.

ABOUT OSTRICHES.

Their Peculiar Gait, Which Has Been Adopted by San Francisco Belles.

The sight of a dog is sufficient to frighten an ostrich badly. At such vision if permitted, the ostriches in the corrals would immediately be speeding over the sandy plain, through a waste of tall, wild sunflowers, at a gait which would astonish a horse trainer. Dr. Sketchley has three dogs on his farm, but they are all kept behind the buildings out of sight of the ostriches. When a keeper approaches them to annoy them, they emit a hissing sound like a goose, and try to bite the intruder. They have no strength in their bills, however, and are harmless unless they get a chance to kick. Unlike the emu, which is exhibited often as an African ostrich, they have but one toe on each foot. This is a terrible weapon. The bird kicks forward. The terrible force is shown in the exploit of one bird, which kicked a stout board on the side of its corral, and broke it in two at one blow. The toe is pointed, and will cut like a knife. The bird which was killed at one kick had its breast laid open with an ugly wound. Of the young birds all are perfectly shaped except one, which has a club-foot, and which walks on the back of the clubbed foot, the toe turning up. The gait of even this bird is elastic. All the birds walk precisely after the fashion adopted by many young ladies in San Francisco of late, whose gait may, therefore, perhaps, be correctly described in the future as the "ostrich walk." It is as if the birds stepped on hot gridirons. The feet are taken briskly up and raised high, and the body and head oscillate. This style was learned in South Africa and not in San Francisco, and is as old as the race of desert birds.—Anheim (Cal.) Letter.

A GREAT PROJECT.

The Proposed India-European Overland Telegraph.

A project is on foot for an overland telegraph from India to Europe through Central Asia. An important feature of the project is found in the fact that it is intended to combine commercial with such strategic points as may be deemed necessary in its construction. Charles E. Pitman, Chief Superintendent of Telegraphs in India, in a pamphlet on the subject, says that the proposal is for an extension of the Indian telegraph lines from Chaman, seventy-seven miles east of Candahar and about sixty-three miles west of Quetta, via Candahar and Herat to Mesched, near the Persian frontier. Persia has already a telegraph line from Teheran to Mesched, which is to be extended to Sarakhs, a place which has already been put into telegraphic communication with Merv and the Caspian by Russia. If the Amcer could be induced to construct a line through Afghanistan and guard it, there would be no physical difficulties of any importance between Quetta and Herat. The total length of the line required is a little over six hundred miles—viz.: about four hundred miles from Chaman via Herat to Mesched. The line between Mesched and Teheran would provide a complete land line between England and India. The connection with the Russian system at Sarakhs via Askabad, Baku and Tiflis would give an alternative route. Turkey has a line which runs from Constantinople via Diabekir and meets the Persian line westward from Teheran. The construction of this system, it is asserted by the Manchester Guardian, would operate to lower the Indian cable charges and prove of great advantage in the commercial exploitation of Asia Minor.—Bradstreet's.

PAYING THE PIPER.

Penalties a Woman Has to Endure for Being Too Clever.

To my mind, the clever woman, even though she may not specially admire the kind of gifts which she possesses, should say the same. She may sometimes feel as if the misapprehension, the disapproval, the cold, unsympathetic glances which she has to bear are too heavy a price to pay for the powers which she can bring into play—the pleasures which are as a sealed book to most of her companions; but she should bravely make up her mind that those powers were given to her to use, not to cast aside, and that the pain which comes to her through the using of them is a pain which she must be willing to bear. If it is to be escaped, it must be escaped fairly—by that quiet yet resolute exercise of all her faculties which must in time, I think, win over the distrustful—not by the shirking of part of her duty.

Perhaps some people may think it a mistake to urge upon any one the abandonment of the highest ideal—the following out of his own particular bent, instead of the pursuit of ideal excellence. Certainly the doctrine may do harm, if pushed to an extreme, but what doctrine is there of which the same may not be said? Surely there is a middle course between foolish disregard of the opinions and tastes of others, and that nervous shrinking from anything which may call forth comment and ridicule, which tends to make this civilized life of ours so common place and monotonous. Surely a protest against the latter is to the full as necessary for the ordinary run of people as is a protest against the other.—All the Year Round.

A short time ago a New York man unexpectedly came into the possession of \$15,000. At the end of three days he was penniless and an inmate of an asylum for inebriates.—N. Y. Herald.

THE YALLER DOG.

His Soaring Ambition, and the Dismal Fate It Brought Upon Him.

This yaller dog I have in mind Was born '81, And in the State of Illinois He first beheld the sun.

The way that pup took on any grow And got to be a dog Would warm the heart of any man, Unless he was a hog.

He cut his teeth without a wink, His tail soon got a curl; And he had sand enough to give Most any dog a whirl.

The owner of this yaller dog Looked on with pride and gloe, And never seemed to have a fear Of future misere.

That dog he bit a hundred tramps, And bit a hundred lights, And he was always ready for The cats which prowled 'o' nights.

Indeed, he got his nose so high, And felt so awfild slick, That he just wanted for to see Somethin' he couldn't lick.

It was a balmy, julesy day, And not a least there blowed, When somethin' heaved in sight adown The dust-bekivered road.

One somethin' was a showman, and The 'other was a bear; The first was taking 'tother one Unto the county fair.

This yaller dog he saw that bear When half a mile away, And he did lick his bloody chops, And to himself did say:

"Well, here is luck and no mistake, And durn my yaller eyes, If I don't wake that object up, Then this 'ere dog he lies!"

"I'll make of it a total wreck—I'll wallop it so bad, That, even if its life is saved, 'Twon't pay to live, 'twill be a head!"

The master of this yaller dog Got there and took it in; And as he saw the state of things He grinned an awful grin.

When that 'ere man and that 'ere bear Were nigh unto the gate, The owner of the yaller dog He could no longer wait.

"Stubby!" he cried, in loudest voice, "Go in, my fighting Jim! This is the chance for which we've ached—Go fill him to the brim!"

And fighting Jim he made a rush, And tackled to that bear, And groves of twenty different sorts Arose to split the air.

But never more will a yaller dog A greater error make; There'll never be a simpler job A bear can undertake.

In sixteen seconds by the watch That yaller dog was dead, And that 'ere bear was proudly off, A scratching of his head.

And thus you see and realize, No matter where you be, That it don't ails pay a chap To air his vanities.

And sometimes it is for the best To go a little slow, And let some 'other critter have A sort o' fairish blow.—N. F. Sun.

GEORGE'S TRIAL.

A Reform in Which All Young Men Should Be Interested.

"George!" Her voice was low and sounded very pathetic as she spoke. "George, I love you dearly—madly, but you must reform."

"Reform, my darling," he returned, as an expression of surprise shot athwart his face as a hungry pug shoots across a bar-yard at dinner time. "Reform, pet! And have I not reformed? I have stopped smoking and drinking, and what more can you ask?"

"George," she persisted, sweetly, while the love-light lit up her eyes like a calcium light at a melodrama; "The collar that you wear is out of style. It stands up and the front corners turn over. George, my love; that collar must go. Last night Charlie was down here, and he wore a different kind of collar; and oh, George, my own, if you only knew how much less it pricked my cheek, you would—"

But George was no longer there. He had rushed madly into the pale moonlight, and was breathing vows of vengeance on Charlie's head. Such little things will sometimes ruffle a man's temper.—The Rambler.

A Material Difference.

Two Texas gentlemen were talking about traits of character in families.

"It is surprising how members of the same family can be so totally different as is frequently the case."

"To what particular case do you refer?"

"I am thinking of the two sons of Judge Pennybunker."

"As far as I know there is very little difference in their ways and manners. They both seem to be drunk most of the time."

"Yes, that's true, but there is a great difference between them, nevertheless."

"What is it?"

"One of them can never get enough while the other has always got too much."—Texas Siftings.

The Right Hair.

"Phat tolms is it?" inquired an Irishman of an eccentric Scotchman who carried a watch.

"It ha' joost strack wan," replied the Scot, giving Pat a thump on the head with his cane.

"Well, may goodness be praised that I didn't mate yer an hour sooner," said Pat, as he rubbed his head.—Chicago Ledger.

FRONTIER LIFE.

An Officer Relates the Details of His Desperate Struggle for Life with a Mad Bull in Dakota.

An officer of the regular army, whose death recently took place, and who in his lifetime was well and favorably known in St. Paul, having been stationed at Fort Snelling, told the following story of his experience on the frontier many years ago: One cold day in the winter of 1866 I started from Yankton, in a stage, bound for Fort Randall. My only companion was a young army officer, journeying to one of the western posts to join his regiment. It had been snowing hard all day, and the four horses attached to the stage found it very difficult to drag the vehicle through the drifts and over the bad roads. I and the young man soon became engaged in conversation, such was the effect of riding in stage in those days. It was a sufficient introduction to ride together, and fellow travelers depended much on one another to pass away the weary hours spent in the coach. We spent a half day in traveling a short distance. We were both tired. The young officer suggested the propriety of taking horses at the next station, which proved to be Springfield. He thought that it would be a change to get out of the stage and exercise ourselves on horseback. I gladly assented, for I was heartily tired of being cooped up in a stage. When we got to Springfield we were served dinner at the eating-house at that station. The eating-house was a frontier tavern, and was presided over by a determined-looking woman, the woman's looks preventing any expression of dissatisfaction with the food or drink. The meal was frugal in its character, as might naturally be expected. The coffee was made of chicory. We took everything, however, and never uttered a complaint. We saw the effects of the landlady's iron will on her dejected-looking husband. The lesson taught us to make the best of the meal. We did so. Afterward we made arrangements for two saddle horses, and in a short time after dinner were on our journey on horseback.

We rode on, when an abrupt turn in the road brought us suddenly upon a bull. The animal was plunging about as if infuriated. Retreat was impossible, so we concluded to attack him. Fortunately we had our rifles hung on the saddles. I hastily drew mine and fired at the bull. The bull entered his side, but apparently had no other effect than to increase his fury. He rushed at us, singling me out as his first victim. As he neared me he made a fearful plunge. Just before his horns entered the horse upon which I was seated I seized him with both hands, and held him with a grip that only my great strength and my athletic skill made successful. This saved my life. Tossed and thrown from side to side, but never losing my hold on his horns, I struggled, almost suffocated by the creature's terrible, scorching, stifling breath, which, as he would give these snorts and puffs, would seem like volumes of hottest impure air, and I feared would almost overwhelm me at times. But still I tightly held on his horns and hoped to conquer in some way not apparent then. My companion, meanwhile, had been unable to render me any assistance, for doubting his ability to kill the bull at a shot, he wisely refrained from shooting at all, lest he might increase the creature's madness. Seeing that I was becoming exhausted without exhausting the bull, the young man concluded that something must be done quickly to relieve me. He therefore raised the rifle to shoot, when the bull, as if determined to shake me off, gave a mighty jerk and tossed me clear over his head. I landed in a big snow-bank, and so great was the force of my fall that I disappeared entirely from sight, buried in the snow. The bull appeared surprised. He remained motionless for a moment. The young man was quick to see the advantage, and before the bull could turn to renew the attack on either of us the young man shot the animal in the head, which sent him writhing to the ground. I got out of the snow-bank and sent a second shot into his carcass, which killed him instantly. As soon as I had time to examine myself I found that my hands were in a terrible condition, and that my body and legs were bruised. We hastily mounted our horses, the cold weather necessitating prompt action, and started on to the next station. We were soon overtaken by the stage, and we resumed our seats in that vehicle and so continued our journey to Fort Randall. At the fort I was taken in charge by the post surgeon. In about three weeks I was all right. At the fort we learned that the bull had been running at large for some time, doing considerable damage. The Indians had shot him repeatedly, but had not succeeded in hitting him in a vital spot. The wounds only increased his fury. He was generally regarded as a dangerous creature.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

Why Montana Cooks Will Not Dare to Go on Sprees.

One of the principal reasons that hotel keepers, restaurant men and others have always given for employing Chinese labor instead of that of white men, has been that the Chinese could be depended upon, while the white help, after working a week or so, would get drunk and leave their employers in the lurch. It is not thus in the town of Anaconda, Mon. The Chinamen have all been run out of that town, and they have found a way to make white men fill the places acceptably. The manager of one of the largest restaurants in Anaconda states that since all the Chinamen have been "fired," the cooks in his place have been waited on by the Knights of Labor and notified that, in the event of their getting drunk or failing to cook the meals on time or in proper shape, they will be tarred and feathered and driven out of town, and if their successors neglect their work a more severe example will be made of them. The Knights of Labor up in that section evidently understand the anti-coolie question better than the so-called agitators of Tacoma.—Portland Oregonian.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, has had but seven pastors in one hundred years.

Seven female ministers were members of the general convention of the Universalist Church in Brooklyn recently.

Evangelist Moody says that church fairs are an abomination. He would rather worship in a barn than a church built by such methods.

Many kindergarten teachers agree that the first choice among colors of all children under seven years of age is yellow. This admits of few exceptions.—N. Y. Sun.

Miss Catherine L. Wolfe's latest gift to the Protestant Episcopal Church is \$75,000 for the erection of a clergy-house on the ground of the General Theological Seminary in New York.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Association has over seven hundred young men enrolled in its eighteen evening educational classes. Few colleges have a larger number of students than that.

There is talk of establishing dairy schools in some part of New York to teach dairymaids and others how to make butter and cheese. They are to be modeled after those in England and Ireland.—Troy Times.

An arrangement has been made in Worcester, Mass., whereby the books in the public library are placed at the disposal of school children during the regular school hours and are freely loaned to teachers and scholars in connection with their studies.

An eminent clergyman was asked for a series of brief papers "on what he knew about preaching." He replied: "The papers required will be very brief and very few, but if you should ask me to tell you what I don't know about preaching, I would reply, life is too short."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The professorship of biology held by Professor Huntley in the School of Science in South Kensington, London, has been abolished since he resigned. The salary was \$3,200 a year, and the chair was considered "one of the few prizes open to biologists," so that its abolition finds little favor among them of science.

The Baptist Weekly says: "As a mercenary measure, designed to lighten the burden of church building, memorial windows are becoming somewhat popular; but the object is often too apparent, and these transparencies are found to be suggestive of economical management rather than of hallowed memories of departed worth."

The annual "lion" sermon was recently preached in London. The origin of this service dates back some two and a half centuries ago, when, according to tradition, Sir John Gayer, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London, left a sum of money for the purpose of commemorating his remarkable escape from death while journeying in Arabia.

A recent address by Mr. Moody to the students of Northfield, Mass., consisted of these two words: "Consecrate and Concentrate," and he added a motto that he saw in England:

"Do all the good you can, To all the people you can, In all the ways you can, As long as ever you can."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Bronze is a very fashionable hue nowadays, but brass has not entirely gone out.—Boston Budget.

The energy and perseverance exhibited by a tramp in evading work would make him rich in five years if his toes were turned the other way.—Philadelphia Call.

A Massachusetts gunsmith advertises "a perfectly safe boy's gun." But a perfectly safe boy is very unsafe when he has a gun.—Norristown Herald.

The man who mortgages his property, while the money lasts, lives on the fat of the land, while the man who loans the cash has to be content with the lean.—Lowell Citizen.

A would-be wit once said, speaking of the fair sex: "Ah! it's woman's mission to make fools of men." "And how vexed we are," said a bright-eyed lady present, "to find that Nature has so often forestalled us."—N. Y. Ledger.

There are said to be twenty-two different causes for headache, which, strangely enough, is about the number of popular alcoholic beverages. But, of course there is no connection.—Merchant Traveler.

A California blacksmith is dangerously ill with glanders, contracted while shoeing a horse. And a Pennsylvania woman is suffering from a sprained ankle, contracted while "shooing" a hen. There seems to be a fatality about this shoeing business.—Norristown Herald.

A man who has kept account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife since their union consents to its publication, as follows: First year, 36,500; second year 16,000; third year, 3,650; fourth year, 120; fifth year, 2. He then left off keeping the record.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.

A New Yorker said to a gentleman from the Lone Star State: "I am thinking of spending the winter in the South. Is Texas a healthy place? Is the air good?" "Well, I should smile. You will get to be one hundred years old in almost no time down there in that climate. We have the most wonderful climate in the world."—Texas Siftings.

"Mother, said a young wife, 'would you mind cooking the dinner to-day? It would please John. I know. He complains so much of the new girl that I shall discharge her the moment I can get another.'" "Certainly," replied the old lady, cordially. "At dinner John said to his wife: 'Mary, that new girl seems to be gettin' worse and worse.'"—Cook's Journal.

An old bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a woodcut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would ever kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young lady, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.—Boston Bulletin.