

IN TIME OF SORROW.

I cannot think you dead. It must be only
That you have traveled far.
And while I find my path on earth more lonely
My sky has gained a star—

A star whose place in heaven I see more plainly
Because with me 'tis night.
Yet through my tears I sometimes see it vainly
And cannot find its light.
—Katharine L. Ferris in Harper's Magazine.

HE FELT SMALLEST.

There are occasions when a man feels small, there are occasions when he feels smaller and there are occasions when he feels smallest. This tale deals with one of the last mentioned.

He had been instructed to get something at one of the large grocery houses in the business section of the city, "because," as his wife explained it, "they don't keep it out here."

He had also been instructed to get just two pounds of it, "because," as his wife again explained, "I merely wish to try it and see whether it is an improvement upon what I am now using."

Then she wrote the name on a slip of paper for him, for she had learned by experience not to trust to his memory, and informed him that she didn't know how much it would cost, but that it certainly would not be very much, to which he responded that he was glad of that, for the reason that he had only a little change with him.

So it happened that he drifted into one of the big retail grocery houses that afternoon, pulled out a scrap of paper with the name of what he wanted on it, handed it to a clerk and said he'd take two pounds.

The clerk looked a little surprised and asked if he couldn't use five pounds, as the stuff came in five pound packages, but he felt confident that his wife knew her business, and besides he could not forget that he only had about \$1.75 in change in his pocket anyway, so he coldly informed the clerk that he knew what he wanted and how much he wanted and that he saw no reason for wasting his hard earned cash on more than that just because they were fools enough to put it up in large packages.

The clerk said "All right" and broke the five pound package to get the necessary two pounds. Then it suddenly dawned upon the young man that in view of the bluff he had made he would be in a very awkward position if the two pounds came to more than his \$1.75. He recalled that his wife had said that it wouldn't cost very much, but she had said the same thing once about a bonnet, and he had never placed much faith in her views of the value of things since. However, he made the best of the situation and asked "How much?" without a trace of nervousness.

"Three cents a pound," answered the clerk.

That was when he experienced the superlative of the adjective "small." He felt that he had made about 20 cents' worth of work to get 6 cents' worth of stuff out of a 15 cent package and in addition had suffered a full dollar's worth of mental torture.

He was not in good humor when he reached home.—Chicago Post.

The Best Man.

An actor told a story the other evening about a fencing master in London, who had two sons. Both of them, like the father, were physical giants.

Which was the stronger and better fighter was a disputed question until a burglar got into the house one night. One of the sons, opening the front door with a latchkey late at night, found the intruder in the hall. They immediately clinched.

The other brother, hearing the noise, rushed down stairs, and, not being able in the dark to distinguish a burglar from a worthy and honest citizen of London, proceeded to pound both men whom he ran against.

Meanwhile brother number one, thinking there were two burglars in the house, turned half of his attention to the new enemy, and the fight became desperate.

The father, awakened by the uproar, rushed down stairs with a heavy walking stick. Then the fight was something to admire, but to avoid.

When it was all over and the gas was lighted by the aged fencing master, it was discovered that he had whipped not only the burglar, but his two sons.—Pearson's Weekly.

What He Couldn't Do.

A student in one of the Buffalo medical colleges is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments until one of the company lost patience and said in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."
"Waal," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it."
And the critic paid the score amid roars of laughter from the party.—Buffalo Commercial.

It Was Needed.

"Our church tower goes nearer heaven than the tower of any other church in town," proudly remarked a resident in an interior town to a visitor from the city.

"Well," replied the latter, "I don't know any church that needs it more."
—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Some Ex-Senators.

There was a remarkable array of ex-senators on the floor of the senate. Here is the list: Ex-Senator Paddock of Nebraska, ex-Senator Bruce of Mississippi, ex-Senator Hunton of Virginia, ex-Senator Clayton of Arkansas, ex-Senator Corbett of Oregon, ex-Senator Sanders of Montana, ex-Senator Kellogg of Louisiana, ex-Senator Pugh of Alabama, ex-Senator Mitchell of Oregon, ex-Senator Hiseock of New York, ex-Senator Fowler of Tennessee and ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont. An extensive page in history is covered by these names, reaching away back over a quarter of a century to the stirring days when President Johnson was impeached. Senator Fowler voted against conviction. Senator Corbett, now in his seventy-first year, is another old timer. Kellogg and Clayton are reminders of the reconstruction days, and it was rather interesting to note how the friction of that period has disappeared, for Clayton, the one armed Arkansas Republican, and Senator Berry, the one legged Arkansas Democrat, hobnobbed socially and in deep conference together on a sofa.—Washington Post.

Motherly Solitude.

Miss Ante—It's funny about our old cat. We can't keep her away from the poker table.

Mr. Age—Nothing strange about that. Naturally she's looking after the "kitty."—Twinkles.

I have always thought that what was good was only what was beautiful put in action.—Rousseau.

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"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings lock like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."—London Answers.

Loyal.

Brown—Jones doesn't forget his alma mater.

Robinson—He doesn't, eh?

Brown—No, indeed. He's trying to teach his baby the college yell.—Scottish Nights.

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