FIFTY ODD WINTERS AN' MORE.

Tell ye of what I was thinkin'? Now really
there ain't much to tell;
I's settin' here lookin' at Mandy, an' think-
in' of—thinkin' of—well,
I's thinkin' we'd lived here together for
fifty good winters, an' more,
An' neither, like some I could mention, has
grown to think 'tother a bore;
An' I thought o' that fangle, divorces,
where people that chank at th' bit
Go to law with all manner of stories, for
gettin' their hitchin' line split;
An' I thought how we'd worked in th' har-
ness a lovin' each other th' more,
For knowin' that neither was perfect, an'
knowin' what 'tother one bore.
Yes, Mandy an' I in th' forties started out
to travel this road,
An' we didn't start out without knowin'
that each one had shouldered a load;
Nor we didn't start out on th' journey a
smirkin' and thinkin' we'd done
The cunnin'est thing in creation, with a
future all honey an' fun;
An' we didn't start out in a mansion, with
a mortgage some twenty feet long;
But we shouldered our load an' looked
happy, an' mingled some work with
our song.
Thinkin' of? Well, I was thinkin' that
Mandy, who used to be fair,
Is fairer now with her wrinkles, than she
is in that picture up there;
Fairer now in th' autumn, with her tresses
all drifted with snow,
Than she was as a pink an' white maiden,
some fifty odd winters ago.

An' that wasn't all by a jugful, somehow
there's a picture I see
Of me when first I saw Mandy, an' Mandy
when first she saw me;
An' then as time journeys onward, I can
see her one night at th' bars,
As I passed by with a greetin', an' her eyes
wandered off to th' stars;
An' then th' picture gets jumbled, an' all
I can see is her face
Crowned by a heavenly halo, a God given
message of grace.
An' after that life was in earnest, an' its
burdens were not over light,
But we both gave a hand to th' towrope, an'
measured our hearts with the fight.
So th' years passed on—they were merry,
with sometimes a good bit of sad,
But we never thought much of complain-
in', an' we couldn't found time if we
had.
Thinkin' of? Well, I was thinkin' that
Mandy, who always was fair,
Was never so sweet as this minute, with
th' snow drifts laid in her hair;
An' I's thinkin'—I's thinkin' that maybe if
I was to go th' long road
Ere th' Lord saw fit to call Mandy, 'twere
a pity to double her load;
An' then I was thinkin' how maybe that
Mandy might journey ahead,
An' leave me alone in my sorrow, alone
with my beautiful dead;
An' then I couldn't help praying that may-
be th' good Lord would see
It was best that He call us together, my
Mandy, my sweetheart an' me.

—Walter M. Hazeltine, in Good House-keeping.

A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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XI.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

After dinner Duncan went in search of the old mountaineer and Thorndyke shut himself in his room to finish the letter begun the previous evening. He went about it leisurely, placing the table in front of an open window and sitting where the sweet afternoon breeze might blow in his face as he wrote. Between the sentences he stopped often, weighing and turning the words until they fitted his purpose; which was to make this latest letter to his mother as one with those preceding it. This preserving of the unities proved to be less difficult than he had thought it would be. The new determination was but a suckling as yet, and the turning of a fresh leaf in the book of resolutions is, in any event, only a beginning. Besides, one's mother is always the first to accept a show of frankness as a substitute for the real quality, and Mrs. Thorndyke would have found reasons for refusing to believe Philip if he had told her the plain truth.

The window in the attic bedroom looked out upon the stretch of yellow road leading to Allacoochee, and in one of the inter-sentence pauses Philip saw two horsemen ride over the crest of the spur which shut off the view of the lower valley. They halted among the trees on the hillside, and one of them pointed to the farmhouse, while the other took something from his pocket and went through the motions of a man drinking from a bottle. Philip watched them listlessly until, at the end of a full minute, his curiosity awoke to comment upon the phenomenal thirst of the man who still sat like an equestrian statue with arm bent and head thrown back. There was a field-glass hanging in its case on the wall, and when Philip took it down and focused it upon the statuesque horseman the mystery speedily took another form. The man was not drinking; he was examining the house and the adjacent mountain through a glass not unlike the one in whose field Philip was observing him.

Thorndyke's first thought was of Kilgrow and his persecutors, but before he could form a plan for warning the old mountaineer the two horsemen rode down to the house, and he heard one of them ask Mrs. Duncan if the road led to Alta Springs, a village on the western slope of John's mountain. Since the question appeared to explain the reconnaissance, Philip let his suspicions lapse, and straightway forgot the incident when the travelers had ridden on.

He had finished his letter, and was beginning to wonder if Duncan would succeed in finding Kilgrow, when he heard voices below, followed by stumbling footsteps on the stairs, and Duncan entered with the old mountaineer.

"This is auld Johnnie Keelgrow, Master Thorndyke," he said, presenting his companion with a perpendicular gesture which seemed to call attention to Kilgrow's great height. "I just made free to fess him till yer ain room, whaur ye could hae it oot wi' him in private."

"That was right—I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Kilgrow. Sit down, both of you, and let me ask a few questions."

The mountaineer folded his thin length upon the edge of a chair, but Duncan stood irresolute. "I'm no sae ower rash, mysel', Master Thorndyke, as ye ken, but auld Johnnie here is mair captious than the canniest Scot o' them a'. D' ye think, now, he winna set foot in the house till he makes me promise to pit mysel' on guard on the doorstane!"

Duncan's dissatisfaction with any arrangement that excluded him from a share in the conference was very evident, but Thorndyke judged wisely that his client would be less embarrassed if the inquisitive Scot were out of the way, and he commended the precaution.

"It's well enough to be careful, Mr. Duncan; we're not likely to spoil our chances of success by being over-prudent."

"That's gude seasonable Scotch sense, d' ye ken that, Johnnie, man?" said Duncan, forgetting for the moment that he had been arguing on the other side of the question. "Ye maun just open yer min' freely to Master Thorndyke; he's an auld heid, if he does gang aboot on young shouthers."

Kilgrow nodded, and Thorndyke's heart warmed toward the old man when he was at leisure to read the story of privation and distress written so plainly on the thin face and in the restless eyes. It was some sense of the need for encouragement that prompted him to speak first in terms of assurance.

"Duncan has told me all about your case, Mr. Kilgrow, and I want you to believe me when I say that you're in no danger whatever of prosecution on the old charge of brandy-making. If you were arrested to-day I could clear you to-morrow. You shouldn't have run away in the beginning."

The old man resented the imputation upon his courage. "I reckon yo'-uns 'd run, too, 'ith th'ee 'r four of 'em a-poppin' at ye 'ith the'r rifles."

"Perhaps I should, after it got that far along; but I should have gone quietly with the officers at first and fought it out in court."

Kilgrow shook his head dubiously. "The law hain't fer a pore man like me."

"That's just where you're mistaken; the law is for everyone, and we couldn't do anything in the present case without it. But that's neither here nor there. What I want to impress on your mind is this: You are in no danger whatever from the United States authorities, but you are in danger from these fellows who have taken your land, and they will leave no stone unturned to make Alabama too hot to hold you."

"D'ye reckon not?"

"I know it; and before I take hold of your case I want to know if you are willing to trust me fully in everything, doing exactly what I tell you, whether you understand the reason for it or not."

"I reckon I cayn't do no dif'rent, 'ith them fellers a-huntin 'me all the time."

"Yes, you could; they'll give you plenty of chances to upset the whole thing before I'm through with them, and I want to be sure that you'll do nothing without first consulting me. Will you promise that?"

The old man held up a thin trembling hand. "You-uns is a lawyer; you-uns kin sw'ar me, ef so be ye likes."

"That's all right; I only want to be certain that you understand that point. Now, about the damages. How much do you think you ought to have?"

Kilgrow wrestled with the question and then looked up inquiringly. "I done tol' Jim Cates, oncet, that he mought tek that thar patch o' layn' an' welcome fer $2,000. I hain't a-keerin' so ve'y much now ef them fellers'd on'y quit pesterin' me, but ef so be ye mought git that much out'n hit—"

"That's about what I expected," interrupted Thorndyke, "and it's precisely what I wanted to guard against. Why, man, you could walk down to Allacoochee this minute and get twice that for a quit-claim for the mere asking! Set your figure at what you think you ought to have when I tell you that they're selling your land at five hundred dollars for a strip a foot wide and a hundred feet long."

The problem was too abstruse for the old mountaineer, and he shook his head helplessly.

"Very well, then; are you willing to leave the amount to me?"

"I reckon I cayn't do no better."

"Then we'll consider that settled. Now, one more question. Have you ever signed any papers for Cates or anyone else?"

"I reckon not."

Thorndyke was unfamiliar with the mountain idiom, and he pressed the question again. "I want you to think and be sure."

Once more the tremulous hand went up. "I 'low you-uns kin sw'ar me."

Philip smiled and said: "That isn't necessary. I suppose you'd be sure to remember it if you had?"

"I reckon so, long's I cayn't write none."

"That's all, then; and for the present, I merely want you to keep out of their way. Have nothing to say to strangers and don't pay any attention to any messages from me or from anyone else unless Duncan or Elsie brings them to you. Does anybody besides the Duncans know about your place up here in the Pocket?"

"I reckon they's mighty few."

"So much the better. Go back there and stay quietly until you hear from me. It may take me a month, or even longer, to find out what I want to know in Allacoochee."

Kilgrow understood that he was dismissed, but he hesitated, laboring with a statement that he did not know how to make. Thorndyke tried to help him. "Was there anything else?" he asked.

"Seem' like thar ort to be; 'bout you-uns' pay—I hain't got nothin on the face o' the yeth—"

"Never mind about that; if we win there'll be money enough for both of us."

Kilgrow went dumb again, trying to find words to measure his gratitude. Before they came there was a clattering of hoofs in the road, and then crunching footsteps on the graveled walk leading up to the house. There was a dormer window in Thorndyke's room, and its gable projected above the front door of the farmhouse. The sash was up and the sounds from below came sharply to the two men in the upper room.

"I've got a warrant for John Kilgrow"—Philip recognized the voice as that of the man who had asked the way of Mrs. Duncan—"and I'll have to trouble ye, Mr. Duncan."

At the mention of his name the old mountaineer started and would have thrown himself out of the other window if Thorndyke had not promptly seized him. "Don't be afraid—they can't touch you. Sit down and listen."

"An' who's this John Keelgrow that ye're speerin' after in my house? There's naebody wi' that name bides here."

"I know all 'bout that, and I know, too, that this same John Kilgrow's in this here house now. I don't want to make no trouble for ye, but I reckon ye know what all it means when the law says for ye to come down."

"Show yer warrant."

"That's for Kilgrow."

"Wha kens that? Ye'll no gang in this door till ye show me the bit paper."

"Mr. Duncan, I'm a dep'ty United States ma'shal; I reckon ye'd better stand to one side and lemme do my duty."

"Deputy or no deputy, ye'll no win intil this house forby the askin' or a weel-drawn search-warrant" — there was the sound of an opening door—"Elsie, bairn, fess me the auld rifle."

The pawing of the horses at the gate filled the silence until the door closed and Duncan spoke again: "Noo, then, ye limmers, I gie ye baith fair warnin.' I'm on my ain door-stane, an' ye'll show yer warrant or come on at yer ain peril."

Thorndyke peered between the slats of the closed shutters, and saw the two men fall back a few steps to hold a council of war. While they were talking, another horseman came in sight at the top of the hill, and a moment later Protheroe rode up to the gate and dismounted. He nodded to the intruders as he passed them, and Thorndyke was surprised to see them hurry to their horses and ride away toward Allacoochee. The hasty retreat was explained when Protheroe came up the walk.

"Good evening, Mr. Duncan. Are you out gunning for your friends?"

"Na, na, then," said Duncan, in tones of expostulation; "ye'd no be eemplicatin' auld Jamie Duncan for resistin' the officers o' the law, would ye, Robbie?"

"What officers? Those fellows? They're no more officers than you are. What were they trying to do?"

Duncan took the engineer into the house, and his reply was lost to the listeners in the room above. Thorndyke turned to the old mountaineer. "You see, now, Mr. Kilgrow, what these men will do. Your safety lies in keeping out of their reach. Come with me and I'll let you out the back way."

When Kilgrow had gone, Thorndyke went down to the sitting-room, but

The old man would have thrown himself out of the window.

neither there, nor afterwards at supper, did Duncan or Protheroe refer to the unwelcome visitors; and Thorndyke knew that the wary Scot had succeeded in satisfying Protheroe's curiosity without implicating Kilgrow.

The young engineer brought letters for Philip, one of which was reserved to be read in the privacy of the attic bedroom. It was from Helen, and Philip's conscience bit him when he tore it open. Then he smiled at his misgivings as he read through the closely-written pages.

"The Mortons were here to dinner last night," she wrote, "and they wanted to know all about you; where you were and what you were doing. You know best how little we could tell them, but they thought it odd that you should prefer the wilds of Alabama in summer to Lenox or Newport. They have taken a cottage just below us for the season, and Derrick Morton has brought his yacht around from Mount Desert—I won't say Bar Harbor. That is gossip of the time and place, and I could fill pages with it, but I suppose you care for none of these things now. And really I don't know just what you do care for; you seem farther away in Alabama than you would if you were in Europe; but I fancy that is because we are so utterly unfamiliar with your present surroundings.

"One thing I must tell you, however. A few of us here—Derrick Morton, the Van Ruyter girls, Arthur Haxtell and his brother Tom, Dorothy and John Berkeley, and one more—have undertaken to redeem the frivolities of our corner of Newport by forming a reading circle. We read none but new authors, and then we pick them to pieces with a refinement of criticism that would humble the most conceited beginner if he could only hear us. I think it's a pity that some of them can't; don't you? I wish you could be here to help us. I believe you would make a distressingly acute inquisitor, and the fact that you once tried your hand at authorship would lend a peculiar zest to your censure, if it be true that the best critics are the unsuccessful writers. Apropos, what ever became of your much-rejected manuscript? I should like to submit it as the effort of one of the submerged.

"I suppose you have no present thought of coming back to civilization. From what you say in your letters I infer that you are enjoying yourself, after some primitive fashion, and, better than all else, that your health is improving. Because I can believe the latter, I can continue to spare you while the need exists; and since the separation has to be, it is better that we should bear it contentedly. I should be sorry to have the good effect of Dr. Perevin's prescription marred by any repining of mine, and so long as you feel that the out-of-door life is helping you, I hope you will not let any strained sense of your duty to your mother or to me make you abridge it. We shall get along famously without our preux chevalier, and you are not to suppose that we are obliged to go about uncared for because you happen to be buried in the forests of Alabama.

"Write often, if you feel like it, but don't let it become a bore. There is nothing more dreadful than having to write to some one when you want to do something else. Affectionately, as always, HELEN.

"P. S.—I have been invited to join a party on Derrick Morton's yacht, and if you don't hear from me again for two or three weeks, you'll know I have accepted and that post offices are not to be had for the asking."

Philip put the letter down with a smile that was more than half a sneer. When one sets out to make himself the advocate of an unworthy cause, mental short-sightedness stands ready to distort and confuse the judgment; and in the case of a letter, the dispassionate formalism of written language lends itself easily to inferential misconstruction.

"How could I ever have fancied that she had any warmth or depth apart from the intellectual side of her character?" he asked himself. "I'm sure I don't know, any more than I know why I always took it for granted that we were divinely appointed to be the component parts of that mysterious creation which the marriage service declares to be one person, but which all experience says is still more than ever two. Could Elsie Duncan write such a letter as that to the man she loves? Would she turn neat phrases and—— Bah! the comparison is absurd! And yet, on the other hand, it isn't fair to blame Helen because I don't happen to be the one man in the universe who is capable of calling out the best there is in her; and I don't blame her. She may find the right man yet; it's barely possible this cruise in Morton's yacht will turn out to be more nearly a divine appointment than an agreement made by our fathers while we were in swaddling-clothes."

Thus Philip, in a plausible attempt to justify himself. How should he know that the cool and dispassionate letter was only a part and parcel of the hard task Helen had set herself in the beginning? How was he to guess that she had steadily resolved from the first to say nothing that would tempt him to turn back to his hurt? By what inner prescience should he have been enabled to read between the lines the passionate yearning that was so resolutely effaced in the written words? As he stood at his window looking out into the calm stillness of the moonlit night, what good angel was there to tell him that at another window in far-off New England the writer of that letter knelt with wet eyes, beseeching the Merciful One to protect and preserve the absent lover? There was none; nor was there any inward monitor to hint that propinquity, the charm of an innocent face, and a simple outpouring of womanly sympathy had united with his own moral and physical weakness to turn him aside from the plain way of rectitude and honor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Must Be an Astrologer.

Ignorant people think that an astronomer is also an astrologer. Sir John Herschel once received a letter asking him to cast the writer's horoscope. Another letter-writer requested the distinguished astronomer to consult the stars and answer these two questions: "Shall I marry?" and "Have I seen her?" Maria Mitchell records in her journal that on an Atlantic steamer an Irishwoman, learning that she was an astronomer, asked her what she could tell. Miss Mitchell answered that she could tell when the moon would rise, when the sun would rise, and when there would be an eclipse of the moon or of the sun. "Oh!" exclaimed the disappointed woman, in a tone which plainly said: "Is that all?" She expected to have her fortune told. Once in a town not far from Boston, during a very mild winter, a lad, driving a team, called out to Miss Mitchell on the street, saying: "I want to ask you a question, Miss Mitchell!" She stopped. He asked: "Shall we lose our ice crop this winter?"—Youth's Companion.

Bad for Epicures.

It frequently happens that those epicures who dally with the toothsome pate de foie gras are afflicted with gastric troubles to such an extent that life becomes a burden and they would willingly fill themselves with husks, after the manner of the prodigal, if they could secure relief thereby. This delicacy is made of the enlarged livers of geese, and in order to aggravate the affliction of the goose and get larger livers, it is the custom to feed the bird quantities of a certain variety of sorrel which contains an excess of binoxalate of potash. This chemical gets into the goose's liver, causes hypertrophy of that organ, and is the prime cause of the epicure's stomach ache.—Chicago Tribune.

"Capt. A.'s Company."

An English journal tells an amusing anecdote concerning a wealthy Irish lady whose summer house is situated near a garrison town in Ireland. A few days ago she sent an invitation to Capt. A—— to take tea with her, saying that "the pleasure of Capt. A——'s company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment she received by an orderly the following note: "Enlisted men John and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Capt. A——'s company accept with pleasure Mrs. N——'s polite invitation."—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Take Less.

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "I have satisfied myself that you want my daughter because she is to have a million in her own right."

"Just to show you that I'm not mercenary, and to make future family relations more pleasant, I'll compromise here and now at 75 cents on the dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Sudden Deaths.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for August 22, 1897—The Excellence of Christian Love—I Corinthians 13:1-13.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. 13:13.

THE SECTION includes chapters 12 and 13.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I. The Soul, the Life, the Heart of Christianity Is Love.—Vs. 1-3. 1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels. Although I have the gift of tongues bestowed by the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, can express in every language with the utmost eloquence, every rapt emotion, every highest experience and ecstasy of the human heart, that "harp of a thousand strings," yea, though I have eloquence and the perfect language of the angels. "And have not charity:" Love, a word as impossible to define as it is impossible to define life. "I am becoming as sounding brass:" Not a musical instrument made of brass, which has some dignity about it, but to a piece of clattering brass, which makes a senseless noise. The same brass of which were made the "tinkling (better clanging, as R. V.) cymbal," large, broad plates of brass, crashed together by the hands. It is mere noise, and nothing more.

2. "And though I have the gift of prophecy," i. e., the gift of speaking God's will, not confined to predicting future events. "And understand all mysteries:" The hard questions that had perplexed rabbis and people, the dark things of God's providence, and His Word, and His world; the enigmas of the age which all philosophers had failed to answer. "And all knowledge:" The truths revealed and known, the whole range of Christian doctrine. "And though I have all faith:" Not saving faith, but miraculous faith; the faith by which persons were enabled to work miracles. "So that I could remove mountains," as promised in Matthew 17:20; 21:21. The highest and strongest faith as to miracles. "And have not charity:" He does not assert that one can have these things without charity, but says if he could. "I am nothing:" A moral cipher, without any moral worth or significance whatever; weighed in the balances and found wanting.

3. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor." He may do all this from vanity, or from the fear of perdition, or to purchase Heaven. So the Pharisees did, to be seen of men. "Give my body to be burned:" As a martyr, but from pride, or self-glory, instead of love for Christ. Even of these things, which Christ so praises in Matthew 25, when done without love, it must be said, "it profiteth me nothing:" There is no virtue in it to be rewarded.

Love is a compound thing, Paul tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day; that they are things which can be practised by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the summum bonum, is made up? The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients: Patience, 'Love suffering long;' kindness, "And is kind;" generosity, "Love envieth not;" humility, "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;" courtesy, "Doth not behave itself unseemly;" unselfishness, "Seeketh not her own;" good temper, "It is not easily provoked;" guilelessness, "Thinketh no evil;" sincerity, "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." These make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man.—Prof. Drummond.

III. Love the Most Enduring Thing in the World.—Vs. 8-13. 8. "Charity never faileth:" like a fading flower (Isa. 28:1, 4). It is eternal in is very nature, as long as God and goodness endure. "Prophecies:" the gift of prophecy, "they shall fail:" R. V., be done away. There will be no need of them when they are fulfilled. "Tongues, they shall cease:" There will be no need of tongues, when all speak one Heavenly language. "Knowledge, it shall vanish away:" in the fuller knowledge of the Eternal World, as the stars are not seen or needed in the light of the sun.

9. "For we know in part:" and a very small part. How small, science is revealing more fully every day.

10. "When that which is perfect is come," etc. All the parts are absorbed in the whole. The separate parts, seen in a different relation, become other than they were.

12. "For now," in this earthly life, "we see through" (in, by means of) a glass, or rather, in a mirror. The best mirrors were made at Corinth. These mirrors were small, and only part of a large object could be seen in them. "Then:" in the life to come. "Face to face:" Without the intervention of any distorting media or imperfect comparisons.

13. "And now:" in conclusion, "abideth faith, hope, charity:" These three graces—faith, hope, love—remain imperishable and immortal. "But the greatest of these is charity:" Love. It brings us closest to God, makes us partakers of His nature, His children and heirs. It is the one thing without which faith and hope are of little avail.

Properly Equipped.

Baby Spirit (up in Heaven)—So I must go down to earth and get born, must I? What am I to be, a man or a woman?

Guardian Angel—Let me see. You have many talents, have you not?

"Yes, indeed; ever so many. I can keep track of 40 things at once, have my thoughts on one thing, and do a dozen other things correctly, sleep with one eye open, and on waking up at any time have full possession of all my faculties in an instant."

"'Tis well. You shall be a woman."—N. Y. Weekly.

PITH AND POINT.

—"I'm so grateful to Mr. Chumpleigh for sending me his photograph." "Why, I thought you hated him." "Yes, but just think, he might have brought it."—Brooklyn Life.

—She—"How would you punctuate the following: 'Bank of England notes of various values were blown along the street by the wind?'" "I think I would make a dash after the notes."—Household Words.

—Merely a Suggestion.—Bridget—"Sure, ma'am, I wud call your attenshun to the beautiful sunset out av the kitchen winder." Mistress—"That's nothing, Bridget. You ought to see it rise some morning."—Life.

—Typewriter—"I am rapid enough, and undrestand business forms all right, but I must admit that I cannot spell." Business Man—"You won't do, then, even at the price. I can't spell, either."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Any fool can write a novel," said Griggle; "you can make things come out just as you want them to." "Very true," replied Dixon; "but you must admit that there are some fools who do not write novels."—Boston Transcript.

—Dr. Samuel S. Wesley being present during a performance of his fine anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord," the basses sang their recitative, "Noses have they, and smell not," in such a vulgar, nasal tone, when Wesley remarked, in his most sarcastic manner: "No, they keep their noses to sing through."

—A Delicate Accommodation.—"Did you say that this is to be a wedding present?" asked the clever salesman in the china store. "No, I didn't say anything of the kind," replied the man who was making the purchase. "And I don't see that it makes any difference to you." "Not the slightest," was the reply. "I merely thought you might like to have us take off this price-mark and paste on another with a higher figure on it."—Washington Star.

RUSSIA'S RECENT CENSUS.

Startling Facts Developed by the Enumeration Lately Compiled.

The general results of the Russian census taking are now known. They present no specially startling facts, but some of decided interest. They show Russia to be, as it was of course known to be, by far the most populous country in Europe. Yet it is not so populous as to overbalance all the rest of the continent, nor even a combination of three or four other states. The notion that Russia is so great in population and resources as to menace the remainder of Europe with Cossack rule is seen to be an unsubstantial dream. The population of Russia proper is a trifle more than 94,000,000. That is little more than that of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and much less than that of Great Britain, France and Germany. If we add the 9,400,000 of Poland, the 9,700,000 of Caucasia and the 2,500,000 of Finland, the total is still much less than that of Great Britain, France and Germany, or of the triple alliance states. The entire empire, including the 5,700,000 of Siberia and Saghalien, the 3,400,000 of the Steppes, the 4,200,000 of Central Asia and the few thousands settled in Khiva and Bokhara, foots up a grand total of 129,211,113. That is enormous. But it does not nearly equal that of the other five great powers of Europe, or that of any four of them, while if, instead of numbers, quality be considered, the inferiority of Russia is much more marked.

Comparing these figures with those of the not very authentic census of 1851 it is seen that the population of the empire has about doubled within 50 years. The total in 1851 was 65,743,730. Leaving out Central Asia, which has been acquired since 1851, it is to be observed that the population of the steppes, of Siberia and of Caucasia has considerably more than doubled, that of Poland has somewhat less than doubled, and that of European Russia and Finland has much less than doubled. Russia is, therefore, increasing as an Asiatic more than as a European power. The population is chiefly rural, despite a marked growth of towns and cities in recent years. There is only one city, St. Petersburg, with over 1,000,000 inhabitants; only two others, Moscow and Warsaw, with more than 500,000; only three others with over 250,000, and only 13 more with over 100,000 each. Those between 100,000 and 50,000 number 35 and between 50,000 and 25,000 69. The population is most dense, or least sparse, in Poland, there amounting to more than 30 to the square mile. This is a thin and scattered population compared with other countries. In European Russia proper it is only eight and in Caucasia 8.6 to the square mile. Nowhere else in the empire is it as much as seven, and in the empire as a whole it is only 2.5 to the square mile. Women are more numerous than men by nearly three per cent. in European Russia and Finland, and men are the more numerous elsewhere. In the empire as a whole the two sexes exactly balance.—N. Y. Tribune.

Pretty Names for Books.

The following are some of the curious titles of old English books:

1. "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at."

2. "Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."

3. "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel known among men by the name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned.)

4. "Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant and Boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take ye out and eat."

5. "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin."

6. "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."

Most of these were published in the time of Cromwell.—St. Nicholas.

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