

THE LOVELY ROSE.

I walk within the plot Where Flora's beauties grow— Lily, forget-me-not, And all that gardens show; Not one but what is sweet? With memories divine, But best of all I greet The lovely rose as mine!

—William Brunton, in Good Housekeeping.

IT FAILED TO WORK.

Mr. Nelthorpe's Theory About the Treatment of Woman.

That man is only mortal and liable to error is a well-established rule, and there are in the world a certain number of men, each of whom considers himself the exception that we all know is necessary to prove a rule of this kind.

Charlie Nelthorpe was one of the number. He was a prig of the first water. He looked at all things and discussed all things from a supremely priggish point of view, but no subject displayed his priggishness to such advantage—or shall I say disadvantage—as the subject of women. On that subject he held himself an indisputable authority. There was no reason why he should, for he was young as yet, and had really had no very special experience of the opposite sex; but your full-blown typical prig generally rises superior to such a secondary consideration as reason. Charlie rose superior to it, and would expound his views and theories at as great length and with as much assurance as if he had devoted a long life and highly-cultured intellect to the study of that particular hierarchy which is called woman.

He was a great believer in what he called "systematic training." That is to say, he considered that women ought to be treated according to a certain system that he had evolved from his inner consciousness. The beauty of the system in his eyes was the fact that it required no modifications, but might with safety be rigorously enforced in every case. It could not fail.

Charlie was the lucky possessor of an unnumbered estate with a very considerable rent roll, and he intended to find a woman who loved him for what he was, without a thought for what he had, and who would have shared a mad hut or a garret with him just as gladly as she would share his fine old place in Yorkshire. When he had found her, he meant to train her in his infallible system. That was his programme, and it never occurred to him to distrust his powers of carrying it out. His belief in himself was absolute, and the infallibility of his reasoning and judgment a thing that to his mind did not admit of the slightest shadow of a doubt.

When he became engaged, his male friends were quite excited in their anxiety to see the woman whom he had deigned to honor with his approval, and when they had seen her there was but one opinion among the lot of them.

"An uncommon nice girl, and any amount too good for that prig Nelthorpe. Well, well, fools for luck! That was the unanimous verdict."

Lord Dolly Dashwood, one of Charlie's closest friends—by that I mean one of a certain select circle who frequently borrowed favors of him, which they forgot to repay—waxed eloquent upon the subject.

"Sensible little girl, don't you know. Knows how to talk to a fellow, don't you know. Knows how to listen to a fellow, too. Thrown away on a chap like Nelthorpe. Beastsly conceited cad, like two ideas. Any sort of woman good enough for him, don't you know."

The favored few who were privileged to listen to this flight of eloquence received it with the reverence that it deserved. No one spoke. No one could speak. Astonishment held them all silent. His lordship was not, as a rule, a brilliant orator, and the fact that he was capable of such a sustained and remarkable effort as the one recorded above came upon his audience with quite a shock. It was nothing short of a revelation.

Eva Carrington, the bride-elect, was a beauty. A softly-lit skin, satin smooth and veined like the petals of a rose; fair, flaxen hair that shone golden bright in the sunlight; clear, smiling eyes of heaven's own blue, and innocent, rosy lips that looked just made for the first kiss of love, were all blended together in a dainty and most fascinating whole. Her manner was childishly fresh and simple, and men found her altogether delightful. Women had their doubts of her—doubts that were principally due to the childlike manner aforesaid, and to a certain pretty trick of looking up quickly and then down with those great innocent eyes of hers—but women, of course, are invariably spiteful and unfair towards their own sex. Men, as we all know, have the monopoly of just and generous judgment.

"Well, Eva's soft blue eyes and bright little ways wrought dire destruction in the ranks of the stronger sex, but she appeared quite unconscious of her power, or indifferent to it. To all intents and purposes, she was completely wrapped up in the man she had promised to marry. His will was her law, and to please him was the chief object of her life. In short, his

Her total submission delighted him, and he took every advantage of it. It was not in him to show generosity to a woman, or, indeed, to anything that he thought weaker than himself. He was the sort of man who is brutal to his dogs and horses, and overbearing to his servants, who, in short, tyrannizes whenever he can do so without fear of retaliation. His nature asserted itself in his dealings with the woman he loved, and he took the keenest possible pleasure in trading on her forbearance, taxing her endurance to the utmost and showing off her pliant will and obedient temper to the world at large. It was all a part of the system that could not fail.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have torn the system to shreds and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. Eva Carrington was the hundredth woman. She submitted to everything with the most remarkable patience, and no word or complaint or reproach ever passed her lips.

But after a time she grew quieter, and her bright spirits seemed to flag. Her merry, girlish laughter was no more nearly so ready as it had been six months ago, and the corners of her pretty mouth began to droop with a wistful expression that was pathetic enough to touch the hardest of masculine hearts.

Charlie's friends all noticed the change and commented upon it among themselves, and applied to him a varied selection of opprobrious epithets. Lord Dolly Dashwood displayed a surprising amount of fluency on the subject. "Beastly cad. No idea how to treat a woman. Ought to be horse-whipped, don't you know. Shall have to cut him by Jove! Wouldn't take a flyer from him now if he offered it. Can't stand this sort of thing, you know. Beyond a joke."

Thus his lordship, and a good deal more that would not look well on paper. Charlie went on giving his petty arrogance full play, until, as was only to be reasonably expected, things came to a crisis. The wonder was they had not done so long before.

On the occasion of Lady Brown-Jones' ball he went the length of forbidding his fiancée to dance round dances with anyone but himself, and, though she received his commands with a good grace, she happened to be sitting alone. Charlie had left her for a minute or two to speak to a friend, and she was looking wistfully at the maze of couples that revolved before her. Lord Dolly made straight for her.

"Not dancing, Miss Carrington! Luck for me, by Jove! Rippling waltz, this. Have a turn?"

He stuck out his elbow invitingly, but Eva turned away, biting her lip. "No, thank you," she answered, in a low tone, "I can't dance with you, Lord Dolly."

"Can't?" echoed his lordship. "How's that? What's up? Not ill, are you? Not cross with me—eh?"

"No, I am not ill or cross, but—I have promised Charlie only to waltz with him. He doesn't like to see me waltzing with other men."

Lord Dolly choked down a forcible, but inelegant remark, cleared his throat violently, and ran his fingers through his hair. The two latter proceedings were signs of severe mental disturbance.

"There was a slight pause. "And he dances so awfully badly," Eva went on, with a queer little catch in her breath. "He can't waltz a bit—not a little wee bit. He—holds you all wrong."

Her voice quivered and broke on the last word, and she looked up at the man by her side with great tearful eyes, like forget-me-nots drowned in dew.

That look finished it. Lord Dolly was only a man. "Beastly shame!" he said, hurriedly. "Come with me. Nice and quiet on the veranda. A fellow can talk there, don't you know? Come along!"

Charlie Nelthorpe was bristling with outraged pride and wounded self-esteem when he went to pay his customary visit to Eva on the day following Lady Brown-Jones' ball. The fact that Eva could forget herself and respect that was due to him so far as to sit on the veranda with Lord Dolly for half an hour had been a severe blow to him, and he had not yet recovered from the shock. He had refrained from commenting upon her conduct at the time, but now he meant to take it out of her, and reduce her to the state of objectiveness that he considered befitting the occasion.

She was reading when he went into the room, but she laid her book aside at once.

"Oh! Charlie, is that you?" Charlie frowned.

"How often have I told you, my dear Eva, that a self-evident fact requires no asserting?" he asked, in his most dogmatic tone.

She shrugged her shoulders. "How often? Oh! I don't know. A hundred times, I dare say. You look cross, Charlie."

Charlie frowned again. There was an intangible something in Eva's tone and manner that was not wont to be there. Something that he could neither define nor understand, though he felt it instinctively.

"I am not cross, Eva, but I am grieved—grieved beyond measure. Your conduct last night caused me acute pain, the more so as you expressed no regret for it. But I hope you are in a better frame of mind to-day, and ready to say you are sorry for what you did. Until you have done so, I really don't feel that I can kiss you."

Charlie fully expected that this stupendous threat would reduce Eva to the lowest depths of despair, and bring her, figuratively speaking, to her knees; but for once he was out in his calculations. She drew up her slender figure and pursed up her rosy lips with an air that made him feel vaguely unaccountable. "Was it possible, he wondered, that she had decided to say him? Yes, her next words proved that it was so.

SOME ARIZONA REPTILES.

Oppressive Creatures, But Not as Deadly as They Are Cracked Up to Be. "It's sure death to be bitten by a tarantula. Such is the general impression among people who have a limited acquaintance with them," said the campaigner from the southwest.

"As for kissing me," Eva went on, with a little disdainful pout, "well, you will never have the chance of doing that again, so you need not excite yourself."

Charlie found his voice then. "You are talking at random now, Eva," he said, severely, "a bad habit against which I have always warned you. Will you be kind enough to explain yourself?"

"Eva tilted her small nose in the air, and a horrible doubt suddenly assailed him. Was there—could there be a hitch in the infallible system, after all? The thought appalled him.

"Oh, certainly," Eva answered, "I can do it in a very few words. Lord Dolly proposed to me last night and I accepted him."

Charlie gasped again. "But you are engaged to me," he ejaculated. "You must be mad. You can't seriously contemplate throwing me over for Dolly Dashwood. The thing's impossible."

"She looked at him and smiled. "Incredible as it may seem to you, I do contemplate it."

"But—but—but," stammered Charlie, "this is very extraordinary behavior on your part, Eva. Are you aware that you propose to treat me in a most dishonorable way, and—and—er—in short, very badly?"

Her face grew grave. "I should be sorry to do that," she said, more gently, "I—I don't want to be dishonorable, or to treat you badly, Charlie. But I am only human, and no one but myself knows what I have gone through in the last few months. You have tried me too hard. I was very fond of you at one time, and if you had treated me fairly I should have been very fond of you still. But you would wear out a saint—and I am only a woman. I don't think Lord Dolly will be hard on me. He may not be very brilliant, but at all events he is a man—the sort of man we call a gentleman—and knows how to be generous even to such an altogether inferior creature as a mere woman."

She paused and looked critically at her rejected lover, who now presented a truly pitiable appearance, with all the starch taken out of him, and a general air of limp depression pervading his being.

"That is all," she went on presently. "But before you go there is one thing that I should like to impress upon you for future guidance: It is always wrong to wear a man's wife to be just as fair—even to a woman."

She bit and again contemplated him with her big blue eyes, but he said nothing. He was too bewildered to speak. It seemed to him that all the laws of creation were reversed, and the whole scheme of the universe turned upside down.

There was a hitch in the system somewhere. It had failed.—London Truth.

On Turning Up Trousers.

I am asked to explain why some men think it fashionable to turn up the bottoms of their trousers, and how such a fashion originated. Men may turn up their trousers in wet weather without reproach, because the doing so is neat and thrifty; but to turn up trousers in dry weather was first thought of by a lot of London bank clerks, who sit on the razor-back tops of the Oxford street omnibuses, and are apt to rub the bottoms of their trousers against the hardware of the seats. To keep them turned up through the day probably struck them as economical. But I have never seen men of fashion in London turn up their trousers under any circumstances. In wet weather they take 'em, but for one of them to appear on Rotten Row in the season with his trousers turned up would be justly considered as a serious breach of decorum. I am aware that a noble earl at a wedding recently in this city appeared at the altar with his trousers turned up. But I am forced to conclude he intended that as a cynical practical joke on the anglo-manics and weak imitators he had met at the New York clubs, who think it is English to wear trousers turned up an inch at the bottom.—N. Y. Press.

A Case of Spelling.

Thomas and John were two brothers in the same class, and they were not the brightest boys in school, although they were not as dull as some. "How do you spell your name, John?" asked the teacher, as a feeler, on the first day.

"J-o-h-n," responded John, with pride; and now, Thomas, spell yours."

"T-o-h-m-a-s," responded Thomas, with as much pride as John had shown. "Oh, no, that isn't right," corrected the teacher. "Try again."

Thomas made several tries, and always the same. Then the teacher scolded him a little.

"Well," he said at last, "J-o-h-n spells John, why don't T-o-h-m-a-s spell Thomas?" as the teacher hasn't been able yet to explain clearly why it doesn't.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unusual Wedding.

"The funniest church wedding I ever saw," said a confirmed victim to the wedding habit, "was one in a Protestant Episcopal church in this city the other day. The bride's father was rector of the church; her brother was also a clergyman. The bride wanted her father to marry her. When the bridal party started up the aisle two flower girls came first; then the bride, walking alone, a few feet back of her; the maid of honor, next two bridesmaids, then the mother of the bride unattended, and lastly two more bridesmaids and the ushers. The mother gave her daughter away, the father married them, the bride's brother assisted in the ceremony. Altogether it was entirely different from any wedding I had seen before, though very decorous for all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ships That Pass in the Night.

"What kind of a ship is that?" she asked, as a vessel crossed the moon's track while they were gazing out upon the sea.

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CHAPPIES WHO HAD HARD LUCK.

The Unfortunate Swap Experiences Which the Listener Records. They were telling hard luck stories. "I think," said the actor, "that the toughest luck I ever ran against was when I was playing Lorenzo in a comic opera company, which I prefer shall be nameless for reasons of my own. We had an engagement at a pavilion in a summer garden. It was a good engagement, too, and we went out there with our hearts as full of hope as our pockets were empty of money. It happened, though, that we struck one of these nasty cold summer months. This was the coldest I ever saw. It was positively arctic. But the place was popular, and a lot of people came on the first night. Show was a dead frost, though, and we had to walk back."

"Didn't the people like it?" asked the Sympathetic Listener.

"Couldn't tell. You see, there was a big crowd, but it was so blamed cold that they all wore ear-muffs and couldn't hear the gags."

"Huh," said the Man Who Rents, "that ain't a marker to the luck I had to-day. Here I am, a man with a sick wife and a lot of other things on my hands, and when I got home to-day I found that it would be utterly impossible for me to stay there any longer. All there is to it, I've got to move. When you think that my wife's flat on her back you will realize what an affliction that is. I've got to move—think of it!"

"Well," inquired the Sympathetic Listener, "what have you got to do that for? Why on the rent?"

"No, I'm not shy on my rent, but a lot of my old creditors found the place the other day and there's nothing to do but get out of their way."

"You fellows make me laugh," said the drygoods clerk. "You actually make me laugh. You talk as if you knew what hard luck really is. Why, you ain't in it with me. I had a job as a floor walker that paid me thirty dollars a week. Part of my duty was to paint the signs used so extensively in the store. I always was handy with the brush, you know. I had a big sign to paint for the candy counter last Wednesday. It was to read 'Fresh Today,' meaning some particular kind of candies. I painted it but an infernal imp of a boy worked in the store and painted another just like it that read 'Fresh Today' and hung it in place of mine. The highly moral head of the firm had a fit when he saw it and fired me without giving a chance for an explanation."

"Then the Sympathetic Listener pulled up his slinker and nobody was plebeian enough to drink beer.—Buffalo Express.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

Some of Us Have One Superstition and Some Another. "I wouldn't have them peacock's feathers stuck up there if it was my place," said the superstitious man as he leaned against the bar and shook his dripping umbrella.

"Why, what's the matter with the feathers?" asked the bartender. "Ain't they pretty?"

"They'll hoodoo the place. That's all—very unlucky."

"Nonsense," exclaimed another man who was drinking alone. "That's what I say," said the bartender. "They're up there and they stay there. That kind of foolishness don't go around here."

"All right," said the man, shaking out his wet umbrella. "But I knowed a man that stuck up peacock feathers in his saloon and a man was killed there before morning."

"Put down that umbrella!" yelled the bartender and two others in a breath.

"That's all right. I ain't a hurting anybody," and the superstitious man raised the umbrella over his head as if examining its ribs.

"Put down that umbrella!" roared the bartender, rushing down toward the end of the counter.

"And he-a-talkin' about peacock's feathers!" growled the other man, angrily.

After the Graduation. "Why do they call it 'commencement maw'?" asked Susie Simply, carelessly tossing the essay she had read half an hour before upon the center table and heading for the piano stool.

"Because," came the reply in crushing tones, "because it designates the period when you're going to commence to hustle around and do something. As soon as you can conveniently take off that white dress and those eighteen-button gloves you will find a pile of dinner dishes in the kitchen that need your attention."—Buffalo Courier.

When Advice Begins to Get Tiresome.

"I've got a terrible headache," said Bersker. "Had it for three days."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Munday, with sudden interest. "Well, you just skip around to a drug store and take 'em."

But even as he talked Bersker dropped his head wearily and muttered between his teeth, "That's the 37th."—Chicago Record.

Vindictive.

Editor—Here is a scientific item, which says that photographs have been taken five hundred feet under water. Print it in a conspicuous place.

Sub-Editor—Um—what's the idea?

Editor—I am in hopes some of these camera fiends will try it.—N. Y. Weekly.

For Hot Weather.

Tom—Miss Hysea sings beautifully. Kitty—She has a nice summer voice. Tom—A summer voice? Kitty—Yes, I should think it would be rather thin in winter.—Brooklyn Life.

In a Lunatic Asylum.

"Anything new this morning?" asked the superintendent of his assistants.

"Number 136 has begun to write poetry for the papers."

"Begun to write poetry, has he? Put him in the incurable ward.—Mr. Sweet, in Texas Sittings.

A Rational Conclusion.

"I guess those little pigs must be French, just like our nurse," said Matie; "cause when I asked them if they were hungry they said, 'Wee, wee,' which Elise says means yes."—Judge.

An Inference.

Customer—Say, my man, I couldn't chew that steak you sold me, yesterday.

Butcher—Did you swallow it whole, then?—N. Y. Advertiser.

Gambler—the child of 37 years, the brother of iniquity and the father of mischief.—Washington.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—God never gives much of his truth to those who are not willing to live it.—Rams' Horn.

—One of the brightest students of Smith college is a Winnebago Indian girl from Nebraska.

—The English women are still coming to the front in college life. Miss Johnson, a member of the senior class of mathematics at Cambridge, has won the honor of senior wrangler.

—According to the estimate of Rev. Henry Loomis the total adult membership of the Protestant churches in Japan at the close of 1893 was 37,398, an increase for the year of 1,864.

—A committee of the Columbia college faculty has been formed to help students who come to New York from a distance and enable them to earn something toward the cost of their education and maintenance.

—Tanetaro Megata, who in 1874 was one of the first Japanese students ever at Harvard, is now superintendent of the custom house in Yokohama, Japan, a position as important as that of collector of the port of New York.

—It is stated that during the last decade the number of Episcopal clergymen in England has increased three times as fast as the Nonconformists. In the two previous decades the latter increased twice as fast as the former.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett, of Philadelphia, has left an estate valued at \$75,000, which after the death of her husband is to be divided among three boards of home and foreign missions and the benevolent institutions of the Presbyterian church.

—A Christian baker in Shangan, China, placed on the baskets in which bread is carried to his customers, the words: "Jesus Christ appeared in the world 1894 years ago." This leads people to question him, and gives him an opportunity to preach the Gospel.

—The degree of D. D. has been conferred by the University of Oxford, England, upon William David Walker, Episcopal Bishop of North Dakota. This clergyman was born in New York in 1840, and when elevated to the Episcopate in 1883 was minister in charge of Calvary chapel, New York City.

—A student of Boston's School of Technology lived at an expense of \$1.20 per week, without meat, and mainly upon "Educator crackers 10 cents, dried fruit 30 cents, whole wheat bread 30 cents, and seven quarts of milk 56 cents." On this he was able to study by day and work in a printing office evenings. It is simple as oats and hay, but similar also in containing all necessary elements of nutrition.

—According to the Baptist Year Book for 1894 the number of persons baptized in 1893 was 176,077. The increase by baptism, by letter, by experience and by restoration amounted to 303,704, and the decrease by letter, exclusion (47,650), erasure and death amounted to 182,454, leaving a net gain of 121,250 for the northern, southern and colored Baptists. The value of church property held by the three denominations is \$78,605,769, and the total membership is 3,496,988.

—In the service of the gospel there is a place and a call for the best talents a man can bring—learning, eloquence, common sense, devotion—but in none of these dwells the power to cleave hard hearts, to soften stubborn wills, to awaken dead souls. Only God can reach and save His own Spirit in man. He may be in and behind both messenger and message, or nothing will come of devoted and intelligent service.—Rev. Charles A. Berry.

WIT AND WISDOM. —All patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules.—Locke.

—We sometimes know what we have done, but never what we do.—Anon.

—It is hard to find a man who does not put the blame for his misfortunes upon his wife.—Rams' Horn.

—Creditor—Your master promised to settle with me to-day. Valet—Not if I know it; it's my turn first.—Kladderdash.

—Ourselves are easily provided for; it is nothing but the circumstances (the apparatus or equipment) of human life that costs so much.—Topsy.

—This marrying of rich American heiresses by foreign noblemen has a kind of longing for the dollar of the daddy in it.—Philadelphia Times.

—Almost