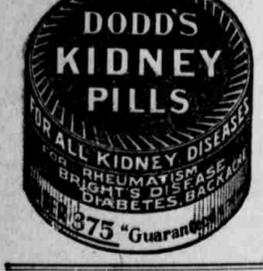


Chances for Lighting Companies.
E. L. Harris, United States consul at Smyrna, makes an interesting report on conditions in Asia Minor, and in regard to electricity, says: "The city of Smyrna, with nearly 400,000 population, has no electric railway, electric light or telephones. There are cities all over Asia Minor varying in size from 20,000 to 50,000 inhabitants where there are opportunities of getting concessions for electric light and traction. It is strange to turn their backs on this field with the excuse that nothing under a \$1,000,000 concession would attract them."



Hospital Horror.
First Internate—What a funny little appendix that last patient had!
Second Internate—Yes; regular comic supplement.

People Tell Each Other About Good Things.
Twenty years ago few people in the world knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day after the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease has been told year after year by one gratified person to another, there are millions who would as soon go without a denture as without Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a cleanly, wholesome, healing, antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes which have given rest and comfort to tired and aching feet in all parts of the world. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials of cures of smarting, swollen, peeling, itching feet, and of the relief and wear of the stockings and will save in your stock shoes pay the dealer a larger profit, otherwise you would never be offered a substitute when you ask for Allen's Foot-Ease. The original powder for the feet. It is not advertised because they are not permanent. For every genuine article there are many imitations. The imitations are not intended to sustain—the advertiser has no intention to reason that the advertised article is the best, otherwise the advertiser would buy it and the advertiser could not be continued. When you ask for an article advertised in this publication, see that you get it. Refuse imitations.

Old-Fashioned Simplicity.
"Our dads wore a lot of moccasins, weren't they?"
"Ded they were. Why, those old chaps used to actually think that the 'Black Crook' was indecent."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *W. D. Parke*

Argand Lamps.
What did Argand do for the lamp? Examine an ordinary lamp in which coal oil is burned. The chimney projects the flame from sudden gusts of wind and also creates a draft of air, just as the fire chimney creates a draft. Argand's lamp was the first to have a chimney. Look below the chimney and you will see open passages through which air may pass upward and find its way to the wick. Notice further that as this draft of air passes upward it is so directed that when the lamp is burning an extra quantity of air plays directly upon the wick. Before Argand, the wick received no supply of air. Now notice—and this is very important—that the wick of our modern lamp is flat or circular, but thin. The old abundance plays upon both sides of the thin wick, and burns it without smoking smoke. Smoke is simply half-burned particles (soot) of a burning substance. The particles pass off half-burned because enough air has not been supplied. Now Argand, by making the wick thin and by causing plenty of air to rush into the flame, caused all the wick to be burned and thereby caused it to burn with a white flame.

After the invention of Argand, the art of lamp-making improved by leaps and by bounds. More progress was made in twenty years after 1783 than had been made in twenty centuries before. New burners were invented, and better oils were used, and better wicks made. But all the new kinds of lamps were patterned after the Argand. The lamp you use at home may not be a real Argand, but it is doubtless made according to the principles of the lamp invented by the Swiss physician in 1783.—St. Nicholas.

Not the Eternal.
"Dresses and hats! dresses and hats!" we exclaimed, in an effort to be witty philosophical. "It is the eternal feminine."
"No," corrected one exact friend; "it is the external feminine."—Judge.

WENT TO TEA.
And It Wound Her Bobbin.
Tea drinking frequently affects people as badly as coffee. A lady in Salisbury, Md., says that she was compelled to abandon the use of coffee a good many years ago, because it threatened to ruin her health and that she went over to tea drinking, but finally, she had dyspepsia so bad that she had lost twenty-five pounds and no food seemed to agree with her.

"Merciful heavens! It is—it is!" she struggled with her breath, stretched out her two hands as though to some unseen yet precious presence, and then gave an inarticulate moan and dropped back on her pillow insensible. Audrey, trembling in every limb, hastened to obey Marshall, as she directed her to bring some eau-de-cologne and sit on the large chaise-longue dressing table she did not know she had. The sight of Mrs. Fraser's death-like face pained her beyond description. Marshall evidently was not unused to this sign of weakness in her mistress.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)
He immediately sent the girl to a Parisian school, and then he set about trying to force his way into the ranks of the upper ten. His money, his political views, and his power, as determined by the fact of his being a large employer of labor, and, therefore, of employing a large percentage of votes, brought about an acquaintance, and then a friendship, with Sir Edwin Gascoigne, an impetuous but most aristocratic baronet. By Sir Edwin's aid, Mr. Fraser was returned in the Conservative cause, and his step planted on the first rung of the ladder. He was a decidedly clever man, and although to mean and slightly to be altogether popular, he was not long in finding some friends. Among these, however, could not be classed Constance Gascoigne, Sir Edwin's second and only surviving daughter. Miss Gascoigne was a very beautiful girl, but she had won the reputation of having a bitter and unkind tongue. Every one knew that Constance Gascoigne was not a sharer in her father's infatuation for Mr. Fraser, and yet she electrified the whole social world by suddenly becoming his wife. There was the nine days' gossip, and then the Fraser marriage became a thing of the past, although there were some of Constance's women friends who still discussed the subject.

"This has been something mysterious about the girl for the last two years," cried Mrs. Fanfare, the biggest scandal-monger of the time, "and I for one always thought that young Frank Anstruther's sudden death had a great deal to do with it. Constance was madly in love with him, poor girl! Well, she has a sharp tongue, but she is not a bad girl. I am rolling in money—positively rolling, my dear!"

In a vague, yet uncertain, way, Sheila felt that it was only through her stepmother's popularity and undoubted social position that she was received and welcomed as the friend of the county families around the neighborhood, and possessed the entrance to the great houses in London when they stayed there for the season; and, bearing this in mind, it was only natural she should be very careful to keep on good terms with one who was so very indispensable to her. Deep down in the girl's shallow pretenses of a heart there lurked a rankling jealousy of the delicate, aristocratic, still beautiful woman who had been her father's wife. Sheila had never quite understood Constance Fraser, and she was just a little bit afraid of her; she knew how bitter the sweet, refined voice could ring sometimes, and how contemptuously the pale lips could curve when occasion merited it. She felt vaguely that Mrs. Fraser knew her at her best, and she was yet the young stepmother had never, by word or sign, been anything but kind and affectionately considerate to the girl whose guardian she was.

Sheila turned away from the mirror with a frown, and throwing herself on her lace-trimmed pillow, again took up her letters. The frown vanished as she read the warm and glowing invitation to two or three of the best houses around to luncheon, dinner, tea, and the like. "Bah! I and a fool!" she said to herself, and she laughed shortly. "I was only half awake just now, and what if this girl is pretty, how does that affect me? I am Miss Fraser, of Dinglewood, and heiress to a good hundred thousand pounds. I don't think I need trouble my head about a servant maid's face!" She read through the rest of her letters, and then rang her bell sharply. "Why doesn't the girl come back? I must get up, or Jack will be off before I have had dressed."

The bell rang sharply in the corridor outside. Audrey neither understood nor heeded its purpose. She was very frightened, and very full of pity at that particular moment.

She had gone direct, as Miss Fraser had commanded her, to Mrs. Fraser's room; she knew it, because Birchem had pointed it out to her the evening before; she had knocked gently, and on receiving no answer, she went timidly in. The room was large, airy and pretty; it was hung with dainty chintz, and was, compared to Sheila's magnificent apartment, simple beyond description; yet Audrey felt, in a sudden and indescribable way, that she liked it much better; it was so fresh and dainty looking, and there was plenty of light, and a bright yet respectful way when her mistress stopped her. She stretched out a fragile hand, white as snow, toward the girl.

"Who are you?" she asked in eager, hurried tones. "Where do you come from? Come nearer! Come closer! I want to see your face. Is this Miss Fraser's new maid as Mrs. Thorngate has got for her," said Marshall.

Mrs. Fraser had pushed herself up in bed; her deep blue eyes were shining like stars, and a rush of color had come into her white cheeks. Involuntarily Audrey had drawn nearer, and had not her small, worn-stained fingers into those other delicate ones. Mrs. Fraser passed the girl round with her face to the light, panned for an instant, and then gave one broken, sobbing cry:

"Merciful heavens! It is—it is!" she struggled with her breath, stretched out her two hands as though to some unseen yet precious presence, and then gave an inarticulate moan and dropped back on her pillow insensible. Audrey, trembling in every limb, hastened to obey Marshall, as she directed her to bring some eau-de-cologne and sit on the large chaise-longue dressing table she did not know she had. The sight of Mrs. Fraser's death-like face pained her beyond description. Marshall evidently was not unused to this sign of weakness in her mistress.

Jack Henderson found his arms and looked down at her gravely.

"Promise to go to bed at once," he said, "I shall not leave till I hear you are at rest."

"At rest?" A faint, bitter smile flickered across the pale lips, and then Mrs. Fraser stretched out her hand. "Good-night, my friend. Heaven bless you and thank you for your loving care of me. I am not worth it, Jack, dear; I am not worth it."

For answer he bent down and kissed the white hand, and then Mrs. Fraser caught sight of Audrey standing behind.

"It was no dream! It was no myth! Come to me, child! Ah, do not be frightened; I will not harm you. I will only kiss you, and gaze into your face."

Jack Henderson had turned with a start, and made way for Audrey to pass him. She moved slowly across to that black-robed form and knelt down. She was not frightened, only awed and strangely stirred.

"Lift up your eyes. Ah!" as Audrey obeyed her. "Child! Child! Who are you? What are you, with your face that comes up from the past? She bent forward and touched the girl's brow with her lips; she clung her hands as if by a magic spell, and a moan escaped her. Suddenly she released her hold, and her head dropped on her breast.

"Take her away, my dear!" cried Marshall, bending over her mistress. "She has got something on her mind! She has done nothing but talk of this child's face all day. It's only weakness, I fear. Poor Mrs. Constance!"

"Come," said Jack to Audrey, very gently.

As one in a dream she rose to her feet and followed him out of the room, and then, when she was outside, she burst into a flood of irrefragable, nervous tears, leaning against the wall, and weeping of any one or anything but the strange, wild wood in the garden, but as her sobs died away he put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Poor child! Poor little child!" Then, as she lifted her tear-stained, eloquent loveliness to his face, he drew both her hands in his. "Don't cry, child! I see you very lonely; you are strange here in Rome; shall we strike a bargain? You let me help you yesterday, you must let me help you again. Shall we be friends?"

CHAPTER V.
"What time do we start?" Sheila Fraser asked Lord John, as breakfast drew to an end.

She was not alone with the young man; an elderly lady, a poor relative of her mother's, was present. Had Sheila been left to her own inclinations, this quiet, grim, and undoubtedly middle-class Mrs. Watson would never have been given a place in her home; but Constance Fraser had spoken so direct and to the point on this subject that her stepdaughter had given in and offered in as gracious a manner as she could the post of housekeeper to this impoverished connection.

"Do you seriously think of going to-day?" he laughed, turning to the girl, who looked very fresh and pretty in her prettily dressed white serge gown.

"Why not?" demanded Sheila.

"Remember the ball."

"Oh, the ball!" with an airy laugh.

"My dear Lord John, I could follow the hounds for a week at a time, and then dance through two balls."

Sheila had excellent health," Mrs. Watson remarked approvingly.

Sheila rose abruptly. How slow their friendship advanced. He was perfectly aware that it was his mother's most earnest desire to see Sheila Fraser his wife, but he was equally well aware that he had no such desire himself. He was in no hurry to be married, and he certainly would never marry the money.

All this, however, he kept to himself, and although he was so intimate with the heiress of Dinglewood, he had never by word or deed given either Sheila or any one else reason to suppose that he held any special feeling for the girl than that of an ordinary friend.

Later Sheila had some dinner in her room, having ascertained that Mrs. Fraser would be well enough to accompany her to the ball; and when the time came she arrayed herself in her magnificent diamonds, and even gave "the charity girl" a smile, as Audrey, overcome with the brilliant spectacle, put her hands together, and exclaimed aloud with delighted admiration.

"Let Maxie sit up for me, Birchem," she ordered, and then she swept away and joined Mrs. Fraser's tall, elegant figure in the hall below.

"My mistress ought not to have gone out to-night! It is not right, it is not right!" exclaimed Marshall in indignation. "If I had my way, I'd have told Miss Fraser pretty plain what I think of her, dragging a poor, sick, suffering creature out on a cold night like this, and all for her selfishness! It's heartless, that's what I call it!"

Birchem made no reply, although she overheard this speech; Audrey felt her heart beating with sympathy, too. How fragile and ill Mrs. Fraser looked! Surely Miss Fraser could not have known how weak she was!

"Now, keep up the fire, and you may go to sleep, if you like," Birchem said. "See that Miss Sheila's slippers are warm, and everything out that she wants. They'll ring the bell when they come, but I don't expect they'll be home till quite morning."

Aurey glanced at the clock and sighed wearily; she sat down timidly on one of the richly covered chairs, and dictated to herself that she must not and should not go to sleep. Needless to say, before half an hour had gone, soothed by the warmth of the luxurious cushions at her back, and lulled by the silvery ticking of the clock, she was fast asleep, dreaming of Jean. All at once she was awakened, a bell went pealing through the silent house. She started from her cozy nook and rubbed her eyes. Nearly half past twelve; they were home early. She stood at attention, and went to open the door for Miss Fraser. There seemed to be some little confusion, and then Audrey heard a frank, determined voice.

"I tell you I'm going to carry you upstairs. I will not leave you till I see you safe in your room."

There was some murmured protest, and then Audrey perceived Jack Henderson, coming along as easily as possible, carrying Mrs. Fraser's slight form in his arms. He saw the girl in an instant.

"Which is the room?" he asked, quick to read and appreciate the sympathy in her great blue eyes.

She led the way and opened the door. Marshall was doing by his fire.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up hurriedly; then, as she grasped the situation, "Ah, Miss Constance, I knew how it would be; you weren't fit for it, my lamb! Bring her here, my lord. Em right thankful you for carrying her up; she's as weak as an infant, that's what she is."

"Don't believe her, Jack," said Constance Fraser in her awed, feeble voice. "She was lying back in a great wide chair, looking inexpressibly beautiful, though as white as a ghost, in her long, black velvet dress, with her rich Valenciennes lace about the neck."

Old Favorites

Maidenhood.
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a dusky glow lies
Like a shadow in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands; life hath snares!
Care and age are unaware!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows encumbered!

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of bliss cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into the wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THEIR MARRIED NAMES.
Homeborn Parents Could Not Master Foreign Pronunciation.
International marriages are, in these days of travel, more common than they used to be; but they were not unknown to our ancestors of a century ago, and were least rare, it seems, in some of the old seafaring families. Old-time sea captains made friends in many lands, and were occasionally accompanied on board ship by some adventurous daughter, eager, like Lord Bateman of the ballad, "far countries for to see." One such, who traveled as far as Russia, did not return; she remained there as the wife of a prosperous Russian merchant.

Her father's fellow townsmen were naturally interested to hear all about the match on his return, but there was one important piece of information they never obtained—the bride's married name.

It was so unpronounceable that the good captain declined even to attempt it. He always spoke of his daughter as "my gal who married a furriner;" his mother called her my "granddarter over in Russia;" and everybody else soon fell into the way of saying simply—and not at all jocularly—"Maria Thimgau."

Another old sea captain had two charming girls who accompanied him to France, both of whom married Frenchmen. French is a less difficult tongue than Russian, but the old man's ear was not so quick, and the two brides, on their first visit home, were somewhat chagrined at the havoc he made with their names.

They had become Madame Carotte and Madame Le Boutillier; but he introduced them cheerfully to strangers as Mrs. Lee Bottles and Mrs. Carrots. They gently remonstrated against such a perversion of their names, but in vain; he could achieve nothing better until a compromise was reached, in accordance with which he ceased to try to pronounce them at all.

Thereafter, when an introduction became necessary, he presented "My darter, Mrs. Nancy B." or "My darter, Mrs. Polly C.," adding, genially, "and if ye want the full of her name in French, she'll tell ye on askin'." She speaks the language.—Youth's Companion.

EXPERT ADVICE ON EATING.

Authorities Tell Us What Foods We Should Consume and Avoid.
Cleore told us long ago that we should eat to live, not live to eat, and Prof. Gautier of Paris amplifies that well pronounced axiom in the course of a very interesting article on "How We Ought to Eat." The professor is the sworn enemy of all culinary artifices the object of which is to stimulate taste, excite the appetite and induce a man to eat without hunger and drink without thirst.

These, he says, are prejudicial to the maintenance of health. When one has an appetite for plain bread, vegetables or meat unmodified by any seasoning, then and then only can one be said to be really hungry. Another paternal recommendation which the professor makes is the old advice of our grandmothers, that we should always leave the table with a slight sensation of hunger not entirely appeased.

It appears that we lose every day from eighty-five to 100 grams of albumoids, corresponding to 430 or 550 grams of muscular flesh or analogous tissue. An inhabitant of Paris, for instance, recuperates on the average to the extent of 102 or 103 grams a day.

As a guide to what we should eat the professor tells us that the best meat is that of animals fattened on pasture land—beef and mutton. Then comes poultry and pork fed on products of a vegetable origin, whether grain or herbaceous.

One should always avoid the flesh of animals fattened to excess on muscular flesh and also, to a certain extent, that of animals which are too young. Veal is not good for either gouty or arthritic people. It is not recommended for people with fragile, irritable, eruptive skin.

Fish, excellent in itself when it is quite fresh, is easy to digest, but it is not suitable for eczematous persons or those who have any other skin disease. Black meats of game excite the kidneys, predispose to gravel, to hepatic congestions and to arterio-sclerosis. One may live absolutely without meat; one cannot do without vegetable allments.

Prof. Gautier deprecates all exaggerations and sums up as follows: Boil your drinking water when an epidemic is raging; boil milk, cook beefsteaks sufficiently and sleep peacefully. A cup of light and savory smelling bouillon, a slice of roast beef properly cooked, a small glass of Bordeaux and even of Burgundy never killed anyone.

Eat with regularity and in accordance with the demands of hunger such dishes as have always been regarded as innocuous and remember that, as a rule, it is neither meats nor bouillon nor wine nor spices nor coffee which poison us, but their abuse.

FACTS OF THE FAN.
The Pope lately presented to the University of Pennsylvania a pair of the splendid fans carried before him in an Easter procession. The fan has a distinct ceremonial position in many countries. It plays a more dignified part than in this land, where its presence suggests heat, flies and mosquitoes. In the Eastern world it is an implement of tradition. A Sanskrit poem attributes the origin of the fan to King Niras' daughter, who, having charge of the sacred fire on which her father's glory and success depended, fanned it lest the flame should expire.

A Chinese legend makes Lang-sin, daughter of a great mandarin, responsible for the fan. At a feast of lanterns, overcome by the heat, Lang-sin removed her mask, a darning thing for a Chinese maiden to do, and waved it rapidly to and fro, near enough to her face to conceal her features. Her ladies quickly followed her example, and the fan was evolved.

Chinese and Japanese fan etiquette is elaborate. In Japan there are fans for the court, for the kitchen, for dancing, for tea and for war. Japanese ladies play pretty fan games. One of them is performed while the fair owners are rowed on the streams in pleasure boats. The fans are floated on the water and a poem must be composed while it makes a stated journey.

A Japanese servant must always hold an open fan before his mouth while receiving orders from a high-born master. According to true Japanese etiquette, a fan must never be used in the presence of cut flowers.

A good deal of royal significance has been given to fans. They were symbols of authority in Mexico before the conquest. Queen Mary of England received on New Year's Day, 1556, "7 fannies to keep the hets of the fyre." Queen Elizabeth favored the custom that a fan was the only present a sovereign could receive from a subject.

Fans have not always been dainty trifles. Jean de Balzac, a French writer of the seventeenth century, wrote from Italy, during the reign of Louis XIV. of the enormous fans in use there, suspended from the ceiling and worked by four servants.

He says: "I have a fan that makes wind enough in my chamber to wreck a ship."

SHARES ARE HARMLESS.

Still No One Cares to Make Personal Investigation.
In "Questions and Answers" it was said that "there can be no doubt whatever of the existence of sharks that will attack men in the water," and, referring to the offer of Hermann Oelrichs, some twenty years ago, of \$500 reward to any person who could cite an authentic case of a man being bitten by a shark north of Cape Hatteras, it was said that "Mr. Oelrichs received data of thousands of cases which happened in seas not included in the limits he set."

I well remember Mr. Oelrichs' statement and offer, as I supported him in the discussion which followed in your columns, and I still do, for in more than fifty years' sea service—not yet ended—both men-o-war and merchantmen, and in the waters of almost every part of the world and those where sharks most do congregate, I have yet to learn of an authentic case of a shark attacking a human being, and I have yet to meet a man—whom I consider worthy of belief—who has ever witnessed or had knowledge—be it a question of doubt—of a person being injured by a shark, says a writer in the New York Sun.

I have seen the waters alive with human beings and sharks, neither interfering with the other, though frequently in contact, and in waters infested with sharks of every type, breed and construction. I have known sailors frequently, alone and at all hours of the night, to swim long distances from their vessels to the shore, returning by the same means in safety, gloriously drunk and surrounded by sharks. Every sailor and every lubber as well can cite apparently authentic cases of men being devoured by sharks. I've heard them from farmers, but sifted down they amount simply to: "I heard of a man who knew a man who saw a man," etc.

The statement that Seaman Dunlap of the United States gunboat Elcano, while using his forefinger as a boat plug, had it bitten off "close to the garboard strake," may be relegated to the stories that may be "told to the marines." Sailors, before taking stock in it, will demand that the thickness of that garboard strake and the original length of that forefinger be specified and well authenticated. They will then figure on about how much finger the shark got. In the statement as it stands there are a few discrepancies and a dearth of details.

But with all this, permit me to add that I am and always have been afraid of sharks, and have had what I felt to be at the time several close calls and narrow escapes from them—whether imaginary or not. I didn't stop to ascertain. Nor shall I in any future similar instance. Notwithstanding my experience with the shark, I have no abiding personal faith in him and do not assert either that he will or will not attack a human being in the water, merely that I have never known him to do so, nor have I met a man who did, and, like many others, I would like to have the fact established.

Kindly Soul of Lincoln.
"The first time I saw Abraham Lincoln was in 1852, just fifty-five years ago," said former Governor William Pitt Kellogg of Louisiana recently. "I had just been admitted to the bar and was in Springfield, the capital of Illinois. I was young and perhaps rather timid and for that reason I remember particularly Mr. Lincoln's kindness to me."

"He had large black eyes that looked out on you from deep sockets and seemed to peer down into your soul. Though his cheeks were rather sunken and he had a hungry look, his face was lighted with inspiration; you felt in his presence that he was a man far above the ordinary."

"I sat there at the table that morning in the court and Mr. Lincoln, who was then known as one of the greatest lawyers of Illinois, leaned over and picked up a book just in front of me. As he did so he bowed in a kindly way without saying a word. To this day I have never forgotten that bow and the expression on his face."

"Four years later in the convention in which the Republican party was born I sat next to him as a delegate. He represented Sangamon County and made that great speech in which he said: 'You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.'"

"He had the most winning way in getting votes I ever saw. Two years later, in 1858, he was a candidate for the United States Senate against Donaglas and made speeches from the same platform on which I spoke. I was a candidate for the Legislature on his ticket and he advocated my election. In 1860 I was a presidential elector on the Lincoln ticket in Illinois."

"Only this morning I received a copy of a paper containing the state ticket of that year and found that it was the only man whose name was on that ticket who is yet alive. Those were wonderful days and they produced wonderful men, but Lincoln was the greatest man that I have known in the fifty-five years that I have been in public life."—Washington Post.

Mistaken Identity.
Mrs. Morlingsyde (showing Central Park to Mrs. Struckoye of Pittsburg)—That monument? Oh, that is Cleopatra's nose. It came from Egypt, you know, and is literally covered with hieroglyphics.

Mrs. Struckoye—Goodness gracious! And hasn't the board of health ever tried to exterminate them?—Puck.

The Ruling Passion.
Professor (about to commit suicide)—I am tired of life. I will drown myself and then it will be ended. However, I must wait a while, as I have been periphrasing and it might give me a chill.—Lo Scaudapensieri.

Bibles and Candy for Soldiers.
Every German soldier's equipment includes a Bible and a half-pound cake of chocolate.