

A BARTERED LIFE.

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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER I.

It is always a thankless office to give advice in these matters," said Mrs. Charles Romaine, discreetly. "Your brother and I have decided not to attempt to influence you in any way, Constance; not to bias your judgment in favor of or against Mr. Withers, you, as the one most nearly interested in the consequences of your acceptance or refusal of his offer, should surely be able to make up your mind how to treat it and him."

"I should be, as you say," responded the sister-in-law. "But I cannot."

She was a handsome woman, in the prime of early maturity, whose face seldom wore, in the presence of others, the perturbed expression that now be-gloomed it.

"That does not affect the fact of your duty," answered Mrs. Romaine, with considerable severity. "There are times and circumstances in which vacillation is folly—criminal weakness. You have known Mr. Withers long enough to form a correct estimate of his character. In means and in reputation he is all that could be desired, your brother says. Either you like him well enough to marry him, or you do not. Your situation in life will be bettered by an alliance with him, or it will not. These are the questions for your consideration. And excuse me for saying that a woman of your age should not be at a loss in weighing these."

Again Constance had nothing ready except a weak phrase of reluctant acquiescence. "I feel the weight of your reasoning, Margaret. You cannot despise me more than I do myself for my childish hesitancy. Mr. Withers—any sensible and honorable man deserves different treatment. If I could see the way clear before me I would walk in it. But, indeed, I am in a sore dilemma." She turned away, as her voice shook on the last sentence, and affected to be busy with some papers upon a stand.

Mrs. Romaine was just in all her dealings with her husband's sister, and meant, in her way, to be kind. Constance respected her for her excellent sense, her honesty of purpose and action—but she was the last of her friends whom she would have selected, of her free will, as the confidante of such joys and sorrows as shrink from the touch of hard natures—refuse to be confessed to unsympathizing ears. Her heart and eyes were very full now, but she would strangle sooner than drop a tear while those cold, light orbs were upon her.

In consideration of the weakness and ridiculous sensitiveness of her companion, Mrs. Romaine forbore to speak the disdain she felt at the irresolution and distress she could not comprehend. "Is Mr. Withers personally disagreeable to you?" she demanded, in her strong contralto voice.

"I liked him tolerably well—very well, in fact, until he told me what brought him here so regularly," Constance stammered. "Now I am embarrassed in his presence—so uneasy that I wish sometimes I could never see or hear of him again."

"Mere shyness!" said Mrs. Romaine. Such as would be pardonable in a girl of seventeen. In a woman of seven-and-twenty it is absurd. Mr. Withers is highly esteemed by all who know him. Your derelict of his society is caprice, unless—the marble gray eyes more searching—"unless you have a prior attachment?"

Constance smiled drearily. "I have never been in love in my life, that I know of."

"You are none the worse for having escaped an infatuation that has wrecked more women for time and for eternity than all other delusions combined. A rational marriage—founded upon mutual esteem and the belief that the social and moral condition of the parties to the contract would be promoted thereby—is the only safe union. The young, inexperienced and headstrong, repudiate this principle. The mature in age know it to be true. But, as I have said, it is not my intention to direct your judgment. This is a momentous era in your life. I can only hope and pray that you may be guided aright in your decision."

Left to herself to digest this morsel of pious encouragement, Constance drew a low seat to the hearth register, clasped her hands upon her knees, and tried, for the hundredth time that day, to weigh the facts of her position fairly and impartially.

She had been an orphan for eight years, and a resident in the house of her elder brother. Her senior by more than a dozen years, and in the exciting swing of successful mercantile life, he had little leisure for the study of his sister's tastes and traits, when she first became his ward, and conceived the task to be an unnecessary one, now that she was to be a fixture in his family, and appeared to get on smoothly with his wife. In truth, it never occurred to him to lay a disturbing finger upon the tiniest wheel of the domestic machinery. His respect for his spouse's executive and administrative abilities was exceeded only by her confidence in her own powers. She was never irascible, but he knew that she would have borne down calmly and energetically any attempt at interference in her op-

erations as minister of the interior—the ruler of the establishment he, by a much-abused figure of speech, called his home. A snug and elegant abode she made of it, and, beholding Constance well dressed and well fed, habitually cheerful and never rebellious, he may be forgiven for not spending a thought upon her for hours together, and when he did remember her, for dwelling the rather upon his disinterested kindness to a helpless dependent than speculating upon her possible and unappeased spiritual appetites.

For these, and for other whimsies, Mrs. Romaine had little thought and no charity. Life, with her, was a fabric made up of duties, various and many, but all double-twisted into hempen strength and woven too closely for a shine of fancy or romance to strike through.

She had coincided readily in her husband's plan to take charge of his young sister when her parents died. "Her brother's house is the fittest asylum for her," she had said. "I shall do my best to render her comfortable and contented."

She kept her word. Constance's wardrobe was ample and handsome, her room elegantly furnished, and she entered society under the chaperonage of her sister-in-law. The servants were trained to respect her; the children were regarded as their elder sister. What more could a penniless orphan require? Mrs. Romaine was not afraid to ask the question of her conscience and of heaven. Her "best" was no empty profession. It was lucky for her self-complacency that she never suspected what years of barrenness and longing these eight were to her protegee.

Constance was not a genius—therefore she never breathed even to herself: "I feel like a seed in the cold earth, quickening at heart, and longing for the air." Her temperament was not melancholic, nor did her taste run after poetry and martyrdom. She was simply a young, pretty and moderately well-educated woman, too sensible not to perceive that her temporal needs were conscientiously supplied, and too affectionate to be satisfied with the meager allowance of nourishment dealt out for her heart and sympathies. While the memory of her father's proud affection and her mother's caresses was fresh upon her she had long and frequent spells of lonely weeping—was wont to resign herself in the seclusion of her chamber to passionate lamentations over her orphanage and isolation of spirit. Routine was Mrs. Romaine's watchword, and in bodily exercise Constance conformed to her quiet despotism—visited, studied, worked and took recreation by rule. The system wrought upon her beneficially so far as her physique was concerned. She grew from a slender, pale girl into ripe and healthy womanhood; was more comely at twenty-seven than at twenty-one.

CHAPTER II.

But all this time she was hungry. She would cheerfully have refunded to her brother two-thirds of her liberal allowance of pocket money if he had granted to her with its quarterly payment a sentence of fraternal fondness, a token, verbal or looked, that he remembered whose child she was, and that the same mother love had guarded their infancy. Her sister-in-law would have been welcome to withhold many of her gifts of wearing apparel and jewelry had she bethought herself now and then how gratefully kisses fall upon young lips, and that youthful heads are often sadly weary for the lack of a friendly shoulder, or a loving bosom, on which to rest. She did not accuse her relatives of willful unkindness because these were withheld. They interchanged no such unremunerative demonstrations among themselves. Husband and wife were courteous in their demeanor, the one to the other; their children were demure models of filial duty at home and industry at school; the training in both places being severe enough to quench what feeble glimmer of individuality may have been born with the offspring of the methodical and practical parents. Constance found them extremely uninteresting, notwithstanding the natural love for children which led her to court their companionship during the earlier weeks of her domestication in their house. It was next to a miracle that she did not stiffen in this atmosphere into a buckram image of feminine propriety—a prodigy of starch and virtue, such as would have brought calm delight to the well-regulated mind of her exemplar, and effectually chased all thoughts of matrimony from those of masculine beholders. Had her discontent with her allotted sphere been less active, the result would have been certain and deplorable. She was, instead, popular among her acquaintances of both sexes, and had many friends, if few lovers. This latter deficiency had given her no concern until within two years. At twenty-five she opened her eyes in wide amazement upon the thinning ranks of her virgin associates, and began seriously to ponder the causes that had left her unsought, save by two very silly and utterly ineligible swains, whose overtures were, in her esteem, presumption that was only too ridiculous

to be insulting. Her quick wit and knowledge of the world helped her to a solution of the problem. "I am poor and dependent upon my brother's charity," she concluded, with a new and stifling uprising of dissatisfaction with her condition. "Men rarely fall in love with such—more rarely woo them." She never spoke the thought aloud, but it grew and strengthened until it received a startling blow from Mr. Withers' proposal of marriage.

He was a wealthy banker from a neighboring city, whom business relations with Mr. Romaine drew to his house and into his sister's company. His courtship was all Mrs. Romaine could desire. His visits were not too frequent, and were paid at stated intervals, as befitted his habits of order and punctuality. His manner to the lady honored by his preference was replete with stately respect that was the antipodes of servile devotion, while his partiality for her society, and admiration for her person, were unmistakable. He paid his addresses through Mr. Romaine as his fair one's guardian, offering voluntarily to give his beloved whatever time for deliberation upon the proposal she desired.

"You had better think it over for a week," advised her brother, when he had laid the case duly before Constance. "It is too serious a matter to be settled out of hand."

After that, neither he nor his wife obtruded their counsel upon her until the afternoon of the seventh day. Then Mrs. Romaine, going to her sister's chamber to communicate the substance of a telegram just received by her husband to the effect that Mr. Withers would call that evening at 8 o'clock, was moved to grave remonstrance by the discovery that she whom he came to woo had no answer prepared for him. Constance was no nearer ready after the conversation before recorded.

"I cannot afford to be romantic," she had reminded herself several times. "And who knows but this irrational repugnance may pass away when I have once made up my mind to accept him? This may be—in all likelihood it is—my last chance of achieving an independent position. It has been a long time coming, and my charms will be on the wane soon. True, a marriage with Elnathan Withers is not the destiny of which I have dreamed, but then dreams are but foolish vagaries after all. Life is real and earnest."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ZOOLOGICAL DIVERSION.

An Elephant That Used to Play a Clever Trick on Visitors.

The elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, used to play his visitors a trick, which could not have been thought of but by an animal of much intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the Elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk—a mere speck that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits.

A crowd would assemble around the inclosure, and, not seeing him in it, would watch in expectation that he would soon issue from the house. But, while they were gazing about, a copious sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky and wondering whence such a shower could come. Immediately afterward, however, they would see the elephant rising from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick that he had played. In the course of time his amusement became generally known, and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle he had caused.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

USES OF ICE WATER.

In Health It Should Not Be Used for Drinking Purposes.

In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in the summer. To use it at all with safety the person should take but a single swallow at the time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crunching between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhea, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp has allayed violent inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there. In croup, water as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest with a sponge or cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child wrapped up well in the bed clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.—New York Ledger.

Buttonless Campaign.

In Canada no campaign buttons, ribbons or badges can be worn between nomination and polling day. The carrying of flags as a party badge is also forbidden. The penalty is a fine of \$100 or three months in prison, or both.—Boston Journal.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8, 1896.—Clear out of the ordinary style of sermonizing is this remarkable discourse of Dr. Talmage. His text is: Rom. 9: 3: "I could wish that myself were accursed for Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A tough passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to save his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed for Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it. All-absorbing desire for the betterment of the physical and mental condition is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are, up to an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmaries, and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skillful surgery and helpful treatment. Oh, it is beautiful and glorious, this widespread and ever-intensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes! May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in that work. But all that is outside of my subject to-day. In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarer than four-leaved clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donas, have been those of whom it may be said: "They had a passion for souls." You could count on the fingers and thumb of your left hand all the names of those you can recall, who in the last, the eighteenth century, were so characterized. All the names of those you could recall in our time as having this passion for souls you can count on the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hands. There are many more such consecrated souls, but they are scattered so widely you do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the hundreds of millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to everything in this world except the redemption of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my text, and the time will come when the majority of Christians will have it, if this world is ever to be lifted out of the slough in which it has been sinking and floundering for near nineteen centuries. And the betterment had better begin with myself and yourself. When a committee of the "Society of Friends" called upon a member to reprimand him for breaking some small rule of the society, the member replied, "I had a dream in which all the Friends had assembled to plan some way to have our meeting-house cleaned, for it was very filthy. Many propositions were made, but no conclusion was reached until one of the members rose and said: 'Friends, I think if each one would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be clean.'" So let the work of spiritual improvement begin around our own soul. Some one whispers up from the right-hand side of the pulpit and says: "Will you please name some of the persons in our times who have this passion for souls?" Ch. no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of the names of such persons might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them. Some one whispers up from the left-hand side of the pulpit: "Will you not then mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of three hundred years ago, his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal and the public burning of his book, "Le Rex," in Edinburgh, and his unjust arraignment for high treason, and other persecutions purifying and sanctifying him, so that his works, entitled "Trial and Triumph of Faith" and "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," and, above all, his two hundred and fifteen unparalleled letters, showed that he had the passion for souls. Richard Baxter, whose "paraphrase of the New Testament" caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffries, who howled at him as "a rascal" and "sniveling Presbyterian," and imprisoned him for two years—Baxter, writing one hundred and sixty-eight religious books, his "Call to the Unconverted" bringing uncounted thousands into the pardon of the Gospel, and his "Saint's Everlasting Rest" opening heaven to a host innumerable. Richard Cecil, Thomas-a-Kempis, writing his "Imitation of Christ" for all ages, Harlan Page, Robert McChesney, Nettleton, Finney. And more whom I might mention, the characteristic of whose lives was an overpowering passion for souls. A. B. Earl, the Baptist evangelist, had it. I. S. Inskip, the Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob Knapp had it. Dr. Bachus, president of Hamilton College, had it, and when told he had only half an hour to live, said, "Is that so? Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees and let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so he died upon his knees. Then there have been others whose names have been known only

in their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What unctious they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer-meeting the dullness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would wake up a whole church. One of them would sometimes electrify a whole city.

But the most wonderful one of that characterization the world ever saw or heard or felt was a peasant in the far east, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings, one for the neck, and the other two for the arms. His father a wheelwright and house-builder, and given to various carpentry. His mother at first under suspicion because of the circumstances of his nativity, and he chased by a Herodic mania out of his native land, to live awhile under the shadows of the sphinx and Pyramid of Gizeh, afterward confounding the L.L.D.'s of Jerusalem, then stopping the proxym of tempest and of madman. His path strewn with slain dropies and catalepsies and ophthalmias, transfigured on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain, and ascending from another mountain—the greatest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, most beautiful being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserts who heard our Savior's prayer; tell us, ye seas that drenched him with your surf; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, Golgotha who heard the stroke of the hammer on the spikeheads, and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on midnoon, did anyone like Jesus have this passion for souls?

A stranger desired to purchase a farm, but the owner would not sell it—would only let it. The stranger hired it by lease for only one crop, but he sowed acorns, and to mature that crop three hundred years were necessary. That was a practical deception, but I deceive you not when I tell you that the crop of the soul takes hold of unending ages.

I see the author of my text seated in the house of Galus, who entertained him at Corinth, not far from the overhanging fortress of Acro-Corinthus, and meditating on the longevity of the soul, and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and among other things he says those daring and startling words of my text: "I could wish that myself were accursed for Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

Now, the object of this sermon is to stir at least one-fourth of you to an ambition for that which my text presents in blazing vocabulary, namely, a passion for souls. To prove that it is possible to have much of that spirit, I bring the consecration of 2,990 foreign missionaries. It is usually estimated that there are at least 3,000 missionaries. I make a liberal allowance, and admit there may be ten bad missionaries out of the 3,000, but I do not believe there is one. All English and American merchants leave Bombay, Calcutta, Amoy, and Peking as soon as they make their fortunes. Why? Because no European or American in his senses would stay in that climate after monetary inducements have ceased. Now, the missionaries there are put down on the barest necessities, and most of them do not lay up one dollar in twenty years. Why, then, do they stay in those lands of intolerable heat, and cobras, and raging fevers, the thermometer sometimes playing at 130 and 140 degrees of oppressiveness, twelve thousand miles from home, because of the unhealthy climate and the prevailing immoralities of those regions compelled to send their children to England, or Scotland, or America, or anywhere never to see them again? O, Blessed Christ! Can it be anything but a passion for souls? It is easy to understand all this frequent depreciation of foreign missionaries when you know that they are all opposed to the opium traffic, and that interferes with commerce; and then the missionaries are moral, and that is an offense to many of the merchants—not all of them, but many of them—who, absent from all home restraint, are so immoral that we can make only faint allusion to the monstrosity of their abominations. Oh, I would like to be at the gate of heaven when those missionaries go in, to see how they will have the pick of coronets, and thrones, and mansions on the best streets of heaven. We who have had easy pulpits and loving congregations, entering heaven will, in my opinion, have to take our turn and wait for the Christiana workers who, amid physical sufferings and mental privation and environment of qualor, have done their work; and on the principle that in proportion as one has been self-sacrificing and suffering for Christ's sake on earth will be their celestial preferment.

Who is that young woman on the worst street in Washington, New York, or London, Bible in hand, and a little package in which are small vials of medicines, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herself among those "roughs," and where is she going? She is one of the queens of heaven, hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise have had nothing to eat today, and taken the measure of a dead child that she may prepare for it a shroud, her every act of kindness for the body

accompanied with a benediction for the soul. You see nothing but the filthy street along which she walks and the rickety stairs up which she climbs, but she is accompanied by an unseen cohort of angels with drawn swords to defend her, and with garlands twisted for her victories, all up and down the tenement-house districts. I tell you there was not so much excitement when Anne Boleyn, on her way to her coronation, found the Thames stirred by fifty gilded barges, with brilliant flags, in which hung small bells, rung by each motion of the wind, noblemen standing in scarlet, and wharf spread with cloth of gold, and all the gateways surrounded by huzzabing admirers, and the streets hung with crimson velvet, and trumpets and cannons sounding the jubilee, and Anne, dressed in surcoat of silver tissue, and brow gleaming with a circlet of rubies, and amid fountains that pored Rhenish wine, passed on to Westminster Hall, and rode in on a caprisoned paltry, its hoofs clattering the classic floor, and, dismounting, passed into Westminster Abbey, and between the choir and high altar was crowned queen, amid organs and choirs chanting the Te Deum—I say, there was not much in all that glory which dazzles the eyes of history when it is compared with the heavenly reception which that ministering spirit of the back alley shall receive when she goes up to coronation.

In this world God never does his best. He can hang on the horizon grander mornings than have ever yet been kindled, and rainbow the sky with richer colors than have ever been arched, and attune the oceans to more majestic dogologies than have ever been attuned; but as near as I can tell, and I speak it reverently, heaven is the place where God has done his best. He can build no greater joys, lift no mightier splendors, roll no loftier antheams, march no more imposing processions, build no greater palaces, and spread out and interjoin and wave no more transporting magnificence. I think heaven is the best heaven God can construct, and it is all yours for the serious asking. How do you like the offer? Do you really think it is worth accepting? If so, pray for it. Get not up from that pew where you are sitting, nor move one inch from where you are standing, before you get a full title for it, written in the blood of the Son of God, who would have all men come to life present and life everlasting. If you have been in military life you know what soldiers call the "long roll." All the drums beat it because the enemy is approaching, and all the troops must immediately get into line. What scurrying around the camp and putting of the arms through the straps of the knapsack, and saying "Good-bye" to comrades you may never meet again! Some of you Germans or Frenchmen may have heard that long roll just before Sedan. Some of you Italians may have heard that long roll just before Bergamo. Some of you Northern and Southern men may have heard it just before the Battle of the Wilderness. You know its stirring and solemn meaning; and so I sound the long roll today. I beat this old Gospel drum that has for centuries been calling thousands to take their places in line for this battle, on one side of which are all the forces beatific and on the other side all the forces demonic. Here the long roll-call: "Who is on the Lord's side?" "Quit yourselves like men." In solemn column march for God, and happiness, and heaven. So glad am I that I do not have to "wish myself accursed," and throw away my heaven that you may win your heaven, but that we may have a whole convention of heavens—heaven added to heaven, heaven built on heaven—and while I dwell upon the theme I begin to experience in my own poor self that which I take to be something like a passion for souls. And now unto God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever! Amen!

FLASHES OF FUN.

He—My life without you will be a lonely one. The Heiress—But think how busy you will have to be.—Life.

He—Have you any reason for doubting what I say?—She Yes, I have. He—What is it?—She—I don't believe you.—Puck.

Tourist (presenting his opened Baedeker to the coachman)—Here, driver, I want to see the first four pages.—Fliegende Blaetter.

"It's all over." As the woman uttered these words she dropped the floor. The baby had spilled the ink.—West Union Gazette.

"Let's go shopping to-day, Tess." "I can't, Tess; I've lots of things to buy to-day. I've nothing to do to-morrow; I'll go then."—New York Sun.

"Is Miss Cahoots in?" inquired the caller. "That depends on you. Are yes Mister Jones?" said Bridget. "Yes." "She's gone out."—Harper's Bazar.

Canny—Is Miss Wilbur at home? Norah—No, sorr. Canny—Well, go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home. Norah (going)—Yis, sorr.—Harper's Bazar.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the leading doctrine of Christianity? The Laundryman—Kid throw stone—smashee glass—no can catchee—forgivum.—Puck.

"What office are you after this time?" "None at all." "Then, what are you running for?" "Because I don't want to be conspicuous!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Jokey is in hard luck?" "What's the matter?" "He has lost that last year's crop of football jokes which he intended working off on his editor!"—Philadelphia North American.

Some American travelers stopping at Halifax agreed to make no purchases in the city at stores where United States money was refused.