

Cherry County Independent.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

A Buffalo woman snapped a loaded revolver at her husband "for a joke." He never saw it at all.

A Bangor, Me., woman went into a drug store in that town and asked for a bottle of "that Monroe docterin." Even the children cry for it.

Gotham's latest census shows that there are 1,154 women in New York city who don't know how old they are. Probably there are not so many who will tell.

Lieut. Peary says he "found the Ice-landers a cordial and familiar people." Our school geographers had taught us to believe they were cold and distant.

A dispatch from St. Joseph, Mo., says: "The policemen are patrolling the cemeteries." That's all right; some of those hustling Westerners have to be watched for awhile after they are dead.

Paderewski has a magnificent touch; there can be no doubt of that. Thirteen thousand five hundred dollars for two matinee recitals! There's nothing the matter with that sort of box office technique.

An Oakland, Cal., paper has far outstripped such defilers of the language as the inventors of "Sundayed," "sundiced," "enthused," and the numerous perversities who fatuously think that lurid means red. It has brought back the atrocity, "debuted."

Because his horses could not pull his wagon out of the snow on South Water street, at Chicago, Emil Rau, the driver, lashed them until he was tired. After resting a while he went at it again, but was compelled to desist by one of his horses, which kicked him into a snow bank and broke his leg. It is one of the mysteries of nature why some animals, particularly the horse, are not conscious of their strength. If more of them were, and when the opportunity presented itself, would retaliate in kind, there would be fewer brutal drivers. Mr. Rau may learn a useful lesson during his hospital confinement if he is so disposed.

A prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. J. C. Strawbridge, has waked up to a realizing sense of the fact that that city has no fitting memorial of Benjamin Franklin, though the old philosopher was so intimately associated with it. Mr. Strawbridge, therefore, has given a commission to the sculptor, John J. Boyle, of the same city, to prepare a model of a bronze statue to cost \$10,000, its artistic merit to be decided by a jury of three well-known artists. The Fine Arts League of the city will select the site. It is gratifying that a similar commission recently given in Chicago by one of its citizens has roused slow-going Philadelphia to a sense of its deficiency in this respect. Of all cities in the United States it is the one which should commemorate the career of Franklin.

His honor the president of the Transvaal will not trek to London. The Boers were at the point of the cape fifty years ago. The patriots of Mr. Joseph Pughill drove them out more by bad manners than by violent arms. They moved north step by step, trekking, as they call it, their families and chattels through the desert to escape mere contact with the outlander. They brought the assegais of the savage, fought, bargained, cheated, lied and massacred after the manner of pioneers. They won their empire from the aborigine, and they have shown by Majuba Hill and Krugersdorp that they can hold it against the alien. Why should Kruger go to London to confab with the pushful person? The experience of the King of Ashantee may be in his mind. That potent monarch having been invaded by the advance guard of British civilization, consented to parley with the governor of the Gold coast and was whipped off from his capital while the ambassadors whom he had dispatched to Downing street were ironed and sent to prison. It is a long trek from Pretoria to London. The Boer has made his last journey.

The failure of the oil steamer Wildflower, which sailed from Philadelphia for Rotten, on Dec. 11, to reach her destination or to turn up at any known port, lends probability to the report that she has been destroyed with all on board by an explosion of the oil which constituted her cargo. The sudden glare in the sky, followed by the dull roar of a heavy explosion, reported by the captain of the Loch Etive on the night of Jan. 6, off the coast of Ireland, describes the familiar phenomenon attending oil tank explosions, and to those familiar with fires in the oil regions will be accepted as evidence of the fate of the missing steamer. Fires and even explosions at sea were not unknown to the oil trade when all export oil was shipped in barrels or cases. Petroleum is an inflammable substance, whether confined in a gallon case, a fifty-gallon barrel, a 30,000-barrel iron tank or a million-gallon bulk steamer. It generates an explosive gas more easily ignited than gunpowder. In a vessel loaded with petroleum in cases or barrels a fire would cause a series of continuous explosions until ship and cargo were entirely consumed. A fire on board a tank steamer would be followed by one tremendous explosion which would destroy ship and crew simultaneously. The fire and explosion might be caused by a bolt of lightning, which is the most prolific

source of oil fires and explosions in the producing regions, or a spark flame or lamp of any kind might become the agent of ignition on board. It did not require the now almost certain fate of the tank steamer Wildflower to convince those familiar with petroleum and its inflammable nature that the tank steamer was no improvement upon the old methods of shipping oil in the matter of safety from fire and explosion at sea. The tank steamer has doubtless reduced the cost of transportation materially; it has not reduced the fire risks. There will be explosions at sea as long as oil is a subject of ocean freighting, and the chances of explosion have been increased rather than otherwise by the adoption of the bulk method of transportation.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has recently decided a case which is of a good deal of importance both to railroads and to the traveling public. In the southern part of the State is a road known as the Cairo Short Line, a branch of which, fifty miles long, runs from Duquoin to Eldorado, the business on the branch being so small that the company ran only what are known as "mixed trains," made up of freight and passenger cars. The people living along the line of the road applied to the State Railroad Commissioners to order the company to run one train a day each way exclusively for passengers, and the order was issued. The railroad company denied the right of the board to issue such an order, and the case went to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the order of the Commissioners. The Court held that railroads are creatures of law and are intrusted with their powers to promote public interests, and are, therefore, bound to conduct their affairs in furtherance of the public objects of their creation. The Court held that "it cannot be said that the carrying of passengers in a car attached to a freight train is a suitable and proper operation of a railroad so far as the carriage of passengers is concerned." While this decision will be appreciated by many persons who have had to submit to being drawn across the country in mixed trains at the rate of ten miles an hour, not including interminable stops at way stations while freight is being loaded and transferred, it is a fact that many Western roads do not do a sufficiently large passenger business to warrant the running of passenger trains. This is a matter that a company ought to have considered when it asked for a charter, but having received privileges from the public such a company ought not to be permitted to treat the people as if they had no rights in exchange for the franchise they have given. Nor ought the company to subordinate the conveyance of passengers to the transportation of freight. The Court held very properly that carrying first-class passengers on a freight train was not in accordance with the laws of the State of Illinois nor with the rights of its people.

STUCK TO SPARTACUS STORY.

Congressman Hopkins Could Not See the Joker's Point.

Mr. Hopkins of Illinois is not altogether inaccessible to the subtlety of a joke, but in the main the tawny haired statesman is disposed to be serious and grave. Updgraff is a dry joker, and Lacey of Iowa is always bubbling over with the spirit of merriment. Some time ago, while Hopkins and Lacey were smoking in the house cloakroom the conversation drifted to the subject of gladiators, and Hopkins, in his serious way, began to extol the martial achievements of one Spartacus, not unknown to most readers, from juveniles up to gray-haired statesmen, in connection with a poem beginning:

"Ye call me chief, And ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years," etc.

"You can talk about gladiators in tones of contempt," said Hopkins, "but Spartacus was a great general."

Updgraff was half asleep, stretched out on the lounge within ear shot. He caught Hopkins' remark and drawled out:

"You're mistaken about that, Hopkins. That wasn't Spartacus at all, but Cantharides."

"Oh, no," said Hopkins; "it was Spartacus."

"I tell you it was Cantharides," insisted Updgraff, provokingly; "I know what I'm talking about."

Updgraff and Lacey soon after left the cloakroom and took their seats. Updgraff knew Hopkins was right. But it amused him to be perverse. So far as Cantharides was concerned, it was the first word that popped into his mind. The two had occupied their seats but a little while when Hopkins marched down the aisle with Anthony's classical dictionary. He banged it down on Updgraff's desk and pointed to the history of Spartacus for verification of his assertion.

Updgraff looked at it, then at Hopkins, and in very dry tones said:

"That's right. That dictionary is responsible for that cock and bull story. There it is, sure enough. But I presumed, while it had misled so many, you, Hopkins, couldn't be taken in by that kind of authority."

Hopkins looked at him for a moment in blank amazement at such a display of human perversity, closed the book in disgust and stalked up the aisle.—Washington Post.

Officer—What did you want, sir? Citizen—Somebody has stolen my watch, and I want you to hunt the rascal up and give him the key to it. It raises the mischief with a watch to let it run down, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Gothrox—I think young Cheeky is a foreign nobleman in disguise. Wigwag—What makes you think so? Gothrox—Well, he has succeeded in borrowing a thousand dollars from me, and now he wants to marry my daughter.

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS.

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, with your Eerie eyes so clear and pure Gazing, where we fain would see Into far futurity— Tell us what you there behold, In your visions manifold, What is on beyond our sight, Bidding till the morrow's light, Fairer than we see to-day, As our dull eyes only may?

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, with face Like as in some woodland place Lifts a lily, chaste and white, From the shadow to the light;— Tell us, by your subtler glance, What strange sorcery enchants You as now,—here, yet afar As the realms of moon and star?— Have you magic lamp and ring, And gentils for vassaling?

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, confess You're divine and nothing less,— For with mortal palms, we fear, Yet must put you, dreaming here— Yearning, too, to lift the tips Of your fingers to our lips; Fearful still you may rebel, High and Heavily oracle! Thus, though all unmeet our kiss, Pardon this!—and this!—and this!

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, we call Truce and favor, knowing all!— All your magic is, in truth, Pure foresight and faith of youth— You're a child, yet even so, You're a sage in embryo— President poet—artist—great As your dreams anticipate— Trusting God and man, you do Just as Heaven inspires you to. —Ladies' Home Journal.

A FANCY FAIR.

"Couldn't we get up a subscription or something for the widow?"

"Of course we must do something; in one's own hotel it is too dreadful!" and Mrs. Wildover shuddered and her companions did the same; in fact, the whole Hotel de Flandres had had its withers wrung and its nerves shaken in a singularly ghastly fashion. One of the waiters, while handing around a dish at the dejeuner, had suddenly turned white, reeled, and then, in sight of all the guests, fallen down in a heap upon the polished floor.

"Yes, we must undoubtedly do something," continued Mrs. Wildover; "but it's a pity it can't be something more general than a subscription among ourselves. Couldn't we organize some kind of a benefit—of entertainment?"

"A fancy fair!" exclaimed two or three ladies in a breath.

"It would be a splendid idea! But who is to organize it?"

"Oh, you—Mrs. Wildover! Oh, do!" Mrs. Wildover smiled modestly.

"Oh, but I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to."

"Yes, yes, you would."

"But you'll all help, won't you?" asked the lady, looking around. "I think we'll keep it strictly among ourselves; only the English ladies of the hotel must be allowed to take an active part in the bazaar."

Her audience gave a rapid assent, and Mrs. Wildover immediately plunged into plans and projects. Mrs. Wildover was fat, 40, and, thanks to True-fitt, also fair; but had there not existed a meek, timid-eyed little creature known as Mrs. Wildover's husband, it is certain that she could have had as many suitors as she wished, for Mrs. Wildover was ridiculously, fabulously rich. The fact had come upon her as rather a surprise some half dozen years earlier, when she had fainted on her drawing-room sofa in the little house at Peckham after reading a lawyer's letter which informed her that an almost forgotten uncle in America had died, leaving her not only his whole fortune, but his share in some petroleum springs down country.

From that moment it had been Mrs. Wildover's not unnatural desire to soar above the musical evenings and card parties of Peckham and New Cross. She went everywhere, was indefatigable in all her charitable undertakings, her shrewdness telling her that they often proved the thin edge of the society wedge. Now, at the Hotel de Flandres, there was staying at this particular moment a singularly beautiful dowager-countess, a lady most popular in London society, and one whose broad wings could, and they would, help poor Mrs. Wildover in her flight.

"Do you suppose Lady Lothair would help us?" she asked, tentatively. Nobody seemed quite sure, but everyone thought that Mrs. Wildover would ask her.

Lady Lothair was cordial and sympathetic, promised to attend the fair, and even volunteered to allow some of her photographs to be sold there. In fact, plump Mrs. Wildover, who was usually very sure of the ground she trod on, scarcely felt her feet as she left Lady Lothair's room. It was the beginning of her success, she thought, and thinking so, she collided heavily with someone coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon."

"Indeed, it was my fault."

And both passed on in their several directions.

The person who had gone to the wall in the collision was a slight girl dressed in deep mourning. She turned into a door to her left, and, closing it behind her, tossed her hat petulantly on to the table.

"Is that you, Nell?" called a voice from the balcony.

"Yes; come in, I want to talk to you."

The other woman entered. She also was dressed in deep mourning.

"What's the matter?" she asked, glancing at her companion.

"Nothing more than usual. Why will you insist on staying here, and like this?—it's awful."

"You are always so impatient, Nell. I tell you that—"

A sharp knock at the door interrupted her. "Entrez!" called the girl curtly, and then, to both women's astonish-

ment, the big form of Mrs. Wildover loomed upon them.

"Can you spare me five minutes, Mrs. Seymour?" asked she beamingly.

"Oh, certainly! Do sit down," said Mrs. Seymour, while Nell drew forward a chair.

"I've come to ask you if you would care to help us," continued Mrs. Wildover, as she proceeded to unfold the scheme of the fair.

Mrs. Seymour and her daughter had been at the Hotel de Flandres for over a week, but somehow they seemed to have assimilated with none of the sets. Perhaps their deep mourning isolated them, as it prevented their joining the circle des etrangers, but Mrs. Wildover felt that it would be sweet and condescending of her to take them under her protection and to patronize them.

"And now, what will you both do?" concluded the good lady, beaming on them good-naturedly. "Will you take a stall, Miss Seymour, or will you sing in the concert, or play, or what?"

Miss Seymour hesitated and glanced at her mother. "I'm afraid my singing and playing don't amount to much," she began, "but—"

"But she dances nicely, Mrs. Wildover, if that is of any use to you."

Mrs. Wildover gave a little gasp, and then suddenly recollected that skirt-dancing was one of the recognized accomplishments.

"That will be charming!" she exclaimed. "And you don't think you will be nervous?"

Nell shook her head decidedly. "Then that's all right. And won't you help us at all, Mrs. Seymour?"

"Oh, I'll sell programs, take tickets, anything you like," replied the lady, laughing; "make myself generally useful, in fact."

"Well, anyway, that's something to do!" exclaimed the girl when their visitor had departed.

"Exactly!"

"But whether the game is worth the candle; whether it's worth while vegetating here for a fortnight for the pleasure of showing one's ankles at a fancy fair, I'm sure I don't know."

"Neither do I as yet, my dear. Wait till the time comes. We'll soon see. But you are certainly right in one thing, Nell; black does not show you off."

The girl gave something between a grunt and a laugh and glanced at herself in the long mirror, the invariable adjunct to an apartment in a foreign hotel.

She was tall and very slight, with a clear, colorless complexion and crisp red hair; her eyes were heavily lidded, and when she took the trouble to raise them they were of a curious changeable tone. In her black gown no one would have called her pretty; yet to an observer there were great possibilities about her. She recognized the fact better than most people, and therefore there was some excuse for her petulant turn from the glass.

Mrs. Seymour, on the other hand, was short and plump and comfortable looking, neither plain nor pretty, and gifted with little appealing, helpless ways which usually stood her in very good stead, indeed.

"I wish you would not sit smiling there like that!" ejaculated Nell, impatiently. "I can't see what you wanted to come to Spa for."

"I am consumed with a desire to make Mrs. Wildover's acquaintance," quietly replied her companion.

"Then why on earth—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Seymour. "Let us go down to the salon and talk about the fancy fair."

For a week little else was spoken of among the English colony at Spa. In all likelihood Mrs. Wildover had never been so happy in her life. She spent her whole time in bustling and fussing among her helpers, and the name of Lady Lothair was scarcely ever off her lips. Her constant companion and right hand was little Mrs. Seymour.

"I really don't know what I could do without you," she said on the evening preceding the eventful day. "You seem to think of everything, dear Mrs. Seymour—"

"Oh, I am so pleased to be of use to you in anyway!" exclaimed her companion, eagerly, "and so is Nellie—"

"Has her dress arrived?" asked Mrs. Wildover.

"Yes I fancy she is trying it on now. Would you care to see it?"

With good-humored condescension Mrs. Wildover agreed, but she started back with a cry of genuine amazement when Mrs. Seymour threw open her sitting-room and she realized that it was indeed "that insignificant girl in black" who stood before her.

She saw a vision of diaphanous draperies, a maze of filmy silk and lace, and a face pale as a lily, but radiant under a glory of bright hair.

"Why—why, my dear girl, I never realized how lovely you were before!" exclaimed the good lady as she sank into a seat.

Nell made some demure reply, and executed a few graceful steps.

"Your gown is perfect, my dear, perfect."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" said Nell, with a laugh. "It wants your diamonds, Mrs. Wildover, to be that," she added, with a glance at the beautiful stones lavishly displayed on the lady's ample bosom.

"Let us try the effect," said Mrs. Wildover, graciously.

In a second the girl's white throat and arms were gleaming and flashing.

"I will lend them to you, if you like, and you must have some for your hair, too; I'll send them to you to-morrow."

Miss Seymour's thanks came easily be imagined, and Mrs. Wildover felt more like a beneficent fairy than ever. The whole town would be raving about the little English dancer to-morrow, and it would be to Mrs. Wildover that all the credit would come.

"Then—"

"Then, my dear child, I suppose you will be a little reconciled to our vegetation?"

The girl laughed, and the mother began to turn over a "Bradshaw" in a businesslike fashion.

The fancy fair was not to be opened until the evening. A great number of tickets had been sold, and there was quite an imposing list of figures in the account-book Mrs. Seymour carried, for she had arranged to relieve Mrs. Wildover of all the mere business part of the affair, and was really secretary and treasurer rolled into one.

"Do you know that Harry is here?" exclaimed Nell, in a low voice, as she burst into Mrs. Seymour's room on the afternoon of the great day.

"Of course he is. I sent for him—"

"But—"

"How silly you are, Nell! You are delicate, I could not allow you to dance unless there were an efficient medical man on the spot. Suppose you were to faint?"

"But if Harry forms one of our party—"

"That would be absurd; no, he will merely be there in case of an emergency."

At that moment Mrs. Wildover's maid appeared at the door, with her mistress's compliments and several morocco cases, and a message that that lady would like to see Miss Seymour when she was quite ready.

"You are positively charming, my dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Wildover, when the girl stood before her dressed, "and let me tell you that you look worth more hundreds of pounds than you have lived years."

It soon became apparent that the attraction of the fair was in the little yellow-curtained booth, where a stage had been erected, and where several people were content to crowd together and endure the efforts of several singers in order to enjoy the sight of Miss Seymour's dancing. Nothing was spoken of but her grace, her charm and the magnificent diamonds which Mrs. Wildover had lent her.

Mrs. Seymour had, however, been so busy looking after other people, taking charge of their stalls during their temporary absences, that it was late before she was able to get near the place where her daughter was dancing for the sixth or seventh time.

The mother stood just inside the door, conspicuous in the black gown which she still wore; Nell was floating across the stage, her draperies weaving fantastic figures around her, when suddenly her steps grew uncertain, her arms dropped limply to her side and she fell like a log upon the stage.

A cry ran through the little booth; Mrs. Seymour pushed quickly forward.

"She has fainted!" she cried in alarm. "A doctor! Is there no one who will fetch a doctor?"

"I am at your service, madam," said a young man, making his way rapidly to the stage.

The next moment he had raised the fainting girl in his arms and was carrying her to some quiet spot. Everyone was lost in pity for the poor widow, who was beside herself with grief and alarm.

In a very short time, however, a melancholy little procession left the bazaar by a side entrance. The men carried the still unconscious girl on a species of improvised hammock, and Mrs. Seymour and the doctor walked sadly by her side. They all entered the hotel; the servants placed her on the bed, and then the doctor declared that they could do nothing more for their patient. They were, in fact, few hands to be spared, and the busy hotel-keeper was delighted when Mrs. Seymour declined all offers of help, and declared that she would nurse her daughter herself.

It was fully 2 o'clock in the morning when the strange doctor left the hotel; the night porter who let him out asked for news of mademoiselle. Her medical attendant shook his head:

"Don't let anybody go bothering there in the morning to inquire after her; everything depends on keeping her quiet."

At midday, however, Mrs. Wildover would take no further denial, and insisted on going to inquire for her friends. Several time she knocked ineffectually; at last, growing alarmed, she tried the door. It was locked. After considerable delay the door had to be forced open, and, white as death, Mrs. Wildover rushed in before anyone else. It was, indeed, her cry which made the others follow her with a rush, expecting they hardly knew what tragic spectacle. As a matter of fact, nothing met their eyes but a couple of mourning costumes, neatly folded on a chair and the diaphanous dancing dress lying in a heap on the floor. For the rest—nothing—nobody.

The astonishment was so great that it was fully a minute before anyone grasped the situation.

"Gott in himmel! My bill! They are swindlers!" gasped the hotel-keeper, finding his wits first.

"Swindlers!" ejaculated Mrs. Wildover. "Ah, my diamonds!"

Everyone gazed at her speechless; in a moment the whole thing was as clear as noonday, and, in the confusion of the fair, their mourning garb doffed, they had escaped, and won a good twelve hours' start.

Mrs. Wildover startled everyone by a peal of hearty laughter.

"She's mad!" screamed one in horror. "The loss of her diamonds has turned her head."

"The diamonds," she gasped, after a second. "That's just it! I left them at my banker's in London. Those the girl had were paste."

No one ever quite knew what the exact figure of the receipts of the fancy fair amounted to. Mrs. Seymour might have told, but she omitted to leave her account book and cash box behind. And one thing is tolerably certain—that never again will Mrs. Wildover interest herself in widows or orphans at a continental hotel.—London World.

OLD GLORY LIVES ON.

How Perpetual Life Is Secured for the Capitol Building Flags.

It is a question which no one can answer what becomes of the flags which fly session after session over the two houses of Congress. The life of a flag exposed at such a height to the tattering winds naturally cannot be long. Every now and then, after a storm, a great rent is seen in "Old Glory," as it proclaims from the housetop that our statesmen are deliberating. Sometimes the edges only are frayed. Sometimes a stripe is gone, or, perhaps, half the stars may be torn away. Then in a day or two it flies again with all its stripes and its stars, as if it had never suffered by the storm.

I asked what became of the old flags. Nobody knew.

What do you do with them? Nothing.

They are the same flags; that is, there are no new ones. The old flags are simply mended. There is a patriotic poem in this. "Old Glory" has a perpetual life; that is, the "Old Glory" that presides over the Capitol. When a stripe blows away, a new one is put in its place, and the same old flag is pulled to the head of the staff. If it is the blue field and stars that is gone, this is reproduced. If only a rent, it is darned; if a hole, it is patched. Then another stripe goes, and a new one is added. So on, the old portions are blown away, the newer standing until the new becomes the old it turn and tears away, and in endless evolution the old flag lives on. It is always the same flag, but from year to year its entire texture is changed, and the small bits are blown away by the winds, and other small bits take their place. There is no graveyard for Old Glory. It has perpetual life. No one can tell when the flag which floats over the Senate was bought. It is still a perfect flag, but no part of what was first drawn to the masthead is now in existence.—Washington Star.

It Is Not Heaven.

The editor of a paper in the wild West, which is paid for in corn when the subscribers are obliged to pay, gleefully tells of a country editor who died of starvation and was being escorted to heaven by an angel who had been sent out for that purpose. "May I look at the other place before I ascend to eternal happiness?" "Easily," said the angel. So they went below and glimpsed around, taking in the sights. The angel lost track of the editor, and went around hedges to hunt him. He found him sitting by a furnace fanning himself, and gazing with rapture upon the lot of people in the fire. There was a sign on the furnace which said: "Delinquent Subscribers." "Come," said the angel, "we must be going." "You go on," said the editor. "I'm not coming. This is heaven enough for me." There may be something in this. Thoughtful people have often wondered how they could be able to enjoy heaven when conscious that so many whom they dearly love, in spite of their wickedness, would be suffering eternal punishment in another place, where the tears of the good could not put out the fires that were scorching the wicked, and many affectionate people have wished they could dare doubt the theory of endless damnation—and remain respected in a hard-shelled community—simply on account of their friends. On the other hand, it is feared many more selfish people who are good, not for goodness' sake, are anticipating that their greatest delights in heaven will be found when they can look over the pearl and golden battlements into that torrid and eternal place and see their enemies writhing and roasting, and be able to tell them: "I told you so!"—New Orleans Picayune.

'Uncle Sam,' "Brother Jonathan."

Brother Jonathan is the older character. During the revolution Jonathan Trumbull was governor of Connecticut and a close friend and adviser of Washington. The latter would often refer matters to "Brother Jonathan" for his advice, so in time the expression, "I'll ask Brother Jonathan about it" became a saying in the army and from the army extended over the country. During the war of 1812 Elbert Anderson, an army contractor, bought a large quantity of provisions in Troy. One of the inspectors there was Samuel Wilson, known generally as Uncle Sam. As he passed on each barrel he marked it "E. A. U. S.," for Elbert Anderson—United States." Some one asked what the letters meant. A bystander suggested that they stood for "Elbert Anderson—Uncle Sam." The joke took among the workmen, many of whom entered the army and carried it with them. In time, like "Brother Jonathan," it spread over the country.

A Worthy Invention.

An enterprising English journal says: "To decide between the deserving and the undeserving poor, is no easy task. The Americans have devised a plan of doing so mechanically. In various parts of the country automatic alms distributors have been set up. A handle is connected with some machinery, such as will store electricity for instance, in an accumulator, or perhaps grind coffee, and after turning this for a certain length of time a penny is thrown out to the operator. These machines are already popular. Instead of putting a penny in the slot and receiving in exchange the product of some one else's work, you put in your own work and take out another person's penny. Of a truth the idea is worthy of imitation in this country."

Uncle John—I am afraid, Henry, that you will never make much progress in the world, with your indifferent, easy-going ways. The secret of success, Henry, is hard work. Henry—Yes, I suppose so, Uncle John; but, you know, I never did care much about other people's secrets.—Boston Transcript.