### A Boulevard Centaur.

If Police.....n Sam Cummings was byer on foc. no one ever saw him. He smerged from retirement over night, in full panonly of his gray uniform—for he was a park policeman—white-gloved, smooth-s-aven, with spotiess helmet, mounted on Dunston, his black gelding. Durston was no less carefully groomed than his master, and master and horse seemed well pleased with the world. They appeared, in fact, to live a choice existence. Others might walk the sugh walks of life, but Dunston trotted and pranced down the exquisite roadways of the park, or stood immovable as a sentry to watch the throng upon the Lake Shore drive, and sam Cummings seemed only to look at holiday c. wds, and parterres of flowers, and the tossing waters of the lake.

holiday c. wds, and parteries of flow-ers, and the tossing waters of the lake. To accuse Sam Cummings or Dun-ston of modesty would be doing them an injustice. If Dunston was not con-scious of nis arched neck and sweep-ing tail his delicate legs and beautiful back, then smoke does not fly upward. If Sam Cummings did not know that he look-4 like a leader and a hero, and was neighted out as the show policehe look-d like a leader and a hero, and was pointed out as the show policeman of Lincoln Park, then the moon does not wax and wane. But the vanities of Cummings and Dunston were not restricted to personal admiration. Cummings was prouder of Dunston than he was of himself, and considered him the finest horse that smelled lake breeze from the drive; and Dunston knew the man on his back to be the finest of horsemen, and sometimes put his howemanship to the test for the sole purpose of giving life to the boulevard where most of the borses were hopelessly conventional in their deportment—and of showing the fat merchants in their carriages what a real rider—as.

Never but once had Dunsten been sealous and that was when his master used to ride to the Sanitarium every day to take dainties to little Ted Callaban, the sick baby. It was not at Ted that Dunston feit aggrieved, but at Ted's mother, who was a widow, no older 'han a girl, who hung over her dying child with silent terment. Never had Dunston heard Sam Cummings speak to any one so gently as he did to the twhite-faced woman; never had Dunston feit so slight and tender a Dunston feit so slight and tender a hand upon his velvet nose as that of Mollie Callahan. But though Dunston pitied her he did not like her. Sam Cummings talked to her far too much, and it seemed to the horse that it was not impossible that Sam might stroke her hair with as kindly. her hair with as kindly a touch as he

did Dunston's neck. Which would not on Decidedly not.

But the baby died, and Dunston, asherned of himself for his evil thought, walked solemnly behind the hearse that walked solemnly behind the hearse that carried the wee coffin to the cemetery. He and Sam had ordered that coffin, and he and Sam had been up to the cemetery before to see the little grave, and the headstone, and the planting of rosebushes. After that for a time Sam was stern and slient, and Dunsten miserable. The relations between them never had been so strained. Once or twice Dunston even thought of threwing him, just to show him there were limits of endurance. It seemed to Dunlimits of endurance. It seemed to Dun-ston there was more reason for rejoic-ing than there had been for a long time, for the pale-faced little creature with her widow's bonnet had gone away altogether. Neither Sam nor Dun-ston saw her any more. But Dunston could feel that his master sat heavily could feel that his master sat here of upon him as if he bore a burden of sorrow; and he no longer laugned with happy defiance, as he had used to do, when Dunston caracoled about the drives—those familiar drives winding like wide gray ribbons among the fab-

sic of greenery.

Well, this was years age, and is hardly worth recalling. Times grew better after several months had passed. Dunston could feel his master getting back to his old light, jaunty seat in

Dunston could feel his master getting back to his old light, jaunty seat in the saddle; he had the privilege of hearing him warn, and berate, and shout out to the children as he used to before he knew the sad little widow.

They had some fine adventures together—Sam and Dunsten. They had been in one stiff fight at twilight with some city bandits, and they had dashed into the breakers and pulled five men out from a wreck on one unforgotten occasion, and had seen many tragedies, such as suicides and murders, and had raced after thieves. But, as a general thing, their lives were well ordered.

It would be embarrassing to say how many years went by in this pleasant fashion—especially would it be embarrassing to Dunston, who steadily refused for the last five years of his life to let any one look at his teeth. Sam, with a delicacy characteristic of him.

with a delicacy characteristic of him refrained from doing so, and never made even the most casual reference to made even the most casual reference to the passing years. He loked away the first time he cut up Dunston's food and pretended not to notice, and when Dunston made rheumatic attempts to prance when the band played Sam did not hint by so much as a sigh that the thing was a poor imitation of the prancings of other days. Dunston was equally reserved, and never showed Sam any favors when he dismounted, though the dullest horse could have seen that the policeman was getting a trifle stiff. As for birthdays—they simply were not recognized, as the Christian Scientists say. Scientists say

One morning Dunston got up with a arrious feeling about his heart. It ap d to flutter and even at times to But he ate his breakfast as well could and nuzzled the sponge as he could and nuzzied the sponge when his mouth was washed, just as he had done from colthood, and endeavored to frisk his hind legs a bit when he was saddled. But, by the way Sam looked at his eyes and the caution with which he set his pace, Dunston had a shy notion that he was found out. He hated to have Sam think him disabled. There was a bad accident in the park that day—a runaway—and Sum put Dunston hard after the horses, who, having thrown the occupants of their carriage out upon the asphaltum, were engaged in battering the vehicle to pieces about their heels. Every one fad before the crazy creatures, though

engaged in battering the vehicle to pieces about their heels. Every one fled before the crasy creatures, though the sudden turns of the drive rendered this difficult at times. There seemed to be death in the air, and Dunston felt horribly excited. A foolish notion came to him to boit—a notion nat at all in accord with his temperament, but born of the excitement of the hour and of that strange fluttering about his heart. But he overcame the temptation and be and Sam headed the runaway team of, and dashed at them, and were dragged along with them, and tangled up in them, and Dunsten tripped somehow in the broken harness and went flown. He thought Sam would be killed. He shut his eyes—and the fluttering at his heart grew worse. Then darkness proved over him. A fearful sense of

shut his eyes—and the fluttering at heart grew worse. Then darkness shad ever him. A fearful sense of mose and then of peace submerge. He dimly heard Sam saying:
Lie still, boy. It will all be over a minute. I'm sot hurt much, and re comes help. Lie still, bey." He ful three comes help. Lie still, bey." He ful three comes he had always done. And all the restrictions of the country without pain into lookin's

I'm the old to foel it, and I couldn't ride another horse."

"Clummings, don't be sentimental. It's hard, I know, losing an old friend like that, but it's quite abourd to quit on account of it. Take a vacation and come back in six weeks. Why, I'll pick you out a horse that will discount your gelding ten to one."

But Cummings shook his head.

"I'll never get on a horse's back again," said he. And he said no more, not wanting to be thought a sool. It's not wanting to be thought a sool and he head applied to the town for the property of t

anything about it.

"Well, it's done, and these biled victuals are fit for the king himself, or Colonel Byxbye—or even Bill. But there I go ag in.

"Somebody will find out for sure if I

"Somebody will find out for sure if i don't shet up. Land sakes! I'd ruther lose a week's wages. Well, Mr. Barber runs this tavern, an' 'pears to know his business, but I will say he is just like most other men; he don't 'preciate a good cook 'till he loses her. "Now, there's Bill, he is the only man in the settlement that 'preclates good qualities. "Law, me! that hoss looks like he'd been swimmin' in mud a most. It's

been swimmin' in mud a'most. It's plain he ain't been travelin' no corduroy road.
"Well, I'll just lead 'im to the stable and feed 'im, and leave 'im for Bill to

to have around, for he never worries nor bothers himself. He's a real obligin' man to do fur, too, and he 'preciates. Some way I feel as happy tonight as a duck in the rain. "My! I was just goin' to start to singin' then. I'm glad I didn't for that's a deer there drinking at the saltlick, sure as I live. Who'd a thought it, and right here in the settlement, too? Yes, and she's got a fawn by her side. I'll slip back and get my rifle. Yes, they are there yet. Well, I'll shoot the fawn first, and if I hit it the doe won't leave it, so I'll get 'em both.

get 'em both.

"There, I'm just right. I've got them towards the moow and I can see them plain. Now I'll try the fawn. Aim at the head, so; then bring it down the neck to the shoulder, then heak a little and—fire. There, I knew the seek a little and—fire. There, I knew the seek a little and—fire. back a little and-fire. There, I knew I wouldn't miss. Now I must load

"Just as I thought. The doe stands over the fawn and sniffs, and stamps first one foot and then the other. Now she raises her head high and straight at me. This is a good chance Now, if this gun don't miss fire I'm surof her. A leetle higher up and-pull

of her. A leetle higher up and—pull—80.

"There, no man in the settlement could do better and not many of them could do as well. Cruel, too, it seems, someway. Well, I'll just slip back and put up the gun and get Bill to help carry up the venison. Oh, ye needn't be so skeered of Injuns. That was me shot. What did I shoot? Oh, ye can jest come and see. It was somethin' worth shootin'. What a fuss you all make over it! It's queer they come, and that's all there is to it. Oh, bother your blarney! Call me Captain Sally, indeed! Well, my house'll be my fort, and I can defend it, if I ain't the head of a company—what are you laughing at? The tavern is my house now, sin't it!

"Well, of all the yelling and antics! One would think you had all gone plumb crazy! Captain Sally, Captain Sally—well, I can stop my ears, that's

plumb crazy! Captain Bally, Captain Sally—weil, I can stop my ears, that's one comfort.

"Well, I'm havin' a run of luck. Last night the deer come right to me to be shot, and today I got a letter. It's the first one I've ever got since I come west. That quarter dollar I got for the deer just paid for the letter, an' I didn't have to break in on my wages. That's lucky, too. Seems like the deer jest came a purpose to pay for my letter. There's four letters been waitin' pretty nigh a month in the postome for the folks to get money enough to take 'em out.

"Let me see, Bill promised to go

enough to take 'em out.

"Let me see, Bill promised to go hickory-nutting this arternoon. Well, I guess I'll jest run in an' do my hair a bit afore he comes, then bring my gun 'long out. I might get a chance shot at sumthin' or 'nother.

here I be. What a beautiful kin' glass it is, too, as I've dred times. Tes, and the re jest as nice to look in I've always been thankful that we divided I let 'em take I'll has a I just took these three

"Why, look here?" he called to the men who had gathered about, "what does this mean? Dunston, old boy! Up wilderness, and if I would use 'em for plates and all that. But what did I care? I knew if I didn't take 'em I

"No, use, Sam," said a fellow-officer.
"Poor old Dunston has taken the measure of his days."
"Nonsense! He's fainted. Got some brandy, anybody?" Several people had, but it did not good to Dunston.

The next day Sam Cummings was at headquarters in the City Hall.

"I've come to give up my star, sir," ne said to the chief "I'm tired of the life—been at it twenty years, you know. I'm too old to foot it, and I couldn't ride another horse."

"Cummings, don't be sentimental. It's

"Yes, yes. You needn't holler so loud! I'll come soon's I get this pot off the hook. Can't leave it there to burn while I put out a traveler's hoss. Should think he'd know that—but, of course, a stranger don't know. He is hollering for the hostler, and that's Bill, but Bill's off somewhere with the loafers' and I'll have to tend to the hoss or Bill will lose his job.

"Bill and I will need every penny that we can both earn from now till then—there now, what makes me blush so? There ain't a livin' soul that know anything about it.

"Well it's done and these blust it.
"Well it's done and these blust it.

"Law me! Bill where be I? Faint-ed? Do tell' Well, that's jest my style. Wildcat you say?"
(Note—The spring mentioned above is now known as the White Sulphur spring, and is located within the college campus of the Ohio Wesleyan university. The site of the oldest tavern, where Captain Sally was the principal personage, is located within a few yards of the spring. The spot where Captain Sally shot the wildcat and saved Billy, was for many years known as wildcat hollow.)—Ohio Far mer.

After being given up for dead by her fore tea time; but as she listened to relatives and the attending physician on November 18, and having all her funcral arrangements made. Miss Nors Johnson, a 16-year-old girl near Braymer, Mo., sat up in her coffin and told of a strange visitation she experienced of the strange visitation she can be stranged words for twenty years. while her parents were making ready for her interment. Miss Johnson is the daughter of a well-to-do farmer.

She walked straight down the street, turned the corner, and without giving herself time to change her mind, en-

for her interment. Miss Johnson is the daughter of a well-to-do farmer.

The bankruptcy of E. Berry Wall, once famous as "King of the Dudges," in New York, hardly causes a rippie of the surface of the ocean of news. Mr. Wall places his liabilities at a little more than \$9,000 and his assets at noth-

and feed 'im, and leave 'im for Bill to clean up.

and feed 'im, and leave 'im for Bill to clean up.

In New York, hardly causes a rippie of the surface of the ocean of news. Mr. Wall places his liabilities at a little smell the victuals and be in a fret for his supper. Don't know which he'il want first, that or somethin' to drink.

"I'm guad there's plenty of hay in the manger, for of all things I do hate to climb up and thrown down hay from the mow. Well, there, I guess eight ears of corn will be about right for a hoss of that size. My, it's gettin late! I must step lively.

"I'll jist slip down to the sprin gand get a pail of water. It ain't dark, built is hard to tell whether It's daylight or monolight. The moon is just risin and what a jolly round face he has. Some way it makes me think of Bill.

"I'll ike a jolly, red, round face.

"Maybe Bill sin't so thorough-goin as some, but he's a comfortable main to have around, for he never worries new bothers himself. He's a real of waters and a shalter, the property of the United States, which recently disappeared from Fort Thomas some, but he's a comfortable main to have around, for he never worries never before he want to say, the subject of the surface of the ocean of news. Med the doer, neither knew what to say, but he's a real little want first, that or somethin' to drink. Wall places his liabilities at a little due to ed the deor, neither knew what to say, but arise to ed the deor, neither knew what to say, but straight say to the provide the strain say to return the strain the surface of the ocean of news. Med the deer, or 'old maid's pinks. When, in answer to her know k his well to bet, or 'old maid's pinks. When, in answer to her know k his place at little whether, it say that to say, the due to ded the deor, neither knew when the say to say the statement to that the statement that the surface of the ocean of the surface of the ocean of news. Med the deer, or 'old maid's pinks. When, in answer to her knew thes, when then to say, or letter when his sum to A large number of witnesses before morning

are to be examined. Hobart Miller, a Virginia lawyer to be excited. Hobart Miller, a visual property of the following an accident insurance policy. "No, I ain't! I'm just as caim a holding an accident insurance policy. "No, I ain't! I'm just as caim a holding an accident insurance policy. "No, I ain't! I'm just as caim a holding an accident insurance policy. "No, I ain't! I'm just as caim a holding an accident insurance policy."

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The following accident insurance policy. "Accident insurance policy."

The following ac died from swallowing food containing "hard, pointed and resisting substances which cut through his intestines." The company, in defending a suit for the amount of the policy set up that the insurance was against death from bodily injuries sustained through external, violent and accidental means, but the court overruled this demurrer, holding that the injury caused was accidental.

A romantic story comes from Greensfork, a town nine miles south of Richmond, Ind. Twenty years ago the 14-year-old daughter of Aaron Gunckel accompanied an aunt to some point east on a visit. After several weeks had elapsed without word from either being received, Mr. Gunckel tried to locate his child, but without success. For more than two years the search was continued, but not a trace of the missing girl or her aunt was found. One day recently a prepossessing woman of 34 years arrived in the village. She was alone, and, going to the Gunckel home, said she was Maude Gunckel, the long-missing daughter. She claims that her aunt took her to New York City and placed her in the care of a family which afterward adopted her and gave her the name of Martin. Two months after her departure from home the government changed the name of the post-office from Washington to Greensfork, who did not immediately answer. To pointed and resisting substances this afternoon. ernment changed the name of the post-office from Washington to Greensfork. Letters that she wrote were sent to Washington, Davis county, Ind. Her aunt disappeared fifteen years ago. The young woman intends to remain wit her father, who is now an old man.

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT Chicago Chronicle: Hence we are inclined to believe that the spiritual labors of Rev. J. J. Axtell of Roycoak, Mich., will be greatly expedited and aided by his physical prowess. When he donned five-ounce gloves and entered the ring with a man of sin who scoffed at sacred things he at once rose greatly in the estimation of his antagonist and of the other revilers who had questioned his courage. And when he walloped the man of sin in five busy rounds—dealing out swings, jabs, hooks and uppercuts in the most approved scientific fashion—it is perfectly safe to say that his adversary shared the sentiment of Colonel Damas. The dullest of men are susceptible to the argument conveyed by a licking.

Medical Record: It is somewhat of a surprise to learn that a first-class ciergyman in a country town averages only from \$500 to \$500 as yearly salary, while Chicago Chronicle: Hence we an

surprise to learn that a first-class clergyman in a country town averages only from \$500 to \$800 as yearly salary, while those in the large cities are not enough aboe those figures to make up the relative differences in incidental expenses of living. The latter amounts are said to range from \$1,000 to \$1,200 yearly. Certainly the average doctor must do better than this, otherwise he must either run in debt or look for some other occupation. If the doctor in practice must make any living at all he is bound to calculate on a sum one-third more and perhaps double that which the preacher can get. We are now speaking of the average man in both professions, it being well known that special skill and recognised ability is either calling always command preportionately increased remuneration.

### Miss Eliz'beth.

"So Miss Pyser's got to go to the poor farm," said Mrs. Green. "I'm surprised that she's kep' out of it so

long. "Yes," said the portly, pompous Mrs Barker, wife of the chairman of the selectmen, "my husband told me this noon that she had applied to the town for help, and of course they can't sup-port her in her own house."
"I said 'twas flying in the face of

"I'm sure we never gossip here," said Mrs. Green.
"Where are you goin', Miss Berry

Ain't you goin' to stop to tea?"
"No: I guess I'd better be gettin'
home early tonight; Bessie'll be wait-

home early tonight; Bessie'll be waiting for me."
"Now, I'll bet Clarindy Berry's gone straight over to the millin'ry store to spread the news; so afraid she won't be the first to tell it. Thank heaven, I know enough to keep things to my-

Life's Quaint Features.

But Miss Berry was not going to the store nor to spread the news; she knew that it was unprecedented for her to leave the sewing meeting be-

tered Miss Pyser's garden and went up the walk bordered with bouncing-bets or "old maid's pinks." When, in answer to her knock, Miss Pyser open-

She looked appealingly at the girl who did not immediately answer. undertake the care of another undertake the care of another meant additional sacrifices, more rigid economy. She sighed a little: life was hard enough for her already. Should she add to her burden? Would she be just to herself in doing so? Then she thought of the days when she and John Pyser were boy and girl lovers, and made wonderful plans of what they would do when they grew up. She had never lost faith in John; some day if he lived, she knew he would day if he lived, she knew he would come back to them. A light sprang into her pretty blue eyes, and she met her aunt's look with a smile. "Miss Elizabeth mustn't go on the

town, auntie. There's plenty of room for her here, and we'll drive over this very evening and bring her home."

for her here, and we'll drive over this very evening and bring her home."

After her kuest had departed, Miss Elizabeth sank to the old lounge that had witnessed so many confidences, and the tears flowed down her thin cheeks. She thought she had hardened herself for what the morrow would bring; but now she was a for lorn old maid, crying because she must become the companion of Crazy Jane and Witless Will. How little she had dreamed of this in the days when she was young and pretty, and every one called her Bess. One there was who swore she was the apple of his eye; but he would not undertake the care of her orphaned nephew and niece, and she would not desert them; so he left her for another. Now he was an important person in the town, a selectman; and she gave a little gasp, and hoped he would not be the one chosen to come for her tomorrow; she really didn't think she could bear that.

This was the last night in her own home, and she could not swallow the morsel of bread that formed her evening repast; something would rise in her throat and choke her every time she tried.

Hark! a wagon was rumbling up to

the gate; could it be that the lass night at home was to be denied her? A loud knock brought her trembling it the door. A burly teamster stooc there, and by his side Miss Berry and Bessle; what could it mean?

Beasie; what could it mean?
"Betty, you are coming home witi
Bessie and me. Tell us what furnitur
to take, and let this man get it," sai
Miss Berry; and she drew the dumb
founded woman aside and in a ferwords explained matters.
Almost dozed, Miss Elizabeth sani
on the old lounge, while Miss Berry
went from room to room selecting the
articles needed. Then Bessie brough
the bonnet and shawl that lay read)
for tomorrow's journey, and together
she and Miss Berry led her to her new
home.

nome.

Could it be possible that the poorhouse was a thing of the past? She must be dreaming. By tomorrow, sure iy, she would wake up to the awful ly, she would wake up to the awful reality. But it was no dream, and the next

mornign Miss Elizabeth awoke with the feeling that an awful catastroph-had been averted and the sword which had been hanging over her head for sc-long had been prevented from falling by the kind intervention of her oldtime friend.

time friend.

As Bessie had anticipated, the coming of another into the little home circle meant more self-denial for herself. New frocks and hats were out of the question; but she ripped and sponged and remade her winter dress, and her nimble fingers and good taste soon brought out of the ruins of last season's wardrobe a brand new out-fit in which she looked as pretty as a

As for the two old friends, they fairly worshiped the girl who was the joy as well as the sunlight of their home. So this happy family dwelt together in peace and harmony, independent of outsiders, until an event happened which broke up the home

One day a stranger strode into the town father's office and asked in a voice that commanded instant atten-

Where is Miss Elizabeth Pyser?" "Where is Miss Elizabeth Pyser?"
The clerk answered that she had become somewhat reduced in circumstances, and had applied to the town for aid; and so—and so—
"And you sent her to the poorhouse!
Was there no one in this God-forsaken hole to pay her back a little of the kindness she had always shown oth-

'Yes," the young man said.

"Yes," the young man said. "Miss Berry took her in." And he told the stranger where to find her. It was Miss Elizabeth's turn to be electrified when a prosperous looking man soon presented himself at Miss Berry's house and inquired if his Aunt

Bess lived there.
"I am Elizabeth Pyser, sir," she answered in response to his inquiries.
"Why, auntie, don't you remember
Johnnie?" he exclaimed.
Miss Elizabeth had grown very
white, and slipped into a lifeless heap

white, and slipped into a lifeless heap on the floor; but joy never kills, and when she recovered it was realized that her troubles were over, for John-nie was well-to-do and able to take care of her for the remainder of her

care of her for the remainder of her days.

The old house was bought back and refurnished, and Johnnie and his aunt soon settled into the old life. She petted him to her heart's content, and he alternately fondled and teased her, just as he had done years before when he wore pinators, and she had sent him to bed without any supper, and then carried him up sandwiches for fear he might be hungry.

And Bessie Berry also returned to the old routine, and was as busy and cheerful as ever though her aunt

ou? I know I am getting old, but I thought you was used to my ways and we could get along. I don't want

a girl botherin' 'round.
"Of course I'll do anything to you happier, Johnnie, though I don't see how a servant can make home any pleasanter for you. As for me, I should just rust out and die if I didn't have omething to do."
The dear old lady was almost in

"Auntie, it isn't exactly a servant I want; it's-in fact-" Johnnie really couldn't say the words; he hardly dared think them as yet; but he crossed the room to Aunt

yet; but he crossed the room to the Bess and whispered in her ear.

"Oh. John!" she cried delightedly, "how stupid of me! It's just the thing! And I never thought of it before!" Miss Elizabeth was in a flutter

Miss Elizabeth was in a flutter of pleasure. She urged her nephew to go at once on his errand.

"I'll sit up till you come home. Won't it be like a story if Bessie becomes your wife?"

"Perhams also won't be a story in the sto "Perhaps she won't have me,

"Pshaw! Go along! What's worth having is worth asking for. Have you? Of course she will! She's sensi-

ble. Bessie is. And Miss Elizabeth looked with pride on the stalwart young man, who, although he was not handsome, had although he was not handsome, had an honest manly face that a woman ould trust.

Aunt Bess was right. And now the two families are one, and the old maids vie with each other in petting and spoiling their grown-up children, who in return for the kindness shown them in their youth, make their lives one long happy dream.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

LAUGHING MATTERS.

Detroit Journal: "Are you familiar with the music?" "Tolerably. I know most of the places where a person should stop breathing."

Indianapolis Journal: "They say mu-ic will cure the blues." "That's so; when I hear some kinds of music I quit feeling sad and get mad.

Chicago Record: "Julia, you ought to see the doctor about that cough." "Bo near Christmas as this? No, in-deed!" Chicago Times-Herald:"The man wh

expects to get something for nothing," said the moralist, "is bound to be dis-appointed." "Oh, I dunno," said Tired Treadwell. "I sin't pan-handlin' fer

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Some philosopher says that real worth requires no interpreter." "Well, that's right; it doesn't-if it wants to sit around unnoticed while the fellow with a press

Judge: "Isn't it od dthat whenever Mr. Dinsmore makes a present it always consists of gloves?" said Miss Goldthorpe. "He wants his presents to be always on hand," replied Miss Wil-

Indianapolis Journal: "I can't understand why women enjoy seeing football." "I'll tell you; it is because they the men look as if they had been cleaning house."

## Religious Notes.

London churches raised over \$20,000

London churches raised over \$20,000 on "soldiers' Sunday" for the benefit of British soldiers' families.

Dr. A. H. Strong, president of Rochester Theological seminary, announces that John D. Rockefeller has just made a conditional piedge of \$150,000 to that institution.

In 1853 out of every 1,000 harriages in England and Wales, fifty-one were performed by Roman Catholic priests. In 1897 the number had decreased to forty-one in every 1,000.

In 1897 the number had decreased to forty-one in every 1,000.

Bishop Tugwell of the Church of England is about to go as a missionary to Haussaiand, Africa, a country of 15,000,000 inhabitants that has never been effectually touched by English missionaries.

The decision of the archbishops of England in requesting compliance with their decision in the ritualistic cases has induced nearly all the vicars some 300 in number—to yield obedience by giving up incense and processional

The young men of Dr. Meredith's church in Brooklyn have decided to meet just before Sunday evening serv-

church in Brooklyn have decided to meet just before Sunday evening service and discuss the morning sermon. Nothing, it is said, so pleases the wide-awake clergyman as to know that his sermons are being discussed.

Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn is lying is a state of great weakness at Newburg, having been prostrated by two alarming attacks of heart failure within twenty-four hours. It is thought he may, after a period of rest, get around again and live a year or two without another attack.

The Baptists of Brooklyn are going to build a \$150,000 church, which will have a roof garden where services may be held during the summer evenings. There will be four elevators to carry people up and down. The pastor, Rev. A. C. Dixon, says no drinks of any kind will be sold.

Two trolley car motormen of Bosten have been suspended from the congregation of the Broadway tabernacie church of that city for running their cars on Sunday. When the young men got their jobs they were warned by their pastor not to work on Sunday. They applied for that day off and were refused. Both men have families.

The late Erastus Lathrop of Westfield, Mass., left his entire estate, amounting to about \$12,000, to Dwight L. Moody of Northfield. "for the promotion of Christian principles, for the upbuilding of the cause of Christ, trusting to his care, fidelity and good judgment to place the same where it will do the most good."

France is said to be the most important as well as the most promising Protestant mission field. Congregations of 200 members, not one of whom was brought up in the evangelical faith, and Sunday schools of fifty children,

Protestant mission field. Congregations of 200 members, not one of whom was brought up in the evangelical faith, and Sunday schools of fifty children, who a year ago had never heard of the bible, are a common occurrence. No movement of such proportions has been witnessed since the time of the reformation.

witnessed since the time of the retarmation.

Some time ago it was announced the sirdar was to allow missionaries to active in Khartoum in September, and accordingly the English Church Missionary society made complete arrangements for taking advantage of the permission. Since then, however, Lord Kitchener has changed his mind, and will allow only the establishment of a depot of operation, with a view to active work among the heathen in the southern Soudan. The workers of the society are greatly disappointed, as they say a medical mission has always been found acceptable, even among the Moslems. Traders are freely admitted to the city and missionaries are any-lously awaiting their turn.

# The Old Timers.

has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is hard at work upon a complete edition of his writings.

Isaac Wardwell and his twin sister,
Mrs. W. C. Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn.,
celebrated the eighty-fourth anniversary of their birth at Mrs. Hoyt's residence December 10. They are of the
sixth generation of the family whe
have lived in Stamford. Mr. Wardwell
the lived practically all the time. Is has lived practically all the time Stamford.

In the matter of continuous service as an editor, Perhaps A. E. Burr of the Hartford (Conn.) Times is the oldest in the country. Mr. Burr purchased an interest in the Weekly Times sixtyan interest in the weekly Times sixtyone years ago January I next and turned it into a daily two years later. Since
his first connection with the paper he
has had editorial control and is still
in active service, bearing well his 84 years.

Dr. Charles F. H. Willoghs of Doyles-town, O., who is the oldest practicing physician in the Buckeye state, celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday recent-ly and is still so well preserved that he

brated his ninety-sixth birthday recently and is still so well preserved that he has good reason to hope for the completion of a century. Very few of the male members of his family have died before reaching the age of \$0 and his grandfather lived until he was 100.

Ambrose Hanchett of Maryville, N. Y. celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth November 25. Mr. Hanchett was born in Worthington, Mass., on November 25, 1759, coming to the then thinly settled Chautauqua county early in this century. He has lived for nearly ninety years within two miles of Maryville. He has always been hale and hearty, sleeps well and eats heartly of anything for which he cares.

Caleb Baldwin of Newark took an active part in the celebration of his daughter, Mrs. Caleb Nagles, at 43 Orchard street. November 29. A number of the visitors were surprised by him opening the front door to admit them when they rang. When one visitor asked him how he felt, he said, with a smile: "Oh, pretty well for a young fellow." A large proportion of his visitors were aged men, many being over 30 and two or three over 90. It was feared that the excitement and exertion might have a bad effect upon him, but he was apparently as chipper at nightfall as he was in the morning, and this in spite of the fact that he did not have his customary punch at noon. He said he had been too busy to think of it.

Indianapolis News: In Loganspe here seems to be a rivalry among t a preachers to attract large congresstions, and it is said that they have adopted means to this end, among them the selection of a series of "catching" topics." In this way one clergyman topics." In this way one clergyman has announced a sermon "for men only." He will then have a service "for women only." The obvious resemblance of this kind of notice to things of less sweetness and light need only be alluded to. With full credit for the purity of purpose that animates the preachers in using this kind of announcement to attract popular attention, we cannot help but feel that there is something of the kind of seal in it that eats one up. We can hardly imagine the Master doing so.