

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

A woman as proud as old Lucifer,
Grew tired of her husband's abuser,
Who called her the police,
Who counsel'd him to cease
By crying: "You villain! Let her be!"
Then, no longer prodigious than Lucifer,
Forgetting her husband's abuser,
She promptly forgave him,
Sawing safety to save him—
This woman lets love make a sufferer.

Still the officers, seeing the sufferer,
Refused to take an executioner;
But she made things so hot,
That they left from the spot—
As a witness they never could make
a sufferer.

Then, once more as proud as old Lucifer,
She thrashed hubby well for abuser,
And the louder he wailed,
Why the harder she whaled,
Till at length he abjectly begged truce.
—*Buffalo American.*

A FRIENDLY PERSECUTION

By CAROL RICHMOND
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They looked flushed and guilty as they entered the station, bought their tickets and waited restlessly for the train. The agent was "next" in an instant. He had just finished reading an account of the hold-up of an agent on another line not far distant. He was a shrewd fellow and noted the strange manner of the couple, and their evident desire to escape observation. "I'll keep my eye on 'em," he said to himself, as he peered through the little window of the ticket office. He could dimly discern their shadowy figures behind the stove. The dusk of an early winter twilight was fast descending. The man stood in front of his companion as if to shield her. So far as the agent could judge, in the dim light of the station lamps, they were well dressed. "Nothing unusual for rogues in these days," he muttered.

"A fellow can't always tell when he's liable to be gazed and dragged by the most innocent looking parties,"



"They can't overtake us now," he answered.

he mused, while the perspiration slowly began to rise, as a vision of being swooped down upon by these two, the man strangling him into submission while the woman held chloroform to his nose, the safe fragments before help arrived, went sailing athwart his mental horizon. The clock of the instrument broke his silence, making him jump convulsively.

"Ah, ha! Just as I expected!" he muttered, as this message flashed across the wire.

"Detain suspicious looking pair, if they come your way. Man and woman. Notorious pickpockets. Slipped through our fingers an hour ago. Supposed to be in your vicinity: Man: Tall, light hair and mustache. Woman: Rather slight, brown hair and eyes. Both appear refined. Officers arrive on seven-thirty train."

"It was nearing seven and the man had purchased tickets for the seven-thirty—the very train the authorities were coming on.

Thrilling with excitement, the agent sauntered into the waiting room. Under pretense of trimming the lights he came close beside the guilty couple, scanning each keenly as he passed.

The descriptions he had received tallied exactly and he felt sure of his game. The stranger impatiently consulted his watch and they talked in subdued tones. The station agent caught a few fragments of their conversation and these were enough to make him doubly sure.

"Do you think they will suspect which way we have come?" she whispered.

"Well, we have outwitted them anyway; they can't overtake us now," he answered.

"I wish we were well on our way."

"Don't get nervous. I will soon be over and we will be safe. Our train is due in a few minutes. Did you get what you wanted?"

"Yes, but I had to act so quickly that I stuffed them all in my coat pocket," she answered. The man bent over her, and to the agent it looked very much as if he kissed her.

The suspense seemed interminable. At last the low rumble of the approaching train loosened the tension. The agent waited until he could see the gleaming headlight in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, penetrating the darkness. In no apparent haste he walked out on the platform. Once outside he clutched the handle of the door firmly, hanging on like grim death, expecting an onslaught from inside, which would test his strength to the utmost. As the train rolled into the station, the perspiring agent, puffing almost as vigorously as the engine, felt the door tried from the inside. Ordinarily the stranger could have worried him with one wrench, but in extremes strength is given us, so the young athlete, pulling, pounding and swearing, struggling to get out, vowing vengeance and demanding the meaning of "this outrage," vainly fought for egress, while his companion mounted a bench and tried to raise the window.

The officers of the law bounded from the train before it came to a

standstill and rushed to the exhausted station agent's relief.

In another moment the train was speeding on its journey without the waiting couple. The astonished prisoners were confronted by the triumphant jailer and several burly officers.

"I spotted 'em the minute I set eyes on 'em," he exclaimed, giving vent to his pent up excitement.

The girl, who was exceedingly pretty, clung in terrified amazement to her companion, who appeared far from calm, although he demanded an explanation in a very dignified manner. But the officers of the law are now hired to enter into details with those whom they apprehend.

"Now, don't get gay, young fellow; you know what you've been up to, so don't give us no trouble and the better it'll be for you."

"But I assure you there is some mistake," urged the victim.

"Oh, yes, there always is," laughed one of the men; "never knew it to fall; invariably struck the wrong party, but he had to stand trial, all the same," chucking at his own wit, "and generally done time, too."

The impatient prisoner was about to remonstrate once more, when the glad sound of approaching revelers broke the stiffness of the place, claiming the attention of the group in the station. The wild shouts and gay laughter of commingled voices, together with the merry jangling of hilarious bells, rolled nearer and nearer, until the sound of horses' hoofs clattering on the icy road greeted their ears, and the jolly sleighriders drew up to the platform. A trunk, fantastically decorated with red hearts tied profusely in white satin ribbons and with an old shoe conspicuously fastened to one of the handles, was unloaded from the sleigh. The next instant they all made a mad rush for the station, as the door was flung open and the inmates were startled by a breathless cry:

"Have they escaped?"

"Not on your life!" came the quick response of the complacent agent.

The officers were about to enforce their authority, but made a hasty retreat as they were struck by a shower of rice. The prisoners were at once surrounded by a score of laughing friends, all talking at once, each anxious to tell the story.

"The boys had just put the finishing touches on your trunks, when it was discovered that you had given us the slip. Not wishing to be outdone after all our trouble, we determined to take them with us and hunt you down. Imagine our chagrin when, on reaching the depot, you were not to be found."

"Somebody suggested," put in another voice, "that perhaps you had cut across country to this out-of-the-way station. We were in a ferment lest it was too late, for we figured that you could have taken the seven-thirty train."

"But away we raced as if chasing a pair of decamping criminals," added a third.

"Which has had its psychological effect, for we have been detained as usual, while the seven-thirty departed without us. But for the kindness of

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CAN'T STAND CIVILIZATION.

Kaffirs Succumb to Ailments of the White Races.

The Kaffirs of South Africa, like your American Indians, do not appear to thrive under the refining influences of civilization," said Hubert George of Johannesburg to a Washington Post reporter. "Before the civilization of this generation appeared the Kaffir knew nothing of consumption, typhus, measles, scarlet fever and other ailments followed in the wake of the white man.

The savage Kaffir was a robust individual, with no knowledge of ordinary sickness. He rubbed himself all over with grease and red clay and the shirt he put on remained until he wore it into rags. He never bathed. If exposed to rain he stripped off his kaross, folded it very tightly, strapped it up and blithely went on his way, unalike as he was born, never a bit the worse for such exposure. Nowadays, thanks to copying after the Anglo-Saxon, the Kaffir swears clothes, but hasn't sense enough when he gets wet through to change his garments, suffering for his lack of wisdom later. As a result of their changed habits maladies that were unknown to them fifty years ago are now common with the natives and they will speedily decline in numbers just as your red men have."

HE SOLD A BOTTLE.

Truthful Man's Story Secured Him a Customer.

"I'd like to show you my new elastic cement," said the soft-voiced man in the shiny black suit. "I make it myself, and I'll warrant it to mend anything that ever—"

"I don't need any," interrupted the man at the desk, "but if you will tell me the biggest lie about your cement I ever heard, I'll buy a bottle of it, merely to encourage you."

"I wouldn't lie to sell 5,000 bottles of it," protested the other. "But I'll tell you one thing I really did with it. You have heard, I presume, of the frog that tried to swell itself up to the size of an ox. The skin of that frog, as you remember, was not equal to the strain, and it burst all over pieces. Sir, I happened to be on the spot, and I gathered them up carefully together with my cement and made the creature as good as new—better, in fact, for it is a wiser frog. To prove to you that I am telling the absolute and exact truth, I will show you the frog, which I have here in my valise—"

"You needn't show it to me," said the man at the desk, gloomily. "I'll take a bottle of your cement. Here's your money. Never mind the change. Good day."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Old Blackjacks.

Leather bottles, or blackjacks, were common in Europe two centuries ago. The bottles were often made of one skin doubled up and closely stitched together, leaving an aperture for the neck. The thick piece between was inserted for the slip; it was meant to be slung at the back, a leather thong passed through two loops placed on either side of the neck, and it was sufficiently flat at the base to stand when put down. The stopper was made of wood, horn or old leather. A good deal of care was required in the preparation of the leather, which had to be oiled and worked with hammers to make it supple and then washed with a lye, so that all the impurity was entirely removed, leaving the leather clean and dry. No moisture or air had any effect on it. Blackjacks were in various sizes. They were sometimes pitched inside.

Many Sunday School Pupils.

The fact brought out by the Educational Review that over 13,000,000 persons are enrolled in the Sunday schools of this country. In the public schools the enrollment is of nearly 16,000,000 or only 2,000,000 more. The accusation that the religious education of children is neglected in America, with the consequences of inevitable moral degeneration in our society, as alleged by the Rev. Mr. Greer, is not sustained by these statistics. More attention seems to be given to the religious training of children in this country, by churches and in schools and by some instruction, than in any other country in Christendom.

The Life That Counts.

The life that counts must go on right; Must hate the wrong and love the right; Must stand for truth, by day, by night— And this the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise Above the earth, to smelt its skies; Must fix its gaze on Paradise— And this the life that counts.

The life that counts must hope to be; In darkest night must melody; Must wait the dawn of better knees— And this the life that counts.

The life that counts must be helpful; The cares and needs of others see; Must seek the slave of sin to free— And this the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God; And turns not from the cross the rod; But waits with joy where Jesus trod— And this the life that counts.

Little Eddie's Revenge.

Little Eddie and his father had been transacting certain disagreeable business in the nursery. When the young man emerged there were tear stains on his cheeks and a lingering look of resentment in his eyes. His Aunt Ella, in the tenderness of her heart, thought to divert his mind from his troubles, so she asked him:

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

An expression of set determination came to his face and he jerked his head menacingly as he answered:

"I am going to be a father."

Vast Work on the Coast Survey.

Supt. Tittman of the coast survey, in a recent description of his work, stated that he had since its inception made about 30,000 square miles of topographic surveys, sounded nearly 200,000 square miles of water, and made deep-sea soundings over little less than a million square miles, according to Scribner's Magazine. The coast survey has completed a first survey of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts of the United States, and its triangulations cover between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles.

WHEN NATURE IS REMISS.

Seemingly Forgets to Endow Human Beings With Needed Faculties.

Nature nods unobtrusively at times, as in the case of the child born without a brain whose case has been made public this week. Not long ago an infant was born and lived three weeks with a hole through its heart. Thousands of us are color blind, others have no musical sense, and there are many Laura Bridgman, many Helen Kellers. The queen of Roumania has or had at her court in personal attendance upon herself the daughter of a blind nobleman. She could neither hear nor speak, and had to be taught to communicate by holding the throat of a speaker and imitating the vibration produced by the effort. But what a grudge against nature must such a one as Lyon Playfair discovered ever feel!

Here was a girl who was blind, deaf, dumb and could neither taste nor smell. One might be pardoned for asking if such a life was worth living. Yet there was a beautiful lesson in such an existence, as the great warm heart of Playfair discovered. He sent her a pretty finger ring and the poor mite replied in this pitifully pretty letter: "Dear Sir Lyon Playfair: Sir Lyon Playfair sent Edith ring in box. Edith thank Sir Lyon Playfair for ring. Sir Lyon Playfair come to see Edith. Good-by, Edith." During his first visit the child had closely examined his hands, wrists, arms and face, her touch being marvelously accurate. A year later he went again to see her. At first she did not recognize him and no one betrayed his identity. At length she turned back the cuff of his shirt and touched his wrist. Her face lit up with intense joy. It is the Englishman who gave me the ring," she rapidly spelled out on her fingers. And in a second she had flung her little arms around his neck and was weeping with delight at the recognition.

PAINTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Water Colors Were Invariably Used in the Olden Days.

Paints as now employed in the arts, both mechanical and decorative, were not known to the people of ancient times. Pigments they had in abundance, but the art of mixing them so as to make them enduring had not been discovered. Nowadays when the artisan is applying varnish he puts up a sign warning passers by to beware of paint, which shows that by the average man varnish is regarded as a species of paint.

The two are, indeed, closely related, but it will surprise most people to learn that, while varnish is a product known in very remote ages, paint as used to-day is of comparative recent origin.

The paint used in Babylon and Ninveh and in Pompeii was composed of pigments mixed not with oil but with water, to which had been added a little glue, egg albumen or perhaps sometimes casein, which is albuminous matter from milk, or the gluten from cereal grains. Glue, however, was the most universal grinding material.

Such paints are now known as fresco paints or water colors. They have not gone out of use, as is illustrated by the reported statement that the New York rapid transit subway walls are to be painted throughout with some of these preparations.

Seven Wonders of the World.

There have been different objects classed as the Seven Wonders of the World at different periods of the world's history. The seven wonders of antiquity were: The Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Statue of Zeus (Jupiter) by Phidias, the Pharos of Egypt, or else the Palace of Cyrus cemented with gold. These have been strung together in the following lines, which can be committed to memory without much difficulty:

The pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;

Then Mausolus's tomb of affection and guilt;

Fourth, the Temple of Diana, in Ephesus built;

The Colossus of Rhodes, east in brass the sun;

Sixth, Jupiter's statue, by Phidias done;

The Pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old.

Or the Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.

Wake Me a Song.

Out of the silences wake me a song, Beautiful, sad, and soft, and low; Let the loveliest music sound along, And wake each with a wall of woe. Dim and dreamy As hope's last tea, Sing it sweet, Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness in your heart— Thousands of songs are sleeping there— Wake me a song, then child of art, The song of a hope in a last despair, A chant of woe. Out of the stillness, tone by tone, Cold as a mosquito, low as a moan.

Out of the darkness flash me a song, Brightly dark and darkly bright, Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along The mystical shadows of the night. Sing it sweet, Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim, And earth-song soars into heavenly hymn. —Abram Joseph Ryan.

Coming Events.

While Cardinal Gibbons, then a novice, was living in Rome a few years ago, he went to dine at the American college. Dinner over, some bonbonnières representing hats of every description were passed around as souvenirs. The water carrying the tray on which they were stumpled just as he reached Monsignor Gibbons, and a miniature Cardinal's hat, the red tюрбан, rolled from the tray into the prelate's plate.

Count Cassell, who was a warm friend of the monarch, saw the episode and leaning across the table asked the maxim:

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Everybody laughed, and so did the monarch, but a year later, when the dignity of cardinal was conferred upon him, several recalled the dinner at the American college.—*Chattanooga Times.*

Eight American Soldiers were Holed in the Philippines the other day by pacified Filipinos. This would seem to call for another speech from ex-Governor Taft.

Taft is the season of the year when the humblest constituent is swelled with pride at the fact that he has been remembered to the extent of "a variety of seed" by his congressman.

General Liastovitch and Admiral Fleibustheim seem to be working overtime in the Orient.

The difference between Shafroth's resignation and Hearst's resignation is that Shafroth resigned because he was honest.

The New York broker who caught a thief and then let him go, probably held him long enough to learn any new pointers the thief might have.

The Chicago Chronicle has sounded the "krel of unionism," but the wage-workers wink their optics every time they hear the Chronicle's false alarm.

If a woman paints she should abandon the tear-shedding habit.

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"A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR."



REPUBLICAN PRESS—"Help! Help! Take his gun away, somebody. He is a menace to progress! Help! Help!" —Courtesy of The Commoner.

A CLEVELAND PLATFORM.

With the hope of arousing "old-time enthusiasm" by a return to "true democracy," we, the democrats who refused to support the ticket of our party in 1896 and 1900, yielding reluctantly to the popular demand for our leadership, modestly submit a plain statement of the conditions upon which we are willing to receive on probation those erring brethren who, under the influence of "political nostrums," were supplied into adherence to the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, leaving to us the "heroic work" of monopolizing the sanity and good sense of the country and electing the republican candidates.

First—We believe that a platform has no binding force upon candidates after the election and we point with pride to the fact that our last democratic president ignored the platform declaration in favor of "the coinage" of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal, or charge for minting, and forced through congress a financial bill identical with a bill introduced by a distinguished republican leader—John Sherman—a year before.

Second—We condemn the coinage of the silverware secured under a republican measure similar to one vetoed by President Cleveland and we are not discouraged because the evils predicted in the veto message did not follow.

Third—Having faith in the sanity, conservatism and patriotism of the Wall street financiers, we promise to exert in all matters which concern them, and pledge our administration to use the patronage at its disposal to force the passage of any measure desired by Wall street, even to the extent of rewarding those who find it necessary to misrepresent their constituents in order to please the president. (For proof of our willingness to do this we respectfully refer to Mr. Cleveland's last administration.)

Fourth—If we can find an excuse for the issue of bonds we promise to give the financiers the first chance at them, and if a former law partner of the executive can be found to draw the contracts we are in favor of selling the bonds considerably below what they are worth in the market.

Fifth—We are in favor of tariff reform to a limited extent, provided it does not interfere with "sound money," but we guarantee that our president will help any protectionist, however extreme, before he will allow bimetallicism to be restored.

Sixth—We agree to keep on good enough terms with the trusts to collect a large campaign fund as the republicans in order that we may bid against that party for the purchasable vote and we agree to keep faith with the trusts after the election and that their contributions may continue, but we are willing that our president shall follow Mr. Cleveland's example and at the close of a term of inactivity vociferate loudly against the trusts after his successor is elected.

Seventh—We, of course, sympathize with labor, but we shall not allow that sympathy to lead us into favoring any legislation which the wage-earners desire. Especially shall we oppose the abolishment of government by injunction, for what is the use of appointing corporation attorneys on the federal bench if the trial of laboring men is to be turned over to a jury.

Eighth—We are opposed to imperialism between campaigns. "No greater national fall from grace was ever known," as Mr. Cleveland says, "than the attempt to conquer and govern without pretense of their consent millions of resisting people," but we proclaim our willingness to watch it with as much concern as he did if we are compelled to choose between a gold-

plated "fall from grace" and the maintenance of national righteousness on the double standard.

Ninth—We pledge our administration to remunerative positions with the great corporations for such officials as demonstrate their worthiness by using their offices to advance the interests of corporations having business before the departments. We point with some degree of boastfulness to the fact that very few of our last democratic administration got left.

Tenth—We are so proud of the eminently respectable crowd, or rather, group that joined us in the support of Plüger and Buckner in 1896 that we hesitate to open our doors to the rabble, but we can accommodate a few more than we have and promise to give a cordial welcome to a limited number of those who shrink from being known as republicans, but desire the government administered according to maximum popular in the republican party, namely, equal rights to all who have not enough influence to secure special privileges.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

If there are any members of labor unions who believe the "government by injunction" is no longer an issue, their attention should be called to an injunction by a judge of the Massachusetts superior court. Boston printers and pressmen are on strike for shorter hours and increased wages in certain offices and shops, and the printers and pressmen who remain at work are cheerfully paying assessments in order to pay strike benefits to their striking companions. The judge in question has issued an injunction restraining the working craftsmen from paying strike benefits. This, in many respects, equal to the order issued by the federal judge in Pennsylvania restraining ministers from praying for striking miners. Organized labor's attention is called to this Boston injunction for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that government by injunction is by no means a dead issue.

The New York Sun should have an agricultural reporter for the collection of news that the farmers who visit the metropolis. Mr. Bryan passed through the city recently and in the course of a conversation with a number of newspaper men said that the failure of the "reorganizer" newspapers to agree upon a platform would save him the \$100 reward offered, and added that the sum saved was about equal to the value of five Poland-China pigs. The Sun reporter, doubtless a city-bred man, wrote "hogs," instead of "pigs," apparently not knowing the difference between a pig and a hog. It is a shame that country people visiting the city should be subjected to such misrepresentation, even when the misrepresentation is unintentional.

It is clear enough now—clear enough why the New York World praises Mr. Cleveland and throws stones at Mr. Bryan. The World explains in an editorial in which it says that Mr. Cleveland started out on a "projected secret sale of bonds to a Wall street syndicate at an inadequate price," but that he corrected the mistake when the World organized a group of seven thousand bankers and offered a higher price. It complains that Mr. Bryan, on the contrary, refused to listen to the World or the group of bankers or money magicians for which the World speaks. Of course, the World prefers some one who will obey it.

The corporation senators will probably explain their conduct by saying that they are not acting in an official capacity when they vote with the corporations.

The Washington Post says: "Mr. Bryan says democratic victory is in the air. That is where he left it." But does the Post still prefer a victory arranged through the air?

The "vitch is vitch" joke is as much of a chestnut as the old one about President Roosevelt being determined to lust the trusts.

The democratic party has for eight years been opposing "government by injunction." It may soon find it necessary to begin a crusade against "senatorship by demurrer."

Korea is "the land of the morning calm," but Korea will feel differently after a night out with the bold soldiers of Russia and Japan.

By owning her own trans-Siberian railroad Russia manages to keep from paying excessive fares for the transportation of her soldiers.

That European war cloud is now slightly larger than even the mailed fist.

It beats anything how natural it is for a girl in the dark to make a mistake and sit down in a man's lap.

A CLEVELAND PLATFORM.

Mr. Cleveland has done the democratic party a favor "without intending it" or even knowing it. He has written an article on "The Democratic Opportunity" and published it in the Saturday Evening Post, a paper which makes no claim to being democratic.

The Sage of Princeton has for some seven years stood outside of the democratic party and tossed advice over the wall to his former associates, but it is not the purpose of this editorial to criticize his forwardness and presumption. His aim is rather to get his advice into concrete form so that it can be understood by the "rank and file." He says: "Our fighting forces will respond listlessly and faithfully if summoned to a third defeat in a strange cause," but if they hear the rallying cry of true democracy they will gather for battle with old-time democratic enthusiasm and courage."

Not only does he want to return to the "old-time" democracy (the democracy exemplified by his administration), but he wants the platform to be clear and unambiguous. He says: "Our party has fearless, outspoken and heroic work to do. This is no time for cunning finesse, nor for the use of words that conceal intentions or carry a double meaning. The democratic party has a message to send to its followers and to the masses of the American people. Let that message be expressed in language easily understood, unconfused by evasion and untouched by the taint of jugglery."

The ex-president has at last said something that The Commoner can commend. His plea for an honest platform is in harmony with the editorials which have appeared in this paper. It will be remembered that The Commoner has not only urged the reorganization to present a clear and definite platform, but it some two years ago offered the ex-president a reward of \$5 if he would write such a platform. As he steadfastly refuses to do so, The Commoner presents a Cleveland platform "unconfused by evasion and untouched by the taint of jugglery."

When Washington's farewell address was read in the senate recently it must have sounded wonderfully like treason to a number of gentlemen who sit on the republican side and throw things at the constitution.

The canal treaty has been ratified, and the grafters will now "arise as one man" and reach for the money. There is ground for the belief that under existing conditions Uncle Sam is the original E. Z. Mark.

A number of newspapers that are denouncing the wood pulp trust and demanding free wood pulp, are still trying to convince the farmers on the prairies that a tariff on lumber is a good thing.

Mr. James Eckles is giving the democratic party some advice, and doing it all the more freely because that it all he ever did give democracy unless it was the benefit of his prolonged absence.

Mr. Cleveland says the geographical location of the candidate does not matter at all. And New Jersey is still in the Union.

Perry Heath has resigned, but it is believed that he did so in order to keep from being shoved.

A Massachusetts judge has decided that a labor union cannot pay strike benefits. And still a growing contempt for the judiciary.

Between the boll weevil in the cotton growing sections and the graft microbes in the official sections, the country is being held up at a lively rate.

Mr. Shafroth is a native Missourian, but it is feared that a lot of republican officials will not profit from his showing.

An Ohio woman holds the record. After divorcing her husband to drink she got a divorce, then married him again to reform him.

A rich man never has to worry whether he will be welcome when he goes to call on his poor relations.

The oftener a husband telegraphs home how low lonesome it is the better time he is having.

When a man makes up his mind to economize and cut down his expenses his friends begin to fall by the wayside.

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