

SEEKING SYMPATHY.

How One of the Sweetest Sentiments of Life is Frequently Abused.

Among the desires that sometimes claim satisfaction, without regard to the happiness of others, is that of sympathy. Now, of all the pleasures of life sympathy would seem to be one of the sweetest and purest. It unites brethren and friends in the closest bonds; it lifts burdens, soothes sorrow, multiplies joys and promotes human brotherhood.

When he joined the show at Schedam Hollow. It hasn't been one continual round of Arabian nights, fairy scenes and spangles for him, as he expected it would be. His ambition to be a circus boy was inflamed when he first saw the colored posters displayed on the weather-stained sides of the old blacksmith shop at "The Corners" while on his way to school.

He got in that night by doing some little jobs for the boss canvas man, and he thought it was paradise, indeed, although an old man sitting beside him said it couldn't compare with the circus Dan Rice used to bring along in the fifties.

TRAVELING WITH A SHOW.

The Return of the Prodigal Son of the Nineteenth Century.

The boy who ran away from home to travel with a circus is slowly and painfully making his way back to the paternal roof tree. He is out of funds, for it hasn't been a good year for circuses, and he has to walk when he can't steal a ride on a freight car.

Things haven't turned out just as he expected when he joined the show at Schedam Hollow. It hasn't been one continual round of Arabian nights, fairy scenes and spangles for him, as he expected it would be.

But it was a good enough show for this boy in the eighties, and that night after the performance was over and the canvas taken down and loaded on wagons, he hid under a wagon seat and was carried away with the rest of the paraphernalia.

When he joined the show he expected to be dressed up in tights and put in the ring to ride a bareback act. If not that he would be put in the band to play the snare drum.

He found that actual show life differed greatly from what his imagination had painted it, as indeed is the case with all the golden dreams of youth.

We hope the boy will reach home safely at last, bearing useful lessons from his hard experience in traveling with the show.—Texas Siftings.

ALMOST A PAPER AGE.

One of the Greatest Factors in Modern Industrial Development.

The president of the American Paper Makers' Association has collected reliable data showing that the paper trade which stood twenty-first in rank among American manufacturers in 1880, is now fourteenth, and that the capital invested has nearly doubled in the last eight years.

There are enough clouds in every life to make each generous person anxious not to increase them by adding his own, but to chase them away, as far as possible, by spreading abroad all the sunshine that enters into his life to cheer and bless mankind.

Mr. Isaacstein (to school teacher)—How vas dot leadle Jacob getting on mit arithmetic. School Teacher—He is doing nicely. Mr. Isaacstein—He is ia percentage now. Mr. Isaacstein—Vas dot so? Vell, don't you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundred per cent. He vas too young vet to study very hard.—N. Y. Sun.

SECRETS OF THE SEA.

The Fate of Ships that Have Mysteriously Disappeared.

A ship leaves port apparently in good condition, her cargo well stowed, her spars sound, and generally well found. After that nothing is ever heard of her, and conjecture is vain.

When fire occurs at sea on a merchant vessel, unless the weather is very bad at the time, the crew generally succeed in getting away. A mutiny may be followed by the burning of the ship as a means of destroying incriminating evidence.

Occasionally the mysteries are presented in the most bewildering way. Such a case was that of a vessel drifting several years ago, was found drifting with all sail set and not a soul on board.

It is probable that the cultivation of the cocoa-nut for profit will always, in Florida, be confined to the region on the Keys and mainland south of the Caloosahatchee river, though the palm will continue to be grown for its great beauty, or a chance crop of nuts, in protected spots, even as far north as the latitude of Tampa and Cape Canaveral.

Cocoa-Nut Culture in Florida.

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A Common Rule Reversed.

"My calling," said the letter-carrier, "differs materially from all others." "In what way?" asked his friend. "Most people get their walking papers when they are discharged, don't they?" "Yes." "Well, I got mine when I was appointed."—Chicago Tribune.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

Why the Latter is Essential to the Preservation of True Personality.

There can be no adequate comparison between society and solitude. Though most persons will prefer the former and a few, perhaps, the latter, no wise person will choose either as a permanent state. It is together, or rather in alternate action, that both yield their richest benefits.

When a man who is waxing shaky, and needs a strap, ask him if he has any straps for sale. If he says he has, you may rest assured your trunk is all right and doesn't require one any more than a country dentist needs a diploma.

BIRDS AS PROPHETS.

Feathered Foretellers of Storms, Dry Weather and Frosts at Night.

The saw-like note of the great titmouse is said to foretell rain; that of the blue-tit, cold.

Various proverbs would seem to indicate that the cry of the owl, if heard in bad weather, foretells a change.

In Germany dwellers in the country lack faith in the skylark as announcing fine weather, but when the lark and the cuckoo sing together they know summer has come.

In Hampshire swans are believed to be hatched in thunderstorms, and it is said that those on the Thames have an instinctive prescience of floods.

Concerning gulls in general, children who live by the sea say: "Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand; it's never good weather while you're on the land;" and fisher folk know that when the seamews fly out early and far to seaward fair weather may be expected.

When rooks fly high and seem to imitate birds of prey by soaring, swooping, and falling, it is almost a certain sign of coming storm.

The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before the storm has given it the names of rain bird, rain pip, and rain fowl. Stormcock is a provincial name shared by this bird and the mistle thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain.

To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frost at night, and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snowy, foul weather, while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued abode "foretells a liberal harvest."—N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A promissory note is one of those things that will mature just as well without being hung out in the sunshine.

—Duluth Paragapher.

—Husband—"I think we had better give up our pew in the church for a while my love." Wife—"Why?" Husband—"I am going in the coal business and I hate hypocrisy."—Binghamton Republican.

—The wearing of tights is said to be injurious to health, and still any one who takes even a casual look at the "girls" in the spectacular show can see that the practice doesn't shorten life.—Somerville Journal.

—At the police court; the Judge questioning a witness—"Your name?" "Josephus Horther." "Your age?" "Forty-three." "Your profession?" "Dramatic author." "That is not a profession; it is a disease."—Truth.

—A man who was struck by a two-inch stream from a fire engine the other day has prepared a bill for the Legislature, requiring all fire companies to confine themselves to the use of soft water.—Burlington Free Press.

—A Georgia negro had just paid the last dollar on a mule he bought, when suddenly the creature died, leaving him a financial wreck. Being consoled with, he replied, "Well, his time come ter go, sah, an' I radder him dan me."

—"I confess that I am not indifferent to you," she said with an assumption of shyness, "but I am afraid that my papa will think I am not yet of a proper age to marry." "Nonsense," he argued, passionately, "I've known women sixty and seventy years old to marry."—Time.

—When a freight agent tells you that your trunk is waxing shaky, and needs a strap, ask him if he has any straps for sale. If he says he has, you may rest assured your trunk is all right and doesn't require one any more than a country dentist needs a diploma.

—"When are you going to make me that promised visit, Marion? Soon, I hope?" "I am afraid not, dear. I invited a hired girl to come and stay with me last week, and I shall have to stay at home and see that she has everything to make her comfortable."—Judge.

—"O, John," said Mrs. E. Jones, "I have just found the most beautiful receipt for currant jelly." "Well, I wish you'd find a receipt for your dressmaker's bills." "O, no, John dear. That is not necessary. I always have Mrs. Brunetti make my dressmaker's bills for me."—Harper's Bazar.

—A popular clergyman was greatly bored by a lady who admired him without reserve. "O, my dear Mr. X," said she, one Sunday afternoon, "there isn't any harm in one loving one's pastor, is there?" "Certainly not, madame," replied the worthy cleric, "not the least in the world, so long as the feeling is not reciprocated."

HANDKERCHIEF TALK.

Explanations Which May Help the Inexperienced Over Hard Places.

When the fat man ties his around his neck it signifies that the weather is warm and he has a new collar on.

When the pretty girl suddenly makes a grab for her handkerchief and clasps it to her mouth, it means that she wants to sneeze.

When the whittling fiend binds his around one of his fingers, it signifies that his knife has slipped.

When a girl drops hers in the street when there is no dude in sight, it denotes that she has been carrying too many articles in her hands.

When a man comes out of a side entrance on Sunday wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign that he has been spending money.

When a flash youth takes a gentleman's handkerchief out of his pocket in a crowd, it signifies that he will never see it again.

When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black border, it is safe to bet that she will remarry before the year is out.

When a lady and a gentleman are together and the lady takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and uses it, there can be no doubt that they are married.

When a man buys any of those three-cent handkerchiefs from the street peddlers it means that he is stuck.

The old colored lady carries her handkerchief tied around her head.

The dude's silk handkerchief is always worn so that the corner sticks out.

When a man suddenly feels a heavy cold coming on, it means that that is just the very time he left his handkerchief at home.

When a man bets a box of handkerchiefs with a lady and happens to get them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man.

When a strange man wakes you up in the middle of the night and pokes his handkerchief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your house.

When a woman carries her handkerchief in her hand she does not always wish to cry or flirt, but probably has no pocket in her dress.

When an actress displays a lace handkerchief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of the queen.

When the street Arab grabs at your pocket and makes you believe he has stolen your handkerchief, it signifies that it is April fool's day and that you are the fool.

When you see a man rush down from the top floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and run up-stairs again, you may bet your pile that he has forgotten his handkerchief.—Judge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A soldier who was seen to take off his cap while using the telephone, informed a questioner that he did so because he was talking to his superior officer.

—The man who finds fault with every thing, usually does so because he wants to get even on the amount of fault that is found with him.—Harper's Bazar.

—An even temper laughs at the thermometer, and better is a flannel shirt with coolness and contentment than a sealskin overcoat with a forward mind.—N. Y. Sun.

—"Cholly"—"I say, Binx, did you ever witness a burial at sea?" Binx—"No, never saw a burial, but we had a wake behind us all the way over last trip."—Harper's Bazar.

—"It takes a year, my dear," said an old lady to a bride of a couple of months who was anxious about her husband's affection, "to know a man—and then you know nothing about him."

—Doctor (to patient, who complains of a great number of troubles): "What a splendid fund of health you must possess, my dear madam, to maintain it against so many attacks."—Fliegende Blätter.

—The young lady of Fon di Lato who heard that bathers at the seashore were required to wear trunks purchased two extra Saratogas for the purpose.—Northwestern.

—Some of those old saws have a great deal to answer for. For instance, if somebody hadn't once said, "It is never too late to mend," probably a good many people would not be postponing the process so long.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

—A certain means of stopping a dog fight or loosening a vicious dog's hold upon any thing is showering something over the animal that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaw. Pepper answers very well, but snuff is the best, as it can be used without limit.

—"Why can't they make these dumplings more lifelike?" said a facetious fellow, halting with a friend in front of a clothing store on Market street and slapping a figure a vigorous blow on the cheek. The "dummy" turned suddenly, let fly his left, and the facetious man went down on the pavement as though struck by a lightning express.—Philadelphia Times.

—"I left the business long ago," said the ex-nuptine, "but it seems to follow me still, even to my own home." "How is that?" asked his auditor. "Well, my son works in an iron mill and my daughter is a fine young lady. I go home at night and find my boy on a strike and my girl gone on balls and parties. Even my wife gives me chicken wings—foul tips, you know." And the old umpire sighed.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—One night at a meeting a negro prayed earnestly that he and his brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," one of his friends said, "you ain't got de hang ob dat ar word. Its 'be-settin' not 'upsettin'." "Brudder," replied he, "if that's so, it's so; but I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

—A girl who by chance was compelled to wash her face with the juice of a watermelon found it so soothing that she continued it and to her joyful surprise discovered that her freckles were disappearing. She applied the new wash with more vigor than ever, and soon they were entirely gone. This makes the even 1,000 things which are said to be sovereign remedies for freckles.

—New York dame—"I thing you Chicago married folks ought to live together, if only for appearances' sake. Just think what an awful reputation all these divorcees give your city?" Chicago dame—"Well, you see Chicago has no nearly summer resort to which all the married women can go every spring and not see their husbands oftener than once a month, as you do in New York, you know."—Omaha World.

—Judge (to prisoner who has just been brought into court)—"What is your name?" Prisoner—"Billings." Judge—"Where are you from, Mr. Billings?" Prisoner—"I refuse to state, as such information has nothing to do with the case." Judge—"But we will compel you to state, sir." Prisoner—"That will be a dangerous proceeding, I assure you. I shot a judge once." Judge (musingly)—"The prisoner is from Kentucky."—Arkansas Traveler.

—Telephone operators receive lots of queer, foolish and funny calls everywhere. But a fellow here gave the exchange a good one the other day. He rang up and called for "the wagon yard." When asked "What wagon yard?" replied: "Why! the one I left my wagon at." Of course he got it. Another chap the same day, called for "the depot," and when the operator wanted to know what depot, sang out "Say, can I come down there with my trunk and valise and go?" The operator told him "Yes," and he undoubtedly went.—Portland Transcript.

—"Ethel," asked a Lewistown mother of her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George lose any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed and said falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "O, nothing; I only heard him say at the door as he said good-bye. Now, here is one more for your mother, and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me." Ethel said nothing.—Lewistown Journal.