SEEKING SYMPATHY. One of the Sweetest Sentiments of

claim satisfaction, without regard to the happiness of others, is that of sympathy. Now, of all the pleasures of life sympathy would seem to one of the sweetest and purest. unites brethren and friends in the closest bonds; it lifts burdens, soothes sorrow, multiplies joys and promotes human brotherhood. Flowing naturally from warm and loving hearts into grateful ones, it blesses both giver and receiver. It is the living spark which kindles all sorts of benevolent enterprises, builds hospitals, schools and churches, promotes reforms, draws men away from vice and guides them into paths of virtue and self-respect. Yet this beneficent factor in human life is not unfrequently abused by those who selfishly seek it. Not to mention those who try to awaken it in others for the sake of the material benefit which may come to them, there is a large class of people who crave it for its own sake as a sort of indulgence, which they think they must have at whatever cost to others. They are never content unless some one is condoling with them and pitying them, and the more sympathetic pain they can induce their friends and neighbors to feel the better satisfied they are. So sweet a morsel do they find this to be that they treasure every ailment, so as to recount it; they dwell upon their disappointments, their trials, and their woes, cherishing the memory of them to pour them into the ears of every willing listener, and to compel him to feel something of the suffering which they so diffusely portray as their own. Of course this process leads insensibly to great exaggeration. Such is the action of the mind, that whatever is dwelt upon exclusively assumes magnified proportions; and a slight headache or other physical discomfort, which might be forgotten amid pressing interests, may become almost unbearable when allowed to occupy all the thoughts. Much more is this the case with mental anxieties or troubles, and, be they slight or severe, the habit of brooding ever the always augments their hardhip. In recounting them to one whose sympathy is hoped for the tendency to further exaggeration is increased, and very often the listener is made to feel a sympathetic pain, which is really far greater than that which has been inflicted for his benefit. Certainly nothing could injure the cause of true sympathy more than such fraudulent and mean attempts to obtain it. Its power lies in its perfect freedom and in the reality of the suffering which it seeks to relieve. When it is wasted on sham afflictions or drawn out by selfish angling for it, there will always be a reaction and a hardening of the heart. Much sympathy is thus crushed out of existence that would otherwise be permanently active in blessing the world. Those who seek in this way for sympathy in all their real and fancied troubles are adding to the distress of human life, instead of to its happiness. When they meet with any good fortune they seldom call upon others to rejoice with them. Their joys they are content to monopolize, but their troubles of every kind they want to share. With one of a generous and noble spirit it would be exactly the reverse. He would bury his griefs in his own bosom, hide his pain whenever it was possible, be mostly silent about his diseases, his disappointments, his annoyances, his trials; but. on the other hand, he would delight in emphasizing all that was glad and beautiful and bright, that others, too, might partake of his pleasure. Montaigne says: "I daily endeavor to shake off that childish humor and inhumane conceit which causeth that by our griefs and pains we ever desire to move our friends to compassion and sorrow for us, and with a kind of sympathy to condole our miseries and passions. . . A man should, as much as he can, set forth and extend his joy; but, to the utmost of his power. suppress and abridge his sorrow." There are enough clouds in every life to make each generous person auxious 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. And the sympathy which he would not strive to ing to bestow, will be extended free and unasked, and he will gratefully receive all the comfort and cheer which it so plentifully bears .- Philadelphia Ledger.

Wife and Home Maker.

"The most perfect home I ever saw vas a little house into the sweet incense f whose fires weat no costly things. A housand dollars served as a year's livng for father, mother and three chilren. But the mother was the creator f a home; her relations with the chil ren were the most beautiful I have ver seen; every inmate of the house or not. Paper may crowd brick and voluntarily looked into her face for se keynote of the day, and it always occupied by them, but if not it is usework, she always found time to Leader. t beside our plates at breakfast, down the story she had on hand to read in evening, there was no intermission her influence. She has always been d always will be my ideal of a mothwife and home-maker. If to her k brain, loving heart and exquisite be had been added the appliances of now. palth and enlargements of wide cul- Mr. Isaacstein-Vas dot so? Vell, st I have ever seen."—The late Helen young vet to study very hard.—N. Y.

TRAVELING WITH A SHOW. The Return of the Prodigal Son of the

Among the desires that sometimes 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 cir-It cuses, 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. 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. Then the street parade in the village added to his yearnings, and by the time the canvas was spread on a vacant lot back of the tavern he was satisfied that nothing but a life of mingled spangles and sawdust could ever satisfy him.

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.

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 parahernalia. Thus runaway has remained to tell the story. Tyboys, like vagrant dogs, follow off a show and find some place to burrow in. They get to be useful, too, sometimes, boys and dogs. Some of the most successful showmen in the world have commenced just that way.

But the boy of whom we write doesn't seem to have been cut out for a showman, somehow. He hadn't the necessary enthusiasm for the profession. The "get there, Eli," wasn't in him. He soon tired of roughing it, and longed for the good things of his take the most cautious skipper if his father's table and his snug cot in the attic. He had been kept at all sorts of | ing the glass. drudgery ever since his presence with the show was detected. He had been cuiled by rude hostlers, bounced off Such a case was that of a vessel which, wagons by grouty drivers and ordered several years ago, was found drifting around by everybody. One night he with all sail set and not a soul on was joited off the pole wagon when board. All her boats were on the asleep and nearly killed.

pected to be dressed up in tights and eters, compasses, charts and instruput in the ring to ride a bareback act. | ments were in the cabin, but no ship's If not that he would be put in the band | papers. The name on the stern was to play the snare drum. But instead painted out; nothing had been left by of that he was made to assist the cook and bring water to the elephant. He wasn't even advanced to property boy. And now he is going back home over mud roads, penniless and penitent with all his bright delusions destroyed.

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. When does reality equal human

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. The annual product has far more than doubled in quantity, and in spite of lower prices is 75 per cent. greater in value. The number of employes is 40,000 against 24,500 in 1880, and the wages paid are more than twice the total in the last cennus year. The average per day for each worker was then \$1.13, and now it is \$1.50. These statistics simply demonstrate what every observing person must have noticed concerning the fast growing importance of paper as a factor in modern industrial development. Our age has been called the age of steel, the age of glass, the iron age, and has been christened from other great industries, but at the rate paper is booming the next generation may see a paper age. When one considers the enormous importance of paper as a obtain, but which he was always will- means of disseminating intelligence it can scarcely be ranked, even now, second to any other branch of manufactures in worth to mankind. It is used for making car wheels, lining walls, for numerous household utensils, and in a constantly multiplying list of arts and industries. We may yet see buildings wholly of paper erected in the ordinary course of business. The world reads more than ever before. and the material on which books and periodicals are printed is bound to become more and more a vital element in the civilization of the age, whether it finds many new channels of usefulness wood and metal out of some fields now ang clear. From the resebud or clo- sure of a vast and increasing demand er leaf, which, in spite of her hard in its own peculiar sphere.—Cleveland

Might Overtax His Brain.

Mr. Isaacstein (to school teacher)-How vas dot leedle Jacob getting on mit arithmetic.

School Teacher-He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein; he is in percentage

re, hers would have been absolutely don'd you teach dot poy noddings less i leat home. As it was, it was the than von hundret per cent. He vas too

SECRETS OF THE SEA. The Fate of Ships that Have Mysteriously

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. A sudden squall may have taken her aback and sent her to the bottom stern foremost, or she may have foundered in a gale after all her boats had been destroyed, or her boats may have got away and perished one by one on the wide ocean plains. Sometimes, but rarely, there has been a mutiny and massacre, and the survivors may have made their way to some tropical island. there to live as "beach-combers" turn savage with the savages.

When fire occurs at sea on a merchant ressel, 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 criminating evidence. In the China seas there are still some pirates, and a vessel becalmed in the neighborhood of some of the islands scattered in groups there might incur the danger of attack by the wicked-looking junks that are usually concealed in the passages between the islets. In such case if there were no fire-arms on board it might go hard with the ship's company, but a good supply of shotguns or rifles in the hands of white men is usually a guarantee against Chinese pirates. Still, many vessels have met their fate in that unlucky region, and nothing phoons, too, are doubtless responsible for not a few mysterious disappearances of vessels, and once in a while probably a waterspout bursts over a ship and sinks her suddenly with all hands. In the Indian Ocean furious squalls often come up at night with a swiftness very menacing to any heavysparred clipper slipping along with guddingsails set alow and aloft, and here again is a possible cause of destruction, and one which might overofficers were less sedulous in consult-Occasionally the mysteries are pre-

sented in the most bewildering way. davits, the materials for a meal were When he joined the show he ex- in the galley coppers, the chronomwhich to identify her. Yet all these precautions had been taken deliberately, while the final evacuation seemed to have been effected with a suddenness suggesting mortal panic. The men's things were all in the topgallant forecastle; the captain's and officers' effects were all in their respective cabins under the poop. The whole appearance of the vessel indicated that her people had left her on the spur of the moment, driven by some overmastering impulse or fear. She had encountered no bad weather since the desertion. Her yards were braced up as for a trade wind, and there was no disorder on her decks or down below. No line of writing was found to give a clue to this dark secret of the sea, and to this day it has remained an insoluble puzzle to every seaman acquainted with the facts. Sad and mysterious as are disappearances such as that of the Farragut, it must be admitted that there is something even more perplexing in the discovery of derelicts abandoned so incomprehensibly as was the vessel here referred to. It should be added that she was not leaking, nor were her spars sprung or strained, and no reason could be perceived in any thing about her for the disappearance of her

crew and officers. -N. Y. Tribunc. Cocoa-Nut Culture in Florida.

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 Caloosahatchie 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. The cocoa-nuts produced in Florida are a trifle smaller than those of the tropics, and are not considerd so valuable for seed, hence most of those used for planting are procured from Central America, more especially from the Bay Islands (Utilla, Banaco and Buatan) and mainland of Honduras. The nuts that have not sprouted on the voyage are sometimes planted in nursery beds and transplanted when a year or eighteen months old. Only a small per cent. fails to germinate. though sometimes the sprouts are a year or more in appearing. The distance apart at which they are planted varies from fifteen to twenty-five feet: twenty feet is the usual distance. The only cultivation given on the Keys ithe occasional cutting of the weeds and undergrowth in the spring and fall. There is a popular saying that a bear ing cocoa palm will produce one nut for each day throughout the year, but this is a little overdrawn, the best trees producing about two hundred nuts per year. - American Agriculturi !.

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!"

"Well, I got mine when I was appointed."-Chicago Tribunc.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. Why the Latter is Essential to the Pro-

servation of True Personality. There can be no adequate comparison between society and solltude. 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. Society stimulates the thoughts, invigorates the purposes, gladdens the heart and brightens life. Solitude strengthens, confirms and matures all these results. Or, rather, this is what each may do for him who uses them aright. For it is not the simple condition of being alone, or with others, that will produce any good effect. Much social life, so called, merely fritters away the time, fills the mind with puerilities and the life with folly. Much of the solitude endured on compulsion is only productive of restlessness and ennui, or only serves to nourish envious thoughts and bitter memories. But whoever has learned so to live in society as to bless and be blessed will feel the need of certain seasons of perfect solitude. Then it is that he may gather up his forces, strengthen his resolves, review his past and prepare for his future. It is well that mea should influence one another in their business and their homes, in the intercourse of chance acquintance and the close ties of friendship. This it is that keeps them from growing narrow and bigoted in their own opinions, and draws them together in love, in friendship, in a common patriotism and a human brotherhood. But this constant influence needs to be balanced by a firm individuality, a manly self-respect and steady adherence to the principles that appeal to each one's sense of right. Unless there are times when the man retires voluntarily from all human sight, where no public or private pressure can sway him, where his own thoughts, his own feelings, his own conscience may assert themselves, unrebuked and unassisted, he can never preserve that personality which is, or should be, the core of his being. Many a man has been drawn into snares that have proved his ruin. simply from not having pondered over the matter in solitude. Offers have been made and opportunities presented that looked specious and plausible imagination, discovered the weak spot in the enterprise and averted the catastrophe. Or astrong temptation to some questionable action or some doubtful indulgence is presented to the social man, and he yields and sinks in the moral scale, when, had he retired alone and listened to the still, small voice. that would have spoken to him there, he might have been saved from the fatal step. So there are afflictions that must be wrestled with in secret, or they will triumph over manhood; and there are even joys with which no stranger may intermeddle. - Philadel-

phia Ledger. BIRDS AS PROPHETS.

Peathered 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. Herons, says an old author, flying up and down in the evening as if doubtful where to rest, "presage some evil approaching weather"-a legend as old as Virgil.

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. Before heavy rains they raise their nests.

In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie, that if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree the country folk expect a season of calm, but if lower down,

winds and tempests are sure to follow. The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow-like storm petrel is well known. Its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the Mother Cary's chicken of sailors, and is also called storm finch

and water witch. 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. Staying in the vicinity of the rookery, returning at midday, or coming to roost in groups are also said to be omens to the like

The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before the storm has given if the names of rain bird, rain pio, and rain fowl. Stormcocs is a provincial name shared by this bird and the missel thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Storm bird is also applied to the field-

effect.

To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and act at night and Gi marks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snowy, foul weather, while, according to another author, their early arrival hand in his pocket and run up-stairs for lace lambrequins that his mother and continued abode "foretells a liberal again, you may bet your pile that he has promised me." Ethel said nothing. harvest."-N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

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

-Husband-"I think we had better give up our pew in the church for a while I hate hypocrisy."-Binghamton Repub-

-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 twoinch stream from a fire engine the other day has prepared a bill for the Legisiature, 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 condoled 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." "Nonsease," he argued, passionately, "I've known women sixty and seventy years old to marry."-Time.

-When a freight agest 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. -Puck.

-"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 fellow, halting with a friend in front of everything to make her comfortable." a clothing store on Market street and

have just found the most beautiful re- suddenly, let fly his left, and the faceenough while the glow of enthusiasm ceipt for current jelly." "Well, I wish tious man went down on the pavement illuminated them, and which have you'd find a receipt for your dress- as though struck by a lightning exbeen first eagerly embraced and then maker's bills." "O, no. John dear. press.-Philadelphia Times. bitterly regretted. A quiet hour of That is not necessary. I always have -"I left the business long ago," sail solitude might have cooled the heated | Mme. Brunetti make my dressmaker's | the ex-unpire, "but it seems to follow bills for me."-Harper's Bazar.

out 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 Inc perienced 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 pelled to wash her face with the juice that his knife has slipped.

When a gir! 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 makes the even 1,000 things which with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign are said to be sovereign remedies for that he has been spending money.

When a flash youth takes a gentlenever see it again.

When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black | Chicago dame-"Well, you see Chicaborder, 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 threecent handkerchiefs from the street ped-

dlers 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 When a man suddenly feels a heavy

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

cold coming on, it means that that is

them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man. When a strange man wake- you up in the middle of the night and pokes

his handkerchief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your When a woman carries her candker-

chief in her hand she does no- always wish tocry or flirt, but probab has no pocket in her dress. When an actress displays a lace hand-

kerchief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of the 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.

the top floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his has forgotten his handkerchief. -Judge. - Lewistown Journal.

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 my love." Wife-"Why?" Husband everything, usually does so because -"I am going in the coal business and he wants to get even on the amount of fault that is found with him. - Merchant

Trareler. -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 manand 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

-The young lady of Fon du Late who heard that bothers at the seashore were required to wear trunks pure nased 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 mead," 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 sacczing 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 dummies more lifelike?" said a facetious slapping a figure a vigorous blow on -"O. John," said Mrs. Bjones, "I the cheek. The "dummy" turned

me still, even to my own home. -A popular clergyman was greatly is that?" asked his auditor. "Well, bored by a lady who admired him with- 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 Chron-

> -One night at a meeting a negroprayed 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 besettin',' 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 up-

settin' sin, I dunno what am." -A girl who by chance was comof a watermelon found it so soothing that she continued it and to her joyful surprise discovered that her freekles were disappearing. She applied the new wash with more vigor than ever. and soon they were entirely gone. This

freckles. -New York dame-"I thing you Chiman's handkerchief out of his pocket cago married folks ought to live toin a crowd, it signifies that he will gether, if only for appearances' sake, Just think what an awful reputation all these divorces give your city?" go has no nearby 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."-Arkansaw 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 least 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 When you see a man rush down from the door as he said good-bye. "Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that patterr