WHEN WE DROP THE BROOM AND NEEDLE.

When we drop the broom and needle and beneath the falling leaves
Take the long, long sleep that comes to all,
Will an angel come to comfort every soul that sits and grieves,
With a message clear as writing on a wall,
Saying, "She that passed away, though her feet were made of clay,
Bore a heart as chaste as gold,
Though she wore the common yoke, every syllable she spoke
Was uplifting, glad and bold.
No indifference or disdain kept her free from others' pain,
Life was precious to her, every drop.
For the querulous complaint, for the breath of scandal faint,
She had never time to stop.
She has gone, but still her face, like a sunbeam, haunts the place,
And the memory of her foot upon the stair,
Like a breeze upon the brow, like a perfume from a bough,
Puts an end to sighing, mourning and despair."

When the silent voices call, and the days and years shall fall,
Silent fall, like the leaves upon the lea,
Will the angel speak such words of you and me?

—Good Housekeeping.

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

By Clio Stanley.

IT was a pleasant place—the old mill where Rita Canton lived with her father, and where his father had lived before him. For fifty years the busy wheels had turned in their places, and morning after morning, as boy and man, Peter Canton had listened to their music, until he felt as if he could never be content to live or die anywhere else.

It was a lovely landscape, too, that was spread out before him as he looked out from the mill window, with pretty Rita peeping over his shoulder.

In the tops of the elm trees life was beginning to stir, for it was the first bright day in May; and down in the short, green grass, the soft wind crept along with murmuring caresses. There were apple trees full of blushing bloom, and over them red-breasted robins were twittering.

"Ah," said Rita, with a long, wishful breath, "shall we not be happy when it is all our own? Those smiling hollows and little dreams of hills, that green lane and the beautiful meadow, and best of all, this dear old mill."

"What would you do, child," said the old miller, without turning his head, "if you had to give it all up and go away to a strange place?"

"What do you mean, papa? Surely there is no such danger as that for us?" said Rita, opening wide her blue eyes.

The old man sighed wearily, as he turned away from the fair landscape.

"Papa, you would not leave this dear home? Why, if I were in the fairest garden in the world, I should dream of the old stone mill, hear the sound of our laughing waters, and die of homesickness!"

"Rita, darling, you do not mean what you say?"

"I do, indeed, papa. You are vexed about that little mortgage, are you not?"

"Little, Rita? It is a hundred and fifty dollars, and fifty is all I have been able to save in these last two years."

"I know it," returned Rita, with a bright blush; "but, papa, only last night Gustave said he would buy a share in the mill, and then you can pay the debt that so worries you!"

"When you and Gustave marry—but when will that be?"

"Next summer, papa. He will have no money until then. But we can all wait a little to be so happy!"

Rita laughed merrily, but old Peter Canton groaned.

"Now, papa, something else troubles you. Let me share your secret, that is clouding your face in the midst of all this sun shining."

"Rita," said the old man, slowly, "you love Gustave dearly?"

"Surely, papa, with the life of me."

"And you could never give him up to marry another?"

"No, no! Why, papa, trouble has bewildered your brain."

"Yes, little Rita, I fear it is so. Old Vondeldorf, who held this mortgage, to his own loss, for it was due two years ago, has sold it to his nephew, and the young man demands it at once, with interest."

"Not Rafe Vondeldorf!" exclaimed Rita, with flashing eyes.

"Yes, Rita; and he will make only one compromise."

"What is it?" she asked, with a sparkle of determination in her blue, beautiful eyes.

"That you will consent to be his wife, my child. Then he will never trouble me for the money. And, Rita, he is coming to-night for his answer."

"Oh, papa!" sighed Rita, softly, "is there no other way to save you such distress?"

"He is a rich young man, and can give you a better home than Gustave can provide."

"What care I for his gold when he brings no true heart with it?"

"But he loves you, my child."

"No! He loves only himself, and he would not even regard a sacred promise, when I should be his wife. Papa, never wish me such a fate as that!"

"As what, Miss Rita?"

It was Rafe Vondeldorf, who had stolen in upon them unawares, who put the question.

"We were talking about leaving our home, Rafe Vondeldorf. Do you know it would break my father's heart to leave the old place?"

"You need not leave it, Miss Rita."

"I am not speaking of myself, but of him. His peace of mind is dearer to me than my own pleasure! A thousand times dearer!"

"There is a way to insure it."

"There may be more ways than one," she said, thoughtfully.

"Why look further, Rita? You can pay your father's debt, if you will."

"Did you know, when you came here, Rafe Vondeldorf, that I had promised to be Gustave Feder's wife?"

"I—I had heard such a rumor," he replied, stammering.

"It is not rumor merely, but truth! Would you make a perjured woman your wife?"

"I would do anything to win you, Rita. You shall pay me for the old mortgage!"

"I have no money," said Rita, coldly.

"But your dear little hand, fair Rita—that is as good as gold."

As good as gold!

What put those words into his mouth! Little he knew, as he stood watching her delicious young beauty with eager eyes, of the train of thought he had started!

"How long will you give me to decide?" she asked in a low voice.

"You may choose your own time. But if your answer is 'no,' the mill must be sold!"

"You may go now, and a week from to-night I will give you my answer."

There was nothing else for him to do, for Rita had turned her back on him, and was leaning over her father with a flushed but eager face.

He drew a fierce breath of desire, as he thought to himself what a treasure he would gain, and then turning away, went down the valley out of sight. Rita's heart was dancing within her, for she remembered she had what was as good as gold, and that with that treasure, she could buy her father a full cup of joy.

The next day Rita was missing from the mill, and neither her father, Gustave, nor Rafe Vondeldorf knew where to look for her. Just as they were preparing to search for her, Gustave received a note, saying the wedding outfit was purchased, and he should be at the mill with their old pastor, the next night.

"Gustave, she will marry Rafe. She is cruel to ask you to come!"

But Gustave trusted the girl he loved, and so he waited patiently for her arrival.

Just at dusk she came home, and after kissing her old father and putting in his trembling hand a purse of gold, she turned to Gustave, who was watching her curiously.

"Gustave, will you make me your wife to-night, and come to help father with the mill?"

"Yes—but—take off the little cap, Rita. It makes you look so odd."

"My little cap," laughed Rita. "That is to be the badge of my wifehood, Gustave. You must learn to like it."

Then Rita stood up with her lover, and promised to be his true and loving wife; over them the good old pastor stretched his hands in blessing, and the old father kissed them and called them his children.

Then Rita took off her odd little cap and burst into tears.

"My glory is gone, dear Gustave. Do you love me less?"

"Rita!" screamed her father, "you have sold your beautiful golden hair! The golden glory that wrapped you like a veil is gone!"

But Gustave held her in his strong arms and kissed her, and so she found courage to tell the story:

How the old merchant who had stopped at their house one night, had looked at her wonderful hair, and offered her two hundred and fifty dollars for it, telling her that in all his life he had not seen such a treasure. "It is as good as gold," he had said, and when Rafe had used the same words, accidentally, the thought had flashed through her mind that so she could redeem the dear home, and marry her Gustave.

Rafe Vondeldorf was bitterly enraged, when he came for his answer, to find Rita already a bride, and he took the money obtained in such a strange way, with a very bad grace; but the three happy hearts in the old mill minded his anger very little, for the debt was honestly paid, and Rita, dear, fair Rita, would never die of homesickness.—Saturday Night.

Young Ice Cream Patrons.

Every day a big freezer of ice cream is made in the Senate restaurant. No Senator ever eats ice cream in the day time, and the few ladies who take lunch in the restaurant rarely call for it. The chief patrons of the frozen food are the page boys.

The love of these youngsters for ice cream surpasses all understanding. It is a purely juvenile taste, and they indulge in it to their hearts' content. The substantial sandwich, the succulent pie, the ninety and nine other things that a sensible man would select for his lunch have no attraction for the bright little fellows. They want ice cream and plenty of it. At lunch time half a dozen pages can be seen burying their noses into heaped-up plates of ice cream, while their faces are the very mirrors of contentment.

If it wasn't for the pages the ice cream freezer would have to go out of business.—Washington Post.

Missed His Chance.

During his lecture to children at the Society of Art, Mr. E. Walter Maunder told his audience an instructive story. A certain lecturer in astronomy observed that some of the students were not paying due attention. "Mr. So-and-so," he called out to one of them, "will you be good enough to tell us of what the corona is composed?" The student addressed hesitated for a moment, and then blurted out: "I did know, sir, but I've forgotten." The professor looked at him, and then exclaimed: "What a calamity! Here we have the only man who ever knew the composition of the corona, and he has forgotten!"—London Chronicle.

THE NEW CENTURY SOUTH

FACTS PROPHETIC OF THE COMMERCIAL RISE OF DIXIE.

The Remarkable Industrial Achievements of the Last Eight Years—Atlantic and Gulf Ports That Are Profiting by the Growth of Commerce.

The half of the continent lying south of the Ohio and of the Platte is looming up as an unconquerable trade magnate, with probably unshakable determination to do business on the nearest salt water. The Southern States, in their remarkable industrial achivements of the last eight years, are more than re-enforcing the territory of the Mississippi and of the Red River of the North. Between the iron, coal and timber of the South and the agriculture of the Southwest there has arisen a spontaneous interchange that seems to grow by its own force. The cotton mills below the Mason and Dixon line, contrary to former custom, send their output straight to the dry goods and denim merchants of the Mississippi and the Missouri, instead of the regions dispatching their orders to Boston and New York. Wagons from Georgia are making their way into the farms of Oklahoma and Arkansas, while Kansas City flour and St. Louis corn, Kansas City hides and St. Louis shoes go as far as North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. Coal and iron from the vicinity of Birmingham and Knoxville are taking the contracts for the building of the steel freight cars to ply on the Southern roads. St. Louis has long since made use of the hard woods of the South to fortify its position as the principal manufacturer in the United States of car furniture, of street cars, and the like.

Since the Spanish war has brought the trade with the West Indies into prominence the heavily capitalized and determined Illinois Central has been seconding the efforts of the people of New Orleans to make that point the principal port of entry for trade with not only the adjacent islands, but with South America. To some extent the pressure of this movement has been felt among the South American firms whose headquarters are at New York. Mobile, as the terminus of the Southern Railway, and as the nearest seaport for the iron industries of Alabama, is growing in the volume and variety of its articles of commerce. Pensacola is strengthening as one of the principal ports for the tramp steamship traffic in the South—a traffic which went to New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore before the awakening of the South and the perfecting of the railroad lines.

Again, along the Atlantic coast north from Florida to the Chesapeake Bay, Brunswick, in Georgia, is becoming the largest shipper of hardwood lumber. Charleston and Savannah and carrying cotton manufactures, furniture, etc., to Europe, South America and South Africa. At Norfolk is a harbor naturally the strategic point for the trade of the whole South Atlantic slope. Five or six railroad systems concentrate in the city, and it has recently been fixed upon by a number of co-operating railroads as a live stock shipping centre. With Newport News, it drains the coal and iron fields of West Virginia, Southwestern Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. The commerce of Newport News itself advanced from $3,250,000 in 1885 to $28,400,000 in 1899.

Over on the western boundary of the Southern States Memphis moves along swiftly with its lumber mills and its interstate traffic, justifying its assumed name, "the Gate City," and practically completing a cordon of active, advancing cities around the area in which was waged the civil strife of the sixties. All these cities are competitors of the North and East. They are carrying business toward the South and West. Where the States in the vicinity of St. Louis and Kansas City lack manufacturing establishments to support their position as jobbers, these communities supply the lack and join forces in the Gulfward tendency and in the tendency toward the South Atlantic. Where the States in the vicinity of Atlanta or Jackson may lack in the staples of the soil, the West supplies them. The geography of it all is against New York.—Arthur I. Street, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Bloodhounds For Railway Service.

Bloodhounds are now a part of the equipment of the Oregon Short Line. The hounds will be kept at certain stations in Utah, Wyoming and Idaho, where their presence is though, to be most needed, the character of the country and the small number of inhabitants affording excellent opportunities for the operations of train robbers.

The moment that word of a train robbery reaches the railroad officials a special engine and car containing a pack of hounds will be sent to the scene at full speed and with absolute right of way. The bloodhound special will stop at nothing until it arrives at the spot where the bandits were last seen. Experienced men in charge of the dogs will put them on the trail.—Denver Evening Post.

London Police Force.

The metropolitan police of London number 15,765. During the past year eighty-one were injured while stopping runaway horses and twenty-one were hurt by vehicles while regulating traffic. The property stolen in the twelve months was valued at $560,000, a sum less than has been recorded since 1890. There were 1768 burglaries, against 1872 in the previous year. The number of ex-convicts let loose from London during the year amounted to 681. The public left in licensed vehicles 17,000 umbrellas and 200 watches

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The olive is a comparatively recent fruit in the United States, for, while it has been grown since the time of the early mission fathers in California, it is only within the past twenty years that it has become of commercial importance.

A new tea company, influenced by Dr. Shepard's success, has just bought 6000 acres of land in Colleton County, S. C., intending to raise tea for the market. The company paid $20,000 for the land, and will plant but 100 acres this season, as it is now rather late to begin the preparation of the ground. Next year over 5000 acres will be planted, and the output is expected to exceed 300,000 pounds.

Near Rio Grande City, Texas, an immense deposit of an unknown gaseous substance has been discovered. Pieces of it ignite quickly and give out a strong flame, which lasts for a remarkably long period. It is said by scientists that the substance is either an unknown mineral or ordinary clay highly charged with natural gas. In either case the value of the deposit as fuel is immense, as it covers many thousands of acres, and is of immense depth.

The United States Fish Commission has presented to the Academy of Natural Sciences a collection of fish from Porto Rico which contains examples of new genera and species recently made known to science by Drs. Jordan and Evermann in their monumental volume on the "Fishes of North America." This work comprises over 33,000 pages and nearly 400 plates. By its compilation the authors have certainly laid ichthyological science under a deep debt of gratitude.

Banana flour meal is prepared by cutting the fruit into suitable pieces, drying and grinding. It is said to have been used by native inhabitants of tropical countries since early times. Recent experiments show that the dried banana is a more nutritious food than the fresh. It contains less protein than wheat flour or rice, its nutritive value resting almost wholly in its nitrogenous elements. Banana flour can be used in combination with milk, sugar, etc. in the preparation of custards, cakes and similar articles.

A botanist in Germany has been examining the flowers of Europe with a view to discovering what proportion of them give out a pleasant odor, and what effect color has on this point. He found that only 420 out of 4300 kinds of flowers have a pleasant odor, nearly all the others being offensive. The sweetest are those with white or cream-colored petals and the next sweetest, in order, are the yellow, the red, the blue, and last, the violet. Out of more than 300 varieties of the violet only thirteen were found to be sweet.

At the Yale observatory an interesting use has been found for the bicycle wheel. By fitting such a wheel with a series of opaque screens placed at regular intervals and then rotating it, with the aid of a small motor, at the rate of from thirty to fifty turns in a minute in front of the cameras used to photograph meteors, Dr. Elkin has succeeded in measuring the velocity of the meteors' flight. The principle depends upon the interruptions produced by the screens in the trails of light made upon the photographic plates by the flying meteors. The velocity of the wheel is known at every instant by means of a chronographic record, and the length of the interruptions indicates the speed of the meteors.

The British Wolf.

Britain has been infested with wolves from that remote period conventionally termed "the earliest times." Their fossilized remains are frequently discovered, their bones lie about the untidy floors of prehistoric caves, the barrow-folk made necklaces of their teeth. They are mentioned in Welsh and Saxon laws. The Norman, however fond of the "tall deer," was not affectionate toward the wolf, for in many feudal tenures, down to the year 1439, appears an obligation to hunt him. An entry in the account rolls of Whitby Abbey (quoted by Mr. Harting) records a payment for dressing wolf skins in the year 1394—possibly the latest strictly historical evidence as to the English wolf. Mr. Harting mentions a tradition tha one Barnes, in the time of Henry VII., was nicknamed "Roast Wolf," because he destroyed so many of these animals, which infested Durham and Yorkshire (according to another legend) during the reign of Elizabeth.

In Scotland, owing to its physical character, they existed until a much later period. So recently as 1577 an act of the Scottish Parliament ordained a wolf hunt in each barony four times a year. Sir Ewen Cameron slew the last wolf in Lochaber in 1680.—London Spectator.

About Natural Politeness.

Good manners are not a mere matter of form. It is, of course, essential that there be some standard of deportment, but the garment of formal politeness is easily assumed, and may conceal depravity. True politeness, the kind that cannot be counterfeited, finds its source in a good heart; sincerity is its chief element. To be polite in the true sense, one must be well mannered in thought and feeling. If a mother brings her children up to be self-respecting, sincere, and considerate of others, she need not drill them much in the external forms of politeness. She may rest assured that they will have innate good breeding, which is a key to many of the world's storehouses of success and happiness.—Julia Ward Howe, in Success.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL DISH.

Consul at Liverpool Says It Is Now Jam Not Beef.

A wholesale emigration of the American small boy and girl might seem probable if the latest report of James Boyle, United State Consul at Liverpool, should be disseminated among the youngsters. For Mr. Boyle makes the astonishing statement: "It is probably a fact that jam and not beef is now the national dish of the Britisher."

Mr. Boyle points out that, except so far as the very poor are concerned, jam or marmalade is on every English breakfast table, and an almost universal "sweet" (the English for dessert) at luncheon and dinner is a compote, stew, or tart, of which the chief ingredient is preserved fruit. Mr. Boyle says:

The English people are the largest consumers of jam in the world. It is probably the fact that jam and not beef is now the national dish of the Britisher—or, at any rate, jam (including marmalade) runs bacon a close second. As the United States is now supplying a large proportion of the beef and bacon consumed in England, she can also, by proper methods, capture a great share of the trade in jam, preserves, etc., in this country.

It is well known that nowhere in the United States can better American beef and bacon be bought than can be bought in England, and many American visitors declare that better American beef can be had in London and Liverpool than can generally be obtained in New York or Chicago. Shippers of American beef to this market understand that they must send over the very best in order to compete with the home and colonial product.

The English trade in jams and preserves is increasing all the time. A great revolution is going on in the English table, more especially among the middle and working classes. What were a few years ago expensive delicacies, found only on the tables of the well-to-do, are now to a great extent articles of daily consumption by the masses.—New York Tribune.

The Senator and the Prince.

There is a Canadian Senator who once bought a newspaper from the future King of England, and he hasn't got over it yet. When Prince George was doing his sea-service he was stationed some time at Halifax and he used to run out into the surrounding country on little expeditions. He was returning on one occasion by train from a flying trip to a nearby village when the Senator encountered him. The Senator, who, by the way, was the Hon. Thomas A. Tempie, of York County, New Brunswick, and is known as a rather pompous individual—espied the Prince sitting in the smoker surrounded by a pile of newspapers, and wearing his undress naval uniform, the cap of which bore some resemblance to that worn by the uniformed trainboy.

"Here, boy!" called the Senator sharply, "Give me a paper."

The young Prince looked up and quietly handed the lawmaker one of his papers. The Senator fished out two of the cumbrous Canadion coppers and held them out. The Prince took them gravely, and lay them on the seat beside him.

Senator Temple found out his mistake, and was a very unhappy man, for if a Canadian Senator does not reverence royalty, who does?—New York Sun.

Italy's King Studies Politics.

Victor Emmanuel III. is new to parliamentary life, as during his father's reign he kept quite out of politics. The only time he is ever known to have expressed an opinion was after the disaster of Adowa, when he came expressly to Rome to warn King Humbert against Crispi, his reward being a month's confinement in a fortress. He is now extremely busy studying the practical working of Parliament, to which end every Deputy has free audience to him daily at 11 a. m. He is represented as a man of sterling honesty, so that this initiation into political intrigues cannot fail to be a great disillusion, but will materially help to a just estimate of persons and things. He certainly starts well equipped for the race, as no sooner had he ascended the throne than by a series of acts he gained, at one bound, the love and confidence of the nation, which before had been something less than lukewarm. Now what is required for a triumphant finish is to prove himself above all energetic, and to have the true interests of a suffering country at heart. So far he has shown every disposition to fulfill this ideal.

How to Use a Madstone.

In Central Ohio a number of people have been bitten by mad dogs, and the madstone is having all it can do. This is the method of treatment: A small incision is made in the skin of the patient, preferably on the hand. Then the stone, which is about the size of the end of a man's thumb, and translucent, is placed upon the cut. If it sticks there the patient is infected. If it does not there is no fear of hydrophobia. Such is the popular belief. If the stone sticks it is allowed to stay there until it is filled with the poison of the disease, which makes the stone turn pale green in color.

The Demon Calculator.

According to the Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle, an industrious calculator has been searching out some interesting facts concerning the new century. He points out that the twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks but one day of being exactly 5218 weeks. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1951. Fifteen out of the hundred years will begin on Wednesday, and the same number on Friday. Fourteen will begin on each of the other days of the week.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Wise Man—Getting Into the Whirl—High Art—A Prolonged Agony—The Chief "Difference"—Short Lesson—A Rural Longing, Etc., Etc.

He keeps a cat for exercise—
She knows what she's about;
To let her in, he has to rise—
And then to let her out.

Soon he must let her in once more—
And so it goes all day;
That man gets muscle-work galore
Who keeps a cat, I say.

—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Into the Whirl.

"Is Mrs. McSwagger a member of the swell circle?"

"No, she is simply clinging to the periphery."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

High Art.

"Oh, Mabel, where did you get such a lovely braiding pattern for your jacket?"

"I copied it from my brass bedstead."—Detroit Free Press.

A Prolonged Agony.

"Henry, you're such a sleeper. I'm sure you'd like those arctic nights, six months long."

"No; you're mistaken. In three months you'd begin by telling me it was time to get up."—Chicago Record.

The Chief "Difference."

Tommy—"Say, paw, what is the difference between an amateur poet and a professional?"

Mr. Figg—"The amateur poet, my boy, is the one that keeps the professional starving."—Indianapolis Press.

Short Lesson.

Little Nephew—"Is it true, uncle, that the bark grows thickest on one side of a tree?"

Old Uncle Grout—"Yuss!"

Nephew—"Which side, uncle?"

Uncle Grout—"The outside."—Judge.

A Rural Longing.

"Say, our bookkeeper is foolish."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he says when he gets old he wants money enough to go out and live where he can see the moon go down behind a hedge."—Chicago Record.

Large Discount For Cash.

"If the late Collis P. Huntington's fortune was equally distributed throughout the nation every man, woman and child would get a dollar."

"Say, ol' boy, I'll assign my dollar to you for a nickel in cash."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Sound Argument.

Arabella—"George, dear, I want some money."

George—"Why, I gave you a check yesterday."

Arabella—"Yes, dear, I know, but the doctor said I was to have plenty of change."—Pick-Me-Up.

He Had Been Exposed.

"Where are you rushing so fast?"

"Up to the health office to get vaccinated."

"Eh! Been exposed?"

"Yep. Telephone girl this morning gave the pesthouse number by mistake!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Veteran.

Ethelinda (who has been singing her new songs without a sign of approval from Felix)—"You are tiresome, Felix—you have no ear for music."

Felix (artfully)—"Never mind, darling, I have an eye for beauty."

(And Ethelinda was soothed.)—Pick-Me-Up.

More in Sorrow Than Anger.

"Judge," said the lady who was accused of battering her husband, "It is true that I struck him, but the weapon I used proves that I did so more in sorrow than in anger."

"What did you hit him with?"

"A sad iron, Your Honor."—Baltimore American.

A Basis of Settlement.

"Did Morgan give you the lie?"

"Yes; and his second has just been trying to adjust matters peaceably."

"Showing the white feather, eh! What did he propose?"

"That Morgan should withdraw the epithet if I would admit the fact."—Leslie's Weekly.

Briggs's Justification.

Briggs—"Bertier is an ass, that's what he is. He is always on the wrong side of every question."

Harleigh—"But he says the same thing of you."

Briggs—"Well, and doesn't that prove what I say of him?"—Boston Transcript.

A Different Point of View.

Willie (crying)—"Mamma—boo-hoo!—Joe hit me with a great big brick. Boo-hoo!"

Mamma—"And what did you do to him, dear?"

Willie—"I hit him gently with that same little brick he threw at me."—Harper's Bazar.

On Second Thought Less Vicious.

A henpecked man being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it."

But, reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness: "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."—Tit-Bits.

Admiration.

"Do you think that orator knows just what he is talking about?" asked one auditor.

"Of course he does," answered the other. "But we don't. That's the point where he demonstrates his mental superiority and commands our admiration."—Washington Star.