

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

The Earth Will Be Very Crowded Some Day.

There will be standing room only on the earth at 1 p. m., February 27, in the year 3148, just 1,250 years from today.

This is no idle conjecture. It is something that everybody can figure out for himself. The only thing to know for a basis is the present population of the world, its area and the annual rate of increase of population.

One hundred years ago there were, in round numbers, 600,000,000 people inhabiting this earth, and the area of the land surface amounted to 50,000,000 square miles, so that there was on the average a square mile of territory to every twelve people.

Now that the population of the world has increased to 1,500,000,000, or two and a half times what it was a century ago, with the result that if the whole land surface were divided up into equal portions among the inhabitants, each one would have only one-thirtieth of a square mile instead of one-twelfth of a square mile, as he would have done at the end of the last century.

This is a very serious reduction in the proportion of territory which, if shared equally, would naturally belong to each person; and if the present rate of increase of population be still maintained in the future, the average area per inhabitant will rapidly become smaller and smaller, and at the end of 1,250 years from the present time, according to the following calculations, the world will be so full that there will be literally standing room only.

For, on the assumption that the population of the world will be two and a half times as great at the end as at the beginning of a century, 100 years from now the population will be 3,750,000,000, 200 years hence 9,375,000,000, and so on, increasing two and a half times each century, till 1,250 years hence it will have risen to the alarming total of 89,497,000,000 (nearly eighty-nine and a half billions) of people, and at the end of 1,500 years to 224,742,500,000 (two hundred and twenty-four and a half billions).

Now the land surface of the world amounts to 50,000,000 square miles, or 154,880,000,000 (nearly 155,000,000,000) of square yards. So, in 1,250 years there will be 89,497,000,000 people for 154,880,000,000 square yards, or less than two square yards to each person, and in 1,500 years hence there will be 224,742,500,000 of people for 154,880,000,000 of square yards, considerably less than one square yard to each person.

We thus have this amazing result that just 1,250 years hence there will be only one square yard of land to each inhabitant of the world!

But what about wars, famine and pestilence, some of the usual limit factors making allowance for? The figures make allowance for the wars of 1812, with Mexico in 1846 and the rebellion of 1861 to 1865, and the terrible famines and pests that have swept the globe within the memory of living men, have failed to reduce the ratio of increase. It is hardly to be hoped that worse calamities will occur in the centuries to come.

What is to be done about it? Fortunately the problem does not have to be solved by the generation, nor the next, in which we have personal interest. But it is not to be disregarded.

Just imagine for a moment what this means! Over all our country districts, on every conceivable spot of waste land, up the slopes and on the tops of our highest mountains, in the remains of eternal snow and ice, over all the forests and deserts, there will be one man, woman or child for every square yard of surface.

Or look at it in this way: In 1,250 years the whole earth will be populated just eighty times more densely than the lower part of Manhattan island is today.

Of course the world would be overpopulated before the extreme limit of one square yard to each individual was reached. For we must remember not only that many parts of the world are absolutely uninhabitable and quite unsuited for the use of man, but also that man must have some room, an actual elbow room, and that, therefore, it would be necessary to reserve large tracts of land for the cultivation of food products.

A Funny Cat.

Waffles is the odd name of a cat in Philadelphia that loves nothing so well as riding a horse. Waffles is the pet tabby of Fred Guthrie, who lives on Spruce street, near Eighth. Mr. Guthrie keeps a riding horse in the park. In his lodgings Waffles is a large, handsome cat of no particular strain, of weight seventeen pounds, lives with him.

The horse is known as Kentucky. In the morning Mr. Guthrie feeds Waffles at the breakfast table, after which the cat goes out to spend the day with Kentucky. In the afternoon Mr. Guthrie comes to take his ride and Kentucky is saddled in the stable and led around to the Spruce street door. As soon as the saddle is thrown on the horse by the groom Waffles gets on it and rides around to the front door. When his master comes down Waffles diamonds, and after marching around Kentucky's feet, rubbing them and purring with delight, accepts his master's caress and goes indoors.

Mr. Guthrie usually dines at his club, where his groom meets him and fetches the horse. When Waffles is returned to the stable and the two companions remain in company until 10 o'clock, when Waffles is fetched to occupy his nightly couch on the rug in Mr. Guthrie's dressing room. The cat in the saddle is the stable and down and up the Spruce street daily attracts a throng of delighted and curious spectators.

A New York dog of the bull terrier tribe does the same trick down in the wholesale fruit district on the west side. He may be seen almost any day perched on the back of a Percheron horse. The dog and the horse make a picturesque pair, the horse prancing along gaily and seemingly flattered by the dog's presence on his back, and the terrier bounding up and down with each rise and fall of the horse's body. The terrier, too, seems to be knowingly enjoying himself.

Artificial Oysters.

This is indeed the age of artificiality. Some French genius has been making artificial oysters, and the authorities of Paris are now trying to suppress this altogether novel form of food adulteration.

Real oysters are expensive in Paris, and so, with the object of suiting slender purses, artificial oysters on the half shell have been invented, which are sold at about one franc a dozen. They are so cleverly made as to look as nice and fresh that after lemon juice or vinegar has been added, they cannot be distinguished from the real article, especially where white wine is taken in connection therewith.

The only genuine thing about these oysters is the man who manufactures them. He is a Frenchman, and he is buying second-hand shells at a small cost, and fastening the spurious oysters in place with a tasteless paste.

TRANSFORMING BOYS.

The Problem How to Make a Bad Boy Good Solved.

The old, old problem of how to make a really bad boy genuinely good has been solved. A very cheerful method of solution it is, and it has all been brought about by that most delightful of combinations, charity, kindness and pure air.

It is only a little journey from New York to this place of good deeds, up in Westchester county. After you have driven four or five miles from White Plains, through a wilderness of pine trees, you come to the cabin with two of those famous hills which have made Westchester famous, a big gray house that looks comfortable as far as you can see it.

Everyone that lives anywhere around there knows what there is a genuine ring of pride of the voice of whoever you may ask about the Brace Memorial farm—or, as they call it up there, the place where they make children's minds over.

On the way up to the house, boys are to be seen on every side, and all are bright and happy. They are the boys of the farm, but there isn't one of them who doesn't look as if he were having a good time right along. It is hard to believe that these lads are waifs from New York streets, culled from that weltering mass of human filth and jetsam which you see so largely to be up to the supply of criminals. That is exactly what they are, though. The Children's Aid society takes them from the purpose of reclaiming them from the evil ways and making good citizens of them, but they do not necessarily lead criminal lives, though many of them have, none, however, are old enough to have become hopelessly wedded to a life of vice and crime. There is nothing compulsory about their residence at the farm, to which they are taken with their own consent. If a boy in such a case does not want to stay, he is taken back to New York, and returned to exactly the situation he was in when the society began to help him.

The ages of the boys at the farm run from 6 to 18 years. The color line is not drawn there, and at present an excellent beach you see largely to be up to the supply of criminals. That is exactly what they are, though. The Children's Aid society takes them from the purpose of reclaiming them from the evil ways and making good citizens of them, but they do not necessarily lead criminal lives, though many of them have, none, however, are old enough to have become hopelessly wedded to a life of vice and crime. There is nothing compulsory about their residence at the farm, to which they are taken with their own consent. If a boy in such a case does not want to stay, he is taken back to New York, and returned to exactly the situation he was in when the society began to help him.

The process of the evolution of the street boy into a good citizen is an interesting one. The first thing that happens to a boy when he reaches the farm is an introduction to the bath room. Mrs. Goff, the matron, says that it is frequently necessary for the comfort of the inmates of the house that the new arrival shall be divested of all relics of the city as soon as possible. After the boy has had his bath and has been provided with another suit of clothes, fresh and clean as any boy could have, he is allowed to go out and look around the farm and see what he thinks of it. That day he rests on the next he begins to study and to work.

It is the belief of the officials of the Children's Aid society, the organization which is frequently known as the best thing for the little vagabonds whom it seeks to reclaim is to instill in them the belief that there is no work for them like the work of a farmer. So the boys are taught farming; then, if some sturdy farmer out west wants to take a boy and make a man of him, the farm can easily supply that want.

The boys enter into the spirit of the work with much enthusiasm, and show a disposition to be industrious that would amaze their former companions in New York. Superintendent Goff says that it is frequently necessary to be stirred to real ambition for the first time in their lives. There are fifty-two boys at the farm at present. Each one has his duties, and each has the alternative of performing them faithfully or returning to New York. Few wish to go back, and the boys are a delightful change for a half-starved youngster to be sure of having all he can eat three times a day, instead of not being sure of anything at all. City boys have appetites, strong and hearty, and when they get into the country, Matron Goff says, it sometimes seems as if they could eat their way through the world.

While the boys are taught the various things the farmer has to know, their minds are not neglected for a moment. On a hillside back of the old farm house is perched the school. All sorts of hop-scotch and all sorts of games are played, and the boys' minds can conceive of anything. They are out of doors every moment of the time that circumstances will permit, and it is worth a day's journey to see the ruddy hues of health on their cheeks.

Compliment to Kipling.

Rurycard Kipling has been the recipient of a graceful compliment from the antipodes. A Dr. Nicholls, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the author of the Anglo-Indian writer, recently died at Port Germain, South Australia, and his friends inscribed on his tombstone the last verse of Kipling's "Envoi." A photograph sent to Mr. Kipling attests the following:

"Dear Sir: I cannot tell you how touched and proud I am to think that you found any verses of mine worthy to put on a good man's grave. You must be my brotherly set of me at Port Germain, do what you have done for the doctor's memory, and here in England I take off my hat to the lot of you. There is nothing a man's people value more than the knowledge that one of their kin has been decently buried when he has gone under in a far country, and some day or other Port Germain will get its reward. Will you send me a copy of a local paper, so that I may know something more about your part of the world? What do you do? What do you expect? What back country do you serve? And how many are there of you? I want to learn further particulars, as the papers say. Thanking you again for your kindness, believe me, very sincerely yours,

"RURDYARD KIPLING."

Little 4-year-old Freddie, while out walking with his nurse, happened to pass a blacksmith shop just as the smith was shoeing a horse. On reaching his home he astonished his mother by saying: "Oh, mamma, I found a place where they make horses; I saw a man nailin' on the feet."

A Man From North Carolina.

One afternoon, when the old 'possum-hunter of Tennessee had been out on the mountain alone, and after supper, when I began asking questions, he said: 'Thar' ain't many of the critters left around yere now, but thar' was a time, soon after the war, when yo' couldn't get no critter out of the cabin without seein' one. They was big and savage, too, and the way they would strop the hide off'n a dawg would make yo' har stand up. They was allus skulkin' 'round the cabin arter poitry, and two or three times I run agin 'em and got clawed 'n' bit. In the winter '05, I stepped out to see what ail'd the chickens and a cat lit on my back and laid me up fur a month.'

'Well, I said, as he paused. 'Wal, I was gittin' 'round agin, but still sore and stiff, when a critter dropped down into the cabin from No'th Keerleeny. He jest left it be known from the fact that he was a slamb-bag, rip-rarer, and he went about chankin' his teeth and tellin' how he was bo'n in a whirlwind and cradled in a deluge. Sum of us kinder thought he was all right, but we'd bin fightin' 'nuff and wasn't anxious to try him on. That critter had bluffed most everybody 'round yere befo' he cum to me. I was over at the co'ners one day, feelin' mighty bad from head to foot, when he stands up to me and sez: 'Zeb White, I've bin told that yo' ar a good man—a powerful good man.'

'Strite good,' sez I—'sorter good when I'm feelin' all right.' 'Hev yo' got dizzines of the head?' sez he, thinkin' to make fun of me. 'If that's the trouble, I'll hev yo' put to bed agin, but I'll be like an allin' child.'

'That critter kept at me 'till he was mad nuff to cry,' sez Zeb. 'He knowed I wasn't fitten to fout, and he was powerful anxious to pick a row. It was the first time in my life that I ever 'at any human being back into yo' ear, and he no shape fur a tussle. I went home with tears of madnes sin my eyes, and the ole woman sez 'em sez: 'Zeb, yo' jest hold on to yo'self a few days 'n' yo'll be able to lick that critter 'till he squashes. His purty hard fout with a man blifin yo' ears, and yo' must respick 'em. I've got to lick somebody or bust, and bein' as all the rest of the crowd hev took water I'm dependin' on yo'. Come out yere and let me paralyze yo'. If yo've got grit 'nuff to fight a woodchuck, now's yer time to show it.'

'I was fur goin' out, bad as I was, but the ole woman wouldn't hev it. I pulls off my shirt to show the claw-marks, and axes the critter to gin me a few mo' days, but he grins and laughs and sez: 'I kin see how it ar'. Yo' scratched yer back agin a hickory tree in order to git out of a fout with me. They told me over in No'th Keerleeny that yo' was a man, but I git yere to find yo' a chicken. If I had them scratches on my back I'd never know it. I fit two men while I held a moulin' leg and licked 'em, and I fit three 'barns when I had a broken arm and sold their pelts fur \$5 apiece. Zeb White, cum out and be smashed.'

'Mebbe yo' don't know how it feels to hev a critter talk to yo' that way,' sez Zeb with a moulin' leg and a hooked head. 'I knowed if I was well I could make that onery bluffer chaw grass in five minits, but I wasn't able to fight a coon. The ole woman tried to soothe me, but I was so mad and heart-broke that I cried like a boy. Bimeby the critter humped up and down and whoops and yellin' 'nuff me out.'

'Zeb White, they sez yo' could outfout any man on this yere mounting befo' yo' went to wab, and that while yo' was in the wab Gineria Lee reckoned yo' as good as a hundred men, but I can't while I held a moulin' leg and licked 'em, and I fit three 'barns when I had a broken arm and sold their pelts fur \$5 apiece. Zeb White, cum out and be smashed.'

'That was yo' hard lines,' I said, as I heard the ole man breathing hard over the memory of it. 'But I had to take wuss'n that, sah. That reptile offered to fight me with one hand—then with moth hands tied behind him—then with nuthin' but his teeth. He whooped and he yelled; he roared and he beliered; he bluffed and he blustered. He hun on 'till I could stand it no more, and I was goin' to do my best when the ole woman sez: 'Zeb, the Lawd is on our side! Yo' jest wait fur a minit or two and sumthin' will happen. That cat yo' shot at is right behind the critter, with her back humped up fo' feet high and mad 'nuff to bite yo'.'

'And did the cat interfere?' 'She did, sah. Reckon she took him fur the man who shot at her. Leastwise, she didn't like the way he was blowin' 'round, and jest as he had throved his hat down agin and was goin' to holler sum 'nuff, she lit on his back. I've seen 'em fight my own eye, but nuthin' like that. The man jest figured that I'd sneaked out of the back doah and got behind him, and though he was a blowhard he wasn't goin' to run away without a fout. It's bizness, sah, when a wild cat tackles a man, and she makes the fur fly from the start. The two of 'em went down arter a minit and begins to roll over and over, and the ole woman puts her hand on my shoulder and sez: 'Don't mix up with it, Zeb. It's critter agin critter, and when they git through each one will know he's bin in a fout.'

'And how long did it last?' 'Bout ten minits, I reckon, and they jest plowed at lover the yard. Bimeby the cat let go to git a better hold, and the man got up and run off. The airth was a sight to see next mawnin'. Thar was blood and 'nuff and rags scattered all over half the acre, and I reckon the man didn't hev anythin' on but his bates when he got away. He stopped at the Co'ners jest long 'nuff to tell sum of the boys that me'n the ole woman ar the dawg and a landslide had pitched into him altogether, and that it wasn't 'nuff to hev a man cum agin a far show, and he borrowed a hoss blanket and headed home fur No'th Keerleeny.'

'Boys,' said the school teacher, 'who can tell me George Washington's motto?' 'Several hands went up. 'Phillip, Perkasie, you may tell.' 'When in doubt, tell the truth.'—Detroit Free Press.

A Case of Middleman.

It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when I reached the Widow Skidner's shanty and found the widow smoking her pipe at the door and six or seven children playing around. After we had passed the compliments of the day, I looked me square in the eyes and asked: 'Stranger, ar ye ridin' around the kentry lookin' fur a wife?' 'No, ma'am,' I replied. 'Married man?' 'Yes.' 'No chance to git ye?' 'None whatever. Are you looking for a husband?' 'I am. I am a woman who talks straight from the shoulder, and I'm free to say I'd like to git married agin, an' kinder like the looks shay, but if thar's no show then it's no use. D'ye see that kivered wagon down thar?' 'Yes.'

'That outfit belongs to a man with five children, and I hev'n't seen no woman about I reckon he's a widower. He's hump-backed and bow-legged and don't 'pear to be much of a critter, but I'd marry him if he axed me.'

'And—yo—yo—?' 'I want him to ax me, and I ain't goin' to beat around the bush. He seems to be skeared to come to the shanty, and it wouldn't look well for me to go down to his camp. Stranger, will ye do me a favor?' 'I certainly will.'

'Then ride down thar and hev a talk with the man. If he's got an old woman that sattles it, but if he hain't then I want him. Talk straight at him and be lookin' fur his claim, and that his wife had been dead for a year or more. Remembering the widow's injunction I plumply asked him: 'Do you want to marry agin?'

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SOME LATE INVENTIONS.

In a newly designed dental cuspidor a hollow arm is attached to a standard with tubes inside for fresh and waste water to flush the cuspidor, the arm being jointed and pivoted so as to turn in any direction.

Electricity is used to operate a newly designed pipe organ, the keys closing circuits which operate magnetic coils to control the air valves, and the stops being operated by switches arranged above the keyboard.

A basket for carrying farm produce has a canvas strip attached to the top with a gathering string at its outer edge to draw it together and prevent the spilling or theft of the contents of the basket.

Pneumatic tires for wagons and bicycles are molded with a flat tread attached to and extending on each side of the face of the tire, the interior of which contains a shield of metal discs, to prevent puncturing.

The bearings of reciprocating machinery can be automatically oiled by a new oil cup which has a pendulum inside that dips up to move with the cup alternately open and close a small aperture through which oil flows to the bearing.

Ladies' hats can be suspended from a nail without danger of slipping off by a new device, comprising a wire clamp set inside the hat, with a spring to hold it in a closed position, and being pulled outward to attach it to the nail.

In a new self-cleaning filter a valve is placed below the filter to shut the water off, the valve at the same time opening a tube through the center of the filter to force the water back through the filter to the upper side and cleanse the filtering material.

Fruit jars may be easily opened by a new wrench consisting of a curved wire with a rubber tube surrounding the central portion and handles on the ends to be gripped in the hand until they decrease the size of the circle sufficiently to grip the top.

A combined detachable ice-creper and heelplate is being manufactured, which has spring clips by which it is attached to the heel, a roughened rubber or metal plate fitting the under side of the heel when in use to prevent slipping on the ice.

Carriage axles can be kept oiled automatically by using a new collar which fits over the shaft and has an oil reservoir in the upper side from which the oil flows through a groove in the collar to the oil passage made by putting on the axle to register with the groove.

To accurately weigh the contents of a wagon the rear and front bolsters are mounted in sliding frames to be drawn up by cords wound on a geared scale mechanism, so that the pointer on a dial turns as the cord is wound until the right number is reached, when the load is lifted from the bolsters and balanced by the scale beam.

To protect horses' feet from snow and ice a newly patented boot is made of flexible material, which extends nearly to the knee joint, with an iron shoe at the bottom, the boot being lined with liquid-proof material, so it will hold medicaments to treat the hoof and leg.

Baby carriages can be fitted with an automatic fan to keep the baby cool, the device having a yoke extending nearly to the top of the carriage to support a horizontal shaft, which carries the revolving fan, the shaft being geared to a wheel attached to one of the front wheels of the carriage.

Safety boats for pleasure or life-saving purposes have been invented, consisting of a number of air receptacles and cork floats arranged at each end of the boat, the compartments being placed at such a height as to descend below the water when the boat tips and throw it back to an upright position.

An accurate low-water alarm has a pipe extending into the tank, with a vertical section at the end carrying a piston with a float at the outer end, which pulls the piston up as long as the water is high, but descends and opens a valve to give an alarm as soon as the water gets low.

Electricity is used to destroy weeds in a new device, which can be used on an ordinary mowing machine, one wire of the dynamo being attached to the cutting bar and the other grounded to the wheels, so that when the current of electricity enters each root and burns it as the top is cut.

Freezing will not injure a newly patented water pipe, which has a yielding core in the center, strong enough to withstand the force of the water under high pressure, but which collapses as the ice expands, and prevents bursting, the core enlarging again as soon as the water thaws and the pressure is removed.

To assist in washing gold a Texan has patented a machine having two cylinders mounted one above the other on a vertical shaft in the center of a cylinder, with a series of rakes adapted to fit inside the bowls and agitate the contents, water and gold-bearing soil being placed in the bowls and the gold separated by revolving the shaft and bowls.

Converted by Marriage.

Consequently sends a story about a conversion by marriage. A colored woman came to the office to solicit 5 cent subscriptions for a new carpet and organ for her church. A young lady in the office gave the woman 10 cents, whereupon the correspondent suggested that "both she and the colored lady were probably Baptists."

"Oh," said the colored woman who was a Baptist, with but I married a Methodist minister, an then of course I was a Methodist." This is not the first case on record of conversion by marriage. One case is known in which both parties were converted. A certain governor of Rhode Island, who lived in Newport and was a member of the Congregational church, married a woman who was a Baptist, and after any understanding as to the arrangement of religious matters, the marriage pair started out at church time together. They walked side by side as far as the corner of Church and Spring streets, where their accustomed ways to church diverged, and there they stopped. He stood with a little dogged leaning toward his church, she with the same leaning toward hers.

"Well, ye," said the governor, "which way shall we go?" She made no answer, nor did she make any sign of going his way. The governor looked to at the beautiful pipe and under the shadow of which they stood. "Ha!" said the governor, "let's throw up both our churches and go in here!" And into Trinity they went, and were devoted Episcopallians ever after.

A minister who used to preach in Somerville had a little boy. A few days before his father left the city to go to his new parish, one of his neighbors said to the little boy: "So your father is going to work in New Bedford, is he?" The little boy looked up, wondering. "Oh, no," he said, "only preach."

Little Edgar, aged 3, was very fond of lemon drops, and one day while he was out on the porch a sudden and violent hailstorm came up. "Oh! oh!" he cried with delight, "It's wainen tandy."

The Country Editor.

When the Loud postal bill was before the house a few days ago Congressman Charles Clark of Missouri opposed it, declaring that it was bloated aimed at the country editor. Speaking of the country editor, Congressman Clark said: "One of the most eminent American preachers has said: 'We must educate, we must educate, we must educate or we must perish.'"

Thomas Jefferson declared that he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without government than in a country with a government but without newspapers.

Henry IV., as the high water mark of prosperity for his people, expressed the hope that each family in France might be so well to do that it would have meat for Christmas dinner.

If I could have one wish and only one granted for the happiness of the American people and the perpetuity of the republic it would be to see every voter as well educated to read his ballot on a close and close a small aperture through which oil flows to the bearing.

Having once been a country editor myself, I entertain a most kindly feeling for my old conferees. I am willing to make affidavit that the eleven months I spent editing a rural journal were the most beneficial to myself, and perhaps to others. I am proud to have belonged to the editorial guild. I am unalterably opposed to anything that will injure the country editor, and his profits, circumscribe his usefulness, or place an additional thorn in his pathway.

The rural editor—God bless him!—is the most persistent of teachers. Like charity, as described by St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of "First Corinthians," he "suffereth long, and is kind," which cannot be said of the men who got up this bill. He "envieth not," in which he does not resemble some people on this side of the house. He "vaunteth not himself," in which he is unlike the leaders on the other side of the house. He "is not puffed up," in which he does not resemble a good many of us.

He "does not behave himself unbecomingly," which is not a not easily provoked." In this latter respect he does not at all resemble my friend from California (Mr. Loud.) (Laughter.)

"He thinketh no evil," in which he is vastly superior to the great many of us; "rejoiceth in iniquity," in which he is totally unlike the republican (laughter); "but rejoiceth in the truth," which proves that he is cousin german to the democrat. (Applause.)

He "beareth long, and is kind," and in that respect he is very much in the predicament of the minority of this house under the Reed rules. (Laughter.) He is the "horse of every community," the promoter of every laudable enterprise, the worst underpaid laborer in the vineyard. Counting his space as his capital, he gives more to charity, his means considered, than any other member of society. He is a power in politics, a pillar of the church, a leader in the crusade for better morals. He is pre-eminently the friend of humanity.

He joyfully chronicles our advent into this world, and notes our upbringing and downy sittings and sorrowful records our exit.

He is the greatest and most ingenious of manufacturers; for, while others manufacture perishable stuffs, he is engaged in manufacturing immortal statements out of raw—sometimes very raw—materials; an industry which even the Dingley tariff cannot protect. He is to our virtues very kind and to our faults a little blind.

He invented the Self-Binder. "How did you come to invent the self-binder?" was asked of Stephen D. Carpenter, the inventor of the machine in Omaha for the purpose of promoting his latest invention, that of an elevated railroad across the American continent from San Francisco to New York.

"It was a necessity," the veteran replied. "I had been confined to my office so closely that my health gave way and my physician told me I would have to get out or get a coffin. I preferred the former and