

### LINES TO THE SETTING SUN.

Orb who beheld the travail of the world!  
Beheld it, ocean-robbed, an azure ball,  
Coruscant in the christ of thy beams!  
Beheld the earthquake-breathing continents  
Uplunge their mountain-spines from the  
spherical sea!  
To whom the lives of races are but heart-  
throbs!  
Weak as we are and mighty as thou art,  
There are great thoughts that fire our tran-  
sient dust  
Which are commensurate with time and  
space!  
So old thy birth seems almost now! To whom  
The building of the sky was yesterday!  
On whom the cataract of ages falls  
With less effect than even's crystal dew  
Upon a mountain's adamant steps!  
And who will still be in their infancy  
When the tired stars shall totter from their  
thrones,  
And thou, thyself, painting yon western  
clouds  
Into a confragrant Eden, shall,  
Jew and black be sunk in the debris  
Of a disintegrated universe!  
—Franklin Z. Denton, in the Current.

### FOOLED HIS MOTHER.

Billy Brand's mother stepped out of her little house after breakfast to go away for her day's sewing. Billy was busy with hammer and nails in a corner of the shed.

"What are you doing, Billy?" she asked.

"Oh, nothin'."

"Billy, I want to know before I go. You must tell me this minute."

She spoke in a tone half suspicious, half complaining. Billy looked up without the scowl it might have seemed to provoke.

"Why, mother, I'm going to April foot! Sue the biggest kind you ever saw."

Mrs. Brand's heart sank, if a thing can be said to sink which is very far down already. She had forgotten it was the 1st day of April and Saturday. Where might not all the tricks and pranks sure to be conjured up by Billy's active brains and carried out by his restless limbs lead him by night?

"Billy, don't do it. Don't now, do anything to torment Susie while I'm gone. She's feeling bad to-day, I know, for I saw her crying when she tried to move 'round. Now, Billy, promise me you'll let that alone, whatever it is."

She pointed toward his work, which he had hidden from view. Billy shook his head stoutly.

"I couldn't do that, mother; but don't you be scared—I won't do anything bad to Sue."

He jumped up and kissed her as he spoke, a procedure which so astonished her that, with another warning, she went off, with fewer misgivings than she had felt before.

Billy worked away very busily for an hour. He was skillful with tools, and by the time he held up his work it was quite worthy of the approving nod and smile he gave as he said to himself:

"That'll do. Wonder what she'll say!"

It was three small shelves rather cleverly made of pine boards, hung together by leather straps. The edge of each shelf was finished with a trimming made of strips of red flannel which he had found among his mother's carpet rags. Pinked with a pair of scissors and nailed on with common silver-plated tacks set at regular intervals, it gave them an appearance of neatness which highly delighted Billy.

"Real style about it!" he again remarked to himself, as he carried it toward the house. "Now, if I can only get it in without her seeing—"

Peeping cautiously in at the door, he watched until he saw Susie go with slow and painful steps into the small bed-room which opened off the kitchen. Darting noiselessly in, he hung the shelves on a nail which he had driven when a favorable chance had offered a few days before. Then with hasty movements he brought a few of his sister's books and laid on one of the shelves her work basket, and lastly a few pansies which he had gathered in a neglected bed in the garden. All these arranged to his full satisfaction, he waited for the sound of the hesitating steps returning, and shouted:

"April fool!"

Susie gave a little scream and said peevishly:

"Oh, you tease! You gave me such a start. Why—Billy!"

Her eyes fell on the shelves, and Billy, with his stumpy little figure drawn to its full height, watched with keen eyes and lost not a ray of surprise and pleasure which lighted up her face.

"Billy, did you do it?"

"Yes," a little sheepishly, as she put her arms about his neck.

"Why did you?"

"Oh, I'm so awfully sorry when it hurts you to walk. And I see one of them things down to the book store, only 'twas shiny and got up stylish; I thought if you had such a one you could keep lots of things handy right by you, and wouldn't have to hurt your foot gettin' up. Taint very smooth, you see. Deacon Todd's old plane wouldn't work worth a cent."

"It's a beauty," Susie looked down at her poor crooked foot without a frown or scowl for the first time, perhaps, since the cruel hurt had come to it years ago, saying softly:

"You wouldn't a done it for me if I hadn't been lame, Billy?"

Billy shuffled his feet, took a few lounging steps about the kitchen, poked at the fire, gave the wood-box a kick, and then went to his sister with a face that showed that something lay heavy on his mind.

"Sue, I've been—well—thinkin'. The tallest kind of thinkin', Sue—"

"Oh!" said Sue, in rather a disappointed tone.

"You see," Billy scratched his head, reached up to make sure the shelves hung evenly, and went on laboriously,

"I want to turn over a new leaf, Sue. The biggest kind of a leaf."

He gazed anxiously at her, as if appealing for her help to go on. She wanted to help him.

"Why, what made you think of that, Billy?"

"Oh, somethin'. You see last Sun-

day goin' to school I tripped up Jim Pratt—leastways I went to trip up Jim Pratt, and he tripped me up instead (I'll be up to him next time, though), and gave me the awfulest big whack on the head, and then I had a headache, so I didn't feel like pokin' the boys, nor pullin' their hair nor nothin' in Sunday-school—jest had to sit still and listen. And—cracky, Sue, if you'd heard Mr. Ray talk—"

"How, Billy?"

"Oh, solemn. Looked right through and through a chap, and put his voice down low, and say boys that don't look out for the r mothers ain't worth a red cent—no, he didn't just say that, but somethin' like it—and that if they ever mean to do it now's their time, for some day she'll be gone away the first thing you know, and you won't hear her voice, and there won't be no one to think you're a tip-top chap for all you're the tormentinest chap you ever see. And just about that time they'd give their eyes to have a chance to make up for it, and they can't make her hear, 'cause she'll be—his voice grew husky and he found it hard to go on—'she'll be under—the sod—and what'll you do then?'"

Billy choked and gulped, and went and crammed such a wasteful amount of wood into the stove that Sue quietly rejoiced in seeing the fire quite smothered out.

"What are you going to do about it, Billy?" asked Sue, when Billy seemed to have said his say.

"Well, I'd like to be a man at one jump, and dig in a coal mine, or set up a big store, or be a governor, or somethin'. But he said a lot more, about how we can't do big things, and how little things went ever so far and would make her very heart sing. And I ain't goin' to play any more shines, Sue. I'm goin' to keep plenty of wood cut and the box full and the kindlin' dry; and I'm goin' to fix up things a bit for her—yes, I am! What do you think she'd say, now, if she should find the garden all straightened out when she comes home?"

"I think she'd say, 'twas pretty nice, Billy.'"

"And how do you guess she'd look if the old fence was mended, hey?"

"Smiling, Billy."

"And the wood piled and the walks swept?"

"Billy, you'll get tired before its half done and be off with the boys."

She was wiser than she knew in saying this, for if anything had been needed to put a final brace to Billy's resolutions, these doubting words would have done it. He said no more, but made a dash out into the little front yard. His forlorn, unkempt hair matched every other feature almost enough to account for the discouraged and woe-begone look always on his mother's face, as she stitched away, with little time for anything else. Sue's was no brighter, for the poor girl found life a weariness in the neglected home which, through her sad weakness, was unable to improve.

Billy borrowed a wheelbarrow, hunted up a spade, rusty through long disuse and needed a rake. After gathering up and carrying away a load or two of rubbish and last year's dead weeds and leaves, he began carefully digging, and before long gave a shout which brought Susie to the door.

"Look, Sue, here's your pineys just peepin' out of the ground. See their tops? No, I won't cut 'em. And see what lots more pansy blows I've found under these leaves. And your reebush is bundin'—see! I'm goin' to set mother's geranium right in the middle of this round bed. Won't she open her eyes, though!"

The beaming April sun shone cheerfully down on Billy as he went on with his labor of love. And the soft breeze fanned his cheek, seeming to whisper something like the words he had heard, telling him that nothing sweeter could ever come into his life than the joy of showing tender care to those he loved and who loved him, and who stood in such need of all he could do for them. And the early shoots seemed to smile and nod up at him in their soft green, until he tried to fancy he could almost hear them say:

"Go on, Billy, my boy! Do your best, and we'll do our share."

Going into dinner, he found Sue inspired by his example to the extent of quite a vigorous scouring up of the things of the house.

"Why didn't you wait till I could help you?" he said. "It must have hurt you to do all this."

"Why, I didn't half feel it; it seemed so good, somehow, to see things looking nice outside. I didn't want to be put to shame, you know."

In the afternoon the boys came and worried him. His very feet tingled to scamper after Jim Pratt and pay him for last Sunday. And it was tantalizing to hear of tricks successfully played.

The bricks tied up and laid on the sidewalk, the dime with a string, the fish-hook to catch passing hats—all the small pranks dear to the heart of the average boy were a sore temptation to Billy.

But his heart had been very deeply stirred in this matter of trying to atone to his mother for his past waywardness, and he manfully stuck to his wood-pile.

The garden was a little beauty spot, the fence mended, and things in order to the very corners, when Billy sat down on the steps with aching limbs and a lame back, but with a heart and face very full of satisfaction, to watch for his mother's return.

"I don't see," said Sue, "why you call it an April fooling. This ain't the kind of thing I call April fooling."

"Well, Sue, mother thinks I've been cutting up the worst all day long. You know she does. She thinks I've been turning things upside down and wrong-side out. Now, when she looks 'round—Billy gave a comprehensive wave of his hand—"don't you believe she'll be pretty badly fooled? Hi, there she comes! Keep quiet now, Sue, and see if I ain't right."

Billy crept to the corner of the fence and shouted:

"April fool!"

Mother came in and looked in astonishment from one bright and orderly thing to another, taking in every detail and realizing the amount of effort which had been necessary to the bringing about of such a changed condition of things.

"What are you doing, Billy?" she asked.

"Oh, nothin'."

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And as the astonished expression united itself to one of pleasure and gratification, the two seemed to grow and increase until not an inch of room was left for the discouraged look, which seemed to fall away like a heavy cloud before the June sunshine. Sue was obliged to own that Billy was right.

### A Consistent Editor.

A journalistic friend of mine who worked on *The New York Witness* under John Dougall, that queer old Scotchman, who died the other day, tells how conscientious a man he was. The Sunday newspaper he regarded as the mightiest weapon of the modern devil. But unlike a good many enemies of the first day press, he was consistent in his godliness. The venerable editor did not raise a cry against the Sunday paper on moral grounds and at the same time give his approval to the morning issue of Monday, the work of which is mostly performed on the holy day. In his office, when *The Witness* was a daily, there was a strict prohibition of labor from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday. As a consequence, of course, the paper of Monday morning was a makeshift affair, put together in a hurry and inferior in all respects to its contemporaries, a lack in quality which finally drove it to the wall. Mr. Dougall, however, chose that if he could not run a newspaper without sacrificing his convictions of right—according to his personal lights—he would not remain in the field. Then he suspended the publication of the religious daily. It was said to have been an odd sight about *The Witness* establishment Sunday night, between 10 and 12 o'clock, when the editors, printers, and pressmen hung outside the doors waiting for the midnight toll of Trinity, idling the time away in light talk and occasional dissipation. As the old gentleman himself did not visit the office on Sunday, editors who had work on hand did it outside, or stole a march on the absent one, by going to their desks at 11 o'clock, and conspiring to which the foreman of the office was privy, his practical experience teaching him that such a thing as getting out a paper on Monday morning, according to the strict letter of the law, was impossible. By and by the whole office began to clip off the rag end of Sunday night for necessary work, a disobedience of orders which, when discovered, provoked from Mr. Dougall a severe reprimand. The order of things he laid down was inconsistent with good journalism, but consistent, and rarely so, with his own high-minded conception of human duty. —*Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard*.

Within the past year the civilized world has been shocked and saddened by the knowledge of the great devastation wrought by the cholera in Spain; and every precaution, in the way of sanitary measures and quarantine regulations, that modern science could suggest, was taken to prevent its spreading into other countries. The public scanned the columns of the daily press, eager for information with regard to the advance of this fearful disease, and read with bated breath as they learned that it numbered its victims by the tens of thousands.

If it was a matter of such deep and universal concern that in Spain 161,000 souls gave up their lives to this fell destroyer, should it not also be a matter of some interest to our people that, within the borders of these United States, over 91,500 persons die each year of pulmonary consumption?—that twelve out of every hundred deaths are caused by a disease which, though slow in its progress, is as sure in its results as cholera itself?

Should it ever transpire that some means of prevention should be found, by means of which people would be rendered proof against the disease, or at least could be cured when once it had set its seal upon them, would it not be one of the greatest boons vouchsafed to man since the introduction of vaccination?

Investive persons have from time to time thought that they had secured a sure cure, if not an unfailing prophylactic; and, at the present time, since the discoveries of Koch, all sorts of parasitic acids are being used to kill the germ of the disease. The unfortunate bacillus is now being hunted down with pneumatic chambers, deep inhalations, and local applications introduced by means of the hypodermic syringe, with results that are, to say the least, uncertain.

But, after all the years of research devoted to the subject, and out of all the methods of prevention and cure that have been suggested, the one that has given the best results, and is now being universally adopted, is change of climate. —*Popular Science Monthly*.

### A Mexican Pawn Shop.

In the city of Mexico the government runs a big pawnshop, where money is loaned on collateral at six per cent. There is a professional appraiser connected with the concern, and if he appraises an article for more than it will bring if sold at auction, he must take it himself or make good the loss. We have thought, how would it work to have a professional appraiser of men's value? Were he skillful in balancing merits and demerits, how disgusted some men would be to discover the wide difference between the appraiser's estimate of them and their own inflated idea of themselves. Unless the appraiser was very careful many of them would be thrown on his hands after being weighed in the public balance. —*Texas Siftings*.

### In a Doubtful State.

Lawyer—"Are you single?"

Female witness—"No."

Then you are a married woman?"

"No."

"So you are a widow?"

"No."

"But, my dear Madame or Miss, you must belong to one of these classes. As what shall I put you down?"

"I am an—engaged woman." —*Texas Siftings*.

### A MARINE COFFER DAM.

The Work of Repairing the Steamship Werra at South Boston.

The ocean steamship Werra, which was disabled in her recent passage to this country by the breaking of her shaft, is in the New England dock at South Boston for repairs, says *The Boston Advertiser*. The shaft was broken short off at the outside of the stern post, and the propeller and that part of the shaft which extended outside the stern post fell out and were lost. The repairs to be made, accordingly, consist in putting in a new propeller and a new shaft of the full length, which is twenty-four feet.

The shaft has been ordered by cable to be shipped at once from Germany and the propeller from Liverpool. The former is on board the steamship Donau, which is due in New York on the 25th inst., and the propeller is expected to arrive on the Liverpool steamer due on the 28th. It will take at least one day more to forward these from New York. The intervening time will not be more than comfortably sufficient to remove the remnant of the old shaft and make such adjustments as will be necessary for putting the new apparatus into place expeditiously. Ten or twelve days from the present time will probably elapse before the vessel is ready for the sea.

This work of restoration is of special interest because it is to be done by means of a coffer dam. Notwithstanding that Boston is praised, and justly, for the many facilities which the port offers for ocean steamer traffic, one very important matter is lacking, and that is a first-class ocean steamer. The Werra is 450 feet long. The longest dry-dock is that belonging to the United States government at the Charleston navy-yard. This is but 370 feet long. It was planned and its construction was begun in 1827, and at that time the idea that the merchant service would ever surpass the naval service in the length of its ships was doubtless quite out of the range of the mind's vision. In the absence of a dry-dock coffer dam can be made to serve very well in the work now to be done, but the use of it is somewhat of a novelty, to the general public at least, and a good many people visited the dock yesterday, prompted by curiosity about the coffer dam.

The dam is a structure of strong timbers and planks, and its shape or form is that of the bottom, two sides, and one end of a square wooden box. The bottom is settled low enough in the water to pass under the keel of the ship as she lies afloat. It is set under the keel about half the length of the coffer dam. Chains are dropped from the after bulwarks of the ship, and are hooked to the sides of the dam near the upper edge, and drawn perfectly taut by means of a combined shackle and screw attached to each chain. All being well secured, the operation of putting in the bulkhead of the dam is begun. This, when in place, will make the other end of the box already described as having two sides and only one end.

This end or bulkhead is built in two parts and the inner edge of each part is shaped to fit exactly the convex and concave line of the vessel's hull beyond the water. In the present instance this shape has to be ascertained by taking molds of the interior of the hull at the proper distance from the stern post, making allowance for thickness of the vessel's iron plating. Some aid in making a tight joint against the ship's smooth side comes from putting a layer of sail cloth or like material into the bulkhead as a part of its construction.

This part of the work of shaping the edges of the bulkhead was well done, and both parts were soon put into place and held there by the diagonal thrust of timbers or joist secured against the inner sides of the dam. Before the work of pumping out was begun, or before it had progressed far, shores were set resting at one end upon the bottom and what may be called the gunwale of the coffer-dam and against the ship's hull at the other end.

The tug-boat William Sprague began the work of pumping out, and later in the day the tug Curlew was also engaged. The water in the dam is drawn out through huge pieces of suction hose, these being connected with the pumps of the tug boats. With the withdrawal of the water within the dam, an immense upward and lateral pressure is made by the water without, and the joint of the bulkhead against the ship's side by the pressure becomes practically water-tight.

When the coffer dam is free of water, a hose attached to one of the pumps of the steamship will keep it clear without difficulty.

The work of putting the coffer dam into position was begun at 8 A. M. yesterday, and by 4:30 P. M. the dam was sufficiently clear of water to expose the ship's stern nearly to the depth of the keel. The end of the broken shaft was visible. It was made with a hollow core of ten inches diameter, and was of rough steel. The strength was of course, very great, but the question was debated somewhat by the seafaring men present whether it would not have been stronger if wrought solid. The depth of the bulkhead from its gunwale is twenty feet, its width is thirty feet, and its length thirty-five feet. The sweep of the propeller blades corresponds to a circle of twenty-two feet diameter.

A Plain, Simple Man.

"Gentlemen," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?"

The reporters, to a man, said they would.

"Then write me down as having been simply 'changed,' not 'launched into eternity.' I'm no dupe."

The request caused some consternation among the younger reporters, but they all kept their word.—*New York Sun*.

First Wayfarer—"Well, but if you're a Dublin man how came you to be born in Cork?"

Second Ditto—"Sure it was just this—I was staying there at the time."—*Judy*.

### GRANITE.

How It Is Quarried and Prepared for Use—Where the Stone Comes From.

A reporter of *The Cincinnati Sun*, in an interview with an old-time contractor or obtained the following information in regard to granite: "In the first place, granite appears to be the fundamental rock of the earth's crust, and is nearly always found in its perfect state in mountainous regions. To be sure, it is occasionally found as the superficial rock in flat or rolling plains, but most always is found in hills and mountains. It is the hardest to get of any of the more valuable of the building rocks, but when uncovered and opened up is comparatively easy to work into rough shapes, but polishing is another matter."

"How is it discovered?"

"Generally it crops out on the face of a cliff high up on a hill or mountain, hundreds of feet above convenient avenues of travel. The first thing to be done is to climb up and skin the quarry—that is, strip off the sod and soil and blast out a ledge for the workmen. Then the hunt for seams and fissures to lessen the work of blasting. Sometimes acres upon acres have to be skinned before a single seam or crack can be found. But when they find a seam they have solved the problem of quarrying because the seams show which way the granite will work most easily."

"Then granite has grain?"

"Yes, a sort of grain—enough, anyhow, to make it split accurately by proper manipulation. Frequently the seams traverse in parallel lines, in which case the workmen have a comparative picnic. First he drills long rows of holes from three and a half inches to ten feet in depth and from five to ten inches apart."

"Then he blasts it out and that's all there is of it?"

"Scarcely. When he has drilled around a section ten or twenty feet wide by forty to eighty long he takes a lot of half round irons, pointed like the drills, and sets them in the holes in pairs, flat sides together, of course. Next he sets in his feathers, which are nothing but small, slender, and very tough steel wedges. He goes along with a light hammer and begins driving in his wedges with equal force, so that the strain increases evenly all along the line. Pretty soon there is a sharp report and the big granite rectangle jumps up out of its bed with a deep hollow on its under surface, there being no means of getting at the bottom center with half rounds and feathers."

"Is the granite then hauled to the cities to be worked up?"

"No. Do you suppose they have derricks up there on the mountains big enough to lift two or three thousand tons? The same process is renewed along the 'grain' to break the stone into long strips, and it is then broken apart laterally by sharp tools and hammers. Of course there is enormous waste, but when granite is found at all there is generally an abundance of it, so it isn't much of an object to save it. The difficulty in working it is what makes it cost. The granite blocks used in these streets are worked down from the great rectangular masses just as I have said."

"Where does our paving granite come from, to be definite?"

"Rockport and Quincy, Mass., and the coast of Maine are furnishing the most of what we are using here; but fine paving and building granite is found in the Thousand Islands and in New Brunswick."

"How is it shipped?"

"Pretty much as it's laid on the sidewalks, only not in as great a bulk. A box car will hold 1,300 blocks, which are worth only about \$120 a car. So you see the railroads get a mighty fat thing out of the transportation, as compared with the value of the stuff."

"Where is the finest granite found?"

"Aberdeen, Scotland. That is the red granite, which is full quartz. It takes on a magnificent polish, but you've probably noticed that they don't carve it elaborately. If a man wants a monument of Scotch granite to hold his cadaver down he must be satisfied with very quiet designs. But it holds its sharp edges, when they're once on, for ages, almost. The Egyptians had the granite business down to a finer point than any other people on the round earth. They weren't satisfied with shining it up, but they carved it and worked it as a baker works gingerbread."

"Another thing the people don't generally know, is that many of the so-called precious stones are nothing but quartz—one of the principal constituents of granite. Agate, amethyst, carnelian, cat's-eye, chalcodony, geode, and jasper are all quartz formations, and our pleasure traps and garbage carts are trundling over acres of such rubbish every day. Yet people call us Cincinnatians stingy. Science found a way to counterfeit these stones in paste, though, just about the same time she discovered how common is the natural article, so that the market is surfeited with both, and neither is wanted. 'Brazilian peddle' spectacles are made from quartz, and California diamonds, when not artificial, are worked from large, clear masses of quartz, which are found in Madagascar."

He Carried the Convention.

"Well, Charley, did you ask for the hand of old Slickmore's daughter, last night?"

"You bet I did. I secured the nomination on the first ballot."

"So you are to be married soon?"

"No, siree."

"What?"

"It's a fact."

"I thought you said you secured the nomination!"

"I did. The old man gave me my choice between the toe of his boot and the mouth of his dog, and I nominated the boot, but they gave me the dog by acclamation. Fact is I scooped the whole convention. If you don't believe it look at my pants! They look like they had been through a threshing machine, but they didn't go near half way through the dog."—*Newman Independent*.

### Advantages of Politics.

Politics is a career which is at least free from that drudgery of the professions and the anxieties and failures of trade. It is a life livelier than that of the country gentleman; more manly, more wholesome (and, of course, infinitely more respectable) than that of the literary man; honestier than that of most persons. It may lead to almost anything—except failure. In politics there, practically speaking, are no failures to those who play the game. About the worst thing that can happen to a man in parliament is to be bored, and if he is bored he can go to sleep, or into the smoking-room. But public life is not all boredom by any means. On the contrary, it provides, for those who care for such things, a good deal of pleasant social intercourse and much interesting gossip. A man may be constantly in the public eye, and in the receipt of a good income from the state, and yet get his rubber pretty nearly every evening. If he has a wife (and does not take her to the ladies' gallery) she will think more of him than if he was a mere lawyer or doctor. If he has daughters they will go to more balls than they would if their father was not in the public line, and better balls, too, and meet more eligible partners. If he has sons he can enjoy the supreme satisfaction of jobbing for them. Certainly it is, all things considered, not a bad life, that of the practical politician. There are, however, two sorts of men whom it does not suit. These are the patriot and the man of genius. Such often break their hearts over the business.—*London Truth*.

### At the Seaside.

"Have you bathed yet this summer?"

"Yes, I've bathed several times out at Coney Island."

"How did you find the water?"

"Find the water? Why, you can't miss it. It's all around the island." —*Texas Siftings*.