

OLD AND NEW.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight, Through pre-ent upon the eternal right, And step by step since time began We see the steady aim of man.

That all of good the past hath had Remains to make our own time glad, Our common daily life divine, And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day A low, sweet prelude finds its way; Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more Forgiven time and holier show; God's love and blessing then and there Are now and here and evermore.

—John G. Whittier.

PERCY AND THE PROPHET.

BY WILLIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

After an interval, Percy put the customary question. The sleeper answered, wearily:

"I see the inside of a traveling carriage," he said. "The lady is one of the persons in it. There is a man with her. There is—"

He stopped and began to breathe heavily; the grasp of his hand relaxed. "Am I the man?" Percy asked. "Or is it Captain Bervie again?"

Dr. Lagarde awoke himself, by a last effort, to reply. "I can't tell you," he murmured drowsily. "My eyes are aching; the darkness baffles me. I have toiled long enough for you. Drop my hand, and leave me to rest."

Hearing those words, Mme. Lagarde approached her son's chair. "It will be useless, sir, to ask him any more questions to-night," she said. "He has been weak and nervous all day, and he is worn out by the effort he has made. Pardon me if I ask you to step aside for a moment while I give him the repose that he needs."

She laid her right hand gently on the doctor's head, and kept it there for a minute or so. "Are you at rest now?" she asked.

"I am at rest," he answered, in faint, drowsy tones. "Mme. Lagarde returned to Percy. "If you are not yet satisfied," she said, "my son will be at your service to-morrow evening, sir."

"Thank you, madam; I have only one more question to ask, and you can no doubt answer it. When your son wakes, will he remember what he has said to Captain Bervie and myself?"

"My son will be an absolutely ignorant of everything that he has seen, and of everything that he has said, in the trance, as if he had been at the other end of the world."

Percy Linwood followed this last outrageous assertion with an effort which he was quite unable to conceal. "Many thanks, madam," he said; "I wish you good-night."

Returning to the waiting-room, he noticed the money-box fixed to the table. "These people look poor," he thought to himself, "and I feel really indebted to them for an amusing evening. Besides, I can afford to be liberal, for I shall certainly never go back." He dropped a five-pound note into the money-box, and left the house.

CHAPTER V.

The Ball-Room.

While the consultation at Dr. Lagarde's was still fresh in the memory of the persons present at it, Chance, or Destiny, occupied in sowing the seeds for the harvest of the future, discovered as one of its fit instruments a retired military officer named Major Much.

Knowing everybody and being welcome everywhere, playing a good hand at whist, and having an inexhaustible fancy in the invention of a dinner, Major Much naturally belonged to all the best clubs of his time. Percy Linwood and he constantly met in the billiard-room or at the dinner-table. The major approved of the easy, handsome, pleasant tempered young man. "I have lost the first freshness of youth," he used to say, modestly, of himself, "and I see it revived, as it were, in Percy. Naturally I like Percy."

About three weeks after the memorable evening at Dr. Lagarde's, the two friends encountered each other on the steps of a club.

"Got anything to do to-night?" asked the major.

"Nothing that I know of," said Percy, "unless I go to the theater."

"Let the theater wait, my boy. My old regiment gives a ball at Woolwich to-night. I have got a ticket to spare, and I know several sweet girls who are going. Some of them waitz, Percy! Gather your rosebuds while you may. Come with me."

The invitation was accepted as readily as it was given. The major found the carriage, and Percy paid for the post-horses. They entered the ballroom among the earlier guests; and the first person whom they met, waiting near the door, was—Captain Bervie.

Percy bowed, a little uneasily. "I feel some doubt," he said laughing, "whether we have been properly introduced to each other or not."

"Not properly introduced!" cried Major Much. "I'll set that right. My dear friend, Percy Linwood; my dear friend, Arthur Bervie—both known to each other; esteem each other."

Captain Bervie acknowledged the introduction by a cold salute. Percy, yielding to the good-natured impulse of the moment, began to speak of the mesmeric consultation.

"You missed something worth hearing when you left the doctor the other night," he said. "We continued the sitting; and you turned up again among the persons of the doctor's drama in quite a new character. Imagine yourself if you please in a cottage parlor—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Captain Bervie. "I am a member of the committee charged with the arrangements of the ball, and I must really attend to my duties."

He withdrew without waiting for a reply. Percy looked round wonderingly at Major Much. "Strange," he said. "I feel rather attracted toward Captain Bervie; and he seems so little attracted, on his side, that he can hardly behave to me with common civility. What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you," answered the major, confidentially. "Arthur Bervie is madly in love—madly in love with you, my boy—with a Miss Bowmore. And (this is between ourselves) the young lady doesn't feel it quite in the same way. A sweet girl; I've often had her on my knees when she was a child. Her father and mother are old friends of mine. She is coming to the ball to-night. That's the true reason why Arthur left you just now. Look at him—waiting to be the first to speak to her. If he could have his way, he wouldn't let another man come near the poor girl all through the evening; he really persecutes her. I'll introduce you, Percy; and you will see how he looks at us for presuming to approach her. It's a great pity; she will never marry him. Arthur Bervie is a high-minded, honorable fellow, a man in a thousand; but he's fast becoming a perfect bear under the strain of his temper. What's the matter? You don't seem to be listening to me."

This last remark was perfectly justified. In telling the captain's love story, Major Much had revived his young friend's memory of the lady in the blue dress, who had haunted the mesmeric visions of Dr. Lagarde. "Tell me," said Percy, "what is Miss Bowmore like? Is there anything remarkable in her personal appearance? I have a reason for asking."

As he spoke, there arose among the guests in the rapidly filling ball-room a low murmur of surprise and admiration. The major laid one hand on Percy's shoulder, and lifting the other, pointed to the door.

"What is Miss Bowmore like?" he repeated. "There she is, my boy! Let her answer for herself."

Percy turned toward the lower end of the room. A young lady was entering, dressed in plain silk, and the color of it was a pale blue. Excepting a white rose at her breast, she wore no ornament of any sort. Doubly distinguished by the perfect simplicity of her apparel, and by her tall, supple, commanding figure, she took rank at once as the most remarkable woman in the room.

Moving nearer to her through the crowd, under the guidance of the complainant major, young Linwood gained a clearer view of her hair, her complexion, and the color of her eyes. In every one of these particulars she was the living image of the woman described by Dr. Lagarde!

While Percy was absorbed over this strange discovery, Major Much had got within speaking distance of the young lady and of her mother, as they stood together in conversation with Captain Bervie. "My dear Mrs. Bowmore, how well you are looking! My dear Miss Charlotte, what a sensation you have made already!" cried the cordial little man. "The glorious simplicity (if I may so express myself) of your dress is—what was I going to say?—the idea came thronging on me; I merely want words."

Here Major Much waved his hand, with all the fingers well open, as if words were circulating in the air of the room, and he meant to catch them. Miss Charlotte burst into a little silvery laugh; her magnificent brown eyes, wandering from the major to Percy, rested on the young man with a modest and momentary interest, which Captain Bervie's jealous attention instantly detected.

"They are forming the dance, Miss Bowmore," he said, pressing forward impatiently. "If we don't take our places we shall be too late."

"Stop! stop!" cried the major. "There is a time for everything, and this is the time for presenting my dear friend here, Mr. Percy Linwood. He is like me, Miss Charlotte—he has been struck by the glorious simplicity, and he wants words." At this part of the presentation he happened to look toward the irate captain, and instantly gave him a hint on the subject of his temper. "I say, Arthur Bervie, we are all good-humored people here. What have you got on your eyebrows? It looks like a frown, and it doesn't become you. Send for a skilled waiter, and have it brushed off and taken away directly."

"May I ask, Miss Bowmore, if you are disengaged for the next dance?" said Percy, the moment the major gave him an opportunity of speaking.

"Miss Bowmore is engaged to me for the next dance," said the angry captain, before the young lady could answer.

"The third dance, then?" Percy persisted, in his quietest manner, and with his brightest smile.

"With pleasure, Mr. Linwood," said Miss Bowmore. She would have been no true woman, if she had not resented the open exhibition of Arthur's jealousy; it was like asserting a right over her to which he had not the shadow of a claim. She threw a look at Percy as her partner led her away, which was the severest punishment she could inflict on the man who ardently loved her.

"The third dance stood in the program as a waltz."

Percy shifted his partner's hand, Miss Charlotte hesitated, and looked at her mother.

"Surely you waltz?" said Percy. "I have learned to waltz," she answered, modestly; "but this is such a large room, sir, and there are so many people."

"Once round," Percy pleaded; "only once round."

She looked again at her mother; her foot was keeping time with the music, under her dress; her heart was beating with a delicious excitement. Kind-hearted Mrs. Bowmore smiled, and said, "Once round, my dear, as Mr. Linwood suggests."

In another moment Percy's arm took possession of her waist and they were away on the wings of the waltz! Could words describe, could thought realize, the exquisite enjoyment of the dance? Enjoyment? It was more—it was an epoch in Charlotte's life—it was the first time she had waltzed with a man. What a difference between the fervent clasp of Percy's arm and the cold, formal contact of the mistress who had taught her! How brightly his eyes looked down into hers, admiring her with such a tender restraint that there could be no harm in looking up at him now and then in return.

Round and round they glided, absorbed in the music and in themselves. Occasionally her bosom just touched his, at those critical moments when she was most in need of support. At other intervals she almost left her head sink on his shoulder in trying to hide from him the smile which acknowledged his admiration too boldly. "Once round," Percy had suggested; "once round," her mother had said. They had been twenty, thirty, forty times round; they had never stopped to rest, like other dancers; they had the eyes of the whole room on them—including the eyes of Captain Bervie—without knowing it; her delicately pale complexion had changed to rosy red; the neat arrangement of her hair had become disturbed; her bosom was rising and falling faster in the effort to breathe—before the fatigue and the heat overpowered her, at last, and forced her to say to him, faintly, "I'm very sorry—I can't dance any more."

Percy led her into the cooler atmosphere of the refreshment-room, and revived her with a glass of lemonade. Her arm still rested on his—she was just about to thank him for the care he had taken of her—when Captain Bervie entered the room. He was pale, with the marked and sinister pallor of suppressed rage; but when he spoke to Percy he still preserved his self-control, and expressed himself with scrupulous politeness.

"Mrs. Bowmore wishes me to take you back to her," he said to Charlotte. Then, turning to Percy, he added, "Will you kindly wait here while I take Miss Bowmore to the ball-room? I have a word to say to you—I will return directly."

Left alone in the refreshment-room, Percy sat down to cool and rest himself. With his experience of the ways of men, he felt no surprise at the marked contrast between Captain Bervie's face and Captain Bervie's manner. "He has seen us waltzing, and he is coming back to pick a quarrel with me." Such was the interpretation which Mr. Linwood's knowledge of the world placed on Captain Bervie's politeness. In a minute or two more the captain returned to the refreshment-room, and satisfied Percy that his anticipations had not deceived him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLORS OF THE EARTH.

The Crimson Cliffs of Greenland—Green on the Moors.

The wonderful difference between the same landscape in winter and in summer is a phenomenon familiar to all dwellers in the temperate zones. The two great elements of changes are the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon the variation in its aspect due to seasonal changes would perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those upon its surface. In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be called the countenance of the planet, says Youth's Companion.

It is not the high forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen which covers their faces.

The cliffs rise between 1,700 and 2,000 feet straight from the water's edge, and being composed of gray granite their aspect would be entirely different from what it is but for the presence of the lichen.

Coming to less magnificent but not less beautiful scenery, the rocky pass called the Golden Gate in the Yellowstone national park owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen covering its lofty walls; and the indescribable hues of the great hot-spring terraces arise mainly from the presence of minute plants flourishing in the water that overflows them.

Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. Many have thought that the red color of Mars may be due to the existence of red instead of green vegetation there.

That its broad expanses of forest and prairie land cause the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected overspreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by light from the earth.

Have no friends not equal to yourself.—Confucius.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"STORM CLOUDS BRIGHTENED" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text Job 37:21 as Follows: "And Now Men See Not the Bright Light Which is in the Clouds"—Comfort of Christian Teachings.

Wind east, barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopails! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after a while he flings the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words there are a hundred men looking for storm where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over 19,000 people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over 20,000 people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of government securities, what does that man know of prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety! You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortexes of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with \$40,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being beset and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years, they reached at a flash? If the last ten thousand children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those ten thousand children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains he ever made he hung around this planet, and all the flowers he ever grew he has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. This world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done. One week of the year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going in from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctic of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight, and best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdaloue. Keep our feet on the sharp cobble-stones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hoppers on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

I am amazed at myself and at yourself in this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new jacket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his. Payson will go to Portland to get his. President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his. George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments, and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

GLADSTONE PICTURES.

Story of His Physiognomy as Told by the Brush.

One of the curious things about Mr. Gladstone is the difference which years have produced both in his appearance and expression. At all times he must have been a handsome man. But strangely enough, when he entered the house of commons in his twenty-second year, it was the beauty that seemed to point to premature death. "His face," said Mr. McCarthy, "was pallid, almost bloodless," and the pallor was brought into greater life by the abundant and intensely black hair and the large, fiery black eyes that blazed upon the world. Different portraits of Mr. Gladstone form an interesting study. The face that looks out from the portrait of 1832 is thin; the features look sharp; the cheeks have the smoothness and the moderate fullness of youth; of the mouth, beautifully shaped, full, and yet not large, the dominant expression is sweetness and tranquility. In a later picture one sees the cheeks expanding, the chin getting squarer, the brow heavier and the mouth stronger, larger and grimmer. The expression is altogether one of seriousness, strenuousness, almost of frowning earnestness. And then when one comes to the portraits of old age there is another and quite as great a transformation. The heavy, black locks have, of course, disappeared, and this brings out the enormous size of the head, large in brow and in back; the mouth appears, again, to be fuller than even in middle age, and the whole face has broadened; but the expression has lost all the stern and strenuous gravity of middle age, as well as the sweet softness of youth, and there is a genial smile, as of the warrior who has done all his fighting and can now look with some detachment, and even with some humor, on the battlefield which knows him no more.—McCarthy's Life of Gladstone.

Died for His Mistress.

A fine instance of canine devotion comes to us from Kansas, through the columns of the Topeka State Journal. Samuel Dodge, a ranchman, living southwest of Topeka, went to Vinita, Indian Territory, on business, and shortly after he had gone, Dessie, his five-year-old girl, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered the child's absence about two hours after Mr. Dodge's departure. She made a search of the premises, and failing to find the child, notified the neighbors of her disappearance. They turned out in force, and scoured the prairies all day, and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late the following evening an Indian came upon her fast asleep just south of Post Oak creek, in an old road known as the "whisky trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the bodies of two wolves. Although the little girl's cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, she was quite unharmed. She and her protector were taken home, a distance of twelve miles. The dog died that night. He received a decent burial, and his master at once ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.

The Farmer Prosperity Foundation. Bunco Bill—"There's no use talking, business is improving. The farmers are feeling easier than for four years past." Granger Grip—"No dream, pardner! I can report three good brick sales, eight checks cashed and sixteen jays shown around town for last week, as against nothing but the sale of a ticket to Central Park for the corresponding week of last year."—Puck.

Modesty.

Washington Evening Star: "It seems harder for men to be really great nowadays than it was years ago," said the student of history. "That's very true," replied Senator Sorghum; "very true, indeed. But I am inclined to think we get better paid for it nowadays."

Cigars are often referred to as weeds. The reason is obvious. Scorekeepers and gossipers are always running other people down.