"I'm Hurried, Child."

"O mother, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There was no butter! Oh, do see its wings!
I never, never saw such pretty things—
All streaked and stripped with blue and brown and gold—
Where is its house, when all the days are cold?"
"Yes, yes," she said, in accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child."

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
And when she thought you'd gone down stairs
Then dolly was afraid, and so I said:
'Just never mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near,'
When dolls are 'fraid, do you s'pose He can hear?'
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled;
"I'm hurried, child."

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left, and won't you, by-and-bye,
Dear mother, take me in your arms, and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
And then, perhaps, about 'Red Riding Hood?'"
"Too much to do! Hush, hush! you drive me wild;
I'm hurried, child."

The little one grew very quiet now,
And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow;
And then it queried; "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are littler than I,
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A big clock! Oh, as big as it can be!
For you and me."

The mother now has leisure infinite;
She sits with folded hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill,
She sits at leisure, questioning God's will.
"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night!
Is heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge me light?
The time drags by."

O, mother sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray, do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss the right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questions you are
But entertaining angels unaware;
The richest gifts are gathered by the way
For darkest day.

Temperance Notes.

Dr. Geo. A. Brooks, of London, England, leader of the Prohibition party of that country and one of the most eloquent orators of the English platform, will visit America this month.

From South Africa comes the news that a new church of Talus has adopted the resolution: "No member of this church shall drink the white man's grog or native beer, nor touch it with his lips."

The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Rockford, Ill., have published a wide awake five column four page paper for distribution at their county fair. The paper bears the name *Our Hobbies*, and presents the different lines of work carried on by the society.

It may not be generally known that John Alden, the celebrated publisher, is a staunch temperance man. He gave up a good position in Chicago because he would not consent to sell tobacco. He is just bringing out a special number of his well-known magazine entitled "Literature," devoting the September issue to temperance work.

Mrs. Maria Bateman, of the Boston W. C. T. U., is a regular visitor among the women imprisoned at the Tombs every Sunday afternoon. This lady has also extended her efforts to the Charlestown court room, in behalf of the unfortunate, and has been cordially welcomed by the presiding judge.

Mrs. Ellen W. Greenwood, of Brooklyn, N.Y., for years an acceptable pulpit speaker in that city, will give the annual sermon at National Convention, Sunday, Oct. 21st, in Metropolitan Opera House. It is expected that Bishop Fallows will speak at some time during the convention.

A good and earnest temperance worker, Mrs. Sasaki, the Secretary of Tokio (Japan) W. C. T. U., has resigned her office and devotes her time to the editorial work of the *Temperance Magazine*. Her successor is Mrs. Takeo, well educated in both the Japanese and English languages, and who graduated with honor from the Tokio Normal School when quite a young lady.

At the meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society lately held in Milwaukee, a resolution was adopted favoring the strict enforcement of all laws compelling the closing of saloons on Sunday and prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards; and agreeing to petition the State Legislature to pass a law to prevent saloons from doing business within 200 feet of a church or school-house.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the celebrated philanthropist, who expends her entire annual income in doing good, has decided to present an elegant flag to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its approaching convention in Metropolitan Opera House, New York city. It will be Mrs. Thompson's idea of a "woman's flag," emblematic of peace, purity and justice. The motto will be "For God and Home, and Humanity." The border will be made up of flags of all countries and will predict "the Parliament of Man the Federation of the World."

Each W. C. T. Union of Brooklyn, N.Y., appoints some of its members to visit the jails two days in each week. They not only take part in the regular religious exercises but labor personally with the prisoners trying to influence them to lead better lives. A movement is on foot to establish a home to which those wishing to prove by their actions the sincerity of their repentance can go after their release from prison, and from which they can be recommended to some honest and respectable employment. The Jail Committee of Hamilton have found it a necessity to have such a house, and one has been conducted in a small way for the past year with good results.

No statistics are needed to assure you that temperance reform lies at the bottom of all further political, social and religious progress. Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives of one in twenty of our population, and anything which can be done to diminish this terrible sacrifice of human life and human happiness is well worthy of all the attention and study we can give it. * * * The agitation will go on without us if not with us. If we are silent, the stones would cry out. If there is in the whole of this drink business any single encouraging feature, it is to be found in the growing impatience of the people at the burden which they are forced to bear, and their growing indignation and sense of the shame and disgrace it imposes upon them—*Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., President of the London Board of Trade and Chairman of National Educational League of England.*

SALMON FISHING REGULATIONS.

That was a sad story of the shooting of Mrs. Susan Howes on the New Brunswick salmon stream, and scarcely less sad is that of Miss Annie Phillipine, the sister of one of the young men suspected of the crime, as given in the Andover correspondence of the St. John *Sun*: Not many years ago the father of Annie, Henry Fritz, Eugene and Mary Phillipine lived in very comfortable circumstances in London, and Annie, his eldest child, received a very liberal education in Switzerland and France, the countries from whence her parents came. But Annie's mother died, and in the course of time Mr. Phillipine took unto himself another wife. Then followed reverses in business, his wife refused to share his humble lot and returned to the comfortable home of her people, but Phillipine set out with his little family for America, hoping in the new world to win back the smiles and favors of capricious fortune. At Halifax he secured a clerkship with Messrs. Darley Bentley & Co., agents for the ocean steamship line operated by the Societie Postale de l' Atlantique, while the boys and Annie tried their hands at farming in the Annapolis valley, with the result that so often attends the efforts in this line of city-bred emigrants from the old world. Their father rendered what assistance he could out of his slender income, but that only served to delay the downward progress. Two years ago the five children settled on the Tobique and twelve months later their father died. Annie seems to have been the bond that kept the boys together on the farm. Under the direction and control of a capable farmer they might have done as well as hundreds of others who build uphomes in the forest, but they had little or no knowledge of farm work, and lacked the steady application necessary to success, the latter possibly owing to the mutations of the life through which they had passed. At times they worked in the woods; at times they tilled their land; occasionally they labored for their neighbors. No one with whom your correspondent talked gave them a bad name, or credited them with the nerve to originate an evil deed. They were rather of that class who, leading a restless life, follow where bolder men lead. Everybody who knows her speaks in the highest terms of Annie, who has been mother, sister and Christian counsellor to the boys. Without a murmur this noble girl, fitted by education for a higher life, immured herself in the forest depths that she might care for the orphans left in her charge.

The young lady told the Court that when her brother Henry started out to catch a fish in the river near by, there was nothing save a few potatoes in the house to eat. And this delicate girl of 24, who for two years has acted as the head of a family of five orphans in a strange land, bitterly reproached herself for having given a tardy assent to Henry's proposition to take a mild revenge on the armed men who drove him from the pool whence he was trying to replenish the empty larder. "I felt maddened," said Annie, that "Henry was fired at, but if I had forbidden him he would not have gone out to frighten those men the next day." The Sheriff of Victoria, when he went up to the Phillipine house to summon this witness, found the family on the verge of starvation. The wife of Sheriff Tibbetts states that when Annie was brought down to Andover, she was utterly destitute of under-clothing. Without food or money, or sufficient raiment to protect her from the cool night air, her only thought was to save her brother from the gallows. Do you wonder, says the *Sun*, that tears rolled down the cheeks of the sturdy farmers in court, and that women sobbed as if their hearts would break, as they listened to Annie Phillipine's evidence and realized that while aiming to prove he had not fired the fatal shot she was but forging link after link in the chain of evidence identifying her brother as a participant in the terrible deed? Had she been his wife, the law would have closed her lips as tightly as if sealed by death, but being only his sister her testimony was not debarred by statute.

Henry Phillipine went to the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, to catch a fish to feed his starving brothers and sisters. Mr. Howes, of Boston, fired a gun to frighten away the poacher. The next day, Phillipine and some other young men fired at the Howes party, as they say, with no worse intent than to frighten them, but Mrs. Howes was shot and killed. The settlers express their horror at the crime and desire to see its perpetrators punished. At the same time they take advantage of the opportunity to protest against the system which preserves the fishing for wealthy aliens and prevents the native population from obtaining food for their families. From the *Sun's* account of the tragedy and comments thereon we learn that the lower part of the Tobique is by no means a wilderness. It is peopled by intelligent and, for the most part, industrious, law-abiding settlers, who will compare favorably with any like community in the Maritime Provinces or the New England States. Deeds of violence are practically unknown, though the dwellers along the river bank have pretty strong ideas about "fishing rights," and bitterly resent the selling of the best pools to "absentee landlords." Much that is calculated to deceive the public has been set afloat concerning the fishery regulations and leases. No man is prevented from fishing in what the law prescribes as a legitimate way in front of his own land. He can sell that privilege to another as freely as he can sell the right to cut hay or logs on his own farm. There is some ungranted crown land on the upper part of the river, from which the local government probably receives fifty to one hundred dollars a year for the right to catch salmon there, but the chief owner of wild lands is the New Brunswick Railway Land Company, which controls the fishing within its territory. The lessees of the several pools combined together this year to rigorously suppress poaching, and have caused notices to be posted all along the river that trespassers on their reserves will be punished to the full extent of the law. Whether the enforcement of the law has been at all rigorous, as compared with former years, is difficult to determine. There have been some convictions and forfeitures, but it is pretty clear that the poachers have been more scared than hurt. Be that as it may, much ill-feeling has been aroused and sweeping threats have been indulged in on both sides. It is contended that so long as the owners enjoy the right to fish in the waters that run through their lands they have nothing to complain of, no matter how the fishing privileges on the crown lands are disposed of, and on its face this appears to be a reasonasonable contention. But many of the settlers do not think so. Said one, in reply to the *Sun's* inquiries: "The law as it exists has been framed for the protection of the rich man from the States and is intended to prevent the poor residents from catching fish even for their own use. You know very well that salmon are only to be found in quantities in pools here and there along this or any other river. Cast your fly, if you are rich enough to own a proper outfit, for miles and miles and the fish will not rise. They are either not there, or if there are intent on making their way along the stream. You might waste days and days and not land a single fish. If you want to catch one with the legal apparatus you must go to the pools. You are not allowed to use a net or a spear even in front of your own door to save your ami y from starvation. A common hook and line will not land a salmon in the same way that you catch a sturgeon or a halibut—by main strength—for the mouth of this fish is so tender that the hook will tear out as soon as any great force is applied. You must have a forty or fifty dollar outfit, swell rods, reels, lines and ever so many flies, for the salmon has a very capricious taste. Now how many of us can afford to put the price of a waggon into fishing tackle that we can only use in front of our own farm, with the possibility of not catching a salmon from one end of the year to the other? The prohibition to use spear and net does not in the least worry the men who are rich enough to lease pools and spend ever so much money for fancy outfits. The law might with equal fairness prohibit the shooting of partridge or duck except with a gun costing over $100. I hold that when men living along a river want a fish they should not be forbidden to feed their families by means of a spear or net. Prohibit netting and spearing in the pools or wherever salmon congregate in numbers, if you will, but do not take away all of our substance and give it to the stranger. The salmon is a food fish, intended for the use, not amusement, of man. Protect it in every legitimate way for the benefit of the people who pay the taxes and make New Brunswick what it is; bnt do not turn our free country into a private pleasure park for the millionaire alien."

How Stanley's Expedition Started.

Mr. Herbert Ward, the African explorer, met Mr. Stanley and his followers as they were setting out on their present expedition. "I never," he says, "in my life was so struck with any sight as with Stanley's caravan on the march. Egyptians, Soudanese, Somalis, Zanzibaris and others, nine hundred strong. It took me two hours to pass them, and then I met the second in command, Major Barttelot, a young fellow, burnt very dark, with a masher collar fixed on a flannel shirt, top-boots, etc. He was carrying a large bucket that some fellow had abandoned. 'I say, are you Ward?' he shouted. 'I am Ward,' I said, 'and I now belong to your expedition.' 'I am very glad to hear it,' he replied; 'Stanley has spoken of you; and so you are coming along; that's right—very good business!' He seemed to be full of tremendous spirits, looked very fit, and I admired him immensely. Tippoo Tib, the notorious slave trader of Stanley Falls, has come round from Zanzibar with Stanley, and in his silken robes, jewelled turban and kriss, looks a very ideal Oriental potentate. It is thought 'good business,' as Captain Barttelot would say, getting him for an ally. He had forty-two of his wives along with him. Some of them are handsome women. One little stout lady, decked out in magnificent costume, appeared to be rather free in her behavior, I thought; she winked at me, decidedly. I gave her two fowls, and we parted on a friendly footing."

Glorified Spinsters and Bachelors.

As for "the Glorified Spinster," we decline to think her glorified at all. She is simply a woman who lives a more or less unnatural life of self-dependence—the degree of the unnaturalness depending on the degree of her self-dependence and the completeness of the disappearance of that religious devoutness which prevents loneliness from degenerating into self-dependence—just as a glorified bachelor, if there be such a being, is simply a man who lives a more or less unnatural life of anxiety for himself, instead of for others, on behalf of whom his nature craves to act. There is no gratification in any kind of mutilation, and it is as much a mutilation of the feminine nature to live the self-dependent life without the power of constantly entering into the feelings and wants of others, as it is a mutilation of the masculine nature to live a life of self-dependence in which there is no large element of constant responsibility for the external necessities of fellow-creatures.—*London Spectator.*

The Parson Gets in Firstly.

"Well," pleasantly remarked Brother Doeg, as he greeted the pastor on his return from the long vacation (six weeks is a long vacation for a preacher), "well, you have come back to work at last. And what do you suppose the devil has been doing all the time you were away on vacation?" "I don't know," replied the parson, for it was he, "but if he has been any busier in some of the pews than he was before I went away, he needs a great deal longer rest than I've had, and he needs it a great deal more, too, poor fellow." And Brother Doeg forgot what he had intended saying and couldn't think of anything new until after the pastor had announced the first hymn.—*Deacon Burdette.*

One Way to Make Money.

There are more ways than one of making money, and there is a man in this city who is profiting by one of the other ways. All photographers use a paper impregnated with a silver solution. This man makes periodical visits to the photograph galleries and secures this paper. He burns it and refines the ashes, securing quite an amount of silver. His bargain is for 20 per cent. of the silver produced, and some weeks he secures over $100. It is hard work, but he makes a fair living at it.—*Chicago Herald.*

The richest and most influential Chinaman in Chicago is Hip Lung, the Mayor of the Celestial colony there and the laundry king of the city. He is a little man physically. His fortune amounts to $200,000.

A STEER ON THE STAIRS.

Lots of Excitement in a South Park Flat.

Strange noises came from the direction of the front door of 2,803 South avenue. The second flat is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Fowler and their son William. The strange noises grew louder.

"Burglar," whispered Mrs. Fowler with a shudder.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Fowler, "no burglar would be fool enough to make such a racket as that."

Mr. Fowler got up and lighted the gas in the hall. Presently Mrs. Fowler heard him say:

"Well, I never!"

When the gas blazed up Mr. Fowler was amazed to see standing on the stairs just below the first turn a large Texas steer, with the back yard gate on one horn and the front hall hat tree on the other. The steer looked at Mr. Fowler and Mr. Fowler looked at the steer. The steer seemed to have no explanation to offer as to why he should call at that hour of the night. So Mr. Fowler inquired:

"What do you want here? This is no china shop."

The steer dropped the back-yard gate and shook the hat tree at Mr. Fowler. Then he pawed up a yard or two of stair carpet, and bellowed in a rich baritone voice that awoke everybody in the block. The steer climbed a step or two higher.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Fowler, waving the front flap of his nightgown at the animal; "shoo! scat! Get out; you're not wanted."

But the steer only pawed up another yard of carpet and shook the hat tree at Mr. Fowler.

The steer, having recovered his wind, had made up his mind to come up those steps at a jump. Mr. Fowler got inside and shut the door barely in time. The animal knocked, but was refused admittance. Then he hung the hat tree on the door knob, pawed up some new carpets, bellowed sonorously and started up the stairs to the third flat. Meantime quite a crowd of neighbors had gathered in the front of the house. Presently a couple of men in slouch hats and spurs, with coils of rope in their hands, came up.

"Seen anything of a strange steer?" they inquired.

"You'll find him up stairs in that house," said a bystander.

The cowboys dashed up the stairs. They had a rope around his horns in a jiffy, and he came down humbly enough. The cowboys explained that the steer had got away from them at the stock yards.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Some charming models in children's head gear are just imported; they are Directoire shapes in drawn velvet on silk and nothing more becoming could be devised.

Scarlet of a yellow tint is pronounced bad, hence it will not be worn the coming season except by children whose bright complexions will stand such trying color, although by right it is not at all a child's color. Veronese red will be worn by children also and with more satisfactory results.

The combination of red and purple is not a pretty one, nor is purple and green, yet both will be worn the coming season, and the fashion which sets its seal upon these combinations is French. Modistes were the first to put these trying colors together, but now the modistes and milliners both essay to make something stylish if not very harmonious out of these difficult shades.

There is an innovation in the polonaise which is ever a convenient and useful garment. The waist is shirred or smocked and a girdle is worn with it; the sleeves are of the mutton leg variety and are gathered into a wide cuff of velvet or other trimming; the petticoat may be plain or with a shirred ruffle on the edge. A very pretty model for a young girl is such a costume in a woolen fabric, plaid or plain.

No Leveler Like Misfortune.

Robert Garrett is the richest patient in the records of lunacy. When you find the representative of $10,000,000 in such a sad condition it certainly seems sensational. What an estate to go into the hands of a guardian? It may be remembered that Robert Garrett was holding a private conference with William H. Vanderbilt at the time the latter died. They were in Vanderbilt's office, and no one else was present when death seized one of these magnates of wealth, while the other gazed on the scene with horror. Garrett's mind soon afterward began to fail, and various theories have been advanced. It is well known that they were rivals for the western traffic, one representing the Baltimore & Ohio and the other the Central-Hudson. How strange that of these two contending capitalists the one should be resting in his tomb on Staten Island while the other is in a state of mental eclipse, which to him is little better than a living death. Who would have forecast such a fate? But the great have their share of misfortunes, as Shakespeare says:

"Yes, like enough high battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness—and things outward
Do draw their inward quality after them
To suffer all alike."

True enough, there is no leveler like misfortune, and the loss of reason is one of the greatest that can befall anyone of the race.—*Macaulay Cor. Rochester Democrat.*

Of Course He Had It.

Doctor (in passenger car)—Is there a gentleman from Kentucky on board?

"Yes, sir; I'm from Kentucky."

"Well, there's an injured man in the baggage-car and he needs some liquor; let me have a little from your bottle, please."

Independent of Marriage.

Jack (who has come into a fortune)—Now that I have all this money, Dick, I don't know what to do first.

Dick—Why don't you marry?

Jack—Never! The fortune has done away with all necessity of marrying.

A Boomerang.

He (a new arrival at a country hotel, to unknown lady)—Aw—have you been long a captive in this—er—menagerie?

She—You can hardly call me a captive; perhaps keeper would be better, for I am the wife of the showman and have to help feed the animals.—*Bazar.*

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is about to publish a book entitled "The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith."

NEW COSTUMES FOR BEAUTIES.

Some Visions of Loveliness in Frocks.

MRS. LANGTRY AND MRS. POTTER INVEST

A Paris correspondent cables that he interviewed Mrs. Langtry in Paris and asked her about the new dresses which she has gone there to obtain for her next season on this continent. "Are they pretty?" queried the correspondent.

"Pretty!" echoed Mrs. Langtry. "Don't let me say—ask Worth. I call them frocks; he calls them creations. I think he is right. They are very elaborate.

"He comes to me and says, 'I will make you one like this and another like that, and I say, 'Oh, not another single one.' Then he persists and says, 'Just let me tempt you with this,' and he begins to explain and it sounds so nice that—well, I find another 'magnificent creation,' as he calls it, added to the list."

"Give me an idea of some of these 'creations,' please."

Mrs. Langtry beamed, for where is the woman worth the name who does not discuss dress with gusto?

"Well," she replied, "I have from fifty to sixty dresses for my new plays. You may imagine, therefore, that it is no easy job to remember exactly each dress. Indeed, I have not seen them all, and a great many more 'creations' will be revealed to me next week in Paris. Among those I have seen so far these are the ones that have taken my fancy most. My favorite is a *directoire* style of dress. The skirt is made of white and black embroidery, which is copied from designs in the Museum in Lyons.

"Another remarkably beautiful costume is a ball dress. The bodice is white, crossed with a sash like the Order of the Garter. I am to pin all my jewels on this sash. No. 3, to my mind, in point of loveliness is an orchid dress, quite a novelty. It was designed from lovely, rich orchids. The most vaporous dress, as far as you can imagine, is made to imitate the delicate flower of pale Ophelia, mauve in the centre, growing darker and darker at its ends. Let me see again. I have two dresses of a peculiar striped velvet made very simply, after the style worn in Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons in the National Gallery. One is old blue and pink, the other pale blue and maize.

TEA GOWNS FOR STAGE WEAR.

"Tea gowns are the things nowadays, to my mind, for the stage. They give freedom of action and are very adaptable to stage surroundings. Felix has made the most lovely tea gowns. One particularly is remarkably pretty. It is in the Empire style. The skirt is embroidered in all colors and a deep jewelled belt goes 'round the waist. Another is a pale pink crepe de Chine. The train is attached to one shoulder and one hip. In another the back is of silver gray brocaded plush, and the front is of white and silver silk gauze, embroidered in silver, and the train is bordeer with the darkest Russian sable.

"For a coat I have a novelty. It is of chamois leather color, embroidered all over with gold and silver, opening over a waistcoat of silver fox fur."

MRS. POTTER, THE NEW YORK BEAUTY,

is also in Paris, and she told the correspondent that when she lands in New York, at the end of this week, she will wear the latest description of fashionable costume in the gay capital. It will be a dress of russet brown China crepe, which is of all her gowns the most unique and becoming. The lower skirt hangs in simple folds, made rather full; the upper skirt is short in front and made with irregular pleats on the side, which have no hems, the finish being raw edge of the material. The bodice, slightly pleated in the front and back pieces, is confined at the waist by an absinthe moire ribbon in long ends and loops to the bottom of the skirt. The neck is festooned with green China crepe, around which will be worn a voluminous scarf of the same green color and material. The most remarkable feature of this costume is the sleeves, which are rather Turkish in appearance, but have been named the Capulet. A hat of brown velvet, made high in front, with a low flat crown, will be worn with the costume.

Among the stage dresses which M. Worth has completed for Mrs. Potter is an evening gown of brocaded gray silk, with a court train and an overskirt of white mousseline de soie. The bodice is low necked and the short sleeves are trimmed with a chiffon de mousseline de soie and a long fringe of silver and steel beads, which hang from beneath the arms and reach to the bottom of the waist.

One of the most original compositions of M. Worth for Mrs. Potter is a wrap called the Cora. Two in this fashion have been made. One is of absinthe colored cloth, to be worn with the boy's costume in "Rosalind," and the other for driving—is of brown cloth and covers the entire dress similar to an Irish cloak, but differing in the shoulders, where, instead of being full or pleated, it fits snugly and opens at the left side, with an armlet arranged on the right. There is a front seam and one on each side, down which and around the neck are bands of black and gold galon.

A reception dress which Mrs. Potter bears to America is of dark blue velvet and is made very plain. It has no trimmings, with the exception of black jet fringe, which hangs beneath the arms and around the neck.

Something Like a Memory.

A writer in the New York *Times* says: "A most remarkable instance of memory has just come to my notice. Its possessor is a lady member of Dr. Howard Crosby's church in New York. Without having taken a single note, she will when she goes home write out every word of her pastor's sermon, and she tells me she never makes a mistake of a "the" or an "and"—that every sentence not only embodies his idea, but gives it in his exact language. For twenty-five years this lady has been performing these feats of memory, and during that time she has written out some 2,000 sermons. The manuscripts of some of them she has bound and presented to Dr. Crosby. They make forty large volumes.

When a Cincinnati husband was asked in court if he dragged his wife out of bed by the hair he said he couldn't really remember, as that was a very busy morning with him.—*Detroit Free Press.*