## POETRY

Somehow or Other We Get Along The good wife bustled about the house, Her face still bright with a pleasant smile, As broken snatches of happy song Strengthened her heart and hand the while. The good man sat in the chimney nook, His little clay pipe within his lips, And all he'd made, and all he had lost, Ready and clear upon his finger-tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit, Nothing has done very well, this year; Money is bound to be hard to get— Everything's sure to be very dear, How the cattle are going to be fed, How we've tried to keep the boys at school, Is a kind of debt and credit sum I can't make balance by my rule."

She turned her around from the baking board She turned her around from the baking bot And she faced him with a cheerful laugh; "Why, husband dear, one would think That the good, rich wheat was only chaff. And what if the wheat was only chaff. As long as we both are well and strong; I'm nut a woman to worry a bit-Bomehow or other, we've got along.

"Into some lives some rain must fall, Over all lands the storm must beat; But when the rain and storm are o'er The after sunahine is twice as sweet. Through every strain we have found a song; We have had to bear, and had to wait, But somehow or other, we get along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other, "For thirty years we have to ved each other, Stood by each other, whatever befel; fix hoys have called us 'father' and 'mother,' And all of them living and doing well. We owe no man a penny, my deat, We're both of us loving, and well and strong Good man, I wish you would smoke again, And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh; He kissed his wife with a tender pride; He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love, ; Till just count up on the other side." She left him then with his better though And lifted her work with a low, sweet a A song that followed me many a year— " Somehow or other, we get along !" moht song --

## Home-Made Bread.

Don't offer me cake full of sugar and spices, And citron and raisins; but, oh, how I yearn For bread that is home-make, in generous slices, With aweet, golden butter, just out of the churn

That bread of my childhood, of mother's own making, Is still in my memory, never forgot; How often I've waited for Saturday's baking, To get the crust slice and eat it while hot!

The taste of the crispy brown crust ever lingers ; That golden hued butter yet melts on my

That golden inter sature given to never the state of the set of th

Oh, bread that is home-made, delicious, nutri-

vile stuff from the baker's has taken your place; Well whitened with alum, puffed up and sus-

picious; I est it, and hate it and share its disgrace.

**MELICENT:** 

# The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A NOVEL-BY FAYR MADOC. CHAPTER VIII.

Why did Melicent love Clinton?

Looking out upon the moonlit landscape, after all the town had retired to rest, and when scarcely a light twinkled, even in the upper windows of the orderly houses, Meli-cent asked herself this question, and failed to find a satisfactory answer. But, in sooth how could she expect one? Has not the problem of the eccentricity of woman's fondness been unexplained since the world began? Why did the goddess love the mortal Endimyon? Why did Julet love that fearful man Romeo? Why did Julet love these love Ladislaw? Why did Hester Pryne love the vasillating and cowardly Dimmesdale? Why did Henrietta Went-worth love the craven hearted Monmouth? It is impossible to assign a reason. But noble women have ever been found to cherish the weaklings of the earth. Perhaps it is the virile part in the feminine character

that creates this peculiarity. Woman, as well as man, loves to protect. Clinton, walking homeward across the fields, was thinking of the same thing, i though his thoughts followed a different groove. If he had dared, he would have asked Melicent to come with him to a and where they might live at peace. But he had not dared. In her unsuspecting, innocent presence he could not have bleathed so unholy a proposition. Think-ing thus intently, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he did not see, until its shadow touched his foot, a tall figure which stood in his way. When he became aware of it he started violently. It was Mrs. Cambridge.

tricked me-there was some jugglerysome foul play—and I mean to prove it." "You fool!" she said, scornfully. "There was no jugglery as you call it. Do you think I didn't take care of that? Do you think I married you to be got rid of when you was tired? No, no, my friend, I took care there were no illegalities. Our quiet little marriage is as sacred and sure as Her Majesty's own.' "What will you take to go quietly away and never interfere with me again ?" asked Clinton. "Nothing, you blackguard !" she cried, in exceeding contempt. "I am your wife, and nothing but your acknowledgment of me will I accent.

me will I accept." The justness of the epithet she used stung him to the quick. His face was livid with ungovernable fury. Seizing the woman's shoulder, he shook her vehemently. He was choked with rage, and his ejacula-tions were scarcely coherent. After a moment, Mrs. Cambridge wrested herself from his grasp, and again confronted him. "You are a worse man than even I took you for !" she said. "But I ought not to be surprised that the person who will not own his on sheuld lay hands on his wife." "Wretched woman !" cried the young man. "Is it not enough that you have ruined my life? Away! away! before I

strike you to the ground !" "I will not move till you promise to acknowledge me and little Oliver," she persisted. ' He is your own son, remember l

"I will not." "I agree not to annoy you afterwards. Acknowledge me in the face of the world, and I will go my ways. Let me pass one day and night at Belmont, and then I will leave you forever." "I will not."

"Oliver, you are a fool! You can't marry Miss Du Lys!" "And did you suppose I was going to lead

"And did you suppose I was going to lead her to the altar to-morrow?" he asked. "I did not suppose it, but I believe you are capable of anything, Will you acknow-ledge me and your son?" "I will not," he repeated. "Then I shall take my own course. Good-night." She began to move away, but Clinton laid his hand on her arm, "Whot are you going to do?" he widd

"What are you going to do?" he said. "The first thing to morrow 1 shall go to Mr. Du Lys and tell him the whole story." "Mr. Du Lys is away from home." "That is a trifle. I shall go then to Mr. Philland the Lawyer, or to Mr. Fremaine, who is a magistrate. At all events, it will be known before nightfall that Sir Oliver

Clinton is a married man " "They won't believe you." "But they will investigate and I have

proofs." "Why have you chosen this moment to harass me," asked he. "Why?" sherepeated. "Why? Ask your

wanted to keep me quist." "Woman! what have you to do with Miss Du Lys?" "This, Oliver. If you have the heart to

deceive an innocent lady, I am woman enough still to say I will be no party to it. I have bided my time, and now I speak partly for Miss Du Lys' sake as well as my boy's." There was a dead silence. The rushing

of the weir alone broke the silence. At last Clinton spoke. "You need not trouble yourself," he said,

harshly. "I will acknowledge you to-mor-"Do you mean it?" she said, anxiously.

" I do.' "Thank you! Oh, thank you!"

He turned from her without a word, and strode away. But she ran after him and touched his arm. The wronged and indignant woman was softened. "Oliver, I have vexed you," she said. But it was not for myself, and the child

is your own son." "I know it," he replied. "Leave me alone.'

"Will you come to breakfast to morrow ?" she said, still following him.

"I do not think so." "Do, Oliver, do!" "I do not think you would wish to see

me to morrow, Sarah-at breakfast time. Leave me, I desire you." " Like this, Oliver ?"

Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Alleluia! Leave me, I desire you." "Like this, Oliver?" "Woman, I command you to go !" he said, stopping short and rpeaking with great severity. Mrs. Cambridge slunk away abashed. She we in the rubt, and he may abashed. She we in the rubt, and he may abashed. She we in the rubt and he may abashed.

and sung—

misery. Groaning, Clinton gave up the attempt to compose a letter, and began pacing up and down the long room. "Melicent! Melicent!" he uttered ever and ncenti mendenti ne unotou oroz .... anon in his deep agony. He resumed his pen with a stern

determination "My DEAR SIR"—he wrote, in a firm and legible hand—"I beg to apprise you that the woman now living at the Lock Cottage on the Belmont estate, and calling Cottage on the Belmont estate, and chaing herself Mrs. Cambridge, is my wife, and that her child is my son and heir. I married her on the 13th of May, ten years ago, two days after my coming of age, at St Jude's Church, in the City. "Thanking you for the politeness you

have ever shown me in all matters of busi-"I remain, yours sincerely, "Oliver Clinton."

He perused this epistle twice, then folded it neatly, enclosed it in an envelope, and directed it to the head of a firm of solicitors in London. "That is done," he said drawing a long

breath. "I will go to bed." He began to think of Mrs. Cam-bridge and her children-his chil dren. How he hated them all! Was it possible that he had ever loved that

woman? He remembered the night when he had seen her first. An acquaintance had conducted him to the disreputable little theatre where she played, and had bidden him admire that devilish pretty girl, Sally Cambridge. He remembered how she had presently appeared in boy's clothes, and how she had capered and sung, and made eyes, and how the audience had vociferously applauded her, and how he had clapped and stamped and sucored from his conspicuous position in the stage-box. And he remembered how, at the end of the play, he had gone behind the scenes, and now he had been introduced to the devilish pretty girl, and how they had supped to-gether, and how she had entertained him with her lively chatter and her arch repartees. Again his eyelids fell for an instant, and he groaned. He saw himself, like a poor, little moth, hovering round a ferce and unballowed light, hurrying to that theatre night after night, and night after night applauding the Cambridge, and night after night being fascinated by her witticisms and drolleries over the supper for which he always paid. And then he

knew himself to be madly in love with her, and he heard himself wildly beseching her love in return ; and finally be saw himself wedding her at St. Jude's Church, in the City, with much exultation and exceeding joy. For a while he know him-self to have been happy. He had been intoxicated with a strange delivium. His finer sensibilities had slept, until-until-He could not bear the thought. He pressed

harass me," asked he. "Why?" sherepeated. "Why? Ask your conscience—if you have one left. You should have avoided Miss Da Lyss if you "Wanted to keep me quist."

may and mortification. With a convulsive effort he conjured up the remembrance of the grand mother who had brought him up. He had thought her so venerable, he had thought life must seem so tediously long to her; and now he knew that she had been barely sixty when she died. He recollected saying to her one day when he was a little boy, 'Grannie, you are as old as any one can be, are you not?" And he recollected how she had smiled and kissed him and replied, she had smiled and kissed him and replied, "When you are as old as I am, dear boy, you will know." And now he would never be as old and he would never know! And the unboly shapes encircling him assumed more repulsive attitudes and performed more repelient gestures than ever, and the noise of their ungodly mirth sounded like the cannon on a thousand battle-fields. He turned impatiently to another thought. He remembered going to church with his grandmother on a day when she had hast-ened him forward and bidden him be quick lest they should not be in time for the

Now above the sky He's King;

He raised his voice now, and sung the long

unheard verse, and as he sang the foul and sneering phantoms fell away, and seemed

opening hymn. It had been Easter day, and he had strained every nerve to run; but before they reached the lych-gate a gush of melody had been borne to them across the graves, and jubilant voices had sung aloud-

of his hand, by means of which he pushes nis cheek up into his eye. His shoulders are nearly on a level with his head. Every time you look at him you expect to see him slide out of sight. And although you are a good man, sometimes you wish he would, and never come up again.

chief over the back of the pew in front, and

one, but will slumber sweetly on until the

time of the benediction, and he will awaken

refreshed and smiling, and he will extol the

THE LOUNGER.

shakes himself down into a comfortable

attitude. His legs extend under the new

in front and meet his hips at the crockedest of obtuse angles. He crocks his pliant

elbow into the arm of the pew, and drops the side of his face into the fearful holiow

THE FIDGET.

Whether you look for him or not, you know where he is. He pushes the hasook away with a long, resonant groan of its own. Then he sits bolt upright, hooks his shoulder-blades over the back of the pew aud hangs on. He is going to sit still this Sunday if it kills him. But the pew is too high, so he settles down a little. Then he puts a hymn book between his back and the pew. Then he leans forward and lets it fall with a crash. Then he folds his arms; he half turns and lays one arm along the back of the pew. Suddenly he slides down and braces both knees against the back of the pew in front. Ah, that's comfort. It lasts ninety seconds, when he abruptly straightens up, elevates both arms and hooks his elbows over the back of his pew. That isn't what he wants; his legs are tired; he reaches for the hassock with both feet, upsets it, and in a frantic effort to stay it kicks against the pew. Covered with burning embarrasement he pulls out his watch twice or thrice without once looking at it. He folds his arms across his breast, then he crosses them behind his back ; he thrusts his hands into his pockets, he drops a Bible ou the floor and puts his feet into his hat, and at times you look to see him go all to pieces, but he doesn't. He stays together and comer back next Sunday, every limb and joint of him. THE WATCHER.

His neck is fitted on a globe socket and turns clear around. He sees everything that goes on. The man who comes in late does not escape him, and it is vain for the tenor to think he got that little note to the alto conveyed between the leaves of the hymn book unobserved. The watcher saw

## **PEOPLE IN CHURCH.**

Sleeper, Lounger, Fidget, Watcher, Time Keeper, Squeaker,

ECCENTRICITIES OF HEARERS AND DOERS. As you preach the word, my dear young brother, east your eyes around upon the congregation and you will observe these people, as follows, to wit, namely, viz : THE SLEEPER.

He will be there. Peradventure he leaneth his chin upon a cane, so that when the moment of deep and profound slumber cometh upon him, bis chin slippeth off and

They knew that the Istitude of Faris was 40 degrees, but when siked "What is latitude?" they were either dumb or in-clined to the following views: "Latitude means lines ruuning straight up" "Latitude means zones in climate." "Latiwith the bang of his head upon the pew in front of him he is awaked. Howbert, the tude is measured by multiplying the length by the breath." Again, together with cor-rect lists of imports, I received the followbang upon his wife's head no man can bear. Or, the slumberer may sit bolt uping definitions of customs duties right and nod in time to his deep and regular breathing. Only when you cast your eyes Customs are ways, duties are things that we have to do, and we ought to do them " (from a girl). "Custom rs' duties are to go in the places and buy what they want, upon him, the watchful wife of his bosom stabs him with her elbow, and he glareth upon the congregation as who should say: "He that sayeth I slept, the same is a liar and a villain and a horsenot stopping about, but go out when they wald, are done" (from a boy).—Pall Mall Gazette. \*.\* "Necessity is the mother of inven-tion." Discuss of the liver, kidney and bowels brought forth that sovereign remedy Kidney-Wort, which is nature's normal curative for all those dire complaints. In either liquid or dry form it is a perfect remedy for those terriblo discases that cause so many deaths. thief." Or, if he be so that he leaneth his head back until the lid thereof falleth down between his shoulders, and he playeth fan-tastic tunes with his nose, insomuch that the boys in the gallery make merry over the same, then is it hazardous to awaken this

same, then is it hazardout to awaken this slumberer right suddenly, because he dreameth of divers things, and sayeth to the tithing man who shaketh him up, "Hey? hi! ha! yes, yes, all right! I'm up." And thus is the congregation much scandalized. But if he foldeth his handker-Milk is sold at 6 cents per quart at

Children's Answers

Portage la Prairie.

kar A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a ten-cent package of Diamond Dye. Try them.

boweth his head devoutly upon the same, even in that moment when the text is pro-Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.-Bishop Middleton. nounced, then will that sleeper trouble no

> Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and ext rnal treatment at same time, and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. \$1, at druggists.

sermon and magnify the preacher. He is the old-timer from Sleepy Hollow. The best stimulant for the hare-A grevhound He falls into the pew and slides easily into the most comfortable corner. He

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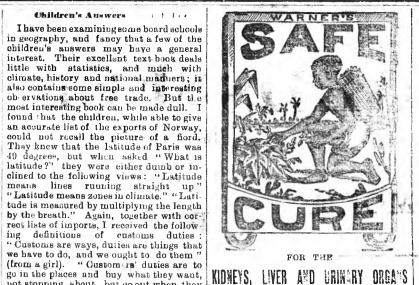
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No matter what your feelings or symptome are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. D.n't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at one-. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. \$5-0 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or les your friends suffor, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Romenber, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend aud Hope," and no person or family should be with-out them. Try the Bitters to-day.



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KIDNEY DISEASES.

"Good-evening !" she said mockingly. "Did you think to escape me? Didn't w my patience was untiring? I have been waiting for you since seven, and I should have waited if you had not come till midnight."

"Good-evening," said Clinton, coldly, and attempting to pass her. "It is late, and I must get home.

"It is late, but you must not get home," oried she, seizing his arm. "I require half an hour of your attention. Look me in the face, Oliver Chinton, and tell me what you were doing with Miss Du Lys this afternoon.'

He made no reply.

"People say you mean to marry her," she went on. "My servant Mary has heard itsaid, and old John too. Yes, you may stare, but there are other deaf mutes in Delvsford besides John, and every one can talk on their fingers."

"You hag !" muttered Clinton.

"No, I am not a hag," she returned, omposedly. "I am a handsome woman composedly. "I am a handsome woman still, and I am still young, though I do happen to be a few years older than you. Oh no. I am not a hag!

"What do you want ?" asked Clinton. "They say you are going to marry Miss Du Lys," said she, "and I want to remind to shelter them. To his excited imaginayou-since you want reminding-that you can't do any such thing." "I shall if I choose," said Clinton, dog-

gedly. "There are ways and means." "No, you will not," said Mrs. Cambridge, with a sneer. "There are no ways and means to circumvent a mother. I don't care to be your wife-not 1! No, you des picable animal! I would rather be Sally Cambridge than ever so fine a lady with a rat like you at my heels. And I don't care about the little girls either ! Madge and Kitty Cambridge would get on just as well as Miss Margaret and Miss Katherine Clinton. But 1 won't have my boy defrauded 1 no, not if I died for it !"

Clinton gave utterance to a terrible oath. But Mrs. Cambridge was not discomposed. She was not unused to profane language. In her early life, as an actress on a fourthrate stage, she had mixed with men whose education superceded their culture, and whose refinement was acquired and not inherent.

Swear away !" she said, tauntingly. " It may do you good."

"Sarah, you are a devil!" Clinton burst forth. A great rage possessed him. He was convulsed with passion. Inwardly Mrs. Cambridge was terrified, but she

showed no symptom of her fear. "Times are changed," she said, slightly altering her tone. "It used to be, Dear altering her tone. Sally ! Pretty Sally ! Kiss me, sweet Sally ! Now it is, you are a devil, Sarah !" Clinton's breath came fast and loud, but

he did not speak.

me an injustice, Oliver," said You do "You do me an influence, "I am not a devil. I am only a mother, and I will not have lit-tle Oliver wronged. Will you acknowledge him and me?" "I will not he oried, fiercely. "I am the oried fiercely. "I am

going to do far otherwise. It is no good your another, and gesticulated at the human threatening me. I was a boy and you fool who sat gazing at them in his fevered

great severity. Mrs. Cambridge slunk away abashed. She was in the right, and he was in the wrong, but at that moment it seemed as if he were a righteous judge and she a culprit. Almost sobbing, she sped back to the Lock house. She had triumphed, but her triumph sat uneasily upon her. She had oved Clinton once, and now she had made him miserable. Should she not write him a note on the morrow, telling him that she would forego her rights, and remain in

to dissolve into nothingness. Four o'clock. Clinton was asleep. seclusion yet a little longer, if only Six o'clock. Jennings was standing gravely by his master's disordered bed, would quit Belmont, and see Miss Du Lys no more? But she did not write it. Instead acquainting him with the hour. and profshe went with shaded candle to look at her fering his assistance at the toilet. Clinton awoke with a start, and a full and instant

sleeping boy. "No, no," she murmured, passionately. recollection of the visions of the night. He wondered whether he had awaked with "I loved your father once, but I shall love you always, my darling !" the song of triumph on his lips. He scanned CHAPTER IX. the servant's countenance, but it was imper-

tion weird little goblins peered at him from

every angle. Every cranny in the walls

gibe and stare at a man who was disgraced

of dreadful laughter.

Clinton rushed home in a tumult of turbably discreet. He dismissed the man pleasantly, and Jennings, as he quitted the angry and excited feelings, and gave his orders curtly as he threw his hat and stick room, espied the letter on the writing table, and inquired if he should send it to the upon the table. "Call me at six, Jennings; I shall bathe post.

"Yes," returned Clinton. "Be sure it as usual," he said. "I don't want anything more to-night." goes by the early mail.'

Then he rose, equipped himself for his Then he mounted the stairs, and banged the door of the one spacious apartment that the little shooting-box contained, and morning swim, and went out. Clinton strode forward, and before he vas aware he found himself singing the which Clinton, like his predecessor, was accustomed to use both as bedchamber and Easter hymn in a loud voice, and as he ang his goblin foes seemed to vanish. He

sitting room. Here he threw himself into a chair by the writing table, and, leaning his head upon his folded arms, remained had reached the deep dark pool above the weir, and there he sat down upon the grass, and busied bimself with the laces of a long time profoundly silent. He rose at last, for something seemed to impel him them. Was he inextricably lacing one boot to move. Strange forms seemed hovering to the other? round him. The place was full of shapes. When Clinton rose he stood for a moment

looking thoughtfully into the still waters. The lark above still carolled gayly. The sky was cloudless, the hav-scent sweet: men's voices still enlivened the air. But a seemed to harbor a grinning manakin. The air was loud with voiceless hootings; contorted, hideous face floated on the water and grimmaced at him, and the weir called to him tumuituously. "Come ! come !" it

the place was alive with pointing fingers The uncouth crew seemed to prance and raved. caper in a hideous delight : their elfish "On! on !" cried his grandmother's sides seemed to shake with a savage mirth. voice. "On! on! or we shall miss the They appeared glad to have been resusci tated out of the cobwebs of past ages to Easter hymn!"

Then Clinton burst into the hymn again. "' Now above the sky he's King,' sang, triumphantly, ecstatically.

in his own sight. "Aha!" they seemed to sh rick, without utterance—"You owl! you "Come | come !" thundered the weir. idiot! you gaping in becile! You are caught "Ou! on!" urged his grandmother's in such a humiliation as no man can endure and live!" And then they seemed to yell voice. "On ! on ! lest we miss the Easter hymn !"

with infernal spite, and to burst into peals " ' Alleluia ' " he sang in reply. "Oh, Melicent! Melicent!" he moaned. Then he plunged into the black, terrible pool. He was a good swimmer. But he did not rise again to the surface. Regret clung bitterly about his heart. He

was sore laden, and the presences around him jeered with impious delight. "' Alleluia !" sang the remote echo He began to write, and indited a few words. Then he changed his mind, tore faintly. The lark continued his song, but the Easter hymn had ceased. up the soiled sheet, and threw it from him.

Seven o'clock. A man passing through He did this many times. Soon the floor the fields saw something in the river which claimed his attention. He started and turned pale. Then he rushed from the was strewed with fragments of paper. But he could not satisfy himself, and still tho mocking crowd of speechless fiends kept up spot shouting for aid. their graceless and ill-natured merriment around him. Twenty times he wrote, "Dear friend, before I enter Charon's

## (To be continued.) Suites and Flats.

inhospitable boat I must speak to you once more, if only by letter." Twenty times When B: ss moved into an apartment house, Fogg remarked to Mrs. B., "Quite appropriate, Mrs. Bass; sweet to the suites, he dashed down, "My love, my Melicent farewell." Twenty times he began, "My dear Miss Du Lys-This letter is merely you know." Fenderson, who was present thought it was a pretty nice little compli to apologize for my insolence, and to bid you good bye." But nothing sufficed him, ment: so when he saw Bass next day he thought he would try it. "I hear you have moved into a family hotel," he began; "quite appropriate, flat to the flats, you know." And Fenderson still wonders why know." Transcript.

He sees the hole in the quarter that Elder Skinner dropped in the plate. He gotten hat for him and had put a book before him, and he too had opened his lips sees that Deacon Slowboy has but one cuff.

If the door swings he looks around ; if the window moves hoiselessly he looks up. He sees the stranger in his neighbor's pew, and he sees Brother Badman sitting away

back under the gallery, furtively taking a chew of the inhibited fine cut. All things that nobody wants him to see the watcher sees. He sees so much he has no time to listen.

THE TIMEREEPER.

As you pronounce your text you see the timekeeper take out his watch, look at it carefully and close it with a spap that says : "Gol" clear to the pulpit. You know that he has you down to a second, and that he keeps a faithful record of the length of every sermon you preach, usually adding five or ten minutes to the record, "to allow for a difference in watches." During the sermon he refers to that watch every few minutes or oftener. And when you have been preaching, say, twenty five innutes, the timekeeper looks at his watch and starts. Can he believe his eyes? He looks at the

watch; then he gazes at you. Then he looks around at the clock on the g diery to be assured that his watch hasn't been

stopped ever since last Sunday. Then he makes a movement to close the watch and return it to his pocket, but changes his mind, looks at it again, smiles a deepairing smile, and holds his hand up a little so that his neighbor can see what time it is. Then, his boots. But he was not unfastening with a long, fixed look at you, he clicks his watch shut and slowly returns it to his

pocket with the expression of a man where mazement has struck him dumb, and who cannot actually believe the evidence of his own senses. If the timekeeper cannot ruin the closing five minutes of your sermon you are proof against annoyance.

## THE SOUEAKER.

He comes in late. His pew is the furthest from the door. His boots are vocal monsters that are never worn save on the Sabbath Day to keep it noisy. Down the long aisle he walks, squee squaw,

the long aisle he walks, squee-squaw, squee-squaw. When he reaches his pew there are strangers in it. He is the soul of hospitality, and he wouldn't disturb one of them for \$1,000. Back he goes to a seat under the gallery, squee-squaw, squee-Then he remembers that he has a equaw. to the pulpit, hands you the wrong notice, and solemnly squawks back to the pulpit, delivers the proper notice, and calmly squawks back to his distant seat, he alone olemn, while all others are inglined to smile. The squeaker is such a good man you can't bear to scold him. He is awfully good. And the gooder he is the worse h

squeaks.-R. J. Burdette in Cincinnati Enquirer.

-The chord of sympathy is often best expressed by a cord of wood.

- None but the most inhuman would think of pulling down the blind.

-An acrobat named Charles Warton met his death yesterday at Milwaukee while practising a double somersault.

A philosopher who had borrowed some money to pay for his night's lodging at a hotel, woke up in the night and saw a person climbing through the window. With admirable nonchalance he said to the intruder, "Look here, my friend, you'll get into debt if you rob me : for you won't find Bass should get mad over a remark that had made Mrs. B. smile so sweetly.—Boston wy pockets." my pockets."

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