

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
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The village of Port Richmond, Staten Island, New York, enjoys the unique and undesirable distinction of being the only municipality ever "seized" by a sheriff for debt. With a swarm of deputies the officer descended upon the unlucky village and took possession of everything movable. The city dads were turned out to the mercies of a cold and unsympathizing world and all their stoves and spittoons and lead pencils and free postage stamps were gathered in. For the time being at least the sheriff owns the town and will treat tax payers with great respect.

The recent experience of Admiral Bunce's fleet in battling with the Atlantic waves off the Carolina coast seems to demonstrate that modern war vessels are almost unmanageable in a storm at sea. The vessels are admirable as fighting machines and could do great work on a mill pond if it was large enough, but they are too top-heavy and in every way cumbersome and unwieldy. In spite of modern improvements the world may yet hear of another great Armada going down before the ocean's wrath instead of carrying vengeance to the shores of a hated foe.

A job lot of people are exceedingly uncomfortable on account of a recent decision of the New York Supreme court, holding that a divorce, procured by a resident of New York in North Dakota (the same holding good as regards any other state) is invalid. The number of families who will be "all tore up" on account of this legal impediment to continued conjugal felicity is unknown, but enough is known to warrant the belief that Judge Russell, who handed down the decision, is regarded as a "hateful old thing" by several thousand couples who supposed that they were safely "off with the old loves and on with the new."

Eastern millionaires, and possibly a few Senators and Congressmen, are distressed with recent advices from Chesapeake Bay, which foreshadow a terrapin famine in the near future. The law against taking of terrapin out of season has for years been a dead letter and as usual the American characteristics of greed, waste and wanton extravagance have brought the business to the verge of extinction. This information is of but little value to Western people, but there will be some satisfaction in some quarters because of the fact that "bloated bondholders" will be compelled to get fat on something less pleasing to their palates than terrapin soup.

The debate on the Pacific Railroad Funding bill in the House of Representatives at Washington is said to have been made an occasion for the most brazen efforts of a lobby to control legislation that have ever been exhibited in the halls of Congress. Not only was the lobby unusually strong in numbers, but it was largely composed of ex-members whose right of admission to the floor of the House seems to have prompted their employment by the great corporations in whose interests they labored so strenuously and unsuccessfully. The rules of the House certainly are in need of amendment in this respect. When ex-members descend to mere attorneys for corporations, and use their privilege to influence legislation, they should in common fairness to other attorneys, be deprived of that privilege when such action on their part can be established beyond a reasonable doubt.

BISMARCK'S VIEWS.

Prince Bismarck was recently interviewed on the pending Arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. He approved of the spirit of the measure in every way and declared emphatically that he detests war in spite of his record in the past as a "Man of Iron and Blood." He would have preferred to settle the disputes in which he took such an important part, and which led to great wars, by arbitration rather than by force of arms, had such a course been possible at that time. The ex-Chancellor does not believe that arbitration treaties will succeed in abolishing war in every case, but the tendency will be to lessen the chances of bloody conflicts. The terrors of modern warfare, the Prince thinks, would be such that all countries could comprehend that war is a two-edged sword that is liable to injure the victors as much as the vanquished. The arbitration treaty is in evidence of human progress and for that reason should be approved and supported as far as national self-respect will permit.

The system of morality to be gathered from the ancient ages fails very short of that delivered in the gospel. Swift.

WINGS! WINGS! WINGS!

ON WINGS OF HOPE WE MAY SOAR INTO INFINITE REALMS.

On Seraphic Wings the Soul Can Fly as the Eagle Soars—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

In his discourse at Washington last Sunday Dr. Talmage takes a most exalted theme and makes it practical and useful to the last degree. The subject is "Wings of Seraphim," and the text is Isaiah vi. 2, "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." He said:

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife, and two sons, who made up his family, he had a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple, building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne the eternal Christ. In lines, surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants—the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs, which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creatures, a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne, overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion, amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there, overpowered by the overwhelming splendors of God's glory and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pious gazer over the countenance. "With twain he did cover his face." Then, as God tells that seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to 10,000 leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dissonance upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. "The Bridgewater Treatise," written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as manifested in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, that he had two dogs seated at his table and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eloquence. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis has shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care, "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved," "Thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril, "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution, "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly maned with stone and brick, but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers, with their sabers, compelled the gardener, William von Kyskom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and 300 dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial, so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after people looked down into the well, and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the human soul was a well of good but the

armies of sin have fought around it and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text, "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence God-ward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as today. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that the military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrisises beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority and substitutes for the reverend terms father and mother "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Carnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty! Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here. Reverence for shame, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however fine: inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the old merely because it is old, more reverence for the good. Reverence is a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roar of the master orators. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandaios. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiab and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon Him. Involuntarily the wings came up. "With twain he covered his face."

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There is an engineer of the name of Strascirates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of 10,000 inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth and all the oceans, while he has the stars of heaven for His tiara.

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hundredths, or it is ten hand-breadths. So indicates the prophet God winds the blue ribbons of the sky around His hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that way what vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Apennines and Mt. Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America, so when God made the mountains He weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weights of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the milligrams—just how much they weighed then, and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against! Oh, what a God to disobey! Oh, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain he covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings, as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like birds' wings, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in his wings." "Under the shadow of his wings." "Under those wings hast thou come to trust." The soul, with folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye, I have it now! Caged within the bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going. You have seen how the dull,

sluggish chrysalis becomes the bright butterfly—the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalis state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be, to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens! Neither sea-gull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon nor condor, pitching from highest range of Andes, so buoyant or so majestic of stroke. See that eagle in the mountain nest? It looks so sick, so ragged feathered, so worn-out and so asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the molting season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn-out and seeming about to expire on what is called his deathbed? The world says he is dying. I say, it is the molting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and unto God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with the skeletons and the varnish of coffins and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

Oh, people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life and there are vast precipices beneath and sapphiredomes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop, or will you soar? Will you fly downward, or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing thus bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather, standing there, may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast off chrysalis, the molting of the faded and the useless and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death, "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings, wings, wings!

A GREAT BRASS BAND.

A Remarkable Musical Organization Out West.

Comedian William H. Crane says that the greatest brass band that this country ever knew was an organization in Ottumwa, Ia., many years ago.

"I've heard Gilmore and Sousa, and all the rest," said Mr. Crane recently, "but their bands couldn't be compared with that prairie aggregation for a moment."

"In my theatrical salad days—when I was much younger than I am now—I was trying to pilot a company of thesian bright lights throughout the western provinces. Business was bad and our treasury was low. At Ottumwa the theater orchestra had some sort of grievance against the management, and demanded pay in advance. The management refused, and our organization was not financially in a position to discount the future for a single moment. So I started out to find some sort of music, if possible, to tide us over. I finally succeeded in getting the Ottumwa brass band to agree to play three selections in front of the theater before the performance in return for free admission to the show."

"The band showed up on time, carried out its part of the contract, and went into the theater. I was on the door that night, and by and by I was struck by the fact that the Ottumwa brass band must be one of the most remarkable musical organizations in the country. Every minute or two somebody would come up to the door with a brass horn under his arm, wave it at me, and sail on into the theater without a word. After I had passed in fifty or sixty musicians in this way I began to grow a trifle suspicious, and stopped an old granger who was carrying a big tuba."

"Excuse me, sir," I remarked, "but do you play in the band?"

"Nope," he answered.

"What are you doing with that horn then?" I asked.

"I'm going to go in on it if I can," he replied, candidly.

"Whose is it?" I inquired.

"Blamed if I know," he said. "A feller outside there gave it to me, and said I could get in on it."

"I left the door and stepped inside the theater just in time to see one of the band boys drop another horn out of a window into the hands of somebody outside in the alley."

"As nearly as I can calculate, the Ottumwa brass band that night must have had more members than Gilmore or Sousa ever directed at one time."—Times-Herald.

Genuine Diplomacy.

May.—I can't understand how Mr. Oldboy is so popular with all the old maids, when he is always talking of old times and things that happened years ago.

Clara.—Ah, but haven't you noticed that he recalls the events with the phrase, 'When you were a child,' rather than with, 'When you were young?'—Truth.

Realistic.

Grinkham.—What wonderful talent Screwface, the impersonator, has. Now, when he represented the Esquimaux beau and his sweetheart coasting down an aurora my teeth chattered.

Col. Kaintuck.—Yes, sah, but what I noticed more was that when he 'personated that bartender, he gad! if it didn't give me the hiccoughs, sah!—Brooklyn Life.

CAPITAL CORRESPONDENCE

Legislative indications a few days ago pointed to a combination to bring about an extra session. Open threats were made that the appropriation bills should be "held up" and the agitators believed that this, with other legislation of great importance that might be killed or stifled, would prove too much for Governor Mount's opposition to the scheme. Apparently the scheme will fail. Governor Mount has taken some pains to state emphatically that no extra session will be called under any circumstances. He reiterates his opposition to needless expense, and says that the members had ample notice from him that there would be no extra session and if they have failed to get important measures through in the time specified by the constitution the responsibility must rest where it belongs. It is reasonably safe to predict that there will be no extra session. Governor Mount will undoubtedly be sustained in his position by public sentiment.

A great many people are more than ever regretting their lack of foresight in not being elected to office of some kind last fall. Official patronage and favoritism has of late been very much in evidence in the neighborhood of the State House, especially since the publication of the appropriation bill as agreed upon by the ways and means committee and reported to the House. The tendency to a "raise" is the principal characteristic of the document, although in some particulars the amounts for maintenance of institutions are reduced. In the Governor's office, instead of giving the clerk \$1,000 per year and the messenger \$720 per year, the thing is lumped \$860 per year. The appropriation bill and split between them, giving each the quartermaster general is made \$1,000 instead of \$600 in the expectation that the bill providing for this increase will pass. In the Auditor of State's office, the settlement clerk is raised from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per year and an item is added to make this retroactive so that the increase would begin last November. The Auditor's office is also given \$1,500 per year and expenses for a traveling deputy. In the attorney general's office the stenographer is given a raise of \$150 per year, from \$750 to \$900. The rest of the stenographers in the State House get \$600 per year. This office is given \$600 per year for another stenographer. New appropriations are given to the State dairymen and florists.

Upon the maintenance funds of the State institutions the bill cuts that of the Central Insane Hospital from \$240,000 to \$225,000, that of the Northern Hospital from \$60,000 to \$57,500, that of the Eastern Hospital from \$90,000 to \$85,000. That of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home from \$90,000 to \$85,000, that of the Prison South from \$85,000 to \$80,000 and that of the Prison North from \$100,000 to \$85,000. The maintenance for the Southern Hospital is raised from \$76,500 to \$82,000, and that of the Feeble Minded School from \$70,000 to \$75,000. In specific appropriations the Prison North is given \$52,000 for a new hospital, chapel, water works and other improvements. The Prison South is given \$44,500 for a new hospital, chapel, light plant and other improvements. The State Soldiers' Home gets \$49,355 in specific improvements, of which almost \$19,000 is for a deficiency in the last appropriation. The rest is for an old man's home, widows' home chapel, sewerage and other improvements. The Central Insane Hospital gets specific appropriations for painting, plumbing, a new kitchen and greenhouse amounting to \$21,200 all told. The specific appropriations of the other benevolent and reformatory institutions are very slight. The educational institutions get their maintenance funds from a special tax levy, but Purdue is given \$3,500 per year for repairs and specific appropriations amounting to \$15,000, the State University is given \$5,000 and the State Normal \$10,000.

Indianapolis in many respects is forging to the front. In material progress the achievements of the past two or three years, have eclipsed all former records. In the arts and educational facilities this tendency is especially notable. Great industrial and common school buildings ornament the city in every quarter—and we owe too much money to the contractors. Nevertheless "our" children are reaping the advantages—which at present we can not pay for. Great national conventions seem to be more numerous than ever. The recent monetary conference has made the city of Indianapolis known throughout the world. As an "ad." for this town that meeting has already amply repaid the projectors—to say nothing of its effects on the politics of the future. Other causes are apparently combining to "bring grist to our mill." After September next the Detroit pension office will be consolidated with the Indianapolis office in accordance with President Cleveland's recent order. Some figures in this connection are interesting. There are at present 73,000 pensioners in the Indianapolis office, whose quarterly stipend amounts to \$2,700,000, and in order to attend to the business thirty-four clerks are employed. The Detroit office employs twenty-two clerks, has 64,000 pension-

ers and pays out \$1,800,000 each quarter. When the two offices are combined it is thought that most of the Detroit clerks will be brought to this city. The consolidation is effected pensions will no longer be paid on personal presentation of vouchers, but every pensioner will be sent a check through the mails. There are a number of pensioners in the Indianapolis office, and even they will be unable to collect their pensions until their checks have gone through the mails.

There are a large number of office-seekers who have been feasting their eyes on the clerkships in the local office, but they are probably doomed to disappointment, for the only position that does not now come under the civil service rules is the pension agent. Even the agent's private secretary, and chief clerk must pass the required examination and obtain a place on the eligible list. A new clerk from Kentucky was recently appointed for the local office by the department in Washington.

The temperance people of this city are very zealous and have resorted to some extraordinary efforts to secure evidence that might be used in the prosecution of liquor sellers. What is known as a "detective trio" has been operating under the auspices of several religious societies and prominent citizens for some time. Their methods have become somewhat obnoxious—as they were probably intended to be—to many substantial citizens who are not in accord with some other good people on the vexed question of "beer." A protest has been prepared against such "star chamber" policies by Albert Lieber and circulated among business men. More than twenty-one thousand signatures were secured in a few days. Every merchant on South Meridian street, with the exception of three, signed the petition. The concluding words of the petition are as follows:

"Such a policy, with such methods, hurts the good name of the city. Sound morals and good citizenship do not demand the employment of procurers and spies—under such compensation as to tempt perjury—to furnish evidence of the alleged violation of the law. These policies and methods have a manifest tendency to bring the law into reproach, leads to false swearing and thwarts the earnest endeavor of real good citizens, who honestly have the welfare of the community at heart."

Nevertheless it seems probable that the conflict will continue. Both sides appear to be determined. New breweries are projected—and new organizations to suppress the traffic in their output are continually injected into the muddle. Upon the merits of this vexatious "bone of contention" your correspondent declines to express an opinion.

The city is to have a new police station—and like the tramp who wanted a new suit of clothes, it won't get it before it needs it. The present police headquarters are of the most primitive character and reflect little credit on the enterprise of the municipality. The board of public works has adopted specifications for the new building which is to cost 125,000. It will be erected on the site of the present headquarters. Architects are expected to furnish plans by March 17. The building is to be three stories in height and to cover the entire area of the ground now in process of condemnation, the dimensions of which are ninety-three feet on Alabama street, and 196 feet on Pearl street. The general character of the architecture is to be plain and substantial, with little or no ornamentation. The construction is to be fireproof throughout. The city judicial department, the police department, the prison, morgue and dispensary are to be housed within this structure. The prison is to be so arranged as to admit of the complete separation of males and females, youths and insane inmates, and is to be of the most modern and substantial character.

Comptroller Johnson and Deputy Attorney Walker are preparing an ordinance repealing the present enactment respecting the granting of city liquor licenses and making new provisions concerning their issue. Under the present ordinance it is not necessary for any one to show a State license in obtaining a city license, and Mr. Walker has a list of thirty-nine saloons that are doing business under a city permit, but have not complied with the State law. The new ordinance he has in view would break this practice up by making the issue of a city license dependent on the possession of a State license. The State charges \$100 for its license and the city \$250, and Mr. Walker wants the city to issue licenses for less than a year to accommodate the men who have partially expired State licenses.

A. P. K.

To Replace Fatalities.

Wife.—Oh, Jack, the mice have been at my New Year buns!

Brute.—Oh, well, there's lots more where they came from.

Wife.—But they were all the buns I baked.

Brute.—I meant mice.—New York Press.

The Rich.

Paniry Pete frowned heavily. "See here, tenderfoot," he said, "that brogue of yours is too rich. It'll get you into trouble. Our people are powerfully down on plutocracy."—Detroit Journal.