

It would improve it.
A clergyman speaking on charity held that charity which was not graceful and clean was bound to fail, bringing to the donor scorn instead of gratitude.

"Thus," he once said in a Sunday school address, "a rich landlord while making the round of his tenants' cottages collecting rents met a little girl whose beauty much impressed him.

"In the shabby front room of the cottage, the landlord talked for awhile with the little girl, and as he rose to go an hunted feeling of kindness warmed his heart.

"Let me see," he said, fishing in his pockets—"let me see if I haven't something to give to this dear little girl."

"And, smiling and chuckling, he went through pocket after pocket. Finally, in his hip pocket he found a peppermint drop, a white peppermint drop. He dusted the duff and lint from it and extended it gayly to the little girl.

"Here we are," he cried. "I thought we had something. Here is a nice peppermint drop for you. And now," he ended, "what will you do with it?"

"Wash it," said the little girl gravely.

Beginnings of Baseball.

The history of the American game dates from the first National Association of Baseball in New York in 1838. The first series of important match games was played between picked nine of Brooklyn and New York, at Flushing, in the same year. Nearly 2,000 persons—a large crowd for those days—paid their 50 cents a head to see the contest. The rules of baseball were very crude in those days. The pitcher's position was simply limited to a twelve foot line forty-five feet from the home base, behind which he could take any number of steps he wished. All he was required to do was to pitch the ball as near as possible over the home base. There was no penalty for wild pitching or for refusing to strike at fair balls. I once saw a pitcher deliver sixty balls to a single batsman in one inning before there was a strike.

Not until 1870 were there any paraphernalia for defense. Old time catchers' hands were a sight with their cracked joints and bruised palms.—Harry Chadwick in *Outing*.

French Bulls.
The number of phrases of the class called "bulls" to be found in polite works are not all the product of the Irish brain.

A novel that was crowned by the French academy as possessed of unusual merit contained a sentence of which the following is a translation:

"It was midnight. A man who lay in ambush listened to their conversation, but suddenly a dense, dark cloud passed in front of the moon and prevented him from hearing more."

Another phrase, written in downright seriousness by a master of French criticism, runs something like this:

"It was one of those duels in which one of the blades literally buries itself in the heart of the other."—Minneapolis Journal.

Their Little Surprise.
They were elopers, and the stern parent was supposed to be in pursuit. But he wasn't. On the contrary, a telegram awaited them at the next town. "Is it forgiveness?" asked the agitated youth as he handed it to the angelic one. She read it through and burst into tears. Then the startled youth took it and read it aloud. "Your mother and I offer congratulations. Your hasty action meets with our approval. We can now carry out a plan that we have long contemplated and that was delayed only because we had you with us. In other words, we are about to break up housekeeping and go into a flat!"—Argonaut.

Helpless!
A city man had a friend in from a north country farm on a business matter the other day, and they lunched together at a restaurant. The city man ate his meal entirely with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered that he had no fork.

"Look here," he said to the city man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one," replied the city man seriously.

"The deuce I don't!" came from the farmer. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—London Opinion.

A Graceful Withdrawal.
Do you know who that old man is talking to our hostess?" asked Mrs. Blunderer of the lady sitting beside her.

"That," answered the woman coldly, "is my son."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Blunderer in confusion, "he's a good deal older than you are, is he not?"—Lippincott's.

Concentration.
The Servant—Professor, there is a thief in the dining room! The Astronomer (deep in calculation)—Tell him I'm too busy to see him!—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Il Mottor.

Not Improbable.
I understand in France a fine is imposed when a train is late."

"Do you believe they fine the train?"

"As to that I can't say. I know they always dock the boats."—St. Louis Republic.

Why He Was Happy.
Briggs—Hudson seems to be happy. Briggs—Yes; he has little money, but he possesses a philosophical temperament and simple tastes. Briggs—I see. He is independently poor.—Judge.

It is not your duty to so live that you will be satisfied with yourself, but to so live that your wife will be satisfied.—Fliegende Blätter.

Laziness is the deadliest of all diseases, for the disease itself prevents one from taking the remedy.

THE HOLTHOUSE DRUG CO.

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steady.

Mediums and heavies \$4.85

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July wheat 100%

May wheat 108%

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Cash wheat 102%

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Eggs 23c

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Beef hides 41c

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NOTICE.

Any one knowing themselves indebted to the late Mathias Schafer will please call and settle with Mrs. Catherine Schafer, and any one holding any claim against the estate will please present the same at once.

313-34 Mrs. Catherine Schafer.

LOST—Fountain pen between Lehne's jewelry store and the Elks hall. Finder please return to this office.

Look, but Do Not See.

Passengers on a Staten Island ferry-boat were watching a large ocean liner that steamed slowly up New York bay. The steamer was too far off for her name to be made out, but she was flying the German flag. For the space of fifteen minutes a hundred pairs of eyes were fastened intently upon the ship. After awhile the silence that prevailed on the deck of the ferryboat was broken by a woman's voice.

"Say," she said, "what has become of that flag? It was there when we first began to watch the ship."

Excited by the woman's exclamation, everybody in her immediate neighborhood put forth various conjectures as to the mysterious disappearance of the flag.

"They took it down ten minutes ago," volunteered a man finally.

" Didn't any of you folks see them haul it in?"

Everybody looked sheepish. It was a fact that no one else had seen it. Although scarcely a glance had been diverted from the steamer during the greater part of the trip across the bay, the flag had been hauled down under the passengers' very eyes and only one man in the crowd had observed the maneuver.—New York Globe.

Terms—All sums of \$5.00 and under cash in hand; all sums over \$5.00, a credit of nine months will be given by purchaser giving note with approved security with 4 per cent off for cash.

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The Flax Expert.

Parvance (going over his estate with his steward)—The flax is very short this year. Seems to me they will only be able to make children's shirts with it.—Fliegende Blätter.

Laziness is the deadliest of all diseases, for the disease itself prevents one from taking the remedy.

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Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton-

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