

SOUTH CAROLINA POSSUM.

BY CHARLES H. WELLS.

When de nigrah heah de possum cry,
He slap his leg an' he peck his eye;
He jump aroun' an' he kick up high,
For he know dat de critter gotta die—
Sure die! Shiloh!

He grab de gun an' he fly 't de tree;
He load up high. Mr. Possum he see.
He put de gun an' he drop on 'is knee;
Cra-k! go de rifle, den down come he,
Bone dead! Shiloh!

Nex he skin Mr. Possum an' he put 'im in de
pot.
Wid de liltin' wat' r'ah' de po'k-grease hot,
An' all de veg' table an' he happen for de pot;
Den at twelve o'clock on d. table it am sot.
Steamin'! Shiloh!

All pitch in, nigrahs, now, an' help yo' self's 't
meat;
De nuffin on d' earth dat's as good's possum
't eat;
De leg an' tender an' de tall am sweet,
De back-bone am honey-comb, an' likewise de
feet.
Yam-yum! Shiloh!

RAISING A CHURCH DEBT.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

The Methodist Church at New Albion had long been struggling under a load of debt. Its edifice, built in the flush times following the war, was an ambitious piece of architecture—the church of the future beyond a doubt, since it was much larger than the congregation, and the pews were still vacant which the sanguine builders had expected to see filled by the men who were expected to pay off the mortgages. The Rev. Mr. Thorpe, the pastor, had carried this debt now for two years. It had been the burden of his days and the nightmare of his dreams. At length he had brought his congregation to the point of attacking it. He had made several anxious pilgrimages to the rich Methodists in neighboring cities, but found small encouragement. It was evident that the Methodists of New Albion must shoulder their own load. Accordingly, the first Sunday of October was devoted to a carefully planned effort for the payment of the debt. Mr. Thorpe had concluded to dispense with the services of a "financialist" and to direct his own forces. There was to be no regular service in the church, but the public were invited to meet at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and, by the grace of God, the meeting would not adjourn. Mr. Thorpe said, until the debt was paid. A collation was provided in the basement, so that the people might spend the day in the work.

The debt amounted to \$32,000, and when the meeting opened in the morning \$17,000 were at once subscribed, this amount having been secured before and by private conference with the able contributors. The excellent start awakened great enthusiasm, and for a time subscriptions came in rapidly; but long before noon the limit of the people's ability seemed to have been reached, and the list footed up only about \$24,000. Mr. Thorpe kept his forces well in hand, however, and showed no signs of wavering. Exhortations and appeals were interspersed with singing; a judicious and energetic committee did a great deal of personal work with individuals; messengers were dispatched to labor with absentees. But it seemed evident that the large gifts had all been gathered in, and there was still a deficiency of \$7,000, that the small subscriptions yet to be obtained would by no means supply.

As Mr. Franklin, of the Congregational Church, walked home after the service with his pastor, they passed the door of the Methodist Church.

"Let's look in a moment," said the pastor, "and see how they are getting on."

They sat down on one of the back seats and watched the proceedings. From Mr. Thorpe's position he saw that they learned the situation of affairs, and saw that the case was being handled with the utmost skill and tact. He thought the pastor was doing very well, and he was about to say so when he saw the pastor's face set in a stern, determined expression.

After a moment's thought Mr. Franklin added, with a new interest:

"Is it lawful to pull your fellow creature out of a pit on the Sabbath day?"

"I should say so, especially if he is trying to get out himself."

"Lawful to hitch up your horse to pull him out?"

"Yes," laughed the minister.

"Well, you go home and get your lunch and I'll get mine and have Major put into the buggy. I'll be around here before 1 o'clock, and we'll see what we can do."

"All right."

It was not long before the good white horse came at a week-day pace to the door of the parsonage, and the friends were soon whirling away.

"Now, we've got to be swift," said the banker. "My first thought was to call only on some of our own people, but I am now inclined to give some of the rest a chance. The Episcopalians and the Free Baptists have a heavy debt of their own, and the Adventists are not able to help much. We must call the others. Brinsmade must call on the First Church folks, Ellsworth on the Baptists, Thompson on the Universalists, and you and I will look out for our own."

They were stopping at Mr. Brinsmade's door, and the master of the house answered the bell.

"We have set out," said Mr. Franklin, "to give the Methodists a little lift in paying their church debt. Will you go and stand in the vestibule of your church and waylay as many as you can of your strongest men, as they go into the afternoon service, and get subscriptions from them? Start the paper yourself. Then ask Mr. Phelps to take up a collection before the sermon for the same object. Get cash subscriptions, payable to-morrow at my bank. Report the amount to me at Mr. Strong's house by 4 o'clock, sharp. Will you do it?"

"What a steamboat you are!" said Brinsmade, laughing.

"Will you do it?" said Franklin,

strenuously. "No time for nonsense, old fellow."

"Yes, I'll do it."

"All right. Good-by!"

And the white horse was soon flying down the street.

None of the other churches had afternoon services, and all that could be done in them must be done by personal application to a few of the most prosperous members. But Mr. Franklin had selected the right man as canvasser in each society, and after they had been set at work he and his pastor returned to their own parish, which they divided between them, contriving before 4 o'clock to see a good proportion of its most generous members. At that hour they all met at the parsonage, as by agreement, bringing with them a much larger sum than the most sanguine of them had hoped to get.

"They came down handsomely," said Brinsmade. "Three or four refused to give anything, but most of them had their names down before they knew it. It dropped on them so suddenly that they hadn't time to hunt up excuses. The old doctor warmed up to the business beautifully, and begged like a professional. Didn't suppose it was in him. They brought in nearly \$400 in the boxes, beside all I got from individuals."

The others had much the same story to tell. Sympathy with the Methodistists in their courageous efforts was universal, and it had found a generous expression.

"Now each of you sit down and write a short letter," said Franklin, "explaining that the amount you have collected is from friends in your church, naming the amount and stating where it may be called for to-morrow, and we'll go over at once and send the letters up to Brother Thorpe. I trust he is holding out yet, but it must be pretty tough for a man who doesn't believe in the perseverance of the saints to hang on to such a poor promise."

It was about half-past 4 when Mr. Franklin and his friends entered the Methodist Church. The back seats were all occupied, so they stood in the space behind the pews and looked on. The church was pretty well filled, and Mr. Thorpe was still keeping up a lively fire of appeal and argument, but there were no responses, and it was plain that hope had departed from most of the solicitors.

"Will you walk forward and take seats, gentlemen?" said one of them.

"No, thank you," said Franklin; "we are only lobby members. How do you get on?"

"Slowly," said the other.

And the solicitor shook his head dolefully.

"How much have you got?"

"Only a little over twenty-five thousand."

"Why don't you stop where you are?"

"Then we lose everything. The greater share of the heavy subscriptions are conditional upon the raising of the whole debt."

"Won't your subscribers make them unconditional?"

"No. We've begged them to but they are obstinate. 'Pity, isn't it?'"

"Yes, sir. It will be a hard blow if we fail now."

The discouraged gentleman walked away.

Mr. Franklin's air had been so indifferent that he had not ventured to ask him for anything.

"Send up your letter, Brinsmade," whispered Franklin, "Get that small boy to take it up."

The small boy toddled up the aisle and handed the envelope to the pastor. Mr. Thorpe tore it open eagerly.

"Hallelujah!" shouted the impatient Methodist. "Brethren, listen to this! The Congregational Church of New Albion has pledged to the First Church of New Albion a sum of \$5,000 to be paid to-morrow at 12 o'clock on behalf of the First National Bank of New Albion."

The reading of the letter was followed by a storm of cheers, and all the Methodist members responded in the midst of which the organ struck up the Doxology, and sang it with a ringing tone.

Will Brother Brinsmade come forward?" shouted Mr. Thorpe. But before he had time to insist on this a little girl was mounting the pulpit with another envelope, which the pastor received with trembling hands.

This letter stated that \$515, the gift of a few friends in the Universalist Church, would be on deposit the next day, at the same hour and place. Over this the furor was redoubled, one enthusiastic brother mounting a seat, and calling for "the second verse of the Doxology."

"Better not protract the agony," said Franklin to Ellsworth. "Let us send up our notes together."

The minister, who had now for six hours been under a continuous nervous strain, in whose heart confidence had given way to anxiety, and anxiety was beginning to change to discouragement, was so completely overcome by the contents of the other two envelopes that he sat down in his chair and could not speak for a moment; but at length he arose and half sobbed out:

"Two more, brethren. One from friends in the Baptist Church, with a pledge of \$925, and one from friends in the Second Congregational Church, with a promise of \$1,510. God bless them, every one!"

This time they were too excited to sing; but there was a volley of amens in response to the last ejaculation, and men and women all over the house were laughing and crying like children.

"Give us the footing now, Brother Harrison," said the minister at length to the Treasurer, who was keeping account of the subscriptions.

"Thirty thousand, one hundred and fifty-five dollars," was the answer.

"Less than \$2,000 more are wanted," said Mr. Thorpe. "What do you say to that?"

"Two hundred dollars more for me!"

them. As soon as there was a short pause he summed up the amount again, and rising to his feet, quietly said:

"Thirty-two thousand, four hundred and sixty dollars—\$460 for shrinkage!"

The scene that followed can only be imagined by those who know what an incubus a church debt is to a devoted congregation, and who are familiar with the ways in which Methodists are wont to express their feelings.

"I perceive," said Mr. Thorpe, rising to his feet, after the tempest had subsided, "that all these pledges are to be paid to-morrow, at noon, at the First National Bank. It is easy to guess who is at the bottom of all this business, and I see him now, standing near the door."

"No scenes for me," whispered the banker to his minister. "I'm going. Make my excuses."

And he slipped out of the door and walked quickly away.

"Walter Franklin is the man," continued the parson, "and he is leaving the house this moment. Will some one bring him back?"

But that was a vain suggestion. Mr. Franklin, as everybody knew, would not be brought back.

"Mr. Franklin's pastor must answer for him then," said the minister; and Mr. Strong walked up the aisle amid great cheering. In a few graceful words he told the congregation that Mr. Thorpe was right in his conjecture; that the plan of aiding them in their difficult undertaking was conceived and set in motion by Mr. Franklin, who had, nevertheless, been supported in the heartiest manner by the gentlemen on whom he had called; that the whole scheme was the inspiration of a moment, and the fruit of a few hours' work; and that he trusted that the result of it would be, not only the emancipation of the Methodist Church from the bondage of debt, but the strengthening of the bonds of fellowship among the churches of New Albion. To that wish there were many fervent responses, and after a prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor and singing of "Blest be the Tie that Binds," the congregation broke up.

The day will never be forgotten by any who had part in its doings, and the fruit of the seed then sowed will be reaped in the increasing charity of many generations.—*The Century*.

Women as Indian Fighters.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, in a historical paper in the *Century*, on the "Indian War in the Colonies," says of the heroism of the wives of the pioneers:

"The women of these times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of the men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, soap and all, in the fortified church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to undermine the building ladled the scalding soap upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The renowned Hannah Bradley, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him; and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Tacony was fighting in defense of Hadley was decided by the promptness of the woman, who loaded with small shot and fired a cannon that had just arrived from Boston and conveyed it to the defenders; these discharged it to the dismay and rout of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a magnet and a shovelful of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it, and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house, while the Indians were chopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster river, some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1712, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover, in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogaht, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a doorway, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an ax."

The Nail City.

Wheeling is one of the most extensive manufacturing points on the Ohio, and in point of nail products it takes the lead of all the other places. It presumes not less than 40,000,000 nails are made here every year, and they are shipped all over the world.

Wheeling is known as the nail city. Its factories and mills and furnaces and glass houses employ thousands of people, and here as plainly as can be found elsewhere in the country is shown the disastrous result of that turning point in the conflict between labor and capital, the "strike." When strikes occur they bring a Sunday calm, and all kinds of business rest until work resumes. It is from these factories that the smoke and sulphur come.

They use soft coal without smoke consumers, and clouds of the black stuff settle over the place until everything is darkened, and the sulphur kills the grass and the flowers. Yet the smoke is business, and every bucket full represents so much money; and, as money is what man worships, I don't know that it is such a bad thing to have one's idol always before and behind, above and below him, and permeating every recess of his abiding place.—*Mary Jane* in *Courier-Journal*.

"The English mails were first conveyed by railway in 1830. Nine years later the letters sent averaged three to each person, and at the present time the average has risen to thirty-six. The Postoffice Savings Banks last year had nearly 5,000,000 depositors, whose deposits reached the sum of about \$195,000,000."

OBESITY.

A Chapter for Fat People.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

The disadvantages of obesity are numerous, its dangers to both health and life not a few. One of the very least of the former is the difficulty a fat person has in getting about, and in taking that amount of exercise without which the body cannot long be maintained in the only state which can with propriety be called condition. Exercise alone will not reduce a man's weight, though people usually believe so, but exercise will retard the accumulation of fat.

Adipose tissue is, to those inclined to corpulence, usually deposited not only under the skin—it would be well, indeed, if it were all—but in the spaces between the various muscles of the limbs, all around the heart and the kidneys, and in many other vital positions that need not be named. The accumulation of fat on and around the muscles naturally prevents activity of motion; but it does more and worse, for it throws a serious obstacle in the way of those muscles' receiving a due amount of nutrition; they are therefore weakened and rendered flabby. And here let me point out a fact to those of my readers who may meditate treating themselves for the reduction of obesity. You may sometimes hear an expression like the following from a stout man in the prime of life:

"If I could get rid of some twenty or twenty-five pounds of 'flesh'—such people will persist in calling it flesh—"what would I do?" "Yes, my friend," I should reply, "and pray what could you do? For if you were to get rid of nearly all the fat that is on you to-morrow or the day after, you would not be able to walk twice the length of your own garden for cold and fatigue. Your muscles are attenuated and flabby, and if deprived suddenly of their cushions of fat they would be of very little use indeed. That really is the truth, whether you like it or not."

The deposition of fat around the kidneys or on the heart comes in time to interfere very seriously with the functions of those organs, and to engender diseases which ultimately lead to dropsy of a fatal character. If the heart is prevented from acting as it ought to, the health cannot be long maintained. If it be a flabby heart the blood will be impoverished, the person will have a sallow look, and be more or less bloated in appearance. If the heart is enlarged or hypertrophied, we may expect much difficulty in breathing, especially if the patient attempts quick walking or hurried climbing of stairs, and perhaps frequent attacks of palpitation, with now and then swimming in the head and a sensation of falling, even in dreams at night.

The fat is sometimes not merely deposited on the heart, but among its muscles, causing degeneration of the walls of that organ, rendering the sufferer quite unfit for any of the more active duties of life. The respiration of fat people is very much interfered with; indeed, one might say it is seldom or never carried on with a complete feeling of comfort. Nor, on the other hand, is the digestion strong, nor the appetite either, unless excited by hot sauces or vinous stimulants.

If we glance for a moment or two at the most common causes of corpulence we shall, I think, get hints as to the most rational plan of treatment.

Corpulence is often constitutional; but even if it be, that is no reason, remember that it should not be kept within due bounds. A too easy mind and a sanguine manner of looking at the every-day personal occurrences of life, is a cause over which one has little, if any control. Success in life is wished for devoutly by all, but it often has the effect of rendering people who are constitutionally inclined to be so, very corpulent. Well, people cannot be expected to manufacture small worries for themselves in order to keep within due bounds corporeally, but they can avoid the pleasures of the table, however well off in the world they may be. Indulgence in beer, stout and in wine and spirits has a tendency to increase the amount of fat; so has the use of sugar, which experiments seem to prove is often turned into fat in the system, and even drinking too much water. Age has something to do with the accumulation of fat, men generally giving evidence of this condition of body between 30 and 40, and women between 40 and 50, if not before.

If we consider obesity a disease—and if it be not actually so, it is at least a very distressing state of body—then we ought to be able to find out some scheme for its general treatment. And here the question naturally arises, is it safe for a stout person to use means to reduce his system? As a rule it is, provided no extra harsh measures are adopted for that purpose. The danger in diminishing the quantity of fat in and on the body is trifling if it be gradually accomplished. The person about to undergo the process of reduction should be carefully weighed every week and the weight noted, being particular to wear exactly the same amount of clothes each time. Some of the bitter tonics may be at the same time used with advantage so long as they do not constipate, because, while reducing fat, our object is to brace and tone muscle and nerve. Plenty of exercise should at the same time be taken in the open air, but this should not be carried to the verge of fatigue. Over-indulgence in bed should be avoided, and the use of the tepid or cold sea-salt bath will be found to do much good, so, too, will an occasional Turkish bath; but on this point one's own medical adviser should be consulted. I have no hesitation in saying that perseverance in this plan of treatment will work wonders.

Postoffice Red Tape.

When a citizen of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., wishes to send a letter to a friend in the opposite village on the Canadian side of the river, he directs it, prepaying the postage, and puts it in the postoffice on the American side; then, in order to reach the postoffice on the Canadian side, which is about one mile distant, the letter goes to Detroit through the United States mails, crosses from Detroit to Windsor, where it enters the Canadian mails, and is sent over Canadian routes back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in about ten days from the time it started—ten days to go one mile. But when one is in a hurry he goes across the river himself and walks to the other fellow; he doesn't write.

The Alligator Fever.

It beats all how a Northern man does hanker to shoot an alligator just as soon as he gets beyond the Ohio river, and the further South he goes the stronger grows the feeling. It's a sort of "buck fever," and nothing will cure it except the gore of the reptile. A chap from Rhode Island went down to Biloxi from New Orleans with the party. Small alligators were plenty enough along the creeks and ditches, and every time the Clam State man saw one he almost kicked his boots off. He tackled every body around Biloxi for an alligator hunt, and he finally paid a ducky \$3 to drive him to a lake four or five miles away, where the saurians were said to be numerous enough to crowd each other out of water. The boys had been over in the morning, and fixed things. A rope was tied to either end of a water-soaked log and led into the bushes, and no sooner had the hunter gone down and discovered a movement in the water than he opened fire.

"Dat's yer game, boss," said the ducky, as he seated himself in the shade, and the way that old log was bombarded was a caution. The man made eye shots and line shots and dead shots, and after he had fired about twenty-five times he began to wonder why his game didn't turn toes up.

"Takes a heap o' lead, boss, but you is trubl'in' him mighty bad," encouraged the ducky, and the bombardment was renewed with a determination to die in the last ditch. Pretty soon a man broke from the bushes to the left, and in a voice of authority called out:

"Shooting alligators out of season is an offense punished by a fine of not less than \$10."

"N-g-a!"

"How many shots have you fired?"

"Only thirty-nine."

"Shooting off a revolver in the State of Mississippi, except in self-defense, is a fine of \$5 for each time! Have you a permit?"

"To shoot at Col. Ford's alligators. If not he can recover damages not to exceed \$500. Did you cross that field?"

"Yes."

"That's trespass, and the fine is not less than \$25. You must come with me!"

"But, sir—I—"

"I will bring up my horse and buggy and you must go the county seat!"

The "constable" started. So did Rhode Island. They went in opposite directions. The Rhode Islander came into Biloxi on a canter, settled his hotel bill without stopping to count the change, and picking up his satchel he hustled off along the railroad track as it called to a death-bed. When I found him in Mobile a few days later he had shaved off his whiskers and blackened his eye-brows. He also complained of a lame back and corns on his feet.

"Say!" says he, as he carefully looked around for listeners, "If old Mississippi feels so stuck up over a few ponds and alligators, and constables she can keep 'em and be hanged to her! I'd rather shoot a crow any time than an alligator!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Sanitary Value of Foliage.

Prof. Goret, of the University of Geneva, points out that the functions of trees in streets are not limited to acting as screens for sun-shunning wayfarers. They temper the heat and serve as a protection against dust; the evaporation from their leaves tends to keep the surrounding air cool and moist, and as one of the best means of refreshing the air of a sick-room is to place in it plants and branches, and sprinkle them with water, a like effect is produced by trees. Sun-light is necessary to health; but trees, if not too thickly planted, do not intercept sunlight—the continual vibration of their leaves and swaying of their branches admitting the light every instant and in sufficient measure, serving, moreover, to protect the eyes from the noonday glare. So far from trees impeding the circulation of air, they help to purify it; the evaporation from their leaves determines a current from above, and the fresh air thus brought down assists in driving away the heated and dust-impregnated gases of the streets. Another useful property of foliage is that, while in hot, dry weather it moistens the surrounding atmosphere, thus rendering it fitter to breathe, this effect, which is due to evaporation, ceases in wet weather.

"Bread and Cheese and Kisses."

"But what do you suppose we are going to live on?" inquired a young lady of her slightly impecunious lover after the first shock of his proposal had somewhat worn off.

"Live on!" said the enthusiastic and visionary youth, "why, darling, we will live on bread and cheese and kisses."

"Yes; well, it may be all right enough, but it's my opinion that bread and cheese, with thin slices of kisses in between 'em, are mighty light sandwiches for a steady diet. You'll have to talk roast beef and strawberry shortcake to me."—*Texas Siftings*.

A Bug's Idea.

After describing the repeated failures of a tumble-bug to get his ball out of a rut, the Indianapolis *News* adds: "Finally he plowed out a space, like a sort of a railroad cut, with a smaller slope than the buggy track, and pushed his ball triumphantly out through it. Was that reason? It was exactly the course an engineer would take. It was exactly the course taken to raise the great winged bulls of Nineveh. Has a tumble-bug got a mind?"

You can hear the whistle of a locomotive 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards.

The man who stumbles twice on the same stone is a fool.

HUMOR.

(Burlington Hawkeye.)

SOME of the farms in Ireland are strips of land only ten feet wide. That is twice as big a farm as some men we know would cultivate, if it were given to them.

A NEW novel is entitled "A Foolish Virgin." Probably she didn't find out until she tried it that it is the usual thing for a freckles-lotion to take the skin along with the freckles.

CHEAP Italian labor has run the price of "shines" down to 3 cents. A 3-cent shine, however, is merely a run across the toes, leaving the heels as red as sunset. Like a school boy's boots on exhibition day.

A MAN in Massachusetts was sent to reform school for breaking windows and stealing apples when he was 9 years old; then he stole a dog and went to prison when he was 11; he got out in time to set fire to a house and got two years' sentence before he was 16; and picked a pocket and got run in on his 19th birthday. Before he was old enough to vote he received a sentence, and since then he has served three terms in as many prisons. It is time he quit this restless, wandering life, and found some good, quiet prison that suited him, where he could settle down and stay.

[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

A TIGHT place—The bar.
A TYPE-RIGHTER—The proof reader.
WOMAN was maid, but man never was.

WITHOUT ladies the United States would be stagnation.

WITH dudes pumpkin blossoms ought to be a taking posey, that is, if affinity counts for anything with them.

"I USED to be bothered awfully with rats," said Mrs. McGill, "but I used some corroded supplement and got rid of 'em."

An exchange speaks of the "tragic end of a man in jail." If not out of place, we should like to inquire why they did not put him all in jail, and what the general effect is when they shut the door.

THE *Globe Democrat* recently contained a half-column article upon "How it feels to be insane." If a disease breaks out among the American people to tell how much things strike them, every paper in the land has all it can do for the next century.

A DUEL is an affair of honor, settled with weapons. A prize-fight is an affair of science, settled with fists. A fracas is an affair of main strength, usually settled with whatever comes handy. And now abideth these three, but the greatest of these is the fracas.

[Chicago Check.]

PREACHERS say, "sinners is a wicked game." The proof-reader, does much toward righting a book.

WHEN a woman slams a door with force that's a she-bang.
ON dark nights, men usually sigh for the light of other days.

MEN never—no one another, but they long for the women.
THE less on'er a woman has now the more comfortable she is.

A PHYSICIAN always knows where to find his patients when he loses them.
It ain't every paper that can afford a funny man, but they all have a paragrapher two.

A PICKPOCKET stole a watch right off its guard the other day. "We trust the watch next time will be on its guard against such accidents."

THE Town Council of New Haven has assessed a tax of \$3 against men for swearing. "This is a job the men have put up on the women to avoid putting up stoves."

The World's Population.

The latest estimates by German scientists of the total population of our earth are in round numbers as follows:

Continent	Population
Australia	3,000,000