

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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PAYING THE PENALTY.

SIGHTLESS EYES THE REWARDS OF GLASS-BLOWERS.

A Curious Trade in Which the Workman Labor with the Certainty that Success Means a Fortune in Money and Loss of Sight.

High Art in Glass Blowing.

The most curious and interesting thing to see at Venice in London—next, of course, to the superb and bewildering spectacle which Mr. Inez Kiraly has placed upon the great stage—the furnace of Dr. Salvati. Salvati glass has a world-wide reputation, and many traveling English have visited the works at Murano, where the glass is made. But this is the first time that the process has been shown in England. The Sal-



viati furnace at Olympia is in Modern Venice. If you are fortunate Dr. Guilio Salvati himself may act as your guide, a courteous gentleman who is a son of the Salvati who revived the Mosaic Industry at Murano after it had practically fallen into disuse for years. Entering, you find yourself in a semicircular room of

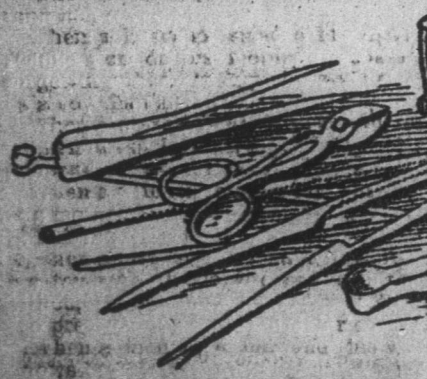


considerable size with raised tiers of benches to enable the spectators to witness the manufacture of the glass. In the center stands the furnace, which consumes daily some three tons of good British oak. The furnace is divided into different "pots," each containing molten glass of some special color, and the temperature is about 1470 degrees Fahrenheit.

What is the composition of the



glass Dr. Salvati declares that he himself does not know. It is a jealously guarded trade secret. The visitor may notice a taciturn old man who moves quietly about among the workmen and disappears now and again into a dark room at the back, where the mysterious materials are kept. Sometimes he is to be seen



sitting outside, staring gloomily into the shallow lead-lined canals made in imitation of his own Venice. "There," says Dr. Salvati, pointing at the old man; he alone knows the secret. It may be so; but that granite hand from the Murano lagoon is the basis of the mixture in

well known. To this is added niter, soda, lime, oxide of lead, arsenic and many other secret things to give the exquisite tinges of amber, sea-green and pink, which are one of the chief beauties of the Salvati glass.

Through the sketches of Mr. W.



HE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRET.

F. Britten in Black and White the reader will be able to get a good idea of the process. In front of the furnaces are three or four rough seats, each furnished with horizontal projecting arms covered with iron. At these seats work the brothers Barovier—Benvenuto, Vittorio, and Pietro



three of Dr. Salvati's most skillful workmen. They asked much to come to England, and it is said that each may make from £12 to £15 per day, in addition to a share in the profits upon the sale of the articles which they produce.

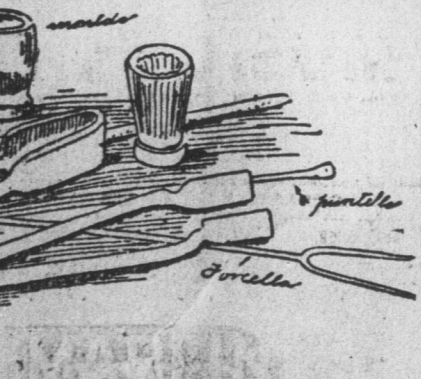
Benvenuto is going to make a piece of glass—a flower vase supported on a sea-dragon. He has no pattern, and his only tools are some pincers and scissors. He takes a long blowpipe of iron, dips it into one of the pots, and withdraws it with a quantity of glowing glass hanging to the end like honey on a stick. Twisting the rod deftly in his hand, he is at his seat in a moment, and constantly rolling the rod backwards and forwards on the arms of his seat, he begins to fashion the bottom of the stand with a pair of pincers. The glass soon cools and has to be plunged again into the furnace. Again it is withdrawn and manipulated with extraordinary dexterity. It takes shape as if by magic under the hand of the artist, and becomes a round stand with a stem to support the dragon. Then an assistant takes it away to keep it hot in another furnace.

Now comes the dragon from another pot. A piece of pink glass is pulled out at length; there is the dragon's body. It is bent quickly round, the

tail curling upward, and with incredible swiftness, each touch nicely calculated, the head is fashioned, the mouth open breathing flame. Here comes the flame, a morsel of red glass from another furnace, put deftly in the open mouth, and fashioned in three or four touches into a long, pointed tongue. Then come the eyes, the wings, the legs, and there is your dragon, a marvel of art wrought in some six or seven minutes. So the piece is built up in sections, each joined to the other by heat, and the work stands complete—a miracle of design and color, created straight from the brain of this lithe and handsome Italian, as true an artist as he who paints pictures, makes statues and builds churches.

But there is a fearful penalty which all these artists must pay. Blindness comes upon them at middle age. The glare of the furnace, the fiery radiance of the molten glass, burns the eyes, and at 40 or thereabouts they become blind. Benvenuto Barovier, though he scarcely looks more than 30, cannot even now see to read. It is a fate these glassworkers cheerfully face. They love their craft. During the years of youth and early manhood they devote their lives to art, to the production of fragile dreams of beauty in glass which a touch will pulverize, and then they are content to go into the night and spend their old age in darkness. For they are rich and honored.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, Jr., the Baptist sharpshooter of New York who paid \$155 recently for thirty-one robbers that he shot out of season on Staten Island, reaped the recompense



of his reward for being a brute. It is gratifying to be sure that there is at least one place in the country where justice deals alike over game laws violated, and the Staten Island "Squire" who was not afraid of his plain duty deserves the whole amount of the \$155 fine, even if the law does not allow it.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

She Who Is Again to Be the First Lady of the Land.

The result of the election has again brought Mrs. Cleveland prominently before the people. During the two years she was mistress of the White House she presented to the American people a model of the true American woman. Frances Folsom's father was a law partner of Grover Cleveland, and the future President was her friend and patron before he became her lover and husband. While she was a student at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., Mr. Cleveland was Governor of the State, and every week great hampers of roses and other choice flowers arrived at the little lakeside village from Albany. During her junior year he became



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

President, but the flowers continued to arrive, and when she was graduated, in June, 1885, and a houseful of exotics and roses came to her, it was generally known that she had surrendered her heart. The class ivy of 1885, which still coils around and creeps up the walls of Morgan Hall, was sent by the President to his affianced bride, and she and her classmates planted it during a gentle June shower. The marriage, which took place in 1886, is well remembered, and when little Ruth came to the happy couple the whole country was pleased. The child, by the way, was named after Ruth Tappan, a daughter of Mrs. Tappan, of Potsdam, N. Y., who was a student in the class of '89 at Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland have a modest but attractive home in New York City, a summer home, Gray Gables, at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., and a country home at Lakewood, N. J. Mrs. Cleveland has shown little fondness for society, but the massive doors of the "four hundred" have opened wide before her. Mrs. Cleveland is 28 years of age, having been born July 28, 1864. She was married to the President June 2, 1886.

Concise in Youngsters.

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or, if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than themselves, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them. A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level.

The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place, says the New York Ledger. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability, but no man can either be truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social status, he is the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

The Food of Different Peoples.

Many nations, many dishes! Some articles that are esteemed as delicacies by certain nations are regarded with disgust by others. According to the Pacific Record the Turk is seized with violent trembling at the very idea of eating oysters. The American Indians look upon an invasion of grasshoppers as a mark of especial favor from the Great Spirit, and make the best of such a time to lay up a store of provisions for the future. Buckland states that among certain people a mixture of fish, nearly putrefied, and soap suds is preferred to the best butter. In Canton and other Chinese cities rats are sold at ten cents a dozen, and a hind-quarter of a dog is more expensive than mutton or beef. Some of the East Indians eat serpents dried in the oven, but despite the flesh of rabbits. Lizard eggs are a delicacy in the islands of the Pacific, and many people besides the aborigines of the Argentine Republic esteem the flesh of the skunk. Ants are eaten by many peoples, and in Siam a curry of ants' eggs often tickles the palates of the wealthy. The silkworm is eaten with relish by the Chinese, and a dessert of roast snails is considered a fitting termination of a feast in New Caledonia.

A Queer Tribute.

In many instances, particularly in olden times, large and powerful nations have demanded tribute from smaller and weaker states. This demand was generally complied with by the petty ruler, who fancied that such a step would render his throne secure. When a tribute-paying king thought he could whip the other he

generally stopped making any payment, and then there was a fight about it. As a rule the tribute consisted of so much gold or some rich product of the country. A queer tribute, however, was exacted by King Edgar the Peaceable, who ruled over a part of Britain about 900 years ago. Then there were several petty kings scattered here and there, and a much larger number of fierce wolves ran wild. So in 961 King Edgar commanded that all who paid him tribute should pay it in wolves' heads, and from Wales he demanded 300 annually. As there were plenty of wolves this tribute was easily paid at first, and people in those days did not regard the selection of wolves' heads as at all queer, for the payment of tribute was merely an acknowledgment of the other nation's strength. So the wolves' head tribute was regularly paid until wolves began to get pretty well thinned out, and parts of England were entirely divested of the animals, which, perhaps, was just what the king wanted. —Harper's Young People.

Erudition Served at Dinner.

At a dinner party given at George Crum's road house at Saratoga Lake, recently, a party of gentlemen, prominent in the political and the commercial world, were discussing their visit to the Pompeian reproduction on South Broadway, known as the "House of Pansa."

"What curious names are attached to the different rooms," observed one of the party. "Why, there's the 'vestibulum' and the 'tablinum,' and I don't know what—too much for me."

Some of those around the table endeavored, in a learned manner, to assist his memory, but they made an amusing failure, and all laughed heartily. One of the waiters, a young colored man from Georgia, was an attentive listener, and the merry twinkle in his eye indicated that he was amused. One of the gentlemen who was acquainted with the waiter said:

"Charley, just enlighten these gentlemen."

All eyes were turned upon Charley, who, somewhat diffident at first, finally said:

"Gentlemen, if it is your pleasure, I'll do the best I can. The vestibulum is simply the cloak room, and you pass through this before entering the atrium. The bedrooms are known as cubicles. There are also the tablinum, the alae, the sanctum, the fauces, the peristylum, the viridarium, the cubiculum, the bibliotheca, the tridinium, the oecus, the balneum, the culina, the lararium, the hortus, and other portions. Shall I explain each?"

The amazed banqueters looked at each other for a moment, when one observed:

"Um! Um! No, I thank you; life is too short!"

When Charley Reynolds stepped out of the room inquiry was made about the young man. The gentleman acquainted with him said:

"He is one of the brightest young men in my district, is a college graduate, and can handle Latin and Greek the same as English; but, like all bookworms, he is such a diffident mortal that I wonder he doesn't refuse to give those jaw-breaking names. He is simply here for the season, earning a few dollars to enable him to further pursue his studies next fall."

As the party rose from their two-hour, fifteen-course dinner, a gentleman took occasion to remark: "If there is any subject you gentlemen are not clear upon, just call in one of the waiters." —Chicago Tribune.

Marking Their Loves.

While visiting in a Norway village, a traveler, who we will call Mr. L., took lessons in Norse from a lady. One evening there chanced to be present a certain Norwegian gentleman. When the lady rose to go to her lodging in an adjoining house, Mr. L. offered to escort her; but she declined the offer abruptly.

Rather surprised at her manner, Mr. L. asked the Norwegian if the young lady was engaged or married, and, if not, what was the meaning of the ring she wore?

"I am ignorant," he continued, "of the difference of young rings between married, going to be married, and never going to be married."

"Oh, you will never tell that," said the Norwegian, laughing loudly. "We cannot mark the women in this country as you do, but they mark the men. Amongst us it is the man that wears the ring."

"Oh, I see! That is a new light!" said the traveler, taking the man's left hand, on the fourth finger of which was a plain gold ring. "That is your wedding ring, then?"

"Nai, nai!" he replied blushing. "That means I have got to be married!"

"And then what becomes of it?"

"We put it on the right hand instead of the left," replied the Norwegian, holding out his hand to say "good-night."

Then as he was closing the door behind him, he said, in confidential tones:

"Yes; that young lady who was talking to you is going to marry me next month!"

Where Tortoise-Shell Comes From.

I understand that the finest, tortoise-shell comes from the Indian archipelago and is shipped from Singapore, and much of it is obtained on the Florida coast. There are three rows of plates on the back, called "blades" by the fishermen.

In the central row are five plates, and in each of the others four plates, the latter containing the best material. Beside these there are twenty-five small plates around the edges of the shell, known as "feet" or "noses."

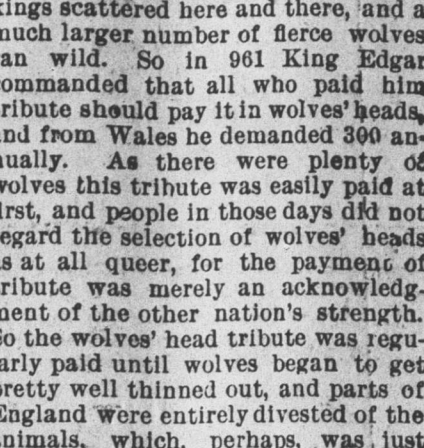
The biggest turtle does not furnish more than sixteen pounds of tortoise-shell. Formerly the upper shell was thrown away, being considered worthless; but at present it is very highly valued for its delicacy of coloring. Nowadays a very beautiful imitation of tortoise-shell is made of cows' horns.

Blessings which we have sought when in our possession are more highly prized when there is danger of our being deprived of them, and our hearts are more keenly touched by the anticipation of loss than by the fullness of enjoyment.

BRIDGES OLD AND NEW.

A Contrast in Warburton, in Cheshire—New Cantilever Bridge Over the Canal.

It is a self-evident fact that a great waterway cut through so populous a district as the valley of the Mersey and Irwell must of necessity interfere pretty considerably with the existing roads and railways. Indeed,



THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE MERSEY.

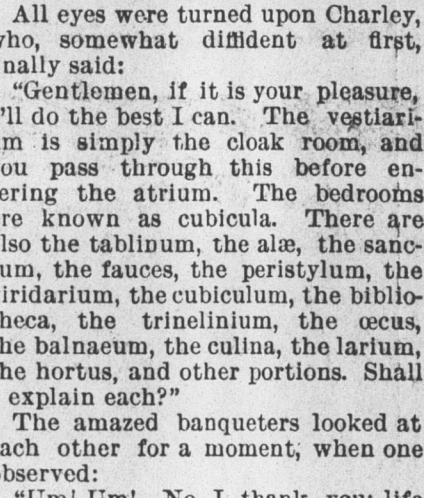
the treatment of these many roads formed one of the first problems which confronted the originators of this vast undertaking. After much discussion it was finally decided to construct high-level bridges for all the railways and swing bridges for all the roads cut by the canal. The Runcorn viaduct of the London and North-western Railway, which already existed, was taken as the standard for the various new railway bridges, which have therefore been constructed so as to give a clear headway of 75 feet at high water.

This level has also been kept at Warburton where a fixed bridge has been substituted for a swinging one, as the traffic over this road is not very heavy and it was felt desirable to avoid the constant expense which would be involved in working one of the latter. As will be seen from our illustrations, this bridge is a fine specimen of the cantilever type, now so familiar to all through its grandest development at the Forth.

One of the most striking advantages of this class of bridge is that they form their own scaffolding during construction, thus, as in the present case, permitting the canal to be cut underneath and even filled with water, without hindrance to the busy workers aloft.

The view from the end from either cantilever is remarkably fine, the new canal, an imposing stream, at this point 140 feet wide, running in a straight line east and west from under one's feet, while in the distance the River Mersey, beautiful in all save hue and odor, winds slowly through the pleasant meadows and green plantations. But the days of its wanderings are numbered, and a few more months will see it confined to the shorter but uglier channel now being prepared for it by the ship canal company. Our second view is of the bridge at present carrying the

road across the Mersey. Although in a very bad state of repair, this little bridge is certainly far more picturesque than its huge brother now stretching out his arms to span the new "silent highway." —Pall Mall Gazette.



THE NEW CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

Taken In.

President Lincoln's sage proverb relative to the disadvantage of swapping horses in the middle of a stream, applies to many of the ordinary affairs of life. Especially should it be taken to heart by the joker who is not sure of his game. The following story is told by Irving Montagu:

During the Russo-Turkish war, when we were on very short rations, we were one day about to do justice to a fowl which we had—well—caught, and duly cooked. On turning, we were surprised to find one of a long train of Cossack bullock-drivers stopping and looking down at us with envious curiosity.

We began talking to him with playful badinage, rubbish which we felt, being in English, would do very well for an ill-bred Muscovite. He listened to our chaff with stolid indifference, until Coningsby, dividing the fowl and holding up one-half by the drumstick, said:

"Does a fowl for cold fowl run in your family, dear boy? This sort of thing would suit you to a T."

In a moment that clumsy waggoner became a new man. All nervous energy and settled purpose, he sprang suddenly forward, grasped the fleshy end of that drumstick in his grimy fingers, and the next instant had mangled it with his teeth beyond reclaim.

He had taken Coningsby at his word, and we were left on short commons—indeed, though this surprise, sudden as it was, quite eclipsed by that which followed, when that burly bullock-driver replied, in excellent English:

"Ah, just so! Sad, isn't it? Very sad. Lost your leg! But not in the service—no, not so bad as that, anyhow."

Then, turning to a dog which I had not before noticed, he said:

"Crunch, poor Crunch! Hungry, too? Never mind, there's the bone. Make the best of it. Thank you. Good morning. Remember, there may be Britishers in Cossack garb, as well as wolves in sheep's clothing."

BARON WALTER OF HUNGARY offered to trade his title for a wife. It was not much of a title, but an opera singer snapped it up. She said she was 27 and had 300,000 florins. In reality she was 42, had not a florin, and her voice was cracked numerous times and to a considerable depth. Now the Baron wants a divorce, and for the sake of getting it procures how many dress like a cat and look like a fool, and still have and sense to give away. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SUBJECTS OF THOUGHT.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome to the character.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

There is a paradox in pride; it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

When moral courage feels that it is in the right there is no personal daring of which it is incapable.

Honor hath three things in it: The vantage to do good; the approach to kings and principal persons, and the raising of a man's own fortunes.

A GENTLEMAN is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.

There are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gamed; but those who have done either but once are very extraordinary animals.

Monuments may be built to express the affection or pride of friends, or to display their wealth, but they are only valuable for the characters which they perpetuate.

In a man's hands, silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet with words on her side. But silence conquers her.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.

There is no labor so productive as that which we give to an object for its own sake. The more we forget ourselves in our doing the greater the returns they will yield. The more we are willing to lose our life in our pursuits the more surely we shall find it in the fruit of our work.

If a man finds that he is everywhere esteemed, considered honorable and trustworthy, he will be stimulated to become still more so. If he finds every one suspecting him, he will much more easily succumb to temptation. And so with all other merits and demerits, showing how powerful a factor in human life is the emphasis we use.

We touch one another in all life's associations; we impress more or less all with whom we come in contact. In the home, in society, in business, we leave our mark. It becomes us all then to inquire what kind of an impression we are making upon childhood and manhood in our several spheres of influence. Is it for good or for ill? If for good, then our life is worth living; if for evil, then it is a failure.

Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person. This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by habiliments of poverty, while not infrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind. Dean Swift said that nature had given every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both who by a very few faults that they can correct in half an hour are not so much as tolerable."

We must never forget that, whatever be the circumstance which claims our allegiance, we are still the center, and must remain self-poised and resolute. He who despises himself, who neglects himself, who timidly conforms himself in all things to other people and has no respect for his own individuality, can never be a force in the world. This indeed is only another form of selfishness—loving ease and hating toil, living without energy or purpose, and sinking like a dead weight on whoever will bear it. It is perhaps difficult at once to preserve our centrality and to identify ourselves with each circumstance; but what is there of the highest and the best that does not present difficulty? Emerson says, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

The Dude and the Mad Dog.

"You cannot always judge a book by the cover," said Major Tom Speedwell at the Laclede. "If any man despises a dude I do. I am prejudiced against any man who uses perfume, wears a silk hat, a stand-up collar, or carries a cane. When I find a man doing all those ridiculous things at one and the same time it is all I can do to refrain from personal violence. I yearn to hit him. Just on violence principles. The canons of horse sense a button-hole bouquet, a curled mustache and a lip, and my fingers fairly tingle for a grip of his neck, my toes for a coup de grace."

"Yet I saw just that kind of a biped perform an act of heroism that made me think better of mankind."

"I was walking down Madison street, Chicago, last summer, when there was suddenly raised that most appalling of all cries of terror, 'Mad dog!' An old lady and a little girl were crossing the street, down the center of which a big mastiff was plunging, with bloodshot eyes and foaming mouth, pursued by a couple of officers. He made straight for the old lady, caught her dress and dragged her down. He then sprang at her throat, but before he reached it a youngster tricked out in the toggery I abhor had him by the neck."

"The beast roared like a demon, but the dude held him fast until an officer came up and put a bullet through his head. He then picked up his silk tie, brushed it with his elbow, and said, with an idiotic lip: 'Every dog in the city should be killed; every body that keeps a dog in the city should be hanged.' His philosophy was sound as his nerve. I went home and wrote with a piece of chalk across the headboard of my bed: 'A man may dress like a cat and look like a fool, and still have and sense to give away.' —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

A Sprinkle of Spice.

The hunter's horn isn't automatic, but it goes when you wind it. —Elmira Gazette.

It doesn't take much of a hunter to bag his trousers. —Glens Falls Republican.

Positive, good; comparative, better; superlative, better not. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Ball-playing is a sort of grab game so far as the catcher is concerned. —Pleasanton.

It is strange paradox that fast colors are colors that will not run. —Boston Transcript.

The liquor question staggers the temperate man more than any one else. —Lowell Courier.

In his moments of abstraction even the pickpocket thinks time is money. —Philadelphia Times.

The book agent is another thing that never goes without saying. —Binghamton Republican.

A DRINKING-SONG to be popular should be written with a rest at the bar. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

You cannot expect a man to keep an unmoved face when he lets his countenance fall. —Sittings.

We can't blame actors for being superstitious when we contemplate the supers. —Elmira Gazette.

If the keeper of the jail is a jailer why isn't the keeper of the prison a prisoner? —Sheffield Telegraph.

Not one man in a dozen will tell the truth if you ask him why he wears a plug hat. —Ram's Horn.

FLYTIME may be over, but in the boarding-house fruit-cake the fly is still current. —Yonkers Gazette.

A new novel is called "There Is No Death." It is the story of the ballet girl. —Philadelphia Record.

True enough, rightly looked into, clothes don't make a man, but how about habits? —Philadelphia Times.

"The man who just passed is an educated Indian." "Then I suppose he lives on a mental reservation." —Puck.

COLD contracts. That's why your pocketbook is so small when you have coaled up for the winter. —Dansville Breeze.

If oil can still the fury of the waves, why does not every ship take plenty of it in her cruise? —Texas Sittings.

AN Irish friend insists that the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you. —Boston Transcript.

PERDIDA—How do you know that he is a gentleman? Penelope—Why, any girl could tell that by the crease in his trousers. —Truth.

THERE'S this to be said of fall fashions, that a man never goes down with the same grace that a woman does. —Philadelphia Times.

BONDS—Are you quick at footing figures, Coupons? Coupons—Yes, if they're dudes' figures. I have an only daughter. —New York Herald.

PARKER—I know a girl who married a Chinaman. Mrs. Parker—Mercy! How could she? Parker—She was Chinese herself. —Puck.

"I am getting tired of this injustice," said the trigger to the barrel. "You are the one who gets loaded, and then I get pulled on account of it." —Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you ever suffer from stage fright?" asked Adlet of the famous tragedian. "Oh, yes," he replied. "One of the ugliest girls in the ballet is in love with me." —Judge.

WAITER—It's customary here for the guests to remember the waiter, sir. I rate patron (who has been poorly served)—Well, I should think it would be. —Chicago News.

THE fact that a public official is the servant of the people does not seem to excite any wild desire to remain one of "the people" and be waited on. —Washington Star.

"I HAVE such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mr. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?" —Tid-Bits.

IT is rather hard on the men, but no unmarried woman ever gets up in prayer-meeting and talks about her trials and burdens being harder than she can bear. —Atchison Globe.

"I TELL you," exclaimed Mr. Blossom, of St. Louis, debating with a Chicago man, "I tell you that St. Louis is the banner town." "Yes," admitted Mr. Livewatts, of Chicago, "I understand it is a flag station." —Puck.

GENTLEMAN—Good evening, my little dear. Is your papa at home? Little Dear—I don't know. I'll see. Mamma is at home, and when she's around I never can tell whether papa is here or not, he's so quiet. —Exchange.

VISITOR—"Is that your little son in the next room whistling?" "I want to be a Soldier of the Cross?" "Fond Mother (making for the door)—Yes; he's trying to drown out the sound of the key turning in the pantry lock." —New York Herald.

Corot and Daubigny.

We readily associate the names of Corot and Daubigny, and with reason. Notwithstanding the twenty years' seniority of the former artist, they were very intimate friends, sharing many similar aspirations in art, while each still preserved his distinct individuality. Corot was more subjective, tingling his works with his own peculiar poetic fancy. Daubigny, on the other hand, gave himself up more to the impression of the moment, endeavoring to express the local qualities of form and