

CAREER OF JOHNSON.

FROM TAILOR'S BENCH TO PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

Not a Man Who Was Personally Popular—Gained Public Favor by His Championship of the Homestead Law—Taught to Write by His Wife.

Rose from Obscurity. Whatever pertains to the life and character of men who have come up from the humble walks to places of honor and distinction among their fellows possesses a charm bordering on the romantic. In a country like ours, where every man is a sovereign, where the position he may attain is not circumscribed by the accident of birth, and where the royal road to fame is open to all, the contestants for honor, wealth and fame are seldom equally equipped in the beginning of life for the



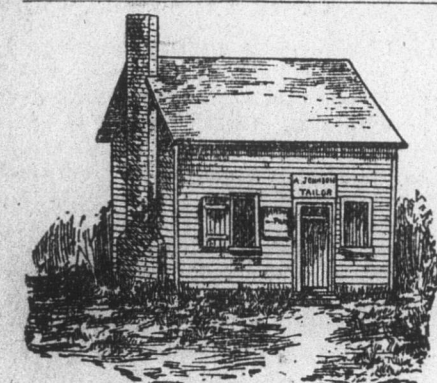
ANDREW JOHNSON.

great struggle. When it transpires that one who has nothing to depend upon for success but native brawn and brain, steps upon the arena and like a "plumed knight," challenges the descendants of a long line of distinguished ancestry who have been carefully trained and educated, and whose paternalistic estates eliminate from their problem of life the serious question of bread-winning; and when the challenger reaches the goal of ambition in advance of those who seemed to have the advantage of fortuitous birth and surroundings, he at once becomes a hero. An-



HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT JOHNSON DIED.

drew Johnson's career from the tailor's bench to the Presidential chair is a notable case in point. His history affords an interesting study to those who would imitate him in his assiduous attention to his duties in the humbler sphere of life, and in the sublime struggle in which he surmounted the obstacles that poverty had placed in his path, and reached at last a position which we all regard as the zenith of human greatness—the office of President of the United States. Andrew Johnson was born in Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29, 1808. His parents were very poor, and when he was but four years of age his father died of injuries received in saying another from drowning. At the age of ten Andrew was



JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP.

apprenticed to a tailor. A natural craving to learn was fostered by hearing a gentleman read from the "American Speaker." The boy was taught the alphabet by fellow workmen, borrowed a book and learned to read. At Greenville, Tenn., while working as a journeyman he married Eliza McCordle, a woman of refinement, who taught him to write, and read to him while he was at work during the day. It was not until he had been in Congress that he could write with ease.

The writer has often seen "The Great Commoner," and heard him from the rostrum in joint debate with distinguished Whig orators before the war. In 1861, soon after his great speech was made in the United States Senate, I heard him arraign the leaders of the rebellion before an audience of several thousand East Tennesseans. While not a polished orator he was logical and earnest, and impressed me as a man of great intellectual strength and personal courage. He was a man of fine physical proportions, and always appeared grave and dignified. He did not affect the activity of manner, or attempt the role of "half fellow, well met," so common among popular politicians. His method of reaching the popular mind was deeper than this. In seeking a solution of the question of his marvelous popularity and success, one cannot attribute it to that mysterious personal magnetism which characterized many public men, notably Clay and Blaine. Johnson was not personally popular. He did not possess the faculty of arousing great enthusiasm in his followers. He was a student of human nature as well as of the current political history of his country, and sought to put himself before the people as the representative of popular principles rather than as a personality popular leader. His intuition pointed out the former as the

most enduring kind of popularity. He saw in the homestead law that was being agitated a hobby that would carry him into public favor, and he made the most of it. It was a most fascinating word-picture that he drew before his assembled countrymen when he told them he was in favor of the distribution of the public domain into homes that should be free to every American citizen. Then he told them of a time when the humblest and poorest would have a home in the rich and fertile prairies of the West, where he could live surrounded by every comfort and convenience of his life, his pockets filled with glittering gold shining through the silken meshes of his well-filled purse. Thus the name of Andrew Johnson became associated with the brightest dreams of the humble poor.

When the wave of public opinion had placed him in the Senate of the United States, and when his Southern colleagues were breathing defiance to the Government in its capital, he stood firm and loyal, and this gave him the nomination for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln. It will be remembered that extracts from his speeches furnished a large part of the political literature of the campaign of 1864. But history will carefully preserve the story of his struggle with poverty; how his wife taught him the rudiments of education after his marriage; how he lived in an humble way, earning his daily bread by working at the tailor's bench; how he became alderman of his adopted village, Greenville, Tenn.; and later on was elected State Senator, Governor and United States Senator; then appointed military governor of Tennessee by President Lincoln; and afterward elected Vice President, succeeding to the Presidency on the death of Lincoln, April 15, 1864. After his term of office had expired as President Mr. Johnson again entered the political field, and was defeated for Congressman-at-large by Horace Maynard in 1872. In 1875 he was elected United States Senator, and died suddenly while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Stover, in Custer County, Tennessee, July 31, 1875.

Mr. Johnson's family consisted of three sons and two daughters, all of whom are now dead except Mrs. Judge Patterson, who now owns and occupies the old Johnson house at Greenville, Tenn. The house is a very plain brick residence. The old tailor shop is there also, with the table, chairs and order book in which the future President took orders for garments and recorded the "measure" of his customers. The



old sign board bearing these words, "A. Johnson, Tailor," has recently been taken from over the door and placed inside the shop for better security. His grave, marked by a plain marble shaft, is on an eminence a short distance west of Greenville, and can be seen from the car windows as you pass on the Southern Railroad.—S. W. Scott.

A ROCKING ROCK.

It Weighs About Fifteen Tons and Moves Upon Slight Pressure. When the glacial period was at its height, man knows not how long ago, and a glacier thousands of feet thick was over the St. Lawrence valley, enormous streams of ice flowed off from this fountain head in the Laurentian hills, pushing out as far south as Long Island, and once covered all New England with its mantle. It bore along, enveloped in its ice folds, rocks, sands and all sorts of eroded material, and when another change of climate came, and the glacier dissolved, it dropped its burden, and some of it in strange and picturesque positions.

One of the most remarkable monuments of the glacier is in the town of Farmington, N. H. It is a wonderful, poised rock. To the few residents of the town who have visited its somewhat remote situation it is known as the "Tilting Rock." It is somewhat oval in shape, weighing perhaps fifteen tons. The most singular thing about it is that it rests upon granite, a great angular block of granite, as large as a small house. The upper rock is so perfectly balanced upon the other that one may rock it to and fro as easily as a mother's doll a cradle. So great does its momentum become by the simple pressure of the hand and weight of the body, that it seems as if it must lose its balance and go crashing into the



THE TILTING ROCK.

surrounding woods. So finely adjusted is its poise that a person may stand on its summit, and by repeated swaying of the body set the boulder to rocking in a manner that seems really dangerous.

"You seem sad, my red-skinned brother," said the missionary. "Red-skinned brother's heart heap bad," said the noble son of the prairie. "White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell, he know Injun can't war-whoop for sour apples. Waugh!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I have always given our first mother, Eve, credit for one thing," said Mr. Cawwater. "She didn't hypenate her name when she married Adam."—Chicago Tribune.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

Elect of Speaker of the Fifty-fourth Congress and Candidate for the Republican Presidential Nomination.



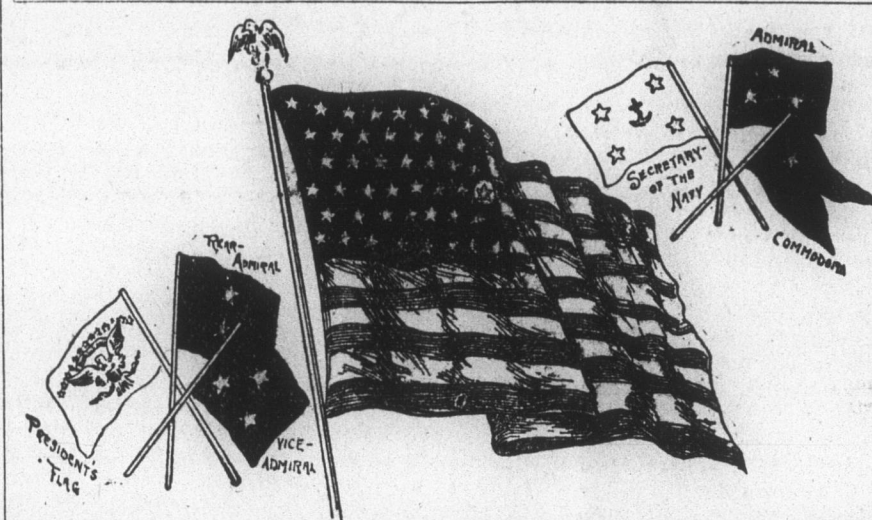
UTAH'S STAR'LL BE THERE.

The Maiden State Will Find a Symbol on Old Glory Next Fourth of July.

Another star added to the flag of the nation! With alacrity the maiden State steps into line and answers to the call of number 45. The change in the national flag made necessary by the addition of Utah will not be accomplished until July 4 next year. After that date every Government flag will have forty-five stars on its blue field. Already it has been determined just where in the field the new star is to be placed. There are six parallel rows of stars in the regulation flag, and Utah will take her position at the right-hand end of the fourth row.

As has been said, Utah will occupy the space at the right-hand end of the fourth line from the top. Room is not needed for many more, inasmuch as the only territories remaining available for future States are New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arizona. In this account, however, no thought is taken of the great reservation known as Indian territory, from which the slice named Oklahoma was cut out, nor of Uncle Sam's vast Arctic province of Alaska. Without a doubt there will be a further change in the arrangement of stars some day.

A new star is always added to the flag on the 4th day of July following the date of the State's admission. The act of Congress admitting Utah provides that the President shall issue a proclamation on the subject. It is by no means necessary, however, that the chief executive shall proclaim the birth of a new State in order that the latter may be recognized as such in law. Congress has the power to admit a State



OLD GLORY AS IT WILL LOOK AFTER NEXT FOURTH OF JULY. (Showing the exact position the star of Utah will occupy.)

without reference to the President at all. Wyoming and Idaho were admitted without proclamation from the White House. On the other hand, President Harrison issued proclamations with regard to the admission of the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington in November, 1889.

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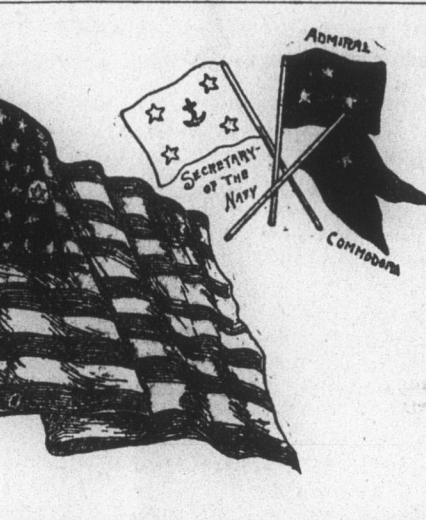
Anybody is at liberty to make United States flags. Thus it comes about that all sorts of patterns of the national ensign are on the market and in use. But if any one desires to have the colors as they ought to be reference must be made to the standard adopted by the army and navy. This standard, altered from time to time by the addition of fresh stars, is preserved and will continue to be kept by the Secretaries of War and the Navy. In the War Department at Washington, close by Secretary Lamont's office, is displayed in a glass case the regulation flag of this country. To exhibit it better it is illuminated by a brilliant electric light. This is the original; all others must be imitations or else they are not correct.

In the military and naval service of the United States many patterns of minor flags are employed. For example, in the army there are very pretty "standards," so-called, and "guidons" for artillery and cavalry. The navy has ever so many sorts of flags, some of them being especially designated for the use of blue jackets on shore, when they are serving as troops for the time being. Just at present a complete change is being made in the flags of the army. New designs for them are being executed and some of these have not been finished yet. The patterns are being prepared by draughtsmen in the War Department, under the supervision of Secretary Lamont. One novelty is that in future each cavalry regiment will have one national flag. Hitherto that arm of the service, strangely enough, has not possessed an edition of the Stars and Stripes.

The War Department has already authorized bids to furnish an entire outfit of flags on the new patterns for the army. They will cost quite a big sum of money. For instance, a regimental flag of silk cannot be bought for less than \$160. This is much more expensive than the regulation Stars and Stripes, for the national ensign in silk comes at about \$50 for the large size required. The flags used in the army are of silk and of bunting; the former are employed in parades and in battle—there is nothing too good for real fighting—while the bunting flags are for drills.

A Blooded-Red Lake. Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476. But the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter. This year it was redder than ever, and had a sinister appearance when the setting sun illuminated its waves.

This phenomenon, of course, has its legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called salmons, which weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection



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KEPT ALIVE BY OXYGEN.

Millionaire Reichling Paid \$2,100 for His Last Week on Earth.

Three hundred dollars a day for breath was what Francis Reichling, the millionaire mine owner, paid for the last seven days he lived.

It was by the administration of oxygen that Mr. Reichling was given a brief lease of life, and while this treatment is not absolutely new in theory, no effort to test it in practice to such an extent has heretofore been made.

Through the kindness of Mr. Reichling's beautiful home at Piedmont runs a little mountain stream. While at work in its vicinity the millionaire contracted malaria. Congestion of the brain and pneumonia followed, and in their wake came valvular disease of the heart. Half of the sick man's lungs became closed, and it was apparent that death must soon follow from the lack of breath.

The dying man begged his physician to at least keep him alive until his son, traveling in Mexico, could reach him. There was but one hope—that of giving the patient a supply of artificial air by means of oxygen. This plan was at once adopted. The doctor procured a tank containing 100 gallons of oxygen. Attached to this was a rubber tube with a mouthpiece. There were two stopcocks—one at the mouth of the tube, the other at the point where the tube joined the tank.

Whenever it became evident that Mr. Reichling was suffering from a want of breath he was required to inhale gas from the tank. The oxygen produced the same effect upon the blood and body as that resulting from ordinary breathing, and immediate relief followed the inhalation. The entire contents of the tank was consumed by the patient the first night—Saturday. On Sunday he absorbed 500 gallons, and the effect was visible on Monday in the manifest improvement of his condition. On that day the patient inhaled 800 gallons of oxygen.

It was evident that the treatment was greatly reducing the pneumonia and relieving the heart trouble. On Tuesday the amount of oxygen absorbed was reduced to 600 gallons. On Wednesday 400 gallons were inhaled, and on Thursday only 300 gallons were administered. The following day the allowance was 200 gallons. On Friday night, however, there came a great change for the worse. Paralysis, followed by apoplexy, was added to the other ills from which the patient suffered. Three hundred gallons of oxygen was inhaled on Saturday. But proved of no avail. The pneumonia and valvular heart trouble had been conquered by the administration of the oxygen, but Mr. Reichling's enfeebled system was unable to withstand the complications, and death brought freedom from pain on Saturday night.

The wish of the patient's heart had been gratified, however, as the son for whose presence he longed arrived the Tuesday before his death. Mr. Reichling was conscious and recognized the young man, although unable to speak to him.

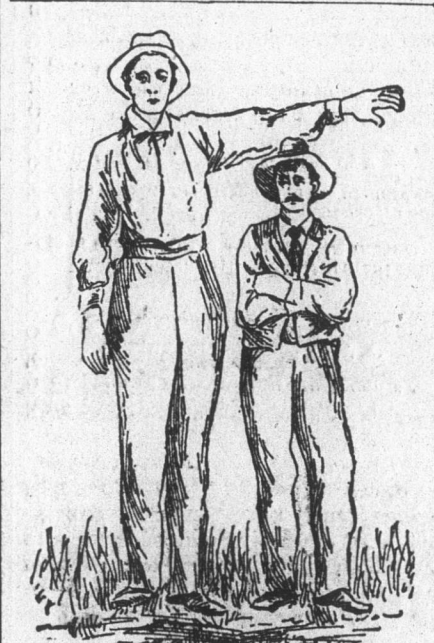
While tank oxygen is frequently used to restore vitality, medical records show that it is expensive to keep death at a distance by a fee of \$500 a day.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE HEALDSBURG GIANT.

Young Church Is Over Seven Feet in Height and Still Growing.

California lays claim to a number of unusually tall people within her borders. The subject of this picture is only 17 years of age, but is over seven feet in height, and still growing. At the rate he is now shooting up into the air it looks as if the ancient giant will look like a mere boy in comparison.

His name is John Wilky Church and his exact height is just seven feet and a quarter of an inch. Though John has already gained fame as a giant in Half Moon Bay, his native town, and more recently in Healdsburg, his present residence, none of the other members of his family have ever attracted any attention to their stature, for the reason that none of them are bigger than ordinary individuals. His brother is not above the average height, so John cannot comprehend why he is so tall. In fact, he is half ashamed of the honor, and has allowed himself to become round shouldered in an effort to appear as small as the rest of the family. It is not until his dignity asserts itself and he straightens out that he realized how diminutive they are beside him. The man standing under his arm was proud of his six feet of stature until he met John. He is not very stout, but then that may be accounted for by the fact



JOHN WILKY CHURCH.

that he works hard every day, peddling fruit around the interior towns. His wonderful height never fails to attract attention and John has never had to complain of his sales.

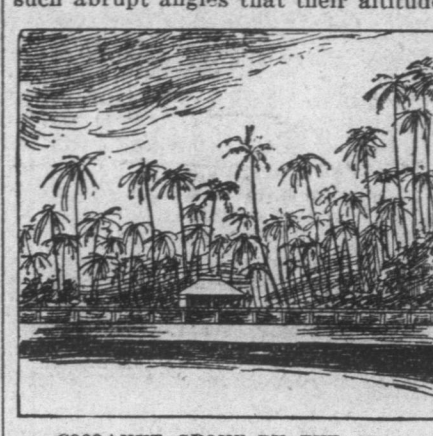
Without a Rod. There is no rod-carrying in Japan. The natives have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to an onlooker. Three men were repairing the roof of a one-story building the other day by resetting the heavy black tiles in mortar. The mortar was mixed in a pile in the street. One man made this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tossed up to a man who stood on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly caught the ball, and tossed it up to the man who stood on the roof. This was playing ball to good purpose.

THE COCOANUT PALM.

Its Manner of Growth and Its Relentless Energy.

Those who have never seen a long, straggling grove of coconut trees, by the seashore, with their feet buried in the gleaming sands and their heads held aloft in the azure of a tropical sky, can form but little idea of the picturesque quality of these interesting palms.

Though facetiously described by Mark Twain as "zigzagging feather-dusters, struck by lightning," they are, nevertheless, princes of the vegetable world and sometimes attain the height of 120 feet, with stems two feet in diameter. Many of the tallest specimens, however, are blown by the wind to such abrupt angles that their altitude

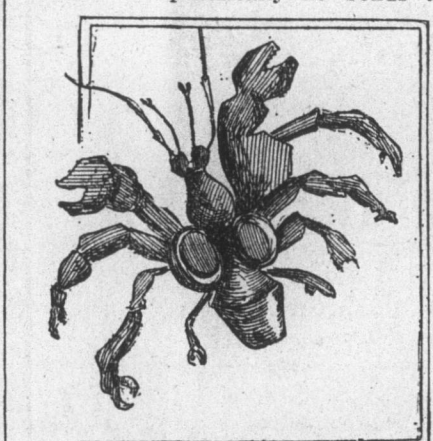


COCOANUT GROVE BY THE SEA.

is materially diminished. The trunks being formed by the annual falling of the leaves, it is possible to tell the age of the tree by counting the circular scars on the bark. Though also flourishing in the interior localities on coral islands, they are especially vigorous when within reach of the salt spray of the ocean; and the nuts, falling upon the restless waves, are carried to distant shores to vegetate.

The arch enemy of these palms on the shores of the Pacific and Indian oceans is what is known as the "robber crab," a singular crustacean which sometimes reaches the length of nearly four feet, though the average measurement is twenty-three inches from the point of the front claw to the end of the abdomen. The grip of their powerful pinchers is said to be sufficient to break the arm of a strong man; and it has been asserted that these fierce creatures occasionally carry off and devour very young, helpless children, though one finds it difficult to credit the statement.

There are practically no bonds to



THE COCOANUT CRAB.

their depredations, as they are carried on mainly in the nighttime and with greatest regularity, while their number are often so great as to discourage any attempts at extermination. If surprised while sleeping, however, in the daytime, in holes or hollow stumps, they are captured without danger, if the formidable claws are deftly seized in a bunch.

Scaling the long, slim tree trunks till they reach the branches, they sever the largest and choicest nuts from their stems by tearing away the strong fibers until the prize falls to the ground. Then, swiftly descending, the thief drags its unwieldy booty to its neighboring den, and proceeds patiently, bit by bit, to remove the tough outer husk. This accomplished after several days' work, one of the pinchers is inserted in an "eye" of the husk and a rock to nut either pounded against a rock to crack it, or broken up into small pieces with the claws. Now comes the feast, which lasts about a week, when a second coconut is added to the menu.

The Organ Grinder Fled.

A well-known professor at one of our universities was often annoyed by two Italians playing a street organ before his house. Giving his servant some money, he told her that whenever she heard an organ, she was to go out and pay the owners to take it away. This was a failure. The men, instead of coming once a week, came twice.

One day the sound of the organ disturbed the professor while working at a certain lecture. This so annoyed him that he rushed out and ordered the men away, telling them that if they came again he would hand them over to the police. They refused to go unless he gave them more money. Enraged at their impudence, he raced down the street in search of a policeman.

Just as he turned the corner of the street he met a sergeant marching nine constables to their beats. Without speaking, he turned and walked alongside the procession. When they turned the corner, the Italians saw the professor with the policemen. It was enough. They were both seized with the sudden desire to see how quickly they could get the organ out of the street. The cure was lasting, for the professor declares that no one has since been bold enough to play an organ before his house.—Tit-Bits.

A Missionary Ship.

About a year ago a party of Seventh Day Adventists chartered the brigantine Pitcairn and started out with her from San Francisco on a missionary expedition in the South seas. Word of the vessel has just been received from Nukunofa, Aonga. The party had visited Tahiti, Rarotonga, Kuruti, Pitcairn and many other islands, stopping long enough at each one to distribute tracts and pamphlets and Bibles and to do missionary work in various ways. The vessel took to Pitcairn a number of the islanders who had been visiting San Francisco.

Ending the Line.

A man who sits around and boasts of his ancestors makes a pretty poor ancestor himself.—Atchison Globe.

Every man who puts himself in the way of punishment, forgets how bad it hurt the last time.



She put her little hand in mine.

Some might have thought her bold—And there was no romance for She's hardly two years old.—Louisville Journal.

Hoax—"Does your dentist take pains with his work?" Joak—"No," he gives them."—Philadelphia Record.

Alice (the friend)—"I don't see how anyone can help loving Blanche." Gertrude (the rival)—"She can't help it herself."—Life.

Fudy—"There goes Grabwell. He's what I call a self-made man." Duddy—"Yes; people who know him intimately say he is all self."—Boston Transcript.

He—"What leads you to call Mrs. Smilax eccentric?" She—"She was telling a story the other night and began to: 'When I was a girl.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Attorney for the defense—"Now, what time was it when you were held up?" Complamant—"I don't know; ask your client—he took my watch."—Chicago Tribune.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To my Christmas shopping, pa," she said.

Pa drew a check and wiped his eye, And thought of the coming buy and buy.—New York Herald.

The heilress—"I'm afraid papa will never consent." The impecunious—"Is your father down on me?" The heilress—"No; he says he's up to you."—Boston Courier.

"Her father won over \$2,000 from the baron last month at cards." "And then the baron asked him for her hand?" "Yes. He wanted to get his money back."—Life.

She—"She's just about your age, isn't she?" He—"No, I'm much the older." She—"What makes you think so?" He—"We were born in the same month of the same year."—Chicago Record.

Weary Watkins—"My folks always told me I was cut out for a gentleman." Hungry Higgins—"Mebbe you was, pardner, but if you was sure belong in the mist department."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Snags—I was out after tips this afternoon. Mr. Snags (who has had expensive experiences with tips)—Not tips on stocks, surely? Mrs. Snags—No; ostrich tips.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

As truly would, I woen, a dozen said; But just to make the sentiment complete, A rose by any other name would cost as much.

—Philadelphia Record.

"You walk as if your shoes were too tight, old man." "Oh, no. They're very large." "Oh, that may be." "Well, then, what—" "I wasn't referring to their size. I merely said they were tight."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Dunn—I called to see about a little bill I left here about a month ago. Mr. Short—Oh, it's all right; you needn't be alarmed. I've laid it away where it won't be disturbed. No need for you to call again.—Boston Transcript.

"I believe," said the young man, "in giving the devil his due." "Um—yes," replied his father, who was looking over the stubs of his check-book. "Still, I don't quite see the propriety of your paying him at my expense."—Washington Star.

Jinks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vase, vase, vase, or vawse. Binks—You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."—Truth.

Wayworn Watson—W'y, w'at you runnin' fer? Did she set the dog on ye? Perry Patetic—Naw. But she set me out a whole half chicken, bread, butter'n jelly an' a pack o' cigarettes. I bet she wants to marry me!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cripple—Please help a poor man, sir; I lost my leg on the field. Wigwag—Why, you're too young to have been in the war. Cripple (indignantly)—Who's talking about war? I wish you to understand, sir, that I am an ex-foot-ball player.—Philadelphia Record.

"Come, sirrah," said the Sultan; "make New promiss for me. And plainly mark them 'fragile.' And ship them C. O. D."—Washington Star.

A little Boston girl who had recently learned to repeat the Lord's prayer was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses." "Why, yes," she replied; "it means excuse us for going on the grass."—Boston Gazette.

At a kindergarten in Mount Vernon during the Thanksgiving exercises, the question was asked: "What was the name of the vessel which brought the Pilgrims to this country?" One little boy, 4 years old, promptly raised his hand and replied: "I know! It was the Defender!"—New York Tribune.

"Elggins is a fine fellow," remarked the promiscuous eulogizer. "I believe he would share his last dollar with a friend." "Well," replied the chronic debtor, "maybe he would. I guess I have never been so fortunate as to run across him when he was down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

A Religious Dog.

There is a dog in New London, Conn., which is an unusually intelligent animal, in spiritual things, anyway. Some nights since the mistress of the house attempted to send him from the room, but he who never before failed to obey refused to move. The family then had their usual evening prayers, after which Miss Nero arose and left the room with no urging. After that he was urged to leave before prayers a number of times, and he always refused. After prayers he is ready to go.

"Sermons in stones," must be of a hard-shell variety.