

## MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He seems to be several boys in one,  
So much he constantly everywhere!  
And the mischievous things that boy has done  
No mind can remember nor mouth de-  
clare.

He fills the whole of his share of space  
With his strong, straight form and his merry  
face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,  
He is kind and cruel, good and bad,  
A brute and a hero! Who will save  
The best from the worst of my neighbor's  
lad?

The mean and the noble strive to-day—  
Which of the powers will have its way?  
The world is needing his strength and skill.  
He will make hearts happy or make them ache.  
What power is in him for good or ill!

Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?  
Will he rise and draw others up with him,  
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me  
More than a nuisance? My neighbor's  
boy,  
Though I have some fear for what he may  
be,

Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy,  
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray  
That the best that is in him will rule some  
day.

He passes me by with a smile and a nod—  
He knows I have hope of him—guesses,  
too,  
That I whisper his name when I ask of God  
That men may be righteous, His will to  
do.

And I think that many would have more joy  
If they loved and prayed for a neighbor's  
boy.

—London Christian World.



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## CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Some of my friends!" thought North, in despair, as he cast another speculative glance up and down the street. "Heavens! what a situation—dunned on the public highway in this belligerent manner! How could Noll have been so negligent? But then, it's just like him—an unpardonably careless fellow in money matters," as Wee said. "Some of my friends"—to whom can I apply? Clipper? No, he's an editor; it would be setting aside all the traditions of the craft to assume that he has any idle cash. Warner? I have no means of estimating his financial basis; he might be a millionaire or a church mouse, for anything that his appearance indicates. Wee? It is the wildest nonsense to think of him! Col. Dayton is forever growling about the hard times; I heard him saying only this morning that it was as much as he could do to keep his head above water. To be sure, it would be simply a loan, to be repaid as soon as I can receive a telegraphic check from my banker in New York; but I shall feel a little delicate about asking even that. Wymer? He is probably putting too much into the campaign fund to have any money to spend for other purposes; and besides, he wouldn't do me this friendly service. Well, my list of acquaintances is canvassed, and to no purpose. In the name of all the unmerciful fates at once, what am I to do?"

His despairing question was answered most unexpectedly. It had scarcely been formed in his mind when Warner appeared upon the scene, sharp, business-like and observant as usual. He greeted North in a cordial way; then as he perceived Mr. Archer's aggressive air and North's perplexity and annoyance, and recalled Mr. Wescott's reference to his own encounter with the old gentleman, Warner comprehended the situation at once.

"I say, North," he exclaimed, in his impetuous way as he drew North aside confidentially, "is old Archer pushing for that money?"

North assented with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"He'll not give me time to turn around," he continued in an undertone. "The note is overdue, I admit; but he insists upon immediate payment, and I haven't got the money in hand and can't get it without considerable delay."

"He won't wait?" interrogated Warner reflectively.

"Not ten minutes. He threatens to bring suit against me if I do not satisfy his claim at once."

"I say, now, that's rough! You'll have to lose it, won't you? Of course you'd have heard from Amity before this, if he were ever going to answer your letter. He has acted confoundedly mean after the handsome way you treated him when everyone else was kicking him out of the way. What's the amount, North?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"That all?"

"It's all, but it happens to be enough to embarrass me for the reason already specified."

Warner looked rather blankly at North for an instant; then as if dismissing all idle speculation from his mind he said:

"Now, see here; my bank is just around the corner, and all I've got to do to make this thing straight with old Archer is to scratch my name to a check. What d'ye say, North—shall I do it?"

It is needless to say that North accepted this delicately offered assistance with a hearty:

"Thank you, Warner! I'll make it all right with you before night."

"Hold on a minute—be back soon," were Warner's parting words as, with both arms swinging energetically and his nose high in the air, he started around the corner at an alarming pace.

"Warner is my good angel; judge, oh ye gods, how dearly I do love him!" thought North, in grateful paraphrase; then turning to his relentless creditor he added aloud:

"This matter will be adjusted in a very few moments, Mr. Archer."

"Wall, wall, now, ahem—I ain't takin' on about it, Mr. North, since I see you're willing to ack fair an' square," said Mr. Archer in modified tones and with an obvious wish to make peace. "I hope you won't take no offense at what I've said, sir. Business is business, you know, and has got to be tended to."

"And civility is civility," retorted North in a mental aside, "but you have behaved toward me like a backwoodsman and a boor!"

Nevertheless he smiled with superficial amiability and glanced nervously up the street and wished devoutly that Warner would really hurry.

"It's a fine, ba'my day, on the whole," continued old Mr. Archer, as he gazed upon the clear skies and the radiant sunlight with the condescendingly approving air of a competent critic giving his opinion of a fine effort that nature had intended expressly for his benefit.

"Business is business," thought North, magnificently, "and it forms the only conceivable connecting link between yourself and me. You will please confine your observations to that one subject: it is the only common ground upon which we can possibly meet!"

Nevertheless he bent his stately head to the inexorable yoke of "polity," and uttered the most suave acquiescence.

"Polity seems to be pretty much the order of the day, just now," pursued Mr. Archer, probably with the benevolent intention of drawing out Mr. North's conversational powers, which at that moment appeared to be somewhat limited; as with the point of his stout ivory-headed cane he industriously knocked the loose stones and pebbles off the pavement with as earnest application to the task as if it had been his regular occupation in life. "I hear that your prospects are mighty good, Mr. North."

"Ah! Here's my opportunity to distinguish myself," thought North, with a sudden inspiration of reckless nonsense. "I'll make this simple old voter think that I'm a model of disinterested patriotism!"

Therefore, assuming an air and attitude of stilted dignity, North answered with a slight wave of his hand as if he thus rejected all political ambitions and honors:

"Oh, I have scarcely considered my prospects, Mr. Archer. The truth is, I do not desire office unless I should become convinced that it was my duty thus to serve the public interests; and as to the present canvass, I may say that I have been the least active of all the candidates now in the field. If I am elected, I shall accept my election as the unmistakable call of duty, speaking through the 'still small voice of the ballot'; but in the meantime I shall give myself no concern, and to the probable issue very little thought. I am perfectly content to be the humble instrument to execute the will of the people. Duty, sir, duty is the grand pivotal point on which all my desires and ambitions turn!"

Mr. Archer stared and nodded with an air of being very much impressed; and before North had time to recover from the severe mental exhaustion consequent upon this effort, a hand was placed lightly on his shoulder.

Turning around quickly he saw Warner convulsed with laughter.

"I say, North, don't put it quite so steep! Too much allowance for stage perspective for an audience of one!" were his low-spoken words as, thrusting a roll of crisp banknotes into North's hand, he hurried off before another syllable could be spoken.

North looked after him with an amused air; then turning to Mr. Archer he said courteously:

"If you will accompany me to my office now, Mr. Archer, we will conclude this business at once."

Mr. Wescott, elaborately disposed in an easy chair after his own peculiar notions of making himself comfortable, was reading a newspaper in the quiet inner office when North and Mr. Archer entered.

"Good morning, Wee. Take a chair, Mr. Archer, over here by my desk," said North, airily, tossing his gloves down on the desk and nodding graciously to the junior partner. "I will count these bills, Mr. Archer, and you may run over them after me, if you will, just to see that there is no mistake."

And as he sat down at the desk, apparently absorbed in the business in hand, North said to himself with a keen sense of enjoyment, as he accidentally encountered a pair of eyes raised with an expression of contemptuous surprise from the paper that Mr. Wescott was not reading:

"Poor Wee! I'm afraid this may give him concussion of the brain! I wonder if he will not fall on my neck and weep when old Archer is gone? He will at least think better of that rash determination to dissolve partnership!"

"Wall, Mr. North," said Jonathan Archer, as, having finally disposed of his business, he stood for a few moments beside North's desk juggling his

feeling himself, he took refuge in a grim silence and kept his whole attention, outwardly at least, upon his newspaper.

North lifted his eye brows with an air of surprise, as if he were utterly unable to understand such absolute stoicism. Leaning back in his chair he "gorgonized" the unhappy Wee for several moments with a "stony British stare," apparently lost in contemplation of that gentleman's hardened and depraved nature.

Mr. Wescott, while betraying by his expression of heroic suffering that he was conscious of this provoking scrutiny, succeeded for a short time in keeping his eyes fixed upon the newspaper, which he rustled nervously now and then in his painful effort to appear unconscious; but there is a limit to human endurance, and he finally reached that point.

Rising, without any visible change in his grave countenance, Mr. Wescott drew out his watch and calmly noted the time; then, with the air of a man who goes to meet a very pressing engagement, he took up his hat and withdrew from the office as if utterly unconscious of North's presence there.

"Well, that's poetic justice!" soliloquized North, calmly surveying the field that he had won. "Wee drove me from the office when I was here before, and now I have compelled him to beat a masterly retreat. Mr. Wescott and I may therefore consider ourselves quits. But I cannot remain here to enjoy my triumph. Before the crowd of clients who are probably surging toward the office door can come upon me in the name of the firm and overwhelm me with their affairs, I will follow the example of the junior partner and 'cut' the office. I may now be able to carry out my original intention of calling on Mrs. Maynard, unless some untoward fate again interfere."

With this faint hope he left the office and started once more toward Delaplaine street, arriving at No. 33 without incident or delay.

Mrs. Maynard came down to the drawing-room to receive him, looking so ill that he could not repress the exclamation of solicitude that rose to his lips. Her extreme pallor, heightened no doubt by the plain black dress that she wore, really startled him; and the heavy shadow of weariness, the pathetic lines of care that within a few short hours had appeared upon that proud, beautiful face, told of anxious thoughts and genuine heart sorrow.

Her manner, however, was light, as if her pride would not permit her to acknowledge the mental suffering that had so mercilessly left its traces upon her; and she smiled incredulously at North's anxious inquiries.

"The merest trifle," she protested with

ingly bowed the old gentleman out of the office; saying to himself with a touch of good-humored satire:

"And thus are swayed the suffrages of an intelligent and independent constituency!"

## CHAPTER XII.

Par.—Good, very good; it is so, then.  
Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

—All's Well That Ends Well.

"And now, my dear fellow, if you can think of any other indebtedness, great or small—but especially small—that I may have incurred, which is exercising a peculiarly damaging effect upon my own credit and also through my business connection with you, upon yourself, I ask you in all sincerity, I entreat you in all seriousness, I adjure you in the sacred name of friendship, to bring the same to my remembrance at once, or else forever after hold your peace!"

As he spoke thus with a provoking little twinkle in his eyes, North threw himself into an easy chair close beside Wee and leaned over confidentially toward that gentleman.

Mr. Wescott, who still had his newspaper spread out before him, rustled it slightly as he gave his shoulders a petulant shrug, and without glancing up he growled:

"What should I know about your private affairs? I've never meddled with them, so far as I am aware. Have I, sir?" he added, as he looked defiantly at North now for an instant.

"No, not a thousand times no!" cried North with ready volubility; when Wee dryly cut him short with:

"Very well, then; that settles it."

"Ah, but my dear Wee, that does not settle it!" exclaimed North fervently. "Why do you fling cold water in this heartless way over my first real attempt at reformation? A sense of what I owe you in the way of reparation urges me on to this decisive step. I wish first of all, of course, to redeem my own credit—now, right along, you know, while I have some to redeem; your judicious advice on that point touched a chord that has been vibrating ever since. But next to this I wish to restore to you all that you may have lost in public confidence by having been so long associated with me as my partner. This is simple justice to you, and a duty that I owe to myself. Come, now! Can't you help me a little, Wee, in such a commendable undertaking? Stop reading that Daily Times upside down and give me the benefit of your wise counsel."

But Mr. Wescott was deaf to all appeals. Exasperated by an attack from which he had no ready response to de-

fer himself, he took refuge in a grim silence and kept his whole attention, outwardly at least, upon his newspaper.

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"The merest trifle," she protested with

a slight wave of one delicate hand as if she thus cast the trifle from her. "I read too late last evening, and a headache always rewards such excessive intellectual application."

And she sank languidly into an easy chair, after inviting North to be seated.

"I fear that you are not equal to a discussion of the serious questions that are before the house this morning," began North, his flippancy modified by the air of anxiety with which he was regarding her.

This introduction of a painful subject which she nevertheless knew perfectly well was unavoidable, visibly distressed her; but she conquered her feelings bravely and answered without a tremor in her voice:

"Serious problems sometimes appear less formidable after a candid and practical discussion, Mr. North. While I have no ground for expecting it to be



MRS. MAYNARD CAME DOWN.

so in this case, I am at least confident that nothing can be worse than a continued silent brooding on the subject."

Notwithstanding the despondent resignation in the words, there was a suggestion of hope—a faint intangible hope that was very like despair—in her voice and in the swift glance that she raised to his face.

She must have found very little encouragement there, for she instantly relapsed into a frozen calm which in contrast with her usual sparkling vivacity seemed like a strange, apathetic indifference; and clasping her hands listlessly in her lap she awaited his response.

With a business-like air North drew from his pocket a note-book and pencil, which he placed on the small onyx table beside which he had seated himself. Then he turned to Mrs. Maynard, whose chair was but a short distance from his own and so placed that she was not directly facing him, though a very slight turn of the languid, graceful head would bring him in full range of her glance. Just now it was resting upon some point above and beyond North's head, with an intendment that suggested an undercurrent of thought even more absorbing than the surface current that his words now brought before her.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AIR IN LIQUID FORM.

Interesting Experiments Performed Recently by Prof. Dewar, of London.

Prof. Dewar gave a very interesting lecture at the Royal Institution a few days ago on liquefied oxygen and liquefied air, says the London Spectator. He produced both liquefied oxygen and liquefied air, the oxygen in flints. Even the liquefied air was handed around in claret glasses.

Liquid oxygen boils in air at minus 182 degrees centigrade—that is 182 degrees of the centigrade scale below zero. The liquid oxygen placed between the poles of Faraday's great magnet behaved like a metal, leaping up to the poles and clinging to them till it disappeared as gas. But liquid oxygen, though so strongly magnetic, is a very bad conductor of electricity. It is a non-conducting magnet.

He showed, too, that so far as chemists can judge, there is probably no oxygen in the sun—the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere accounting for all the oxygen lines in the solar spectrum. The boiling point of liquid air is minus 192 degrees centigrade or ten degrees lower than that of oxygen. It is not true, as had been supposed, that the oxygen in the air liquefies before the other elements in air; on the contrary, the air liquefies as air and is not resolved into its elements before liquefying.

If this globe were cooled down to 200 degrees below the centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquefied gas thirty-five feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.

## Headgear in the Last Century.

Stewart, the great hair-dresser, says: "At no period in the history of the world was anything more absurd in head-dress worn than at the close of the eighteenth century. The body of these monuments of ugliness was formed of tow, over which the hair was turned and false hair added in great curls, bows and ties and powdered in profusion, then hung all over with vulgarly large rows of pearls or glass beads, fit only to decorate a chandelier. Flowers as obtrusive were stuck about this heap of finery, which was surmounted by broad, silken bands and great ostrich feathers, until the head-dress of a lady added three feet to her stature."

Imagine the discomfiture of people who attended the play and wished to view the stage! Three feet of finery hiding from sight the very thing one came to see! In this era of tiny theater bonnets, the picture drawn by the famous Stewart reduces to a minimum the inconsideration on the part of our women of to-day, who but yesterday or quite recently wore the broad, flaring street hat to the theater and expected the people sitting behind to dodge about in order to catch an occasional glimpse of the play and suffer from a crick in their necks for days thereafter.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A CONSCIENTIOUS GIRL.—"Did you accept Mr. Flicker?" "Yes, but I warned him I couldn't possibly think of marrying him."—Chicago News Record.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

### INDIANA'S TAXABLE PROPERTY.

Interesting Figures From Abstract of the State Auditor.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 29.—Auditor of State Henderson has completed the abstract of taxable property in Indiana. The value of lands is \$449,544,057; improvements, \$81,553,811. Value of lots \$141,133,709; improvements, \$130,635,393. The personal property assessed amounts to \$295,914,156. The telegraph property is rated at \$1,686,831, and the railroad at \$160,387,420. The total value of state taxables is \$1,266,855,377. The number of polls assessed for taxes is 385,019. The taxes raised from this valuation are distributed as follows: State tax, \$1,704,806.44; benevolent institutions, \$738,551.53; state schools, \$2,210,387.37; permanent endowment, \$63,104.42. These funds are settled with by the auditor of state. The total taxes levied for the year 1893 amounts to \$18,037,759.51, an increase of \$1,000,000 over 1891. The delinquents for 1891 and previous years amounts to \$3,001,906.69.

A TERRIFIC tornado swept portions of northern and northwestern Indiana the other night. At Wabash the tornado was the severest ever known, many buildings were wrecked, and trees and fences leveled. The Friends' church was blown against a brick schoolhouse, and both buildings were reduced to debris. The Underwood factory and woodworking factory at the Treaty Creek Stone and Lime Co. were unroofed. The Lawton foundry was also made bald and otherwise damaged. At Gas City the new fine brick county asylum was unroofed and several inmates were hurt.

FIVE miles north of Mitchell, near White river, the other morning, Samuel Umstead was killed by lightning. Umstead was a young married man and resided at Columbus.

EDDIE, the 4-year-old son of Mrs. Mary Dugan, was burned to death at Indianapolis. The child's clothing caught fire from a burning heap of rubbish, and the child was dead almost before the fire was extinguished.

ROBERT FREES, a 2-year-old boy at Logansport, was playing with a trunk when the lid fell on his neck breaking it and causing instant death.

TIMOTHY MADDEN, pioneer, died a few days ago at Muncie, aged 75 years.

HON. JOHN C. ORR, one of the most prominent attorneys of southern Indiana, died suddenly at his home in Columbus from heart disease.

AUGUST KERWICK, at Clay City, has a freak in the shape of a seven-legged kitten. The little animal has two bodies, united at the shoulders. There are four legs on one body and three on the other.

THE body of Everett Hammons, aged 10, was found in a cornfield three miles from home, near Martinsville, greatly decomposed. The boy disappeared December 7. Until a month ago the body had been covered by snow.

DURING a heavy storm at Martinsville, Milton Russell was struck by lightning. He was knocked senseless for quite a while. He is in a precarious condition. Russell's watch chain was melted by the current and a hole burned in his watch, but the movement did not stop running.

REPRESENTATIVES of a New York syndicate contracted with the Shelbyville Electric Street Railway Co. to put in a complete line and have the same in operation by August 1. The company reorganized, with Judge Hord president, Ed Major secretary and Scott Ray treasurer.

HAGERSTOWN is determined to have natural gas if possible. Two wells have been drilled there at an expense of \$2,500, and work will soon begin on a third one in an effort to find natural gas. An expert has declared that the gas is there, and the citizens are bound to find out.

THE state officers and other occupants of the state house have nearly made up their minds to appeal to the authorities for protection against State Geologist Sylvester S. Gorby. The state geologist is afflicted with insane attacks, which lately have grown in frequency and violence. The other day he was the victim of the most serious attack which his friends have had knowledge of. He came on in the train from Southport, and went direct to the state house, where his dementia broke out in violence and grotesque manifestations. Under the dome of the capitol he executed a skirt dance, with all the gyrations of a premier kicker in a variety show. The state house attaches gathered to witness the performance, and Gorby suddenly flopped from burlesque to tragedy, chasing the spectators out of the building, and threatening them with death. Gorby then went to his room on the second floor, saturated the carpet with a can of gasoline and went through his pockets for a match, but fortunately was unable to find one. He broke one of the windows and was about to jump out when the state house authorities came in and overpowered him. He was given ten grains of morphine, which quieted his nerves, but failed to put him to sleep.

JOHN O. BLUE, freight conductor on the P. F. W. & C. railway, met instant death in a horrible manner at Warsaw. He in some manner fell between the cars while the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and the twenty-four cars passed over him.

MISS ALVA BEESON suicided with laudanum at Terre Haute, after she had quarreled with her lover.

ELMER LEACHMAN, farmer from Southport, fell from a load of hay at Indianapolis and was dead when assistance reached him. Heart failure.

BIG FOUR ENGINEER WESLEY ALLISON's body was recovered from the river at Terre Haute, a few days ago, where it had lain since October 28 last, when the brave engineer went down with his engine to the bottom of the river.

BARNES, JAY & NEELY's well No. 3, in the Geneva field, near Portland, is completed and is doing 200 barrels daily. A number of other wells in the same vicinity are nearing the oil sand, and in a few days will drill in.

## POINTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

—A foreign paper dubs America "the land of sheriff sales."

—Both parties are controlled by monopoly.—David Davis.

—Watson and Winn won't leave us. Neither will any good man.

—They levy tribute on all our vast industry.—James A. Garfield.

—Money is the great engine of force that moves the car of civilization.

—Labor is superior to capital and deserves the higher consideration.—Abraham Lincoln.

—Robbery by law is the worst kind of robbery. It is the most extensive, too.—Farmers' Tribune.

—Be sure the action of your party is in your interest before you strain yourself shouting for its leaders.

—Monopoly has the republican party in one pocket and the democratic party in the other.—DeWitt Talmage.

—The best service that you can render to God is that which you perform for humanity.—Farmers' Tribune.

—The millionaire is more dangerous to the state than the barons were to the liberties of England.—Farmer's Tribune.

—If gold is a good base for money and bonds, why is not wheat, cotton and corn as good base for the same thing; they surely have value to them?

—The competitive system of dog eat dog, everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost, is a system of savages, and under its blasting influence our civilization will wither and perish. A more humane code is destined to take its place before the twentieth century dawns upon a misgoverned world.—Nonconformist.

—The people's party is a party by itself founded upon principles relative to the prosperity of the masses of the common people. These same principles have been repeatedly ridiculed, derided and thrown aside by the two great parties of the country, who now represent nothing but the wishes of plutocracy.—Concordia Alliant.

—All bankers' credit-money systems are founded on some form of interest-bearing public bonds, and is, therefore, founded upon usury, and the curse of usury is sure to follow. If usury is morally wrong, and the sages of the ages all agree that it is, then it must also be both scientifically and legally wrong.—People's Paper.

—The very "reverend" Joseph Cook & Co. having so signally succeeded in closing the world's fair on Sundays are doubtless looking about for other worlds to conquer. Go for the mortgage and bond fiends, Joseph. Urge congress to pass a law providing that no bond or mortgage note shall draw interest on Sundays.—Chicago Express.

—The "better element" is a phrase used by newspapers to avoid the necessity for characterizing more particularly a lot of sharks, who wear good clothes, and their more or less gullible followers, who take their cue from the sharks. The "better element" is the crown and glory of our dog-eat-dog civilization.—Industrial Union.

—The man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage is universally acknowledged to have acted like a fool. But what would be thought of him who sold his birthright and did not even get a mess of pottage in exchange? That is what a city does when it gives away its streets, worth millions, to be used for their own profit by professional exploiters.—Nonconformist.

—It is worth noting that a large percentage