

THE INDEPENDENT.

PLYMOUTH,

INDIANA.

FOUND AN APT PUPIL.

How the Aged Dog Taught the Pup to Stand Sentinel.

The following dog story is told by an old resident who has never been required to present affidavits, but will do so if desired, although a resident of Piety hill.

He has an old dog, a spaniel, that for nearly twenty years has been the most faithful of guardians. Summer or winter, fair weather or foul, as soon as the key was turned in the lock of the back door he has taken his position at the threshold, and not the slightest sound escaped his investigation during the night. In hot weather the family have never hesitated to leave the door open for ventilation. In all these years the first riser in the morning has never failed to find "old Rover" alert at his post at the threshold. Then, relieved of his charge, he immediately retired to his bunk in the woodshed for slumber.

The faithful old fellow is becoming decrepit, and his master recently carried home a bull terrier pup with a pedigree of great length and the bluest of blood; an unlettered pup from the kennel of its mother; full of playfulness, free from every care, thoughtless and perpetually hungry. That was three months ago, and the pup is now 5 months old. For a time the old brown spaniel had no use for the frisky little white-haired fellow, so entirely unlike himself, that ran under him, jumped over and upon his back, grabbed his long and silky ears and attempted to run away with them, but after a time it was a clear case of grandfather and the youngest baby.

This is the situation now: When the key is turned it is the pup that takes the position at the threshold, while the old dog, confident of the faithfulness of his proxy sentinel, retired to his piece of carpet and snores the night through. Not only does the terrier remain on duty all night, but the moment someone is astir in the house she retired to her bunk for sleep, just as the old dog did for so many years. The owner has tip-toed down to the door at all hours, but has never found her napping.

"You cannot make me believe that this is instinct, unless you concede that instinct is thought and intelligence, and that dogs have the power to communicate them," he declares. "Three months ago this pup knew absolutely nothing, except how to play and eat. Its sole companion has been the old dog, and to-day the pup knows all that the old dog knows, and the old dog knows the pup knows it, and has retired from business fully aware that his duties have been left to a competent and faithful successor. I'm going to take the pup to a friend's house for a night or two and see if the old dog doesn't immediately resume his post by the door."—Detroit Journal.

How It Sounded.

A good many years ago, at a session of the Evangelical Ministerium in Allentown, Pennsylvania, an effort was made to consolidate the German Lutheran papers in New York and Pennsylvania. The journals to be united under this proposition were the New York Herald and the Allentown Zeitschrift.

It was resolved by the New York Synod that the two should be united under one name as the organ of the German Lutheran Church. During the discussion which arose on the subject a learned divine proposed that the name of the new paper should be "The New York Herald in union with the Allentown Zeitschrift." Another prominent clergyman suggested that as the name was to be so long, it should be printed in a curved line, and in the center there should be a vignette of Martin Luther, standing, Bible in hand, with this motto: "Here I stand, God help me. I cannot do otherwise."

The two propositions seemed to meet with general favor, when Rev. William Hoppe, at that time pastor of Zion's Lutheran Church of Lancaster, rose and said that he saw a weak point in this arrangement, which he stated thus:

"Gentlemen, you are about to reach a consummation devoutly to be wished—the establishment of a German Lutheran paper which shall stand before the world as the great exponent and defender of the Lutheran creed. Let us see what the name of the journal would look like when once printed as suggested. It would, I think, read something like this: 'The New York Herald; here I stand, God help me, I cannot do otherwise, in union with the Allentown Zeitschrift.'"

Of course there was great laughter at this, and of course, also, the pompous name and motto were dropped.

Professional Restraint.

How many boys have decided to enter the profession of journalism? How many girls? Those who have begun to "think ahead" so far as that have much other thinking to do also. They will be called upon to decide upon certain problems which might just as well be considered in the beginning, before they are confronted face to face.

First: Shall I try to enter a man's house for the purpose of obtaining personal information when he has expressly told me that he has none to give?

Second: When I have talked with a person five minutes, during which he has merely tried to repulse my inquiries, shall I write a personal interview containing a florid account of what he did not say?

Third: If I am unable to obtain an interview shall I publish a description of his shoes, his hat and necktie, hoping that the public will consider such

items as the valuable result of the personal acquaintance of my paper with all the celebrities of the day?

Fourth: When a person refused to allow his privacy to be invaded by me, shall I work upon his sympathies through the plea that I am unable to obtain copy, and that discharge from my paper means starvation for me and my large and worthy family?

Fifth: Shall I minister, by every word I write, to depraved and vitiated tastes, or shall I bring my idea of personal honor into the office, and endeavor to make it newspaper honor also?—Youth's Companion.

A Fulfilled Prophecy.

At the time of the boom in Southern California a gentleman who was about to start for the golden land of which so much was said, and who had a passion for quoting the Bible whenever it was possible, telegraphed to a friend already resident in the West the following words: "Read the second Epistle of John, twelfth verse."

The friend looked up the verse, and read, "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

The friend was also a student of the Bible, and from his beautiful home in one of the loveliest of California towns he sent back the words:

"Delighted to hear it. Read Deuteronomy, eighth chapter, seventh to tenth verse."

The message translated gives the noblest description of what his grateful inhabitants love to call "God's country."

"For the Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land he hath given thee."

Perilous Navigation.

Clergymen are not slow to tell stories at their own expense. In a recent assembly of ministers one of the number said that, in addressing a certain mission meeting, which was attended chiefly by sailors, he had sought to adapt his remarks to the listeners by using nautical similes, and in so doing he had ventured somewhat beyond his depth.

"I employed," he said, "the figure of a captain navigating his ship through a narrow, winding channel, abounding in rocks and strong currents. I described the details and difficulties of the voyage with what eloquence I could, and repeated some of the imaginary captain's orders, to work my audience up to a fine suspense. Then, with the ship in the most imminent peril before the rocks, I called out:

"And now what shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Bless yer soul, cap'n," a sailor in the audience sang out, "you can't do a thing, for yer going starboard!"

"I resolved," said the preacher, "to learn a little more of navigation before I attempted to sail even an imaginary vessel in the presence of an audience of experts."

Found the Right Man.

"Uncle Allen," asked the caller, "do you know of anything that's good for a cold?" Uncle Allen Sparks opened his desk, took from one of the pigeon-holes a large bundle of newspaper clippings tied with a string and threw it into the other's lap. "Do I know of anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My friend, I know of 627 infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them for forty-nine years. You try these, one after the other, and if they don't do you good come back and I'll give you 116 more. Bless me!" added Uncle Allen, with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go at it right." He dug a bundle of yellow, time-stained clippings out of another pigeon-hole, and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.—Chicago Tribune.

Natural Sculpture.

The most wonderful pieces of natural sculpture in the world may be seen by any visitor to the Cape Verde Islands. As the ship enters the harbor of the above-named place one sees a bold ridge of dark volcanic rocks lying in the distance. The crest of this ridge forms an exact likeness of Washington, the figure lying apparently face upward, as if in sleep.

Syrian Manners.

In Syria people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, which, in Moslem houses, are very clean, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

Collecting Taxes.

The Dutch have an original way of collecting the taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money is not sent, the authorities place one or two hungry milkmen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

An Animated Picture.

Jiggs—There is something very picturesque in one of the scenes of that burlesque.

Jiggs—Yes; living picturesque.—New York World.

Then He Would Stop.

"Haven't you proposed several times to that girl?"

"Yes, and I'm going to keep at it until she says 'no'."—Louisville Truth.

Topics of the Times

London funerals cost over \$5,000,000 annually.

The commercial marine of Canada gives employment to some 60,000 sailors.

A Japanese seal fishing company has been organized by Tokio capitalists to compete with foreign sealers off the coast of Japan.

An area of 5,000 square miles south of 60 degrees north latitude in Canada is suitable for the production of all crops grown in England.

A Chesterville, Me., couple recently celebrated their golden wedding in the very house into which they moved on their wedding day fifty years before.

Almost the only monument of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the fortress of Babylon, at old Cairo, is being torn down to make way for modern buildings.

Kildare and Wicklow have been justly termed the garden of Ireland, for nowhere is nature more profuse in her display of the picturesque and the beautiful.

A footman in an English nobleman's house testified recently that his regular pay was \$250 a year. He also testified that his average "tips" amounted to \$3,000 a year.

The Magna Charta, or great charter, of English liberties is still preserved in the British Museum. The impress of the seal and King John's name are both very distinct.

A Kansas district has a written contract with a teacher to teach the school, chop the wood, make the fire, sweep and find the matches for \$35 a month. The teacher is a woman.

A mass of eels weighing 300 pounds clogged the water wheel which runs the electric light plant of Riverhead, L. I., the other night, and the town was in darkness for several hours.

Of the 4,914 seal skins brought into Port Townsend, Wash., during the season just closed 3,650 were of female seals, an indication of the rate at which the seal herds are being destroyed.

The persons of African descent in the United States are classified according to the degrees of colored blood into 6,337,980 blacks, 356,989 mulattoes, 105,135 quadroons and 69,936 octoroons.

A seaweed of the South Pacific often grows to be thirty or forty inches in diameter and 1,500 to 2,000 feet long. It has no root in the proper sense, the nourishment being absorbed from the water.

Down to the depth of 200 fathoms, where daylight appears, the eyes of a fish get bigger and bigger. Beyond that depth small-eyed forms set in, with long feelers developed to supplement the eyes.

Three times as many American horses have been sold in England this year as were called for in 1894, and their average price at the ports of shipment has been \$155. They are used chiefly for draft in London.

The Bank of England has 1,100 officials on its pay roll, which amounts to about \$1,500,000 a year, and 1,000 clerks. If a clerk is late three times he receives a warning, the fourth time he is discharged at once.

There is a woman contractor and quarry operator in Buffalo, who has supplied stone for some of the most important structures in the city. She is the only woman who is an active member of the Buffalo Builders' Exchange.

A novel document was filed in the office of the county recorder at Sedalia, Mo., a few days ago. It is a paper wherein Mrs. Belle Asher apprentices her daughter, Letha Asher, 9 years old, to Mary Jane Love, "to learn the trade and art of housekeeping."

A thorough test is to be made in Marion County, Florida, as to the adaptability of the soil for the profitable cultivation of tobacco. It is estimated that 1,000 acres will be planted with tobacco seed from Cuba and Sumatra during the present winter.

M. Lebeau has succeeded in obtaining pure glucinum from the emerald by heating the precious stone in an electric furnace until the silicon is volatilized. The residue is combined with hydrofluoric acid, and after a series of purifications gives pure glucinum.

Some people have been making a count and find that not one of the State governors in the United States is a Roman Catholic. There are no Roman Catholics in the Cabinet, none in the Supreme Court, and there never has been one in the White House.

A Parisian had the remains of his brother cremated. The ashes were put in a leather bag, and sent by rail to his brother's home. The bag was mislaid, and a suit has been instituted by the brother against the railway company for the value of the dead man's ashes.

A Spanish illustrated comic weekly, La Tela Cortada ("The Cut Cloth") is printed on cloth the size of an ordinary handkerchief. After it has been read it can be put in water, when the ink will wash out and only a handkerchief remain. The price of this novel journal is 5 cents.

Experiments indicate that spiders have a long range of vision. It is not always possible to tell, however, whether the lower animals perceive by sight or hearing, or by the action of air in motion has on their bodies. It is asserted that mice are sensitive to motions of the air which to human ears create no sound whatever.

Hours and Wages.

Since fifty years ago there has been here, as well as in England, a great reduction in the hours of labor. But this was not accomplished for the pleasure of the wage earners; it was accomplished because experience proved that after

a certain state of fatigue had been reached labor was unprofitable. The hours may still further be reduced. A large volume of evidence has been collected in the last few years to show that production is even more economical with an eight-hour than with a nine-hour or a ten-hour day. Experiments in this direction are in progress. If what is claimed for the eight-hour day be proved—and it has been partially proved—the eight-hour day will come into general use. But otherwise no amount of ethics or philanthropy or Christianity will bring it in. Men are always, everywhere, trying to get all they can. If they can get more by working ten hours than by working eight, ten hours they will work.

Wages have been largely increased in the past fifteen years, but this is due purely to economic causes. The "principle of Christianity which attaches an absolute value, greater than that of all earthly things, to a human being as such," has not induced any employer to increase wages. It can be shown that this principle has led to the improved condition of the laboring classes, but it has done so in accordance with economic laws, and not by suspending them, or violating them, or substituting benevolence for selfish instincts. Invention and the extension of the human control over the powers of nature have enormously increased the amount of product, of wealth, that can be gotten by the labor of each individual. This increase has been distributed and the laborer has got part of it; it is not material to this discussion whether he has got his share, or less, or as some persons believe, more. The material fact is that he has often been paid his increased wages out of an increased quality of production, and not out of an accumulated fund of altruism. No amount of ethics or philanthropy would have been able to pay him increased wages had not some one's inventive skill enabled him to weave more yards of cloth and roll more pounds of iron in a week than his grandfather did.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A MAGICIAN'S FRAUD.

The Mystery of His Dancing Puppets Is Cleared Up.

Of all the fakirs who make their living by preying upon the gullible frequenters of Fourteenth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, perhaps the most astute is the one who offers for sale a pair of little jumping jacks which he so arranges that they appear to dance incessantly without assistance from anybody, says the New York Tribune. The puppets look like clothespins deprived of their prongs and furnished with four loosely joined cardboard appendages to represent arms and legs.

The wily merchant, whose license number is 627, if you should care to identify him, baits his trap so that he had a dark background, such as an open cellar window. Then he spreads a black mat about a foot square upon the pavement. Waiting until there are no spectators around, he carefully places the grip containing his merchandise on one side of the mat, while he takes his stand on the other side. Then the attenuated clothespins mysteriously appear on the mat and begin their gyrations. To the uninitiated passers-by the puppets seem to receive their inspiration from some mysterious source, and, not being made of flesh and blood, they never weary of their fun, but keep it up by the hour. Women and children stand in astonishment before the dancers, uncertain whether to attribute their actions to physical or spiritual forces.

A close examination reveals the fraud. The most important element of it is a fine, black thread, one end of which is wound around the index finger of the fakir's right hand. It is not so easy to find the other end, but if you get behind the salesman and look carefully you will see that it is attached to the side of the innocent looking grip. In a line between the finger and the point where the thread meets the grip are the lively clothespins. The increasing jerky movement of the finger reveals the motive power, completes the chain of evidence and clears up the mystery.

The merchant is careful to keep his right hand well out of sight, but he cannot conceal it entirely and the window pane beside him serves as an excellent reflector and helps to give away his secret. Only a few of his spectators, however, can take their eyes off the marionettes long enough to look for such a solution. If, indeed, they suspect trickery, and the purchasers, without exception, walk away with their prizes, highly pleased over their 5-cent bargains.

It Might Have Been Red Ink.

A certain actor who wished to introduce innovations into "Hamlet," proposed to play the part of the Danish prince in a red cloak, which intention he communicated to Sir Henry Irving, who said: "Very well; I do not see anything shocking in that." "But is it right?" inquired the interlocutor. "I dare say it is," replied Irving. "Red was the color of mourning of the royal house of Denmark." "But how do you get over this?" persisted the other, quoting the words, "Tis not alone my inkly coat, good mother." "Well," replied the Shakespearean, calmly, "I suppose there is such a thing as red ink, is there not?"

No Error.

Dizley—Here's a bad typographical error in this item in the paper about me.

Mozler—What is it?

Dizley—I told Smazkins, the reporter, that I'd been summing at the beach and he's got me down as 'slumming.' I guess he's got it about right, though.—Roxbury Gazette.

Any man, no matter how lazy, can get into the habit of work, by donning a workman's attire.

CRISP FORMS OF THOUGHT.

SOLOMON AND TUPPER TWISTED TO SUIT A MODERN TRADE.

The Wisdom of the Sages and the Wit of the Masses, Even the Work of the Missionaries, Are Grist in the Mill—They Are Poached Upon by Authors and Advertisers.

Whether Solomon invented all his proverbs or gathered them from many sources with a nice sense of permanent worth than Mr. Tupper exercised in his later compendium is and ever will be an open question. Solomon's sayings ran out long before Tupper's time, and both are now poached upon with impunity by all classes, from authors to advertisers. But, taken by themselves, proverbs well repay careful study. Students of ethnology find in the proverbs of the different races the clearest proofs of their real characteristics, for they are the shrewdest and yet most intimate expressions of their daily life.

Judged by the comparison of these homely sayings it will be found that all nations are of one kindred, possessing common needs, common aspirations, and feeling similar relief from toil and labor. On the dustiest shelves of our libraries may be found collections of all the proverbs of the different nations, quite a large proportion of the work having resulted from the interest which missionaries have taken in their earnest studies of the uncivilized peoples whom they seek to instruct. That the shrewd sayings of the Scotch or the bright hits of the Irish should be carefully collected gives little cause for surprise; but a collection of Abyssinian proverbs, of those of the Tamil language, of Icelandic lore, of the Sanscrit, South Sea Island, Chinese, and Hindostani Solomons does excite curiosity. The missionaries have found it a pleasant as well as a profitable task. It delves deep into the idioms of the language, tells with unerring accuracy the tendency of the people, and by introducing the foreigner into the inner thought of both home and trade shows him the real life of those who adopt them as everyday expressions.

It is impossible to read the well-collated proverbs of the Chinese without realizing that a home life exists in that flowery kingdom which rivals that of many more civilized countries. No Solomon, no descendant of Abraham, could eclipse the trade proverbs of the Chinese. They touch on trade with a keenness and thoroughness which proves them to be masters in the school. The basic life of the Hottentot, the loose morals of the fellaheen, the independent spirit of the Briton, are all crystallized in their national proverbs.

In England and many other countries it was formerly very usual for a tradesman to select some proverb as his motto, and thus post his principles plainly over his shop door. It remained, however, for an American house to appropriate the proverbs of the world en masse, and use them for their own advancement. New Yorkers who ride on the elevated roads, or people who in less favored localities still jog along in the slow street cars, are familiar with the blue and white proverbs which proclaim the merits of Sapolio to the world. Every omnibus in London and almost every "tram car" in England is similarly adorned.

They made their first appearance on the Broadway omnibuses, were gathered out of over 4,000 pages of the world's collections, and twisted to suit the case. Many are beyond easy recognition in their new dress, many are entirely original, but these are also printed between inverted commas, which lends a glamour of antiquity to them. To-day we are told that over 20,000 of these blue cards are displayed in public conveyances carrying over 640,000 passengers daily.

Condensed thought generally requires padding to make it intelligible to the masses, just as the stomach of the horse must be distended with hay to make the oats digest readily; but with proverbs it is quite otherwise. Their popularity is only reached because they have passed muster as being clear to every mind. They tell their story with a directness and brevity which pleases the public, as the dictionary did the old Scotch woman—"They air brats stories," she said. "I'm no' short." Turned to tell the practical uses of Sapolio, they often require more interest. Who reads the advice, "Be patient and you will have patient children," without an innate respect for the advice which follows, not to fret over house cleaning, but to do it easily with Sapolio? And who can repress a smile when the Sapolio artist pictures the patient father and the impatient twins defying the proverb? But the mother will be back



sooner if she follow the advice. Our familiar "The pot calls the kettle black" takes a new interest in its Italian form. The pot says to the pan, "Keep off or you'll scorch me." The universal foil of the world finds expression in the Catalan phrase, "Where wilt thou go, OX, that thou wilt not plough?" Almost all nations possess a proverb which declares that "if you forbid a fool a thing, that he will do it," and with confidence in the good will of the public the advertiser of Sapolio puts it in this form:

"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do it." So we say for variety: "Don't use Sapolio—but then you're not a fool." "A touch of nature which makes all the world akin" springs out of the quaint thought that "A needle, though naked itself, clothes others." Who can hear it once and ever see a needle without recalling it? Who fails to recognize the picture it suggests of the old given to the poor by the poor, and of the help which is everywhere gained from the humblest of assistants?

Slang never can be confounded with proverbial phrases. It seems universal, but it is merely a local form used to express a transient but popular idea. Years ago, when a general rush at hotel keeping resulted in many failures, the slang ran: "He's a very good man, but he can't keep a hotel." All such phrases are local and temporary. They do not survive—indeed, rarely possess merit enough to reach a second year without evident decline in popularity. We have noticed that none of the advertisements of Sapolio make use of slang, and probably for this reason. Naturally many of the best proverbs

used in this connection relate to household cleanliness, and all the original ones are framed to that end. "Dirt in the house builds the highway to beggary," deserves recognition, despite its origin. Household sayings, in the sense of four-walled buildings, full of furniture, are quite lacking in many Eastern tongues. We believe that no reference to clean housekeeping can be found in the Koran or even in the Bible, except that of the woman who swept the house to find her lost coin. Shakespeare rather slighted the subject, but whether because it was not deemed important in that intellectual but dirty age or because he soared to grander things, we will not discuss, but the England of to-day well says of home, "The cleaner 'tis the cosier 'tis," and our Amer-



can advertiser improves the opportunity to add that humble home-made brand with Sapolio are better than tawdry palaces. Alas, for the thoughtlessness of the man who forgot to ask whether his bride used Sapolio. The Scotch proverb records his case: "Ye hae tied a knot wi' your tongue ye winna loose wi' your teeth."

Coyotes and Cattle.

A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herds, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost a single animal, while previously his loss averaged at least one steer a day. Coyotes are becoming more of a pest every season in many parts of Washington and Oregon, despite all the efforts of the cattlemen and farmers to exterminate them. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in waging war on the beasts, but with little result. Poison availed for a time, but now the coyotes refuse to touch the poisoned carcasses of steers slain about for their consumption. The only way of killing them is by shooting them, and this is a feeble and wholly inadequate means. Occasionally the residents of a district combine and have a grand round-up hunt, driving the coyotes toward the center of a circle and slaughtering them there, and this is the only means of appreciably thinning them out occasionally. In some regions the packs of gray wolves are as numerous and troublesome as the coyotes. The coyotes are particularly adept chicken thieves, and, indeed, are a general pest around the farm yards.

A Great Financier.

An old negro down in Georgia was lately telling something of his condition as a property holder, and seemed quite pleased that he was so well off. He said: "Ise bought fum ole marster 50 acres er groun', en Ise got all dat onder cultivation 'cep' 'bout 40 acres, en I bought de groun' for \$75. Dat's all paid off, 'cep' 'bout \$65. Den I bought me er mule fur \$50, en I gin mah notes fur dat. But I swopped de mule off fer a steer, en de ole fool steer he goes an' gets stuck in er bog an' fo' I fines 'im dat steer he je's up en died dah, sah. Still en all, Ise got de notes on de mule er rummin' yet, en dey's mosly paid up 'cep' 'bout \$45, en am gittin' 'long monstous well, I thinks, fur dese yar hard times. Ole marse, he say, ef I keep on lak dis I gwain to be er rich man fo' de m'ellenium come—whatsmever dat is, sah—en he say, fuder, he did, dat am sich er monstous good flanswer dat I oter be sawthin mix up, some way, wid de nashunal debt. But den Ise got er nuff to ten ter dont foolin' 'long wid other folks depts."

Thought.

Thought of any kind, to be valuable, must be conservative—that is, it must hold with a firm grasp all the truth that the past has handed down. It must accept humbly and reverently that which the wisdom of the ages has stored up, and so thoroughly incorporate it that it may form its very bone and muscle. Only thus can it acquire stability or permanence. At the same time it must be expansive, it must have the power of growth, it must be hospitable to new truths and fresh thoughts, willing to pursue inquiries, to attack difficulties, to solve knotty problems. Thus only can it hand down to posterity something worthy of its acceptance, and pay to the future the debt it owes to the past.

His Memory's Use.

The Philadelphia Times tells a pathetic story of poor, patient little Ned, who had been kept after school again and again to learn a simple stanza which all the rest of the class had mastered.

At last he broke down and sobbed, "I can't do it, Miss Gray; I just can't do it. Father says it's because I have such a poor—"

"A poor what, Ned?"

"You know what it is," a glimmer of light flickering in his face; "the thing you forget with."

No Doubt About Her Meaning.

"Cheer up, old man. A woman's 'No' often means 'Yes,' you know."

"But she didn't say 'No.' When I asked her if she would marry me she said, 'I will, I don't think.' I didn't even get treated with respect."—Indianapolis Journal.