

CASABICRANKA.

The girl sat on the baseball stand—
All but her head had fled.
And her poor head, could not demand
Relief from what she said.
"Why does the pitcher throw it so?"
She murmured in dismay.
"Such actions violent, you know,
His awkward moves display.
Why does he so expectorate
Upon the snow white ball?
Was he not taught until too late
That that's not nice at all?
Why does that fellow don a cage
And let his voice resound
In cries of 'Strike!' awaking rage
In those upon the ground?
Why do the runners always fall
And slide upon their face,
Or else they do not care at all—
Upon some other place?
Why do the people murmur 'Rank?'
He has no rank, 'tis plain.
Why does that player, lean and lank,
Seem in such awful pain?
Why does the catcher wear that pad
Close to his bosom pressed?
And why has not the other hand
His clothes on like the rest?
Why does that player swing the wood
In such a reckless way?
And question, as no good man should,
What those behind him say?
Why do the men such colors wear?"
But here she turned her head,
And then at last became aware
Her escort had dropped dead.
—Nebraska State Journal.

THE KODAK'S EYE.

"It was just six years ago that I took my first walking tour with my kodak—dare say you remember. I had passed through Pinley one glorious June morning, and on the outskirts I came across one of the prettiest cottages I ever saw in my life. Gables, you know, and a porch framed in honeysuckle; and running up the hill behind the house, an old-fashioned garden—such a garden!"
"A little boy was swinging on the gate," Thompson went on; "pretty little chap about 6, I should think. He was watching the gate with a great bunch of white-throats, and chirruping to his steed as he swung back and forth. He looked across the road at me and laughed. 'If you'll keep quite still while I count six, I'll give you a bright new shilling,' I said. He eyed me critically. I set the focus and sighted the child in the fender of my kodak. I saw that the hillside garden and the honeysuckle porch would come into the scope of the picture. But I wished the child hadn't grown so perpetually grave. 'What you got in the box?' he said. 'I'll show you in a minute, if you keep quiet,' I answered. Just as I put my finger to the button a cuckoo in the copse began to call. The child lifted his curly head and listened rapturously. 'It's my bird,' he said, but just before he spoke I had pressed the kodak button. Someone shouted 'Billy' from the cottage, and the child scrambled down from the gate. 'Here's your shilling,' I said. He turned back, thrust his small hand through the white fence for his prize and scampered off with it.
"I had only a short holiday that year, and on my way home, going from Thorpe to Fren-ton, I took a wrong turning, and found myself near Pinley again. I didn't really care, for I had made my forty-eight exposures, and wasn't looking for anything new. It was furiously hot the morning I saw the picture cottage for the second time. I came on it from behind the hill at the back, and saw that the place was in reality a small farm. I dare say they'd give me a glass of milk, I thought, and by way of making a short cut I climbed a wall and dropped on the other side. But I came down on a wobbly stone lying in a ditch, lost my balance, turned my ankle, and lay cursing dimly for some minutes. Then I hopped up to the house. There was no one about, and yet it wore an inhabited air. I knocked at a side door and leaned heavily against the lintel. No one came. I hopped around to the front. My little friend wasn't hanging over the gate this time. I went into the porch and knocked again. The door was opened—a woman of about 35, looking very ill, I thought, stood there waiting to know my errand.
"Can I get some one here to go for a fly? I've sprained my ankle, and—"
"There's nobody here," she said, and shook her head unsympathetically. I had a horrible fear that she was going to shut the door in my face.
"Can you let me have a glass of milk?" I said. I wanted nothing in the world so much as an excuse to sit down.
"Yes, I suppose so," she said, indifferently. "Come this way."
I followed her into the kitchen. She gave me a chair and went out. I sat nursing the injured ankle until she came back with the milk.
"I passed here about ten days ago," I said, "on my way to Fren-ton."
"Did you?" said the woman in a stupid way. She turned to the window and sat down on a low stool by a market basket. I saw she had been shell-fish when I knocked.
"I noticed your garden particularly. I haven't seen a finer one this year."
"No, it ain't bad," she replied, dropping the fat peas into the pail at her side. They pattered down like hail-stones.
"How far shall I have to walk before I can get a trap?" I said.
"Nothing this side of Traver's, I should think."
"How far is that?"
"Bout half a mile," I almost groaned aloud. I couldn't walk it. Somebody must be found who would go and treat with Traver for me.
"I saw a little boy swinging on the gate when I passed some days ago—"
The woman turned her head so sharply in my direction that I stopped short. It was only an instant's interruption. The face was averted again and the peas began to hail against the tin.

"Isn't he here now?" I asked.
"The woman shook her head. It was very warm. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. She lifted her arm and passed the sleeve of her printed gown over her face. I set the empty glass on the table at my elbow, and took out my purse. I noticed the woman's quick hands were idle again, and her head bent down. 'She is very ill,' I thought. 'She can't go to Traver's, but—'
"I'll be glad to pay somebody half a crown who will get me a fly," I said aloud. "Do you know of—"
"She had lifted her head and looked at me.
"Was it you who gave him the shilling?"
"Gave who?"
"Billy, my boy. You said you saw him swingin' on the gate. Was it you gave him a new shilling?"
"Oh, I believe I did," I said.
"The sunburnt face worked and dropped on her folded arms.
"What happened," I said, after a pause.
"She sat up and stared vacantly through the window.
"I usen't to let him go outside the gate to talk to people passin', she said. 'I called him in when I heard voices that day. He showed me the shilling.' She broke off and wiped her eyes on the back of her hand.
"Yes," I said.
"I didn't like him takin' money from strangers," I scolded him, an' he— he cried! Her own eyes were full of tears. 'I tried to make him say what the shilling was for,' she went on. 'He said, 'Nothin'.' 'Then you begged it,' I says, 'an' you're a disgrace,' and he cried more an' said he hadn't—"
"But that was quite true," I interrupted.
"Oh, I didn't know that. I didn't know that," the woman moaned. 'I said I'd give him a beatin' if he didn't tell me why the strange gentleman gave him the shilling. I might 'a done it, too, but he stopped cryin' all of a sudden, an' said: 'Why, of course, mammy, I know why he did it—it was because my cuckoo sang for him, an' I kep' quiet so he could hear.' I knew that was just Billy's nonsense, but I didn't beat him—oh, I'm glad I didn't beat him!"
"I waited till she found her voice again," Thompson said, after a pause, as an excuse for the sudden failure of his own.
"The woman explained," he went on, "that Billy had climbed up the laborer's tree that same afternoon. 'He lost his hold,' she said, an' the doctor says he must 'a' fell on his head—he died that night."
"I muttered something stupid about sympathy. She went on shelling the peas. Looking vaguely around I caught sight of a child's photograph in a frame on the opposite wall.
"Is that a picture of your boy?" I asked.
"No, no," said the woman; "that's my sister's child, and he ain't dead, neither! We never had a picture of Billy. That seems to make it worse somehow. I tell my husband I believe I could bear it better if I had a picture of him."
"Why, I took a picture of him!" In my excitement I started up, and wrenched my unhappy ankle. I sank back faint from pain.
"You took a picture of my Billy!" She was standing beside me when I opened my eyes.
"Yes—er—the house. He was at the gate, you know."
"Thank God," the woman said, shaking her clenched hands pitifully. "Thank God! Thank God!"
"But it may not come out right," I said, cursing myself for having raised hopes that my kodak might not justify. "You see, it isn't developed. I can't tell how—"
"Oh, you must make it come out right, sir. Where is it? The hard, sunburnt face was quivering.
"It's here, in this," I motioned toward the kodak at my side. She knelt down before it with clasped hands, like a penitent before a shrine.
"You'll show it to me, sir—just for a minute?"
"I can't just now—it isn't developed."
"But just let me see if it's my Billy. Oh, please, sir! If you know, if you know—"
"I'll let you have it as soon as it's ready," I said. "It would be spoiled if I took it out now."
"I'd be very careful," said the woman. She got up eagerly, and instinctively wiped her rough hands on her apron.
"No, it's the light, you see, that would spoil it. It must be kept in the dark." I tried to explain, but she evidently wasn't listening. She kept looking down at the kodak with superstitious awe.
"Someone passed the window. She looked up. 'They've got back!' she cried, breathlessly, and ran to the door in the scullery. She was talking excitedly about Billy's picture when she came back with two men. It was her husband and her younger brother, home from market. We soon arranged that after dinner, when the horse was rested, I should be driven to Fren-ton by my host, Peter Shail, and that meanwhile I should go upstairs and lie down and let Mrs. Shail put cold water bandages on my foot. The pain had become excruciating.
"A very comfortable room it was that they put me in, and when Mrs. Shail said my foot was badly inflamed and that I had better stay where I was for a few days I wasn't at all unwilling.
"Will you show me the picture tonight?" she said, the moment the plan was decided on.
"A light broke in upon me. Unfortunately, I haven't any developer with me. I should have to send for some."
"You can buy anything at Fren-ton," she said. "Shall will go for you."
"Oh, I should have to send to London."
"Shall will go for you," she repeated.

"As to that, the Eastman Company would send it. But I have everything at home, and when I get back—"
"Oh, if you please, sir, don't wait. Shail will take a telegram if you'll write it. I—I you'll think me very strange, but—"
"She leaned over the foot of the bed and lowered her voice—'the truth is, I think I'll go clear out of my mind if I go like this. It's all about Billy, sir. You won't speak about it to Shail, but I seem to be forgetting how Billy looks. I can't go to sleep o' nights for tryin' to make a picture of him in my mind, and it's gettin' harder an' harder. He's only been gone twelve days, last night I couldn't seem to remember anything but his hair. You see, I must be goin' out of my mind. But if I had a picture! Oh, sir, let Shail take a telegram an' get the—whatever it is.'"
"She left the foot of the bed and came to the side. I looked up at the poor face and didn't hesitate long. 'Get me some paper and a pencil,' I said.
"Shail was dispatched with the telegram, and the next afternoon a packet came from the Eastman Company.
"My foot was very painful. Mrs. Shail begged me not to stand on it.
"I'll get you everything you want," she said.
"Well, where is the kodak?" I looked about as I undid Eastman's package.
"Oh, it's in my room," she said, looking a little guilty; and she hurried out. 'I hope it hasn't been tampered with,' I observed, when she came back again.
"No, indeed," she said; but she dashed under my glance. 'It's only been settin' on my chest of drawers, where I could see it plain.'"
"But I mistrusted her. I dare say I showed it, too, for she hesitated an instant, and said, slowly, in a murmuring kind of way: 'You can't think, sir, what a comfort it was for me to be and look at it. I kep' thinking my Billy's in there. Maybe he's looking out now, through that little round window! Shail said no, and told me how it was; but anyhow, it don't matter so much now if I do get mazed, and can't remember—his picture's safe in that little box. Seems queer, too. I've had such a lot of pictures of Billy in my head, an' I can't keep one clear; an' that little eye in the box never forgets him—never forgets him—like his own mother does.' Thompson cleared his throat.
"I asked her if she had a lamp with a red shade. 'Yes, sir,' she said, and started for the door.
"And bring in a couple of shallow dishes, pudding or vegetable dishes," I said, and a pair of scissors.
"I examined the kodak, but couldn't detect anything amiss. Still, I was full of foreboding. The presentiment that something had happened to the particular picture I wanted became almost a conviction.
"At my direction the wooden shutters were closed and a pair of blankets and an eiderdown quilt were put over the window. The small, red-shaded lamp gave out a dim glow. On a table by my side were the dishes and the bath of developer.
"Now, you can go, Mrs. Shail," I said. "I'll call you when I'm ready."
"Go, sir?"
"Yes. I won't be very long."
"Oh, you mustn't send me away, sir," she said. "Let me stay an' I'll help you. I can't go away an' wait!" She began to sob.
"I wished to the Lord I was out of it. But I thought, 'If the picture turns out right, after all! Well, I began to feel more hopeful.
"The light was put behind the bed, and I opened the kodak, and took out the roll of film.
"Where is it?" said the woman in a whisper, peering forward in the dark.
"I think it's the third on this reel," I said. "Give me the scissors."
She fumbled about on the table.
"Here," she said. The word was hoarse, and spoken with difficulty. The sound of her voice made me nervous. What an idiot I had been not to send her out!
"I unrolled the film and cut through the punctured lines. 'Where is the picture?' said the voice across the table. I was conscious she was peering into the empty kodak case.
"I hope it's there," I said, miserably, my presentiment coming back.
"Where?"
"On this piece of paper." I mechanically laid down the third exposure and returned the reel to the case.
"The woman came nearer.
"Please, sir, turn it over," she said.
"What?" I asked.
"The paper."
"This, do you mean?" I picked up the scrap of film.
"It isn't there! It isn't there!" The woman staggered back in the darkness.
"Wait," I said. "We can't be certain for a few minutes. Don't go out. The door mustn't be opened." But I was almost glad that she was prepared now for the worst. I was as certain as if I had seen it that Billy's picture would be a failure.
"Mrs. Shail was crying hoarsely in the corner. What a fool I'd been to say anything about that snapshot! I poured the developer into a dish and submerged the film. I washed the liquid back and forth.
"Please bring the light nearer," I said, presently. Mrs. Shail got up and set the lamp on the edge of the table. I help up the film.
"That one's turned dark," said the woman, hopelessly. I knocked down the scissors with my elbow. She came round, fumbled on the floor and picked them up. I returned the film to the bath, with a sense of infinite thankfulness and relief. Billy's picture was coming up all right! As I washed the stuff back and forth I could see his white-throated bird coming out black and distinct, and above it—
"Mrs. Shail had laid down the scissors and was looking over my shoulder.
"That one's something like this house," she said, dreadingly.

"Look here!" I cried, holding the dish nearer the lamp. "What do you see there in front?"
"She leaned over the table and stared into the dish.
"Yes. I see a fence and a shrubbery, an' a gate, an' a wide collar, an' a face, an'—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord—it's my Billy swingin' on the gate!"
Thompson broke off at this point in his story and began to walk up and down the room.
"They send me a hamper full of flowers every year, on the anniversary of the day I saw Billy swingin' on the gate. I saw an enlarged photograph of my snapshot. It came out splendidly!" Thompson said, with professional pride. "Best child's photo I ever saw; the pretty background, the branch of white-thorn hanging over the gate, the uplifted face, intent smiling—'just as if he heard his mother callin' him,' said Mrs. Shail.
"No; it was the angels," said the woman, very low."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Marriageable Age.
In many ways the girls of 18 are more fit to marry than they were in our grandmother's time, and yet observation tells us without question that the age at which girls marry now is advanced by several years beyond that of one hundred years ago.
The early marriages of the past have been of no benefit to the present race, and we are showing wisdom in our generation in setting the clock of time back a few years.
For one thing only are early marriages desirable, and even this result does not always accrue by any means. We mean the possibility of the couple growing more closely together in tastes and fancies if these are matured after marriage.
It is not considered desirable than the woman should be the elder of the parties to the contract. But even this objection is being lessened as years go by, for the woman of 40 now is no older than the woman of 25 was fifty years ago. Nevertheless it is well that there should be the advantage of age upon the husband's side. If a man does not marry until after he is 35 it is better that there should be a decided disparity of age between them, as he will be so set in his ways that the wife will be obliged to yield deference to his wishes at every point. A woman who is also set in her ways will not be likely to do this. When there is a very great disparity in the ages, as is seen quite frequently, the wonder is that the young girls can be party to such contracts, though it is very wise for the man when he at 60 marries a girl of 20. A woman of suitable age wouldn't put up with his almost certain crankiness.—Philadelphia Call.

Arbitration a Short Cut to Justice.
The traveler on the Riviera who rambles over the picturesque promontory of Monaco—that puny principality of less than six square miles, with a military band of 350 musicians and a standing army of ninety men—is struck with the ludicrousness of finding on its ramparts a lot of Spanish cannon of a past age, bearing the inscription, Ultima ratio regum—"The last argument of kings." To a man of reflection the sentiment seems as antiquated as the brass on which it is engraved. Not that war is a practical impossibility; even as we write the world seems to be torn anew with wars or rumors of wars. The impossibility lies rather in the revolt of the mind against the retrogression in civilization which is implied by war, when there is at hand so potent, so tried, and so honorable a substitute as arbitration. With this short cut to justice in mind, it is inconceivable to a civilized man that the laborious achievements of generations of peace should be given to the torch in one mad hour through the revival of the barbarous instincts of fighting.—Century.

They Did Not Believe It.
A Prussian officer in the conquered province of Alsace one day visited a chapel in the outskirts of a town. Among the offerings of the devout peasantry he perceived a silver mouse, which so excited his curiosity that he asked an explanation of one of the natives.
"The story is," said the Alsatian, "that an entire quarter of the town was infested with an army of mice which were a veritable plague. At last a devout lady caused a silver mouse to be made, and offered it to the Virgin. Shortly afterward every mouse disappeared."
The officer burst out laughing.
"What?" said he, rudely, "is it possible the people of this country are so stupid as to believe such things?"
"Oh, no," quietly replied the Alsatian; "for if we did, we should long ago have offered the Virgin a silver Prussian."

Where Our Duty Lies.
If we do not wring our happiness out of the fair, peaceful, humble duties of the present, however great its trials, we shall never find it in the weakened forces, in the darkened rays of the future. Our duty lies, not in regrets, not in resolutions, but in thoughts followed by resolves and resolves carried out in actions. Our life lies not in retrospect of a vanished past, not in hopes of an ambitious future; our life is here, today; in our prayers, in our beliefs, in our daily, hourly conduct.

No Room in the Senate.
A Western man has a belief that he can settle the financial question, and his friends are trying to get him into an insane asylum, as there are no vacancies in the United States Senate at present.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Most of the "emeralds" girls wear look more like a piece of glass from a beer bottle.

DUMAS, FATHER AND SON.

The Latter Was Made Legitimate When His Mother Was Dying.

Dumas does not seem at any time to have thought seriously of matrimony. Perhaps, the Rouennaise seamstress been free to marry him, his relations with her would have been legitimized, and the current of his life would have run in a less zigzag channel. She was a person of rare constancy of purpose and dignity of character, living always by her work, and carefully watching over her son. When she and Dumas quarreled, the filiation of the younger Alexandre was "recognized" by the elder, a legal formality which gave him paternal rights and enabled the father to take him from his mother and place him as a boarder in the College Chaptal. But as the father's anger was evanescent and his heart soft and righteous, the maternal claims were not long denied. The woman urging them sought and obtained, to be near her child, the direction of the linen and the shirt-mending department in the college, and not only lived on her salary, but made provision to help her son forward when he grew up, and for her own old age.
The son cherished her in her life and revered her memory. As he married a Russian lady of high rank, his mother would not live with him when he was rich and renowned until she felt she was dying. This was in 1868. The prodigal father, who hardly deserved the name of Dumas pere, was then broken in health and falling into the state of permanent somnolence which took hold of him before his death. His daughter, Mme. Petel, with impulsive generosity, asked him to make her half-brother legitimate by marrying his mother in extremis, and this he did.—Century.

"The Old Man."
Were I the head of a large concern, or the responsible executive officer of a great corporation, whether my age were 27 or 72, I should want all of my employees or subordinates to call me "The Old Man." Not, of course, to my face, or when they were addressing me, but among themselves, or when they spoke of me to their friends.
"His Majesty," "His Royal Highness," "His Excellency," and the like, all indicate that the persons to whom they are applied possess power; but in this commercially democratic age and country, the one appellation of undisputed authority is "The Old Man."
Applied to the head of a concern, it frequently indicates love, generally respect, and always complete submission to authority. It is as free from any suggestion of age as is "reverend." It is never given when there is a rebellion of authority, or a smoldering rebellion against it.
When "The Old Man" says a thing, that settles it; there are no questions to be asked; there is no comment to be made. When "The Old Man" does something, or fails to do something, there is no criticism to be indulged in.
"The Old Man" is the one person about the establishment whose absolute authority is unchallenged; whose coming in and going out are unhampered; whose encouraging word carries real weight, and whose reprimand indicates real danger; to whom "sir" is a right and not a courtesy.
Long live "The Old Man!" And when, through his half closed private office door, he hears the boys term him thus kindly, let him congratulate himself that loyalty is in his service and that he has attained the name of dignity.—Truth.

Literature and Pedagogy.
There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them. Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor; nothing in the teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram, "Only common sense required."—The Century.

Told by the Hotel Clerk.
Nearly every one now knows how the incandescent lamp is operated, but still we meet with some funny instances of ignorance. Not long ago a woman came to the house who was in the habit of sleeping with a dim light in her room, and the electric light bothered her. She either had to let it burn brightly, or else turn it off altogether. Finally she hit upon the idea of wrapping a towel around it. Then she began to question whether the towel would catch fire. Then she adopted the happy expedient of wetting the towel. That was the worst thing that she could do. She soon dropped asleep and of course the towel began to burn. A blazing piece dropped on the curtains, and soon the whole room was afire. She was very much frightened, and the contents of the chamber were ruined. The building is fire-proof, so we escaped a conflagration.

Rivers—I'm in hard luck to-day. Got in a crowd and some thief took my pocketbook. Brooks—Shake, old man! I've just been over to the court house paying a special assessment for a new sewer.—Chicago Tribune.



ELLA PALMER would laugh if any one called her a heroine. "Why," she said in telling her story, "I had to do it and I was awfully frightened."
But that's just the way with people who do really brave acts—often they don't seem to know that they are heroes.
Ella lives on a little farm in Wisconsin. Her father bought the place only last summer, and took his family there to make a home. Everything was in good repair except the well back of the woodshed, which had for some reason run dry. So for the first month or two Ella had to carry all the water used in cooking from the Perkins house, across the road. Mr. Palmer kept saying that he'd have to "get after that well," and Ella wished from the bottom of her heart that he would.
And one day he did. Shovels and spades and buckets were brought and a long rope was attached to the pulley that squeaked from the top of the old well house. When everything was ready Mr. Palmer took hold of the rope with his hands and the hired man and Mrs. Palmer and Ella let him slowly down between the mossy euntings.
But Mr. Palmer didn't know that the well was already occupied. If he had he would never have gone down. For at the dry bottom lurked the shadowy choke-damp waiting to strangle out his breath and smother him. Miners and well-diggers all know the choke-damp. It is a deadly gas that gathers in low places and a man who sinks into it soon suffocates. Sometimes it explodes, blowing a mine to pieces and killing many persons. It is the terror of the mines.
Mr. Palmer didn't know about the choke-damp until it had clapped its damp hand over his mouth. And when he tried to shout his throat only gurgled. Then his fingers loosened, slipped and down he went to the bottom in a heap. When the rope slackened Pete, the hired man, and Mrs. Palmer and Ella looked down and called. But there was no answer. Then Pete snuffed and said something to Mrs. Palmer that made her throw up her hands and cry out loud.
"Can't papa get out?" asked Ella with big eyes—for she didn't know the ways of the choke-damp.
The girl's ruddy face grew white and she peered down into the well.
"No," answered Pete.
"I'm going down after him," she said. And all they could do would not prevent her. So Peter tied the rope around her slim waist and gave her another rope to take with her.
"Hol' yer breath an' be quick," he called, as Ella disappeared.
Down, down she went until she could feel the "terror of the mines" at her throat. Then she shut her mouth tight, knelt at her father's side and tied the rope about his body. And when it was done she hardly had the strength to give the signal to heave away. Then Pete and Mrs. Palmer pulled for their lives and a limp and unconscious little girl was swung to the top. Without waiting to revive her they pulled on the other rope and brought Mr. Palmer up.
Ella soon opened her eyes, but it was a long time after the doctor came and Mrs. Palmer was almost hopeless that Mr. Palmer opened his. And when the neighbors came and crowded around tearful Ella and called her a brave girl, and when Mr. Palmer patted her on her head and called her his little heroine, Ella only said:
"Why, I had to do it, and I was awfully frightened."
And to this day I don't believe Ella knows that she is a heroine.

A Quaint Scotch Character.
The following example of a philosophic Scotch character is related in the Scottish-American. The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farmers, but in a country church, not a hundred miles from Arbroath, the office-bearers had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular Sunday Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and a pillar of the church (whose crops had turned out very poorly), was not in attendance. The minister in the course of the following week met Mr. Johnstone, and inquired of him the reason for his absence from church on such an important occasion.
"Weel, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I didna care about approachin' my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."

Rogers Was Democratic.
Professor Jovett once made a remark which very happily indicates one of the strongest characteristics of the late William Rogers: "You always know when Rogers arrives, because as soon as he reaches the gate he begins to talk to your gardener, and when he reaches the door he makes friends with your servant in the hall."
"My boy," said the passenger with the fur-lined coat and the smooth-shaven, square face, "it was the success of the season. There wasn't standing room!" The conductor smiled a sour smile. "Zif I didn't have the same experience every day," said he to the motorman.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"My good fellow," said the dude to the hatter, "how's trade?" "There's really nothing in hats now-a-days," replied the hatter, trying one on the head of the dude.—Yonkers Statesman.