WEDNESDAY, MARCH 80, 1892.

There are now 3715 places in the United States which have a population of more than 1000.

The attendance of women at the Boston University, amounting as it does to 300, illustrates how the cause of woman is progressing newadays with a rapidity that surpasses even that of geometrical progression.

Few people perhaps are aware of the fact, believes the Boston Transcript, that there was once a Postmistress-General. She did not serve in this country or in the present century, but the fact that a woman ever served in that capacity is indeed remarkable. Denmark was the home of this remark. able woman, whose name was Counters Gyldeniore, or Dorothea Krag, as she was called during her term of office, which extended from the year 1703 to 1711. The present postal system in that country, which is considered one of the best in the world, was inaugurated by her.

The record of ship building in New England for 1891 showed that the sailing ship is by no means a thing of the past, even in this country, remarks the New York Tribune. In England the returns for the same year are even more suggestive, the tonnage increase of eight per cent, being all in sailing vessels. Sailing vessels, moreover, constituted twenty-five per cent, of the total construction of 1891, against nine per cent. in 1887. The obvious lesson is that a profitable field still exists for sailing ships, and that under certain conditions they are expected to compose successfully

A few nights agon man standing in one of the streets in Brooklyn, N. V., suddenly threw up his hands and fell to the pavement, apparently lifeless large crowd immediately nathered, and two ambulances specify care in response to police calls. Several surgeans nade a careful examination, and one of them so roughly that the supposed dead man sprang up, and roared with pain. Then it was discovered that the man had been shamming, and that he had done it on a wager that he could draw a crowd of 500 people in less than ten minutes. He won the wager, but it has cost him six months in jail.

Professor Jameson, of Brown University, is lecturing on the historic colonial mansions on the James River in Virginia, especially those at Shirley, Westover and Upper and Lower Brandon. This region and the country about Williamsburg, which the professor designates as "the quaintest place" in the English portion of America," was once a virgin field of discovery for the seeker after old colonial furniture. Many a rare find of ancient mahogany tables and sideboards has been made thereabouts, and quaint Chippendale chairs used to be found there in numbers—interesting objects of treasures trove that could be secured for the proverbial song. But time has changed all that, and such articles when discovered there now are held at fair price. It is said that much of this sort of colonial furniture may be obtained nowadays in parts of Kentucky, rare pieces having been inherited by the present generation of Kentuckians from their Virginia ancestors.

People who think that the free-pass business is carried to extremes in the United States should note how they do it in Russia. The Railroad Gazette says that the Russian railroads have been accustomed to give free passes not only to their employes, but to relative of their employes, a practice which may have been heard on this side of the Atlantic. The term "relatives," however, has been found to be extremely elastic, and recently the Great Russian Company put its foot down and issued positive orders that hereafter passes will be granted to no other relatives of employes than their wives, though a triffing reduction of seventy per cent. on the prices of tickets will be made to parents, brothers and sisters of employes and of their wives, but all aunts, cousins and stepmothers must pay full fares. If your brother receives salary of as much as \$750 from the company, you can get your discount only on first-class tickets; if he has from \$150 to \$750, you have second-class tickets; if less than \$150, third-class tickets.

[Written for the Friendship (N. Y.) REGISTER.]

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetnor's Love Af-fairs," "The Missing Ring,"
"Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

JULY 12, 18—

I, Edith Wilder, am to keep a journal. I wonder what would Mrs. Chilsom say, if she knew? Nearly every night Mrs. Jordan wrote something in a creen covered book which she kept in the top drawer of her bureau. I grestioned her about it one time, and I think she must have divined by my eyes that I thought it a wonderful thing to do, for to-night, when she kissed me at the door of my room, she slipped into my hand this beautiful brown book, with its white, meaningless leaves waiting for my eager soul to reach out and happing them. I am writing upon its first page now—what—what shall I write upon its last one? Ah, who can tell, since "We please our fancy with ideal webs of innovation, but our life meanwhile is in the loam, where have passion piles the shuttle to and fro, and gives our degds the accustomed pattern."

However, I shal seek to make this journal as nearly as possibly like a real printed story. And yet, when the necond is all written, even to the last page, it will doubtless app ar to another who may chance to read a very procy story, since it will be made up of the fundamy happenines of a girls life. But, to my heart and me, it will not be without import, for it will contain the signification of our hope, joy, and love; our However, I shal seek to make this

import, for it will contain the significa-tion of our hope joy, and love; our struggle, disappoint nout, sadness, and despair. Now the story of Joyce's life would be quite a different adair. That would read like a poem, a glowing, passionate East-ern song, which would needs be written upon too beed paper, bound in blue and gold. Seven years soon of

o. Seven years ago, when mamma died. Seven years age, when mamin med, Mrs. Velney took Joyce into her magnificant home, it sating to rear her as her own daughter. Mrs. Velney lived in the southern pour of the city, where these was a halo of artistic hearty, a newwest and the seven was a lade of artistic hearty. was a halo of article beauty, a newness and a frechness per adient all things. I was glad Joyce had found each a levely home and such a gread lady as Mrs. Volumey to care for her; but I also had, which was quite as natural, a deep throic of self-commiscration for my own less happy fare.

Mrs. Chilsom lived in the older part.
of the city where its growth began in a
huddle of low houses. In one of these
she dwett. A long, low, rambling house,
with heavy brown gables and great, overhanging trees.

hanging trees.

Mrs. Chilson kept bearders, and it followed therefore that she needed a girl to he p about the kit hen and run of errands, and so I had a place.

This contrast in our new social positions was not so very strange after all it was no m re moke I than the distinctive type of face and nature we each possessed.

Jove was such

It was no in re morke I than the distinctive type of face and nature we each possessed.

Joyce was such a lovely child—hair like spin gold, falling in wavy masses far below her waist; eyes, wide open and violet blue; complexion, all snow and roses, and with sach a wars herezy way as drew everyone's attention to herself. People were always giving her bright, pretry things; no one ever thought of me; I was such a shy, p ain child.

From our mother Joyce inherited her rare beauty and attractiveness, while I was born with the birthmark of my father's nature upon me—a nature sil int, intense, visionary, and with deep undertones of sorrow.

Well, the dreaded days at Mrs. Chilsom's began, days that grew speciliy into years. For a growing g rl I was overworked, and, as a result, was often depressed, discouraged and morbidly sensitive. I was not wholly unhappy, however; it takes so little to make happiness for a child.

There were brief and far-between visits from Joyce; and there were rare and radiant afternoons when, by an extra amount of work before and after. I was allowed a few hours at Mrs. Volney's.

I shall never forget my first visit to Joyce after we were once permanently settled in our new homes.

I went by special invitation from Mrs. Volney, herself; and I think Mrs. Chilsom consented to my going, not from any desire to please the poor little homesick girl, whon fate had p aced in her care; but rather because she was proud of even ther of the wide, well-kept lawn surrounding.

this vague social relation between a member of her household and the elegant Mrs. Volnev.

Among the fountains and flowers of the wide, well-kept lawn surrounding the Voluey mansion. Joyce waited for my coming that mid-summer afternoon, and came fluttering across the velvety turf to meet the pretty perfumed perfut turf to meet the property of the property turf to meet the pretty perfumed away, with no bit of bright ribon to relieve its plainness. I thought even of my shoes; how very coarse they seemed compared with her dainty kid slippers. Silly things to trouble about, Mrs. Chilsom would have said. No doubt they were; but there had been born with ma a rarz consciousness of beauty I cannot remember a time when I did not love sweet sounds, rejoice in rich colors and feel a strauge pleasure in harmonious

forms. .It was, therefore, a real source of discomfort to me that I was compelled

of discomfort to me that I was compelled to wear such coarse and unbecoming apparel, and the thought of it crept into this hour of joy with a shar, thrust of pain. All the poetry of life-the roses and gadness-fell to Joyce.

No, not quite all, for growing close to the one window of my small, low room, was a grand old maple. So near it grew that I could step out through the open window upon one of its stout limbs and thus recent the body of the tree, where another I mb had been growing and crooking itself for years into a very consequence.

modious and comfortable seat. I faacied modious and comfortable seat. I facinet there—I half believe now with a fur deeper sense of the reality of things— that that gnarled limb was grown on purpose for me; for without that one little nook over which beauty and dreams held royal sway, how could I have endured those years at Mrs. Chil-son's Here I sat, when earth and sky wer-full of the sit er rad ance of moon light, or pensive with the faint shining of heterodysters are given the wide read of hetar-off stars, or when the wind crept around the corner of the od house of hetar-off stars, or when the wipdercpt around the corner of the odphouse with a low kinnenting that foretold the coming storm, and dreamed the house away; dreamed and questioned as no child ever will, save one whose he at is starvel for human love. I had no protecting parent aims to rest in, and so I drew close to the great heat of nature, and, clinging these, bearied to see visions in the sky: to hear volves among the leaves, and to read a poem in the simplest flower. Besalt, Nr. Chilson was a strict church attendant, and this brought to me another source of or, the Sabuchtschool. Its books were so much to me to me another source of over the Sabouth-school. Its books were so much to me ediatity stories, thographies, works of trevel, listeries can't during the week each one became a triond that I had accessed with a geniine third of regret. Therefore, the poetry was not all for Joyce, for now and thou a thythmic verso flashed into the dail pusse of my ordi-ustry life.

But about that visit to Jovee.

But doout that visit to Leyic.

"O. Itithy!" size exclaimed as she cought my outstretched bunds and pressed her sweet lips to mine. If thought you were never to come. It seems like an age that I've been waiting, and we are to have such a joby time, too. Manma Volkey says we are to have our supper in the lose arbor all by ourselves, and that Matha shall wat upon us like we were bug people, you know."

"O. Joyce," said I, hat' dismayed, as we entered the great hill and I caught sight of the magnificent means opening upon either hand.

"I had no idea that it we'ld be so very heautiful. It must be, it is like her en." The laughed, alow we'lt ripple down in her whete three. "Vorall get accustomed to it ulter a little, bith. It must took my weath away after the diney room, upon. It ill street, but I don't roind it, is the least now. One can get used to most any thing, I guess."

While she talked she removed my hat (one of Mrs. Ch Isom's, done over, and my especial abberrence), and taking my hand conducted me to a cocl, shadowy room opening fron the conservatory, where Mrs. Volney sat reading. She received

conducted me to a cocl, shadowy room opening fron the conservatory, where Mrs. Volney sat reading. She received me graciously enough, and yet there was an indefinable sometiming about her paie, proud face, even with the smile of welcome upon it, which repetied me, and I was glad when at last we were alone in Joyce's room.

What a contrast to mine was this blue What a contrast to mine was this blue and drab room, with its gilt-mounted bed room suit, its snow-a hite tolic apputtenances and all its dainty appointments. Through the open window came the sweet breath of the summer wind gently swaying the Joany lace curtains. There were pretty, costly trifes scattere I about the room: there were pictures, and books, and fresh cut flowers in the vases, "You must be very happy, Joyce, in such a lovely room that is all your own," I said.

such a lovely room that is all your own," I said.

"Yes." linger'ng over the word, "I suppose I am, only at first the nights were terrible. I had never slept away from you, Dithy, you know, in-my whole life, and I did miss you so, and used to cry for you every night. So Mamma Volney had Martha come and lie on the couch there, and she would tell all sorts of queer stories until I tell asleep. And, beside, I used to think about mamma and how dreatful still and dead she looked when the folks came and put her in that horrid old tight box, and shut up her beautiful eyes so she couldn't see us any more and know how hard we were crying."

She neetled close up in my arms as

ing."
She nestled close up in my arms, as

ing."

She nestled close up in my arms, as she had always done—so close that he golden curis fell over my brown lawn.

"Can it be possible, Joyee, that you have missed me so much."

"Indeed I have; and I freited about it till Mamma Volney sent James to that dreadful old Mrs. Chilson's with a note asking you to come, and she has promised that I shall see you ever-so often after this, if I won't cry day more."

Very soon, with the elasticity of childhood, we forgot the sorrows of the past in the joy of the present. There was so much to be seen—so many things to be talked of—so many fairy-like nooks to be explored—that the hours of that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon went by unnoticed. At five o'clock we had supper in the Rose arbor—and such a supper! Even Mrs. Volney herself came out to superintend its arrangement. But it per in the Rose arbor—and such a supperlyen Mrs. Volney herself came out to superintend its arrangement. But it ended all too soon, and Joyce accompanied me as far as Blackstone street, and there, with her warm kisses lingering like fragrance upon my lips, I turned away to hide my tears and hastened back to the old wearying life again.

away to hide my tears and hastened back to the old wearying life again. How humble, now destitute of all beauty, my little room up under the caves seened after loyce's. I was never so rebellious in my life. I could not even kneet to repeat the simple prayer my leautiful, deid mothers had tamph the little properties of the could not be an all sobled mysefints an unessy simber.

While I live there will hang upon the While I live there will hang upon the wall of my memory a pleture which the brush of an artist could never have produced. It is to picture of a small, fow room, its bare, smoke-soiled walls adorned by bits of drawing, flowers, human heads, landscape—the crude work of an untaught child, yet showing in the boldness of design the fervor of an inherent gift.

Painting had been the one passion of my father's soul from boyhood. If le was born into a home of poverty, and after years of trauble was just gaining for himself a place in the realm of art when mamma, a petted chil I of weath and in all her sweet, starry girlishness, came into his studio one morning and—

"Once get a scent of mask into a drawer And it educes here have in law."

"Once get a scent of musk into a drawer And it clings hold like precedents in law." Not a proud father could displace the which took instant root

affection which took instant root in these two young hearts. Thus, along with her helplessness, and her beauty, and her loving, she brought a father's curse. I only know in part the bliss and sorrow of the years that followed, until death came and left Jovce and me, two helpless waifs, addift upon the great world's restless tide.

Things that of themselves are the merest trifles, in their consequences sometimes influence the whole after course of one's life. Mrs. Chilsom was having a' dress made in a shop upon Washington street. Saturday night found her prostrated by an attack of nervous headache. The dress must be had, and I was commissioned to go for it in her place, and with miny an injunction "to fetch all the pieces, the thread that remained and the extra buttons, if any such their chanced to be." It was a pleasant half-hour's walk to Washington street. A woman of perhaps thirty years answered the door-call. She wore a well fitting dress of some-oft gray material, adorned by a pretty white appron and a knot of height r bloon at her times:

Her face, though not in any manner. Things that of themselves are the

Her face, though not in any manner beautiful, was pleasing in expression, and she here about her the indefinable and she have about her the indefinable air of a per the woman. Sucromoded by the advantages of wealth and high social standing, she would have been a lady, Having been Greed by eir mattin es-into this mental position, she was a budy sent.

still.

This much I noted a most instantly, even before I said—"I have come for Mrs. Chilson's dires."

"Ah, tes, but you will have to "ait a little; it is not eatifully fin had. I ren sery which harried in these days."

She smithly as the more said as."

She smiled as the space, and placed a chair forms never an own window. It was a boar like place A hand there were an own window in the same warp to extend the theor there was well a board includes upon the wals and the whole for piching of the wals and the was head of the read in many a walden input a was hear within me and I said without time for thinking. You say you are hope of the wish I might come and work were you."

and work with you."

Though a tide in the adapts of men, which, taken at the thoul, leads on two fortune;" and that he'f hour in which I waited for Mrs. Ch Isom's dress, proved to be the theming tide of my desting.

Sitting beside this woman who I fel, had known sorrow, I was embeddened to

nau known sorrow, I was embordened to telline in part the story of my life. In return she to, I me this much of her own life. Herse flavd mother, both widows, lived a one, does n ien' upon their labor for support. About working tor hersels we will take the matter over with her mother, and I was to call for their decident sometime during the following week.

This was the first real "waiting time". I had ever known, and I am atraid I did not isen: It very headealty. I tried to real stories I had read of neartys who had quietly fo de i their arms and smiled while the cames devoure I trem; tred to remember so no of the wooderful things men had planned and words they had written while In wife, on a living death incarcerated in noisome old prison cells. It was all jin vain, I could not hen had primed and words they had written while lie reine out a living death incarcerated in noisome old prison cells. It was all in vain. I could not look backward. All the young activity within me rushed forward in a warm current of desire toward a possible event. Every waking hour was fully occupied with alternating images for and against the probability of my becoming an inmate of Mrs. Jordan's household. Every one comes to just such places now and then in the course of his lifetime, I suppose. Places where "Desire has trimmed the sails and circumstance brings but the breeze to fill them."

Whoever has thus waited in uncertainty for the failure or fruition of some hoped for good, can understand the preptually changing moods by which I was controlled during the hours that intervened between that Saturday night and the Wednesday foilowing.

Mrs. Chilsom scolded and threatened. I was never so cateless in my life she said. But, oh! what dreams I had, while, with all possible screnity, I performed my daily tasks. Dreams of freedom; of a fure apet from Mrs. Chilsom; of a release from the disagreeable drudgery of a hoarding house; of adequate compensation for labor per formed; and the added sence of self-respect that would naturally come with the independence of carrying one's own purse, and being extravagant or economical according to one's own desire or ne-

purse, and being extravagant or economical according to one's own desire or no

ical according to one's own desire or necessities.

Wednesday night, when the preparations for the early Thursday morning breakfast were all completed. I slipped out unobserved, and hirty flew along the gas-lighted streets until I reached the home of Mrs. Jordan.

My answer was all I had hoped for. I was to remain with them six months, after that the magic door of the wide, wide world would be open before me, what wonderful possibilities it contained! what avenue of joy! what palvess of hope!

Salted until morning to tell Mrs. Chuson of the proposed change, and

chison of the proposed change, and

shall never forget the storm

shall never forget the storm we disclosure evoked. She pauset midst of her p'e-making, her fag ing fairly purple with rage.

"Edith Wilder," she cried a the laziest and most ungrated hussy on the face of the earth, you slius had enough to cat and to comfort ble clothin, and hair lus ben strivin' to make a good the cirit of you? I wonder was lus ben strivin' to make a good cogirl of you? I wonder my soll completely emptied of all the garcharity long afore this, with the charity long afore this, with the last. All you've ever eared for set around, and make pictures as books, and me a slavin' myself to to take care of you. Well you but you needn't think I'll ever the in agin if you starve in the street. I'mmoved by her ravings I went ly about the work of the day, fills the odd moments with preparation debarture. I could be reparation

Unmoved by her raving a Twent I value the work of the day, flighthe odd moments with preparation departure. I could even smile at words, for I knew that Mrs. Chilsone had lost its venomed powe. It was May-time when I came he was July now, and I think I would die than go back to Mrs. Chilsone this touch of real home life. We very quiet family. Mrs. Jordan his one child, a bright, beautiful four old boy—little Charley.

One day his mamma said, while a splashed down upon the pretty san silk she was working upon: "I we could go out into the country a way this afternoon behind a fast-the horse. It would be something to me up, for I do grow so tired of all times—the work and the worr. I me After a moment Charley looked from his play of building a train out of his blocks and numberies spanny of the same and the worr. I me and the work and the worr. I me and the work and the worr. I me and the work and the work is the country as well as the work and the work. I me as a work in the work and the work is the work and the work. I me as a work is blocks and numberies spany of the work and the work is the work and the work. I me as a work is the work and the th

"for Charley just told a white-win angel all about it. Shall Charlet

angel all about it. Shall Charge too, mamma?"
"Yes, dearie," stooping to kist sweet mouth, with tips that quiesd spite of her bravery.

I was so glad it happened as its for less than half h air afterward & Benton dashed up to the gate with span of spirited dapple grave.
"Nellie," he cailed, in his gat where the farm for an hoar. Ton't we have

say no, 'seeing her hesitate. The you back by 5 o'cleck, sharp 'she came back almost as raisat

Charley himself.

Charley himself,
"There, that will defer a whole well
won't it, dear?" as she put aside h

won'r it, dear?' as she put aside hat.

"Yes, but wasn't it jolly these mamma? When I'm a big man, Illian a nice splendid form, too, and how that can go like the very o'd for I'ell you, didn't that heautiful sag hear what lasked him quick?

How pleasant it is to be writing on those every day occurrences in how that is my very own.

Just here at the end of this intoxition to my journal, I wish to win these words; I don't not be forgestial at them here, that however my like my below and flow. I cannot be forgestial

chis and flow. I cannot be forgetting this tidem.rk of its culm pleasure.

The quiet of our home life was koke in upon to-day by something akin by tragedy.

Mrs. Jordan and I was

Mrs. Jordan and I were very near the usual Saturday's hurry of hishing up, when Mrs. Abbett came into the room with a tiny cake she had bisaling Charles.

Charley. "He is playing in the yard," Ma Jordan said in answer to her inquir. But he was not there. The garested slightly nigr. Alarmed, we called bin ome, we serrehed for him through the house, in the yard, up and down the signeen streets and with an anxiety the grew more intense with every passet rooment. moment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Margered the Watchman

Mappered the Watchman.

New York, March 23.—The strike it the Simpons Manufacturing Company's Stove K undry at Hunter's Point committee of a murder Saturday night. The murdered man was B. C. Arook who was employed as watchman by the firm. While he was going to see the was set upon by a number of the sime was set upon by a number of the sime was not in the scuffle which ensued Arnold was stabbed in the neck by ose of the mon, the knife severing the juguilar vein. Arnold was a member of the lise-mond Detective Agency of Brooklyn. It is thought he had incurred the ensity of the strikers for standing by the company. pany.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28.— President McLeod was asked about the rumos that Governor Abbets had demanded a stipulation from the Reading coal combination that the price of coal should not advance. He promptly replied that the rumor was ridiculous. He said: "The utter-impossibility of making such an arrangement should have been apparent, to everyone." Another official of the company said: "What would be the sense in our agreeing not to advance be sense in our agreeing not to advance the price of coal? We could not control other companies, and if they advanced prices we should do the same. Besides we could not make acontract, like a last, building for all time."

Eloped With Her Employer.

TRENTON, N. J. March 28.—Balthast Walter, aged 45, eloped with Louise Katzenwalker, a young German girl of the country of the

WASHINGTON, March 28—No news have been received in Washington regarding the program of the periodition in Year success. Marche Back Pereza has correct on a control to the government of the control to the control to the success of the control to t

JOKER'S BUDGET

AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS .-

rt Boy-Proof Positive-Held Head High-A Burglar in Luck cked Out-Etc., Etc.

A SMART BOY. Dick There goes Johnny a safety. He's the smartest

town.
How so?

her How so?
got himself a rich father."
imph! I don't understand."
hy, his rea! father died, an' then
ful rich man got 'quainted with his
r, but he didn't like Johnny; so
y he pratended he was sick 'an
to die; and then, after the rich man
ed his mother, he got well."—
News. News.

PROOF POSITIVE.

k-So you are engaged to Maud

m How do you know? k You were the only flirt with last night .- [New York

HELD HIS HEAD HIGH.

icul —I know you are a prond and y father, and I've no doubt that is a regular cherub, and all that; don't see why you need hold your equite so high.

ong Father—That's to keep from hing asleep.—[Now York Weekly.]

A BURGLAR IN LUCK.

nith was aroused from a sound sleep night by a noise. Thinking that oith was aroused. Thinking trac-night by a noise. Thinking trac-lars were in the house, he arose, put is trousers and went down stairs, ing his collar in one hand, the other Finding to one below he re-late wife immedi-Finding no one below he re-his room, and his wife immedi-

y asked: Frank, why did you take your collar raise, any two learning and from the grant of the grant o

heard you talking about fools awhile Miss Faunie," said a silly dude to a rp girl at a dance, "and - And, she interrupted with a esdrappers never hear any go

ingley. That's a beautiful evergoat bure on . How much did it cost

Twenty-five cents. Laraway - I wenty five cents.
Dingley - Why, how was that?
Caraway - 4th, the confoinded tallor
at it home by express and I had to pay
afreight.—[Browklyn Life. araway

A CHARACTER STUDY.

"Did you ever study the faces in a rber's shop of the men waiting to be aved?"

"Did you ever try to distinguish the sssimistic from the optimistic?" "Yes; and there is very little diffi-ity in assigning them to their respect-

'Indeed!'
'Yes; the pessimist is the last man tomes in and who has to wait until other men are shaved before his neomes, and the optimist is the man tinguished by the appellation of xt.'—(New York Press.

Little Girl-Oh, mamma, my dollio fel vn and broke her nose. Mamma—How did she fall?

She feil all by herself." "She was standin up."
"Then you must have stood her up."

"And then you went off and left her?
"Well, childrens don't want thei
ammus around all the time."—(Goo.

-I always have a great many pe He (tenderly)—Am I one of them? She—Yes. You are my pet aversion

IT IS STRANGE.

Driggs—There is one thing about foreigner I don't understand.
Figgs—What?
Driggs—He brags about his countrall the time he is here, and about o country all the time after he gets hem

APPROPRIATE.

What are you going to Cumso—What are you going with that mouse, Johnny?
Johnny Cumso—Use it for bait.
Cumso (astonished)—For bait?
Johnny—Yes; I'm going to try
eatch some cathsh.—[Juster.

GOOD DEFINITION

"It's but a stop from the sublime the ridiculous."
"How so?"
"Here's a man offers \$1,000 for a bidge.

dog. That's sublime. Here's the own who won't take it. That's ridiculous. (Brooklyn Life.

NO SLEEP.

"There is poor Riace to sleep."
"What, Robinson?" is poor Robinson-hasn't

Yep "He has a home. Yes and twins two weeks old.