

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.

Two sorts of writers possess genius—those who think, and those who cause others to think.

Liam show their respect for the truth by growing angry when caught disagreeing it.

Defence is the most complicated, the most intricate, and the most elegant of all compliments.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

The greatest will always speak of himself either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversations.

Man's value is in proportion to what he has courageously suffered, as the steel of the sword is in proportion to the tempering it has undergone.

She is not to be pitied who thinks to find a friend other than her husband if she is a wife, than her children if she is a mother, than God if she is neither.

We cannot skip the seasons of our life. We cannot hasten the ripeness and the sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping east wind.

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and to one who becomes adept at it except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.

The Bible writers hope over the darkest days of life. Man, above all things, needs hope, and the Bible is the charter of hope, the message of the God of Revelation, who alone is the God of hope.

If there is a right thing to be done, and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it there's another way to do it and a better one, and it is our own fault, and not God's that we do not find it.

A man without earnestness is a mortal and a terrifying spectacle. The earnestness is a constant, as we must of such a one—that he is in the most effectual and compulsive of all schools.

No man clothes being fine, they should be well made, and worn easily for a man is only the least gentle for a fine coat, if in wearing it he shows a regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it were a plain coat.

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the successes last. The uncertainty is generally the surest to be seen.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once an exquisite taste, or for the length of time with pleasant people, or enjoy any considerable interval of unobtrusive pleasure.

The storm tries the building, and discovers what a built upon rock. The storm tries the metal, whether it be gold or copper. The furnace tries the metal, whether it be pure or dross, and the storm tries the Christian.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? That it was a question that was asked, and that it was a question that was asked, and that it was a question that was asked.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly end of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling and in setting one's teeth against the world as well make up your mind to begin with that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it but didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the work as they go along, are the ones who are the most useful and the most successful.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted that he must be much richer than he is.

Money and time are the heaviest burden of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

God is the whole life of our soul. All the powers of the mind do not find their rest in the things of this world, but in the things of the next. The heart finds its rest in the things of the next world, and the soul finds its rest in the things of the next world.

If we all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and the beautiful, we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

Our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, and we would be a different race. We would be a different race, and we would be a different race.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

How a Pretty Girl Saved Her Lover in Nick of Time.

"I saw an amusing incident the other evening," said the treasurer of a Chicago club, "and one that revealed a woman's true character. Just before the curtain rose a carriage drove up in front of the office and a young gentleman alighted, followed by one of the prettiest young ladies I have ever seen. There was considerable of a crowd just then in front of my window, and it was two or three minutes before I reached the scene. He appeared and asked for two seats in the orchestra circle. I had none left that suited him, but offered him a box. He concluded to take it, and put his hand in his pocket for the money. The lady stood just behind him, but outside the little brass rail. He evidently had searched for the money in the wrong pocket for his hand came out empty, only to dive into another. His face gradually flushed as the search proceeded, until it grew flaming red. I should have been perfectly willing to let him fail, but he kept on digging, and I guessed that in changing his dress he had forgotten his money; but I wanted to see what he would do. He continued to wait for him, but he was impatient at the delay. The nervous tapping of her fan on the rail was not exactly in unison with the strains of the orchestra that could be heard from the interior. At last, realizing that he had forgotten his pocket-book, the young man addressed me by name and said:

"—Have I left my pocket-book in my other trousers, but I will give you my card, and if you will oblige me with the tickets I will send you the amount in the morning."

"The young man made a dive into his inside pocket for his card case, but failed to bring it to light. He had forgotten his card case as well as his purse."

"I was about to hand him a blank card when I caught sight of the lady's hand. Her right hand held a handkerchief to her lips, while her eyes, brimming over with laughter, sparkled merrily. She was evidently enjoying the situation to the utmost, and I was mentally reproaching her for lack of sympathy, when I spied just under the elbow of the man a small hand pressed against the cushion to attract his attention, while in his grasp was a dainty purse of shell and gold."

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

DEALING IN DEAD HORSES.

Shoes, Fertilizers, Ladies' Switches, Buttons, and Glass Made Out of Defunct Equines.

A crowd had gathered on a South Street corner, where a horse and a woman had been shot. The woman was a fat, dark-complexioned man elbowed his way up and said, as he smiled grimly:

"Say mister, I'll cart that horse away if you will give it to me. Is it a bargain?"

The owner pondered a moment, looked around at the crowd, and remarked:

"The animal is no use to me, and I guess you can't use it, but I'll bless it if I know what you want with it. You can have it if you will tell me."

"All right. You see a dead horse represents considerable money to me, and when I can get one, I am going to drop out it every time. I'll haul the animal out to my place, where I will skin it and tan the hide, or else sell it as a horse box, as I knew who he was and guessed that in changing his dress he had forgotten his money; but I wanted to see what he would do. He continued to wait for him, but he was impatient at the delay. The nervous tapping of her fan on the rail was not exactly in unison with the strains of the orchestra that could be heard from the interior. At last, realizing that he had forgotten his pocket-book, the young man addressed me by name and said:

"—Have I left my pocket-book in my other trousers, but I will give you my card, and if you will oblige me with the tickets I will send you the amount in the morning."

"The young man made a dive into his inside pocket for his card case, but failed to bring it to light. He had forgotten his card case as well as his purse."

"I was about to hand him a blank card when I caught sight of the lady's hand. Her right hand held a handkerchief to her lips, while her eyes, brimming over with laughter, sparkled merrily. She was evidently enjoying the situation to the utmost, and I was mentally reproaching her for lack of sympathy, when I spied just under the elbow of the man a small hand pressed against the cushion to attract his attention, while in his grasp was a dainty purse of shell and gold."

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

The first thing, you must be so recommended to the holy father, or to some very powerful member of his hierarchy, that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the audience room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. The chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and title.

The camerier follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of pleasing the pope. The camerier may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever derring you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father.

Mind you, you are now on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down; you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo, and get hold of the hem of his robe, either he lets you kiss it in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand towards the tray, which the camerier holds, and you then get up and kneel again. In no time the camerier is gone, and you are left alone with the pope. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of more than 2000 people takes place. It contains a simple table and chair. A white and gold robe and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The young man saw it just as I did, and with a sigh of relief took the offered pocket-book, but without a word he opened it, my doubts fled. I could plainly see two or three \$10 bills, neatly folded in one corner, while the other was a flower and two or three pieces of gold, evidently some of the samples to be found in every woman's purse or pocket."

"The tickets being paid for, the couple entered, and through the little door in the back of my office I saw them stop in the vestibule and engage in courteous discussion. He seemed to wish her to take back her purse, which she finally did, and opening it, gravely handed it to him. He at first refused to receive it, but she persisted and he accepted the loan. His hand closed over hers, and then he moved toward the entrance of the box. I saw them later during the play and I am sure he followed her face much more closely than I did the stage. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

SCIENTIFIC.

Sea-Fish for California.—An interesting letter from Professor Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, has been addressed to J. D. Redding, who was recently appointed Deputy United States Fish Commissioner for California.

The letter states that it is impossible as yet to make any definite calculation as to the time, place and circumstances of the proposed shipment of the fish to California. The size of the shipment must depend upon the success achieved in obtaining the proper sizes and conditions of sea fish, and it is doubtful whether it will be practicable to get a carload of these fish next fall. They can be gathered during the summer and held so as to become accustomed to captivity, after which a shipment may be safely made.

Professor Baird says that he is instituting experiments with regard to the best way of moving lobsters, etc., so as to make practical shipments of the results. He can see no reason why scallops cannot be transported as well as any other mollusks. Whitefish have frequently been sent to California, although it is more common to use them from eggs hatched out in the States. A number of lakes in the West, including Lake Tahoe, have been fully stocked.

The suggestion having been made that the ignition of petroleum tanks may sometimes be caused by sparks from the rail, it is long and bulky, can be made into a nice horse-brush or switch for ladies. To make a nice switch, I take out the bone from the rail and tan it. When I get a big dead horse I save some of the meat, feeding the dogs on that. They thrive on it, and it doesn't cost much.

The horse I sell to some glue factory, and they are boiled down and made into glue. Do I make use of the bones? Of course I do. Sometimes I grind them up and sell them as fertilizer around my place. I have a big spread on my garden if you want to raise good crops. When I am busy and want to dispose of them I sell them to some button-factory. They make buttons of them, and they are good for nothing else. I have seen some knife handles made from bone, but it cracks easily and is not used much. Buttons are more generally made of bone than anything else in that line.

"Now, if you want any more of my cats let me know, and I will supply you," but the farmer pointed out the fact that the cats were not the best of the breed, but the farmer pointed out the fact that the cats were not the best of the breed, but the farmer pointed out the fact that the cats were not the best of the breed.

The clothes of Japanese girls.

Japanese young men of fashion visit the girls just as they do in this country, take them out to restaurants and fill them up with ice cream. They have balls and parties where the girls are invited to sit on the laps of the boys. However, a recent innovation, but is liked by the Japanese exceedingly. The costumes of the ladies in Japan are more like those of the girls in this country. First of all, no corset is worn. The long silk sash supplies the place of steel and whalebone. The dress is a simple, loose-fitting garment, and around the waist, loosely and the ends hang down behind. There is no large, elaborate bow pinned against the back, like those seen in this country. After the curtain fell I stood on the sidewalk and heard him tell the driver to go to a fashionable restaurant. I am willing to bet a bottle of wine that their engagement is announced before a month is passed."

"Seeing the Pope.

