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If We Knew.

There are gems of wordless brightness
Oftimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowded street;
If we knew, our pace would slacken—
We would stop to pick off with care,
Lest our careless feet should be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are yearning
For the sunshine we could fling;
If we knew what feet are weary
Walking pathways roughly laid;
We won't quickly hasten forward,
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell—
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell;
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chance to meet—
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy—sweet.

—Frances Richardson.

Mr. Thistledown's Courtship.

"I certainly shall try the experiment," quoth I to myself.

And then I covertly looked in the glass, so as better to calculate my chances matrimonial.

It wasn't a very satisfactory survey. I am not a handsome man. But there's one advantage I possess that is worth all the beauty in creation, Torquatus Thistledown, Esq., president of the Thistledown Petroleum Company, with the handsomest yacht in the bay, and money enough to freight with a golden cargo! Youth—beauty—what do they weigh in the balance against Torquatus Thistledown?

And I patted my pockets with a chuckle that sounded like the chink of doubloons!

"I'll do it," I exclaimed aloud.

Bruce Hardenbrook glanced sleepily up from his armchair in the bay window, and took the cigar out of his mouth. Bruce belongs to our club—more's the pity—a supercilious puppy that looks down on a fellow from the height of his six feet two as if nobody under that size had any business to exist.

"What's that you're going to do, Thistledown?" asked Bruce.

"To be married," I added slowly and distinctly, "to Miss Fanny Gordon."

Bruce started. I had known very well that that would disturb his serene self-possession. All the world was quite aware that he was dangling after pretty Fanny Gordon—as if a penniless young lawyer had any right to aspire to the hand of the loveliest girl in New York.

"Are you engaged to her, Mr. Thistledown?" he asked.

"No—not exactly engaged—that is, not as yet; but I mean to be. I shall consult Mr. Gordon this very afternoon—an old friend of mine, Job Gordon. He'll refuse me nothing."

Bruce Hardenbrook made no reply. He resumed his newspaper and tried to look indifferent, with remarkably bad success.

So I put on my hat and strolled down to honest Job Gordon's counting house.

"Thistledown, how d'ye do?" he cordially said. "What can I do for you today?"

"A great deal, Mr. Gordon," I responded. "I am contemplating matrimony. I am thinking of the hymeneal bonds, sir, and—and—I would like the weight of your influence with your daughter Fanny. I adore Fanny, sir—I worship her—I don't mind telling you that it is within her option at this moment to become Mrs. Torquatus Thistledown!"

Mr. Gordon wrung my hand heartily.

"Torquatus," he chuckled, breathlessly, "you've a trump. My daughter, Mrs. Petroleum Company, no, I don't mean that exactly—but—but I only hope you aren't too late."

"Too late!" I gasped, making a clutch at my yellow silk pocket handkerchief and wiping the drops away from the bald spot on the crown of my head.

"There was a young fellow here this very morning," went on Mr. Gordon, rumpling his hair about with one hand in a distracted manner, "upon the self-same business, and"——

"Not Bruce Hardenbrook?"

"Yes, Bruce Hardenbrook—the very person—and I told him to—I—I gave him my sanction—and I've just sent up a note to Fanny, desiring her to have no hesitation in promptly accepting the gentleman who would propose to her this afternoon."

I gave a feeble gasp and rubbed my nose.

"But," added the old gentleman, with a sudden inspiration, "I didn't mention any names, thank goodness, and I don't see upon my word, why the note shouldn't answer for you just as well as for Bruce Hardenbrook, if you only get there a little ahead of him."

I jumped up and made a grasp for my hat.

"Couldn't—couldn't you go with me?"

"Impossible—I have two important appointments but you won't need me—the note paves the way. Good-evening, Torquatus; I wish you all possible success!"

As I hailed the nearest omnibus and leaped in, the iron tongue of old Trinity tolled 6 in deep bass monosyllables. Perhaps—perhaps I might yet be in time—perhaps Bruce Hardenbrook might be such a fool as to be lilling away the precious moments in that big, easy chair at the club rooms. It was barely possible and my heart gave a bound at the idea.

Fanny was at home, for as I rang the bell I saw the flutter of her blue muslin dress from the French windows that opened on the balcony—and the next moment she admitted me herself—a tall, beautiful girl, with light brown hair brushed away from a low white forehead, and eyes like shady wells of light.

"Dear me, Mr. Thistledown, is it really you?" she exclaimed, coquettishly, adjusting a rose in her hair. "Excuse my opening the door; the servants are gone to Michael Somebody's wake,' and I'm all alone."

Not entirely alone, for a man's hat hung on the hall stand—dark, speechless witness! My heart stood still. At the same moment I caught a glimpse of my face in the oval mirror above. It couldn't have been redder or more shining if it had been oiled mahogany. However, I gave it a dab or two of my pocket handkerchief and boldly entered the parlor.

Just as I expected. Bruce Hardenbrook was there; but then judging by his appearance, he had only just arrived. Now was my time; but how was a fellow to make love with Bruce Hardenbrook's cold, critical eyes full on him, and the amused curve of his lip, varying at every word I spoke.

"I—I was thinking of asking you, Fanny"——

"Yes, Mr. Thistledown."

But my courage failed me at this eventful moment.

"If you're much troubled with mosquitoes in this neighborhood?"

"Not at all?"

Bruce was laughing—I knew he he was, but I scorned to look at him. I felt as I had been taking a bath in liquid fire.; was I to be trifled at thus? Never!

"Fanny," I resumed resolutely, "I am in"——

But she jumped up with an agonized little scream.

"Hush! wasn't that a man's step in the basement hall? I am sure I heard it. Kathleen has left the door unbolted, and the house is full of robbers and murderers! Oh, Mr. Thistledown, do—do run down and see."

She shrank into a corner with the prettiest cowardice I had ever seen.

Now I'm not, as a general thing, particularly partial to the company of burglars and house breakers, but what was a man to do thus charmingly appealed to?

"Don't be afraid, Fanny," said I, snatching up the guitar case valiantly and making for the lower part of the house with that weapon of aggression.

"Come on Hardenbrook—we'll make 'em stir around pretty lively, or we'll know the reason why!"

Hardenbrook followed, rather contrary to my expectations. I had half feared his remaining behind to comfort the frightened dove in the blue muslin feathers.

"You look in the kitchen, Thistledown, and I'll examine the cellar," he said and I promptly obeyed. I looked under the dresser, behind the tables, even beneath the great brass kettle in the corner, but there was no burglar there.

"It must have been the cat, Hardenbrook," bawled I, "for—— The deuce how came this door shut?"

I gave the handle of the door an energetic turn—it was fast locked!

And now the truth began to dawn dimly upon my perturbed brain. The coast was clear and victory belonged to Bruce Hardenbrook!

In vain I shouted until my lungs were hoarse—in vain I rattled the resistless door; nothing but the echo rewarded my efforts. Nor was the scene of my involuntary confinement particularly inviting. It was dark, close and intensely hot—a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact of a white-hot fire glowing away in the range and no particular circulation except that of Croton bugs across the floor. I sat down on the brass kettle and mopped the streams of perspiration from my forehead—a modern St. Bartholomew.

I gnashed my teeth and upset a whole colony of frying pans in despair.

I sprang up and rattled the door once more, shouting at the top of my lungs; but all to no avail. I kicked at the walls—I beat a tattoo on the brass kettle with the guitar case. Vain efforts. I might as well have attempted to make myself heard from the great dungeon of the Bastile. And then I remembered the probable turn affairs were taking up stairs, and I uttered a hollow groan.

"If I ever get out of this fiery furnace alive!" said I to myself, energetically, "I'll let girls and matrimony alone!"

So the time crept away, every moment seeming like an hour, and I heard the sharp little kitchen clock strike eight, nine and ten, with a keen sense of despair at every time. Should I never escape? Was I doomed to be roasted alive?

At length the monotony of silence was relieved by the sound of footsteps coming down the narrow stairs, and Gordon's voice exclaimed:

"Mary—Hannah—Kathleen—where the mischief are you all? What's the kitchen door locked for? I'll discharge every one of you or—Hallo! —thieves!—murder!—police!"

And Honest Job fired his revolver aimlessly into the kitchen and flung a heavy chair after it.

"Gordon!—cousin—hold on—it's I, Torquatus Thistledown!"

"Thistledown in my kitchen! I don't believe a word of it. Police, I say!"

"But it is. I and I'm ready dead. Stop your bawling and listen to reason, I said rather vindictively, for the slender thread of my patience was rapidly diminishing down to nothing at all. "Let me out where there's a breath of fresh air and I'll explain things."

The astonished old gentleman led me up stairs into the gas-lighted hall, marvelling much at the wilted appearance that I presented.

"Now, then, will you be good enough to tell me what all this is about. I come home at ten o'clock and find my house open and empty. I go down into my kitchen and find the president of the Petroleum Company penned up among the pots and pans! Am I asleep and dreaming? Or have I lost my senses?"

"Yes," I interrupted, "where are Hardenbrook and Fanny?"

"Where? How should I know! Another mystery, I presume."

"No mystery at all, sir," said a well-known voice, as Bruce Hardenbrook came quietly up the front steps and in to the hall, with Fanny leaning on his arm, the pomegranate checks a shade redder than ever, and the bright hair glistening around her face. "Here we are, you see."

"And where have you been?"

"Only to get married, sir."

"Married?" cried I.

"Married!" echoed Mr. Gordon.

"You told me in your note, papa, to accept him promptly," faltered Fanny.

"But I didn't suppose you were going to be as prompt as all this," said the discomfited papa.

I remained to hear no more. What detected general cares for finger and survey the series of his coat and discomfiture? Turning a deaf ear to Gordon's apologies and congratulations—resisting Bruce's hypocritical condolence and Fanny's mischievous eyes, where laughter and compassion blended into bewildering light, I put on my hat and shook the dust of that mansion off my feet at once and for ever.

And that was my last courtship.—[Albany Times-Union.

The Symbolic Barber Pole.

Of all symbolic signs none is so ancient as the barber's pole, and few have been the cause of so much antiquarian research. According to the "Athenian Oracle," the ancient Romans were so benefited by the work of the first barber that came to their city that they erected a statue to his memory. Anciently barbers acted in the dual capacity of surgeons and hairdressers. In Rome they hung out signs at the end of poles, so that wounded soldiers and gladiators might observe them at a distance and know exactly where to go to find relief. The parti-colored pole or staff is said to indicate that the barber did "bleeding," the colored stripes symboling the strings or ribbons that were wound around the patient's arm while he was being phlebotomized. Two hundred years ago English law compelled barbers to display "a blood pot on a striped pole, the whole to be surmounted with a symbolical cloth of red material.—[St. Louis Republic.

Immaterial to Him.

Servant—I've been everywhere Mr. Smith, and I can't find a single goose.

Mr. Smith—Well, I don't care anything about its matrimonial condition. Get a married goose then.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BUMBLEBEE AND GRASSHOPPER.

A bumblebee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red clover fold
When a grasshopper, weary and cold,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good morning," cried he to Sir Bumblebee;
"You seem to have come to a stop."
The grasshopper paused on his way
And the eight fly bended up his knees
"Why trouble this sunshiny day," quoth he,
"With reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We can't all be wise bumblebees."
"Only insects like you, who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual humming."
"There's a time to be sad,
And a time to be glad,
And a time both for working and singing,
For men to make money,
And yet to make honey,
And me to do nothing but hopping."

—St. Louis Republic.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD MUSICIAN.

"There is a little girl down in a small town in Georgia who astonishes all the people who know her by her wonderful piano playing. She is only six years old and so big a tiny thing that when she is seated on the piano stool her feet do not touch the floor.

She is the youngest of the family and has 20 brothers and sisters! This wonderful little musician name is Vivian Thurmon, and her father, who is a well-known railroad man, is very proud of her, you may be sure.

Vivian has brown eyes—pretty, laughing eyes they are—and thick, yellow curls. She can play any piece on the piano that she has ever heard, and they say could pay for lessons, always playing a different tune. Does it not seem hard, little folks, that some of you have to practice so hard just to learn one piece, and this prodigy can play wonderfully without learning at all? But don't be jealous. Wonderful children seldom grow up to be wonders. There have been many young people whom everybody thought next to fairies, and who grew up to be very ordinary, commonplace men and women.—[New York Advertiser.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"I know who has a bee in her pocket," said Jack.

"How did you know it?" exclaimed Ethel, blushing.

"What's this?" and Jack held up a crumpled handkerchief. "I found it just inside the front door. Then I stepped on a slate-pencil in the hall, and I picked up a penny on the stairs, and—"

"Why, I thought I placed up the hole tight," interrupted Ethel.

"Ethel Emerson! Placed up a hole in your pocket?" said her mother. "I am ashamed of you! You had better go to your room at once and mend it. You'll have time before lunch."

"O mother, I'm in such an interesting place in this story! Can't I do it by and by?" and Ethel looked to see how many pages there were in the chapter.

As Mrs. Emerson made no reply, Ethel shut her book, but took it with her to her room.

Her finger was in the place where she had been reading, and she said to herself, "I must read just a little further, and see if Mildred finds her tickets. It will be too bad if she can't go to the concert."

Then she shut the book with a snap.

"I'm careless enough, but I won't be disobedient, too. I wonder what's left in my pocket, anyway. Goodness me! how near I came to forgetting this," and she took out an envelope.

"Mother," she said, as Mrs. Emerson came into the room, "I saw Uncle John this morning, and he told me to be sure to give you this note. It's lucky I was going to mend my pocket."

"Yes," replied her mother, after she had read the note. "We should both have lost a treat if you had forgotten it. He wants us to meet him down-town, and go to the Musical Festival with him this afternoon.

"Just think!" said Ethel; "what if I'd lost that note out of my pocket! And, O mother! what if I'd kept on reading and hadn't minded you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Emerson—"there were two chances of losing the concert."—[Youth's Companion.

A Serious Defect.

Trivvet—Why don't you marry Miss Kittish, if you are so much in love with her?

Dicer—I would were it not for an unfortunate impediment in her speech.

Trivvet—What sort of an impediment?

Dicer—She is unable to say, "Yes."—[Harper's Bazar.

Epicures are excited by hearing that the supply of terrapin will be the smallest for years.

THE BIGGEST MEN.

Americans Who Are Much Taller Than the Average.

The Heaviest Man in the World is in India.

The biggest man in the world, according to the authorities at Brobdingnag, is an American, John Craig of Danville, Ind., who weighs 425 pounds, and is often seen by the dazzled citizens in that peaceful little village wheeling his six-months-old baby along the streets in a perambulator. This procession of Craig Junior and Senior illustrates one of the remarkable peculiarities of the contemporary giants—he is neither the father nor the son of giants. Johnny Craig, Jr., of Danville, is not above the average size of children of his age, and it is said that this fact causes his father much secret sorrow.

The biggest man in New York, and in other respects one of the most interesting, is John A. Seaton, the colored watchman in the Equitable Building on Lower Broadway. Mr. Seaton is 6 feet 7 1-2 inches in height, and is so symmetrically proportioned that his 350 pounds give him, if anything a statuesque, not to say slender appearance. He is quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanor and possesses of that good nature which is said to be generally characteristic of giants—that is, giants of today; in old times the giants used to spend most of their time roaming with large clubs through dense forests in a bad humor, and lingering greatly after human food.

The biggest dentist in the world, who is in all probability the most gigantic professional man of the time, and who is said by people who ought to know to be by all odds the biggest man in Paris, was observed not long ago strolling along Fifth avenue in New York. He is Dr. G. V. Dubois, who used to live in Buffalo, but emigrated to the French capital fired by the brilliant professional success of Dr. Evans, who is said to have pulled half the crowned heads in Europe. It is darkly whispered about the Paris boulevards that Dr. Dubois does not need forceps to pull teeth with, but is able to seize the offending molar between his fingers and thumb and dexterously lift it from its socket. This may be only a canard. But it is a matter of history that Dr. Dubois was once sent for to come from Washington and give dental attention to a president of the United States. He is 6 feet 10 inches high and remarkably broad—born large for his height.

One of the tallest men in this country and, until further evidence, the tallest, is James Murphy of Bridge Creek, Colquitt County, Ga., commonly known as "Big Foot Jim." He stands 7 feet high in his stocking feet and weighs 280 pounds. Mr. Murphy wears a No. 16 shoe and, as he is said to have a will of his own, no doubt accomplishes something when he puts his foot down.

The strongest man in the Northwest is E. P. Kendall of Seattle. On the occasion of a recent test of his extraordinary power Mr. Kendall agreed to put from shoulder to arm's length a 10-pound dumbbell oftener than eight strong men could do it. Eight of the most vigorous looking laborers at work grading about the County Court-house were matched against him. Kendall kept time with each of them, and after the eighth had given up from sheer exhaustion smiled pleasantly and ran his score up to an even thousand. He has a brother who holds the world's championship at putting up dumbbells.—[St. Louis Republic.

Tricks of Thieves in City Stores.

"The baby trick," said a detective connected with a big New York store to a Sun reporter, "is as old as civilization, but it is still in use. If you were to come in here intending to rob the store, or any male person dressed in ordinary man's costume, you would have a poor chance, because you have nothing about you to conceal goods in. Your clothes are too snug. You might drop a knife into your pocket, or a ring, or some other small article; but what could you do with a piece of silk? The first requisite is flowing drapery, and in the baby trick the baby carries the drapery.

Small babies usually wear long clothes and in their shirts stolen articles are concealed. Here is a curious thing that I often think of: There are probably a thousand grown-up people walking the streets of this city who when they were infants were carried into the big stores to be receptacles for stolen goods. By their mothers? Not necessarily. Babies are often borrowed or rented for this purpose. The baby trick is nothing more than carrying an infant into a store for the express purpose of concealing stolen goods in its long shirts.

"The shoplifting trick is much more common. It is not almost everyone is learned of a lady the woman carries a muff, and the stolen articles are dropped into it. Many large clothing stores be equipped off in this way than you would imagine. The gauntlet trick is a device for the embezzlement of the jewelry counters. The thief in this case carries a long sleeve and some small but valuable articles drops into it—accidentally, of course.

"The shawl trick requires a little nerve and skill that it is seldom used except by experts. A woman's hand shawl is the favorite, for shawls are an of respectability about a man's hats. Where the shawl trick is used a valuable piece of silk disappears within the folds of the shawl. The shoplifter's bag was once a regular vogue with woman thieves. It was simply a large bag suspended from the waist, but with a spring attachment by which it could be opened or closed by a hand carried in the pocket.

More valuable of all has been passed in a shoulder's sleeve, but the carrying of such a bag has been made a criminal offense in this city. The next two smaller bags, one on each side, are substituted for it. A man can see now why the sale of [illegible] latter eyes not only go through the head, but in his knees, crowns, hems and the rest of [illegible]—New York Sun.

The Rag Pickers of Paris.

The number of rag pickers all would every morning in Paris is said to be legion; today that many men and women are getting a living out of the refuse and rubbish that is thrown away at night by the citizens of Paris. It is estimated, writes Henry Havale, that the weight of hair which falls from combs and which the chiffonniers collect each morning, is 100 pounds. This sells at 40 cents per pound in the hair market; the sale of wooden shards, at [illegible] cents daily, amounts each year at [illegible], and that of bones amounts to [illegible] pounds. Some of these and many other things of rag pickers. One spoil [illegible] a steel fastener by chiffonniers, in old sardine boxes.

Another is preparing for a dozen houses in the Champs Elysees. I do not mean to say that he actually intruding in that aristocratic neighborhood, but no one except him can touch their rubbish and refuse. Some rag pickers have clerks and these are called "chiffonniers." They are [illegible] appearance and are paid daily wages. As much as fifteen cents a day is paid to some of them, and they are remunerated based upon the [illegible] rate. Often they [illegible] that the "carve" [illegible] are not overpowering. It is with much difficulty that rag pickers make both ends meet and, though they seldom pay nothing for their lodgings, they have to pay rent for their miserable cabins. You will find more children in the rag pickers' quarter than you will in any other quarter of Paris, that is to say in proportion to the number.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Into the Blue Empyrean.

Algernon was whispering soft to the girl in the gauzy glimmer of lace and tulle.

She had bent her lovely swan-like neck to catch his words.

Murmuringly they drained upward and fell upon the pearly pink white ear, as crystal drops touch silver cups and whom sweet [illegible] sleeping there.

"You are so much to me," he said. "In all the dozen years since my heart responsive grew to woman's sweet solicitude, there has been none whose fingers sprang [illegible] of my soul and wrought in the manly harmonies slumbrous there into a living theme. No face but yours has caught to me the face of angels, fair and pure, beyond the skies that bend above the earth, far removed from all unsoiled thoughts, its greeting cures, its motionless satisfaction. In you concentrated all my dreams incarnate, all my hopes to feel fruition come, my dearest wishes made my own."

Slowly she lifted that fair, sweet face until her soft blue eyes looked into his.

Then she laid her little hand upon his arm.

"Algernon," she murmured, "won't you please come off the roof?"

And as Algernon clambered down he recalled the fact that he had sacked a Western girl.

Another Freak.

Proud Parent—I've got a mighty smart boy, remarkably smart, remarkably.

Candid Friend—Yes, it certainly is remarkable, very.—[Good News.

"One, Two, Three."

She was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree—
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

Great Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On the little crooked right knee
And hide it there where she was hiding,
In counting one, Two, Three!

"Ready or not the children cheat!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
Ready or not the children cheat!
Here he would find Two and Three.

Yonder in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she would, "You are warm and warmer,
But you are not quite right," she said.

"It might be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So—it must be the clothes press, gran'ma"
And he would find her with his Three.

Then she would hide her face with her fingers
Thin, yellow, wrinkled and white and wee,
And he would search where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right in under the maple tree—
The old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
The dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

—R. C. Bunner, in Scribner

HUMOROUS.

Working for shorter hours—A fast horse.

A constitutional amendment—Improved health.

The man who borrows trouble finds himself in the hands of a hard creditor.

Bad boys are very promising young men just before being laid over the parental knee.

Although we are a fun-loving nation, every man draws the line at the practical joke of a hose.

Burglars wear masks, it is presumed, to hide their features while engaged in their nefarious occupation.

He wrote a book on "How to Get Rich," Which proxy was a snarler,
Last week he met me on the street,
And wanted to borrow a quarter.

"I, I, I make another popular rare," remarked the porter-house steak, "I seem to be in everybody's mouth."

Credit is like a well-cut suit of clothes—it wears marvelous well. It seems to look very good, until you try to pay it.

Don't you think that conduction leads to a good many marriages? Sam—Well, what is marriage itself but a species of conduction?

"How are you getting along?" asked the conductor. "I'm doing a driving business," replied the man who handled the lines.

Day (about to wed)—I suppose it is proper to let one's wife have her own way in everything? Weeks—Don't you go bothering your head: she will attend to that.

Go to the Ant.

In the chapter on communities in his hard work Sir John Lubbock represents in a pleasantly understandable way his own researches with ants and bees. With not less than 100 species of ants, there are no two having the same habits. We are just finding out now long-lived ants are. He has had working ants seven years old, and a queen ant lived in one of his nests for fifteen years. He is certain that the ants of each community recognize each other. Sir John divided one community and kept them apart for a year and nine months, and the end of which they at once recognized each other and were perfectly friendly, while they attacked ants of a different nest, although of the same species." Sir John made his ants drunk with a liquor and left them together friends. For those ones had nothing to say, but their friends knew them and dragged them off to their homes, where the besotted ones were watched until they were sober. There were stranger ants among the inebriates, and the community took these and pitched them into the water. Thus it is evident that they "know their friends even when incapable of giving any sign or password."—[Boston Transcript.

A New Way of Putting It.

Penelope—Do you notice anything striking in this room?

Staylate—No. Did I look as though I did?

Penelope—I didn't know but that you might have heard the clock.