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A POKE O' MOONSHINE.

How Willis Farsell Secured a Wife and a Fortune.

BY FRANKLIN FILE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OFFICE OF THE CLARION OF LIBERTY.

If the Canada line had been a streak of bright color on the ground, as it is on the maps, the new Match show would have covered it wide and deep. A man and a woman in a sleigh drawn by a horse whose bells jingled furiously with his rapid gait, were looking for some sign that they had crossed the border. They came to a post upholding a board which was blank on the side of their approach, as though there was nothing in that direction worth an inscription; but, when they had passed it and looked back, they saw on its other surface the big word, "Vermont," underneath which was the smaller line, "Liberty Three Miles South." At sight of that the travelers lifted their faces a little above their ample furs, showing that the eager eyes belonged to young persons.

"Now we're in Yankeeland," the man exclaimed, in a congratulatory voice.

"But not yet to Yankee Liberty," the woman rejoined, with a look forward and then back, as though safety lay in front and danger behind.

"G'along!" and a touch of the whip made the horse shake the bells more violently with a plunge into a still faster pace.

The young woman imbedded her nose again in the fur, and only her bright eyes were visible between the mink of cape and cap as she kept a lookout for the village of Liberty. As their sleigh slid into the first street of it, they met a man who was putting his feet down and taking them up so very deliberately that his purpose did not seem to be to go anywhere, but rather to make tracks in the snow with a huge pair of new boots.

"Can you tell me, sir," said the driver, as he pulled up the horse, "where we can find a clergyman?"

"A minister" and the pedestrian stopped, surveyed the horse and sleigh critically, and then yellowed a spot in the snow with a mouthful of tobacco juice. "I guess I kin."

"Well, will you?"

"I guess I will, if you want me to. Elder Perkins he's gone down to Fowlmalk, but there's Willis Fassell, don't you reckon he'd answer?"

"Whom did you mention?" asked the young woman, exposing one red little ear above the fur, which had prevented her hearing the name.

"Elder Perkins' assistant, ma'am, I

"IS IT YOU?"

guess he's down tew the Clarion office jest now—tew Judge Parry's, and that's the same thing. Drive right straight along, same way you're rollin', till ye come tew a wander with 'Law office' onto it, and another wander with 'Clarion of Liberty' onto it, and a door between 'em. I guess you'll find Elder Perkins' assistant right in there."

These directions were successfully obeyed. While the man stayed in the sleigh to hold the reigns of the fractious horse, the young woman got out to make the inquiry. She pushed open the door, and, on confronting the only inmate, immediately shut it between them and her sleighing companion, as though the two men ought not to see each other.

"Why, Will Fassell! Is it you?" she exclaimed.

"And Grace Willowby! Is it you?" he reciprocatively exclaimed.

She expressed surprise and regret along with her astonishment at encountering a former acquaintance, while he was manifestly glad and yet ashamed to see her. He bowed politely, and she quickly regained perfect composure. Then they shook hands and momentarily scrutinized each other. She saw a tall, good-looking fellow of twenty-five, with a neatly trimmed beard, a frock coat buttoned up, and little of the aspect of a rural Vermonter. The woman whose startled eyes encompassed had not long ceased to be a girl, for her maturity was still fresh and smooth, and the chill of a wintry March day had seemingly frosted the delicate blonde of her hair and skin, making her look like an exquisite image in bisque.

"We were looking for the clergyman's aesso late," Miss Willowby said, with a markedly English accent.

"You have found him," was Fassell's steady reply. "I am a licensed preacher, and, on occasion, I act as substitute or assistant for Elder Perkins. What can I do for you?"

"Marry me, please, to the gentleman out there in the sleigh."

Fassell involuntarily grabbed at his heart, as though that organ had omitted a beat; then he drew a hard breath, his complexion having developed a sudden obstruction. But Miss Willowby was determined not to see any symptoms of his agitation, and, opening the door, she called out:

"Shamus! Shamus! The gentleman is here."

Turning to Fassell, she continued: "Mr. Shamus O'Flarretty is an ex-captain of the British army. I met him in Quebec. We have eloped from over the border, and——"

The entrance of Mr. O'Flarretty introduced a man of military straightness, alert gray eyes and bristling red hair, very thick in a mustache as well as on his head. She explained to him: "Mr. Fassell and I are old friends, Shamus. We knew each other very well, indeed, when he was a student at Yale and I lived at home in New Haven—before I went abroad, you know."

"The lady and I are in a bit av haste to be married," said ex-Captain O'Flarretty, with a touch of Irish brogue in some of his words; "that is to say, me dear sor, circumstances and myself combine to overcome her natural desire for conventional decorums. We must be married at once, sor. Can you do it legally?"

"I have no doubt of it," Mr. Fassell diffidently answered. "I am a little of a lawyer—a sort of assistant to ex-Judge Parry—this is his place," and he indicated the half of the room whose window was lettered "Law Office."

That moiety of the premises was railed by itself, and it held a desk, a safe, chairs, bookshelves and other denotements of a lawyer's work.

"As a clerico-legal composite, sor, if you'll permit me to say so," exclaimed Mr. O'Flarretty, expressively, "you're mighty handy in this case. You're doubtless competent as a lawyer to decide whether, as a clergyman, you can legally marry us two."

"Oh, the ceremony would be valid, no doubt," lent the emphasis and inflection of the word "valid" indicated to Miss Willowby's alert apprehension, that the speaker condemned the proceedings upon other than professional grounds.

But O'Flarretty was not keenly perceptive as to any side matter. "We went, sor," he went on, "what I'm minded to tell you in an instantaneous manner, sor. And, when it's done, we'd like to have it published. The newspaper office——"

"Is this other half the room," Fassell interposed, in prompt and perfunctory as a lawyer's guise.

That area was railed off, like its opposite, and its furniture, too, indicated that much was there turned to no matter. A heap of various newspapers here, a box half-prest up on a look there, a batch of manuscript on another hook yonder, and characteristic literature everywhere—these things could belong to nothing else than a country editor's sanctum. Miss Willowby's glance went swiftly from one object to another, and was not puzzled much if it rested on a bag case of maple sugar, a squirrel-skin cap and a bunch of home-knitted stockings, which lay in a row on the lid of counter which formed a section of the railing. Then her gaze became fixed on a large yellow pumpkin, which was held upright by the aisle of capacious arm-chair, and an explanation seemed to be demanded.

"No, said Fassell, "Colonel Burble, editor of the Clarion of Liberty, doesn't deal in country produce further than to take it for editorial fees when he can't get cash. These things have come in to-day. I received them in the Colonel's absence. I am his associate in the Clarion you know."

"Really, I didn't know," Miss Willowby responded. "So you are the aid of Elder Perkins in the ministry, of Judge Parry in the law, and of Colonel Burble in journalism. You used to tell me that one professorship at Yale would satisfy your ambition."

"Have you forgotten one other aspiration that——"

"And your versatility is such a convaynyan-ce, sor," O'Flarretty vivaciously broke in, "You can marry us on the spot—legally and ecclesiastically—and then—when does the Clarion go to press?"

"This evening."

"And then you can publish the marriage notice for us to read back to Canada tomarrow. You are, sor, the man for every duty connected with this affair."

"Except that of bridegroom," sighed the triple-faced in need.

"Can you refuse to do this and print it?"

"I do."

O'Flarretty took the hand of Miss Willowby, and they stood beside Fassell, ready to be united in wedlock. The appointment of confidence and tenderly in this bride's party was unusual. The bride was positively adjacent, it is true, but the bridegroom and a dozen miles and leaving as not fit for the officiating clergyman, while the man who stood in that capacity was confused and hesitant.

"Do you, Grace, take this man?" he began, like an expectation.

"I will, sor," O'Flarretty interrupted. "I don't in end to be capricious and I don't wish to cause a delay that might be dangerous, but wouldn't it be in accordance with custom to first ask me, 'Do you, Shamus, take this woman?' Not that it makes, sor, any difference in the virtual."

By this time it was clear to Miss Willowby that no formula of marriage at all between her and O'Flarretty would be based by Fassell, who looked as though he would collapse before reaching the end of the briefest possible ceremony having for its climax, "I pronounce you man and wife." It happened also that the delay caused by O'Flarretty's criticism, although momentary, endangered his project, for the door opened before the contracted celebrator could start anew, and Silas Parry, ex-County Judge and present cousin-of-at-law, entered briskly. The group amazed him.

"I was about to marry this lady," Fassell began.

"You marry the lady?" Mr. Parry exclaimed.

"I was all out to marry this lady," and a gurgle of regret broke the sentence again, "to this gentleman. But maybe, Judge, the legal points ought to be first submitted to you. Really, Mr. O'Flarretty, I would advise that course."

"And I agree," said Miss Willowby, thereby making the complexion of the impatient Irishman imitate the hot hue of his hair.

"I don't see, Grr-race——" he began.

But Judge Parry, who was a heavily suave and overpoweringly placid man of middle age, conducted the bride presumptive to a chair within his own railing, and seated himself opposite her in his accustomed pose of a judicial listener.

"Pray state your case," he said.

"I will put it into few words," she replied. "I am heiress to property which an eccentric uncle willed to me with the odd proviso that I should marry on my twenty-first birthday—neither sooner nor later. I shall be twenty-one years old at eleven o'clock to-night. The fortune was in twenty big and fine but uncut diamonds, well worth a thousand dollars apiece on the average. Uncle mined them himself in South Africa, and on returning rich to Quebec placed them in a bag for stowage in a safe deposit vault. Well, the chief executor of the will was my guardian, and he had a son whom he planned to become my husband to-day. My protest was all in vain, but my guardian aided and abetted by Captain O'Flarretty's interest——"

"Say Captain O'Flarretty's love, me darling," suggested that gentleman, who was leaning over the rail.

"Aided and abetted by Captain O'Flarretty's love," she obediently began again, "my ingenuity was not in vain. The diamonds were brought to the house early this morning, to be given to me after the wedding, for which all essential preparations had been made except to gain the consent of the bride. Well, as I said, aided by Captain O'Flarretty a——"

"Interest," prompted Willis Fassell, who had listened to the narrative absorbedly.

"Love" suggested the Captain, like the flare and boom of a bomb.

Without accepting either of the suggested words she went on: "I seized the

"SPEAK, STATE YOUR CASE."

bag of diamonds, slipped from the house, joined Captain O'Flarretty, and eloped with him across the border. Now, what I can't make out is the legality of the act."

The fact has already been given that Miss Willowby spoke with a markedly English accent, contracted during a residence of several years in England, and her narrative to Judge Parry had been delivered like a British born, clear through to the last "can't."

"I can't advise in a breath," said the lawyer. "I beg your pardon, I mean I 'can't,'" and, resolutely ignoring from the beauty's spell and pronunciation, he repeated "I can't advise in the abstract." As a true and loyal Yankee, he instinctively the diamonds were not yours when you took them. Just how culpable in law you are for the seizure is a nice point. Besides, there is a minor question as to customs duty, and whether they are not to be forfeited to the United States. Again, would your marriage here, under all the circumstances place you in a safe attitude. I am exceedingly busy to-day, as a candidate for the judicial honors with the election only three days off, but I appreciate the urgency of your case, and will prepare myself to guide you with a word or two in time for you to wed before midnight."

"Meanwhile," said she, "here is the bag of diamonds," and she produced from a pocket deep in the mysterious labyrinth of her skirts a small buckskin bag. "I see you have a safe. Will you lock up the stones while the Captain and I are getting married?"

Judge Parry took the bag and held it out with one hand, while with the other hand he pulled the coat-sleeve up from his wrist, as the sleight-of-hand performer does when seeking to convince his spectators that no trick is to be played at that moment. He unlocked the outer door of the safe, and then an inner one, using one hand only, while the other was outstretched with the treasure. In that extemporaneous manner he at length deposited the bag in the box, and locked the two doors.

"I don't mean that your bag of diamonds shall become a poke o' moonshine," he said.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Oh, 'poke' means bag, and there's a fairy legend in this neighborhood of a night chase for a bag of treasure. But when it was found, and looked into, the captor saw only moonshine. That's the tale of the poke o' moonshine."

CHAPTER II.

THE CLARION OF LIBERTY GOES TO PRESS.

An hour passed, and the office of the Clarion of Liberty was silent and empty, while the allied one of Judge Parry contained only Willis Fassell. The departure of his one-third employer and the clients from Canada had left the young man quite inert and collapsed. He sat slumped in a tipped chair, the balancing of which on its rear legs seemed to engage all of his mind and body that was alive. One hand vacantly touching its fingers in rotation to the rabbit, as though the smallest lapse from the exact digital sequence would not only disturb the easy see-saw of the chair, but also be a crime slight to the omitted finger. Pat suddenly the quietude of the place was broken. The outer door opened and shut with a bang, inclosing more air in the little entry than it could hold, and so pushing the inner door open, with a chattering latch and a squeak of hinge. A very little movement of the air was developed, whirling a wreath of snow through the doorway and fluttering every loose bit of paper in the room.

The centre of the storm was Colonel Hiram Burble, editor and publisher of the Clarion and an eminent journalist. The form of his coat-tail but was taking to itself a new shape, as though agitated by the action of the brain which it held. The unbuttoned overcoat was flapping its skirts in a seeming endeavor to empty the pockets of their protruding papers. The plump figure of Mr. Burble became very pantomimic while he was discovering his late associate, and his smoothly shaven face was busy, in all its features, with various expressions of surprise.

"Willis! Willis! Willis!" he exclaimed, speaking the name thrice in the time that almost anybody else could have uttered it only once. "Can it be, Willis—and no, it can't—that you have forgotten this is Thursday? And don't you know, Willis—of course you do—that the two hands of the clock are shaking each other as they pass in their race for 6 p. m.?"

The Colonel had by this time entered his sanctum and paced rapidly twice across a circle therein, and at each turn he had deposited on his desk a bundle of manuscripts and papers grabbed out of one or another of his pockets.

"Is the last form closed, Willis? No—you're going to say 'No,' when you have leisure to answer. Of course, you know I always come in with the last guest and on the final pace, like an argosy freighted down with a wealth of news. Why, sir, man and beast and the very elements themselves load me with news to burgeon the columns of the Clarion, while those of the impoverished Banner perish in their paucity. The so-called editor of the Banner had passed Squire Dickson's house, which is being painted red, and had made a memorandum which, you may be sure, Willis, will falsely identify it yellow, when I came along, upon which the painter fell from the ladder and broke his leg."

Here the Colonel plucked a scrap of paper from his vest pocket and consulted the scrawl pencilled thereon.

"His name is Francklyn—with a 'c' and a 'k'—Caulkins—with a 'ck,' he continued with unabated velocity; "doubtless he caught his feet in the loop of the useless——. Would you believe it, Willis—why shouldn't you, as I tell it, and not the presumed editor of the oblique and sidelong Banner—Long Ben Jollowby's horse ran away an instant in front of me, and five minutes behind that vituperative, prevaricating rival paper in journalism. His name is ——s——s——" and he fumbled in one pocket after another.

"Samuel Ransom," said Fassell, who had been aroused from his lethargy.

"Willis—Willis—Willis," and the editor advanced upon his associate with an impetuosity which, had it been unusual, would have made that young man prepare to run or fight, "you are well aware that the name of that creature is unutterable in my paper and unspeakable in my office. I was alluding to the horse, sir, whose decent, if unusual Christian name is Chilled Syrup. The Clarion's account shall be headed 'Chilled Syrup Runs in March,' while the honest city across the way won't have a line."

The Colonel strode across the room to a doorway at the foot of a staircase and rattled with a lift in key and volume for each word. "Lib! Libby! Libby! Libby!"

At the first shout a pair of heavy feet had struck the top step, and at the last one a boy reached the bottom with a thud. He was the printer's devil of his establishment, and the ink on his face might have been mistaken for smut from work at a generator of fires. He wore neither coat nor vest, and whether he would much longer wear trousers depended on the frail resolution of a single suspender.

"Lib, the editor commanded, "tell Johnson we can close up in half an hour. I'll give him just about three-stockfuls of copy. Ask him if the Frolic Burlesque company is still in——"

"Yessir, it is sir. A full column with pictures, the boy interposed.

"The ones anything like those on the fence by the Dry-coffee" and by a swinging of his arms and a lifting of his feet Burble nearly inclined a table dancer.

"Some on 'em like that, and some on 'em another," and the boy kicked higher than his many employer could hope to.

"Oriental actions! Hi-ya-ha! Well, tell Johnson to make up the church notices in the accustomed column. We must preserve a moral balance in this community, even if we can't stand on the fence on one foot and come near hit with the other set. Willis, did you make a safe, conservative notice?"

"OH, YES, ONE CALCULATED TO WARN THE RIGHTEOUS AND ALARM THE WICKED."

"Oh, yes, one calculated to warn the righteous and alarm the wicked."

"And did you write the topical verses, with what the manager called 'local gags,' to be sung in this Kilthesonian festival office?"

Fassell implored silence with a gesture so violent that Colonel Burble obeyed it.

"The doggerel has been written," the editorial associate said, "by a reluctant person, who would not like to be known as its author, I assure you."

"Well, you can save your conscience—his conscience—by writing, or letting him write, a hymn for Elder Perkins. Comma and be versatile."

"And so appropriate to the refrain 'That is what a naughty echo said to me.'"

"Say, Kernel Burble," said Lib the devil, "gimme say a little." Put them verses into the Clarion. There ain't no room in this week's paper."

"Lib! Do you mean rim or zip?"

"I mean anything with er siz-z-z-zip to it. There ain't a crime head, there ain't no mysterious affair, and there ain't more'n my arm's length about next season's baseball. But there's a commencement, and a whole handful of it is about old Aunt Hetable Green's big pumpkin."

"Aunt Beta's pumpkin," and the editor placed one hand on the abnormal growth, which filled a chair, "is a great agricultural achievement, and it justly commands space."

Two editors sat down to write his news-items, which he did with celerity, while the associate labored much harder at a shorter piece of manuscript. The boy fetched proofs and carried copy until the chief's two paragraphs were in the hands of the typesetters.

"You're writing an obituary, Willis," said Burble, crossing the room and glancing over his aid's shoulder. "I see it in your solemn face. The Clarion has lost a subscriber. Ah! A young lady. The good readers die young—and of complicate diseases, judging by your obliterations and interlineations."

Fassell covered the page with his hands, as though it was a secret love letter instead of matter for publication.

"Oh, it is a local document," Burble continued. "Now, Willis, I don't wish to be exacting, but I do demand my third of you. Thursday is my day near thereon, and you shouldn't lose a minute of your journalism to give to the law."

For answer the young man handed the sheet of copy to the editor, who read from it a brief account of the case of Capt. O'Flarretty and Grace Willowby.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Practical Road Building.

The following practical suggestions, from the Municipal World, concisely explain the principles of road construction, dealing especially with the formation and care of gravel roads.

1. Every good road has two essential features: (a) A thoroughly dry foundation. (b) A smooth, hard, waterproof surface covering.

2. The foundation is the natural subsoil "the dirt road," which must be kept dry by good drainage.

3. The surface covering is generally a coating of gravel or broken stone, which should be put on the road in such a way that it will not, in wet weather, be churned up and mixed with the earth beneath. That is, it should form a distinct coating.

4. To accomplish this, (a) The gravel or stone should contain very little sand or clay—it should be clean. (b) The road must be crowned or rounded in the centre so as to shed the water to the open drains. (c) Ruts must not be allowed to form, as they prevent water passing to the open drains. (d) The open drains must have a sufficient fall and free outlet, so that the water will not stand in them but will be carried away immediately. (e) Tile underdrains should be laid wherever the open drains are not sufficient and the ground has a moist or wet appearance, with a tendency to absorb the gravel and rut readily. By this means the foundation is made dry.

5. Do not leave the gravel or stone just as it drops from the wagon, but spread it so that travel will at once pass over and consolidate it before the fall rains.

6. Keep the road metal raked or scraped into the wheel or horse tracks until consolidated.

7. Grade an inferior road before putting on gravel or stone.

8. If a grading machine is available, grade the roads which you intend to gravel before the time of statute labor, and use the statute labor as far as possible in drawing gravel.

9. A fair crown for gravel roads on level ground is one inch of rise to each foot of width from the side to the centre.

10. The roads on hills should have a greater crown than on level ground, otherwise the water will follow the wheel tracks and create deep ruts instead of passing to the side drains. Due and one-half inches to the foot from the side to centre will be sufficient.

11. Repair old gravel roads which have a hard centre but too little crown and high, square shoulders, by cutting off the shoulders, turning the material outward and placing new gravel or stone in the centre. Do not cover the old gravel foundation with the mixture of earth, sod and fine gravel of which the shoulders are composed. The shoulders can be most easily cut off by means of a gravel-ing machine.

12. A width of twenty-four feet between ditches will meet most conditions, with the central eight feet graveled.

13. Wherever water stands on the roadway or by the roadside or wherever the ground remains moist or is swampy in spring and fall, better drainage is needed.

14. Look over the road under your charge after heavy rains and during spring freshets. The work of a few minutes in freeing drains from obstruction or directing a current of water into a proper channel may become the work of days if neglected.

15. Surface water should be disposed of in small quantities; great accumulations are hard to handle and are destructive. Obtain outlets into natural watercourses as often as possible.

16. Instead of having deep, open ditches to underdrain the road and dry the foundation, use tile.

17. Give culverts a good fall and free outlet so that water will not freeze in them.

18. In taking gravel from the pit, see that precautions are taken to draw only clean material. Do not let the face of the pit be scraped down, mixing clay, sand and turf with good gravel. There is a tendency to draw dirty gravel, as it is easier to handle.

19. Gravel which retains a perpendicular face in the pit in the spring, and shows no trace of slipping, is generally fit for use on the road without treatment. Dirty gravel should be screened.

20. Plan and lay out the work before calling out the men.

21. When preparing plans keep the work of succeeding years in view.

22. Call out for each day only such a number of men and teams as can be properly directed.

23. In laying out the work, estimate on a full day's work from each man and see that it is performed. Specify the number of loads of gravel to constitute a day's work. Every wagon box should hold a quarter of a cord.

24. Make all returns clearly showing who have done their work and who have not.

25. Make early arrangements for having on the ground when required, and in good repair, all implements and tools to be used in the performance of statute labor.

26. Do all work with a view to permanence and durability.

Roads and Road Machinery.

The first thing to be observed in building country roads is to afford protection against water. A dirt or gravel road properly built and maintained can be made to shed water like a roof, and if the use of narrow tires and the wearing of ruts could be prevent-ed, our country roads might be excellent. Water always runs down hill, and this should be taken advantage of in road building. If the road be properly crowned, that is, if its middle be properly raised above the sides, the rain and melting snow will naturally run off into the ditches. On the other hand, if the middle be worn down by travel, the water collecting there will soon form a puddle, and ruin the road. In the same way, ruts formed by narrow tires afford a trough for the collection of water, and contribute to its destruction.

SCIENTIFIC PARAGRAPHS.

For the mysterious and much-discussed sea coast sounds known as "barisal guns," or "mist pounders," Professor Cleveland Abbe suggests that the causes doubtless vary. They may be produced by the drum fish, by breakers dashing on rocky cliffs, by the cracking of rocks in ledges, or by genuine earthquakes at the ocean bottom.

One of the later marvels of little things is the taking of pictures through the lens of an insect's eye. We are filled with astonishment, says Mr. F. W. Saxby, when we reflect that from a dragon fly's head we could obtain 25,000 perfect lenses, so minute that a million of them would not cover a square inch, and yet each be capable of yielding a recognizable photograph.

According to Meyers, Bone & Wilson, in a paper to the Chemical Society of London, acetylene gas, when exposed in sealed glass tubes to the sunlight, is gradually decomposed, and a faint brown deposit is observable at the end of two or three days. This deposit is being investigated, but it appears to be a dense hydro carbon. Something useful may yet be made of this discovery.

The flashes of bluish-white light seen in the dark when pieces of sugar are rubbed together have been studied by Mr. John Burke, an English physicist. By rotating a loaf of sugar on a lathe against a hammer, he has obtained almost continuous luminosity, enabling him to observe and photograph the spectrum. The light appears to be a result of some change in the crystals, and not to be due to heating or a chemical action between sugar and air.

Water is contaminated by lead pipes, says Herr Leoblrich, a German chemist, through the joint action of the oxygen of the air and carbonic acid, but this action is greatly retarded if the water contains bicarbonate of lime. This, however, does not entirely prevent the dissolving of lead. The quantity of lead taken up while the water is in active circulation is extremely small, but it is liable to become very noticeable in water that has stood in pipes all night, and to ensure complete freedom from lead it is recommended that carbonate of soda be used in quantity sufficient to fix the carbonic acid without rendering the water alkaline.

While progress in civilization has brought greater care of human life, there is yet a prodigal waste. Dr. A. Hill, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, states that one-fourth of all the diseases that destroy life are absolutely preventible, and that if the practice of hygiene were only on a level with its theory the average longevity would be raised at once from fifty to sixty-five years. The greater number of diseases over which the individual has control are due to mistakes in eating and drinking. One purpose yet to attain is a more exact knowledge by every citizen of the causes and properties of preventible diseases, but it is hardly surprising that the knowledge is still so slight when even medical men hardly realized the contagious character of consumption twenty years ago, although one-third of the cows in England are tuberculous and half the milk sold distributes the bacillus of tuberculosis.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Full of courtesie, full of craft.

He that cannot obey, cannot command.

He does not possess wealth, it possesses him.

Approve not of him who commends all you say.

A good man is seldom uneasie, an ill one never easie.

By diligence and patience the mouse bit in two the cable.

All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful.

He that goes far to marry will either deceive or be deceived.

All things are easy to industry, all things difficult to sloth.

If you would be revenge'd of your enemy, govern yourself.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

Avarice and happiness never sat each other; how then should they become acquainted?

The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat.—Poor Richard's Almanack.

An Ex-Ruler in Want.

Ex-President Pretorius of the Transvaal is a new instance of the ingratitude of republics. He recently petitioned the Town Council of Pretoria to hire his cart and team of mules to cart gravel, on the ground that he is growing old and needs money.

According to the best authorities, there has never been a race of men who were ignorant of the use of fire.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

On the Stair—A Triumph of Reason—Where They Went—A Theory—Hopelessly Lazy—He is Reformed Now—Incidental Requirements—Etc., Etc.

They were in the shadow gray
On the stair—
They were all alone, but they
Didn't care.
"Now darest you, sir," said she,
"Let a policeman see us kiss?"
"If you'd make the chance a kiss," he replied, "I would dare."
And they stood, this and there,
On the stair.

Now the eve was drawing low,
Shadow stair,
Thought the rascal, "There is no
Time to spare!"
Not a soul was to be seen,
So he murmured, "Policeman!"
And he took it, and he lost it, and he paid it, fall and fare.
(I'm sorry for I was there!)
On the stair.

—The Criterion.

Where They Went.

Parson Goodman—"See here! Don't you know where little boys go who play football on Sunday?"

Small Boy—"Yaas; dey goes to Yale, when dey gets big 'nough!"—Puck.

A Triumph of Reason.

"Julia still loves her husband madly."

"How do you know?"

"She says he can read poetry better than any other man alive."—Chicago Record.

A Theory.

"I wonder if it is hard to write dialect stories?"

"I shouldn't think it would be," answered Miss Cayenne. "One needn's worry nearly so much about the grammar, you know."—Washington Star.

Hopelessly Lazy.

"Clarendon Dawdles is the most hopelessly lazy man I ever knew."

"Doesn't he do anything at all?"

"Do anything? He doesn't even blame his parents for not bringing him up differently."—Chicago Record.

A Labor of Love.

Tatterfall—"Wot yer doin' now, Wragge?"

Wragge—"Circlin' round to a petition."

Tatterfall—"Wot for?"

Wragge—"For de legislatur' ter pass a bill for road improvement."—Puck.

Studio Difficulties.

"I am half afraid they'll turn this down. Dobbly and Chrome are on the hanging committee, and they both of 'em hate me."

"Oh, then you are all right. They'll hang it if they have a grudge against you."—Harper's Bazar.

He is Reformed Now.

Mrs. Wendover—"They say Grace Willings has married a man with a past."

Mrs. Fitzpeerson—"Yes, he ran for office once. But we should be charitable. He is leading a blameless life now."—Cleveland Leader.

Incidental Requirements.

"Do you think that a peace proposal can be brought to success?" inquired the Russian diplomat.

"It can," answered the English statesman, "provided you are prepared to back it up with guns and ammunition enough."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Fool Her.

"We must lay in an extra supply of fuel this winter," said the credulous business man while talking to his practical wife the other evening. "The corn husks are unusually thick and that means a long, hard winter."

"Who told you?"

"The man we always buy coal from."

"I thought so. We will just give the usual order."—Detroit Free Press.

Enjoying Himself.

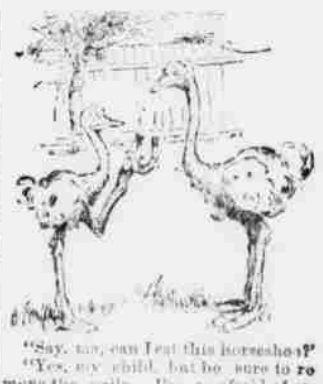
"How long," inquired the Eastern potentate, "has the young man been on the treadmill?"

"Two weeks, O conquering king! And he told me yesterday that he was having a fine time, although the scenery was getting monotonous."

"Two weeks? Great Allah! Who is he?"

"He claims to be a bicycle scorcher, but what that may be I know not."

Necessary Precaution.



"Say, ma, can I eat this horseshoe?"

"Yes, my child, but be sure to remove the nails. I'm so afraid of appendicitis."—Life.