

VOL. V.

THE HOME.

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THE HOME, Pittsboro, N. C.

The population of Canada is less than that of the State of New York; and yet while New York has a debt of only about \$7,000,000, Canada has a debt of nearly \$210,000,000.

A youthful applicant for graduation at Lexington Ky., being asked the other day: "What does history teach?" answered: "That the United States never has been whipped and never will be."

The Rev. Father Tolten, of Quincy, Ill., is the only colored Catholic priest in the United States. He was born in slavery. He speaks several languages and is highly regarded by the clergy.

Max O'Reil, the French satirist, on getting back to England, declared that "in the higher classes of American society there is more culture and amiability than in any other country in the world."

The French are acknowledged to have the finest guns and projectiles in Europe. Their Fermy shell has been shot through an armor plate twenty inches thick, and come out with its steel point unaltered.

An experimental cattle farm is to be started in France by the French Government. A commission, consisting of the directors of agriculture, horse breeding and other experts, has secured 500 acres to be operated on.

The Chicago News has established a fund of \$10,000, the income of which is to be given yearly (in medals) to the pupils in the several public schools of the town writing the best composition on "Patriotism."

Rev. Edward Judson, pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, New York City, is endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a memorial church in that city to the late Adoniram Judson, first foreign missionary and founder of Christianity in Burmah. The sum required is \$200,000.

The rabbit pest in New Zealand is said to be constantly increasing in seriousness in spite of the efforts made by the Government and the farmers to eradicate it. They reduce, it is said, the feeding capacity of the land one-third, while the fleeces of the sheep have decreased from 30 to 40 per cent. It is hoped that the increase in the population and the cultivation of the country will drive out the pests in time.

The gradual destruction of our forests leads Professor Foster to make the prediction that in 500 years this country will be a desert, and immense sand storms will be playing over the region where abundant crops are now produced. The Atlanta Constitution thinks the Professor may be mistaken. The growing interest in forestry makes it probable that in the future a tree will be planted to take the place of every one that is cut down.

Speaking of the rudeness and inconvenience to which passengers, and especially ladies, are subjected in crowded street cars, the New York Press suggests the construction of street cars without any seats at all. The passengers would then be on an equality of discomfort. No complaints would be made about the refusal of men to give up their seats to ladies. All would have to stand, and the accommodations would be equally shared.

Trades Unions in China are very conservative, declares James Paine in the Independent, and those who break their unwritten laws are treated with greater severity than even with us. Instead of being boycotted, or blown up with gunpowder, the offenders, it seems, are bitten to death. At Soochow, I read, this punishment was inflicted the other day on a member of the gold-leaf craft, for taking more than one apprentice at a time. One hundred and twenty-three members had a bite at him. These institutions boast, not without reason, that none of the "brethren" ever commit a second offense; from which circumstance it is supposed the proverb has arisen: "Once bit, twice shy."

A COMPARISON.

It rather lay here among the trees, With the single birds 'an' the bun'leobes, A-knowin' 't I can do as I please, Than to live with folks call a life of ease, Up thar in the city.

For I really don't 'zactly understand' Where the comfort is for any man In walkin' hot bricks and usin' a fan, An' walkin' 'himself as he says he can, Up thar in the city.

It's kinder loosom, mebbe you'll say, A-livin' out here day after day, In this kinder easy, careless way, But an hour out here is better'n a day Up thar in the city.

As for that, 'jus' look at the flowers aroun' A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun', An' the fruit abendin' the trees way down, You don't find such things as these in town, Or other in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these, The flowers, the birds 'an' the bun'leobes, An' a livin' out here among the trees, Where you can take your ease 'an' do as you please.

Makes it better'n the city, Now, all the talk don't mount to smuff, 'Bout this kinder life a bein' rough, An' 'I'm sure it's plenty good enough, An' 'I'm sure 'an' me 'tain't half as tough As livin' in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

AN EVIL SPIRIT.

BY GEORGE D. SPARKS.

I received one morning, a year or so ago, an invitation from an old schoolmate whom I had not seen since leaving college, to come and dine with him at his residence on Staten Island.

Although I had been good through not intimate friends at college, I was very glad to accept of it. She was a young woman, a charming one, and that we enjoyed each other's society.

After the gates of our beloved Alma Mater had closed behind us, our paths had diverged. At first I wanted to try literature, but the desire did not last long; I gave it up and drifted into commercial life. In fact I was at present holding a seat in one of the Exchanges.

As for Alfred Macray, his course had been very different. He had graduated, he had been elected to a fellowship in letters in his Alma Mater; after holding the fellowship a year he had gone abroad to study and had remained ever since. He had only published one volume as yet. It was on some literary topic, "Studies in the Renaissance."

I think it was I had bought the book, for the author's name on the cover. Whether my wish to read the commercial pursuits had dulled my sense of literary perception I do not know, but I remember yawning over the book, although I made it a point to tell all my friends that it was beautifully written. While Macray was abroad I had been told that he had come into a fortune, but that was all I had heard of him for more than five years. I read up the letter of invitation and took up the letter of invitation and read it.

"We have moved to Staten Island. I do not know whether you have heard of my marriage or not. I have been married now over a year. I met her first in Heidelberg, Germany. She is a Bostonian. She was a Miss Creighton. I have chosen 'Staten Is.' and because it is quiet and it is near New York. I have brought with me from abroad a large amount of material which when I have time, I am going to work into a book, etc., etc."

I made up my mind to go, and sitting down at once wrote a letter accepting the invitation for the following evening. As I stepped out on the platform of the Staten Island Rai road the next evening I saw a tall figure, which I recognized at once as Macray. We were soon shaking hands warmly; then he led me to his carriage and we drove rapidly to his house.

I found my friend more fascinating than ever. I had always admired him, but now fresh from years spent abroad, after having mingled with all sorts and conditions of men, he was to me quite irresistible.

We were a good half hour in the carriage before we entered the drive to Burner House.

We were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Macray. I confess I had been anxious to meet her, for I knew Macray was very fashionable.

She was slightly above the medium height with a very pretty figure, dark hair and brown eyes. Her manners were charming, but then no one could reside long with Macray without insensibly acquiring that characteristic.

After dinner, Macray and I lingered over our cigars, talking over our old college days. Finally at Macray's suggestion we adjourned to the library. It had originally been the study of an artist, the principal light coming from above; but there were also windows on two sides. There was an enormous fireplace, with logs ready to be lighted, and easy chairs were scattered about; several beautiful paintings hung on the walls, with here and there a delicate etching; a true book lover's paradise.

A true book lover's paradise, Macray and I were so busy looking at his "beauties," as he called his books, that we did not hear a light step.

"May I come in?" "Ah, Madge, is it you? It is too bad when I get among my books I generally forget everything else."

"Yes, I am getting decidedly jealous of them," said his wife. "Well, Madge, we'll join you in just two minutes. I must show Jack that Cruikshank I picked up in London."

"Only that one, remember," and she left us.

Macray had taken down a small portfolio and was showing me a sketch by that inimitable caricaturist in his best manner. It was that of a parish beadle after he must have been the original of him. Bumble-looking at some small boys who had unfortunately dropped a marble during service in church. I remember laughing heartily at the wonderful expression in the eyes of the beadle; the artist had thrown into them a whole world of comicality. Not hearing Macray speak for a few moments I looked at him and was surprised and shocked to see that his face was blanched and with the hardest look of despair on it that I ever saw. He had withdrawn a foot or so from me and had the appearance of listening. I was on the point of asking him if he was ill, when I heard steps in the outer hall and an odd wheezing sound as if somebody had the asthma.

The door was presently pushed open and an old settler crawled into the room. The noise was now explained—it was the old dog. I again looked at Macray; the look of despair had faded out of his countenance and he was once more himself.

"That is a capital illustration of Cruikshank's genius, is it not?" he said, coming hastily to me. "It is so," I replied.

Just then we heard music, and such music. "It is Madge, playing. Come," and his face was aglow with emotion. "We will join her." We did so.

"If there is one thing, Mrs. Macray, I shall insist upon, it is that my wife shall be able to play on the piano," I said, when she had finished a piece by Rubinstein.

"You are right, old boy," said Macray. "I do not think I could exist without music; one needs it almost as much as meat and drink."

We talked late into the night; but all gatherings must break up sometime, and at half-past twelve I followed Macray to my room. It was on the second story—only a short distance from the one occupied by himself.

Feeling very tired, I hastily undressed and went to bed. It did not take long for me to pass into the land of dreams. I was awakened by a heavy weight pressing on my chest. Half awake, I tried to push the something away, when my hand was seized and bitten. Roused into full consciousness by the pain, I put forth all my strength, and threw the something off the bed and scrambled to the door. By the aid of the moonlight I saw that my unknown assailant was not some gigantic monkey, as I had suspected, but a small, undressed man.

"Who are you?" I said, "and what devil's game are you playing with me?" There was no answer; but a hissing of a kettle boiling over came from between his teeth. I did not let that put me off. By the aid of the moonlight I saw that my unknown assailant was not some gigantic monkey, as I had suspected, but a small, undressed man.

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When I came to I found I was once more in bed. The candle was still lighted, and I saw Macray sitting on a chair near me with his head buried in his hands. A slight movement on my part caused him to start.

"Are you better, old fellow?" "Yes," I answered; "it is gone!" He seemed to understand, for he said simply, "He es."

"What or who was it?" "I will tell you everything to-morrow; had you not better wait?" replied Macray.

"No; tell me now. I am all right, I think, though I had a pretty tight squeeze."

"It was my brother Charles who attacked you. It is a strange story, and I will not ask you to believe it. Some five years ago Charles was in business and had a house of his own. One day he told his wife he had to go to Cincinnati. The nature of his business required him to go out to often on short trips to the neighborhood cities. This time he was absent about a week. When he got back he had not the slightest idea where he had been, nor could he give any account of his movements since leaving New York. He said he could only remember traveling a good deal on the cars. To me and his wife he admitted, although he could not at all explain it, that he felt he had suffered some harm; but of what nature he could not say. This went on for a year, when in the same week of insanity, which lasted just a week and left him perfectly sensible, yet very much exhausted. Fortunately this first attack occurred when he was alone with me on a fish excursion in the mountains. What I had to endure that week no one can imagine, and no one will ever know. Well, this has gone on for several years. The mysterious attack always comes on in that particular week of the year. The doctors declare it is not insanity; in fact I can get no definite answer as to what is the matter with my brother. Charles has always had a morbid fear of an insane asylum, so I promised him always to take care of him during that particular week in the year. So secretly has the matter been kept from the public that not even his own wife knows of it. You, and one or two doctors to whom I have intrusted my brother as a stranger, are the only ones that have seen Charles in one of his fits, or whatever you like to call them. I have always had a taste for carpentering and I have fitted up the room directly above yours for him. Last night he managed to escape out of the window, and thus got into your room. It was most fortunate that I arrived when I did, for in another moment he would have strangled you. However, there is no need of further alarm. I saw him safely into his strong room, with no possibility of another escape. If you like it, we will go and see him. I think that would be the best means to settle your nerves."

I thought so myself, so we went. Although the room was directly above mine, we had to walk up to a distance through an upper hall before we came to it; topping at a heavily-barred door. Macray after unlocking an upper and lower lock, drew out a long thin key, with which he finally opened the door.

"Are you not afraid to go in?" I asked. "Oh, no, he always seems to know me."

Holding a lighted candle, we entered. At first I saw nothing of my late intruder; but heavy stertorous breathing led us to where he lay in front of a thickly-barred window. We lifted him up and carried him to a small iron bedstead. The candle light fell on his face, which was a repulsive one with a savage scowl still lingering on it. His hair was thickly matted.

After standing a moment, Macray said: "Come, we will have a glass of something. I see your nerves are shaken a bit. Look out or you will drop that candle."

"Of course, Jack," continued Macray, when we were downstairs, "you will never mention what you have seen to any one. By the way, old Pompey gave me a big fright to-night."

"Yes, I noticed it, I thought you were ill," I answered. "Do you know what I think the matter with Charles is? It is this; that he is tormented by an evil spirit that at certain seasons enters into his body; and takes possession of it. You may have noticed the large number of books I have in my library devoted to the subject. We read that there were many of the old days possessed with devils and unclean spirits. Why could not that be the case to-day? Nothing else to my mind will satisfactorily explain my brother's trouble."

After the exciting scenes I had just witnessed, I could but answer: "I think so too."

Some two or three weeks later, I was again asked to visit Staten Island. Among those whom I met was Charles Macray, and his clever wife. I could hardly bring myself to acknowledge that the man who sat opposite to me at dinner and who by his brilliant conversation held the entire table, was the same who had attacked me in the dead of night only a few weeks before. And yet I was the same, and as I continued to look, I recognized some of the characteristics of the first face.

A half amused smile was playing about my host's face. His eyes met mine and they seemed to say: "Ha! I do not speak the truth about my brother? Is it not as I said?" The next morning in the city, before we finally separated, Macray turned to me and said: "Jack, do you realize now that Shakespeare was right when he said that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy? Good-bye," and he was gone.—The Epoch.

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The Mechanism of the Heart. In the human subject the average rapidity of the cardiac pulsation of an adult male is about seventy beats per minute. These beats are more frequent as a rule in young children and it women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons, owing to peculiarities of organization. It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individual the habitual frequency of the heart's action from sixty to sixty-five or seventy five to eighty per minute. As a rule the heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully developed and muscular organizations, and more rapid and feeble in those of slighter form. In animals the range is from twenty five to forty-five in the cold blooded and fifty upward in the warm-blooded animals, except in the case of a horse, which has a very slow heart beat—only forty strikes a minute.

The pulsations of men and animals differ with the level of soil. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of raising 3 tons 4 hundred weight 1 foot per hour, or 125 tons in twenty-four hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart in each pulsation in the proportion of .08 strokes a minute, and at the assumed force of 9 feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles an hour, 168 miles per day, 61,330 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of eighty-four years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.—Medical World.

Music Recalled Them. The Spanish and Indian Californians were passionately fond of music. All the men could make shoes and play the guitar and every woman could sing Spanish songs to her own accompaniment. Bancroft, in his "California Pastoral," tells how the people, after the conquest of the country by the United States, were reconciled to the new rule by music.

The Californians were invited to return to their homes and resume their usual occupations. Proclamations which promised protection of their persons and property were placarded in the towns, but they would not come out of their hiding places.

The commodore, whose naval force had helped to conquer the country, was at Los Angeles, and meeting Captain Phelps, an old trader on the coast, re- called his help.

"Commodore," replied the captain, "you have a fine band on your ship, and such a thing was never before in this country. Let it play one hour in the plaza each day at sunset, and I assure you it will do more toward reconciling the people than all your proclamations, which few of them can read."

The captain's suggestion was adopted. At first the children came forth and peeped round the corners of the houses. A few lively tunes brought out the vivas of the older ones, and before the band ceased playing they were surrounded by delighted natives.

The next afternoon the plaza was thronged with the people of the town and with ranchmen from a distance, who, having heard of the new devil band, had ridden in. The old priest of the mission of San Gabriel, as he sat by the church door opposite the plaza, listening to the music, was introduced to several of the novato fers.

"I have not heard a band," said the old man, "since I fled to Spain over fifty years ago. It is good that music will do more service in the conquest of California than a thousand bayonets."—Youth's Companion.

A Teapot Monomania. There was at Lakota, Florida, recently a man of about forty winters, who was an object of pity, and yet with all that was somewhat amusing. He was sane on all subjects but one, at times imagining himself a teapot. He could put himself into the shape of a teapot by rounding one arm to represent the spout and the other to represent the handle. While in that shape he became very uneasy if anyone came near, fearing they would break off the handle or spout. He would not speak, but would make a danger signal with his mouth to represent the escaping steam. Then he would walk around, sway to and fro among those about him, fully satisfied that he was a teapot.—New York Graphic.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Pretty Walter Girl—Doing the Continent—She Wanted a Change—No Resemblance, Etc. Etc.

Next and natty and pert was she, (Ham and egg and oyster plant?) And winsome her smile as a smile could be (Pork and beans—have the pork well done)

Her dainty hand brushed the crumbs away, (Both kinds of sauce that apple dumplings) And my beating heart quick owned her away— (Pretzels and greens along of that ramp)

I fumbled the bill, but nothing could see; (Roast turkey and stuff—dark meat, second joint) My eyes were on her, and hers were on me— (Plum pudding, another and plenty of omelet)

"What will you have?" she broke the spell; (A cup of tea and coffee with milk) I blushed and stammered, my eyelids fell— (Pork and sausage and sauer kraut)

Then I seized her hand and whispered low; (Cabbage soup and a corned beef hash) "Get out you fool! Come, let me go!" (Onions stewed and a potato mash)

Doing the Continent. "Had a nice trip?" "Ya as rather."

"Been doing the Continent?" "Well, yes, if you put it in that way, but when I look at my expense account it rather seems as if the Continent had been doing me."—Ocean.

She Wanted a Change. Green grocer (to young housekeeper)—"How would you like some nice egg plant, mutton or oyster plant?" Young Housekeeper—N-no; my husband was saying only this morning that he is tired of eggs, and it's too late in the season for oysters.—Epoch.

No Resemblance. "Miss Smith, do you know who that very amiable looking old lady is, with soft gray hair and pleasant eyes, and such a sweet expression?" "That is mamma."

All in the Family. Brown (at an evening party)—"Who is that rank and scrawny-looking party near the piano, Robinson?" Robinson—"That's Bixby's wife."

Like Father, Like Son. "Papa," said the small boy, "why does the Empire wear that wire net over his face?" "To keep off the fowls," replied the witty father.

Harsh Treatment. Bobby (looking out of the window)—"What's the matter with that horse, Mamma?" Mother—"The horse is balky, Bobby; he won't obey his driver."

Couldn't Find a Rhyme. "Fain would I write a poem on the delights of the cigar, but ah, me! I cannot find a word to rhyme with 'angleworm.'" sighed Pissistratus, as he gazed thoughtfully into the dark, sullen waters.

She Was a Baseball Girl. "I have no reason to doubt your sincerity, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, with unaffected sadness, "but I saw you in that amateur game at the park last Saturday, and my feelings toward you have undergone a change. A young man that can't steal a bag on that one-eyed duffer, Limber Jim, and strike out six times when Pudding Jake in the box, is no good. I am sorry, Mr. Hankinson, but I can't sign you as a husband."—Chicago Tri-une.

Pharmaceutical Accomplishment. Druggist—"Yes, I want a prescription clerk. Have you a diploma?" Applicant—"Not, eva, tix, sir, but—" Druggist—"Can you run a soda fountain?" Applicant—"Not very well, sir, but I can learn."

In the Congressional Graveyard. "What do you think of the speech that I handed you last night?" asked one Congressman of another. "Well, frankly, I think it was thoroughly bad."

His Recommendation. Es Dealer (to applicant)—"Ever been in the ice business, boy?" Boy—"No, sir." Es Dealer—"If-m. Know anything about arithmetic?"

BE BRAVE, MY HEART.

Be brave, my heart, through every ill That cruel fate to thee doth send, To every struggle comes an end, And so to thine there surely will.

Be brave, my heart, remember all The brave hearts that have lived before— Their hard-fought combats now are o'er— No more they start at trumpet call.

Be brave, my heart—thy battles fight With steady nerve, unflinching hand, And hope that thou the promised land May one day view from some far height.

Be brave, my heart, and shouldn't thou Thyself defeated—down to death? Be brave—be brave till thy last breath And die—thy face turned toward the foe.

Humor of the Day. Maid to order—A servant girl. The man with twins is decidedly happy. How to make the most of your self—Pad.

A crown jewel—The bump of consistency. In Boston the horse-fiddle is called the "equine violin."

The topmost crag is a soar spot for the American eagle. A middle man appears to be a central figure in trade circles.

When an aeronaut smokes in his balloon he takes an aerolite. The greatest hard-ships in the world are England's ironclads.—Ocean.

The Englishman who said that hugging was "armless" was wrong. It is 'armful.' The most successful dentist must expect to run against a snag occasionally.

A two-year old boy can be kept quiet for a minute and a half if you give him a hammer and a mirror. To write a good story for the public a man must have a good upper story of his own.—New Orleans Picayune.

Says the weighing machine to the nickel: "While you're round this way drop in."—Detroit Free Press. A Boston girl attended a cooking school and became so infatuated with the culinary art that she married a supe.

Fortunately for the esteem of the rest of mankind doctors are not half as wise as they look.—Indianapolis Journal. Funny, isn't it, that after a man has once given his word he should try so hard to keep it.—St. Albans Messenger.

Did it ever occur to you that, although the bass drum don't make good music, it drowns a heap of bad?—Toledo Blade. The Chicago girl's foot has disappeared from the paragraph column and there is a mighty big hole to fill.—Boston Courier.

Our Congressmen are worthy souls, With more or less of laud; They may not fill a long feet want, But they can filloster.—Mercury. History repeats itself over and over. We often hear of the scaman who is Able being knocked out by a hurr-cane.—Ocean.

It is one of the peculiarities of things in general that the freshest men generally tell the staidest stories.—Bacon's Compendium. There are few things in life more touching than the umbrella of an average citizen in the art gallery.—Baltimore Free Press.

Out West a limburger cheese trust has been formed. There's a trust that certainly will be in bad odor with the people.—Toledo Blade. The rose is blooming in the glade, Wherein the lily nods; And Patient, in his shining spade, Is whacking down the sod.

If all men knew as much as most men think they know, the encyclopedia business would be driven out of the business.—Somerville Journal. The two Indianapolis militiamen who wouldn't pay for the street-car ride finally told the brave deserre the fare.—Courier-Journal.

Wife (clab night)—"Will you be home early to-night, John?" Husband—"Yes, I think so, but don't keep breakfast waiting for me."—New York Sun. A cynic says: "If the ancients believed the earth was square they never could have got the idea from the dealings of its inhabitants with each other."

A man can master the free lunch runner, And a man can carry the banner, But he can't new the crown in Sunday coat, Because he sn't built in that manner.—New York Mercury. Phrasius (poking his head in at the nursery door)—"Hullo! What's going on in here, now?" Lavina, who is dressing her little one's feet,—"Baby's sock, papa."—Detroit Free Press.

There is no Spanish Cabinet, the Minister having resigned. This crisis occurs at an unfortunate period, as the King is extremely busy tending just now, and cannot be interested in State matters.—Lithes or Post-Express. "Don't you sing?" inquired the musical young lady of the new arrival at the hotel: "Why, how stupid of you!" "If you'd ever heard me try," said the young man, with an accent of conviction, "you'd think it was everlasting snore of me."

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdeed. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly: "My mother has 'tended to me.'"—Detroit Free Press. Together they dined and he bored her with sighs. With baneful advances and dull sheepish eyes They dined upon quail, and she wore the moon. She'll not dine again upon quail with a spoon!

"Doctor—(who has been taking a dispensary patient's temperature)—"Now, my good woman, how do you feel?" I asked (eyeing the thermometer with considerable awe)—"Much better, thank ye. Sure an' that's a wonderful thing that'll help a body so quick!"—Judge. After a person has a fountain pen kicked endwise through his chest by the animal to which he has awarded the prize, and later on has his features worked up into a gibbet-like by the owner of the animal to whom he did not award the prize, he does not ask for further public recognition at the hands of his fellow-farmers.—The World.

The Horse Minds His Steps. Every one has noticed, while driving, how rarely a horse steps on a stone even when going very rapidly. A writer in Golden Days quotes an old cavalry man as saying that a horse never steps on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so, the entire company will pass over him, and he will not be injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking people down, and not by his stepping on them.