

Growing Old Together.

You do not love me, dear, so much,
As you did long ago,
When you used to raise my rosy cheek,
And forehead white as snow,
You do not rush to kiss that cheek
With all your old-time fire—
Perhaps, indeed, it is not now
The cheek that you admire.

The "Spelling" Class.

Stand up, ye spellers, now and spell;
Spell phrenology and knell;
Or take some simple word as chilly,
Or gaudy, or the gardenilly,
To spell such words as aylogism,
And lehrnyose and synchroism,
And Penmanship and saccharine,
Apoerypha and colandrine,
Lactiferous and ocity,
Jejune and homeopathy,
Paralytic and chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyd rm,
Metanpnyosis, glerkins, basque,
Is it really no easy task,
To spell such words as Tennessee,
Kamachacka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipias,
And esquisite and vasatras,
Intellibite and pyralis,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And catocalym and beauguer,
Tweefit, eighteenth, re, devious, intrigror,
And hosts of other words all found
On English and on classic ground.
Thus Behring's traits and Michaelmas,
Thermopylae and Gulliverias,
Suite, hemorrhage, jslap, Havanna,
Cinquetof and ipecaehanna,
And tepyananduck, shina, doah,
And Scru, kill, and a thousand more
Are words some prime good spellers miss
In their many lands like this.
Nor need one think himself a scroyle
If some of these his efforts foil.
Nor deem himself a dudon forever
To miss the name of either river,
The Dupeper, Seine or Guadalquivir.

The Melancholy Mule.

Oh, mule! Thou sad, neglected beast,
Abused by man through thy long days,
No kind or loving deeds thou sees,
But hardships follow all thy ways.
Thou hast unjustly been accused
Of eating people's juce for fun;
But hadst thou never been abused
Thou wouldst not cruel things have done.
Thy heart with kindness is rife,
Thou hast no evil words heard
In all thy dreary, lonesome life
A friendly, complimentary word.
But to you will be a friend;
No wrong shall meet you from my hand;
Your graces shall my tongue commend;
Not mine to censure or command.
And so upon your battered hide
I lay a hand of wrong bereft—
— — — — —
The poet's friends are nifted,
To call and get what little's left.

LOSING A DAY.

Why the Globe Trotter Gets Mixed Up Following the Sun.

A fair lady writes: Can't you explain about gaining and losing a day when you go round the world? Jules Verne muddled me all up and every one that tries to explain it makes my head go round, too." Certainly, m'am only you must fix your mind on one thing at a time and not let it go a-wandering like the little pigs that wouldn't stand still long enough to be counted. Well, then, there is no day lost or gained. What you will lose or gain if you go round the world (besides some pleasant company—wherefore, don't) is a date, not a day. In travelling westward each date, commonly called a day, hides the fact that for each degree of longitude passed over you had added four minutes to the 24 hours. If at noon, when by custom you change your date, you find you have traversed 15 degrees, then your "day" has contained 25 hours instead of 24. In going to the eastward, the conditions would be reversed, and your date called a "day" would contain but 23 hours. But if you and your friend should stand back to back at New York, and starting at the same instant walk straight round the world, each walking exactly three miles an hour and never stopping for anything, you would both meet and pass half way in exactly 3 500 hours, and you would again meet in New York in exactly 7,000 hours. Set the time in hours and you will grasp it immediately.—New York Tribune.

Thoughts.

Enjoy what you have; hope for what you lack.—Levis.
Let us make no vows, but let us act as if we had.—Rochepaire.
Our earthly blessings are but shadows of blessings.—Dr. Pulford.
The more honest a man is the less he affects the air of a saint.—Lavater.
We are never as happy, nor as unhappy, as we fancy.—La Rochefoucauld.
To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.—T. Gautier.
A philosopher is a fool who torments himself during life, to be spoken of when dead.—D. Almbert.
That happiness may enter into the soul we must first sweep it clean of all imaginary evils.—Fontanelle.
There is in us more of the appearance of sense and of virtue than of the reality.—Marguerite de Valois.
From Paris to Peru, from Japan to Rome, the most foolish animal, in my estimation, is man.—Boileau.
Promises retain men better than services. For them, hope is a chain, and gratitude a thread.—J. Petit-Senn.
How She tumbled.
A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming, "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Vertical," replied the child with-out a second's hesitation.

At Niagara.

Old Mr. Testy (returning to his room after paying his hotel bill)—Don't touch me! I'm not sure about my insulation, and I've just been so heavily charged that I'm dangerous!
R. M. McBeth, a leading machinist, says England leads the world in the skill of her mechanics.

AN AWFUL SLAUGHTER.

One Thousand Chicago People Killed at the Railroad Crossings Within the Last Four Years.

In the yellow-leaved book in the coroner's office in which the names of subjects for inquests are put down as fast as they are reported were recorded seven fatalities at railroad crossings this morning. The fatalities did not all occur this morning but represented the work of the deadly locomotive during the past forty-eight hours.

A Man Whose Name Was Not Given Reported Killed at Western Springs.

The information was telephoned to the coroner by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company.

The Body of Julius Fischer, Struck by a Milwaukee & St. Paul Train December 24th, Awaited an Inquest at the County Hospital, where the victim died yesterday.

Dr. Gandey, of 1693 Milwaukee avenue, killed at Kadzie avenue this morning, completed the list. Dr. Gandey was driving across the St. Paul tracks, when an engine bore down upon him, running into and instantly killing him. He leaves a wife. Dr. Gandey was about 38 years of age.

Chief Deputy Knopf Says the Number of Victims of the Railways since last new year's is not less than 250, and there is still nearly a week to further increase the list.

"Just think of it," continued Deputy Knopf, who is also a State representative, "250 people killed in Chicago by the railroads in one year and 1,000 in four years! I tell you, it is a disgrace and a shame. This is altogether too many lives to be sacrificed. Last year there were 200 people killed by the cars, and there is an increase of fifty for this year thus far."

Why the trains are run too fast. The ordinance is violated every day by the railroads, in fact, there is scarcely an attempt to conceal the fact that the speed of twenty and twenty-five miles an hour is kept up right along inside the city limits by some roads.

"Have you a remedy?"
"I have what I believe to be one. In the Legislature last summer I introduced a Bill compelling all railroads to put gates up at every crossing. It got nowhere near being voted on, because the railroads had their agents down there and they 'fixed' the senators and representatives. The consequence was that the Bill was lost in the shuffle. Wish gates at every crossing I believe that trains could run at 25 and 30 miles an hour with little or no risk to the people."

Mayor Cregler was shocked when informed by an Evening News reporter that the deaths of seven people killed by the railroads were reported this morning.

"This running of trains inside the city limits," he said, "is a most difficult problem to solve, and doubtless it will take a great deal of experimenting before some practical plan is arrived at that will insure the maximum of safety to everybody. It is all very well to talk about compelling the railroads to run slowly, but the moment we put a check on the speed the people actually come en masse to protest against the loss of time they are compelled to undergo. We had a meeting of a special council committee and the railroads here some time ago and the question was discussed in all its phases. The railroads urged that they should be allowed to run faster than the time allowed them under the old ordinance, which prescribes 10 miles an hour, because at that rate school boys, tramps, and any one else could jump on trains and steal rides and risk their lives, while at a faster rate they could not get on. I suggested that the city be subdivided, and that trains be allowed to run fast in thinly settled districts and be required to go slower in the more densely populated divisions. The matter was compromised by inserting a safety-gate clause in the ordinance and fixing a rate of speed according to the distance from the centre of the city. I believe that will help settle the question of so many deaths by the railroads, and I hope it will."

Have you nothing further to suggest toward stopping the frightful slaughter?"

"To my thinking," replied the mayor, "the only satisfactory solution of the matter will be the introduction of elevated roads."

Commissioner Purdy was quite surprised to hear that there had been so many accidents at the street crossings recently.

"That's quite an extraordinary number," he said, "and I am at a loss to account for them all. I can't lay the blame to an insufficiency of gas protection, for so fast as our attention has been called to the need of a gate at such and such a crossing we have had the order passed in the council and notified the company to put it up. None of them has been ostreprous or stubborn about it. We hold the whip-hand in such matters, as you will see by the ordinance. There is no general ordinance compelling gates to be put up at all crossings, but orders are passed from time to time."

Awful Result of a Current Insanity.

Sunday School Teacher—Who was it that went down to Jericho and fell among thieves?
Smart Pupil—You can't play it teacher. You want me to say I don't know and then ask you, and then you're going to spring McGinty on me. You can't play no McGinty drives on me.

The Teller Wouldn't Tell.

Farmer Oatcake (at back window)—I say, kin ye tell me—
Mr. Cashmore—Go to the next window if you want any information.
"Thunderation! I'd like to know what you've got that sign 'Teller' over your head for any way?"

Some details have been received of the recent massacre of exiles in Siberia. The Nihilists in exile endeavored to work some printing presses. The authorities destroyed these, and the exiles resisting were fired upon, thirty being either killed or wounded. The Cossack Guards, it is said, helped the exiles.

—Stiff bouquets for the dinner table have entirely gone out.

A QUEER COURT SCENE.

His Honor Inflicts a Fine on Himself and a Lecture on the Crowd.

Everybody in Oakland knew Police Judge Laidlaw had been on a howling racket. The papers had recounted the story of this wild debauch at the White House, and people wondered what the outcome would be. The spree was fittingly concluded yesterday by the arrest of Judge Laidlaw and the imposition of a fine of \$50. The amusing part of the affair is that the Judge ordered his own arrest, fined himself and also paid the fine.

There was rather more than the usual attendance in the Oakland Police Court yesterday, and a ripple of excitement ran around the room when the Judge's voice was heard pronouncing the words: "Mr. Bailiff, you will place Alexander Laidlaw under arrest for violating an ordinance."

Mr. Laidlaw is released on his own recognizance," continued Judge Laidlaw. "Mr. Clerk, you will enter that name upon your docket, and he pleads guilty."

Judge Laidlaw adjusted his glasses, took a roll of manuscript from his pocket, slipped off the little elastic band, opened out the roll, and read as follows:

"Mr. Clerk, you will please enter upon the docket of this court a charge of violating an ordinance of the city of Oakland against Alexander Laidlaw. To this charge I plead guilty, and before passing sentence I have this to say—that I feel it my duty to make some statement of the facts concerning this case. The charges and allegations as printed in the press of this city are, to a certain extent, true. A number, however, are incorrect and untrue. That I was drunk or, to use the language of the ordinance, 'under the influence of intoxicating liquors,' is true. That there was no palliation now extenuation then, nor is there now for this offence, is also true. That the entire occurrence is lamentable, sincerely and sadly regretted I can honestly state, and I do so state it, who have not here day after day, week after week, and month after month, dispensing justice with an honesty of purpose, sense of justice, and every other motive of right that can possibly actuate an honest man, cannot pass by this greatest offence of my life. Is it right? Is it just? Is it honorable? Is it honest to myself, or to the people of this city, to permit myself to go unpunished for the commission of an offence for which I punish others daily? My answer is, No! Emphatically, No! For a tramp or a vagrant, lost to the world, to his home, to his family, to decency and shame, there may possibly be some excuse in the commission of an offence of this character, but to one of my past standing in this community there is no excuse. But for the sake of one I hold so dear, and who inducted those early precepts, which I shall never forget, I deem myself in duty bound to show my manliness and admit, frankly and sincerely, that I have committed a wrong, and ask forgiveness for the same. I have made this statement freely and voluntarily, and with a proper consideration of the fact that many a better man than I has put 'an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains,' but I sincerely hope that this affair may serve as a warning to all such as are beset by that curse of modern civilization—drink. Upon a repetition of this offense I shall not ask for mercy, neither will I expect it. In conclusion, I wish to exonerate and exculpate all persons from any blame whatsoever whose names have been coupled with mine in this unfortunate affair. The sentence of the court is that the defendant pay a fine of \$50, with the usual alternative."

The Judge closed this remarkable proceeding by handing over to the clerk \$50 to save himself from 50 days' sojourn in the county jail.—San Francisco Atlas.

Is the Soul Material?

Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who lectured here some months ago, preached in Calmings' Brooklyn Church Sunday. Among other things he is credited with saying:

"Louisa May Alcott, watching with her mother by the deathbed of a dying and dearly loved sister, says, when the end came, she distinctly saw a delicate mist rising from the dead body. Her mother, too, saw this strange thing. When they asked the physician about it he said, 'You saw life departing visibly from the physical form.' This was at Concord, remember, where there is no superstition."

"Professor Hitecock says he was present at the bedside of a dying friend. The eyes closed; the last breath ceased; he was dead. Suddenly the eyes opened, light came back to them, then a look of surprise, admiration, inexpressible bliss; then sudden peace passed away."

"Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the preface to a book on vision, says, with all a scientist's conservatism, that once, watching by a deathbed, the impression was conveyed to him that something—that is the word he uses—passed from the body into space."

"I am citing from our own times—a scientific, unsuperstitious age, not as in the time of Christ, when, as Mrs. Ward says, there was an omnipresent belief in the miraculous."

"Physicians say that somnambulism is a state in which the soul is partly separated from the body. Your soul will soon go hence. You are not at ease here to-day. Will you be at ease then?"

"After some more wakings and sleepings," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "I shall lie on this couch asleep, then dead, and through my gay entry men shall carry these bones. Where shall be then?"

A Patriotic Scot.

Walter Scott tells the story of a blacksmith in the south of Scotland who disappeared from the range of vision of the great noelies, and was found afterwards practicing medicine in an English city. The astonished noelies asked the blacksmith if he knew anything about the health of art, and the latter acknowledged that he did not, but traced mainly to two simple ingredients—land and cologne. "Simplex with vengeance," said Scott; "don't you kill more than you cure?" Perhaps I do," returned the patriotic blacksmith, "but it will be a long time before I make up for the Scots that the English killed at Flodden."

A Chattanooga lawyer dared a Shelbyville belle to marry him. She wouldn't take a dare and the wedding came off the same day.

ENGLAND'S PLAGUE OF RATS.

Menacing the Farmers Despite all Means to Kill Them.

The plague of rats from which more than one of our agricultural districts is at present suffering threatens to assume serious proportions. In East Lothian, though the vermin have been destroyed by the thousand, and all the terriers, steel traps and phosphorous paste in the neighborhood are in requisible diminution, while from the Fen district, in Lincolnshire, it is reported that they have never been so numerous or destructive. The potato pits are invaded, the turnip fields contain a growing ground for the swarm of rodents, and every granary has been compelled to pay an unwilling tithe to the horde which has overspread the country.

Since "Harnell Town in Brunswick Land" was afflicted in a similar fashion, such a pest has seldom been heard of. It is true that, for the present, the vermin have not "fought the dogs and killed the cats, and bit the babies in their cradles, and ate the cheese out of the vats, and licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles," but they are in a fair way to accomplish all these misdeeds unless their career is brought to a speedy close. Indeed, the rats seem to have come to stay. Unlike such vermin generally, they are burrowing holes by the roadside, and when we remember the amazing rapidity with which they multiply, it is hard to say whether we should wish the farmers of Lincolnshire and East Lothian a severe winter or an open one.

For though the frost might drive the rats from the fields, it would certainly force them to seek the shelter of the stable or byre, while an absence of frost would favor their increase. Meantime, the naturalist who is not an owner or cultivator of the soil cannot fail to feel a certain qualified interest in the latest inroad, which is simply one more attempt on the part of nature to assert itself. It is a protest against the persevering efforts of civilization to destroy the balance of life, since this undue increase of rats must be traced to the destruction of the birds of prey, weasels, stoats, and other animals which prey on them, just as the multiplication of weasling grouse has not unreasonably been attributed to such feeble floggings being afforded, owing to a similar cause, an extra chance in the struggle for existence.—London Standard.

Suitable to the Day.

Each passing year robs us of some possession.—Horace.
Time steals on and escapes us, like the swift river that glides on with rapid stream.—Ovid.
While strength and years permit, endure labor; soon as old age will come with silent foot.—Ovid.
Since long life is denied us, we should do something to show that we have lived.—Cicero.
The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.—Cicero.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return.—Richard II.
He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.—Dante.
Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.
Years following years, steal something every day. At last they steal us from ourselves away.—Pope.
Happy the man, and happy he alone, who can call to day his own: He who, secure within himself can say, To-morrow do thy worst for I have lived to-day.—Dryden.
Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow to the present hour?—Horace.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old; Ring in the thousand years of peace.—Tennyson.

The Irrevocable Hand.

That opens the year's fair gate, doth ope and shut the portals of our earthly destinies; We walk through blindfold, and the noiseless doors Close after us, forever.—D. M. Mulock.
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach the more because they preach in vain.—Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter.—Sermons and sola-water the day after.—Byron.
Come, gone—gone forever—Gone as an unreturning river, Gone as to death the merriest liver, Gone as to year at the dying fall, To-morrow, to-day, yesterday, never, Gone once for all.—Christina G. Rossetti.
Old time, in whose bank we depo-it our notes, Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats; He keeps all his customers still in arrears, by lending them minutes and charging them years.—Holmes.
Everything that has a beginning comes to an end.—Quintilian.

Never Heard of "Davy Crockett's Coon?"

That's queer! Well, it was like this: Col. Crockett was noted for his skill as a marksman. One day he leveled his gun at a raccoon in a tree, when the animal, knowing the Colonel's prowess, cried out, "Hello, there! Are you Davy Crockett?" If you are, I'll just come down, for I know I'm a gone coon." Just take a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and see how quickly your biliousness and indigestion will emulate the example of "Davy Crockett's coon," and "climb down." They are specifics for all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Curious Will of the Late Earl of Orkney.

The principal provisions of the will of the late Earl of Orkney are published. Several of them are of a peculiar character. The personality of the deceased is stated at over £60,000. The late Earl, who died at his London residence on the 21st October, aged 62 years, desired that his body be placed in a shell, a leaden coffin, and a strong oak coffin, and taken for burial in the vault of Baron de Vahl at Kensal Green Cemetery in "an old fashioned closed hearse, so that the body may not be seen," that no flowers should be placed in the coffin or in the grave, and that only a few intimate friends and relations should be invited to the funeral. He desired that the lockets which he wore round his neck with a portrait of his wife should be buried with him.

Fond father—How am I to know, sir, that you are what you represent yourself to be; a coon? Count Chayserself—These papers will show that I am in debt for seven millions.

FOR A TRIKE.

How the Exquisite Convinced a Woman That He Was Honest if Forgetful.

All but one seat in a Fifth Avenue stage was occupied when a fresh-faced young girl got in and sat down sweetly into a vacant space, says a New York letter to the Indianapolis Journal. She found the pocket in her very stylish skirt after an assiduous search of some moments, and then, in the inevitable manner of her sex, produced a 25-cent piece. No woman, let it be said, was ever known to possess the requisite 5-cent piece in an omnibus. They carry quarters for the sole purpose of permitting young gentlemen to get change for them. This particular maiden chanced to be sitting opposite an exquisite youth who owns a brilliant figure in the selectest circles of society here, and it was natural that he should be the one who responded to the coy glance of her eyes and relieved her of her awkward coin. With all the grace for which he is remarkable, he passed the money up to the driver, and after waiting the usual time, received the change in return. As is the custom in these cases, he tore open the envelope and handed the change to the rightful owner. But then, instead of placing the nickel in the fare box, he quietly put it in his own pocket and resumed his seat.

Of course no one said a word, not even the fair maid herself. But every one in the stage detected the action and wondered at such a good-looking young gentleman being guilty of such an insignificant theft. Presently the driver discovered that a fare was missing from the box. He immediately began ringing his bell at a terrific rate and the occupants of the stage smiled in embarrassment at one another. The pretty girl looked out of the window and stole pained and horrified glances at the criminal who sat opposite. Suddenly he realized what he had done. Drops of cold perspiration started from his brow and he grew pale from mortification. Every soul in the stage, including the innocent-eyed girl, believed that he was nothing else than an elegant burglar. One sharp-featured woman remarked to her equally sharp-featured friend in a whisper loud enough for every one to hear:

"He's a thief, Maria."

The young man looked quickly up at the speaker. Then drawing a \$2 bill from a large roll that he took from his waistcoat pocket he passed it up to the driver. An envelope came back. Opening it he selected a 5-cent piece from the handful of coin and dropped it into the box. Then turning to the woman who had called him a thief, he said:

"Madam, I think I was absent-minded enough a moment ago to put into my pocket the bill you gave me to pay your fare from. I beg your pardon, and here is your change complete, I assure you, though coming a little late in the day."

With these words he let the money fall into the astonished woman's lap and hastily left the stage. He had fully vindicated himself, and the sweet maid who had been the innocent cause of the entire situation watched him out of sight with admiring eyes.

Cure Your Catarrh, or Get \$500.

For many years, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, as any one can easily ascertain by proper enquiry, have offered, in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents a mill, soothing, cleansing, antiseptic and healing.

Bound to be Prepared.

Wife (to husband about to go to New York)—Land sakes! John, why are you packing all these things in your trunk? Here are rubber boots, rubber gloves, a rubber coat, and even a rubber hat. Do you expect a deluge?
Husband—None of those electric light wires are going to kill me. I'm going to be insulated.

Did you ever:
No I never,
No I'd a feller,
Had so yeller,
How's your liver?
Why, all upset, of course. Then take the Remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you won't go around looking the color of a yeller fever victim. It means good-bye biliousness, headache, lost appetite, sour stomach, indigestion, impurities of the blood, and countless miseries of suffering humanity. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Burns-Jones' "greatest work" is nearly finished. It will be a series of four colossal pictures describing the sleeping beauty.

Marjorie—Aren't you afraid that your flagrant coquetry may drive some of your admirers to desperation? Ethel—It is a matter of indifference to me as long as they don't die in the house.

An important suggestion has been made to the British Government in the matter of handling the American mails. The proposal is to embark and land these mails at Holyhead, North Wales, instead of at Queenstown, as heretofore. It is claimed in favor of the change that it would be more convenient, quite as expeditious and much more economical than the present arrangement. The leading steamship companies are disposed to look favorably on the scheme, as the handling of the mails at Holyhead would be easier and involve less delay than at Queenstown.

D. C. N. E. 2. 90.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

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