

CHARITY.

ALL Poor and Ignorant.

to the New York

the Bijou Theatre

course of his address

single taxer because I

tutions. The great

ply deposed one set

tion destroyed one

has stood there have

and kings. The crown

The single tax will

dispose all kings, and

rise again. It will

possible for any one

her; for when any

paying to the com-

the value of his loca-

what he produces

absolutely free—he

work. Nature is

those who woo her.

the single tax can

cannot come until

are ready to receive

its approach. No

ce be felt until it is

at gradual revolution.

rights all men; it

people, wages for

capital. Instead of

will open up oppor-

hitherto undreamed

why I am a single

with me. How can

for a fact that involv-

Herbert Spencer,

win, Humboldt, Car-

ice of land specula-

Mr. Howells, Mark

Billamy see it to-day,

throughout the land

The musicians say so.

Mr. Emerson, Whit-

ney so. The artists,

be named DeForest

John J. Ennekin,

arch, Robert Sewell,

S. Hartly, say so. In

letter, Bishop Spauld-

Robert Newton, Rabbi

Antington, M. J. Sav-

The statesmen, the

say so; the mechan-

and so I come to

on, not to say so, but

something—not to

go into the public

literature of the day

and oppose me if you

argy; it is killing your

idle and lowering

th. It is said that

ply of theatres and

is no oversupply of

never can be, so long

remains unsatisfied.

is the trouble. Free

people, instead of

thousands of miles of

your vitality and

your civilization step

of evolution; found

they are needed, and

you've got half theatres

I am accused of being

a common laborer. I

labor; but I know

ing until the common

has got to be freed first.

It does seem to me that

radically wrong in a

man to toil incessantly

the sunset of his life—a

average thirty years—

threshold of his grave

twisted like an old oak,

ward, say to himself:

in insufficiency of food

life, and a pauper's

And yet from that

the wealth he has pro-

corporation of men has

make the comfortable

see this truth, just as it

the comfortable actor,

ways in an engagement,

is not something radi-

the uncomfortable actor

to do. The rich are

That is demonstrated

charities. The time was

until after death before

wealth; now they are

measures during their

der the present condition

easy, and we can't have

nt I could wish we were

that justice stood in its

covered a multitude of

begets a multitude of

ergets built that \$300-

stowed it upon his work-

aid. "If Andy only

we could build our

single tax fellows say,

after. Give us that

use for charity.

Excuse.

been drinking again?

(sic)."

To you account for your

must have been (sic)

restored to the dutiable

States Senate.

ate yesterday a 25 per

cent on telegraph poles,

formerly commodore

ship Company's dest,

ool.

speakers strike is show-

ing. Non-unionists are

of the strikers in large

Lord Lawrence Patre to

ams, the American son-

place on the 29th inst., at

at Farnia House, Copfold

England. The ceremony

the only persons present

tracting parties being the

and a few friends. Imme-

diately after the happy

a two months' tour of the

of another and final divi-

Central Bank, Toronto,

the results of some suits now

An Ecclesiastical Man.

He lived on thirteen cents a day—

Ten cents for milk and cracker,

One cent for disinfection膏.

And two cents for tobacco.

And if he wished an extra dish

He'd take his pole and catch a fish.

And if his stomach raised a war

'Gainst his penurious habit

He'd go and kill a woodchuck or

Assassinate a rabbit.

And thus he'd live in sweet content

On food that never cost a cent.

And, that he might lay by in bank

The proceeds of his labor,

He'd happen round at meals, the crank,

And dine upon his neighbor.

And then he'd eat enough to last

Until another day had passed.

He bought no pantaloons nor vest,

Nor rich expensive jacket;

He had one suit—his pa's bequest—

He thought would "stand the racket."

He patched it thirty years, 'tis true,

And then declared 'twas good as new.

He owned but one suit to his back,

And minus cuffs and collars,

He died, and left his nephew Jack

Nine hundred thousand dollars!

And Jack he ran this fortune through

And only took a year or two.

—Yankee Blade.

The Sick Man and His Behavior.

Why is it that a man cannot be ill grace-

fully and agreeably? It is not such a

very hard fate to rest quietly in bed and

be waited on hand and foot by one's family

and be fed on exquisite delicacies. Women

take only too kindly to the role of an

invalid; the sofa, the floppy white shawl;

the little cups of hot tea, or plates of

cysters. Once let a woman taste the

dreamy pleasures of this sort of existence

and unless some shock or sense of duty

arouses her she will calmly continue for

the rest of her days in the pleasant path

before her. She smiles sweetly at the little

attentions offered her; she dresses in the

diest of semi-toilets, and she looks so

pretty and gentle and patient that it

seldom dawns on her husband that the ex-

istence is an ignominy. But let my lord

fall ill, and oh, dear! what a different tale

to tell. The valet comes flying from the

room followed by a boot; the cook gives

notice because the master called the beef

too "heavily stuff," the housemaid in in-

tears because she is not allowed to sweep

or dust the sick-room. Man, noble man,

is a pitiful object when he is sick. Get

him thoroughly ill and he is a better

patient than a woman; all hospital nurses

prefer the men's wards to the women's;

but if he is merely laid up for a day or two

with a cold or bilious attack, he persist-

ently kicks against the pricks, instead of

wisely enjoying the rest which a benig-

nature has imposed on him. The pity is

that men are not better and women worse

invalids; but perhaps this will be arrived

at when the day dawns which shows the

equality of the sexes.—London Hospital.

The Census of Cheese.

Cheese alive? Of course! Didn't you

know that before? Cheese is about as

lively as vinegar, and everybody knows that

vinegar is full of microscopic snakes.

And you know that yeast is full of eels, so

small that it takes a microscope to see

them, and that the excellent drinking water

that we get from Lake Erie is full of the

liveliest kind of little wrigglers that you

gulp down by the thousands without ever

suspecting that you are drinking anything

but the purest liquid? But to return to

the cheese. Somebody has been taking the

census of a piece of cheese, and gives us

the results in round numbers. He finds the

population of Emmmental, a sort of Gruyere,

to be as follows: In each gramme of the

cheese, when fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000

microbes are found. This number increases

with time. A cheese seventy-one days old

contains 800,000 bacteria per gramme. A

soft cheese twenty-five days old and much

denser than the preceding has 1,200,000

microbes per gramme. The centre is freer

than the outside. A cheese near the

periphery has from 3,600,000 to 5,600,000

microbes. According to the mean of these

two figures there are as many living orga-

nisms in 360 grammes of such a cheese as

there are people upon the earth. However,

don't let these figures disturb you. Keep

right on eating cheese just as you always

have.—Buffalo Times.

Gladstone's Big Library.

An English periodical, The Bookworm,

has an interesting paragraph about Mr.

Gladstone, who has been a book collector

for more than three-quarters of a century.

"He kindly informs me," writes Mr. W.

Roberts, "that he has two books which he

acquired in 1815, one of which was a pres-

ent from Miss H. Moore. At the present

time he estimates his library to contain

from 22,000 to 25,000 books, arranged by

himself into divisions and sections in a

very minute manner. The library is so

exceedingly miscellaneous that Mr. Glad-

stone himself does not venture to state

which section preponderates, although he

thinks that "theology may be one-fourth."

There are about 20 editions of Homer, and

from thirty to forty translations of any

part. He has never sympathized to any

extent with the craze for modern first

editions, but "I like a tall copy," is Mr.

Gladstone's reply, made with all the gen-

uine spirit of the true connoisseur, to an

inquiry on the subject. And so far as

regards a preference for ancient authors,

in old but good editions, to modernized

reprints, the verdict is emphatically in

favor of the former."

Orders Disobeyed.

Managing editor—Haven't I told you re-

peatedly to write only on live subjects?

Subordinate—Yes, sir.

"And yet you have an article here on

Philadelphia."

An Understanding.

"Will you be a sister to me?"