THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, NOV. 18, '98

It takes a dentist to drill a raw recruit.

Some people believe too much and others not enough.

All men are good—good for something or good for nothing.

Adam had one cause for rejoicing; Eve made her own dresses.

There is no show for the small boy who can't get into the circus.

In trying to extend her influence a woman very often destroys it.

Growth in wisdom may be exactly measured by decrease in bitterness.

Wit may move the world, but the truckman gets the credit for doing it.

Some men snatch victory from defeat, but more snatch defeat from victory.

A physician says a woman is never really ill as long as she is able to complain.

The man who is superior to his clothing usually wears mighty poor clothes.

Some men's desire to say, "I told you so" is greater than their desire for immortality.

A man will destroy his own life by holding his breath, but he may prolong the lives of others.

Ten minutes' recreation in a merry-go-round will convince the most skeptical person that the world moves.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

The trouble with a great many young men who want to see life is that they imagine none of it is worth seeing by daylight.

A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from the energy of thought and feeling to which nothing, as we believe, miniaters so largely as enlightened religion.

It is announced that John D. Rockefeller will furnish funds to purchase the ground, and to build a large social settlement house in the Italian district of Cleveland. It will be called the Alta House, in honor of Mr. Rockefeller's daughter, who is one of the prime movers of the kindergarten and day-nursery work among the children of that district. The building will be a fine large brick and stone structure.

Every one who is not of Chinese birth is excusable for not knowing what is going on in that mysterious but fascinating empire. It is hard to believe that even one Chinese can understand the course of events. The chief fact in its recent political history is that the former empress, who ruled as regent most of the time from 1861 until 1889, has resumed the power, and the young emperor, born in 1871, has abdicated, or was deprived of his authority. Perhaps, also, he has been murdered. It is remarkable that in a country where daughters are regarded almost as a pest, and sons are the only children desired, a woman should have not merely held the virtual sovereignty for so long, but taken it back again when she thought things were going wrong.

The London school board on the 15th of September opened 300 free evening schools and spent £1,000 in advertising them by illuminated posters throughout the city, in addition to circulars which are placed in the hands of every pupil of the public schools with instructions to deliver them to the heads of their families. These evening schools are entirely new and free to everybody—free tuition and free books. They are for the benefit of clerks, laborers and others who wish to improve their conditions but require additional educational training in order to do so. Every branch of elementary learning will be taught—reading and writing, drawing, arithmetic, geography, bookkeeping and other forms of commercial, domestic, scientific, artistic, manual and literary education. For the benefit of coachmen and hostlers there will be classes in veterinary science. For valets there will be schools of languages. Cooks and housemaids, seamstresses, milliners and members of other occupations will be enabled to improve themselves, while apprentices in all mechanical trades will have an opportunity to study the rudiments which relate to them. Provisions have been made for about 100,000 pupils, but they can be easily extended if necessary.

Congressman Lovering, recently, in speaking of the unsatisfactory decisions a congressman is often forced to make in giving his vote upon congressional acts, very positively and truly said, "The fact is that there is much of law-making that is a compromise. I do not like to use the word, because my meaning may be mistaken or misrepresented. It is not necessarily a compromise between what is absolutely right and what is absolutely wrong. There can never be but one way to vote in such a case—Yes! for the right and No! for the wrong."

Kites rise against, and not with, the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm, but no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

Let your first efforts be, not for wealth, but for independence. Whatever be your talents, whatever your prospects, never be tempted to speculate away, on the chance of a palace, that which you need as a provision against the wock house.

HER HEART'S DESIRE.

"He shall give thee thy heart's desire." The choir of the little country church did not sing the beautiful words very well The soprano's voice was unmistakably "cracked" and the tenor displayed surprising disregard of time and tune. But then, there were no musical critics in the small congregation scattered throughout this quiet little country church that Thanksgiving morning. And the beauty of the words and the promise contained in them touched the hearts of many.

"Wait patiently upon the Lord—and he shall give thee thy heart's desire," repeated the choir.

"It is not true!"

The words were not spoken, but they were in the thought and heart of one old woman sitting far back near the door. She sat alone, for she was alone in the world. Those who had once peopled the old pew with her—father, mother, husband, brothers and sisters, and the child of her love and care, all were gone. The quiet peaceful beauty of that Thanksgiving morning and the spiritual atmosphere of the church had quite failed to appeal to old Margaret Hudson. Never had she felt in a more rebellious mood. It would have dazed and pained the white-haired old elder in the pulpit had he known the thoughts that were uppermost in the mind of the small, dark, keen-eyed little old woman whose head gave a little defiant toss when he rose and said:

"Let us bow our heads in prayer."

Margaret Hudson did not bow her head, and her heart did not respond to the simple, fervent prayer of Elder Norris.

"What's the use?" she was saying angrily to herself. "Haven't I been bowing my head and my knees in prayer for years and years—in one prayer for one thing, for my heart's desire, and has it been granted to me? No, it hasn't! I have 'waited patiently on the Lord' and He has not given me the desire of my heart. I don't believe that He ever will give it to me. I've lost faith and hope. I can't help it. My 'heart's desire' has been denied me so long and the promise has not come true to me. I can't believe that it is true."

There were educated, polished and brilliant ministers in beautiful city churches who preached with less simple and tender beauty than that old elder preached that morning about the joy of gratitude and praise-giving for the blessings of God, but Margaret Hudson was not touched by the words. Her faith had lost its Olivet and her love its Galilee.

"When He gives me my heart's desire," she said stubbornly. "When He sends my boy, my Jim, back to me, I will believe that His promises are true. I can't trust Him more until He does."

She did not tarry at the close of the sermon for her usual greeting of old friends, but stole out alone and hurried toward her lonely home, the homeliness and desolation of which were never so hard to bear as now.

"If He'd hear my prayer and send Jim back to me it would be so," she said.

Jim! Her heart's desire! Where was he at that moment?

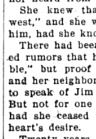
"God only knows!" his mother said between her broken sobs as she went slowly along over the country road, the bright sunlight of a glorious November day lending a radiance to the brown leaves still remaining on the trees. It had been twenty years since she had seen Jim. He was then a handsome, head-strong boy of 18, and the only child that had come to her. She had lavished upon him the warmest, tenderest affections of her life, and yet she never knew just why Jim had run away from home in his eighteenth year and she had never seen him nor heard from him since that day.

She knew that he had gone "out west," and she was too poor to follow him, had she known where he was.

There had been vague and unfounded rumors that he had "got into trouble," but proof of this was lacking, and her neighbors had long ago ceased to speak of Jim to Margaret Hudson. But not for one day nor for one hour had she ceased to think of him—her heart's desire.

Twenty years of unanswered prayer had ended in this spirit of depression and rebellion, and there was no love nor gratitude in Margaret Hudson's heart that Thanksgiving morning.

Presently she came to the bars in a fence by the roadside through which she must pass on her homeward way. She leaned heavily on the bars, and



AND THEY WALKED UP THE PATH WITH THEIR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER.

then dropped slowly to her knees with her head resting on one gaunt arm stretched out upon one of the bars. Her lips moved slowly in prayer:

"Oh, God," she said, "I have been so sinful, so wicked. Forgive me and let the desire of heart be for perfect trust in Thee, no matter what Thy will may be concerning me. Make this my heart's desire."

There was a smile on her brown and wrinkled old face when she rose to her feet and went on her homeward way. All trace of rebellion had fled from her face, and her eyes shone through a mist of tears.

She pushed open the gate before her tiny brown house and when old Hero, the dog, came bounding forward with noisy greeting she patted him kindly and said cheerily:

"Good old dog! Glad to see me, aren't you, old fellow?"

She looked up to see a tall, broad-shouldered, brown-bearded man coming rapidly down the patch toward her with outstretched arms and twinkling brown eyes.

"Mother!" he said.

"Why, Jim!"

And they walked up the path with their arms around each other.

And later Margaret Hudson went softly about her tidy, sunny dining room, setting her table for dinner and singing softly, "Wait patiently upon the Lord and He shall give thee thy heart's desires."

MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"Wall, Bill, what hev ye got to be thankful fur today?" asked Grizzly George, as he ran across Wild Bill in the Prairie Dog saloon on Thanksgiving day.

"What hev I got to be thankful fur " echoed Bill, looking at the other in astonishment, to'! Why, fur lots o' things, in course, an' I should think ye orter know it, too! Hain't the sheriff at this minit got a warrant fur me in his pocket, but's afeard to arrest me?"

"Yaas, I reckon that's so, Bill."

"Wall, then, hadn't I orter be thankful to hev sich a reputashun as a bad man? Then look at my record, will yer? I've held up forty-two stages, bin sent to jail fifty-six times, escaped twenty-one times, shot four sheriffs, licked scores of galoots, an' robbed more stores in the state than ye kin count. Hain't it sunthin' to be thankful fur to be alive today to enjoy sich a grand reputashun an' own sich a beautiful record?"

"Yaas, that's so, Bill—that's so."

"Then take a look at my family, will ye? That's my son Joe, who's sarvin' five yars fur hoss stealin'. Hain't it sunthin' to be thankful fur to be the father o' sich a promisin' boy?"

"It sartinly are', Bill," agreed Grizzy George.

"Ye bet it ar'!" went on Wild Bill, enthusiastically. "Then thar's my two

"THEN LOOK AT MY RECORD, WILL YER?"

other boys, Lem an' Hank. Lem takes arter me an' ar' a nacheral born robber, while Hank takes arter his ma, an' ar' a nacheral born liar. Why, he kin steal a hawg right in front o' yer nose an' then lie about it 'till ye believe some one else did it. Wouldn't ye feel ye had sunthin' to be thankful fur if yer family wuz as good as mine?"

"Yaas, Bill, I would an' no mistake."

"Why, in course, ye would—in course. One o' my nearest relatives ar' goin' to be hanged tomorrer, an' my darter Mary got engaged to Texas Jim, the hoss thief, last night. Hev I got anythin' to be thankful fur? Hev I?" and Wild Bill swaggered out of the saloon with a proud look and a whistle on his lips.

John's Thanksgiving Costume.

Mrs. Jones was entertaining several of her lady callers in the parlor of her residence a day or two before Thanksgiving, when her little eight-year-old son Johnny burst in on them with the excited exclamation:

"Oh, ma! the kids around here are goin' to have more fun on Thanksgivin' Day!"

"Don't say 'kids' and don't rush in here like that when I have company, Johnny!" replied his mother severely, nevertheless laughing heartily with the others at the little fellow's excited, chubby face.

"I won't, ma," he went on, "but can't I have fun, too?"

"What are they going to do, my dear?" she asked, thinking it would be a good time to draw out his cuteness and show him off.

"Oh! they're goin' to dress up in all kinds o' clothes, ma, and wear false-faces and blow tin horns, and have more fun!"

"And I suppose, Johnny, you have come in and ask me if you can do the same, eh?"

"Oh, kin I, ma? I'll be orful careful if you'll only let me dress up like the rest of 'em!"

"Well, we'll see about it, dearest—after awhile!"

"But, ma," he coaxed, "promise me I kin now, so I kin tell the kids—I mean the boys—that they'll wait for me."

"I guess you can, dearest," she answered, vowing he could have anything, he was showing off so well, and the callers were saying such nice things about him.

"Really, ma!"

"Yes, really. I'll rig you out in my old duds so that your own father won't know you."

"Crackey!" shouted the little fellow as he danced around the room. "That's just bully! Say, ma, let me wear your false switch, and those shoes you got three sizes too small for you 'cause Mrs. Brown was in the store when you bought 'em, and put a hull lot of your powder and paint on my cheeks and black my eyebrows, will you, ma?"

And when the rest of the family took seats at the dinner table on Thanksgiving day, Johnny said he didn't care to sit down, but would eat his turkey standing.—A. B. Lewis.

Realism.

Editor—I liked your Thanksgiving jokes, Mr. Scribes, but you didn't get them in early enough.

Mr. Scribbs—Well, that's it, you see; I can't make 'em unless I'm full of turkey and cranberry sauce.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "To This End Was I Born."—John, Chapter xviii., Verse 37—The Manifold Responsibilities of Parentage Set Forth.

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbance. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life in a court of Oyer and Terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today empaleced, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of heaven. That is what He came for, and that is what He accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age, the question is up: "What shall I be? Lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled, and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered: "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention touching the future. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you find your sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph; "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or nervous, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Connecticut or the Dneiper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that are beyond your decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any information, and no guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares; and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts; and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence; and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences; while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake, until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's Commentaries, or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's Didactic Theology, saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

Do you wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some capsioned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jaw-bone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord! Here is what I have, show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time, O God." The man riding on horseback came to a tpough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking, one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands; for years wondering who did for him the Christian kindness, and not finding out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, oh! woman, this afternoon, and go and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, oh! man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who love the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "To this end was I born."'

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at sixteen years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after a while I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village I said to myself, "If I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a smaller force. One reason why Mr. Vanderbilt was successful was he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement, and made in answer to prayer. Of the twenty-one hundred million people in the world, there are sixteen hundred million discreet missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction you are at fear and peril. Seven hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end was I born."

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can see you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all related to the increase in human longevity. People live, as any one can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those days if a man had fever they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. Fewer die, and are people skipping about at eighty years of age, I conclude that life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at seventy than they used to do when he was sixty, and no more premium at sixty than he was forty. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that the people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived seven and eight hundred years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spiritic regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform, direct it towards you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see this picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the fires of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting Joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, and what I am sure some of you will be. * * *

What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deed to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, take heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this world to them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether nearby or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

SWELLS ON STREET CARS.

Cause of a Foreigner's Surprise while Traveling in This Country.

"Nothing that I have seen in the United States," says a European who has just returned to his native country, "seemed more typical of American institutions than the people one sees on street cars. The passengers on one of these vehicles epitomize the whole character of the country. I was astonished the first time I saw women beautifully dressed climb into them and take their places next to workingmen, and in the evenings, when men and women in evening dress take their places alongside persons dressed in the poorest fashion, the sight is one that could not be found in any other country in the world. There are, of course, tramps in all the great European cities, but they are more restricted in the quality of their patrons. In them one sees the comfortably dressed and the poor. But not people of the social position who ride here in the public conveyances. The reason, of course, is the prevalence abroad of the cheap cabs, which are low enough in price to be accessible to anybody but those of the humblest means. Sometimes they are used even by persons who find it cheaper to carry hundles in that way then to send them by messengers. Americans who go to Europe have been astonished sometimes to see washerwomen delivering their baskets in cabs. But that sight is no more surprising to them than it is to the foreigner when he sees women beautifully dressed in the public street cars. Such a thing might become possible some day in Europe if such comfortable means of traveling were to be found in the European cities as those that exist here."

His Birthday Gift.

When Mrs. Ransom went away for a fortnight's visit, she called her two boys to her and said, firmly: "Now, Rob, I want you and Ned to promise me that you will not tease papa to take you to the football game next week. It is wasted on him, and he wishes to be with some friend, and not have the care of little boys like you. And don't forget that you are to give papa something bought with your own money for his birthday." The boys promised, and the mother departed. The fact that the birthday and the football game occurred on the same date seemed particularly unpropitious. But the day before, Bob had a sudden inspiration, the glow of which was soon shared with his brother. On Mr. Ransom's plate at breakfast the next morning was a somewhat soiled envelope on which was printed in painful letters, "Happy Birthday." Opening it, the beneficiary found two dingy quarters wrapped in a half-sheet of paper which bore the words, "To by a tikket for the game." And looking up, he encountered the gaze of four wistfully hopeful eyes, whose owners had no reason to regret their strategy.

Expecting Too Much.

A drill sergeant was unpopular among his men. They found him too particular. One day he had on hand a party of recruits whom he was putting through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed funeral cortege among them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he did so: "Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the line he turned, regarded the men with a scrutinizing eye for a minute, and then remarked: "Your hands are right, and your heads is right, but you haven't got that look of regret you ought to have."

Civilization Moving Eastward.

A father with a long file of girls and a wife and baby in a wagon drawn by two brindle oxen passed through Hope, Ark., on the way to Porto Rico, to settle on a piece of land.—Dallas News.

GIANT BEES IN PHILIPPINES.

Honey Gatherers Which It Is Proposed to Introduce.

There's one race inhabiting the Philippines which will be a welcome addition to American citizenship and will receive every facility and inducement to emigrate to the United States and engage in its useful labors in which it has no peer. The yellow and black Indian honey bee, whose immense capacity for making honey and wax has interested the department of agriculture in the consideration of any early effort to introduce it into the United States. To science this bee is known as apias dorsata. It is common throughout the tropical regions of the east, and in the Philippine islands the very largest variety of the species is found. It is nearly one-half larger than the American native honey bee and builds a comb, heavily with wax and honey, five or six times as large as those found in American orchards and forests. The question of acclimatizing these inhabitants of the Philippines in the cooler climate of the States is not discouraging. The giant bees are found in the mountain regions all through India and have been seen busily at work at altitudes of 5,000 feet. In the Philippine islands their colonies are most numerous in the mountains, as the unceasing attacks of the natives for their honeycomb have driven them from the unprotected flatlands of the heavily wooded mountain regions. The Filipinos find their daily bread a matter easy to procure, for they are very fond of honey on the staff of life. There is also a large demand for wax for use in dyeing. The big bees build their hives on tall forest trees or on overhanging ledges of cliffs. When undisturbed branch swarms in the same place for a patent colony, so that in a few years an immense bee settlement often grows up in the forest. The bees build a comb five or six feet long, four feet wide and from seven-eighths to one and one-half inches in thickness. The largest combs of American honey bees are not more than one-fifth of these dimensions. In appearance the giant bee is a smoky, glittering, iridescent black wasp-like figure, with orange bands encircling its body. There have been reports that this bee is ferocious and on account of its great size extremely dangerous, but Professor Frank Benton of the department of agriculture has seen and handled them in their jungle haunts, and he tells a different story. They are quick, busy and persevering workers, according to Professor Benton's account, that they have lost dexterity with their stinging apparatus, and though they may alight, full of wrath and with evil intent, upon the face or neck, they do not handle their offensive weapon with skill, and it takes them twenty or thirty seconds to get their sting in working order. They are quiet as compared with American bees.

Petitions have been coming into the department of agriculture for years asking that the government introduce these giant bees into the United States. No attempt at bringing them here has ever been successful. Professor Benton tried to bring to the United States a swarm of these honeymakers which he captured in the jungle. While he was sick in bed, on his way home, no one else on the vessel would attend them and they all died.—New York Sun.

CLEVER MATCH MAKING.

Both of the American Girls Got Eligible Husbands.

"An exceedingly clever bit of match-making has just been executed by an American lady whose eldest daughter left Rome for Paris. Friends on a European tour, and who, after doing the continent, returned to our gay capital for several months of rest and pleasuring," writes a resident of Paris to the New York Commercial Advertiser. "Once in Paris, she had many suitors. She adroitly reduced the number to two. Then she wrote home to her mother, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well-conducted and rich that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question: 'What shall I do?' Ten days later she received a telegram from her mother: 'I half tomorrow; hold both until I come.' The next transatlantic steamer brought the mother with her second daughter just turned 18. On her arrival she at once took the helm of affairs, and she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning."

His Program.

"So Placehunter expects a sinecure, does he?" "Yes; he thinks he'll be appointed Government Weather Prophet for Cuba. He intends to predict several months of heat and rain and go off on a vacation."—Puck.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The duty to trim a hedge fence planted by a landowner on his part of a dividing line is held, in Kinney (Iowa), 40 L. R. A. 626, not to be imposed upon him by a statute which authorizes such hedges without specifying their height or how they shall be trimmed.

A state statute making it unlawful to keep a place in which the business of transmitting money for bets on horse races, etc., either within or without the state, is carried on, is upheld in State vs. Harbourne (Conn.), 40 L. R. A. 607, against the contention that it is an unconstitutional regulation of interstate commerce, as applied to the agent of a telegraph company who keeps such a place and transmits the money to another state by telegraph.

A signature to a blank transfer of stock showing that it is made by a guardian of infants is held, in O'Dell vs. Gray (Mass.), 40 L. R. A. 498, insufficient to pass a good title to a person taking the stock without any transfer on the books of the corporation, without injury and merely as a pledge for a debt from the cashier of a bank to which the stock was placed for safe keeping, but from which they were feloniously taken by the cashier.

India has perhaps a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world, having fifteen thousand native specie, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe only embraces about six thousand.