BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

Entered at the postoffice at Birmingham, Mich., as second-class matter.

The lack of money is the root of most evils.

The feet of the somnambulist should never sleep.

Anger is a transient hatred, or, at least, very like it.

Jonah's experience was an example of prophet and loss.

You can't judge the dinner by the tone of the dinner bell.

Poverty may blunt our other senses, but it sharpens the taste.

A coward makes a great deal more blustering than a man of honor.

Delays are dangerous—especially if you want to go from St. Louis to Chicago.

A girl often wonders if a certain young man wonders if she is thinking of him.

People probably get the blues because they fail to look at things in the right light.

The man who is constantly in the public eye is apt to get an occasional rub from the public knuckle.

When a man once thoroughly understands the ins and outs of horse racing he's seldom seen at the track.

A ton of coal can be carried a mile for a cent, even by rail; and water carriage is cheaper still. Yet the total consumption of coal for all purposes is now so vast that the tax for transportation is a heavy burden. In England a strong organization has been formed, called the General Power Distribution company, which proposes to take the coal at the mouth of the mines, convert its energy into electricity, and supply power by conduction to a dense manufacturing district. This plan not only saves the shipment of coal, but puts an end to the smoke nuisance.

That seals are being rapidly exterminated in northern waters is made apparent by a report just received by the Alaska Commercial Company. This report sets forth that only twenty-eight British sealing vessels were in northern waters this year, and their aggregate catch was only 10,000 skins, against 60,000 skins only three years ago. The biggest catch was by the Otto, which took 722 skins. The North American Commercial Company's catch this season is only 18,000 skins, against 100,000 for some previous years. The same falling off is noted in the Russian and Japanese rookeries. The Russian Sealskin Company, which has leased the Commander Islands' rookeries, has taken this year only 7,000 skins, against 50,000 last year.

In New York and other cities the public authorities are hotly blamed for the inadequacy of school accommodations, and the building of new schoolhouses presses hard upon the reluctant appropriations, especially in wards where the population is rapidly increased by immigration. Often it is necessary to hire extra rooms. In Boston there has been at least one instance where a new schoolroom was opened and immediately filled by children who had not been two months in America. Our climate hardly permits us to adopt a custom of the smaller towns of Greece, where the children often sit on benches in the open air, under the shade of a tree—from which the teacher can easily cut a switch. The great Turk not only commits the Koran in an out-of-door school, but learns to write on the ground, using his finger or a stick in place of pen or pencil.

The demand for coal oil is said to be so far in excess of production that the resources of Indiana and Ohio producers have been strained to their utmost, though hundreds of new wells have been sunk. Fields which were condemned as unprofitable a few years ago are now being worked. The present price paid by the Standard Oil company to producers is 68 cents per barrel for Indiana and Ohio oil and $1.02 for the Pennsylvania product, which is an advance of 60 per cent in six months. The total daily production of crude oil of the United States is estimated at present to be slightly above 150,000 barrels, and the consumption, including our exports, 25,000 barrels daily in excess of this figure. A continued demand and an advancing price will no doubt stimulate the use of substitutes for petroleum. Such a movement has begun in Wabash, where an acetylene gas plant for municipal lighting has recently been installed, with the intent, if successful, of introducing it in other Indiana towns as a substitute for coal gas.

A German inventor is said to provide mirrors which will not break. He employs celluloid where glass was heretofore used. A perfectly transparent, well-polished celluloid plate receives a quicksilver backing like that of a glass mirror. This backing is in turn protected by another celluloid plate which also reflects; so that practically a double mirror is furnished.

The man who makes the most display about giving up his seat to a lady in a crowded car always does so just as the car reaches his destination.

Prayer does not directly take away a trial or its pain, any more than a sense of duty directly takes away the danger of infection; but it preserves the strength of the whole spiritual fibre, so that the trial does not pass into temptation to sin.

Recent statistics show that under fifteen years there are more boys than girls, but over seventy-five years there are more women than men, and from the ages of ninety to one hundred the proportion is about three to two in favor of the women.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

An Economical House Gown for the Girl Who Must Make Both Ends Meet—School Frock for a Young Girl—A Bride's Conceit—Fall and Winter.

The Oldest Song of All.

When life is youth, and skies are glad,
And everything is young,
Oh, listen, listen, lass and lad,
Unto the song that's sung!
When every sound you hear's a tune
That seems your heart to call,
When every gift of God's a boon,
And love's the best of all!
There's green around and blue above,
Wherever you are bound;
'Tis then that first you feel 'tis love
That makes the world go round!

But when your world grows gray and sad,
When care the heart has wrung,
Oh, listen, listen, lass and lad,
Unto the song that's sung!
When smiles have turned to tears and sighs,
When hands you clasp are cold,
And those who love he has been a prize,
Are weary, worn and old,
If one dear gift, the rest above,
Still by your side be found,
'Tis then you know, indeed, 'tis love
That makes the world go round!
—Clifton Bingham, in London Mail.

A Bride's Conceit.

"Do you think it's silly?" blushingly asked a bride-to-be, as she showed her lingerie, all delicately made of such fine batiste that it would easily slip through the proverbial wedding ring. She has had her things arranged in seven sets, one for each day of the week, and for each day there is a color, and there is a dozen of every garment belonging to the set, thus making seven dozen of everything. She has a specially constructed trunk for the carriage of this delightful corbelle, or rather a portion of it, for, of course, she could not travel with the entire riches of so voluminous a wardrobe. This trunk has seven trays, and each tray is labeled with the day of the week, and as the front of the trunk lets down, these trays can be pulled in and out as if they were drawers, and without disturbing the upper or lower layers. She also has a silken sachet blanket for each of her seven trays in the trunk. She had very wide beading and any number of fluffy bows of those of the kindred fabric, Liberty silk, which has become such an established trimming. A novelty of great similarity to the Liberty satin just mentioned is called mousseline glace; this dainty textile will be most effectively utilized in forming full fronts, yokes and gulmpes. A gulmpe of turquoise or cream white in this material will enliven a row of geige or gray taffeta, while a last season's tollette may come forth as new and thoroughly up-to-date by the tasteful disposal of this and similar fabrics. Ruchings of chiffon, Liberty silk or satin, and mousseline glace will be found simple of adjustment and a most pleasing form of decoration.

House Gowns.

Every woman, even those who work all day and must count every penny,

will do well to don a pretty house gown for the evening meal. As a matter of fact, it is a piece of economy, for it saves the street gown considerably, if it is not worn in the house. It would be well for America to follow the example of the English girl, who, if she has but one gown, will take that off, brush it, hang it to air for a few minutes and put it on, with a few bits of frivolity added, before she goes to her evening meal.

House gowns invariably cost less than street gowns, and usually very pretty ones may be made at home. A most charming model is of light-blue muslin, finished with an embroidered edge in black. It is made with a low neck and low sleeves. The neck has a tiny yoke of embroidery in black, which continues down the right side in a flounce to the waist. The sleeves are tight-fitting and flounced about the elbow. Light-blue ribbon gives the waist a trim appearance.—The Latest.

FOR NOVEMBER DAYS.

about the necks of her chemises. "You've no idea how pretty they look through thin gowns," she said. "I have several little organdie evening gowns made with absolutely plain waists, and the lace and ribbon on the chemises make quite enough trimming."

Girl's School Frock.

Busy mothers are now worrying about school gowns for the stormy weather to come. The little tots need something warm and comfortable to

help them on their way up the path of learning, for nothing retards them more than gowns that irritate their little bodies.

A little frock that is both comfortable and pretty is a navy blue serge, made with a full skirt and a blouse waist. A touch of lightness is introduced in the belt, cuffs and border of the skirt, made of dark blue and white striped material.—The Latest.

Popularity of Liberty Satin.

Liberty satin is to vie with Liberty silk in popularity. Exquisite colors are shown, and several widths as well. Skirt lengths in plain, crinkled and smocked effects are certain to become popular for evening costumes. The rich sheen of satin in this textile is sure to please the most fastidious tastes; furthermore, its wearing qualities are predicted to be far in advance

Designs in Braids.

The scroll design is, perhaps, dominant in mohair braids, and many variations ensue from this basis. Wavy lines are particularly graceful, and may be procured in the finest silk braids as well as mohair. These same effects come in widths suitable for skirt trimmings. Sets to match for waist and skirt are pleasing in the scroll design, and also in floral and conventional devices of an open lace character. A rose effect is wrought upon a mousseline de soie foundation, and a pineapple pattern is treated in a like manner, a most attractive trimming resulting. Three widths are obtainable in this garniture. A silk braid of unusual beauty is designed in a crocheted pattern showing right and left effects. A narrow silk braid edging is very effective in a clover leaf design and may be had in combination with wide braids of a similar design.

Reigning Favorites.

The leading characteristics of the fashions for fall and winter are these:

Smooth finished materials, running to plain goods.

Slender, elongated effects of making, with a decided preference for princess styles.

Street dress skirts clear the ground. All dressy gowns have a sweep of four inches or more.

All colors are shown, with a leaning toward browns that have a bronze tint and blue on the lavender or purplish order. Black tollets will be fashionable, but always, when not for mourning, they are relieved by color introduced in the linings or on the bodice.

Lobster Custard.

Two good-sized lobsters. Remove from shell and cut into dice. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, add lobster to it and stir well. Beat the yolks of three eggs and a pint of milk, making a custard. Add salt and pepper and the juice of a lemon and one glass of sherry wine. Put all together and stir awhile before serving.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"IMPROVEMENTS IN HEAVEN," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Revelations, Chapter XXI, Verse 1, as Follows:—"And I Saw a New Heaven"—A Glorious Spectacle.

The stereotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James' translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven, and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainments—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temples; a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash-whipped, and galled and unblanketed, and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arboreseent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job, and David, and Paul, wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came, all through this vast country of immensity, inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other, and became one great central metropouis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side; and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred, or five hundred, or thousand years, I remember there are sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children have gone to heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years! If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city! Of course, all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into heaven as ever the light sped from a star; and that is one reason why heaven will always be fresh and beautiful, the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven must run up. Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a lifeboat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nineteen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city.

Again: I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty or fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy. What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Dr. James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health; and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy; and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect; and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again, heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have come into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into that glory. Now, do you suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven. Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages, and all the countries of the earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the Apostle, were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle; but heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as heaven has improved.

But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes; but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and he never changes—the same yesterday, today, and forever; glorious then, and glorious now, and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has within the last seventy years; for the most of you within forty years, within twenty years, within five years, within one year; in other words, by the accessions from your own household. If heaven were placed in groups—an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred—which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose.

Again, I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence—and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessings, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place—some one who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you, to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life; to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news that sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news! * * *

I do not think it was superstitious when, one Wednesday night, I stood by a deathbed within a few blocks of the church where I preached, and on the same street, and saw one of the aged Christians of the church going into glory. After I had prayed with her I said to her, "We have all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would give him our love." She said, "I will, I will;" and in twenty minutes she was in heaven—the last words she ever spoke. It was a swift message to the skies. If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed loved ones; and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest place in heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland, and without scepter, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter. I say these things because I want you to know it is a domestic heaven, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day; and heaven, so vastly more of a heaven, a thousand times more of a heaven than it used to be, will be a better heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipations!

I enter heaven one day. It is almost empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate, as though he were standing on guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the Judgment. This morning all the chariots, and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements, and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was the fiery Judgment day on earth was jubilee in heaven, and I cried, "Doorkeepers of heaven, shut the gates; all heaven has come in!' Doorkeepers, shut the 12 gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like hazards, should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

NUT TREES PAY.

Farmers Find That Many Kinds Are Lucrative Crops.

The commercial nutting business is assuming greater proportions every year in this country, and the farmers are planting nut trees for profit along with their apple, peach, pear, and plum trees. A nut orchard properly attended to frequently yields as much profit as an orchard of peaches or apples, and the trees can be made to grow on the sides of hills that can be utilized for little else. In New England the bleak, stony hillsides of farms that were considered of little real agricultural value are being successfully planted with walnut trees, chestnuts, butternuts, and other nut-bearing growths. In the west and southwest land that is too wet for corn, wheat, and other cereals is utilized for raising hickory and pecan nuts. The latter, in particular, will thrive on land that is frequently flooded with water, and in a wild state the trees are mostly found growing on rich alluvial bottoms along the streams of fresh water. California started into nut culture on a large scale first, and the example it set has been followed by most of the other states. Today it produces more than 2,000,000 pounds of English walnuts, great quantities of almonds, improved chestnuts, English filberts, and hazel nuts. In the south the pecan trees have been growing for half a century in a semi-wild state, but for ten years now groves of them have been planted and cultivated by the farmers with every promise of success. In ten years a new industry has sprung up and developed into one of considerable commercial importance. Not only has the market been supplied with home-grown nuts, but a wider demand for them has been created. The hygienic value of nuts is better understood than it formerly was today, and the consumption of them has steadily increased in this country. They are used in an endless number of ways in our modern cooking and confectionery. Certain varieties yield a valuable oil, such as the pecan, which is used by clockmakers and gunsmiths, and also for table purposes.

Timidity and Greatness.

M. Dugas, a Frenchman, has written an extremely interesting paper on "Timidity." He finds that the vast majority of people are timid in their youth; a considerable minority remain timid all their lives. Timidity leads to meditation and analysis. It enters into the temperament of the philosopher and man of science. Per contra, a thoroughly stupid man is seldom timid. Virgil, Horace, Benjamin Constant, Michelet and Amiel were all notably timid men. M. Dugas notes that in the intellectual man you are apt to find great speculative hardihood combined with a practical timidity. Carlyle's is the typical case. The mere thought of having to order a coat or buy a pair of gloves caused him the most acute disconifort. In its extreme type timidity approaches the malady of the will, which some medical dictionaries call agoraphobia—the dread of the crowd, of the gaze of other people. All public speakers have known this feeling—even, it is said, the brazen M. Rochfort. Cicero, used as he was to the rostrum, was prevented by "blue funk" from delivering his "Milonian" speech. M. Sarcey, who has lectured every week for twenty years, says he has never been able to conquer his timidity. Paillet, a famous Parisian advocate, was so nervous that he used to say he half hoped some accident would happen him in the street on his way to the court, so that he might be prevented from appearing. Veteran actors, when they are worth their salt, seldom get over their "stage-fright."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Jibes and Trouble Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

The Song That Reached His Heart.

She warbled "Home Sweet Home" to him,
With all her girlish art;
She tried "Sweet Annie Laurie," but
She failed to reach his heart.

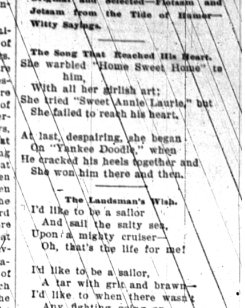
At last, despairing, she began
On "Yankee Doodle," when
He cracked his heels together and
She won him there and then.

The Landsman's Wish.

I'd like to be a sailor
And sail the salty sea,
Upon a mighty cruiser—
Oh, that's the life for me!

I'd like to be a sailor,
A tar with grit and brawn—
I'd like to when there wasn't
Any fighting going on.
—Chicago News.

Oh, Dear! Oh, Dear!



Miss Cute—Now, Willie, why can't you tell me what pa said when you asked for my hand?

Willie—Because I—ah—belong to a church, dear.—Up-to-Date.

Her Answer.

"You were a long time in the far corner of the conservatory with Mr. Willing last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?"

"Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter by way of reply.

"Of course I do."

"Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions."

Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law.—Chicago Post.

Slightly Cruel.

Folliman and his girl were out mushroom hunting. As she piloted him from a vine-broidered laneway into a pasture open, he remarked: "I always get bewildered in these pathless wilds, don't you know. It was only yesterday that I was somewhere in this neighborhood, and I completely lost my head."

Stooping to pick a mammoth puffball, she roguishly inquired: "Is this it?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Convinced.

Mrs. Hayricks—It says here in the paper, Silas, that this war has served to bring the people of our country closer together. Do you think there's any truth in it?

Mr. Hayricks—Yes. When I looked into the parlor last night, Lieut. Stripplings and our Annie was settin' a good deal closer together than I have ever seen 'em afore he went away.—Chicago News.

Requisite to Independence.

Jester—I see that Montana has recently come into possession of a hundred thousand dollars.

Quester—Yes, and I'm glad of it, too. It will make him independent.

Jester—Not exactly; there is just one more prerequisite to that condition.

Quester—What is that?

Jester—A divorce.—Cleveland Leader.

No Novice at Matrimony.

Scott—So you didn't get married after all?

Bowen—No. I had a narrow escape; but before the time fixed for the wedding, I learned that my intended was a widow.—New York Vim.

Only a Dude.

Fanny Footlights—I never go out to supper with men after the show.

Willy Wilt—Then you won't go with me?

Fanny Footlights—Why, certainly I will, Willy!—Up-to-Date.

He Got There.

His Wife—Now you won't forget any of those things I asked you to bring home?

The Suburbanite (doubtfully)—I hope not. Suppose you give me sealed orders, not to be opened till I reach New York.—Brooklyn Life.