

A former attorney general of the United States, in a recent article, tells the following anecdotes of Mr. Justice Miller of the federal supreme court:

Judge Miller was a very agreeable man socially, but in the later years of his life became somewhat impatient upon the bench. He was no orator himself and seemed to have an aversion to all attempts at oratory in court. I have seen him on more than one occasion disjoint with sharp questions a beautifully prepared speech with which an ambitious orator expected to charm and captivate the court. One midsummer day, as it is said, he was holding court in a western state, and a lawyer, whom we will call Brown, was addressing him in a long, rambling speech. The judge listened and fanned himself and fidgeted about on the bench for some time, and, finally, leaning over his desk, said in an audible whisper, "Confound it Brown, come to the point."

"What point?" inquired the somewhat astonished lawyer.

"Any point," responded the judge; and, though the sequel does not appear, it is probable that there was a rapid condensation of talk in that courtroom after this short colloquy.

Literally.

A Chicago woman had her husband and her pug dog cremated and the ashes placed in the same urn, and the esteemed editor of the Lost Creek Lyre regards the transaction as "a dog-gone burning shame."—Denver Post.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate signed by his first helpmate to the effect that she is willing, and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

LIFE'S VARIORUM.

Some work for this, some strive for that, and grind at every turn;
Some long for what they haven't got, and what they have they spurn,
And some rush for the mountain peak to get the sun's last ray,
Then crawl into some sunless hole and sleep it off next day.

Some find this earth a first rate place to slave and stint and save,
And life's chief pleasure to consist in being glum and grave,
And others with a twinkle in the hand and heart and eye
Will stake their lives that they can spend more than they can find laid by.

Some take a drink when they are dry and some when they are wet;
Some drink for sweet remembrance sake, some that they may forget,
And some there be, like you and me, free from all sham accurs'd,
Who have laid down a rule for life—never to get athirst.

Some turn to this, some turn to that, for fortune and for fame,
And some won't turn for anything and get there just the same.
But there's a common turning point, a fate, unkind but just,
Where rich and poor and great and small turn one and all to dust.

—Galveston News.

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—Ha! lem Life.

A Blue Grass Dinner.

The applicants for teachers' certificates in Calloway county were asked at examination to define "bric-a-brac." One teacher answered that "bric-a-brac is something to throw at a dog."—Louisville Courier-Journal.