God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumph we feel When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on tha heather, Plarest to the heart; words are keener than

Never had Mrs. Clanricarde "voiced aloud" "with shriller throat" her views on the unimportance of the man and the all-importance of the purse in marriage. Never had her soorn for personal love and physical beauty been hotter, more pungent, more severe. To hear her one would have thought love before marriage the doom of the purse of the more severe. To hear her one would have thought love before marriage the doom of the purse of the several se

"It seems like it," he returned,

NICARAGUA'S PUBLIC LAUNDRY.

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