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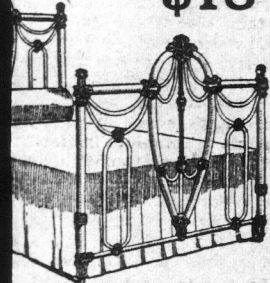
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CONCERNING LIFE

What is life? Herbert Spencer suggested as a definition "the co-ordination of actions." Richard defines it as "a collection of phenomena which succeed each other during a limited period in an organized body." De Blainville's suggestion was "the two-fold movement of composition and decomposition at once general and continuous." G. H. Lewes proposed this definition: "Life is a series of definite and successive changes both of structure and composition which take place within an individual without destroying its individuality." The latter comes near to that which we had ourselves determined upon before reading what the philosophers had advanced and which may be thus stated: Life is the essential quality of active individual existence. To illustrate: There is no difference, except in size, between a drop of water and the ocean, that is, regarding both as water. There are substances mixed with the ocean which are not found in every drop of water, but a particle of water, no matter how minute, is absolutely complete in itself and it is without any inherent active qualities. If we break off a piece of rock from a ledge and reduce it to a fine powder, each minute particle is complete in itself. We may have separated it into its constituent parts, if it is a composite rock, but all the parts are in the powder; nothing whatever has been lost. But if we take a jelly-fish and break it up, we have not many jelly-fishes, but no jelly-fish. If we take a flower and tear it to shreds, we have not several flowers, but no flower. It is true that there are animals and plants which may be subdivided without losing their vitality. A familiar example is the common earthworm; but even in respect to these there is a limit to the subdivision possible without extinguishing the vital principle.

This essential quality is superior in a certain degree to what are called the laws of matter. The lifting power of vegetation is well-known. Not only does a living plant lift inert matter in defiance of the laws of gravity, but it can lift relatively heavy objects which rest upon it. We all know that the growth of vegetation will crack pavements and even raise heavy buildings. Life enables our tall fir trees to carry moisture from their roots to their topmost twigs; kill the tree, and the last of its inanimate matter will raise the moisture a few inches from the ground. This essential quality escapes identification as completely as does the attraction of gravitation. We only know it is because we know it must be in order to account for things which we know exist. To show that it escapes identification it is only necessary to say that no examination can tell why one seed will germinate and another will not. It may be possible for an expert to tell, within certain limits, if a specific seed is fertile; but he cannot tell why it is fertile. The essential quality of life eludes detection. And yet we know that there is a "hiding of power" in the base of the leaves of a fir-tree which renders possible the rearing of a mighty tree, in whose up-building the forces of inanimate nature are defied and made subservient. So is the lichen, clinging closely to the rock; so is man, who examines and studies them all, and endeavors to discover wherein he and they are different from the rocks, the metals, the air and the waters of the sea.

Is there any difference between this essential quality as exemplified in the various form of living things? Is there a vegetable life and an animal life? Is there a difference between human life and other life? These questions are hard to answer. If we take what are called the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life, it is often exceedingly difficult to distinguish between them. There are some living organisms which cannot be definitely assigned either to the animal or vegetable kingdom. It may be that the essential quality which we call life, is identical in both kingdoms. Spencer, and many other philosophers, have suggested that this quality may be inherent in matter, and if we accept the theory of evolution in its entirety, we must suppose that in the original chaos, from which the world was evolved, there was present this quality, which in the process of time was segregated from the mass and centred in one or more specific particles of matter. Let us in imagination go back to the time when the first land appeared above the waters and the first living animal or plant of whatever it might have been, appeared. If life was inherent in matter there must of necessity have been at one time the first living thing. Now, if we accept this theory, we are driven to accept one of two conclusions. Either in this first one living thing all the essential vitalizing quality was concentrated, or else only a minute portion of it was there concentrated, and the remainder was available and some of it must now be available for the creation of new organisms. The evolutionists prefer to evolve the first of these alternatives and concede that from this primeval organism, which did little more than live, everything that has life has come. The latter alternative precludes the theory, which Spencer thought he perceived to be tenable, namely that life was inherent in matter.

If the first alternative is accepted, then we are all descendants, in a sense, of the primeval plant or animal, which uncounted centuries ago clung to the sides of the Laurentian rocks, while yet the ocean was warm with the heat of a slow cooling world. The vital spark which scarcely flickered in that humble organism has grown in power and greatness and has proved sufficient to cover the earth and store the sea with countless forms of life during countless centuries. If this is so, life is capable of indefinite expansion and, and if it is capable of indefinite expansion it must be omnipotent. To claim that matter possesses the quality of omnipotence seems a contradiction in terms. Hence we seemed forced to the conclusion that life is not an inherent quality of matter, but is derived from a source external to it. If we accept the second alternative, and assume that the primeval organism only assimilated a minute particle of the essential quality of life, such of the remainder as has not been since assimilated must await assimilation, and as its existence, when assimilated, cannot be detected, as we have seen in the case of seeds, so we have no right to assume that it is a property of matter. The attraction of gravitation is a property of matter. If we are surrounded with unassimilated vitalizing energy, which is capable of dominating all things, given time enough for its operation, then this quality is both omnipotent and omnipresent.

The marvellous manner in which this vitalizing quality adapts itself to all environments needs no elaboration. If it is self-acting, that is, if in adapting itself to all possible conditions, it is influenced by no power external to itself, it possesses a quality which cannot be distinguished from omniscience. Therefore, if life, that is the essential quality of active individual existence, is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient, and operates by reason of its own inherent energy, it fulfills the definition of the divine, except so far as the spiritual side of the Universe is concerned. The argument made above takes no account of the personal side of living creatures, but only of their existence as individuals. The suggestion of this article is that physical life, when closely analyzed, seems to render absolutely necessary the hypothesis that there is external to and independent of matter a power which possesses the three attributes claimed for divinity, namely, omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience. At this point it seems as if argument must stop, because it can go no further. Manlike it is unable now, as in the days of Job, by searching to find out God, but perhaps what is said above may lead some to realize that the Universe is inexplicable upon

any other theory than what one of the writers of the last century rejected with contempt as "the hypothesis of a Creator." If any reader, who has followed this argument so far, will turn to Job xxxviii, and read from the beginning of that chapter to the close of the 6th verse of chapter xlii, he will find the thought above expressed brought by vivid references to natural phenomena, and expressed in language which has no equal in all literature for strength and beauty. The arguments of these chapters are not philosophical, but rather a confutation from natural phenomena of the principles of an atheistic philosophy.

THRASYMENE AND CANNÆ

When the Romans extended their sway over Southern Italy they came into conflict with the Carthaginians, who had colonies there, and had taken possession of Sicily. This was in 264 B.C. and the war known as the First Punic War arose which lasted until 241 B.C., when the Romans gained so complete a naval victory that the Carthaginians not only abandoned Italy, but surrendered Sicily and also the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, which they had possessed for more than three hundred years. This defeat rankled in the breast of the Carthaginians, and even the great success which attended their expeditions to Spain proved no compensation. The operations in Spain were conducted by Hamilcar, who must not be confused with the other Hamilcar who suffered the terrible defeat at the hands of the Sicilians at Himera, at the time of the great naval fight at Salamis. Hamilcar's hatred of Rome was such that he caused his son Hannibal to swear upon the altar of Moloch that he would never rest until he had overthrown the Italian city. In 241 B.C., Hannibal, then twenty-one years of age, resolved to begin the mission to which his father had consecrated him. The death of Hasdrubal left him in command of the forces in New Carthage, and he determined to begin the invasion of Italy and the capture of Rome. The greatness of his plans will be realized when we recall that he contemplated a march northward through Spain, where his advance would be contested by the Carthaginians, across the Pyrenees into Gaul, a detour north to avoid the Roman forces at what is now Marseilles, the crossing of the great river Loire, the crossing of the Alps, the overthrow of the Roman forces in Northern Italy and the crossing of the Apennines. It was a herculean task, and the measure of success which attended it places Hannibal in the foremost rank of military leaders. He left New Carthage in 218 B.C., with 90,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry, besides a great many elephants and other animals for transport purposes. He fought his way northward, always successful, and yet making great losses, and finding himself compelled to leave garrisons behind to hold the conquests that he had made. In that way his army was greatly reduced, and although his progress through Gaul was to be his arrival at the foot of the Alps with only 26,000 men. It is not certain by what route he crossed these mountains, some investigators claiming the evidence to be in favor of the Cenis pass and others holding for the little St. Bernard. The crossing of this wonderful feat is preserved only in Roman annals. The Carthaginian account of it has not been preserved. What follows is summarized from Livy, who wrote the first century after Christ.

The scene presented by the mountains was one that might have well daunted the most courageous leader. "The snows almost mingling with the skies, the shapeless huts on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things animate and inanimate stiffened by frost" made up a combination that was full of terror to the soldiers from more favored lands. The mountaineers hovered on the flank of the enemy "occasionally great fright and havoc." Before such tremendous obstacles Hannibal paused, and he knew that the mountaineers only guarded the pass during the day, he sent an advance guard during the night to take possession of all the vantage points, and the following day advanced with his whole army. The mountaineers were, however, not to be deceived. The strategy of the Carthaginians, and made a fierce attack upon them, and "occasionally a great loss both of men and baggage of every description, and as the pass on both sides was broken and precipitous this tumult threw many days upon the invaders, some even of the armed men; but the beasts of burden with their loads were rolled down like the fall of some vast fabric." Nevertheless Hannibal pressed onward and reached a beautiful valley where there was an abundance of grain and cover, and he rested for three days. When the advance was resumed the whole army was well-nigh destroyed by a sudden attack of the mountaineers in a narrow defile, and apparently, if it had not been for the terror inspired by the elephants, which formed the vanguard, the expedition might have ended then and there. After a dreary march "through trackless places" on the ninth day the summit of the Alps was reached, where a halt of two days was made amid a terrific snow storm. "Langour and despair were on all faces," but Hannibal, rising to the emergency, assembled his men on an eminence, and pointing out to them the plains of Italy in the distance told them that they had surmounted not only the ramparts of Italy but those of Rome itself, and then gave the order to descend.

The Carthaginian general expected that the descent would be much less difficult than the ascent, but in this he was mistaken, for the road was very precipitous and narrow. "They then came to a rock much more narrow than formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable."

Efforts were made to find a path around this precipice, but to no avail. The snow was deep and beneath it was a layer of ice through which the animals broke, and many of them were held there as if in a trap. Failing to find a way out, camp was pitched, and Hannibal resorted to an expedient the account of which has been a subject of much speculation ever since. "The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be expected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having collected a great number of large trees which grew around, they made a huge pile of large timber; and as soon as a strong wind, fit for exciting the flames, arose, they set fire to it, and pouring vinegar upon the heated stones, they rendered them so hot that the candescant rock with iron tools and reduce the grades to moderate windings, so that not only the draft animals but the elephants can also be brought down." Four days were needed to overcome this obstacle, and the animals nearly perished for obstruction, but thereafter the route was easy amid lack of food, but thereafter the route was easy amid grassy knolls and fertile fields. This was accomplished what was undoubtedly one of the most astounding feats ever attempted by an army. The story of the battles of Thrasymane and Cannæ, which followed Hannibal's invasion, is not reserved until next Sunday.

The Birth of the Nations

VII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE MEXICANS

I. The Aztecs. II. The Tezucans.

It is difficult to perceive in the Mexican of today the characteristics that made his ancestors great. The lofty bearing, the conscious pride that fired the eagle eye, the tireless strength that gave grace to the limbs of those old-time Aztec ancestors are gone. In the place of those qualities that distinguished the early Mexicans we now see the handful of native people, a disposition content, but which marked by its enigma the reign of Alfred the Great of England. It seems incredible to us that the native American Indians could be capable of even appreciating the arts and refinements consequent upon all civilized effort. But to read that they not only enjoyed the fruits of enlightenment, but were the originators of their own wonderful system of laws, relating to politics and morality, the architects of their own palaces, the self-taught cultivators of the soil, expert miners and metallurgists, in short a full list of ambition and hope and wonderful capabilities mental, moral and physical, is almost past our belief.

Just what was the origin of the primitive people who inhabited Mexico would be impossible to say. Some chroniclers tell us that they migrated in the first place from the coast of Asia, and there have been historians who claim that they were the remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. Geologists assert that long before the time of the Aztecs, there flourished a white race in this country quite as advanced in civilization as the later tribes, and that a race fulfilled its destiny and died out, leaving only faint traces behind in geological and architectural remains. But according to the hieroglyphic records, the picture-writing of the Aztecs themselves, they migrated from some place far northwards, a place for which they have no name and at a time the exact date of which has been forgotten. Authentic history dates from the year 648, A.D. when the Toltecs arrived in Mexico, and farther back than this we find ourselves in the realm of uncertainty. The Toltecs remained in the country for four hundred years after which time they completely disappeared. Old legends credit this mysterious vanishing to supernatural agency, but history tells us that the Toltecs were killed off by pestilence, famine and unseasonable wars.

It was towards the beginning of the 13th century that the Aztecs and Tezucans appeared. The story of the founding of Mexico is as follows. The new tribes had passed many months in wandering over the country, and had met with many and fearful adventures, continually being forced to shift their quarters from one spot to another. Finally halting one day on the borders of the principal lake they beheld an auspicious omen. An eagle flying in from the sea, perched upon a cactus, and in its talons held a writhing serpent in its talons. The Aztecs decided at once that the spot indicated by the alighting of the eagle should be the site of their future city of Mexico. In the flag of the Mexican republic today may be seen the device of the serpent and the cactus, commemorating the old legend.

There is no more interesting reading in history than the story of the early civilization of Mexico and Peru. Our imaginations are dazzled by gorgeous descriptions of cities and palaces, in the decoration of which gold and silver and the most precious jewels played an important part. In the courts of the kings and in the temples of the priests were wonderful hangings of tapestries made by the hands of different animals woven together with rings of gold, and canopies composed of the brilliant plumage of tropical birds embellished with hundreds of rare stones. The king's throne was of pure gold ornamented with marvellous carvings. The wisdom displayed in the laws of these people is truly astonishing to us who have learned to look with a contempt that is perhaps unfair upon the American Indians. When we take everything into consideration the life led by the Aztecs and the Tezucans was a life of great refinement and high civilization. They made the punishment for nearly every serious offence, even intemperance among the young being visited with this penalty as were likewise adultery, and murder. Marriage among them was a very solemn institution and divorce difficult to obtain.

The women were said by the Spaniards to be very pretty, with wonderful dark eyes. They wore strings of jewels and wreaths of flowers in their long dark hair. Little seems to have been expected of them by their husbands except to look their best at all times, and to employ their spare hours in the occupations of spinning or embroidery. On the occasions of any social entertainment they always took a prominent part, and vied with one another in the splendour and costliness of these functions. The banqueting halls were adorned with flowers, and the tables at which the guests sat were laden with dishes of silver and gold, finely chased, and spoons and other utensils of tortoiseshell. They used cotton napkins and perfumed ablutions before and after the meal. The vases were many and varied, turkey being a favorite dish and vegetables of every kind. They drank a sort of chocolate flavored with vanilla, and after the conclusion of the banquet the young people danced to the music of various instruments and their own plaintive chanting. When the entertainment came to an end gifts were distributed among the guests.

The Aztec religion consisted of the worship of a Supreme Being, and numerous lesser gods. They addressed the Creator in much the same terms as we employ in our prayers today. "The God by whom we live." Omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, that giveth all gifts. "Invisible, incorporeal, One God of perfect perfection and purity." Under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence. The country was covered with temples devoted to the worship of the lesser deities, but they did not consider any building that they might make of sufficient merit to be used as a temple to the Supreme God. The Aztecs in naming their children sprinkled their foreheads with blossoms with water, praying that "the Lord would permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to the infant at the foundation of the world so that the child might be born anew."

Agriculture with the Aztecs was in an advanced state. The ground was irrigated by canals, and there were very severe penalties imposed for cutting away the timber. Every available bit of land was cultivated, and fruits and vegetables grew in abundance, but the "miracle of nature" was the great Mexican maize or corn, whose clustering pyramids of flowers were seen sprinkled over many an acre of the tablelands. Paper was made from its leaves, a fermented liquor, of its juice, its leaves were used as a thatch for the poorer dwellings. Materials coarse and fine

were manufactured from its fibres, pins and needles from its thorns, and its roots converted into many an edible dish.

All indigenous plants and flowers the Aztecs had systematically catalogued and specimens of each placed in nurseries that experts might the better study their habits and varieties. Not only were they familiar with the vegetable products of the country, but they were thoroughly acquainted with the natural resources of the kingdom. They mined for silver, lead, tin, copper and gold, and manufactured from them and copper a sort of bronze which they converted into knives for carving.

They were remarkably clever at sculpture, and the foundation of the cathedral in the great square of Mexico is said to be composed entirely of carved images. Indeed every excavation made in this part of the country brings to light these ancient works of art.

"In short," writes Prescott, "the Aztec character was perfectly original and unique. It was made up of incongruities apparently irreconcilable. It blended into one the marked peculiarities of different nations, not only of the same phase of civilization, but as far removed from one another as the extremes of barbarism and refinement. It may find a fitting parallel in their own wonderful climate, capable of producing on a few square leagues of surface, the boundless variety of vegetable forms which belong to the frozen regions of the north, the temperate zone of Europe and the burning skies of Arabia and Hindustan."

WITH THE POETS

A Farewell

Forget me, and remember me, O heart!
Forget me for the dear delight of days
We walked together down fair, fragrant ways;
Remember me for that I now depart.

For that I give you one sure hour of bliss
In barter for the distant promised peace,
Leave you, for hope that joy may never decrease—
Reluctant heart, forget me not for this.

So may we, when no vesture of the clod
Between our spirits makes a cold
Together watch the gold beads of the stars
Slip through the fingers of our patient God.

—Charles L. O'Donnell in Lippincott's.

Ik Marvel

Oh, Fearless Dreamer, can it be
That thou art numbered with the dead,
That thou ripe grasses of the field
Shall wave above thee in the wind?
That friends about thy cradling hearth
No more shall taste thy rustic cheer?
The room is dark, the fire is cold,
And thou art silent on thy bier.

—James Lawler

After the Quarrel

We leaped upon the battle-field,
And struck our verbal blows,
And neither you nor would you
Once friends, now deadly foes.

We fought the fight, then o'er the grave
Of that which we had slain
We two clasped hands and strove to save
Some shred of love—in vain!

For the pale ghost of that "we slew
Rose up in all its might;
You killed the faith I had in you,
I lost your trust that night.

And something stalks between us now:
I look in your eyes and see
You see the wound upon my brow—
Poor fools, who once were wise!

—By Charles Hanson Towne.

My Bark

God set my bark afloat
Upon life's morning sea,
And gave for captain, Hope,
To sail my bark for me.

We voyage past rock and reef,
By tide winds blown afar,
Beneath the ancient sun,
Beneath the steadfast star.

We coast by phantom shores,
We graze the isle of dreams;
We plow through wild wastes lit
By phosphorescent gleams.

And still we tack and drive,
And still, though waves o'erwhelm,
I'm cabin'd with Content
For Hope is at the helm.

And through his guidance staunch
I feel, at God's decree,
Fair haven I shall find
Beyond life's sunset sea.

—Clinton Scollard.

"In the Old Lion's Den"

Under the title "In the Old Lion's Den," Punch has published a pointed series of verses to Mr. Winston Churchill, on the subject of his speech at Birmingham. The verses are as follows:—

Stout fellow! Sportsman unafraid,
Who with a courage fine and rare
Stepped forth and said: "I am come to beard
The Lion in his native lair!"
(Knowing full well the Lion wasn't there.)

Somewhere, you knew, far off he lies,
Stretching his worn limbs in the sun,
Watching with grave and patient eyes
The slow hours pass him one by one,
Loath to believe his fighting days are done.

So you were safe enough from him:
And since his heart has lost its heat,
You'll get no answer, straight and grim,
Such as of old was wont to greet
Who assailed him, being indiscreet.

Sharp lessons you've already learned,
Things that deserters get to know,
Though scarce your party-coat was turned
And payment taken, when the blow
Fell from the hand of Fate that struck him low

And now, while decent lips are dumb,
And ancient feuds in shadow fade,
Flushed with your office-spoils you come—
Price of disloyalty earned and paid—
And cast at him the name of renegade!

"No generous motive marked his schemes?"
Have you forgotten, past all trace,
Dazed with your own ambitious dreams,
How he surrendered power and place
So best to serve his loved imperial race?

Enough! For him, he cannot need
Our poor defence to guard his fame;
And as for you, you'll have your need—
The swift and sure recoil of shame,
The wound of weapons turning whence they came.

—O. S.

THE STORY TELLER

Two colored sisters, living in a suburban town, met on the street one day, and Sister Washington, who had recently joined the church, was describing her experiences.

"Deed, Mrs. Johnsing, I've joined the Baptist church, but I couldn't do all the jining, 'cause they had to take me to the city church to baptize me. You know there ain't no pool-room in the church 'ere."

A Very Great Queen

An amusing story is told in M.A.P. of a visit which the Archbishop of Canterbury recently paid to a certain Sunday school. For a few minutes Dr. Davidson took in hand a class of small girls who were going over the story of Solomon. "Now," he asked, "who was the great queen who traveled so many miles and miles to see the king?" No one answered. "Why, you all know. The queen who came to see the king?" Still no one seemed to remember. "You do know, I am sure," persisted Dr. Davidson. The name begins with S, and she was a very great queen." Just then a little hand shot up, and a shrill voice cried, "Please, I know, the Queen of Spades."

Where the "Good 'Uns" Were

One of the motions which, though good, are rarely applied, is "a place for everything and everything in its place." There is a certain London cab-driver who seems to think that affairs are ordered after this pattern. As he swung down the Strand, an American sitting beside him asked him to point out the points of interest.

"Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggitt 'ill, where they 'ang 'em." A little later, "There's Parliament 'ouses, where they make the laws, and do it, across the way. And there's Westminster Abbey, where they buried the good 'uns who didn't get 'anged!"

Three Telegrams

One afternoon a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks. She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally a third was finished; and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed." When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed, the operator read the other two for her own amusement. The first ran: "All at an angle. I have no wish to see you again." "Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message. The third was to the effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

Riley on True Greatness

James Whitcomb Riley is evidently no believer in the greatness or enduring quality of modern literature. Some time ago a friend was talking to him about the good times that novelists of today have compared with those of the past.

"You modern writers don't work so hard," he said, "and you are paid 20 times as much as you ought to be."

Mr. Riley gently shook his head. "You labor under a misapprehension, my boy," he said. "The chief difference between the old authors and those of today is simply this: They died and their works live; our works die and we live—as best we can."—Judge.

The Brute.

"You say your husband throws things at you?" asked the lawyer to whom the injured wife appealed for help.

"Frequently," replied the lady.

"Plates?" queried the counselor.

"Oh, no; nothing like that," said the suffering woman.

"Books, or pieces of bric-a-brac?" persisted the lawyer.

"Not he; he's too economical for that," sniffed the lady.

"You surely don't mean that he throws flatirons at you?" demanded the lawyer.

"No, indeed," sobbed the client.

"Then what?" said the lawyer, pressing her for an answer.

"Oh, he's always throwing the pies his mother used to make in my face," said the lady.

Knox On Impudence

Philander C. Knox, the prospective secretary of state of the United States, talked at a reception at Valley Forge of an impudent politician.

"The impudence with which he demands his favors," said Mr. Knox, "reminds me of that of young John Gains, a Brownsville boy."

"One winter day the skating was good and a game of hockey was proposed. John Gains, his skates over his arm, rang the bell of one of our worst inhabitants, an 1812 veteran with a wooden leg."

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you going out today?"

"No, I believe not," replied the veteran, kindly.

"Why do you ask, my son?"

"Because if you are not," said John Gains, "I'd like to borrow your wooden leg to play hockey with."—Cleveland Leader.

Surely Not So Soon

A judge in North Carolina was sentencing a big, loose-jointed negro who had been convicted of murdering another negro.

"George Earley," his honor said, "you have been found by a jury of twelve men, tried and tried to be guilty of murder in the first degree, for having killed, in cold blood, Moses Stashhouse, and it is the sentence of this court that on the tenth day of August the sheriff of Polk County take you to a place near the county jail and there hang you by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead! And may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

Getting Even