briate get the draft he so much requires,

so much demands? No one to brew it. No

sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Mil-

It Biteth Like a Serpent.

come up on a mission to a grogshop and

having finished the mission in the grog-

shop, should come back, taking on the tip

of his wing one drop of alcoholic bever

age, what excitement it would make all

from the wing of the flend upon the

caverns of the lost would echo with the

cry: "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah,

my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the

or holiness or light. It will be the ab-

sence of rum. "Look not upon the wine

like a serpent, and it stingeth like an

When I see this plague in the land and

when I see this destroying angel sweeping

indignant and sometimes humiliated.

favor of for the subjugation of this evil?'

'Are you in favor of Good Templars?'

If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a

sermon on generalities. I want personali-

ties. Are you astray? Have you gone so

say a few moments ago that a man might

strength cannot stop, God can stop any

strong arm of the Lord God Almighty.

He can stop you. Many summers ago

went over to New York one Sabbath even-

ing, our church not yet being open for

the autumnal services. I went into a room

in the Fourth ward, New York, where a

religious service was being held for re-

formed drunkards, and I heard a revela-

ion that night that I had never heard be-

fore-15 or 20 men standing up and giv-

ng testimony such as I had never heard

given. They not only testified that their

earts had been changed by the grace of

God, but that the grace of God had extin-

guished their thirst. They went on to say

that they had reformed at different times

before, but immediately fallen because

they were doing the whole work in their

our hearts to God," they said, "and the

love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come

have no more disposition for strong drink.'

It was a new revelation to me, and

have proclaimed it again and again in the

hearing of those who have far gone astray

and I stand here today to tell you that the

grace of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot

only save your soul, but save your body.

look off today upon the desolation. Some

of you are so far on in this habit, although

there may be no outward indications of it

-you never have staggered along the

street—the vast majority of people do not

know that you stimulate, but Gcd knows,

and you know, and by human calculation

there is not one chance out of five thou

sand that you will ever be stopped. Be-

ware! There are some of you who are my

warm personal friends to whom I must

say that, unless you quit this evil habit

within ten years, as to your body, you

will lie down in a drunkard's grave and,

as to you immortal soul, you will lie down

n a drunkard's hell! It is a hard thing

to say, but it is true, and I utter the warn-

ing lest I have your blood upon my soul

Beware! As today you open the door of

your wine closet let the decanter flash

that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As

you pour out the beverage let the foam at

the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In

the great day of God's judgment, when a

hundred million drunkards shall come up

to get their doom, I want you to testif

that this day, in love of your soul and in

fear of God, I gave you warning in regard

to that influence which has already been

felt in your home, blowing out some of its

lights-premonition of the blackness of

Oh, if you could only hear intemperance

top of the wine cask the "Dead March"

of immortal souls, you would go home

and kneel down and pray God that rather

than your children should ever become

carry them out to the cemetery and put

the victims of this evil habit you might

them down in the last slumber, waiting

for the flowers of spring to come over the

grave-sweet prophecies of the resurrec-

tion. God hath a balm for such a wound,

but what flower of comfort ever grew on

the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepul-

The Passing of the Revivalist.

The old fashioned religious revival is a

thing of the past. The people of our coun-

try today who are still young will have

none of it. A change has come upon the

world touching the ideals, hopes, the very

characters of young men and women, fit-

ting them to hear unmoved the old gospel.

to listen with curiosity and critical won-

der to the fervid oratory and exhortation

of the professional revivalist. The Rev.

Benjamin Fay Mills was young enough to

be caught in this modern current, and it

has carried him outward to the sea of uni-

Mr. Moody preaches with all his old

vigor, and his reputation and tact as an

organizer still give him great audiences

but the old power is gone. It is the church

members and elderly people who delight

deliberate, matter of fact way that former-

ly would have suggested doubts as to the

genuineness of their conversion.-David

Electrical Combination Locks.

The possibilities of electrical combina-

tion locks for cash drawers and similar

receptacles have not yet been realized to

their fullest extent. It requires but little

ingenuity to arrange four or five push

buttons in such a way that only one com-

bination will close the circuit of an un-

on alarm. The alarm could be placed at

any convenient point and at other points

could be placed cut out switches, which,

when manipulated, would render it im-

possible even for one who knew the com-

bination to succeed in opening it. The

device is easily developed and marketable.

-American Electrician.

with drunkards' bones drumming on the

darkness forever.

versal religion.

Utter in Arena.

into our soul the thirst has all gone.

Yes.

pledge?"

grogshops.

Yes.

tirpation of this evil.

If a fiend from the lost world should

briate calls for rum.

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m contained in fertilizers,}^{
m NOUGH}$ otherwise failure will surely result. See that it is there. Our books tell all about fertilizers. They are sent free to all farmers applying for them.

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#### WOES OF DRUNKARDS DR. TALMAGE'S STRONG DENUNCIA-TION OF INTEMPERANCE.

Worse Than Any of the Ten Plagues That Befell Egypt-Its Victims Are

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, April 30 .- At this time, when the evils of the drink traffic are being widely discussed and the movemen for the abolition of the degrading and is gaining many supporters, this sermon by Dr Talmage, dealing with the broader aspects of the plague of intemperance, should cheer and inspire the friends of temperance everywhere. His text is Exodus xi, 6, "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt.' This was the worst of the ten plagues dead in each house. Lamentation and

The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one mourning and wee through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands arithmetic can calculate their number. Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on embassy of mischief. The one flend said, 'I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said, "I'll take charge of the grainof the dairy." Another said, "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake

The flend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious! They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch! And while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and, lo, his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the flend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit he stepped from carcass to carcass and walk-

ed down amid a great causeway of the Then the second flend came into the barley and the rye. He heard all the his long arms into the grainfield, and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the | side until there is blood on the wires and -fires lighted with a spark from his own stroved without remedy!" heart—and there was a grinding and a mashing and a stench, and the people came usefulness. Do you know some of the with their bottles, and they dipped up the men who have fallen into the ditch were flery liquid, and they drank, and they once in the front rank in churches and in blasphemed, and they staggered, and they | the front rank in reformatory institufought, and they rioted, and they murder- tions? Do you know they once knelt at ed, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the family altar and once carried the chalthe grainfield, was so pleased with their | ice of the holy communion on sacramental behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky barrel, and there | the pulpit and preached the gospel of the he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain

a seeming pandemonium. The Fiend of the Dairy. The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field full uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess. I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous flends of the satanic delegation. And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grogshop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers, he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshaled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called, and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wineglass in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four flends-the flend of the vineyard and of the grainfield and of the dairy and of the music hall-went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done, and satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four flends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons and all the flends filled their glasses and clicked them and cried: "Let us drink-drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe and darkness and murder and death! Drink! Drink!"

But, whether by allegory or by appalling statistics this subject is presented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place, the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man and all the powers of darkness may assault him-they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is oure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for 5, 10, 20, 40 years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, 'He drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men-and I say it not in flattery-splendid young men, who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your eputation is your only capital do not bring upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments or by an odor of your breath or by any glare of your eye or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose

your capital. The Loss of Self Respect. The inchriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self respect, and when you destroy a man's self respect there is not much left of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise, he will say things he would not say otherwise. The fact is, that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out and made him grind in the mill of a great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious

to impress you with is that he can stop at | thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: 'Now do stop this. After awhile it will get the mastery of you." "Oh, no," he the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates says, "I can stop at any time. I can stop that if we go into the future world unfor-now, I can stop tomorrow." His most given the appetites and passions which confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your balance with that

I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in habit. You are going a little further than the lost world there will be an infinite you can afford to go. You had better thrist clawing upon him. In this world stop." "Oh, no," he says, "I can stop at he could get strong drink. However poor any time. I can stop now." He goes on he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal 5 cents to get a drink that further and further. He cannot stop. I would for a little while slake his thirst, will prove it. He loves himself, and he but in eternity where will the rum come knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind and soul. from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the ine-He knows he is going down, that he has brutalizing canteen in our military camps less self control, less equipoise of temper than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, lions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch bowl of an earthly banand he loves them. Why does he not stop? quet. Dives called for water. The ine-He cannot stop.

I had a very dear friend, generous to a fault. He had given thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, asylums for the poor, the halt, the lame, the blind, the imbecile. I do not believe for 20 years anybody asked him for \$1 or \$50 or \$100 for charity but he gave it. I never heard of anybody asking him for help but he gave it. But he was under the power of the slain, millions of the slain. No of strong drink, and he went on down, down, down. His family implored him, saying, "You are going too far in that habit; you had better stop." He replied: "I can stop any time; I am my own master. I can stop." He went on down. down. His friends advised and cautioned him. He said: "Don't be afraid of me. I am my own master; I can stop now; fields." Another said, "I'll take charge know what I am doing." He went on down until he had the delirium tremens. On down until he had the delirium tremens twice. After the second time the doctor said: "If you ever have an attack like this again, you will die. You had better of fidelity, kissed each other goodby with lip of blue flame and parted on their mis-He said, "I can stop any time; I stop." can stop now." He went on down. He is dead. What slew him? Rum, rum! Among the last things he said was that he could stop any time. He could not

A Warning to the Young. Oh, my young friends, I want to tell you that there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man go he cannot stop. But sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "It is impossible for me to stop; I realize it. But, if you should tell me I couldn't have a drink until tomorrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off.'" I had a very dear friend n Philadelphia whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble and confessed it. He confessed he could not stop. My friend said, "You must stop." He said: "I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and there was a glass of wine on the mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would fire it off if I approached, I would start to get that glass of wine. I must have it. I can't get rid of this habit. I can't get away from it." Oh, it is awful for a man o wake up and feel that he is a captive. hear him soliloquizing, saying: "I I can't stop now. Dead, but not buried. grainfield. He waded chin deep amid the I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged husbandry and thrifty homes. He thrust wires of my cage on this side and beats that, while the man himself of his own against the wires of my cage on the other water, and he made beneath it great fires | blood on the soul, but I can't get out. De-

Again, the man suffers from the loss of days? Do you know they once stood in Son of God? We will not forget the scene witnessed some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of of the field he might turn this world into the audience, stepped into the aisle and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat own strength. "But as soon as we gave and overcoat and followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, had often preached in this very city. What slew him? Strong drink! Oh, what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness? Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily in the family. He has the Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him

that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now! But he suffers also in the loss of physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that ulcerous sketch and swore eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every herve and travels every muscle and gnaws on every bone and stings with every poison and pulls with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What specters stand by his midnight pillows! What groans tear the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut. He suffers them all at once.

The Inchrinte's Death. See the attendants stand back from that ward in the hospital where the inebriates are dying. They cannot stand it. The keepers come through it and say: "Hush up now! Stop making this noise! Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Keep still now." Then the keepers pass on, and after they get past then the poor creatures wring their hands and say: "Oh, God! Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! Oh, God! Help! Take the devils off of me! Oh. God: oh. God!" And they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slav them, saying: "Stab me, strangle me, smother me. Oh. God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum! Oh, God! Help!" They tear out their hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and, more than that, that is the death some of you will die unless you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop. But it plagues a man also in the loss of I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a to hear him. The young people are off man can be happy when he knows he is bicycling, or they listen critically, unbreaking his wife's heart and clothing his moved. Even if they decide to join a nildren with rags? There are little chil- church during a revival they do so in a dren in the streets today barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old counter nance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into penury and then down into the grave. Oh, rum, rum,

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Signature of Charff Hitchis

thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God.

THE WORD PROPOSITION. One Man Who Is Hot Over the Varied But my subject takes a deeper tone Use of It. when it tells you that the inebriate suffers "When a new word is introduced int the language," remarked a constitutiona given the appetites and passions which were regnant here will torment us there.

grumbler, "it is generally badly needed but there is one recent addition that exasperates me all over. I refer to the up to date application of the word 'proposition.' It is no longer used in the sense of a proposal or an offer, but is applied to everything under the sun, from a clergyman to a cocktail and from a horseless carriage to a can of embalmed beef. There never was a word in the English language so hard worked and so badly abused, and the way it is dragged in by the heels to eke out the scanty vocabulary of every conversational chump one meets is enough to drive a fellow to drink. "The other day a friend of mine (I mean

he was a friend then; I have since scratched him off my list) took me out to look at his new cottage, and as we stood at the front gate feasting our eyes on the prem ises he said enthusiastically, 'Well, old man, what do you think of that for a domestic proposition?' What he really intended to do was to ask my opinion of the cottage as a nice, cozy, homelike habitation; but, couched in that barbarous argot, the inquiry made me mad, and I said things. He took it good naturedly. Well, upon my word,' he remarked, after I blew off steam, 'you're a pretty queer proposition yourself.' That is the reason through the world of the lost, and, if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop why we don't speak now. tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the

"Every day of my life I hear chaps talking about mining propositions and theatrical propositions and Cuban propositions and easy propositions and tough propositions and heaven only knows how many other kinds of propositions, never meaning a proposition at all, but invariably next world will not be the absence of God the thing itself, and I am sick and tired of the word. What makes it extra offensive is a vertain indefinable wing tipping, poke when it is red, when it moveth itself you in the ribs suggestion about it. Conaright in the cup, for at the last it biteth found the thing! If I were in the council, I'd pass an ordinance making it a misde meanor to use the expression inside the city limits."-New Orleans Times-Demo-

across our great cities I am sometimes Boston Man Didn't Know His Wife. When a man asks me, "What are you in A friend of mine went lately with his wife to a church service in Copley square. I answer, "I am ready for anything that s reasonable." You ask me, "Are you in Coming out, they were separated in the favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are crowd, but he soon saw her a little ahead of him on the sidewalk. She was walking you in favor of good Samaritans?" Yes. with a friend. He recognized her back, her hair, her whole figure and her very "Are you in favor of prohibitory gait. He saw her portemonnaie sticking "Are you in favor of the Yes. Combine all the influout of a pocket. "Careless woman! I'll teach her a lesson." ences, O Christian reformers and philan-He came up softly and secured easily

thropists! Combine them all for the exthe wallet as though he had served anprenticeship at a fashionable school for Thirty women in one of the western pickpockets. Then he went to the club to states banded together, and with an espediscuss for an hour the religious topics of cial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grogshops the day. At home he heard no weeping; he saw no symptoms of distress or despair. of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer. And if The day went by. No complaint. Mon-1,000 or 2,000 Christian men and women day night after dinner he could not restrain himself longer. "I forgot to get with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility any money at the office today. Will you let me have \$5 and some change? I must of their work and discharging their misgo out this evening." sion they could in any city shut up all the But I must not dwell on generalities. I

Smiling acquiescence. The wife brings in her portemonnaie. "Will this be must come to specifics. Are you astray? | enough?" And yet he had her portemonnaie that moment in his pocket. Consternation. Confession. To whom did the portemonnaic belong? It contained might have stopped three months ago, but far you think you cannot get back? Did I \$75 or \$80. Next Sunday the finding of a pocketbook was announced from the pulpit. Nobody claimed it. It belonged probgo to a point in inebriation where he could ably to some traveler who was much imnot stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate grain talking about bread and prosperous immortal, and my soul beats against the it. But I want you also to understand pressed by the character of Boston churchgoers. The husband gave the money to the church. The wife still carries her man. You have only to lay hold of the portemonnaie as it seems good to her .-

Her Inconsistency. "No " said the Boston dame as she glared wildly through her double refracting spectacles, "I will never lend my aid nor encourage by my silence the wanton slaughter of harmless birds. I am bitterly opposed to the killing of these sprightly sparrows. Yes, indeed. And I have only the most studied contempt for the selfish wretches-I mention no names-who lend themselves to or profit by the cruel killing of birds in any form.' A stifled laugh ran around the hall. The speaker paused and looked about her.

Then she turned to the woman chairman. "What arouses the laughter?" she softly nauired. "I guess it's your hat," replied the hairman. "My hat!" gasped the orator and sat lown with a dull blush on her faded cheek. For her hat was adorned with three

plumes, five feathers and a large blue wing!-Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Drumming of the Gatlings. Suddenly, above the cracking of the carbines, rose a peculiar drumming sound, and some of the men cried, "The Spanish machine guns!" Listening, I made out that it came from the flat ground to the left, and jumped to my feet, smiting my hand on my thigh and shouting aloud with exultation, "It's the Gatlings, men; our Gatlings!" Lieutenant Parker was bringing his four Gatlings into action and shoving them nearer and nearer the front. Now and then the drumming ceased for a moment: then it would resound again, al ways closer to San Juan hill, which Parker, like ourselves, was hammering to as sist the infantry attack. Our men cheered lustily. We saw much of Parker after that and there was never a more welcome sound than his Gatlings as they opened. It was the only sound which I ever heard my men cheer in battle.—"The Rough Rid ers," by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in

Ballfield Absurdities "A game of baseball was once inter rupted in Lincoln, Neb.," says an old follower of the game, "by a chase of a rabbi by Charlie Farrell while playing left field Another laughable incident happene in Philadelphia, when Tom McCarthy was playing with the Bostons. A rat ran into his territory, and Mac ran after it Herman Long happened to have a new

Scribner's.

ball in his hands, and as the rat wa running by the fielder took such good ain that he killed it. "George Wright told of a rabbit incident that took place while he was playing with the Cincinnati Reds years ago. As Brainerd was pitching, and three me were on the bases. The rabbit ran acros the infield, and Waterman, the third bas man, made a grab for it, but it jumpe clean over his shoulder. Brainerd threy the ball at it, and the base runners tool the opportunity to gain the extra base while the spectators were convulsed wit

laughter.' How to Stop It. "There is a cat who sits every night o our back fence," he explained to the law ver, "and he yowls and vowls. Now. don't want to get into any trouble with my neighbor, but I would like to know it I am not justified in putting a stop to it. "Certainly," replied the lawyer. "I am well within my rights if I shoo the cat, then?" he inquired gleefully. "Um-well, I would hardly say that, answered the lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it?" "And the fence does?"

"Yes." "Well, then, I think I may safely say that you have a perfect right to tear down the fence. "--- Chicago Post

The Theatrical Manager. The theatrical manager is a hard ma to see. Shut in his private office and with a well trained boy in the anteroom, he is inaccessible to any one whom that boy loes not know. You cannot even get your card sent to him. The boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box office. I remember hearing an old manager once say to his office boy: "My son, if you don't learn to speak other people's lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever any one you don't know says. 'Is Mr. Brown in?' that's your cue to anlooking magnet and any other will ring swer, 'No, sir.' I wish you to be dead letter perfect in that line from this time on. -W. J. Henderson in Scribner's.

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