PROGRESS.

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NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch. One Year, - - - -One Inch. Six Months. -One Inch, Three Months, -One Inch, Two Months, -

One Inch, One Month, - - - 200 The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Adverdisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

> EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 9.

CIRCULATION, 8,200.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

KEMMLER'S CASE.

Some time in the future, when a generation that is not now reading the newspapers has grown up, some realistic novelist may tell the story of KEMMLER, the murderer. He will do it with such horrible fidelity to detail that people will not believe it. They will say that it was impossible, in the latter part of the nineteenth century that in a country of the highest civilization a man could have been tortured for months and then made to die a dozen deaths, even though his crime was the abhorred one of murder. And yet this is what the authorities of the state of New York have been doing, in the name of the law, in the case of KEMMLER.

The man was convicted months ago, and sentenced to die by the newly-adopted method of electrocution. A commission appointed by the state had decided that the old-fashioned practice of hanging was barbarous, and that electricity furnished criminals. Death by electricity became

Thereupon arose a mighty contest to were many people who objected to the new and untried method of judiciously killing a man, for though it was certain that electricity killed a great many people instantly, of painful torture. The electrical companies joined in the protest, because they did not, they claimed, want to see their science applied to such base uses. In the

The most interested person, of course, has been the unfortunate Kemmler. He has been shut up in his cell waiting and watching as his lawyers have tought his case. Once or twice he has been bidden to abandon all hope and prepare for death. Then some new point has been taken, and hope has come to him again. He has had the shadow of death upon him again and again, and it must have been cruel torture, indeed, for him to thus be plunged trom hope to fear, to rise again from fear to hope, only to be told at the last that all hope was in vain.

For the last week or so it has been reported that KEMMLER was insane. It is no wonder, if the gruesome story told by the despatches is true. They describe the testing of the death apparatus in a apartment so near the condemned man that he could hear and understand all that was being done. He could imagine himself in the tatal chair, with the current of destruction ready to course through his system, and he would thus suffer all the horrors of death without the relief that actual death would bring. Can anything more cruel be imagined. Yet, in one form or other, his torture has been carried on for months. The old system of hanging a man within a day or so after sentence was refinement itself as compared with the utilization of the resources of our latter day civilization.

The story of "The Iron Shroud," where a prisoner was confined in a cell which contracted a little day by day, until it finally closed upon and crushed him, has a parallel in the story of KEMMLER. It is to be hoped there will not be another like it in our time. It may be necessary to execute criminals, and electricity may be a good method of killing, but humanity revolts against the slow torture which has been inflicted in this instance. The spirit of the age is against such things.

INSANITY AND SUDDEN DEATH.

There are topics more suitable than this tor the holiday season, but there is, perhaps, no better time for the mind to contemplate the increase, gradual but sure, of these two things so dreaded by the human race. Many who are workers all the rest of the year are taking life easy now, and can afford to think calmly and profitably on what are the wages of overwork and

deliverance from sudden death, among tried to "follow them up."

other evils, the quick removal of men from life, save by war and accident, was not as common as it is today. People died, through the ignorance of doctors, from many diseases which are now easily mastered, but it was not common for a man, apparently in the fullness of his strength, to drop in a moment and be carried to his grave from some unexplained cause which is covered by the term "heart trouble." It common now, too common. The most unobservant cannot fail to notice the great increase of sudden deaths of recent years.

Insanity, too, is on the increase. The doctors assert it, and the statistics prove mention it. Yet it seems one of the half of the world is insane; but while this statement is open to more than doubt, the fact remains that mental disease, especially in America, is making greater strides with every year of the nineteenth century.

There is no one cause for this, but there are many well understood causes, which differ widely in their nature. Farmers and farmer's wives, for instance, become insane from the nature of their environment, and from constant brooding over what would seem to many the petty things of life. The asylums were largely recruited from the country districts in former years, but now, it would seem, the cities are fast competing with them for pre-eminence in this mournful enumeration of minds which have gone astray. The most hopeless mental wrecks are found in the big cities.

The reason for this is that the world is living too fast. Life is hurried and unnatural, too much is attempted and too little rest is taken. Every advance of science calamity. Even the electric light is doing its share in the work. The superintendent of the Indianapolis asylum tells how this | Barum [Bayrum] Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,

Artificial light pouring in through the window of the brain (the eyes) awakens the millions of sleeping cells in the habitation, when darkness is requisite for rest and repair. Too much emotion, stimulated in every clap. The human heart anatomically is changing, its diameters becoming greater, its walls the most speedy, painless and in every way thinner, its strength less, its beats more frequent, by a dying wife, she calls him "Baree." weakened channels that irrigate the garden of the brain-some parts too little and some too muchlaw, and KEMMLER came under its pro- hence irregular growths, mental obliquity, cranks, at my watch! I really haven't time to do

prevent the carrying out of the law. There that sudden death is more frequent, and And if you are a pedant, rejoice; and if the coming generations will not only have these things to contend with, but through heredity will be still more subject to their influence. There is reason for the asserit was alleged that there was a possibility tion that "the world is growing weaker and

We must, as a people, mend our pace if we would live long and well. Life can be lived without a perpetual fever of excitecourts, and out of them, the fight has been ment, and there can be light enough for waged with bitterness for many months most of us without the burning of the candle at both ends. We can do our work faithfully and well without killing our minds and bodies in the task. It is for each of us to determine for himself how this can best be done. One week or one month of vacation is of little avail if the remainder of the year is one steady and wearing strain. We should try to distribute a little of the relief through all the other months. There is danger, and grave danger, in trying to go too fast.

Are You Going to the Island?

The members of Verner Lodge, L. O. A., picnic Tuesday on Partridge Island, and every person in town who wants to cool off can go down the bay and see the Boats will leave the wharf every hour from 10 o'clock in the morning. There will be games without stint, and friendly contests, including a single and double scull and yawl race, base ball, archery and air-gun competitions. Two ful, as a welcome and delicious mist hung bands have been engaged, and there will be every facility for dancing. Partridge Island is a favorite resort with St. John people, and there will no doubt be a great crowd there Tuesday.

Are You Going to Boston.

Are you going to the Grand Army celebration in Boston? is the question that the railway and steamboat people would like answered. The C. P. R. and the Intercolonial people both advertise splendid excursions to the "Hub of New England," and the Canadian who wants the trip cannot do better than glance at their advertisement in this issue, and choose by which route he will go.

A Fine Store Front. Messrs. T. McAvity & Sons' retail front on King street is much enlarged and greatly improved by the addition of the next store, which serves as a splendid show room for much of their machinery and farming utensils. A large plate glass window has been added and a better looking front would be hard to find.

Fast Steam Communication.

The Indiantown ferry seems to be as erratic as ever. A gentleman who had business at Pleasant Point lately, tells Progress that he had to wait nearly an hour, while the steam ferry towed a scow out of Marble Cove, between trips. If the people over in that locality were in the When the litany in the Book of Common habit of getting into debt, their creditors Prayer was framed, with its petition for would have an interesting experience if they

A HIT AT THE CRITICS.

Next to a Genius, There is Fame in being Ingenius

How greatly indebted we are to the commentaries wherein certain learned gentlemen have impressed their fancies upon great original works. We should be thankful to them for having made this and that sublime genius more recondite than we could, who have less insight, at first blush have supposed; and for having enriched them with a wealth of conjecture, and with meanings, the silent immortals would have doubtless been glad to adopt could they have known how they must be it. It was even more rare than sudden forced upon them. I think that, next to death in old times, and the litany does not being a genius, there is fame and merit in being an ingenius and in evils from which there is good rea- employing your ingenuity in the son to pray for deliverance. A German task of making what is excellent writer has gone so far as to assert that superlatively so. One might, for instance, thoroughly succeed in distinguishing himself by taking Kingsley's striking ballad on the misfortunes of poor Lorraine Lorree, and finding out what is not in it. I think it has never been conjectured what profound meaning might have been couched in its ringing lines and galloping chorus, beyond what at first appears. Take the chorus, particularly, which is supposed imitative of the sound produced by the hoofs of a horse when at his highest speed, but which, as I have lately ascertained, means more than this. After long meditation, with my chin on my breast and my eyes steadfastly fixed on the centre of gastric activity, it has been suddenly realised that it is a call for a certain healing and purfying lotion of which the unfortunate was fond. It intensifies our sense of the unaccountable cruelty of the jockey husband if we conjecture that the fallen wife who was dashed from the saddle,

At the brook against a pollard willow tree, seems to contribute to the increase of the died piteously imploring a little bay rum to bathe her wounds and bruises. Just read over that chorus again:

Barum, Baree. [Barry.]

Can it be plainer than this, "Barum," or 'Ba-rum, Ba-rum," was a call for a cruet on her dressing table, and that with that sweet femininity, that love, with which even a renegade husband may be addressed his name being Barry? Now we will turn to Shakespeare—he—but just let me look justice to his pages today; but only look So it is with this weakening of the heart | at that shelf full of commentaries! Look! you are, or hope to be a poet, tremble!

EN-ROUTE FOR GREENLAND.

The Representative of the New York Sun and Scribner's Magazine on the Road

P. F.

Among the passengers on the Winthrop, Tuesday morning, was Mr. Block, special representative of the New York Sun and Scribner's Magazine. That same evening saw him leave for Eatonville, Nova Scotia, from whence he will sail for Greenland.

Though the mercury is dancing in high places in this country just now no one will envy Mr. Block his trip. Greenland is too frigid for the average Canadian, and it is quite safe to say that no person will ever make the trip for unadulterated pleasure. Greenland is under the special and somewhat rigid supervision of the Danish authorities, and this newespaper man had some difficulty in obtaining permission to make the trip. He will not be permitted to remain on the island, but must return in the same ship that he goes in. Mr. Block was thoroughly equipped with the modern

weapons of a newspaper man-a complete photographic outfit. As the representative of the New York Sun and Scribner's interesting periodical there is no doubt that he also carries brains. His attempt to get a good view of St. John harbor could not have been success-

over the town.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Retirement.

In some secluded dell, some pleasant nook, From turmoil far removed, and city din, Within a peaceful cot, beside a brook, Where love is found and quiet reigns therein, How sweet to dwell; of God, no doubts, no fears, This be my lot, in life's declining years.

Mary.

No man who has had the love and companionship of such a one as my dead saint for twenty years can deserves in this world.—Letter from a Brother the Death of his Wife.

My love, so late, my life's best ornament, By whom my spirit out of dust was raised*-The jewel of my dark: now Heaven be praised, By whom thy shining goodliness was sent! My lode-star-for a little season lent, Then soft withdrawn into thy guardian sky-Shed thy ripe influence on me silently-Sweet minister, with so benign intent! The love I could not speak, the truth I meant, I feel thou knowest, where so e'er thou art: The undivided homage of a heart Whose confined days in solitude are spent, Is thine-thine only; while all thoughts are blent With thee-my love, my life's best ornament.

* These beautiful words from Edmund Spenser apply most fitly to her, whom this sonnet commemorates; who did, indeed, become the salvation of her husband and an ornament of gold about his

-ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Who Will Buy the Dufferin?

There is considerable interest in the sale of the Dufferin which takes place next Saturday. The situation is too pleasant for anything but a hotel, and in energetic local hands it might be an improved success.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union

A MAN'S HAPPIEST HOURS.

A Gentleman writes to "Progress" from the Steamer "Monticello."

To the Editor of Progress: This finds the writer crossing the Bay of Fundy in a dense fog. have been reading the contents of your esteemed paper to pass away the time while setting indoors, and a feeling of-well, write the editor a few lines, encourage him and his correspondents, comes over me-so without any other apology I write these lines hoping that you will not throw them into the waste

Yes, encouragement: I say it again, for a newspaper, especially a social one, needs a kind word ometimes. There is, to my idea, only one paper that equals yours in our fair Dominion in its calling, and that is Toronto's Saturday Night. The letters and editorials of "Don" are among the most original and readable I peruse.

Some very pleasant quotations, etc., are expressed under the heading of "When she is Happiest" in yours of last Saturday, Aug. 2. Of course, I am not one of the fair sex, and therefore, it would be infair of me to say which really was the truest expression of what you are all getting, or trying to get at. Personally, I like Mrs. Frank Leslies, and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's thoughts; the first for its cuteness and original expression, and the last, as t seems to fit in nearest to my own experience.

As I sat in the cabin of the Monticello between the time of reading your paper and writing these lines, my thoughts too, ran backward over my school days, (so dear to all) youth, and, up to my present state of manhood, (single) trying to solve the problem which had been the happiest hour of my life. It really did me good this very occupation. You have asked only the young ladies to give expression to their happiest experiences. Perhaps the dear creatures are too bashful and these lines may start the ball a rolling.

Well, the happiest moments of my life, I think, are three in number. Going back twenty-one years ago-did I hear someone ask, how old were you then? Just nine, stranger. I shall endeavor to tell

so I'm informed, but mine was taken out abruptly. Circumstances over which we had no control. necessitated my leaving school. I was so glad then I threw my books out of the window and went out to face the world. I got a situation myself in an Now the nappy part comes. The first Saturday took this home proudly to mother; oh, how glad I | ting the capital." was I gave her the two dollars in full. Why the little tears come to my eyes now, as I think of what happened. She took me to her arms and sobbed, and kissed me, as only a mother can, saying, "It's hard for us all dear-but it's all for the best." Don't you think that was a bright spot in my

experience. The second one, was when I came into line with the position, expressed so nicely by Mrs. Beecher, and the third happiest hour was when the Spirit enabled me to show an immortal soul into the new life, better realised than expressed.

There are many things in this world of ours to make us happy, and the environments of some, together with the every day life, suggest things to bags, or lottery tickets, or whatnot. nake us grateful and happy.

What do You Think of this, Girls? An unsigned letter from Fairville, evi-

dently from a young lady, treats of that all absorbing topic for women: "What is woman's happiest hour." Here is what she says. What do you think of it, girls?

I think the happiest hour of a woman's life is just before her engagement with the man of her heart, when there has been just enough uncertainty in his ourtship to cause hope, fear and joy to go hand-inhand. But on this night when in the solitude of her chamber, she recalls his parting, her heart tells her the appointed time has come, and on the morrow he will ask her to be queen of his heart and home. In the ecstasy of that moment her soul is lifted beyond her surroundings and she lives in happy dreamland for a time, the only place where perfect earthly bliss

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Very Kind of Him, To be Sure. Mr. Omar Robert's tame moose has just returned after an absence of seven weeks rusticating .- Yar-

A Good Place to Go.

The "Square" is green and beautiful-the mown fields appear like lawns and the lakes, the hills and the atmosphere, the calm and peace all unite to make us perfect in every good word and work. -Kemptville Letter.

Will This Scare Him?

Will the individual who found that purse between Little River and Plymouth, please leave information of it at this office? Honesty is the best policy. - Yarmouth Light.

Is Not This a Chestnut? There is much talk about the new hotel that is to

be built-sometime. - Maitland, N. S., Corres.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIDGE, Shediac .- Your letter on the condition of the bridge at Shediac is too long for use in PROGRESS and moreover is not exactly in our line. CLUB MAN, Halifax .- Your straight-a-way letter needs a second thought and will receive attention

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Lay Your Case Before the Chief.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: There is a house on Sewell street that is not creditable to any locality. We who live about it have to submit to the disgraceful annoyance, apparently without any redress. How are we going to get rid of it? RESIDENT.

Bring Out the Sprinklers.

Reed's Point wharf was a lively spot last Sunday afternoon. The idea of walking a plank to get on board the ferry boat seemed to strike the average Sunday afternoon stroller as being very novel, and everybody went to Carleton. And there were many on board who earnestly hoped that the tide would take them down to Partridge Island. No one could blame them for having such thoughts. There was nothing about town that would make one feel like staying here, and there could surely be no sin in wanting to enjoy the cool sea air of the island, in preference to the dust that rose from the streets in clouds. Few persons ventured out at all, and those who did made their walks unusually short for Sunday after-

For Those Who Drink Tea.

The Soochow Tea company has an attractive announcement in Progress this morning. They offer a premium for the largest purchase of tea between certain dates, which can be learned by reading the advertisement. The firm is enterprising, nd deserves patronage.

SAWYER'S LETTER.

I take a good deal of interest in the national game. Though I don't often play it, most of my friends do; and one of them is concerned in the management of it. When I visit a certain New England city, I drop in at his office to inquire after the health of him and his bank account; and the things I see and hear send me away feeling more than ever convinced that the game is a very great game indeed. "Base ball?" Oh, no, brother! Where have you been for the last year or two? Base ball doesn't stand at the head of the list any more. Our national game, is lottery.

There's millions in it. Literally, millions. I don't think any one has ever taken the trouble to estimate how many. Yet the figures are most impressive: Ten times a year the Louisiana lottery's "scheme" calls for 100,000 tickets at twenty dollars; in each of its two extraordinary drawings there are 100,000 tickets at forty dollars; total for the year, \$28,-

The Mexican lottery issues 80,000 four-dollar tickets ten times a year, and 80,000 eight-dollar tickets twice a year; total, \$4,480,000.

The Juarez, (Mexico), lottery began in April to send out 60,000 four-dollar tickets every month; total for twelve months, \$2,280,000. The "Original Little Havana" issues, twice a

month, 18,000 tickets at five dollars; total for the year, \$2,160,000 There are at least three "Little Louisiana" companies, whose schemes, all modeled on that of the

New Orleans institution, call for 100,000 tickets monthly, at fifty cents; total for the three, in twelve months, \$1,800,000. Provided that these seven lottery companies dis-

pose of all their tickets-and two of them are understood to sell more than one set-their happy managers handle \$38,720,000 every year of their lives.

That's a tidy sum, to be sure, but I question whether it's large enough. I am'told that there are five "Little Louisiana" companies, two more than I have mentioned above. There are also an "Original Little Mexican," a "Supplement to the Mexican Lottery," a flourishing lottery in Zacatecas, Mexico, and Father Labelle's sanctified skin-game in Quebec. The Royal Havana does considerable business on the mainland, and agents for the Hamburg and other continental lotteries seem to live and prosper. auctioneer's store and seemed to please the employer. Taking them all together, I think it is far within bounds to say that the people of North America night came, and with it \$2.00 (two dollars) pay! I spend \$50,000,000 every year on the chance of "hit-

And how much do they get back? Well, the Louisiana and its saetlites return about 53 per-cent. in prizes, the Little Havana 52 percent., the Mexican 55 per-cent.

The individual ticket holder's chance of "hitting the capital" is, in the Louisiana, as 1 to 99,999. Isn't it a great game?

Wouldn't you like to be on the inside of it?

I don't propose to attach any moral reflections. There's no need. I take it that my readers have brains enough to decide for themselves whether they want to gamble-in stocks, or church fair grab-

At the same time it is worthy of lottery-fiend knows exactly what his chance is and can be sure that lottery company won't rob him; so, demoralizing as it may be, the lottery is a notch above the bucket-shop. WALTER L. SAWYER.

From the Tenant of Cragsheil, with Some Harebells for Pastor Felix.

It rains-in sooth it rains a deal Whenever I am at Cragsheil-; But I will not less cheerful be Than robin or than chick-a-dee. Whose pleasant notes, heard o'er and o'er, Come lightly thro' the open door.

Friend F-, I will spend this day In writing in this sing-song way, Well knowing that you will excuse A jingle from my frolic muse That here, with looks a little pert, Wears simple blouse and shortened skirt.

I cannot tell you, friend so dear, How much I hoped to have you here; To climb with you these wooded hills; To hear with you these singing rills; And see, in your expressive eyes, The look that rapture testifies;-

How much I hoped to see with you The morning come her far gates through, Whose progress seems to royal be With music and with pageantry, To give these pines bright spears, and make A golden shield for yonder lake;

To see with you the day find rest In curtain'd chambers of the west, When, purling here and there the thrush, Makes deeper still the purple hush, And e'en the brook that winds below Seems something of repose to know.

You could not come!-another year You may, dear F-x, tarry here; This shall I hope from day to day. A twelve-month soon will pass away; These hills will lose no charm, and we No love of natural scenery.

With these few words, my poet-friend, Some harebells unto you I send, Intrusting to them to impart The fondest wishes of my heart-That you may sometime come to see Their peaceful, native spot with me.

-RALPH H. SHAW. My Lady Birch - A Companion for the Harebells.

The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees.

My lady birch-You are indeed a lady, My tall and slender birch! And none will find a fairer one, Wherever he may search. My lady birch, I wonder What does my presence give To one so very delicate, So finely sensitive. I only know there never Seem darker stains on me

Than when I come and look on you, And all your whiteness see My lady birch, I love you-And yet, can love be right? You are so very chaste and fair, So fitly veiled in white; You look so like a spirit Beneath the moon and sun; You are so purely beautiful-

A lady—wholly one! RALPH H. SHAW. -Song with Music from Cottage Hearth. July 26, 1890.

Some Things We Haven't and Have. "Why don't you have swimming baths

in St. John," writes a stranger. "I walked all the way to Bay Shore for a bathe yesterday." That's so, why don't we have swimming baths? Why don't we have a good many things that we haven't-for example a decent theatre, a great big hotel, as well as a bridge to Carleton and the electric railway to the Bay Shore? Buthave you seen the dredge and the steam

A SHOWER OF BRIMSTONE.

Fell on a Bald Head and Caused Fun and Trouble.

"A funny thing happened on a North Side car the other night," said a gentleman at the Union League club the other evening. "I was detained a little late at my office, and took a trail car out home. Well. across the way from me, in the corner, sat a fat, bald headed man. He was awfully bald, too, his pate as bare and shiney as a billiard ball.

"He had his hat in his lap, and was puffing like a porpoise from the heat. It was just getting dark, and the conductor came to light the lamps. The car was crowded, and he worked himself gradually up the aisle to where the fat man sat. The obese party couldn't move. He was wedged into his place like a sardine in a box, and the conductor had to lean over him. He opened the lamp case, turned up the wick, and extracted from his pocket one of those eight day sulphur matches, the sort that bubble and boil for two minutes before they give a clear flame, you know.

"Well, he lit the match, and, hanging on to the strap, balanced himself and looked into the lamp. The sulphur on the match was plenteous and bubbled in the flame like a kettle. Then all of a sudden a burning drop of the molten stuff fell with precision directly on the fat man's head.

"He gave a whoop like an Indian, grabbed his bald pate, and jumped into the air, treading on people's toes, upsetting the lady next to him, and nearly turning the conductor a somersault. I suppose it wasn't funny to him, but it was to the rest of us, and we howled. That made the fat man madder than ever. He turned on the conductor:

- blithering idiot, what are you trying to do; make a bonfire, eh? "The conductor begged his pardon, but the old fellow was warm clear to his heels. He wanted to fight, but the conductor wouldn't. Then he turned on the pas-

"I can lick any idiot that laughed at that fool trick,' he remarked wrathily. 'You're a parcel of simpering imbeciles. You'd think it was funny if there was a shower of brimstone come down and burn up the ____ town, wouldn't you?'

"But nobody answered except by a grin, and the fat man, discovering that he had run past his street about four blocks, got off, cursing the conductor and rubbing his glistening pate, on which a bright red mark as big as a quarter marked the location of the talling sulphur."-Chicago Mail.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

A Man Brought the Very Article His Wife Wished For.

A gentleman was sitting in his library in the evening. His wife had gone up stairs. Presently he, too, rose and prepared to go up stairs. Passing through the parlor, which, by the way, was not his ordinary way of going up stairs, he went out of his course a little and paused to look at a small table which stood in the corner, and

upon this table lay a tack hammer. Now, it was a very unobtrusive little tack hammer, and this gentleman, who is not at all orderly in his habits, would be the last person in the world to go out of his way to notice a tack hammer.

It it had been a large lump of coal, or a quarter section of a cheese, or a strange cat on the parlor table, the chances would have been quite against his taking any

notice of the object. But he not only paused and observed this tack hammer in a somewhat dazed and perplexed way; he took it and started up stairs with it, which was a perfectly extraordinary thing for him to do, because even if the hammer did not belong on this table, it did not belong up stairs. He had not more than half ascended the stairs when

"My dear!" "Yes?"

his wife called from above:

"Oh, you are coming I was going to ask you, when you came, to step into the parlor and get a tack hammer on the little table there. I wanted to tack up a picture." The husband stood aghast, half way up

"Why," said he, "I have got the hammer already! And why on earth I should have gone and got it I haven't the least idea."—Boston Transcript. Beware the House Fly.

The house fly begins life tully grown, mature and ready for business. There are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the larger ones.

The house fly does not bite nor pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake, or brush-like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and it thus tickles the skin of persons upon which it alights to feed upon the perspiration. Although the house fly has no sting it is

a pest and a dangerous one at that. It is by nature a scavenger, and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons sores and wounds, and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food -Ex.

Johnny's Reformation. "Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater to the head of the family, "I believe our Johnny is turning over a new leaf and is going to be a better boy. He asked me a little while ago if he could take the family Bible

up to his room for an hour or two.' About the same time a boy of Johnny's size was seen to enter a cigar store in the vicinity, open a big book and lay it on the

"Do you see this entry?" he demanded, addressing the proprietor in thunder tones. "You said I wasn't 16. Look at this, 'John," born May 5, 1874.' Gimme five boxes of eigarettes, and be quick about it, blame your gizzard!"-Chicago Tribune.

The Young Idea.

Fannie's mamma is a great hand to borrow of her next door nighbor. One day Fannie went into the neighbor's for a visit, but found them all ready to go away

and stay a week. "Is 'oo all doin' at once?"

"Yes, baby and all." "Why," she said, in an aggrieved tone, 'how tan 'oo? My mamma will want to bor' t'ings."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Not Fresh. Mrs. Keedick-Wasn't it Michelet who said, "Woman is the salt of a man's life?" Keedick-Yes, I think it was; but Mrs. Lot's husband knew it was so long before

Michelet was born. - Chicago Inter-Ocean.