SLEEP.

A goddess with sealed eyes and restful air,
And mind forever plunged in mystery deep,
Whose influence (ever courted) is so rare—
And so delightful where all festering care
That youth and age alike bow down to Sleep.

A sovereign, wearing on her regal head
A diadem of rosiest poppy blooms,
Whose opiate of deep, dark balm, shed
Unto her pale cheeks and forehead wed,
The aspect of a royal crown assumes.

Oh! for one night within her sheltering arm,
"My kingdom and my horse!" you both may
keep;
But her me not outside that potent charm,
That season of inertia, deep and warm—
Nay, strip me treasureless, but leave me—Sleep!

"Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleave of
care"—
Sleep, that annuls the pain of gnawing woe—
Sleep! sovereign Sleep! ah, influence sweet and
fair!
Who would exchange for aught thy pleasures
rare,
Or for Arabia's wealth thy balm forego?

If in exchange to me were offered gold—
The treasury of kings and earthly dross;
Or mines of silver'd Potosi untold—
To her alone would I still blindly hold,
And let these slide, and cover their null no loss.

Sleep! gentle influence—Sleep! best gift of God;
Most precious of the many gifts and dien
He gives, to salve the bruise left by the rod—
* * * The last, long sleep beneath the budding
sod—
For, oh! "he giveth his beloved—Sleep!"

—Philadelphia Ledger.

GOOD JOKE ON THE BOYS.

"Pull—pull! There's a big snake ahead of us! A little stronger on your left oar. Pull, you beggar! Let's catch him!" cried Mr. Tom Johnson, hauling his trolling line in hand over hand and nodding his head frantically to indicate the whereabouts of the reptile. Mr. William Acornick, who was doing the rowing, turned his head over his shoulder and gazed ahead.

"It's not a snake—its a stick," he said contemptuously, but increased the force of his strokes.

"Bosh! A stick! Who ever saw a stick run like that? A stick with a mouth on it, and a forky tongue going in and out! Bosh! Who ever saw a stick racing along with a wake behind it? It's a big water snake, I tell you! Why don't you pull? Pull! Gracious! he'll get ashore if you don't."

"Well, s'pose he does. What harm's he doing? Did he ever say anything against either of us? Hasn't a snake as good a right to live as you or me?"

"Oh, confound your chatter, Acornick! Pull! Let's get close up to him anyway. That'll be some sport." And Mr. Acornick pulled, but with many protestations that it was a mighty mean thing to hurry up a snake that wasn't doing anybody a particle of harm.

This was on Georgian bay in July, in the early morning of what promised to be a broiling day. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Acornick were the "big two" of a party of campers at Governor's island, some ten miles out of Penetanguishene. They were both fat and forty, or more, and both so fond of fresh fish that they got out every morning at "sun up" to take a few bass or pickerel—a duty that would otherwise have been undertaken by some of the three younger men. But "the boys" slept on, slyly calculating on the two "old boys" turning out regularly to provide fresh fish for the morning pan.

One of the most entertaining performances of each long day was furnished by Acornick and Johnson when they landed with their morning take. Stalking with the dignity of achievement up to the big sleeping tent, they, all unaware that "the boys" had been "peeking" at them through the sides of the flap, would indignantly fling open the front and snort in contempt at the outstretched and blanket-covered forms.

"Well, of all the lazy packs!" would Acornick cry, while the boys, with faces hidden, stuffed the blankets into their mouths to keep from laughing.

"Lazy!" echoed Johnson. "Lazy! They'd starve—they'd do worse—they'd eat bacon three times a day if we didn't catch fish for 'em."

"It's a confounded shame," would Acornick protest, sitting down on the edge of his camp bed and wiping the perspiration from his red brow. "It makes me sick to see young men without any life in 'em, any spirit to get up any feeling for sport. Anglers! you call yourselves anglers! Pooh!"

"Why didn't you wake us up?" would Jack Burritt inquire, with a yawn.

"Wake you up! What wakes us up?" snorts Johnson.

"Hot coppers," suggested Jack.

"Gammon. I won't speak for Acornick, but who ever saw me with hot coppers. Besides there's not been a drop of liquor in this camp. Catch me bringing liquor into a fishing camp. No, sir. Perhaps we've got some to use as medicine? That's a shabby innuendo, Jack. What wakes me up then? Why the sun, sir—the glorious sun—the burst of morning. The desire to salute the day. Oh, to watch the mists as they drift and linger—to gaze far into the purple distance—to behold the rose of dawn."

"Chariot of Phœbus ascending," suggests Jack.

"The morning, sir, is the quintessence of the day," puts in Acornick. "It is the day. By the time you get up the dregs only are left. The sky is a monotony of blue. The sun glares in anger at the sluggard. I say, what do you three fellows come out camping for, anyhow?"

"To hear you two fat fellows poetizing," says Jack, "to hear you blow about getting up—as if anybody couldn't get up! It makes you look unlike yourselves—positively virtuous—for an hour or so every forenoon."

"Turn out of this, you abusive young dog," cries Acornick, seizing the leg nearest him, and then, with much tumbling, kicking and laughter, the "old boys" would haul "the boys" out of the tent. There the morning fish lay in beauty side by side on the brown rock. Then came the congratulations that constituted the old boys' reward, that swelled their stout chests with pride and sent them out next morning, rain or shine, to win the praise they affected to despise.

* * * * * *

Turning again to look at the snake, Acornick suddenly put all his strength into his strokes, and the cedar skiff fairly flew through the brown water. "Tom," said he, "Tom Johnson, here is a chance for a big joke on the boys."

"Fetch the snake ashore and throw it on 'em?" cried Johnson.

"That's the ticket, old man. Golly, won't they howl!" and in a few moments the boat was close alongside the reptile. Instead of diving his snakeship carried a high head, incessantly wavering from side to side, as if in thought of trying some other line of escape, but still glided along straight for the wooded island on the lee of which were all parties to this affair. His arrowy tongue quivered in and out continually, and as the old boys reached him they saw that he was indeed a big fellow, some six feet long, mottled in very dark brown patches, with a wicked looking, yellow, flattened head.

"Maybe it's a rattlesnake," cried Acornick in alarm.

"Rattlesnake be hanged—the rattlesnakes were all killed off these islands years ago. It's just some harmless snake. Let drive at him with the oar."

Instead of doing so Acornick struck the snake smartly a few inches behind the head with the iron rim of a landing net. It collapsed instantly, wallowed as if fatally hurt, and in a few moments was lifted into the boat and tucked completely into the net. While the two old boys, who knew next to nothing about snakes, were discussing his markings, sagely and secretly admiring one another for the prodigious courage they had displayed, the reptile writhed a little, but remained apparently well and truly killed.

"I'll bet you $5 it's a water snake," said Acornick.

"I'll bet you $10 it isn't. I'll bet you it's a land snake. I'll bet you $20 it's a garter snake or else a milk snake."

"Or maybe a hoop snake," suggested Acornick in a propitiatory voice, as if staggered by the confidence of his (Johnson's) assertions.

"No matter what it is," said Johnson, feeling the triumph of superior knowledge, "it'll be a grand joke on those lazy fellows."

Then Acornick deposited the landing net in the bow, threw a coat over its mouth to keep the snake inside and turned for the camp with glee.

"I'll take the oars now if you like," said Johnson, and they changed places with more ease than might have been expected from two such wide men, clasping one another just in the middle of the skiff and shifting past adroitly the next instant.

"Put out the spoon, why don't you?" said Johnson as he took the oars. "We've only got two bass yet."

"All right. Maybe we'll pick up a 'lunge on the way in."

A 'lunge is always a Georgian bay possibility, but to take one is luck like finding a paying gold mine.

"I've got him!" cried Acornick, in a few minutes.

"Well, hang on to him; don't make such an outrageous fuss about it." These two brethren of the gentle art lost few opportunities to hector one another.

"I've got him and he's a sockdolager!" cried Acornick. Away behind the boat a white streak leaped twice into the air.

"It's a 'lunge—a whale of a 'lunge," cried Johnson. "You'll never land him in the world. I'll bet you a hat you don't."

"Pull out into deep water—out, I say—give me a chance—I'll take your bet—ten hats if you like—pull out—out from the shore. What are you loafing with those oars for? Gracious how he pulls!"

Just then something meandered down the bottom of the skiff from between Johnson's feet.

"The snake! the snake's alive!" cried Acornick. Johnson made a stamp at the reptile and missed. Acornick, bothered by the 'lunge, could not seize anything to stick his snakeship with, so he violently thrust his feet straight at the creature's open mouth and forky tongue. At that the snake turned back toward Johnson, who seized a stretcher and, striking cleverly at the reptile's head, laid it out limp once more. Then they put him back in the net and placed it again in the bow.

"Lost the 'lunge," cried Acornick, hauling at his slack line in disgust.

"Ten hats," said Johnson. "Number seven and a quarter. Rogeen's best."

Snakes were barred. "I'd look well paying ten hats in these circumstances. You should pay for the 'lunge. You would have the confounded snake," cried Acornick.

"I!"

"Yes, you."

"I! I'd have him?"

"Yes, you. Always going fooling with snakes and things."

"I!"

"Yes, you, sir!"

"Well, that's a good one. Wasn't it you that"——

"Oh, never mind. Anyhow it'll be a good joke on the boys."

"Yes, if you don't blab about losing the 'lunge. Oh, by gracious," cried Johnson, "if only I'd had the luck to hook that 'lunge."

By this time they were close to the shore of Governor's Island, and might have been heard by the boys had these lazy fellows been on the alert.

Without hooking another fish they soon reached the landing place, and lifting out the snake in the net laid it for a moment on the flat rock, while they hauled up the skiff very quietly so as not to awaken the boys.

When they turned ashore the snake had crawled out and was making at a great rate for the interior. Once more they struck him limp and then they marched on tip toe for the tent, their fat sides shaking with suppressed laughter at the fraction which they expected to ensue when the six feet snake was laid across the sleeping forms. They would draw it out full length, so they planned, over the blankets of Jack Burritt and Bob Bolton and Jimmy Smith. The surprise and horror of those youths would be extremely amusing. To them this would be a lesson on the wrongfulness of sleeping late in the morning. Also, Jack Burritt should learn that others could carry out capital practical jokes as well as he.

"Hush-sh-sh-sh," said Acornick.

"Hsh-sh yourself," retorted Johnson.

"What a joke on the boys," whispered Acornick.

They were now almost at the door of the tent.

"No, you don't," suddenly cried Jack Burritt. Then the flap was thrown open and the three "boys" rushed outside with huge laughter.

"Thunder and lightning—its a copperhead!" cried Jack, starting away with horror in every feature.

"A copperhead?" cried the two old boys in chorus.

"A copperhead," repeated Johnson, flinging away his net.

"A copperhead," shouted Acornick, darting behind the boys.

"Yes, a most monstrous copperhead," roared Jack Burritt.

"Poisonous?" cried Acornick.

"Poisonous! Well. I should say so. Why, his mere touch is poison."

"Heavens, what shall I do?" cried Johnson; "I touched him twice. Oh, my gracious, isn't this horrible," and his teeth chattered together.

"I touched him, too," shouted Acornick in equal consternation.

"Well, this is dreadful, dreadful," said Jack solemnly. "My, my, I'm sorry for you both."

"Jack, Jack, for goodness sake, isn't there anything?"

"Nothing but whisky's any use. I'm afraid, and there's not a drop in the camp—so you said this morning."

"Yes, yes; I've a little for medicine left," cried Acornick.

"Oh, but I forgot: it's only for copperhead bites that whisky's any use," groaned Jack. "You touched the snake."

"Maybe they didn't touch it on the most poisonous places," suggested Bob Bolton.

"Oh, pshaw, what are you giving us?" cried Acornick, suddenly recovering spirit. "It's impossible to get poisoned by just touching a snake."

"Of course it is," protested Johnson.

"Yes, it is, oh?" said Jack, eying them and stroking his head sadly. "Did you never hear of a man getting poisoned by just touching a toad?"

"That's so," groaned the old boys together.

"There's only one chance—hot water, boiling hot. Plunge your hands into it, and keep 'em there as long as you can. That's the only chance. No matter if it scalds the skin off," cried Jack. "Hurry down to the cook's camp."

In a moment they were scrambling down hill to where Hermidas, the half-breed cook, had his pots and pails and fire. He furnished instantly a pailful of boiling water, into which Acornick and Johnson eagerly plunged their hands. With shrieks they withdrew them. Then Jack interfered.

"If it's as hot as that I guess you're all right now," said he.

"Do you think so? Are you sure, Jack?" asked the old boys.

"Yes, I'm sure," said Jack gravely, after examining carefully their red wrists. "The poison's been dissolved. You may be a little sick this afternoon, that's all. Let's go back now and look at the snake."

When they got there the reptile had again begun to crawl away.

"Well, dear me," cried Jack, with an air of utter astonishment, after striking the snake on the head, "I believe it isn't a copperhead after all. Now, I come to think of it, there are no true copperheads north of Virginia. Let me see, why it's a wamper."

"What's a wamper?" yelled the old boys together. "Is it poisonous?"

"Not a bit of it—it's just a common fox snake—one of the most harmless snakes there is."

"Not poisonous to touch?" cried Johnson.

"No," said Jack, looking out for a line to bolt on, "not poisonous to touch. Just poisonous enough to be a good joke on the boys—the old boys."

"Confound your skin," roared Johnson and Acornick, making a rush after Jack, who fled over the hill to the frog haunted marsh of the west side. Reaching boggy ground, where the fat fellows could not follow, he cried:

"I say, why didn't you hang on to that lunge and let the wamper go? You're a nice pair of practical jokers, you are. Why, we heard every word you said. You roared like two old fat fog horns. Thunder, when we get back to Toronto won't this make a good joke on the old boys?"—Toronto Globe.

Tender Feet.

To those who suffer much from tender feet in consequence of excessive walking or standing for long periods the following treatment will be acceptable. Bathe the feet before retiring at night in a strong solution of salt water, to which should be added a liberal quantity of saleratus. Dry the feet carefully and use a smooth piece of pumice to remove any particles of roughness that may appear. Repeat the operation the following morning.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR.,
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RECORD - - 2:29.
Awarded, with four of his get, the First Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also
THE FIRST PREMIUM
In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.)
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TIME TABLE.
Adopted May 11, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.
Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
12:22 p. m. daily. No. 10. Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:36 p. m. daily, but does not stop.
1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays. No. 96, way freight and accomodation.
6:54 p. m. daily. No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:48 p. m., but does not stop.
Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays. No. 95, way freight and accomodation.
8:47 a. m. daily. No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.
1:51 p. m. daily. No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.
8:24 p. m. daily. No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.
Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.
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B. E. & C. R. R.
T. C. PLATT, Receiver.
WEST BOUND.
Leave Wellsville....8.00 a. m...2.15 pm
" Allentown....8.38 a. m...2.53 pm
" Bolivar.....9.05 a. m...3.20 pm
" Ceres.....9.33 a. m...3.48 pm
" Eldred .... .10.05 a. m...4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford...11.35 a. m...5.30 pm
EAST BOUND.
Leave Bradford.....8.15a m..2.10 p m
" Eldred.....10.15 a m..4.25 p m
" Ceres.....10.52 a m..5.02 p m
" Bolivar.....11.15 a m..5.25 p m
" Allentown...11.43 a m..5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville...12.20 a m..6.30 p m
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SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

Stage Secrets That Are Disclosed to Those Occupying Elevated Positions.

I viewed "Der Gotterdammerung" from an exalted pinnacle. I arrived late at the Metropolitan, and a fifty cent seat in the topmost gallery at the extreme left of the stage was the best that I could obtain. To one in such a location, where only by leaning far forward in a most awkward fashion can even a glimpse of the stage be secured, the elaborate scenic effects of the opera are almost wholly lost.

But I made the pleasing discovery that the occupants of the upper tiers in one respect possess a decided advantage over those who sit on a level with the footlights. From my dizzy height I could see into various little secrets of stage mechanism which the Astors, the Gerrys and the Iselins in their boxes could only vaguely guess at.

There was the prompter first of all, whose score and twitching fingers were ever before me as he studiously followed the singers through the Wagnerian maze encased in his little prompting box. Then the mystery of the Rhine maidens' natatorial act became to me almost painfully transparent. I had beheld these "weird sisters" several times before, but had never realized that it was just in that way that their graceful evolutions were performed.

They appeared nothing if not grotesque, running backward and forward across the stage behind their filmy screen and gesticulating in truly remarkable fashion. Had I not been aware of their purpose I could never have imagined that motions could have borne the faintest resemblance to swimming. It seemed to be rather a quaint dance, in which swaying arms and bodies, not twinkling feet, had the bulk of the labor to perform.

The practical utility of the tall tree that rises from the center of the stage in the scene near Gibichung hall was also demonstrated as it could not have been from any other coign of vantage. Its ample trunk affords, I learned, an admirable retiring room for delinquent choristers. During the chorus of Gunther's vassals I saw one sturdy singer slip into its shadow out of view of all the great audience save myself, and perhaps one or two others. Once hidden he deliberately drew a musical score from the scabbard in which his dirk was supposed to lie, and fell to singing lustily with the rest, following his notes with a studious zeal.

For fully ten minutes he was thus out of sight, though not of hearing, and not until the exigencies of the libretto demanded did he sheathe his music and quietly step out among his associates.

The wheels of the skiff that bore Brunhilde down the Rhine revolved before my eyes with a laughable obviousness. I was literally seeing, as few others in the great auditorium could see, "the wheels go round." Still another amusing feature of this impromptu byplay was the occasional appearance in the wings of a black bearded gentleman in full evening dress, including a tall silk hat and a boutonniere of violets. At times he was so close to some of the singers as to fairly elbow them, and from my eminence he appeared to be in full view of the audience, though of course he must have been screened by the wings.

The incongruity of a swallow tail coat among the heroes of Walhalla was delightfully absurd, and with this added pleasure my enjoyment of this bird's-eye view of the opera was complete.—New York Herald.

Genius Amenable to Ordinary Laws.

It takes some years to determine whether a man is a man of genius or not; and in the case of any given subject it may transpire after he has made fragments of the decalogue in his struggles to free his supposed genius from restraint that he hasn't got genius at all, but only an eccentric order of misguided talent. Genius that comes to earth must accept us as it finds us, or, if it chooses to run counter to the laws which human experience has found to be necessary to the due regulation of human conduct, it must take the consequences. Reasonable restraint will not hinder it. Where lawless indulgence has resulted in one masterpiece, stern self denial can show a score; but if it were true that genius and decent morals were hopelessly antagonistic it would not be morals that the world could better spare.—Scribner's.

His Weapon.

"You should see the educated pig write."

"What does he write with, a pig pen?"

"No. A pig sty-lographic."—Chatter.

Not to Be Blown Out.

The world progresses so fast that it is hard for some people to keep up with it, and even a young collegian is once in a while left behind. An intercollegiate oratorical contest had been held in Kansas City, and one of the competitors remained overnight at a hotel.

He retired at 10 o'clock—a fact which certainly speaks well for him—and about midnight the hallman noticed a peculiar odor, as of burning cloth. He notified the night clerk and a police officer, and the three men at once began an investigation. They were not very long in locating the seat of the trouble in the young collegian's room, and a few minutes' hammering brought him to the door with a request to know what they wanted.

As soon as the night clerk entered the room he saw the cause of the alarming odor. The guest had wrapped a thin towel around the incandescent electric light globe—the glow light is a better term—and it had become scorched.

"What on earth do you mean by this?" demanded the clerk.

"The light hurt my eyes and I wanted to shade it," explained the young fellow.

"Why didn't you put it out, then?"

"Well," answered the collegian, apologetically, "I blew and blew on the thing till I thought I'd go to pieces, and then I gave it up."—Kansas City Times.

Food for Reflection.

What do they do with all the waiters when they get near sighted or far sighted or hind sighted?

Who ever saw a near sighted waiter? There are lots of bald headed waiters, and bow legged waiters, and pigeon toed waiters, but a waiter wearing spectacles would seem to be a very curious sight—I may say spectacle—indeed.

Is there anything about the profession of waiting which keeps a man's sight good? I ask this of our men of science, and I pause for a reply. Does the practice of constantly and keenly looking for tips sharpen the gifts of vision in these autocrats of the table? These are matters calling for consideration, for the waiters are very much in our midst, and we cannot pass them by in cold neglect without suffering the consequences of our folly.

I have seen near sighted street car drivers and a great many extremely short sighted policemen, especially on Sunday, but never a near sighted waiter. I think the mystery of the waiters should be cleared up. Where do all the near sighted waiters go?—New York Herald.

Tooth Powders and the Teeth.

Tooth powders as a rule should be soluble and slightly antacid. There is a class of insoluble powders which are of the most dangerous nature, of which powdered charcoal is a notable example. These consist of fine, sharp particles, which being pressed by the brush between the teeth and gums, or lodging between the teeth, may cause the most serious results, even to the destruction of the gums or the cement. The use of the brush in connection with powders, washes or other treatment of the teeth should be gentle.

Bleeding of the gums is always a danger signal. It shows that the skin has been broken, inviting the absorption into the system of any poisonous or foreign matters which may be present in the mouth. If the gums are very tender a soft brush should be used, and used very gently till they have hardened sufficiently to withstand more vigorous treatment. Even then the liability will be to err on the side of harshness.—Good Housekeeping.

Board of Green Cloth.

"The Board of Green Cloth" was a board connected with the royal household of England, having power to correct offenders within the verge of the palace and 200 yards beyond the gates. A warrant from the board had to be obtained before a servant of the palace could be arrested for debt. It was so called because the members of it sat with the steward of the household at a board covered with a green cloth in the counting house. It existed in the reign of Henry I of England, and probably at a still earlier period.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

One Resource.

Old Richfellow (desperately)—If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do?

Sweet Girl—Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him and then went out and hung himself.—Petit Journal Pour Rire.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

If and Perhaps.

If every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor,
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I,—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweet-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by and by
That good time might get started.
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me.

No man can walk with God without reaching out a hand to help somebody.

Religion that doesn't go clear through a man doesn't cause the devil much uneasiness.

None know what it is to live till they redeem life from monotony by sacrifice.—*Wendell Phillips.*

The longest day has its evening, the hardest work its ending, and the sharpest pain its contented and everlasting rest.

When you find a person a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statements by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The modern idea, by no means as yet fully realized, is that woman is the co-partner and the counterpart of man, in some things his superior and in others his inferior, but fitted to be his companion and his equal in all which concerns society and the common life of humanity.—*Rev. Geo. Willis Cooke.*

Chicago was greatly shocked Saturday to find that saloon men had secured options on eight blocks just at the north entrance of Jackson Park, the site of the Columbian Fair. The park is surrounded by "prohibited districts" with the exception of these eight blocks which, for some reason were exempt, though few knew it, until saloon keepers discovered the fact, and pounced down upon the property. So says the *Inter Ocean.*

If Brother Paul was preaching now, he would give Sister Willard half his time whenever he spoke, even if it were on Mars Hill. Paul was too smart a man to reject the help of the women of our day from the pulpit. The only trouble with Paul was that Gamaliel did not keep a mixed school. With such a job of work to do as to convert 1,500,000,000 people—more than half of them men, too—Paul would take all the help he could get.—*Senator Blair.*

Chicago has had the good sense to appoint five women health inspectors: Mrs. Byford Leonard, Mrs. Clara M. Doolittle, Mrs. Marie Owens, Mrs. Mary Glennon, and Dr. Rachel Hickey. The salary is $1,000 per annum, and the duties are the inspection of places where women and children work, and the establishment of necessary sanitary improvements. They are clothed with police power, and already have accomplished great good in the remedying of abuses. They find that the chief difficulty they have to encounter is not tyranny or hard-heartedness on the side of the employer, but the inconvenience and ignorance of both employer and employed.