THE DEACON'S MISFIT.

"I do wish," exclaimed Mrs. Deacon Appleby, "that everything wouldn't allus come in a heap!"

"Wall, wait Samantha, don't fret," said the deacon, who sat in a corner mending a "hold back," which had broken while driving home from town that afternoon.

"I guess if somebody didn't fret things would get wuss than they be, for of all the procrastinatin' critters you beat the wust of 'em. The idea of your waitin' till Saturday afore you went to town to git them clothes, and not a thing to put on your back for Sunday!"

"No use of stewin' about that, now that I've been and got back and bought the clothes," said the deacon, his temper not the least ruffled by the lashing of his consort's rather sharp tongue.

"You've bought 'em, but they ain't here," returned the good woman.

"I couldn't wait for 'em to be fixed. The misfit parlor man said that they allus cal'lated to have the goods a perfect, bang up, nobby fit afore he delivered 'em to customers. Lucky, Samantha, that I see that advertisement of the misfit parlors, for there you can git custom made goods at ready made prices!"

"You picked up a good many slang words for one trip to town, it seems to me," said Mrs. Appleby, amid a great clatter of tea kettle and other domestic utensils upon the kitchen stove.

"Them 'ere ain't slang. They're terms that belong to the trade," explained the deacon.

"Wall, I dunno what a suit o' clo'es 'll amount to ye, with you in one town and they in another; s'posin' they don't come?"

"I could wear a shawl o' yourn to meetin', and have it given out from the pulpit with the rest of the church notices that I'd got a new outfit somewheres on the way," suggested the deacon, with a humorous twist of his lips, which always had a smile lurking about them ready to spring into visible existence.

"I wouldn't make sport out of sacred subjects if I was in your place," said Samantha with unabated asperity.

The current of debate was turned at this point by the appearance of Doris, whose twenty years of life had developed the energetic qualities of her mother with the never failing good temper of her father—a combination, by the way, which went very well with a sweetly simple manner and a full share of beauty.

"The coach is coming, father," she announced, "and I think it brings Mr. Graves, the new minister."

"For pity's sake!" cried Mrs. Appleby.

"I never thought of its bein' time for the coach yit," exclaimed the deacon, hastily thrusting the piece of harness which he was mending into a pocket and running to the sink to wash his hands.

"Doris has got to meet him at the door. I shan't, with this faded calliker on," said Mrs. Appleby.

"I will meet him, mother, and show him to his room," said Doris, and she added, "You and father will have time to brush yourselves up a bit before he comes down to supper."

With nothing but sunshine upon her sweet face she adjusted a ribbon at her throat, and another at her waist, with the effect of a general change of attire, for it took but little to adorn her simple beauty.

She opened the front door just as Mr. Graves alighted from the coach. He was a pleasant faced young man—a student sent there for one Sabbath as a "candidate." As yet he had not gained a very ministerial look, especially since he wore a traveling suit of gray, with russet shoes and crush hat.

Doris greeted him with unconscious grace, but he was a little embarrassed.

"If I may tax your kindness so soon," he said, as he paused in the doorway of the pleasant chamber to which she conducted him, "I would like a needle and thread. I caught my coat sleeve on the door of the coach and the result is a sad looking rent."

And he held up his arm to show the extent of the damage.

"That is too bad, but I can soon mend it for you. I'm afraid," she added, with her sunny smile, "that unless you are more nimble with the needle than father is your wound have a hard time healing."

"Hard? That . . . It is a dreadful tear and I will know the best I can do."

Mr. Graves laughed, and handed her the garment with a grateful look.

"The worst of it is," he added, "I had a parcel checked on the cars and the baggage man couldn't find it at the station when I arrived. It contained more suitable garments than these for to-morrow."

"I hope it is not lost," said Doris.

"Probably it will be found in time for me to check it back again when I return."

In the meantime Mrs. Appleby was bustling about in the preparation of tea, and the deacon, having finished mending the harness, was out attending to the chores, which always hurried him at that hour.

Six o'clock came; supper was all ready. Still no express bundle arrived for the deacon. It ought to have come on the coach.

Mrs. Appleby grew more and more uneasy; even the calm deacon began to brush with his hand the clothes he had on, wondering if they couldn't be made to answer in case his new suit did not come.

But no—they would not do. He had been humiliated enough by being compelled to wear them to town that day. The truth was, his thrifty wife had undertaken a few days before these events to sponge the deacon's clothes with a famous cleansing soap which had been recommended to her.

The soap was indeed effective. It removed all the stains and grease, but at the same time took out every vestige of the original dye wherever the sponge was applied. The result was a generally mottled effect which was so ridiculous that the wearer laughed every time he looked at them.

He had hoped that the new suit would arrive before the young minister came down to supper. But it was a vain hope.

"I guess he'll think we're mortal poor for you to wear them things," said Mrs. Appleby.

"Mebbe he'll think I'm all the more stiddy for a deacon if I don't pay so much attention to dress, like the world's people," was the ready reply.

As a matter of fact Mr. Graves did not think of noticing his genteel host's attire, and although Mrs. Appleby was "fidgety" at the table Doris and her father were pleasant enough to make up.

But when 9 o'clock—the deacon's bedtime—came and Mr. Graves retired for the night the Applebys looked at each other in dismay.

"Now what d'ye think?" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby.

"Looks as if I'd got to stay at home from meetin' to-morrow or go and wear these here brindled trousers," said the deacon with a rather dismal smile.

"If it only wasn't wicked to pretend to be ill and not to go," said Doris faintly.

"But it is wicked," asserted her father.

"Jest as I expected 'twould turn out when you come home without the new clo'es," said Mrs. Appleby.

"I don't see how I could help it. They needed fixin' over, and I knew you'd scold if I axed you to do it with so little time."

"You oughter got 'em the fust of the week, as I told ye to." It all comes of your procrastinatin' that I'm allus tellin' ye about."

"There is somebody at the door this minute," cried Doris, and she flew to answer the knock.

A boy stood on the step with a bundle.

"Express for the deacon," explained the youngster. "Carried by on t'other train, and come back on the one from the west. Dad told me to fetch it right up, as ye might be wanting of it."

"There, there, Samantha!" cried the deacon, holding the bundle exultantly close to the good lady's face.

"Now what comes of all your talk? Here 're the clo'es, and they sent 'em jest as they said they would."

Samantha relented in spirit, as she usually did after, the worry of the day was over, and so they retired in peace. The deacon would have liked to try on his purchase before going to bed, but it occurred to him that that would appear like boyish impatience, so he contented himself with tearing a hole in the wrapping paper and obtaining a glimpse of the dark goods through the opening.

In the morning, for some unaccountable r[illegible] Applebys all overslept, and the deacon and his energetic w[illegible] found that they had [illegible] of time in which [illegible] morning work [illegible] be omitted [illegible]

This [illegible] Samantha, and [illegible] hard to keep h[illegible] countenance during a hastily prepared breakfast. Mr. Graves was a little anxious over the coming ordeal of preaching, for the second time in his experience, a regular written sermon.

"We'll be late, just as sure as the world!" said Mrs. Appleby for the dozenth time after Mr. Graves had gone to his room for a half hour of meditation.

"Time enough, mother. Don't fret," said the deacon.

"But you've got your clothes to change yet, and no knowin' whether they'll come within a rod of fittin' ye," persisted Mrs. Appleby.

"I'll resk it. I'll wear 'em anyway, fit or no fit," said the deacon impatiently.

"I will hitch up the horse for you, father, so you can have more time," said Doris.

"That's a good [illegible] I wish ye would, for I [illegible] it I hate to have ter hustle round so like a house afire Sunday morning."

Mr. Graves came down ready to start. Mrs. Appleby tried to entertain him with becoming before meeting topics while the deacon was getting ready. Doris came in and said the team was ready.

Still Deacon Appleby did not put in an appearance. His wife fidgeted, Doris became uneasy, and Mr. Graves looked at his watch.

"What in the name of natur' can that man be a-doin'?" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby at last.

She started to go and see, when the door opened and Deacon Appleby came in. His face was very red, and there was a queer pucker about his lips as though he were suppressing an inclination to laugh.

"Good land!" ejaculated Mrs. Appleby.

"Why, father!" Doris exclaimed.

Mr. Graves stared at the apparition in the doorway, then looked down at his own slim length, and back again at the ample figure of his host, while his pale cheeks became almost as red as the deacon's.

"Got the hoss ready?" ventured the latter.

"Yes, father. But"—

"Wall, we hain't much time to spare. Ye see"— The good man was on the point of making an explanation, but checked himself and began, with short, cautious steps to cross the room, adding:

"Come, come, if the hoss is ready."

A more ridiculous figure than that cut by the deacon it would be hard to imagine.

He had put on his new suit of clothes. They were made of dark goods of fine quality. But the legs were several inches too short, and so tight that they set like the costume of a circus performer. The coat was equally short, and to introduce the buttons to their respective buttonholes would have been an impossibility. And every moment the deacon made a vain attempt to stretch the too economical waistcoat down to cover a zone of white shirt and suspender buttons betwixt that garment and the trousers.

"What in the world did you buy them duds for?" gasped Samantha in the deacon's ear, when they were seated beside each other on the forward seat of the beach wagon.

"Don't say a word, please don't, and mebbe there won't nobody notice it!" was the hurried response.

"Not notice 'em!" echoed Mrs. Appleby.

"There's a pesky mistake, unless the clo'es shrunk tremendously after I left them," said the deacon.

At the meeting house the latter glided into a pew near the door partially unobserved, after the services were begun; and in perspiring misery he sat through the hour of worship until aroused by a touch upon his arm. It was the boy who had brought the express bundle the evening before, and he had another bundle now.

"Dad didn't see this one when he sent me up last night, and so I fetched it here, knowin' you always was ter meetin'," said the boy, handing over another bundle.

"What have you there, father?" Doris exclaimed noticing the bundle tucked under his arm.

"Oh—yes—I forgot—but it's your'n, I guess," he stammered, giving it to Mr. Graves.

The latter looked at it and shook his head.

"I think not. Mine was larger and in plain wrapping."

The deacon stared at the bundle which was returned to his charge, and the words "misfit parlors" in large letters swam before his gaze.

On the way home Mr. Graves and Doris did all the talking. The deacon went into the house with the bundle, and the first thing he did was to open it.

"Wall, I do vum!" he exclaimed, holding up coat and trousers, which were certainly a fit for himself.

"Them are the clo'es I bought!" he declared.

"Then whose are them you've been tryin' to squeeze yourself into, I'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Appleby.

Both glanced toward the doorway. Mr. Graves and Doris stood on the threshold, and both were smiling.

"Father," said Doris, with her sweetest laugh, "the parcel which came last night was for Mr. Graves. Those are his clothes which you have on."

It hardly seemed like Sunday in a deacon's household, with a minister for a guest, during the next half hour. It would be difficult to say which laughed the hardest, for even Mrs. Appleby did her share in that line.

"Wall, we'd better swap back, if 'tis the Sabbath," said the deacon at last. And Mr. Graves laughingly assented.

* * * *

Mr. Graves remained through his vacation and preached regularly at the little meeting house.

With the next term he graduated, was called to the rural parish, and set up his home there, with Doris Appleby to furnish sunshine for him.—Ernest A. Young in Yankee Blade.

He Worked by the Century.

Cobb—You write for the magazines, don't you?

Spacer—Yes.

Cobb—Do you get paid by the year?

Spacer (who gets paid on publication)—No; by the century.—Munsey's Weekly.

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6 "	24 "	18 "	1 75
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L. C. VAN FLEET, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Loan and Real Estate Agency. ANDOVER, N. Y.

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RECORD 2:29

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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.)

Greenmont 11,013,

four years old, sired by Almont 1, dating 1923, he by Almont 33 the sire of the fastest pacer in the world. 1st dam by Meadows Boy, 2d dam by Maj. Edsoll; 3rd dam by Bashaw; 4th dam by Duroc.

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THE SUN

FOR 1891.

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Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the milestone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

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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 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

5:15 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:10 a. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accomodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12 Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:30 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.

1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:22 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

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A. W. BOBLE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.

T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

EAST BOUND.

Leave Eldred	10.15 a m	..4.00 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m	..4.37 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m	..5.00 p m
" Allentown	11.39 a m	..5.24 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.15 a m	..6.00 p m

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	1.45 pm
" Allentown	8.36 a. m.	2.23 pm
" Bolivar	9.00 a. m.	2.45 pm
" Ceres	9.28 a. m.	3.13 pm
" Eldred	10.00 a. m.	3.47 pm

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't, Wellsville, N. Y.

F. M. BAKER Ag't Receiver.

W., C. & P. C. Railroad.

Time table Feb. 19, 1891.

North Bound. 6	4	2		South Bound 1	3	5
p.m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	a. m.
1 40	5 45	8 45	ar. Wellsville lv	7 05	4 00	11 00
1 34	5 41	8 41	Dukes Mills	7 09	4 04	11 06
1 28	5 31	8 31	Ford's Brook	7 19	4 14	11 18
1 13	5 23	8 23	Marsh Creek	7 27	4 22	11 30
1 00	5 16	8 16	Graves	7 35	4 30	11 42
12 53	5 10	8 10	Shongo	7 42	4 37	11 50
12 40	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee ar	7 50	4 45	12 00

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ONLY $3,750 A YEAR FOR BABY.

Referee Willis Thinks This a Sufficient Annual Income.

If Baby Whitney, whose precocious desires, in the opinion of his guardian, it will require $3,000 a year to satisfy, is not tolerably reasonable in his infantile demands he will may a time cry himself to sleep unsatisfied, as any ordinary baby might do who has n't a fortune of $600,000 waiting for him. Referee Willis has decided that even a $600,000 baby ought to be reared in reasonable comfort on $3,750 a year until he is 14 years old. If the supreme court confirms the decision that must be the limit of expenditure which his guardian, Marie W. Chisholm, will be allowed to use in bringing up Francis M. Whitney, who is 2 years old. The allowance would have been considerably less but for the fact that the natural climate of Edisto island, off the Carolina coast, where Mrs. Chisholm lives, makes it necessary that she should seek a northern summer resort for the child's benefit during four or five months of the year. The referee finds regarding the essential circumstances of the case:

"Prior to the death of the mother of the child he lived with his parents at 30 West Washington square, New York, and was surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that their high social position and wealth warranted. Edisto island, the residence of the guardian, is a region subject to certain serious malarial disorders during the summer season. Strangers and others coming from other parts of the country remaining at that season are especially liable to contract such disorders, and it is therefore dangerous for such persons to remain there during the time from the first of June until the first frost, which occurs ordinarily during the month of November.

"Mrs. Chisholm and her husband have long lived there, and, being thoroughly acclimated it has been their custom to remain during the entire year. With the infant coming from a totally different climate at the north it is a wholly different matter. For him to remain during the summer season would be extremely dangerous and likely to result in his illness from the causes named. For that reason it will be proper and necessary for Mrs. Chisholm and the infant to proceed every summer to some other more healthful region, and to remain away until the coming of frost renders it safe to take the infant back to Edisto island. The necessity for such travel and residence away from home will occasion considerable expense to Mrs. Chisholm.

"Mrs. Chisholm has cared for the infant since Oct. 10, 1888, the date of his mother's death, out of her own means, and with the exception of a recent payment of $500 by order of court she has not been reimbursed."

The referee therefore is of opinion that Mrs. Chisholm is a suitable person to be appointed as the temporary guardian of the child until he arrives at the age of 14 years, and that $3,750 is a suitable yearly allowance to make for the support, maintenance and education of the child. The referee also recommends that the sum of $1,124 be awarded to Mrs. Chisholm for expenses up to date in the care of the infant.—New York Sun.

One Way of Grieving.

Scarcely any two people take a severe bereavement alike. Aside from the two general classifications of grieving noisily or calmly, there are innumerable subdivisions possible, through the wide range of personal characteristics. At a dancing party in a neighboring city not long ago a young woman visiting one of the guests appeared with her. She was a beautiful, stylish girl, and being a stranger naturally came in for much attention. Her gown was a very gay one, she danced incessantly and there was nothing in her demeanor to indicate that she was other than a jolly, pretty girl, greatly enjoying an evening of dancing. It transpired later, however, that she had buried her mother, to whom she was greatly devoted, barely a fortnight before, and apparently unable to accept the usual seclusion and sombre garb went at once to visit a friend, took all her pretty gowns and avoided no gayeties. Those who knew her best knew that her grief was overwhelming, but she preferred to stifle it in this way.—New York Times.

In Paris, it is said, it is not customary for patients to wait in the antechamber of great physicians, but inquiry has to be made by letter. In some cases numbered tickets are given out at 6 in the morning. The physicians' servants do a thriving business selling sandwiches, etc., to the waiting patients.

Some Queer Jail Razors.

When I was in charge of the city jail, several years ago, as a disciplinary measure I abolished the jail barber shop. A week passed, and when the men were let out on Sunday afternoon for exercise I was much astonished to find that most of the young men were cleanly shaved. The next morning I called the prisoners out in line and ordered a search of the cells. The result was the discovery of four "razors." And such razors! Truly, said I, necessity is the mother of invention.

The razors had, in every instance, been made of the piece of spring steel that stiffens the instep of a shoe or boot and is known as "the shank." This is easily removed from the shoe and will stand a very fine edge. The ingenious amateur cutlers, after putting an edge upon the steel by means of a piece of stone, or by rubbing it against the iron bedstead, would make a handle by wrapping twine around half of the blade.

Prisoners are allowed soap. These four razors had been passed from cell to cell all over the jail. I had to confiscate the "razors," and, as in the hands of the vicious they would have been quite dangerous, I kept a sharp lookout for them ever after. During my term I captured no less than ten of these peculiar razors. Their manufacture continued even after I re-established the barber shop.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Two Bouquets.

At a flower show in India the ladies were asked to sit on one bench while in another hall the gentlemen awarded the prizes. A comparison of results brought into strong light the contrast of opinions, or rather the difference of standards.

"We had no great difficulty," says Mrs. King in her book, "in awarding the prize for the best arranged cut flowers to a basket filled with a most graceful and artistic combination of scarlet, yellow, white and blue.

"It was in amusing contrast to another bouquet to which the masculine judges awarded their first prize. We begged them to let us guess which was the prize winner, and going round the table we unanimously fixed on one, but the men shook their heads. So we tried again, and after fixing unanswerably fully on three more we humbly confessed our defeat.

"The judges' faces fell, and with some shyness they pointed out the arrangement that had seemed to them the most commendable. It was like a cauliflower in shape, and contained a great quantity of flowers all so tight and rear that they might have been clipped! Our presence of mind was not equal to saying more than 'Oh, really!' and one of the judges remarked almost apologetically, 'You see we like something solid!'"

Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on the promenade deck, and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said Smart Aleck as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet, and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as to how he did it, but in about three seconds he had dropped his fishpole, pulled a revolver as long as his arm and fired at Smart Aleck. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat just above his hair, and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. When we restored him to his senses he carefully felt of the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers or only one?"—New York Sun.

A Cooking School Graduate.

She—Darling, please tell the grocer to send me up two quarts of nice, fresh sponges.

He—You can't get sponges at the grocer's, ducky, but I'll stop at the druggist's for them. What kind do you want?

She—I want the kind used for making sponge cake, and tell him they must be fresh.—Seattle Press.

THE COMING OF DEATH.

The Signs Many and Variable—Dying Usually a Painless Experience.

The signs of impending death are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases. Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also. In the account of the death of Falstaff the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the feet, gradually extending upward, the picking at the bedclothes, and the playing with flowers are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to the extremities, which consequently become cold, a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there is a gradual culling of all the bodily senses and of many of the mental faculties; memory fails, judgment wavers, imagination goes out like a candle. The muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice breaks, the cords of the tabernacle are loosening. Small noises irritate, sight becomes dim, attention goes on feebly, digestion is impaired, the secretions are insufficient or vitiated or cease, capillary circulation is clogged. Finally the central organ of the circulation comes to a stop—a full stop—and this stop large means a dissolution. This is the death of old age which few attain to.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is a more painful process than birth. It is because in a certain proportion of cases dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that this idea exists, but it is as nearly certain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-comatose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails.

We have, too, abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they all agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggling fear and anxiety pass away and a state of tranquillity succeeds. They see visions of green fields, and in some cases hear peasant music, and so far from being miserable in a sense they are delightful. But where attempts at resuscitation are successful the resuscitated persons almost invariably protest against being brought back to life, and declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of vital interest. And as far as [illegible] the wisest course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessarily life and death keeps no calendar.—Medical Journal.

The Belgian Times.

The budget of Belgium is fixed for twelve years from 1877 to 1888. In 1877 coal was raised to the extent of 13,648,077 metric tons; pounds of [illegible] francs value, and in 1888 the total reached 19,218,4[illegible] tons, of [illegible] francs value. Iron ore diminished in output from 234,127 tons in 1877 to 183,512 tons in 1888; lead ore [illegible] decreased from 11,512 tons to [illegible] tons only, while manganese ore, which was not produced in 1877, reached a total output of 27,757 tons in 1888; zinc blende, 24,519 tons; zinc calamine, 18,6[illegible] and iron pyrites, 26,167 tons in 1877, increased in 1888 to 12,379 tons, 12,[illegible] and 3,916 tons respectively.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

An Apt Quotation.

Bibliomaniac—What I want now is a suitable motto—phrase don't touch that book! I paid $20 for the binding alone—a suitable motto for this room. What would you suggest?

Cynicus—Why not adapt Coleridge—"Books, books everywhere, but not a thing to read?"—Harper's Bazar.

Just Wanted the Chance.

Tramp—That was a good dinner. Any little thing I kin do for you now?

Farmer—Do you know how to burn stumps?

Tramp—What! Am I goin' to have an attack of sunstroke? Thunder! I ain't picked up a stump since I left the city.—Detroit Free Press.