

THE LADY JURORS.

W. D. Totten in Case and Comment. A new light was dawning—a happier day. The shackles from women were falling away. By force of the law they were summoned to do. The service of jurymen loyal and true. The courtroom was decked for an opening scene. With emblems and blossoms and garlands of green; The balliffs were gallant; the criers in tune. With voices a murmur like zephyrs in June. When in came the ladies, a smile on each face, The old-fashioned jury box gently to grace; The judge was delighted, arrayed in his best, And smiled like a prince entertaining a guest. An olden school lawyer seemed sorely perplexed, And harbored an air of a counselor vexed; But courtesy conquered and banished his frown, As over his specs on the floor he looked down. Then each bold attorney expanded his chest, Adjusted his collar and pulled down his vest, And made his best bow, trying well to behave Like knights at a tournament, valiantly brave. And eagerly then every lawyer agreed 'Twas well with all cases to quickly proceed; All discord was routed; all billings-gate o'er; Bad faith left the room to return nevermore. Each juror was sweet with a rose in her hair; And a rose on each cheek made the twelve very fair. They warbled like birds on the searching air, And filled the old courtroom with sunshine and cheer. While some said the ladies in court should not be, Their wisdom and fairness were beautiful to see; For Justice appeared as it ever has been— The purest and fairest in mothers of men.

THE ORDER CHANGETH.

"The old-fashioned drug store where a man could obtain in a few moments all of the materials for a first-class sickness, to say nothing of suicide, seems to be passing," says one observer. "It has gone through various stages in its development from the herb to the postal card. The first druggist was equipped only with a bronze ax. He went out and cut up roots, boiled them over a fire and produced a combination hair restorer and physic. From this idea started all of the patent medicines." We are not as dependent on drug stores as we used to be, because we can die a thousand new ways every year. There are motorcycles to hit us between the curb and car tracks, and aeroplanes to drop on us. The druggist who used to mortar and pestle his trade into steady customers now deals out froth and films.

STUPID STILL.

Jackson and Johnson are not now no speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation. "I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions." "Pardon me, but I am not," replied Johnson. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent. "Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."—New York World. "Now, tell me, children, who is Mars?" asked the teacher. "He is the head used in the theater of war," shouted little Willie.—Buffalo Express. "Johnny," said the minister, "can you name the three graces?" "Sure," replied the little fellow. "Breakfast, dinner and supper."—Kansas City Star. MEN THAT STICK AND STAY. Oh for the men that stick and stay, Not weather vanes, that change and sway With every veering of the breeze— Men of the mark that stand like trees Oak-ribbed and strong against all ill Oh for the men of mind and will! Oh for the man that stick and stay, That no misfortune can dismay, That accident and chance still find Of one firm trend, of one calm mind, Moving forever forward where The 'great heights' in the sunlight glare. Men that win women's praise and faith Men that stand firm against wrath Of selfish interest and endure With motives high and clean and pure In will and knowledge and command Oh for the men that stick and stand.

TWO KINDS.

Henry P. Lyman-Wheaton, in the Christian Herald. There are two kinds of people on earth today; Just two kinds of people, no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood The good are half bad and the bad are half good. Not the rich and the poor, for, to count a wealth, You must first know the state of his conscience and health; Not the humble and proud, for, in life's little span, Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean Are the people who lift and the people who lean. Wherever you go you will find the world's masses Are always divided in just these two classes: And oddly enough, you will find too, I ween, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean. In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed lifter who toil down the road? Or, are you a leaner, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? There are plenty of leaners in Burlington, N. C.—Ed.

JAIL COURTNEY.

Warden—Your wife is here and wants to speak to you. Prisoner—Oh, tell her I've gone out.—Man Lacht. The Democrats are so slow in carrying out their promise of independence for the Filipinos that the Filipinos seem disposed to take the matter in their own hands. This is natural enough since the hope was held out that the flag would be hauled down right away. The chief purpose of the Democratic policy on pretty much all subjects seems to be to make trouble, which is unnecessary as trouble comes without any special arrangement to invite it. That certain of the widders and other entertainers of the public, who appeared on the same stage with Mr. Bryan, our well-known Secretary of State, on the Chautauqua circuit, are advertising the fact as a box office inducement should occasion no surprise. The office of Secretary of State is a great office, and any one who has appeared on the amusement stage with an occupant of it can be excused from feeling a little stuck up, and for making it a reason for advertising his own greatness. It is one of the methods by which the yodlras can get something out of it, ny way for there were many complaints that our distinguished Secretary of State used to take most of the gate receipts. One Senator has boasted in a speech that he has not been absent from his seat a single day in seventeen years for personal business or pleasure. And yet he is not as notorious as Hobson, who has hardly ever been present.

ALWAYS PROVIDED.

Mrs. Naggs has a reputation for meanness. One day, while ordering some meat to be delivered later on, she ordered two cents' worth of cat's meat for puss. She lived a considerable distance from the shop, and just as the messenger was leaving with the order Mrs. Naggs' maid appeared, and in a state of breathlessness exclaimed, "Has the missis' meat gone yet?" "Just going," replied the assistant. "Oh, thank goodness I am in time!" she exclaimed. "You need not send the cat's meat; the cat has just caught a bird."—Boston Record.

TACTICS.

McL. Wilson, in The New York Sun. If you feel too strong to work, If you want to loaf and shirk Use the universal quirk, Blame it on the war. If it rains instead of shines, If the tide to wait declines, Act instanter on these lines, Blame it on the war. If a pony did you dirt, If a kitty cost your shirt, Tax the goat with all the hurt, Blame it on the war. If perhaps you think this verse Is so bad it can't be worse, Do not stop to fume and curse, Blame it on the war. Governor Glynn, of New York, denies that he favored the impeachment of Sulzer, former governor. Way not admit it and accept a vote of thanks from the people?

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