

man race. The close air to blame becoz we haven't enny more men that air grate. If we wud get up in the morning and rap a sheet around us insted of having to dress half an our or so we wud have that mutch more time to stuady and think and get to be bigg filosofer and poets and things. I am going to get a shurt waste tomorrow morning."

After maw thot about it a while she told paw they wasn't enny use spending the money before he new whether he'd like the shurt waste or not. Our hird gurl is a large gurl with brod sholders and no corsuts worth notusing, so maw borrid one of hur shurt wastes that was just washed and got paw to try it on. It was a pritty good fit, only that it wudn't tuck into the top of paw's trousers very far, but he looked at himself in the glass and sed:

"Of corse, if I was getting a brand new one it wud fit a little bit better in some spots, but I thinks this looks pritty well."

Uncle Wesley and Aunt Grace came over while paw was keeping cool, and Uncle Wesley sed he bet paw dassent wair it in the street.

"Just to show you," paw told him, "I'll go down to the drug store and get some segars if you will furnish the quarter. I suppose they will be fools around to skoff, but what does a grate filosofer need to care for such people when he knows posterity is agoing to give him

justice? Look at the nobull men that got their names handed down the furthest. They all got skoffed at by peepul that nobuddy ever heard of afterwards. But what did' they care? They just let them skoff. That is my mottoe."

He was neerly down to the church at the corner when an ice wagon came along with three men in it, and they began to skoff and thro chunks of ice at paw. Then some boys came from a lot of different ways and skoffed just as hard as they could, and the wimen got out on the frunt porches. In a few minits paw came home all out of breth with three dawgs and a lot of peepul after him.

The shurt was mostly slipped up under his arms becoz Uncle Wesley sed it had the rising infecktion.

When the mob went away paw came out of the closet, where he hid while the skoffin' was going on, and maw, she sed:

"Why didn't you let them skoff? What does a filosofer need to care when he knows posterity is going to give him justice?"

Paw got to looking kind of far away and sed:

"If you wudn't always be so blamed afrade I mite pay a few sents for something for myself some time, I wud not of put that thing on, and mebbly I mite of got over the noshun before tomorrow!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The door-step of the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.—Spurgeon.

Language becomes more perfected, as the understanding of a nation and its culture advances; and therefore a dictionary is perhaps the most reliable standard of the culture of a nation, for

we may unerringly recognize man by his speech.—J. A. Fischer.

To stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging and spiritually sustaining.—Frederick Harrison.