

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When apple-branches, flushed with bloom, Lead June's warm evenings with perfume...

but he said nothing. I stifled my now loud gasps and leaned forward to hear more.

Swell Thieves in Summer.

"Tell me something about the habits of swell thieves in summer time?" said a reporter to a detective.

Pictures of the Presidents.

Healy's portraits of the Presidents of the United States, recently added to the Corcoran Art Gallery, are mainly the studies from which, about thirty years ago, he executed a commission from Louis Philippe...

The Jovial Judge.

The proclivity to joking in courts of law is a homage paid to a deep human instinct. People like justice best when it unbends a little, and injustice itself may be softened by ingenious judges...

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life. Human life is everywhere a state of trial which must be endured.

My First and Only Love.

It has often been a matter of wonder to me why I loved Elwyn Ashton as I did.

"What do you want to do?" she asked. "To be true to her," he said bitterly, yet, oh, how grimly!

Skulls of Murderers.

One of the most curious collections in the great Anthropological museum in the Paris exhibition of last year was a collection of thirty-six skulls of murderers who have been guillotined in France.

The Harvest in Russia.

A field stretching away for miles and miles without a hedge, ditch or boundary-stone to relieve the sight offered by what seems to be a very ocean of waving corn...

How Eels are Caught.

Many persons who cross the upper ferry, on the Hudson, may have noticed rows of small wooden boxes, about the size of an ordinary soap box, placed a few yards apart.

Lost Children.

A mother one day lost one of her children, a child of two years, and after a long and anxious search found him in the kitchen-closet, in a huge iron pot, fast asleep.

Character alone is immortal.

Character alone is immortal. Not what we have, but what we are, is enduring. Not that work in which we engage outside of us, but that which we carry on within us, is everlasting.

Whip-poor-will!

Whence comes thy hithered phrase, That to the wandering air conveys Half-human sounds, yet cheats the sense With vagueness of intelligence.

Whip-poor-will!

"What do you do with their spoils?" "All property besides cash which they manage to lay their hands on they send to the city, where agents receive it and convert it into cash the best way they can.

Advice to a Bank.

A seely individual, rural in his general appearance and make-up, strolled into the Third National bank, Cincinnati, during business hours, and observing Fab, Lawson, receiving teller, counting a package of money, nodded pleasantly, and said, "Still a hand-in of it out?"

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