

A FALLING LEAF.

A trusting little leaf of green, A bold, audacious frost, A rendezvous, a kiss or two, And youth forever lost.

THE CURE OF HEZEKIAH.

It was Hezekiah's mother—the widow of Red Tom Usher, of Wrath Harbor of the Labrador, and the mother, also, of Tommy...

She patted his hand again. "There's credit 'o' had as the store," she said. "But I'm not wantin' 't get in debt."

"'Tis for me brother, sir," Tommy replied. "He's a queer sort o' rheumaticks. We're thinkin' the Kurepain will cure us."

"Give plenty of water; laying fowls require it. —It is stated that England imports ten times the quantity of timber it produces."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Little information, but much knowledge, the primary gift of public life.—Gilbert Parker.

NEW ZEALAND MAGIC. A Native Story of the Power of the Tonga. From New Zealand comes the following weird yarn:

THE OLD MASTERS. Miserable Compensation For Their Grand Works of Art. "I make more money in a day than Michael Angelo made in a month," said a popular illustrator.

A Lesson In Language. A regular Mr. Malaprop recently came home from his first visit to Europe.

Reason For High Price. "You charge me \$2 for that little dish of possum" said the guest at the crossroads hotel.

Not So Many. They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out.

Willie's Wisdom. Teacher—Willie, why don't you keep your hair combed? Willie—Cause I ain't got no comb.

Better Left Unsolved. Parke—Tell me, old chap, honest, now, do you permit your wife to control you?

The Other Woman's Opinion. "How well she preserves her youth," "Yes. The stuff she puts on her face must be weatherproof."

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