

WHY DO WE WORRY?

Why do we worry about the nest?
Why do we worry about the road?
Why do we worry about the years?

THE "PEACH" AND THE ADMIRAL.

"There can be but one opinion," observed the Admiral, and he resumed his cigar.
"Obviously," said Lady Herbert, who sat upon his right; "but what is it?"

Then a new voice was heard. It belonged to Midshipman, the Honorable Claude Wallowsbury, who was thirteen.
"Bat, I say," exclaimed this ingenious child, "don't you realize that all the experts say that Glorious is sure to win?"

escape. He cast a strategic glance into the shifting crowd and hurried into it.
"Quite right," said a voice at his elbow; "do hurry and get us good places on the rail."

"Rubbish! rubbish!" said the Admiral. "It is the stroke, I tell you, Blessington—the British stroke. My word, what a stroke! Just watch them lift her along!"

Superstitions of the Stage.
What is it about the stage that develops the bump of superstition to such a remarkable degree is hard to determine, but it is an undeniable fact that stage folk as a whole are unusually given to belief in signs and omens.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.
DAILY THOUGHT.
A good heart overcomes evil fortune.—Don Quixote.
The Parisiennes are now very fond of grain trimmings for their hats.