

THE TOWN O' DREAM.

By a beautiful stream lies the Town o' Dream. On a beautiful summer plain. With bells aching a golden time To the tune of a golden strain.

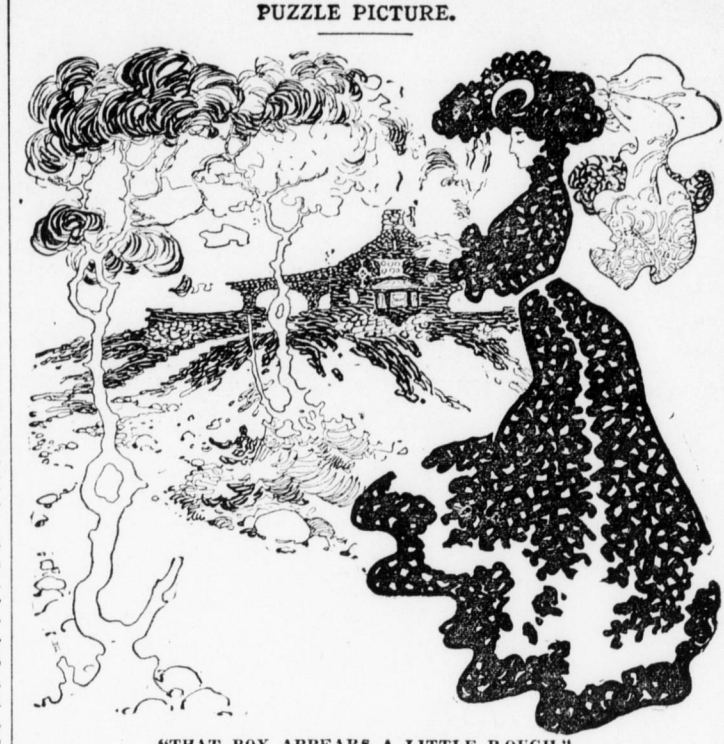
My Strangest Case BY GUY BOOTHBY. Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED. "Mr. Fairfax," said he, "I labor under the fear that you cannot understand my position. Can you realize what it is like to feel shut up in the dark, waiting and longing always for only one thing? Could you not let me come to Paris with you to-morrow?"

you," she answered. "Now good-by, and a pleasant journey to you!" We shook hands and parted. As I passed along the road I watched her making her way along the avenue towards the church. There was need for me to shake my head.

CHAPTER VIII. Unlike so many of my countrymen I am prepared to state that I detest the French capital. I always make my visits to it as brief as possible, then, my business completed, off I fly again, seeming to breathe more freely when I am outside its boundaries.

ter. And with every one she will grow just an imperceptible bit older. By and by the wrinkles will appear; I fancy there are just one or two already. Then she will not be so fastidious about her hundred of thousand francs, and will condescend to think of mere thousands.



PUZZLE PICTURE. "THAT BOY APPEARS A LITTLE ROUGH." WHAT BOY?

THE COLLEGE TRADE.

An enterprising grocerman's way of increasing his sales of Candy and Pickles. In the neighborhood of a fashionable school for girls within the lines of the district, there is a small grocery store where the girls have been wont to wander almost daily for the purchase of cucumber pickles, crackers and little tid-bits that all crave and are not included in the regular menu of the school table.

For the next two weeks the "college trade" flourished magnificently, and whenever the mail was heavy the purchases by the girls were correspondingly large. The grocer was delighted to pay the final installment of the purchase money. He adopted the system of placing the letters in the show case where candied and sweet nothings were kept.

ST. ELMO'S FIRE.

One Instance in Which the Mysterious Light Appeared in an Unmistakable Manner. The phenomena of a phosphorescent light at the masthead is one so rarely witnessed by others than superstitious sailors that it is seldom one finds an intelligent account of it.

Her Whist Playing Mamma.

Two little girls sat on the steps chatting over their dolls. Said one: "My mamma tells me lovely stories before I go to bed. Does yours?" "No," replied the other. "My mamma is hardly ever at home when I go to bed, and when she is she is too tired always to tell me any stories.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION

By REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, Pastor Madison Ave. Baptist Church, N. Y. The literature and religion of a people go hand in hand. AN AGE PRODUCTIVE OF THE BEST THERE IS IN RELIGION WILL BE PRODUCTIVE ALSO OF THE BEST IN LITERATURE.

