

LITTLE SLED IN THE ATTIC.

Winter again; and I turn once more To my childhood's home for a holiday, And lift the latch of the attic door And climb its rickety, worn stairway.

My Strangest Case

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

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"In point of fact," he said, "I may say that I have traveled from Dan to Beersheba, and until I struck this present vein of good fortune, had found all barren. Some day, if I can summon up sufficient courage, I shall fit out an expedition and return to the place whence the stones came, and get some more, but not just at present. Events have been a little too exciting there of late to let us consider it a healthy country. By the way, have you heard from our friend, Kitwater, yet?"

ably thinks if he gives us a longer ride he will be able to charge a proportionately larger fee at the end. The Parisian cabbie is very like his London brother. He then proceeded to describe to me an exceedingly funny adventure that had befallen him once in Chicago. The recital lasted some minutes, and all the time we were still pursuing our way in a direction exactly opposite to that which I knew we should be following. At last I could stand it no longer.

CHAPTER X.

If you could have traveled the world at that moment, from north to south, and from east to west, I believe you would have found it difficult to discover a man who felt as foolish as I did when I entered the gloomy dwelling-place as Hayle's prisoner. To say that I was mortified by the advantage he had obtained over me would not express my feelings in the least. To think that I, George Fairfax, who had the reputation of being so difficult a man to trick, should have allowed myself to fall into so palpable a trap, seemed sufficiently incredible as to be almost a matter for laughter rather than rage.

but now only blurred traces of the design remained. Crossing the hall, my guide opened a door at the further end. In obedience to a request from Hayle, I entered this room, to find myself standing in a fine apartment, so far as size went, but sadly lacking in comfort where its furniture was concerned. There was a bed, a table, three rough chairs, and an entirely inadequate square of carpet upon the floor. I have already said that it was a large room, and when I add that it was lighted only by two candles, which stood upon the table in the center, some idea will be formed of its general dreariness.

He Did His Best.

The late Sir John Stainer, one of England's most celebrated musicians and composers, was once staying in a small Swiss village, and the English clergyman was on the lookout for a musician to assist at the service. Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him, and started the conversation with: "Do you play the harmonium?"

was before me continually, gazing at me with sweet, reproachful eyes. Oh! what a fool I had been to accept that rascal's invitation! The more I thought of it, the angrier I became with myself. Now, goodness only knew how long I should be confined in this wretched place, and what would happen during my absence from the world! At last the dawn broke, and with it a weird, sickly light penetrated the room. I sprang from my bed and approached the window, only to find that it overlooked a small courtyard, the latter being stone-flagged, and surrounded by high walls. I could see that, even if I were able to squeeze my way out between the bars, I should be powerless to scale the walls.

HAVOC OF THE REMINISCENT.

An Invitation That Carried with It a Serious Reflection Upon a Family Trait. It is only tactful people who should be allowed to give personal reminiscences, but unfortunately they are not the only ones, who do give them, says London Tit-Bits.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"WHO IS THAT PECULIAR OLD GUY?" OF WHOM IS HE SPEAKING?

ARITHMETIC GOES WRONG.

Marked Eccentricity in the Weights of Various Packages of Merchandise Handled by Merchants. The merchant orders a firkin of butter, or a firkin of soap, or a firkin of raisins, as though firkin meant one and the same thing in weight.

Walnut Catsup.

This is a nice addition to your relishes. Gather the nuts while tender enough to pierce with a large needle, chop them up and pound in a mortar; then put in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with water and cook slowly for two or three hours. Strain and return to kettle and add a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and mace and boil down to one-third the quantity. Fill bottles with equal parts of the walnut mixture and strong vinegar and seal at once. Add a clove of garlic with the spices and you have a delicious sauce for meats.—Washington Star.

In our day there is a strong temptation to self-indulgence. I think of the stern, hard days before there was a cooking stove, a heating stove, a telegraph, a mile of railroad, a kerosene lamp, or a cylinder press. Look at your supreme court and Marshall was there; at your colleges, and they graduated Jeffersons and Websters; at your pulpits, and Lyman Beecher was there.

The Sin of Self-Indulgence

By Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, Chicago.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE AMERICAN HOME AND FAMILY? Why is it that so largely already the children of strangers possess your gates? They have large families. They are doing the hard work. The biggest farms out on these prairies are owned by them. The man who draws the largest salary in this country is named Schwab. Not distinctively American in sound, is it? We speak of these things not from any prejudice to the foreign born or their children. Not because we believe the former days were better than our times. But the doctrine of our Saviour is the soul that saith to itself: "Thou hast much goods laid up for many days, take thine ease" is in danger of death.