

WONDER WHY.

I wonder why the world's good things Should fall in such unequal shares— Why some should taste of all the joys And others only feel the care?

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a boisterous, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay.

place for a while anyway, though to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy-like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a grave yard, when we struck 'em at night.

giants that have been turned into stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it didn't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead of night.

yarn, and I've heard a number of 'em, I don't turn up my nose and say, 'Nonsense! There's more in one's feelings than most people thinks for, leastwise, minding my feelings saved my neck that night at the Frankenstein trestle. There comes the express; good-night.'

An Execution in Cuba. Those who have sailed by daylight into the beautiful harbor of Havana, will, perhaps, recall a dark and low stone building upon the right shore, almost directly opposite Moro Castle.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT. Praise undeserved is satire in disguise. He repents on thorns that sleeps on beds of roses. Tears are sometimes the happiest smiles of love.