

Lullaby.

Fair is the castle on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me

THE THANKSGIVING DONATION

"Well, we've got to do something—
that's all there is about it. The salary's
pretty well behindhand, and there ain't
no money in the treasury, so I don't see
how we are going to pay it up very soon.

He was the bell-wether, so to speak,
of the little flock which was under the
pastoral care of the Rev. Septimus
Goodfellow; and, wherever he led, the
others followed him, without stopping
to question the wisdom of his proceeding.

Miss Prissy's black eyes twinkled,
and a retort was on the tip of her tongue,
when the bell clanged its last discordant
summons, and the Deacon
sought hasty refuge in his pew, the rest
following, one by one.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

How a Daughter Repaid a Noble Act After Many Years.

The concluding chapter in a story
that glories in all the romance of a
creation of a Daudet was enacted in the
city of Philadelphia recently.

About eight years ago Tony Horning,
a well-known man about town, returned
from a summer trip with a circus with
which he then traveled.

"Notwithstanding the appealing looks
of the care-worn woman and her half-starved
child Tony still doubted the truth of
her story.

"The minister obeyed; but, as he put
his hands in the side-pockets, to draw
it more closely about him, he discovered
something in the way, and, drawing
out the obstruction, produced a wallet.

He looked at it in blank amazement.
Miss Prissy could not restrain her
curiosity, and, snatching it from his
hand, she opened it, disclosing the crisp
bills.

"Five hundred dollars!" she gasped,
incredulously, and there was a moment's
breathless silence.

"What does it mean?" said the
minister, afraid to look upon the money as
his own, lest there should be some
mistake.

Shrewd Miss Prissy detected the
Deacon as cordially as she loved the
minister and his wife, and, with a mental
determination that the close old man
should be outwitted for once, she exclaimed:

"Well, if that isn't a neat way to
make a nice little present. The Deacon
said he meant to do something handsome
for once, but I never mistook
he would do anything as generous
as this. And hiding it away so as
to surprise you, too! Well, I'll change
my opinion of him."

Insect-Eating Birds.

Fifty years ago every farm in the
Eastern, Middle and Southern States
had from five to twenty acres of wood-
land. These lands not only served
many other good purposes, but were
natural resting places for birds, and
served them as safe shelter during the
heat of the day.

How is it now? The woodman's axe
and the pot-hunter's gun can tell the
sad story. The birds have gone—
home, no nesting place, no safety any-
where. Looking at this sad picture,
one feels ready to exclaim with the poet
Burns,

Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe, then, when it agh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart.

The birds that were so common fifty
years ago were nearly insect-eating
birds, and destroyed millions of noxious
insects and were of inestimable value
to the farmer and tiller of the soil.

And now for the denouement, and
no fiction reads more romantic:
Recently a young boy called at Horning's
gun store on Main street and told
him that a lady, Miss Lizzie Chandler,
at the St. James Hotel, wanted to see
him.

As doubtful as ever of the honesty
of the human race, he inquired if it
was not some chambermaid.

"No! She is a perfect lady, and she
gave me \$100," she said.

With his ideas completely at sea as
to who Lizzie Chandler was and what
any lady should want of him, and never
dreaming of the remarkable incident of
years ago, he walked into the hotel and
was shown to the parlor.

It is supposed that the father had
amassed a fortune as a miner, and the
daughter had taken this method of
repaying for the kindness that made
the union of husband and wife possible.

FASHION NOTES.

The vogue of the round plaited
collar—called now the clown collarette—
is greater than ever. The first which
made their appearance were made of
crepe, but they were too fragile to be
practical.

Long mantle of redish terra cotta
cloth, close fitting, fastening on one
side; plastron braided with thick black
braid, and bordered the whole length
with curled Persian astrachan; the
braiding comes down the front en
quille, edged with this fur; the back
of the skirt is one wide flat pleat, braided
in the same way; copper satin lining.

Jerseys to be very much worn
this winter; they save so much trouble,
and are so becoming to slight figures.

The Venetian lady wears a skirt of
pale blue brocade, trimmed round the
front with a band of gold and pale blue
fancy galon.

Walking costumes are simple, 'tis
true, but this is no reason why they
should not be strictly feminine.

There are five Marys potent in New
York types: Miss Mary L. Booth,
editor of Harper's Bazar; Mary Mapes
Dodge, editor of St. Nicholas; Mary J.
Lamb, editor of The Magazine of
American History; Mary Kyle Dallas,
editor of The New York Ledger; and
Mary E. Bryan, of George Monroe's Fashion
Bazar.

Simple Indian Remedies.

The Indians on the plains have a
number of simple remedies for ordinary
ills that are very effective. For instance,
on a burn, a cut or a sting of a
wasp they at once put soft mud, usually
mixed with saliva. When a man
hiccoughs they get him to sneeze, and
the sneeze usually ends the attack.

HORSE NOTES.

—Lloyd Hughes, the jockey, has
signed to ride with the Preakness Stable
next season, and the stable has
second call on Fred Littlefield.

—The injury to Jay-Eye-See may
cause his death. He stepped on a piece
of glass in his pasture and drove them
down the main artery in his left forefoot
was severed. He was nearly dead from
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