

"DOWN TO SLEEP."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;

THE HAUNTED VIOLIN.

TRANSLATED BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Karl Hafitz had devoted six years to
the study of counterpoint and to
the works of Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven

"You have no cheese even?"
"No, Sir."
"Nor butter?"
"No."
"Nor bread—nor milk?"

While he was speaking a harsh voice
from below cried out:
"Watch the matter with you, up
there? Are you ill, or is the house on
fire?"

At last the gray dawn peered in
through the tiny windows, the cook
crossed the yard, the maid stepped to
the ladder, one step at a time.

PECULIAR ANIMALS.

Burdette Subscribes to the Truth
of This Account.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says
that a horse when tied in the stable
should "always be kept with his head
so that he may see the passers by and
the other horses, and thus amuse and
occupy himself."

THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING.

"And therefore I, William Bradford (by
the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Govern-
or of Plymouth say:
Through virtue of vested power,—ye shall
gather with one accord,
And hold the month of November, thanksgiving
unto the Lord."

Good Words To A Young Man

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ADVICE TO
HIS SON.

- Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 4.—The following
letter from Henry Ward Beecher
to his son is declared on good authority
never to have been published.

and customs, and a hundred things that
will be needed.

(12.) If by integrity, industry and
well-earned success you deserve well o'
your fellow citizens, they may in years
to come, ask you to accept honors. Do
not seek them, do not receive them
while you are young—wait; but when
you are established you may make your
father's name known with honor in
Halls of legislation.

Household Art.

Under this caption Clara Bunce, the
talented daughter of the late Oliver E.
Bunce, chats agreeably and instructively
in Sunday's Herald. Many useful
and practical hints on color and har-
mony are given which will be found
readily available.

KING OF THE GYPSIES.

He and His Ohio Subjects are Living
in Prosperity.
A modest brick house standing a little
way back from the street, in a
suburb of the City of Dayton, O., is
the property and for a part of the
year the home of a gypsy of wide repute.

Longevity of Poets.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: I
said to Longfellow that certain statisti-
cal tables I had seen went to show
that poets were not a long-lived race.

Furs are worn enormously, for entire
garments, for linings, and for
trimming all sorts of dresses.

A SEARCH for the oldest clergyman in
England shows that Rev. John Elliott,
vicar of Rowdick, will be one hundred
and three months.

PATHS.

- The path that leads to a Leaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
Goes through a Flowerless Soil.

WHELPLESS AFRICANS.

The Uncivilized Native Utterly
Devoid of Feeling.
It is the utter absence of "feeling"
of sympathy for their kind, of pity for
suffering, of all that is best in the heart
of a white man, that jars so harshly
on the sensibilities when one first comes
in contact with Africans.

And that laughing young woman
with the intelligent face and sym-
metrical form, who wants you to buy
her bunch of bananas, will see her
sisters of a neighboring tribe brought
in with their necks in heavy yokes,
their babes clinging to their backs,
their pickaninnies, following at their
heels, following with fright. She will
hear their wails, and she will see their
faces, never to see their homes again;
she has heard exaggerated stories of the
fearful march to the distant coast, of
deaths on the way, of babes sold one
way and mothers another. She thinks
their fate ten times worse than it will
in reality be, but she doesn't care.

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