

THE POPPIES IN THE CORN.

When the mist in poorly columns
Rises o'er the hills gray,
And the dews of early dawning
In the grasses melt away...

JEAN DE THOMMERAY.

It was in the country, near the forest
not far from the Seine, in the modest
villa where I hoped to spend my old
age, that I saw Jean de Thommeray...

M. de Thommeray, his voice, his
language and his gesture were not those
of a father who has buried his son...

The fortunes of France are on the verge
of ruin, and you have no other care than
to realize your future. To morrow the
enemy will be at our gates, and you strap
up your valise and fly like a coward!

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.
A Double Reason—A Long Experience—
No Use—Buying Things for Mamma, Etc., Etc.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.
Little Ethel—It's awfully impolite to
ask for things.
Little Johnny—Course it is. What of it?

DEATH IS RARELY PAINFUL.
But Sensations of Approaching Dis-
solution Are Little Known to
Physicians.
Descriptions of the sensations of those
who thought they were about to die...