Around us, and our little ones are fad- shook his head. ing;

But joy still nestles to the heart that sleeps.

for the morrow

to love and work: Dreams, holy dreams, shall show how sweet is sorrow.

> lurk. Good-night! Good-night!

Sleep, darling, sleep! for thee no care is

waiting: Thy life not yet through tangled paths shall toil:

No weariness, no bitter woe of hating, soil.

Dreams, tender dreams, of mother's murmuring kisses,

Of rest, of love unspeakable, are thine:

Dreams, peaceful dreams, that man's worn spirit misses.

Till once again he rests in sleep divine. Good-night! Good-night!

Good-night! Good-night! The day of toil is ended. Heaven clasps its loved one to its

breast again; The hand that through the light has helped and tended

Now shades, outspread, our aching eyes from pain. Dreams, happy dreams, that hand of

love shall bring us. Pressed cool and tender on the smoothed brow;

Dreams, fairy dreams, in baby-legend sing us

Songs that shall echo still where Then is Now! Good-night! Good-night!

EDWARD ROSS, in Home Queen.

A COWARD AND A HERO.

ed in the mire of the rice fields. the Jacque." attentive as if we were on drill.

as if drawn by a line; and that, I tell and have them thrown back in your you, in two feet of mud. Sapristi! but teeth.

to see how well the scamps could keep care of his skin." step when they choose. Ah, well, I Ah, it was rough. Jacque turned as had nothing to complain of that day. red as a beet, but said not a word; only Halt! Well, not a bit too soon. I when the Captain had passed he raised thought, and yet a droll place to halt his eyes and fixed them on that bit of in. No matter. I filled my pipe, and blue sky far away on the horizon, where looked around to see where we were. I could see nothing-nothing at all. Rice fields to the right, to the left, and Then I said to myself, "Well, my fine behind us a thick slush made by our fellow, you are decidedly a coward." tramping feet. A little corporal, who To be brief, Berthelot, of the third has a tongue well hung-indeed, too division, was chosen for this expediwell hung-called out to me:

trand, no need to light your pipe. Wait Jacquea while; they will light it for you."

good time to distribute letters? There I shall remember a long time. they were running like so many mad- However, it could not continue in this men. I was the only one to remain way. The bugle sounded the charge. tranquil. It is true, I have no one to Sapristi! That music always sends a body-all alone in the world like an us running with fixed bayonets, like old bear. Heaven help me!

has a letter!

"News from home, Jacque?"

Jacque is the sergeant of my com- row enough. pany. I am chief of the first section, he Ali, it was sufficiently difficult withof the second. A handsome young fel- out that cursed bamboo, and heaven low, with a bright, boyish face, a only knows what it cost us! I saw beardless chin, and cheeks as smooth two lieutenants fall, the adjutant of as a girl's.

against him. It is always vexing to My captain raged like a demon. At see these brats of 22 promoted alongside last he commanded, "A section up of an old trooper like me. But for all there!" is well connected, of good family, and were sure of certain death. often receives letters with the seal of I think the Captain must have retainbusiness, not mine.

I watched him out of the corner of sir, and tear away that bamboo." my eye as he ran through the letter. It is but justice to say that he did not

laugh. Jacque? What says my fair lady?" He turned to me without a smile, and up with his section. gravely said: "I have no lad friend, Bertrand. It is from my moiner."

of myself, and said no more.

these letters. Bertrand? It would be bails whistling, tearing the bamboo, sities. There is no lack of talents of better not to receive them in times ploughing up the ground, every now every kind. But without mutual con-

ceady said. It was not good to allow! Heaven what a sight! They were all tion of the realm."

had nothing disagreeable." Jacque rah!" he fell dead, face foremost.

"Oh, no, to the contrary!" That was all. Master Jacque was Dreams, happy dreams, shall make us were fixed on the horizon far away, death. I could not keep them. where there was nothing to be seen but I thought, "A boy who acts like a

could see over there. "Forward, march!" I repeat at last.

"Forward, march!" for my section. What love and wisdom in its bosom "Ah, well, Sergeant Jacque, lagging be- I drew out the packet. hind already!

Shall the bright gladness of thy spirit sergeant uses when he commands, letter like that just before a battle. As less nimble and much more delicate He is not like himself.

Ah, that was a rough day, I tell you. When night came, we were still in the of yourself for my sake. Remember water, but up to our waists this time. you are all I have in this world, and if And all around us little field pieces anything should happen to you, I would were spitting fire, like so many de- surely go mad. It is true the time mons. But we marched steadily on un- passes very wearily when one is waittil we were within 500 metres of the ing; but I try to be patient, to forget citadel. Not a gunshot, not a move- the present, and only think of the fument; the rascals were saving their ture when you will return. Above all powder until we were nearer.

I said to myself: "Wait, old fellow, you will have something to warm you up by and by; don't be discouraged." When, behold, we were again commanded to halt.

The Captain stepped in front of the ranks, and demanded, in a low voiceall the same, it was distinctly understood-"A sub-officer willing to undertake a secret and dangerous mission." Naturally, I stepped forward. Now, I have the misfortune to be a little too well appreciated by the Captain, an old toughskin like myself, who had been my Lieutenant in Africa.

"Not you, Bertrand. I know you well, and when I want you I will find you out. Just be kind enough to remain quiet."

You see, some officers will not grant keep. It was the 16th of December before you the least favor. Then I said to my-Son-Tay. For two days we had splash. self, "This is just the thing for

we should get used to it, but it was same opinion, for he stepped exactly in Tit Bits. . worrying, all the same. Nevertheless, front of him, and repeated under his we marched steadily on, as regular and nose, "A sub-officer willing to undertake a dangerous mission.'

I tell you this is true. I am an old It was plainly to be seen that he was trump; I have been nine years in the making advances to Jacque and you service, and six with the rank of ser- will think I am mocking you when I geant, and the number of young sol. tell you my fine fellow lowered his eyes "right about face" is incalculable, but not a word. You may be sure the Cap-

I heard him sneer under his mus-I was jubilant, and yet a little vexed, tache, "Well, he means to take good

tion. He returned without even a "Sergeant Bertrand, Sergeant Ber- scratch, the jackanapes, when my poor

Well, we set off again; there was no The jackanapes! As if I didn't know lagging behind this time. About 250 we would soon be under the fire of the metres from the walls the scoundrels enemy! Suddenly, I heard them call- gave us a broadcast in the face. Saping the roll of my company, and saw risti! how it rained. The balls fell to my brave fellows break ranks and trot the right, to the left, in the rice fields, like rabbits across the rice fields to making a "flic-floc" as they struck the meet the baggage master, who was re- water. We answered back, but it was turning with a great package under his like firing in the air, the rascals were so well protected by their walls. This Letters! Now, I ask you was this a fusiliade lasted about ten minutes, but

write to me, no family, no friends, no shiver of gaiety through me. Behold madmen! But as I have already not-At last I see my men return to their | iced the gateway of the citadel opened places, holding up their hands to keep upon a high embankment, scarcely the letters from being soiled by the three metres wide, to enter that we water, and carefully as if they were must climb the narrow ascent, and guarding the last words and testimony push in two by two under a terrible of their dying mothers. Ah, Jacque fire, and that, too through a palisade of bamboo which the rascals had constructed to bar the way, already nar-

Nevertheless, I hold a little grudge possible to pass that cursed bamboo.

that he is a nice boy, and the men would This time it was serious. No time to go through fire and water for him. He besitate; all those who clir; bed there

the War Department. But that is his ed some spite against Jacque, for he turned to him and said: "Go up there,

Then I saw him wipe away a tear, a wait to be told a second time. Touchlittle tear, which glistened on the end ing his cap with "all right, my Cap- and wiped, and wrapped in tinfoil, of his eye ash. I pretended not to see tain," be started at a quick run. In it, even joked a little to make him passing me he drew a packet of letters

from his pocket. "What has she written to you. "Take care of this for me, Bertrand." And in the twinkling of an eye he was

"Tear away this. Throw that into the "There is wealth enough in China :a ditch." He was so tranquil as if super- nevelop the resources of the empire, "Ah!" I felt as if I had made a fool intending a squad of soldiers on fatigue but 100k of mutual confidence keeps the duty. And all the time the enemy were requisite capital out of sight. There is But Jacque continued, "Do you see pouring upon them a deadly fire, the learning enough in China for all necesand then crushing in a shoulder, carry- fidence, founded on genuine sincerity, That was my opinion, as I have the ing away an arm, or breaking a leg. all this is unavailing for the regenera-

them to break ranks, the scamps; they left there, all my comrades-Jacque ask nothing better. But out of polite- among the number, but he was the last. Good-night! Good-night! An angel's ness to Jacque I said, "It is always Just as the work was finished a ball pleasant to receive good news from struck him between the eyes. As he home, no matter where. I hope you raised his arms to shout a great "Hur-

> Perhaps it was not very proper what I did next morning, but truly it was too much for me-that packet of letters not talkative this morning. His eyes that Jacque gave me as he went to his

More glad, more brave, more strong a bit of blue sky. I wondered what he coward, and a few hours after dies like a man! It is unnatural; there must be something under this."

And I elt I had the explanation there Jacque, no doubt, was still dreaming, under my hand in those letters. They and did not hear the command, for I burned me. It was impossible to keep heard the Lieutenant behind me say, them. Ma Foi? I could not; then, then

Upon my word, there was only one Jacque said not a word, he simply re- letter, the one he had received that peated "Forward, march!" in a drag- morning. Nothing else. Ah, blood of ging tone, as if he were weary. That blood! what a letter. He was right, is to say, it was not the tone a French poor boy. One ought not to receive a rat or mouse in appearance, but much "Forward, march!" They never mum- for me, I cried like a baby, and was ble those two words, but shout them scarcely able to read it for the tears in with enthusiasm. What is the matter my eyes. It was from his mother, and His fur, too, is much longer and thicker which, except in the lower grounds with Sergeant Jacque this morning? here is what the good old woman wrote

to her boy as she ended her letter: "Now, my precious Jacque, take care things, my precious boy, be prudent. Do whatever you are commanded to do, like a brave soldier, but do not expose yourself unnecessarily. I forbid you. No, no, my darling Jacque. I forbid you nothing. I implore you before entering on any engagement, to think of your mother, who is always thinking of you, and do not risk too much. Promise me this, will you not? And, remember, a man is not a coward

because he loves his mother." The letter fell from my hands. I understood all now. He had thought of his mother, the brave boy, and waited until he was directly commanded to go. And, no doubt, that morning, when he was looking far away to that bit of blue sky, where there was nothing to be seen, he was thinking of his mother. and of that promise he had sworn to

And that is why Sergeant Jacque. who died like a hero, with his face to water up to our knees. I knew well The Captain seemed to be of the twice in one day.-From the French in the enemy, was considered a coward

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

It Is Made in the Caves of Sulphurous Mountains.

It is supposed that hundreds of years diers I have trained and commanded under the gaze of the Captain and said ago the South of France was disturbed by volcanic eruptions, which split up never have I seen men march like tain was angry, for you know it is not the ancient granite rock, causing these, shoulder to shoulder, as exact pleasant to make advances to any one, streams of lava to flow from them. The new surface consists of basaltic rocks, which in its turn was fissured by eruptions and thrown up on a mountain range. The whole of the interior of a mountain was thus formed into caverns and caves, which belch forth hot sulphurous springs. It is here that the celebrated Roquefort cheeses are made.

The village of Roquefort is situated on the mountain Largac, which is about twenty-five miles in length, and nearly 3,000 feet high. It consists chiefly of limestone, covered with sufficient pasture to feed the 300,000 sheep kept for their milk. The caves being formed by the displacement of rocks. consist of an intricate labyrinth of open spaces and passages connected with each other and with a subterranean outlet. A cool current of air. therefore, always of the same humidity and temperature, flow in a never-interrupted stream through the caves.

There is nothing in the milk or in the preparation of the cheeses that gives them that peculiar flavor and delicious mellowness for which they are so renowned. This is entirely effected by the method by which they are cured.

When the cheeses are ready for treatment they are taken to the caves, and after being allowed to cool are carried to the salting room. They are rubbed with salt on one face, and then piled on the top of each other, until the cave is full. After standing for twenty-four hours or so the reverse side is salted and once more they are piled up as before. The cheeses have to be frequently reversed in order that the moisture may be even throughout, and to develop the fungus which has previously been sown in the curd.

In forty-eight hours the cheeses become viscous, and are rubbed with a coarse cloth. In the course of another two days the fungus will appear on the outside, in the form of a sticky paste. the battalion and many others. Im- knives, together with a thin stratum of This is carefully scraped off with crust, and set aside for food.

The cheeses are now sorted out; the most solid ones placed on the floor. In eight days' time they become covered with a yellowish-red mould, together with other minute vegetation, which is removed and given to the pigs. The scraping is continued until the character of the mould changes, showing that the curd has altered its condition, and announcing the completion of the cure. Then they are again carefully scraped and are ready for the market.

Roquefort cheeses have been cured for centuries by this process and stand as a triumph of un ducated are

China.

LIVING RAT THAPS.

Big Snakes Make War on the Army of

On grass-covered plains and hillsides in South Africa you frequently come across spots apparently thickly inhab- African Company as its sphere of operited by some small running animal. Little paths wind about and cross each other in every direction, and may well be compared to the streets of a city on account of their proximity to each oth- trees are but small, and with grass er and their numerous crossings. Each which is richer and more abundant path is clearly marked by being almost destitute of herbage. If you trace them | ed spon as likely to prove one of the up, you will find that they all end in holes just large enough to admit a halfgrown rat; and if you beat the thicker ther to the north, are equally high, but bunches of grass you will probably see a small rat-like animal running at a quick little trot along the pathway to the burrow. He is a vole, very like a Kansas. than either; he is larger than a mouse, [and considerably smaller than a rat. to-a living rat trap-lying in the path; of ancient workings. and the very sight of his broad. flat The extreme eastern part of Mashonmake your blood run cold.

did the first. His method of securing months of the year.-Century. them is this. He wanders about till he comes to the colony. His tongue tells him by the touch of its delicate points while he searches busily about. If he catches sight of a vole he lies quiet in or close by the path. He knows by instinct that his remaining motionless for a long time will arouse the little animal's curiosity. The vole, seeing the snake moving, is probably frightened, and runs to his hole; but finding that he is not pursued, he soon emerges and looks around for the snake. He discovers the reptile motionless. "Dead." thinks the vole, "or asleep, maybe;" and he cautiously approaches to investigate. Inch by inch he ventures, sniffing into closer proximity to danger; he even runs around the snake, who never moves in the slightest. At last the unfortunate little quadruped allows its curiosity to master its prudence; it ventures too close. The living spring of the snake's neck flies out, and the volc relaxes his laws for an single instant.

The Dogs of Madagascar.

to another change of lodging.

just returned from Madagascar tells time. many interesting stories of that far away land of trouble, but, being a great admirer of dogs, he never tires of dwelling on the remarkable intelligence of interesting operation, and was seen the nondescript curs that infest the to great advantage the other day at island.

"Like the dogs of Constantinople," said he, "they know no of pers, permit feet high, with a circumference at the no familiarities and matrices a chronic hunger inspires. They are no- the ground on the southern side, and madic in their habits and always travel "uprights" of timber driven in until in large packs, sometimes traversing the greater part of the weight of the great distances in an extraordinarily superstructure rested on the timber. short space of time.

"The island is cut up by a great number of deep, sluggish streams, and pestilential swamps which are infested with crocodiles and caymans. Those voracious reptiles don't want a better dinner than a stray dog, and no one knows better than the dogs themselves. When a pack of marauding canines come to a stream they know that they have to resort to strategy in order to cross in safety, so the whole pack get together and they bark and howl and bark furiously for several minutes. A crocodile or an alligator that has slept for a month will wake up as soon as he hears a dog bark, and commence a still hunt for the dog. The result is that every reptile within hearing of the yelping pack hustles up as near as he can approach and waits for one to plunge in. When the river is full of them the dogs suddenly dash up stream about 300 yards, plunge in and swim across before the alligators get done snapping their jaws together, and scurry off till they get to the next stream, when the strategy is repeated."

year 1159.

"RHODESIA."

The Country that Is Ruled by the British South African Company,

West and north of the Transvaal lie those immense British territories which have been assigned to the British South ations. Bechuanaland-so called from the principal native race which occuples it-is a high and generally level country, mostly wooded, though the than that of the Transvaal. It is lookbest canching tracts in the continent. Matabeleland and Mashonaland, farmore undulating than Bechuanaland. with great swelling downs somewhat resembling the prairies of western

They are bright, breezy countries, very hot in the daytime for they lie within the tropic, but with nights cool even in midsummer, and a climate, in proportion, being more like that of a along the marshy banks of the streams, rabbit in its texture. Boys, both white is not merely healthy, but invigorating. and colored, in South Africa, consider Plenty of rain falls in December, Janthem very good eating, and enjoy them | nary, and February, and it is only in roasted in embers whenever they can October, at the end of the dry season, catch them. Many of the voles live in that the grass begins to fail on the paseach colony, and the colonies are so tures. The subjacent rock is, as in numerous that you cannot travel a mile Bechuanaland, usually granite; but in any direction without crossing one. here and there beds of slate and schist But the vole has a worse enemy than are found, and in these beds there are the boys. If you approach a colony, quartz reefs, believed to be rich in and carefully survey all the runways. gold, and from which a great deal of particularly if there be a bush there. gold must in days gone by have been you will perhaps see the enemy alluded extracted, so numerous are the traces

head and sinister, cat-like eyes will aland, where it borders on the dominions of Portugal, is called Manicaland. He is the terrible puff-adder, short. This is a country of bold mountains of thick-bodied, broad-headed, long-fang-granite mixed with porphyry and slate ed. death-dealing alike to vole and to -a country the loftiest peaks of which man-and even to the prowling lion, rise to a height of 8000 feet above the should be in his wanderings set paw sea, and where a comparatively abunupon the deadly reptile. He is benuti- dant rainfall makes the streams more fully colored, having a groundwork of numerous, and fuller even in the dry velvet black, with half moons of yellow season, than are those of any other and small specks of the same marked part of the great plateau. Here and along his back from head to tail. More there a piece of high table-land, some than once I have found puff-adders 7000 feet above sea-level, offers an atlying thus in vole paths, and there is mosphere of rare salubrity, while a few no doubt that they devour great num- miles farther to the eastward, in the bers of them. Nor will a puff-adder low grounds which slope gently to the be satisfied with one. As soon as he coast, malignant fevers warn Eurohas swallowed his first catch he looks peans against any attempt to settle. around a little, and then lies in wait for and make even a journey from the sea another, which he catches just as he to the highlands dangerous during some

Made the Motorman Slow Up.

that his prey is in the vicinity. For a No. 4 was swinging around the bend Yesterday afternoon as electric ear in the neighborhood of the old fair grounds, says the Nashville correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, the motorman's attention was attracted by a small black and tan dog that stood just shead in the middle of the track, barking furiously. Turning the brake he whistled to the dog, but the little fellow paid no heed, barking and jumping about as frantically as ever. Finally, the man picked up a loose bit of wood that some passenger had dropped on the platform and tossed it at the dog, but it wa no go. The terrier held his ground, though the block struck him squarely on the chest. At last the motorman had to stop the car and get

out and see what was the matter. The dog seemed delighted when the man drew near and ran on ahead barking and dancing about gleefully, as is held struggling in the jaws of the much as to say, "Now you're right; reptile, whose venom-distilling fangs come on." The state of affairs was are buried in its tender body. He never soon revealed, as just around the bend the man came upon a cow that was Soon the deadly secretion does its work; evidently causing the dog's wild exciteand the vole passes stomachward out ment. In grazing upon the track emof sight. The puff-adder then repeats bankment the cow had managed to his tactics with like success, till he is get both horns securely fastened unsatisfied or becomes thirsty, when he der the rails and was now held hard goes off to seek water in the kloops. fast with no power to extricate heror hides under a bush to avoid danger self. As the track makes so sharp a and sleep till his necessities arouse him turn at this point it is more than likely that serious damage not only to the cow, which was a valuable Jersey, but to the car as well, would have ensued had not the intelligent little dog taken An acquaintance of mine who has in the situation and given warning in

> Razing a Tall Chimney Stack. The razing of a chimney stack is an Salford, England, where a Lancashire steeple-jack took down a chimney 270 which was set on fire. Fed by petroleum, the fire in a few minutes did its work. Leaning for a moment, the whole chimney suddenly fell zig-zag to the ground, exactly in the place intended. There was little noise, but the force of the fall was sufficient to sunder the jointed bricks as cleanly as though they had been detached by

hand.

Dogs of St. Bernard. Baron Jordis, the principal breeder of St. Bernard dogs in Austria, publishes a letter from the prior of the St. Bernard's Hospice on the subject of the present value of these dogs. "You ask me whether in the present day our hounds render the same service to travelers as are usually ascribed to them." writes the prior. "Certainly they do. They in no way belie their past. In winter they are absolutely indispensable to us, not only because they still find wanderers buried in the snow, but because they are the only guides who can lead us safely along the proper track in the wild mountain snowstorms. The only difference is that they do not carry a basket or a flask Reindeer were abundant in Scotland fastened to their necks. These are and were hunted in Caithness in the borne by one of the brothers of the Hospice."-Westminster Gazette.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

How to Look Intellectual---Her Human Burglar Alarm---Striking Repartee---No Change in Symptoms.

SOLID FOOD

The St. Louis Hostess-I am afraid you will find our dear Missouri water rather unpleasant to your taste. Guest-Not at all, madam. It's the

best I ever ate.-Life. LOCOMOTION.

Time flies. And still, One somehow feels It cannot be so long Until he wheels.

HOW TO LOOK INTELLECTUAL. "That Miss Dawson is a stupid-look-

"Yes, isn't she:?" "Somebody ought to persuade her to

wear eye-glasses."—Chicago Record. HOW IT HURT HIM.

"Some men have been circulating falsehoods about me," said the public official, indignantly.

"What do they say " his wife inquired.

"That I have made a great deal of money since my election."

"Do you think it will hurt you?" "I should say it would. Every one of my creditors has written me a letter on the strength of the rumor."-Washing-

SUSPICIOUS. Mrs. Millyuns-Has the count asked you for any money yet?

Mr. Millyuns-No. Mrs. Millyuns-That looks strange. You don't suppose he's a bogus, do you? -Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE DESIRED EFFECT. "I'll teach you how to lie to me!" roared the irate old gentleman, reaching for

And so he did. It only took three or four such lessons to teach the youth to lie so well that he was no more detected.—Indianapolis Journal.

OF COURSE. "Buffles is always talking about his library. How large is it?"

"Oh, his library is in his head."

"Bound in calf, then, evidently." HER HOPE. "This X ray is doing wonders for mankind," he remarked. "Yes," his wife replied. "It has done

lots for mankind. Maybe it'll be developed in the course of time to where it will enable womankind to see whether her hat is on straight or not without looking in the glass."

HER HUMAN BURGLAR ALARM. Agent-Can't I put a burglar alarm in

your house? Lady-No, we don't need it.

Agent-But-Lady-No, I mean it. The family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen!

REPENTS HER POLICY. "Miss Bobleigh says she dreamed of

me," said Willie Wishington. "Indeed!" "Yes. And she also says that's the last mince pie she's ever going to

touch."-Washington Evening Star. STRIKING REPARTEE. "Why," said the match, with some

warmth, "do you make light of me?" "Because," answered the man, "I like to see you flare up." HOW INDEED?

Taxpayer-I can't for the life of me imagine why bicyclists want a return path from Coney Island; they'll want the earth yet.

His Wife (timidly)-But, dearie, how

can they get back unless they have a return path.-Brooklyn Life. NO CHANGE IN SYMPTOMS. "What is the best sign of spring

weather?" "That delightful feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work."-Chicago Record.

THE PROPER SEASON. "Well," said the lovelorn young man after an interview with his sweet-

heart's father, "he refuses his consent." The maiden began to sob. "Do not cry, dear," the lover added, trying to comfort her. "He shall not prevent our marriage. We will elope.

Fly with me, my darling!" "But"-"No buts, my dear! It is quite proper. Fiv time has come again." Then they went to Youngstown and

were married.-Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

THERE WERE OTHERS. "I can't live without you," pleaded the Duke.

"Oh. yes, you can," said the heiress. There are plenty of organized charitable institutions in the city. No one is allowed to starve who makes his wants known.

SHE WAS A PEACH.

The shipwrecked maid clung to ber lover frantically. "Preserve me! oh, preserve me!" she cried. The savage chief smiled reassuringly.

"Believe me," he said, "we have every facility for canning."-New York A HORRIBLE FATE.

First Hobo-Wet become of Ragsey,

wot used ter hang groun' de island? Second Hobo-De las' freshet washed him off. First Hobo-Poor ole Ragsey!

A watch which is in good running or der in one year's time ticks 157,680,000