

FALLING LEAVES.

They are drooping, slowly drooping—
Embers from the flaming trees—
All their radiance and splendor,
Kindled by the sunshine tender,
To the earth they now surrender
And the wayward breeze.

HER HUSBAND'S NIECE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"George, when did you get this letter?" asked Mattie Henderson, as she glanced into her husband's face.
"On Wednesday," he said, with some hesitation.
"Is this Friday," rebukingly replied his wife. "You carried it about in your pocket for at least two days. It is from your niece, Fanny Atwood. She left New York yesterday and will be here on the eight o'clock train this morning, and it is half-past seven now. This is a nice state of affairs, isn't it?"

and took off her aunt's shoe and stock. "It is considerably swollen," she said.
"Is it not surprised," replied Mrs. Henderson. "You'll find a bottle of liniment in the cupboard, yonder."
"Wouldn't you put liniment on it just as I advised Fanny," "Have you any of lead?"
"Very likely. Look in that medicine box in the cupboard. There's a little of everything there, almost."

"No, dear, you didn't," replied Mrs. Henderson in a broken voice. "I am crying because I am ashamed of myself—because I have been so unkind to you in my thoughts. I supposed that you would annoy me, and hinder me; that you would be helpless, selfish, fault-finding; that you—"
"But you think more kindly of me now, do you not?" interrupted Fanny, her hands moving caressingly over her aunt's hair.
"Most certainly I do," replied Mrs. Henderson, explosively. "That is why I confess my injustice—why I want to make amends—why I—"
"Don't mind it, aunty," said the sweet, forgiving, sympathetic voice. "I don't censure you, and it's all right now. There may be—and, in fact, there are—listless, frivolous, helpless girls in New York city—and in other cities—but I am not one of them. If I was, I am afraid I would despise myself."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.
STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
The Way to Make Money—He Was a Loud Talker—A Bad Case—Slightly Forgetful, Etc., Etc.
A moment of leisure had come in his way, and rather than idleness choosing, the coal dealer's office boy sat one day a book with attention perusing.
Then asked his employer: "What is the book?"
"That you take such an interest in, sonny?" The boy at the title gave a look.
And answered: "The Way to Make Money."

at, which involved the turning over of the entire pile, and at last asked:
"Are you quite sure, sir, that this style is worn?"
"It was, madam," answered the clerk, "when you came in, but after the period that he's since elapsed I should not like to say for certain."—Judge.
A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.
Miss Susie is being put by her mamma through a course in subtraction indicated by such questions as these:
"If you have eight apples and give me three how many will be left? If the farmer's wife has twenty chickens and she sells nine," etc., etc.
Suddenly Susie is seized with a brilliant idea and proceeds to turn the mathematical tables on her parent as follows:
"Now, mamma dear, if I have five eyes and you was to put out six how many should I have to see with?"—Judge.
LOGIC.
Miss Parkwood—"Do you know, sir, I could sue you for breach of promise?"
Mr. Finley Place—"Oh, I guess not."
"Why, sir, did you not ask me to marry you?"
"And I consented."
"Yes."
"Well, sir?"
"Well, I didn't promise, did I? You were the one that did that. I presume I have the right to ask you a civil question, have I not, without running the risk of being dragged into court?"—Toledo Blade.

DEGENERATE DAYS.
Oh, the man with a fist like the hoof of a horse,
That can discount the kick of a mule in its force,
Has found, in the tussle,
Of life, it is muscle,
And brains are a waste as a matter of course.
He may get all the favors of fate he may ask,
In a glamour of gold for a while can he bask
If he pleases the asses
Who gather in masses
To see him go over the falls in a cask.
If you only are born with a head set awry;
If like a cyclop you have only an eye;
If you happen a midget,
Or have one extra digit,
You are bound to succeed and you needn't half try.
So, away with your Latin, away with your Greek,
All the training you need is to harden your cheek.
They are tappers, not scholars,
Who harvest the dollars,
And the wreath on the head of the museum freak.
—Charles M. Snyder, in Lippincott.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Does the crow ever mope over any lost caws?
Whaling grounds—Country school house.
A Maine barber has fallen "hair" to a handsome fortune.
A skillful cook is the most popular of interior decorators.
Talking about wheelmen, when they toil not neither do they spin.
Many an honest debtor wishes he had a round sum to square up with.
The ocean greyhounds have no time to consider barks at sea.—Pittsburg.
The most self-conceited are those who continually depreciate natural vanity.
It was a butcher who remarked that four quarters were less than the whole.—Life.
The pen is mightier than the sword; but the pencil isn't much good without the knife.
"Excuse me," said a tramp, as he was led to the wood shed, "but I am not experienced in running a chop house."
Dentist (to patient)—"Will you take gas to have the tooth out?" Patient—"How much is it a thousand?"—Judge.
Quack—"If you use my medicine you will use no other. Patient—"That's what I'm afraid of, doctor."—Yankee Blade.
The pug dog fills many a man with the disapproving thought that he might be handsome if he were only ugly enough.
Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told it once more.—Somerville Journal.
Mr. Gustus Phew—"Will you remember me when I am far away?" Miss Sally Day—"How far away are you going?"—Puck.
Thompson (proudly)—"Robinson you see that gun? My wife killed a bear with that once." Robinson—"Ah, indeed! What was she shooting at?"—Yankee Weekly.
Mildred (who hears that her aunt is going to take a fencing lesson)—"Oh, auntie, do take me with you. I'd love to see you jump over the fences!"—Harper's Bazar.
Tommy—"Mamma, give me some pears." Mother—"Why, Tommy, you have eaten five or six already." "Well, them ain't the ones I want. It's them in the basket I'm after."—Texas Siftings.
Jonny—"What did the minister mean when he said something about a place where thieves do not break through and steal?" Mr. Dumpey—"He referred to your mother's dress pocket."—Lawrence American.
"My good man," said the lady to the gardener, "which is your choice for the national flower?" "I haven't given it much thought, mum," he replied; "but I'd vote for the chrysanthy, mum."—Norristown Herald.
Snowberry—"Speaking of the old-fashioned custom of writing 'finis' at the end of a book makes me think of my wife." Donney—"How so?" Snowberry—"Oh, she always gets in the last word."—Kearney Enterprise.
"Here's a dog I must get!" exclaimed the owner of a dime museum, as he read in the paper about an animal in Wisconsin who swallows coins whenever he has an opportunity. "What do you want him for?" asked a friend. "Because there's money in it."—Money's Weekly.
Applicant—"If you have a position in your bank vacant, sir, I would like to apply for it." Bank President—"There is no vacancy now, I believe, except that of runner." Applicant—"I am qualified to fill that, sir. I did the best long distance work in Yell College, sir, last year."—Yemenite's News.
"I don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse; "but, still, I thought it rather odd of him that he should wrench the knocker off the front door and bring it up to me as I sat in bed, saying that he'd gathered another rose for me out of the garden, poor dear, simple boy; he's just as loving and sentimental as ever he was."—London Punch.
The Lady and the Tiger.
A necklace composed of tiger's claws mounted in diamonds is the favorite ornament of Baroness Marie Eda von Ameline, the famous tiger huntress. She killed with her own hand the four beasts from whose claws her unique piece of jewelry is made, and preserves their skins as rugs. She is now traveling in this country, as is another huntress, Lady Eva Wyndham Lina, who claims to have slain six man-eaters during a visit to her uncle, the Governor of Nepal.—Philadelphia Record.
A Toronto (Canada) inventor says his ship will cross the ocean in four days.

THE PROPER AMOUNT OF SLEEP.

Insomnia is rightly regarded as one of the marks of an overwrought or worried nervous system, and conversely we may take it that sound sleep lasting for a reasonable period, say, from six to nine hours in the case of adults, is a fair test of nervous competence. Various accidental causes may temporarily interfere with sleep in the healthy; but still the rule holds good, and a normal brain reveals its condition by obedience to this daily rhythmic variation. Custom can do much to contract one's natural term of sleep, a fact of which we are constantly reminded in these days of high pressure; but the process is too artificial to be freely employed. Laborious days with scanty intervals of rest go far to secure all the needful conditions of insomnia. In allotting hours of sleep it is impossible to adopt any maxim or uniform custom. The due allowance varies with the individual. Age, constitution, sex, fatigue, exercise, each has its share of influence. Young persons and hard workers naturally need and should have more sleep than those who neither grow nor labor. Women have by common consent been assigned a longer period of rest than men, and this arrangement, in the event of their doing hard work, is in strict accord with their generally lighter physical construction and recurrent infirmities. Absolute rule there is none, and it is of little moment to fix an exact average allowance provided the recurrence of sleep be regular and its amount sufficient for the needs of a given person, so that fatigue does not result in such nerve prostration and irritability as render healthy rest impossible.—London Lancet.

CHINESE ACCOUNTANTS IN JAPAN.

One custom interests exceedingly the foreigner, particularly the American, says a Yokohama (Japan) letter to the Mail and Express. On stepping into a bank, almost anywhere in Japan, to have a check cashed or make a deposit, instead of the teller or cashier counting your money, a Chinaman "compradore" (falsely so called) transacts that part of your business. The larger business houses likewise of foreigners have the Chinese "compradore" to count all moneys passing through the office. Two reasons for this: First, experience has proven the Chinese accountants to be more rapid and proficient in figures, especially in counting money, than any other nationality; second the Chinaman is a reliable "middleman," for racial reasons, between the bank officers or firm, and the Japanese customer, as there is no danger of any conspiracy between this Chinese official and the natives of this country. Heavy bonds are given by the Celestial gentleman holding this responsible position. This and some other lines of business have induced over two thousand Chinese to take up their residence in Yokohama alone.

CHewing Tea Leaves.

The newest thing in the way of a light, genteel stimulant that I have seen used is tea, said a doctor to a St. Louis reporter. The leaves are taken dry, just as the stores sell them, and chewed in the mouth, the pulp being thrown out afterward like an old quid of tobacco. It is a woman's habit, and has taken the place of chewing gum to a great extent, but I have seen one or two young men experimenting with the tea, and it may get to be a regular fad. I tried it, but I think that no man who uses tobacco can get any stimulant out of tea. It's rather harmless, and the stimulating effect is obtained much more quickly by chewing it than by drinking it. Those I have seen using it consume much more of it, too, than they would if they drank it. It is an indoor practice, but, of course, it spreads. We'll see it on the street-cars and in the theatres, just as the gum-chewing appears to us now.

A Professional Blush Producer.

Not very far from the corner of Locust and Broadway, says the St. Louis Times-Star, in a prettily furnished office, can be found a young man, exquisitely dressed, and as pretty as a picture in personal appearance. He is a producer of manly blushes, and can give any masculine cheek a sweet pink tint inside of ten minutes. For a long time past students of humanity have wondered at the pink cheeks of narrow chested dudes. They need wonder no longer. For a good, liberal, tender "blush producer" will place the softest of healthy pink tints on any face. The artist—if he may be so called—uses in the operation a light corroding acid, which keeps the pores of the skin open at all times. The least excitement or a breath of fresh air causes this acid to get in its "fine work," and the happy dude is blessed with a pair of pink cheeks. Somehow or other, it seems as though science was knocking out old mother nature.

THE MEXICAN BEGGARS.

No town in the world, Rome and Naples possibly excepted, has more beggars than the City of Mexico. Many of them are children, says a correspondant, and I would back them against the world for persuasiveness with their soft accents and pleading eyes. You are almost anxious to be swindled out of a few coppers by their ingenious tale of woe.

A CAUTIOUS REJOINER.

An elegantly dressed woman asked to be shown some silk for gowns, and made the unfortunate clerk hand down and unfold piece after piece without coming to any decision. Finally she concluded she would prefer some patterns that she had first looked