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 I reeze.

They are coming, softly coming-Amber, amethyst and pearl-With the ties of nature riven, Tempest tossed and madly driven; Flashing lustre back to heaven In their giddy whirl.

They are flitting-gayly flitting-Fledglings of autumnal light-From their lofty perches straying, With each passing zephyr playing. Bough and bush the course delaying Of their final flight.

They are hovering—gently hovering— Over vale and rugged steep; Covering o'er the bloom-lit spaces Which the early frost defaces, Mantling tenderly the places Where our loved ones sleep.

Yes, they're falling-sadly falling-Russet, crimson, gold and gray-Beauteous millions headlong flying, With the wind's discordant sighing, At our feet ignobly lying. Waiting dread decay.

They are teaching-fitly teaching-That which gladdens-that which grieves: There is naught of earth abiding; But, behind all nature hiding. Is a hand our footsteps guiding

And the falling leaves. -N. W. Rand, in Springfield Union,

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

"And this is 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?"

"It was careless in me, Mattie," the young farmer regretfully admitted. He was a handsome, good-natured fellow, sturdy in frame and pleasing in

speech. He had a whip in his hand, and his wagon loaded with milch cans, was standing at the gate.

"She says she'll get off at Forest station, where you are to meet her." Mrs. Henderson said, her eyes once more on

"Oh, pshaw," cried the husband with an impatience unusual with him. "I can't. I must have my milk at Beaver station on time. Why didn't she come over the road most convenient to me?"

"I suppose she'll have to walk here," replied the young wife. "And as she says that she intends to stay three weeks, no doubt she has brought her trunk with her-a trunk of no mean dimensions. I'll venture to predict. I am a good deal more put out about it than you are. There's the butter to churn, the clothes to iron, the currant jelly to make, and goodness only knows what else. She'll be too dainty to lay a hand to anything, and will spend her time reading, sleeping and lolling in the hammock. She might have waited to be asked."

"I know it will prove an infliction," the husband consolingly said. "But I guess there's nothing to do but to bear it. Things may not turn out so bad as you fancy they will."

He got into the wagon and drove off. Mrs. Henderson walked into the spring house to churn the butter. She was seldom peevish and rarely complained, but the visit really seemed inopportune. She was not very strong, and as she worked early and late and took no recreation, it was beginning to tell on her nerves.

The farm was not entirely paid for, and they were not able to keep a girl. She was a sensible little woman, and felt that it was her duty to second her thrifty husband's efforts. Leisure, if not competency, would come by and by.

In descending the steps of the spring house, she fell and sprained her ankle. the pain so great that she almost

"That means a week of enforced idleness," she despairingly thought. "Time so precious, and that fashionably reared niece of George's more of a hindrance than a help. Oh, dear!"

After much painful effort she succeeded in reaching the sitting room, and threw herself upon the comfortable lounge. She fell into a doze, and when she opened her eyes there stood Fanny Atwood, looking down into her face.

She had on a plain, sensible looking traveling dress. Her figure was compact, her complexion healthy, her air cheerful, her demeanor self possessed. Her cheeks were dimpled, her mouth indicated resolution, her soft brown eyes offered confidence and invited it. She had walked | cellar. two miles through the hot sun, over a dusty road, but one would hardly have way?" she asked in surprise. thought so, she looked so neat, clean and

"You are my Aunt Mattie, I suppose?" she said, in a low, sweet voice, a smile

lurking among her dimples.
"Yes," Mrs. Henderson said with an Surely your hands effort. "Your uncle forgot to give me your letter until this morning. He could not meet you because he had to deliver any lady's. I put gloves on—and then the milk over at the other railroad at the I have a sort of dainty way of working." be found a young man, exquisitely dressed, and as pretty as a picture in personal appearance. He is a producer to milk over at the other railroad at the I have a sort of dainty way of working. effort. "Your uncle forgot to give me hour you named. I am sorry you had to I can do it well without pitching into it

"I wasn't vexed about it," replied the whitewash the cellar-way, it was right deut of humanity have wondered at the visitor. "Nor am I in a hurry about my for me to whitewash it. I came here to pinl. weeks of narrow chested dudes.

"I sprained my ankle," Mrs. Henderson said, "I am afraid I will not be about George, and to make mysel; useful and for three or four days.'

"That is too bad," commiseratingly rejoined Miss Atwood. "It seems I was right back to New York." just to come. I can do ever so many

"Yes," grimly assented Mrs. Hender-

pok off her aunt's shoe and

siderably swollen," she said. n not surprised," replied Mrs. You'll find a bottle of liniment in the upboard, yonder."

"I wouldn't put liniment on it just

of lead?"

Very likely. Look in that medicine how, do you not?" interrupted Fanny, her hands moving caressingly over her everything there, almost."

dvised Fanny. "Have you any that you-

Fanny found the sugar of lead, and then some linen suitable for a bandage. She put the sugar of lead in a basin, I confess my injustice-why I want to added cold water, soaked the bandage make amends-why Iin it and then wrapped it around the swollen ankle. She went about it like forgiving, sympathetic voice. "I don't a professional nurse.

"That feels very cooling," Mrs. Hen-

derson gratefully said. "There is nothing reduces a swelling like sugar of lead water," replied Fanny. I'll wet the bandage every now and then with it. Just you remain quiet, dearie, and don't bother yourself about anything. You have no girl?"

"No, child," Mrs. Henderson said. "We cannot afford to keep one." "I'll get uncle his dinner," announced

"You'll—get—George his dinner!" Press. Fanny noticed the incredulity in her

tone, laughed prettily, and said: "Why shouldn't I? If you will allow me to skirmish around I'll manage to find things. However, it isn't near dinner time yet. When I went to the kitchen for the basin I saw you had sprinkled the clothes. Shall I iron them?"

She saw the odd smile that came to her tired aunt's lips and correctly inter- with sleep in the healthy; but still the preted it. "Maybe you think I can't iron?" she

pleasantly said. "Just you wait and "But the drees you have on, Miss Atwood? It---

"Was selected for service," completed Fanny. "Of course I'll put on one of

your aprons." When George Henderson returned from his errand, he heard some one singing cheerily in the kitchen. He stepped and saw his niece ironing away as deftly as if she had spent the best part of indvidual. Age, constitution, sex, fatigue, her life at it. She made such a pretty

"How do you do, uncle?" a twinkle of merriment in her brown eyes; then she went and kissed him, standing on tip-toe to do so.

picture that he stood still and looked at

"I'm glad you've come, Fanny," he said with heartiness. ."I suppose Mattie explained why I did not meet you at the station? But, why are you ironing? Where is Mattie?"

'She is lying down, uncle. She fell and sprained her ankle.'

Mr. Henderson stepped into the sttingroom, a look of concern on his face. "Why, dear, how did this happen?" he kindly asked.

"Oh, how does anything happen?" she replied, a little querulously. "Through my own awkwardness, no doubt. I almost fainted, the pain was so great." "Does it pain you now, dear?"

"I am glad to say that it doesn't." I'll bathe it with sugar of lead water." he said. "There isn't anything better." "Fanny has already done that," replied the wife. "It was her own sugges-

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Henderson, with increasing appreciation of his niece. "And she insists upon ironing. pretty mess she'll make of it!"

"Well, maybe not," Mr. Henderson said in a quiet tone. "I watched her a little while. Mattie, you are a good ironer, | more rapid and proficient in figures, esbut she is your equal."

"Oh, nonsense, George!" exclaimed his wife. "Reared in the city, as she

"Didn't necessarily make her a lazy, firm, and the Japanese customer, as there silly, novel-reading imbecile," interrup-ted her husband. "Perhaps we haven't been just to Fanny. I think she is a solid, energetic, capable sort of a girl, and it is lucky that she came."

"Well, I hope it may prove so," doubt-ingly rejoined the wife. "George, there's thousand Chinese to take up their resithe butter!"

"I'll churn that," he said. "We'll get along. Just keep your mind at ease. You will get about much sooner if you

Fanny Atwood prepared dinner, now and then slipping into the sitting-room to wet the bandage, and to chat in her cheery way with her patient.

On the third day Mrs. Henderson was able to hobble to the kitchen, where she found everything in most excellent

"Look at my current jelly," Fanny proudly said, as she held up one of the glass jars to the light. It was translucent

and bright as ruby tinted wine. "It is very nice," Mrs. Henderson said. 'How much sugar did you take?" "Pound for pound," replied Fanny.

'I wasn't extravagant, was I?" "You were wise," her aunt said with

a smile. She opened the door leading into the

"Fanny, did you whitewash the stair-"Yes, auntie. It needed it. I knew you meant to do it, for I saw you had

slacked the lime. Isn't it nicely done?"
"Very nicely," Mrs. Henderson said. "But it wasn't right for you to do it.

all over. If it was right for you to ten minutes. For a long time past stuhelp you and to spare you; to ride the They need wonder no longer. For a horses, to go to the mill with Uncio good, liberal fee, this "blush producer" -welcome. If you are not going to let me work, or have any fun, why, I'll go right back to New York."

She spoke with voluble earnestness, the skin open at all times. The least

her gestures rapid, her dimples dancing.

Mrs. Mattie Henderson sat down in a

chair and cried. "I'll first look after that ankle," the wisitor said, briskly, cheerfully.
She removed her dainty-looking ouffs, "I hope I didn't say anything—"

"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

"Most certainly I do," replied Mrs.

"Don't mind it, aunty," said the sweet,

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 will be sorry when you go," Mrs. Henderson said, and she meant it. "My

prejudices misled me, and I have been

aught a lesson. Hereafter I'll not be so

hasty in estimating people, especially before I have met them."—Detroit Free

The Proper Amount of Sleep.

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 acci-

dental causes may temporarily interfere

rule holds good, and a normal brain re-

veals 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 impossi-

ble to adopt any maxim or uniform cus-

tom. The due allowance varies with the

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. Wo-

men have by common consent been as-

signed a longer period of rest than mer.

their doing hard work, is in strict accord

with their generally lighter physical con-

struction and recurrent infirmities. Abso-

lute rule there is none, and it is of little

moment to fix an exact average allowance

provided the recurrence of sleep be regu-

ar 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 im-

Chinese Accountants in Japan.

foreigner, particularly the American, says

and Express. On stepping into a bank,

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 mon-

eys passing through the office. Two

reasons for this: First, experience has

proven the Chinese accountants to be

pecially in counting money, than any

other nationality; second the Chinaman

is a reliable "middleman," for racial

reasons, between the bank officers or

is no danger of any conspiracy between

this Chinese official and the natives of

this country. Heavy bonds are given by

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 after-ward like an old quid of tobacco.

It is a woman's habit, and has taken

the place of chewing gum to a great ex-

tent, but I have seen one or two young

men experimenting with the tea, and it

but I think that no man who uses tobac-

co can get any stimulant out of tea. It's

rather harmless, and the stimulating ef-

fect 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 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-

A Professional Blush Producer.

and Broadway, says the St. Louis Times-

Star, in a prettily furnished office, can

culine check a sweet pink tint inside of

will place the softest of healthy pink

tints on any face. The artist-if he may

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.

Not very far from the corner of Locust

chewing appears to us now.

the Celestial gentleman holding this re

dence in Yokohama alone.

One custom interests exceedingly the

possible .- London Lancet.

and this arrangement, in the event of

Insomnia is rightly regarded as one of

"I am glad you have come, Fanny, and

aunt's hair.

Henderson, explosively.

I would despise myself."

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

my thoughts. I supposed that you would annoy me, and hinder me; that you The Way to Make Money-He Was a would be helpless, selfish, fault-finding; 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 That you take such an interest in, sonny?"
The boy at the title gave a look
And answered: "The Way to Make
Money." censure you, and it's all right now.

"Of plans to make money there isn't a one Beats mine, I am confident, sonny. Give eighteen hundred pounds to the ton And you'il find that's the weigh to make

HE WAS A LOUD TALKER. Husband-"Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person?" Wife—"Well, you needn't talk so loud; I'm not deaf."—Yankes Blade.

VERY FUNNY.

Wife (looking up from paper)-"Isn't married life funny? Here-

Husband (endeavoring to pacify the twins)-"Hanged if I see anything funny about it."-Epoch. A BAD CASE.

Miss Luendi (bursting into the doctor's office)-"Doctor, doctor, you must come down to the house at once. Doctor-"Why, what's the matter?

Miss Luendi-"I am. But as there was no one to send, I came myself."-

SLIGHTLY FORGETFUL. Judge-"Have you ever been sentenced to punishment before?" Accused-"Yes; I had to pay

once for striking a man." "Was there any other case?" "No-yet stay, it comes to my mind now that I was once in jail for fifteen us kiss and make up."-Epoch. years."- Wasp.

A DISINTERESTED LOVER.

"Are you going to break off your engagement with Miss Prentice?" inquired Merritt. "I hear she will be a cripple for life through that railway accident. "I intended to break it off at first," returned his friend, "but I have just

heard that the company has offered her \$20,000 in settlement."—The Epoch. THE LATEST STEAL. "I intend to steel my heart against all

sentimental feelings," said the confirmed bachelor. "Wouldn't you rather have somebody else steal it?" asked the bewitching

He thought he would, and they stole away and got married .-- Yankee Blade.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. "Any oysters this morning, ma'am?" almost anywhere in Japan, to have a be anxiously asked.

"I guess not." "But you generally buy of us!" "Yes.

"Didn't the last can give satisfaction?"
"N-o, it didn't. I found it two oysters short and a large piece of shell in the juice!"-Detroit Free Press.

COUNSEL ASSIGNED.

Mr. Rising Briefly-"How's that case of Bill Jenkins getting along? I see you've taken charge of it.'

Mr. Snap Gammon-"Oh, first-rate; I just got \$50 out of him, and he's to give me another fifty in the morning." Mr. Rising Briefly-"That's good; but where's Bill?"

Mr. Snap Gammon-"Bill? Oh, he's all right. He's in jail."-Puck.

DESERVED IT, TOO.

sponsible position. This and some other lines of business have induced over two Mr. Watts-"I was reading just now about the richest woman in the world." Mrs. Watts-"I know who is the richest woman in the world without having to read."

Mr. Watts-"Who is it?" Mrs. Watts-"I am, for I've got you, darling, and that makes me the richest woman in the world, even if I haven't got a bonnet fit to be seen on the street.' She will wear a new bonnet to church

next Sunday .- Terre Haute Express. A BRAVE HUSBAND. "John, wake up! I hear a noise in the may get to be a regular fad. I tried it.

(Jumping out of bed.) "Don't be afraid, Maria; I'll drive him out. Be calm, darling. "Don't go down that steep stairway

with your revolver cocked, John. It might go off before you are ready. (Crawling back into bed.) "Mrs. Billus, if you haven't any confidence in my management of burglars you can take the revolver and go down yourself."-

Chicago Tribune.

QUITE A DUDE. Aged Party-"I would like to look at

some goods for a suit of clothes for my-Tailor-"Yes, sir. How would some

of those worsteds suit you? They are considered the correct thing for gentlemen of about your age."
Aged Party-"I don't think they are youthful enough."
Tailor-"Not youthful enough?"

Aged Party-"Well, they might be youthful enough for me; but when they come to be cut down for my grandson I think the pattern would be a little too somber. He is quite a dude, George is." - Chicago America.

A CAUTIOUS REJOINDER.

No town in the world, Rome and Na-An elegantly dressed woman asked to be shown some silk for gowns, and made the unfortunate clerk hand down and the unfortunate clerk hand down and persuasiveness with their soft accents and persuasiveness with their soft accents and

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. at, which involved the turning over of '

he 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 has 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 To see him go over the falls in a cask, 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, could sue you for breach of promise?" Mr. Finley Place-"Oh, I guess not." "Why, sir, did you not ask me to

"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.

HER FORGIVENESS.

"You have played me false," she cried,

and I'll cast you off forever. "Speak not hastily, love," he returned. "If you won't let me come to see you

any more I'll destroy myself." "I don't care," she replied jealously. 'If you kill yourself that hateful Carrie can't marry you."

"Of course not. But you see my life is insured for twenty thousand, and I've fixed it so that she will get the money on my death."

"In that case, dear," she sobbed, "let

VERY POLITE.

A shabbily dressed man of humble mien softly opened the door of a small restaurant near the court house a few days ago, and those eating at the tables listened to the conversation that fol-

"Do you want your front oiled?"

"No, sir," replied the proprietor. "I can do it in a little while." "No, sir, not to-day." "I'll do it cheap.

"No, money's tight just now." "I'll do it for a dollar'n' half." "No, sir," sharply.

The meek individual thought for a oment, and then with a touch of sadness in his voice, exclaimed:

"You'll excuse me for coming in?" "Ccrtainly," was the reply, and the polite stranger withdrew.—Philadelphia

WISE WORDS.

There is no man so bad but has a cret respect for the good.

No evil action can be well done, but a good one may be ill done. No individual or nation ever rose to eminence in any department which gave

itself up to childish complaints. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water

around it.

To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, Men of thought, without suspecting it,

govern the world; and men in power, also without suspecting it, are governed by the world. Good nature and good manners may be classed under "whatsoever things are

lovely" in entire satisfaction-both essential and ornamental. Those who assume to correct all the so-called errors of their friends will soon have so small a circle of friends that the

task will be easy. A hundred times more trouble is caused by men who can get work but won't work, than by the men who want work but cannot get it.

It is more honorable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by over "John, wake up! I hear a noise in the cagerness in the pursuit of truth than to kitchen. There's somebody in the be safe from blundering by contempt

The truest help we can render to an afflicted man is, not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.

Modest Benevolence.

Two very pretty girls in Boston re-cently attended service in a church where they were strangers. When the time came for taking up the collection they found, to their dismay, that they had but one cent between them. And there, coming up their side of the aisle with the plate was a lovely young man with whom they were slightly acquainted. They simply wouldn't put that solitary cent in the plate, and to put in nothing was not to be thought of. Then one of the girls bethought her that she had a small envelope in her pocket. She pulled it out, dropped the coin in it, sealed it, and when the lovely young man came along she dropped the envelope in with an air that made the collector think it contained a \$5 note .- Buffalo Courier.

The Mexican Beggars.

ples possibly excepted, has more beggars than the City of Mexico. Many of them to any decision.

Finally she concluded she would prefer some patterns that she had first looked to be swindled out of a few coppers by

Oh, the man with a fist like the hoof of a

That can discount the kick of a mule in its

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

In a glamour of gold for a while can he bask If he pleases the asses

Who gather in masses

If like a cyclop you have only an eye; If you happen a midget,

You are bound to succeed and you needn't

So, away with your Latin, away with your

All the training you need is to harden your cheek.

Who harvest the dollars. And the wreath's on the head of the museum

-Charles M. Snyder, in Lippincott.

Does the crow ever mope over any lost

Whaling grounds-Country school

interior decorators. Talking about wheelmen, when they toil not neither do they spin.

a round sum to square up with. The ocean greyhounds have no time

continually depreciate natural vanity. It was a butcher who remarked that four quarters were less than the whole .-

"Excuse me," said a tramp, as he was

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"

Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing

Mr. Gustus Phew-"Will you remember me when I am far away?" Miss Sally Day-"How far away are you going ?"-Puck.

Weekly. Mildred (who hears that her aunt is going to take a fencing lesson)-"Oh,

per's Bazar. pears." Mother-"Why, Tommy, you have eaten five or six already." "Well,

Jonnny-"What did the minister mean when he said something about a place where thieves do not break through and steal?" Mr. Dumpsey-"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 Norristown Herald.

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 Wiscon-

there's money in it."-Munsey'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 Applicant-"I am qualified to fill that, sir. I did the best

last year."- Yenowine's News. "I don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse; "but, still, I thought it rathe 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.

A necklace composed of tiger's claws mounted in diamonds is the favorite ornament of Baroness Marie Ede 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 Nepaul.—Phila-

A Toronto (Canada) inventor says his ship will cross the ocean in four days.

DEGENERATE DAYS.

ask.

If you only are born with a head set awry;

Or have one extra digit,

They are thumpers, not scholars,

freak.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Maine barber has fallen "hair" to a handsome fortune. A skilful cook is the most popular of

Many an honest debtor wishes he had

to consider barks at sea .- Picayune, The most self-conceited are those who

The pen is mightier than the sword; but the pencil isn't much good without

led to the wood shed, "but I am not

what I'm afraid of, doctor."-Yankee The pug dog fills many a man with the disappointing thought that he might be handsome if he were only ugly

to be told it once more .- Somerville Journal.

Thompson (proudly)-"Robinson you see that gun? My wife killed a bear with that once." Robinson-"Ah, indeed! What was she shooting at."-Munsey's

auntie, do take me with you. I'd love to see you jump over the fences!"-Har-Tommy-"Mamma, give me some

them ain't the ones I want. It's them in the basket I'm after."- Texas Siftings.

much thought, mum" he replied; "but I'd vote for the chrysanthy, mum."-Snowberry-"Speaking of the oldfashioned custom of writing 'finis' at the end of a book makes me think of my

sin who swallows coins whenever he has an opportunity. "What do you want him for?" asked a friend. "Because

long distance work in Yell College, sir,

The Lady and the Tiger.