

THE BOWL OF WASTED THINGS.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the Hall of Wasted Things...

Now with these I'd find deposit some few things of my own...

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE suburban road was gay with the plumes of flowering lilacs...

"It's no use?" he repeated, for she still kept silence...

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk."

"My poor dear," he said—and she did not resent the words...

"I will you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids...

"Are you asleep, Sissy, my own?" said the little voice.

"No, my sweetheart; Rose bent over the bed. Does it want anything...

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

"Well, whether or no," said Vynle, "I'll go out into the wood...

"Nurse," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?"

"Well, kneel down and tell God I shall die if I don't hear the nightingale."

"The dusk was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillow and shining eyes fixed on the slowly darkening squares of the window...

"Open the window, nurse, my dear," she said softly when the night had all but fallen.

Rose gathered her little sister in her arms and together they listened to the song of the nightingale...

"She's asleep," whispered Rose, "I'll stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission; "or he's more than ill."

"Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh, Tom, it isn't my fault, is it?"

"It was for Vynle," he said. "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how you used to call the robin thing, but it was all I could do for the dear. And it did her good. You said so."

"Don't," he said, feebly; "it was nothing. Just a little thing to please the child."

"You're sorry for me," he whispered. "You needn't be. I can't even be understood in this. Your face—your dear face—I don't in the least mind dying now."

"No, my sweetheart; Rose bent over the bed. Does it want anything. Will it have some milk—some fizzy milk?"

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

"Well, whether or no," said Vynle, "I'll go out into the wood and tell him all about it if he sings in that wood next year."

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE. Awful Suffering of the Victims of the Trade in Humanity.

Every one knows how wearisome it is to lie for any great length of time in one position, even on a well-made bed.

Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heeled by the wind.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy.

Howland—Well, my landlord called for his rent for the third time this month.

Howland—Of course you didn't have the money to pay him.

She—Have you ever formed any idea of what an awful really looking creature that was, with horns and wings and claws and a most horrible expression?

He—The ghin-gam dog and the calico cat. Side by side on the table sat: 'Twas midnight twelve, and what do you think!

Next morning where the two had sat they found no trace of the dog or cat; but the ghin-gam dog and the calico cat were still there.

Mr. Wibleton—He has always been my aim in life to say nothing rather than say anything.

Willard Aldrich Has His Coffin Made in an "L."

When the queer casket was built he had it taken to his home to test it, gave the undertaker instructions as to glass front, hinges and inscriptions.

First Mendicant—What did you give up the "Blind Man" racket for?

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Reader of The Household.

In the Palais des Industries Diverses, at the Paris Exposition, there was a wonderful album where all the French, as well as visiting foreign children, shouted with delight.

Doing and Not Doing. "Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharfs in Boston and addressing a well-known merchant.

Backward Cakes are Gravy. Of'n when we get to dreamin' of the happy days of yore...

Used to be a stand 'n' watch her beat the batter in the crock.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

With a few toothpicks and a piece of wax a great many objects can be made of, chairs, tables, boxes and many other objects that it is fun for children to plan out for themselves.

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TRUMPET CALLS.

Helping others is the best self-help.

Expansion in soul is one of the laws of the heaven of Christ.

The world is a hotel and not a home to the Christian.

He who lets the offering basket go will have less cause to blush than he who tries to make a nickel ring like a dollar.

HARD DRIVING IN RUSSIA. Horses Travel Three abreast over the roughest roads.

Russian trotting horses, so dear to the heart of the fashionables in St. Petersburg, form a distinctive class similar to the trotters and pacers of this country.

These animals owe their origin as a distinctive class to Count Orloff Tschermensky—who, on behalf of Catherine II, played the chief part in strangling the unfortunate Peter III.

Count Orloff died in 1810 and his stud from which all the trotting studs in Russia were formed, was afterward bought by the Russian government.

The Russian Trotting Club is a wealthy institution, largely patronized by the nobles and the gentry.

When driving a trotting horse in a sulky the driver usually sits on his horse's long tail to keep him steady in his gait.

Movable Targets in Germany. Movable targets of a new sort have been invented for the use of the German army.

Summer Herdships. "Do you suffer much in the summer?" "I was getting along all right until my nephew sent me a railroad pass that I can't get time to use."

Practical Information. "Say, pa," asked the little son of a railway conductor, "what's an ex-chief?"

None Whatever. Flustered Old Lady—Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to the bridge?

WOMEN MUST SLEEP.

Avoid Nervous Prostration. If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician?

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