

IN THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

Far and dim lies the Valley of Silence, Deep in the borders of Shadowland.

The Two Silver Bullets.

BY W. BERT FOSTER.



HE long, narrow room, the only entrance to which was by a tortuous passage behind old Leopold's tobacco shop, was but dimly lighted by the flaring blaze of the filthy candles set into a three pronged candlestick in the middle of the table.

the hat along the board. I am not a coward; but something seemed to be stifling me, and I could scarcely refrain from crying out. I felt that the black bean would fall to me; yet I know not why.

path and waited. The pistol was in my bosom—my hand upon it. I could not fail to hit the mark, for he would pass within a yard of me.

LADIES OF THE CABINET.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Wishing. 'I'll wish to be a princess and to have a horse to ride.



And have some footmen, brave and tall, To walk close by my side.

To be a princess, really, true, With long, long golden hair, With forty maids, all dressed in white, To stand around my chair.

And have a park a mile around, With trees and paths and flowers, And birds' nests full of eggs and things, And castles and some towers.

And I will live forever there Until a prince will come With long black hair, and look quite fierce, And take me to his home.

A Good Reason. 'Why did you tumble down, my boy?' the kindly teacher cried.

Old Bronze. 'It's the strangest thing,' said Jessie, with wide-open eyes.

They all laughed, for the geranium and pansies were smiling up in the sunshine. One day the children came home early from school.



softly over the stones until, before summer was gone, the rocky looked like a bank of flowers.—Chicago Ledger.

The Game of Kangaroo. In this odd game of chance a toy kangaroo operates the balls and is responsible for the winning and losing.

It was strange. Out in a corner of the garden was a rockery. On the rockery was an iron basket made to hold flowers.

Every day the children visited it and found that something was doing mischief. It was very plain that the seeds and bulb were trying to do their duty.

And it kept on day after day. 'It must be rats,' said Jack.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh. 'DON'T forget, then Ann, that your master is a colonel.'

WIFE.—'Don't you believe the gas meter is defective in some way?' Husband.—'It may be, but I notice that it is able to fill the bill every month.'

SMITH-JONES.—'How do you manage to keep up your mental energy so well?' Smith-Brown.—'My wife gives me a piece of her mind every morning before I start to work.'

LOVE in a cottage is becoming a board of health affair. Although bread has thus far been exempt, diphtheria bacilli have been found in the cheese and kisses.—Philadelphia Ledger.

STILLINGFLEET.—'What would you do with a tailor who never has your trousers done at the time he has contracted to deliver them?' Wienbiddle.—'Sue him for breeches of promise.'

MRS. SKELETON BANG.—'What new dishes have you had since you have your new cook?' Mrs. Tinkle.—'A whole new dinner set and several extra pieces besides, and she's only been here a week.'

NURSE.—'Luke at the awkward little rascal! Tryin' to put his tathin' ring in his eye.' Fond Mother.—'It is not awkwardness at all, Mary Jane; it is instinct. He takes it for a monocle.'—Indianapolis Journal.

STUDIOUS BOY.—'What is the meaning of 'market value' and 'intrinsic value?'" Father.—'The 'market value' is the price you pay for a thing; 'intrinsic value' is what you get when you sell it to a second-dealer.'—Tid-Bits.

AMY.—'I remember your friend Clare married Mr. Nicotine so as to reform him. He was such an intemperate smoker. How did she succeed?' Joe.—'Perfectly. He gave up tobacco entirely—and took to drink.'—Arkansas Traveler.

'HOT!' he exclaimed. 'Well, I should say so. And the least exertion wears me all out.' And while his wife toted a crying baby around he wandered downtown and walked eight miles and forty two laps around a billiard table.—Minneapolis Journal.

WHEN a young man returns from a picnic and says he had a good time, after rowing boats and pulling lilies for summer girls, and eating lunch in a pasture with the bugs, it is just as much a lie as though he said he caught three hundred fish or killed a bear.—Acheson Globe.

GLASSSEATER.—'Ad' 'Wot's de trouble now? Manager—De two-headed man's more bodder den he's wort'. I came around to-night wid de week's salary, an' de right head said it was his turn ter get de swag; den up pops de left an' calls de right head a liar; an' dere scrappin' yet!—Syracuse Post.