

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

BY JAY JACQUES.

(The remains of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," left the shores of Tunis Jan. 4, 1883, on board a French steamer bound for Marseille, whence they were forwarded to America.)

John Howard Payne! thy sacred bones Should rest upon their native shore; A thousand welcomes to the ship That bears thee to thy home once more.

Mohammedan and Christian were To lose the well-loved dust of one Whose name, poetic soul had crept Into their inmost hearts and homes.

For three decades their loving hands Had guarded well thy foreign tomb, And dusky lips in Africa's land Sang oft thy tender "Home, Sweet Home."

John Howard Payne, thy simple soul, From every opulent and splendid throne Where summer evening lovers throng And one by one take up thy notes.

In every word, home-loving heart, Though rich or poor, though high or low, Thy "Home, Sweet Home" has touched a chord Responsive to its ebb and flow.

In "palace home," in pleasure's hall, Thy strains float out to dancing feet, The noisy revelers heed their call, And roving Arabs of the street

Take up the strain with loud acclaim, While breast with wail and voice with woe Sing on, of "home, sweet home," and "Home, sweet home," they never cease.

'Tis not the poet's fery words That touch our fancy for a time, And stir our passions and our blood, And make us half in love with crime.

'Tis not grave wisdom's learned voice, But thoughts like thine, one common theme, Thy love, half mixed with pain and tears.

These words inscribed with iron pen, In slabs which guard thine empty tomb End echo in one grand name: That swells from every heart and home:

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THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave her a good deal of my mind, and told him I didn't care if I never saw him again. Why? Oh, well, I didn't like her; she wasn't the sort of a girl I'd have chosen. I have never seen her, but I know she wasn't. A mighty young thing, just from boarding school, who couldn't make a shift, or bake a loaf of bread; but there was Miss Fish, a plain girl, to be sure, but so good, a splendid housekeeper, and all that. I always liked Almeda Fish; and Gregory to go and marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I told him what I thought of him and her, and the boy showed his temper, and for six months I never saw him.

I bore it as long as I could, but a mother must be a fool about her only boy; so one day, as he wouldn't come to me, I went to him, at the rascal knew I would. I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to scold him, but something came over me that made me choke to keep the tears back, and before I knew it we had kissed and made friends.

"And now you'll go and see Fanny," said he; "and you'll see there when I come home at night." And after a little coaxing I said I would go—and more than that, I went.

The house was a cunning little place a mile or two out of town, and I must say, it was very neat outside.

I rang the bell, it shone just as it ought to, and before it stopped tinkling some one opened the door. It was a pretty young woman in a blue dress, wrapper, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory Bray was at home, she answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been expecting you an age, but better late than never."

"How do you know I was coming?" I asked, puzzled to know how she knew me, for we had never met before.

"Oh, I didn't know," said she. "Indeed, I had made up my mind you wouldn't; but it is a long way out here, I know. Come right up stairs. Miss Jones was here yesterday to eat and baste, but we will find as much as we can do to do the trimming between us."

"Cool," I thought. Then I said, "I suppose you are having a dress made."

"A suit," she said, "a skirt, overskirt, basque and dolman. I do hope you make nice button-holes."

"I should hope I do," said I. "I would be ashamed of myself if I could not."

"So many can't," said she; "but I told Miss Jones to bring me an experienced hand, and she said there was no better than Mrs. Switzer."

Now I began to understand. My daughter-in-law took me for a seamstress she expected, and if ever a woman had a chance I had one now. Not a word did I say, only I wondered if seamstresses generally came to work in gross grain silk and a cashmere shawl; and I sat down in the rocking chair she gave me and went to work with a will. I can sew with anyone, and as for button-holes—but this is not my story.

"She was a pretty girl, that daughter-in-law of mine, and very chatty and sociable. I talked of this and I talked of that, but not a word did she say about her mother-in-law. I spoke of people I had known who had quarreled with their relations, but she did not tell me that her husband's mother had quarreled with him.

"At last I spoke right out about mothers-in-law. I said: "As a rule, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law don't agree."

"She said: "That's a very wrong state of things."

"Well," said I, "I suppose it is; but how do you account for it?"

"I suppose young people are selfish when they are first in love," said she, "and forget old people's feelings."

"It was an answer I did not expect. It is plain you are friendly with your mother-in-law," said I.

"I am sure I should be if I had ever seen her."

"Oh, then, I have been misinformed," said I. "I was told that Mr. Gregory Bray was the son of Mrs. Bray, who lives on — street."

"That is perfectly true, but still we have never met."

"How singular," said I. "I've heard she was a very queer old lady."

"You haven't heard the truth then," said my daughter-in-law. "My husband's mother is a very fine woman in every respect. But when my husband told her suddenly that he was going to marry a girl she never saw, she was naturally startled, and said some things about me, knowing I was fresh from boarding school and no housekeeper, that offended Gregory, and so there has been an estrangement. I think my dear husband a little to blame, and I have urged him a dozen times to go and see her. He is very fond of her, and thinks no one like her in any thing; but his temper is up, and it

LAST OF THEIR RACE.

A STRIKING COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

A Group of Moose Now Being Mounted by the Taxidermists—The Noble Animals So Scarce the Specimens Have with Great Difficulty Been Secured.

NE of the most striking objects of collection of objects in the National Museum at Washington is the huge case containing what is known as the buffalo group. This represents a small section of Montana scenery, a spot in the prairie where there is a pool of water and a group of buffalo mounted by the taxidermist in most life-like attitudes gathered about the pool. The animals were secured by Mr. Hornaday in his famous hunt "for the last of the buffalo." The scenic accessories down to the last little tuft of prairie grass were arranged by Mr. Hornaday, and the buffalo were mounted by him, all in faithful conformity with nature, which he had ample opportunity for studying.

Soon there will be placed near this buffalo group another of equal size and importance. It will tell as well as one such collection can the life history of the moose. The moose group will be made up in part of trophies of Col. Cecil Clay's. The scene to be represented has been all planned and sketched in black and white by Mr. Hornaday. Joseph Palmer, the taxidermist, is mounting the moose in the various attitudes they will assume in the complete group. Col. Clay, who has taken much interest in the work and has given personal direction to many of the details, has gone on a trip to Canadian wilds partly for the purpose of securing right from the spot where the moose were shot the trees, shrubbery, stumps, and grass required

Calling a Boy Up in the Morning.

If you want your boy to get up by eight o'clock you will be obliged to commence operating on him by six. A boy never begins to sleep in earnest until it is time to get up. Over night, you must tell him that it is absolutely essential to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that he should get up by eight o'clock, and make him understand that his honor is at stake.

Then set the alarm clock right by his head, and wind it clear up, so that when it goes off at seven, next morning, the whole neighborhood will hear it, and think there is a fire somewhere.

In the morning, after you have cleared your throat, you can begin to call your boy. The earlier you start out at it the more vocal exercise you will get.

When you have yelled up the stairway all that you feel that you can, go up stairs, and fire away at him from the hall. Then, cheered and inspired to fresh efforts by his resounding roar, open his chamber door and shake him, and rub his face with the towel. If you work with a will, and your hands are moderately cool, you will probably at the end of half an hour's hard work, elicit the sleepy inquiry:

"What's wanted? Who's—a—wanting me—to get up this time of night?"

Now your boy will sit up in bed and rub his fists into his sleepy eyes, and it would take an hour's hard work to make him understand that he is the same boy who was warned over night to be on hand at eight this morning.

He will give up the attempt to rub open his eyes in despair, and sink back again among the pillows, and if you mean to conquer, you have got to make a dash for it.

There are some very curious facts about boys who cannot wake up in the morning—facts which go to show that science has not yet succeeded in explaining everything.

This same boy of whom we have been writing, will get up on the morning of July 4th at one o'clock, and nobody to call him! It is just as easy as sliding down hill. He will get up to go fishing with Bill Jones at any hour Bill may name. He is always up in season to see his big sister's bean take his departure on Monday morning about cock-crow.

He can get up and get ready to go on the train which leaves at seven a. m., when there is a circus in prospect.

He is an early riser when he will sit, but on other occasions you might as well try to wake up the sentinel on the soldier's monument on your village common.

And his mother will exclaim him, and tell her next door neighbor whose boys are all girls, that poor Willie works so hard at school, and grows so fast, so he needs all the sleep he can get, and it seems to be the shame to wake him up to eat breakfast with the family.

And so Willie is left in bed till he sees fit to get out of it, and the breakfast-table stands, and the kitchen-girl's temper is spoiled, and so are the muffins and the baked potatoes; and when Willie grows up and gets a family of his own, he will try his wife's temper, and he will set the bad example of unpunctuality to his children.

So, therefore, we say to him: "Willie, get up the first time you are called."—Kate Thorn, in New York Weekly.

"Miss Jennie and Me."

One evening a man, tall and spare, surrounded by a country atmosphere, cautiously approached the desk at Willard's Hotel, Washington, and hesitatingly said that he wanted a room. Mr. Harris placed the register before him and handed him a pen.

"What's that for?" inquired the would-be guest.

"Sign your name, please," was the reply.

"I've got a lady with me. It's my wife—we've just got married," was the faltering remark of the visitor.

"Then write her name on the register," was the advice given.

An inspection a moment later revealed the following entry:

"Miss Jennie and me"

TWO ALMOST perfect spheres about four inches in diameter—one black and of vegetable origin and the other white and of mineral product—were lately exhibited to the Geneva Society of Physics and Natural History. Both were remarkable as having been produced by a mechanical movement. The black ball was one of two produced by the slow rolling together of dust in a cavity of the oak shaft of an old mill-wheel, and the white ball was a calcareous deposit found with many others in a grotto traversed by a torrent flowing into the Rhone.

THE SPEARING OF FISH.

METHODS OF PURSUING THIS PISCATORIAL SPORT.

The Kerosene Torch Has Superseded the Old-Fashioned Pine Knots and Wire Back Halbs of Different Kinds of Fish and the Difficulty in Successfully Impaling Them.

HE SPEAR WAS at one time regarded as an honorable and effective implement of war, but now it is only used by barbarians and sportsmen. Our inland rivers and coast creeks are lit up every night with the torches of fishermen in quest of the silver eel or the pickerel. Fish spears have long been laid away, for spearing fish during the spawning season is a crime that should call down all the thunders of the piscatorial Jove. Yet, such fish slayers do exist.

Visitors along the bays of our coast and inland streams may now see when they are walking abroad in the calm evenings, light-like enlarged will-o'-the-wisps floating from point to point among the shallows. They investigate them, to find the mystery resolve itself into a boat with two men, one to pole the boat and one to spear the fish. The light proceeds from an upright about three feet high, from which projects an arm of about the same length, the end of which is a broad, flat, two-quart can fitted with a faucet and holding kerosene, which flows fast or slow as desired along the arm, which is hollow and saturates the bundle of tow, and the being lightly attracts the fish and shows them plainly to the spearer.

In the old days an open-work cresset of iron was filled with dry pine-knots, which

dermist, by utilizing the skull and bones of the animal, secures outlines and dimensions for which nature is responsible and cannot be questioned. This half-made bull is almost as large as the great cow. Colonel Clay is not satisfied with its size, however, and hopes to secure one to substitute for it—a monarch of its race, which will represent fully the height and size attained by the full-grown old moose bull. This bull is represented standing quietly and naturally in its tracks, with its head about the level of its hump. On the floor lay the leg bones of another moose shot by Colonel Clay, and which soon will have to perform service as part of the skeleton of a moose, whose heart and vitals, circulatory system, muscles and flesh will be excelsior. When the body and limbs have been modeled to accord perfectly with measurements, sketches and casts taken from the animal before it was dismembered the skin has to be put on, and in this the skill of the taxidermist is severely tested. The skin has in the first place to be removed with much care from the animal after it is shot. Then it has to be treated carefully so as to preserve all the natural color and aspect of the coat, and be kept in a flexible condition without either shrinking or stretching. Nature's tailoring is done with much nicety, and even when the taxidermist has nature's own materials, it is not an easy task to secure the same exactness of fit in one place or the soft fold in another as that which characterized the coat of the live animal. The workman has to study his subject thoroughly in order to have his reproduction of nature look comfortable in his skin.

The group, when mounted, will be represented feeding in a clump of trees, birch and ash, such as might be found in the moose country in Northern Maine or Ontario in the autumn.

The boys collected from the woods. The fault of this was that it could only be used in the bow of the boat, and so as to cast the strongest light in an awkward place. The dense smoke also came straight back over the boat, much to the discomfort of the sportsmen. Then the lamp with a reflector was tried. This was dark at the back and was fixed on a pivot allowing to be thrown from side to side, but even with this the strongest light fell too far ahead, so the upright arm came in use, and is more generally used than the other.

The duties of the man with the pole are not easy, and but few people can pole a boat to suit an old spearer. He must strike the bottom hard with his pole, for sound is much increased under water, and the mere concussion of the pole on a rock bottom will scare fish twenty yards away. Then he must pole the boat just so, neither too fast nor too slow, and in a direction to keep the smoke from crossing the boat. When a fish is struck the boat must be steady and held still, or a sudden lifting of the spear will enable the fish to get away. In using the spear considerable skill is required, as will soon be found out by the repeated misses scored at first trying.

One must allow for refraction in making a strike. A perfectly straight stick held upright to a depth of three feet of water will appear to be bent at an angle of 20 degrees, and this angle will decrease when the water becomes shallow, and increase as it deepens. Consequently the first thing to learn is to judge the depth at which the fish lies; at the depth of three feet strike fully a foot behind him if he is coming toward you, and a trifle more if going from you. The best way to try first at fish going against the stream, as in striking with the current the slightest thing varies the accuracy and nothing more so.

ABOUT TO STRIKE

"Hello, Mickey, is that you? I heard you swear once that you would never do a bit of work as long as ye lived."

"So I did; dat's de reason I'm on de force."—Chicago Ledger.

A COLD DEAL.

"Say, Jimmy, what do ye think of a man mean enuf for that? He might a let us come in and asked, anyhow."

AUTUMN POETRY.

His darling—George, dear, how sad and solemn are the thoughts connected with the close of the year. The beautiful summer is dead. The boug of the trees, stripped of their foliage, stand and sway in the chill autumn breezes that sigh through their—

"Whiskers?" suggested George him self.

"No; branches, dearest. And listen to the melancholy chirping of the toad-stools—

"Those are not toadstools; they are crickets, dear."

"Oh, is that so? I knew it was something to sit on!"—Judge.

HE WOULDN'T DO.

"You advertised for a waiter, sir; I should like the position."

"Have you had experience?"

"About five years, sir."

"In what hotel?"

"In no hotel, sir. I am a collector in the subscription department of a newspaper, and I have been waiting about five years for you to pay your subscription."

"You won't do; you are too slow. Call with that bill to-morrow."

THE GAME OF INFORMATION.

The newest game for winter evenings takes the form of an information party, and is begun by passing to each boy a card and to the girls small pieces of paper, which should be numbered from one up to the number of girls in the game. The boys write a number on their cards, and those who discover the same number on their card and paper are partners for the game.

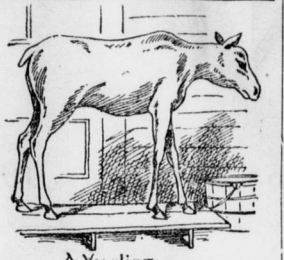
Each couple must think of a question, sensible or ridiculous, historical or in regard to the weather, to be written on cards, after which the cards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the answer, and write the answer, which should be read aloud in turn.

This is where the fun of the game begins, as many of the answers are exceedingly queer.

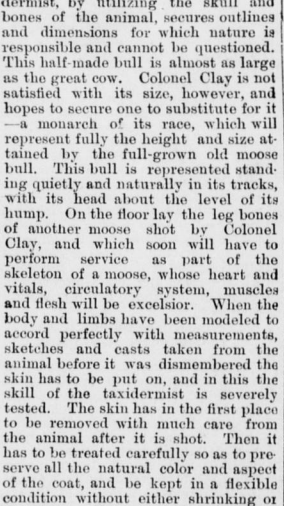
Those having a correct answer mark their card 10; a wrong answer 0; and if the answer is anywhere near right it is counted. When all are read, prizes may be distributed as in progressive games for the best and the poorest record.

This is an amusing game because of the misinformation it elicits. A great many people will be surprised at such questions as to the number of States and Territories, the location of cities in Europe, the names of well-known rulers, and so forth.

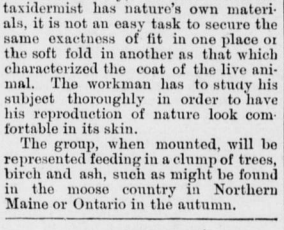
Of course it is not fair to ask for exact dates, like the month, by the length of its legs. A bull shot in Maine stood on the ways near by, not yet ready to be launched. It was the most interesting object in the room to one who wanted to see how a moose is made—that is, a moose made by a taxidermist. It had not had its coat put on yet. The head was there, a genuine moose skull with branching antlers and some deficiencies in the bony structure supplied by the skill of the taxidermist. The body, well rounded out and made in the perfect image of a moose, was composed, so far as the eye could see, of fine "excelsior," wound, and packed, and padded, and mottled, and wired into the form of muscles and flesh. There were the shoulders, and the joints, and the line of the backbone all brought out and well defined. The legs had for their foundation or base the leg bones of the moose rearticulated by the taxidermist and strengthened and supported by slender but strong iron rods bent into proper shape. About



A Yearling.



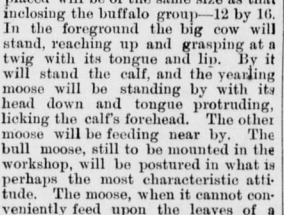
In the Taxidermists Room.



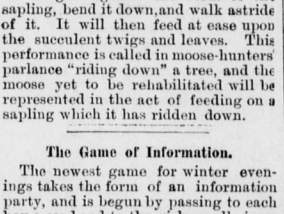
Riding Down a Sapling.



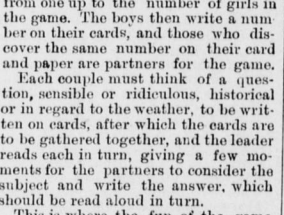
Putting on the Coat.



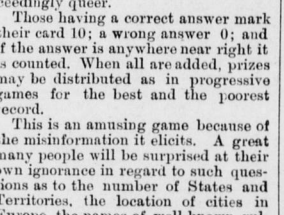
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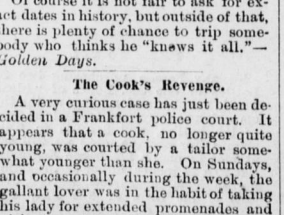
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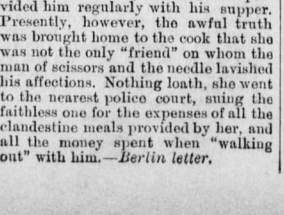
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A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

PERCY was hanging on the front gate at the home of his only love, softly whistling to her to come forth and chin him a spell.

Percy was very happy, for he had just given his rival, Jamison Tough, the cold shake around the corner, and he was fondly anticipating the sweetness of the coming chat with his darling Belinda.

He did not know that Jamison Tough was approaching stealthily on the opposite side of the street, clasping a suspicious-looking something in his right hand, and wearing on his ghoulish face, as a sort of mask, a savage scowl.

Now Belinda was very well, and would never have come forth to the gate to meet Percy, but Percy was boycotted by Belinda's pa, and their meetings were therefore clandestine.

As Percy whistled, the door of the mansion softly opened and Belinda came tripping out.

Percy was in raptures.

The ferocious Jamison Tough, on the opposite side of the street, was stirred to madness. With a horrible imprecation he raised his arm, aimed at Percy's head—

Percy heard a loud report, and Belinda staggered, covered her face with her hands, and shrieked: "I am shot! I am shot!"

Jamison Tough, after his deed, disappeared in the darkness.

Percy would have run to the aid of his only love, but her papa suddenly arrived on the scene and he was forced to hastily decamp. He was in an agony to know the extent of her injury and who was the dastard who had perpetrated the crime.

The solution of the mystery was not reached by him until a few days afterward, when Belinda's little brother suffered himself to be bribed.

Belinda had received the bad egg intended for Percy.

Cornfield Philosophy.

HE silent man at dinner is considered wise. And he is, too, for he is eating while the others are talking. The road to a man's heart is through his stomach; but in the case of the Alderman it is a broad road.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," said the preacher. Nothing will more effectively cure a sluggard of laziness for a time than a lively ant. This teaches us how much good the weak can accomplish.

You may trust the sugar bowl with the boy who is always whistling. Light sweeteners are always among thorns. This is why a man gets stuck on a pretty feminine flower. The man who is always wishing he had what his neighbor has worked to get never has anything himself.

The man of fertile brain and small financial resource can always make a scanty meal seem a feast. This shows that man wants but little here below, but wants that little cheerfully given.

It is said that the early bird catches the worm, but it seems to have escaped the author that this is tough on the worm. He would not have been gobbled up had he stayed in bed a little later.

The old proverb-maker said that a setting hen never gets fat. This may be true, but it is generally looking for a man to indorse his note. Never grind your wheat until you have harvested your crop.

If we could all read each other's secret thoughts on our foreheads, people would all stay in their houses until after dark. It is better to keep your troubles to yourself and not try to pry into other people's affairs.

For the sake of one good crop of wheat on a piece of ground we forget the centuries it produced nothing but weeds. One good deed will cover a world of defects.—Chicago Ledger.

Her Definition of "Tom Cat."

A little Woburn girl who had no brothers or sisters for associates was given a pretty kitten, of which she was very fond and proud. A member of the family ventured to suggest in her presence one day, probably to plague her a bit, that she would not think so much of it when it got to be a great big tom cat, to which she quickly and indignantly replied: "Well, I guess my little kitten never will be a tom cat!" "Do you know what a tom cat is?" was asked. "Yes, I do," she replied, manifesting all the scorn and contempt for the creature she could command, "it is one that climbs trees and acts like a boy."—Woburn City Press.

He Took No Chances.

She—Speak out, Mr. Prudence, if you have anything to say.

He—No, thank you. There's a phonograph hid under the center table, your little brother's under the sofa, the hired girl is listening at the keyhole and your mother is looking over the transom. The only thing that restrains me is my doubt as to the whereabouts of your father.—Chicago Mail.

An Appropriate Epitaph.

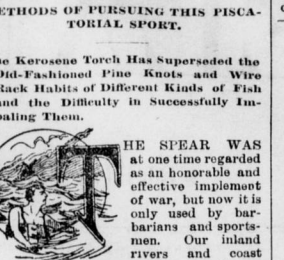
First Citizen—So poor old Joe is dead?

Second ditto—Yes; and some of the boys have clubbed together to get a monument for him. All we want is to decide on an appropriate inscription, fort.

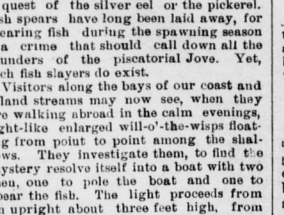
"Why don't you put that line: 'Can stored urn or animated bust—'"

"Animated bust! The very thing. That will remind everybody of the poor old chap."

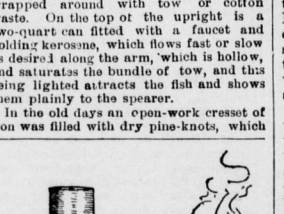
And once more they drained the half-empty glasses standing round, and filled sadly out of their favorite drink.



Spearing from a baited float.



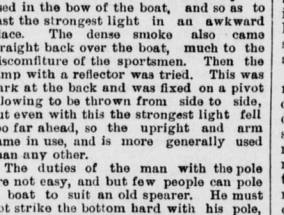
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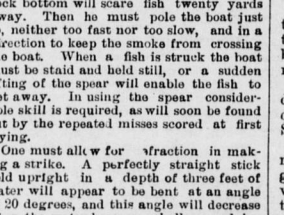
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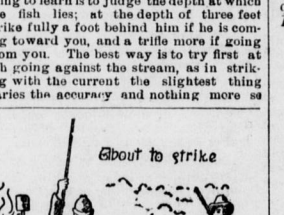
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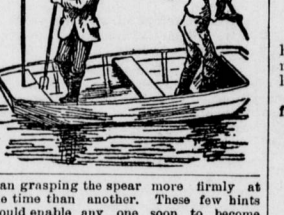
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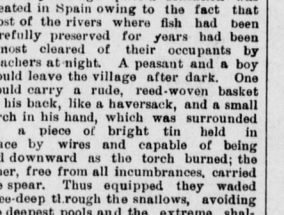
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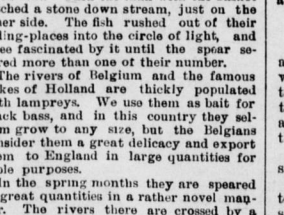
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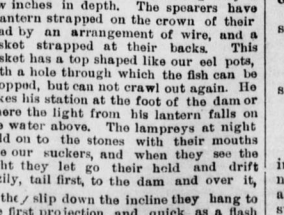
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A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

PERCY was hanging on the front gate at the home of his only love, softly whistling to her to come forth and chin him a spell.

Percy was very happy, for he had just given his rival, Jamison Tough, the cold shake around the corner, and he was fondly anticipating the sweetness of the coming chat with his darling Belinda.

He did not know that Jamison Tough was approaching stealthily on the opposite side of the street, clasping a suspicious-looking something in his right hand, and wearing on his ghoulish face, as a sort of mask, a savage scowl.

Now Belinda was very well, and would never have come forth to the gate to meet Percy, but Percy was boycotted by Belinda's pa, and their meetings were therefore clandestine.

As Percy whistled, the door of the mansion softly opened and Belinda came tripping out.

Percy was in raptures.

The ferocious Jamison Tough, on the opposite side of the street, was stirred to madness. With a horrible imprecation he raised his arm, aimed at Percy's head—

Percy heard a loud report, and Belinda staggered, covered her face with her hands, and shrieked: "I am shot! I am shot!"

Jamison Tough, after his deed, disappeared in the darkness.

Percy would have run to the aid of his only love, but her papa suddenly arrived on the scene and he was forced to hastily decamp. He was in an agony to know the extent of her injury and who was the dastard who had perpetrated the crime.

The solution of the mystery was not reached by him until a few days afterward, when Belinda's little brother suffered himself to be bribed.

Belinda had received the bad egg intended for Percy.

Cornfield Philosophy.

HE silent man at dinner is considered wise. And he is, too, for he is eating while the others are talking. The road to a man's heart is through his stomach; but in the case of the Alderman it is a broad road.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," said the preacher. Nothing will more effectively cure a sluggard of laziness for a time than a lively ant. This teaches us how much good the weak can accomplish.

You may trust the sugar bowl with the boy who is always whistling. Light sweeteners are always among thorns. This is why a man gets stuck on a pretty feminine flower. The man who is always wishing he had what his neighbor has worked to get never has anything himself.

The man of fertile brain and small financial resource can always make a scanty meal seem a feast. This shows that man wants but little here below, but wants that little cheerfully given.

It is said that the early bird catches the worm, but it seems to have escaped the author that this is tough on the worm. He would not have been gobbled up had he stayed in bed a little later.

The old proverb-maker said that a setting hen never gets fat. This may be true, but it is generally looking for a man to indorse his note. Never grind your wheat until you have harvested your crop.

If we could all read each other's secret thoughts on our foreheads, people would all stay in their houses until after dark. It is better to keep your troubles to yourself and not try to pry into other people's affairs.

For the sake of one good crop of wheat on a piece of ground we forget the centuries it produced nothing but weeds. One good deed will cover a world of defects.—Chicago Ledger.

Her Definition of "Tom Cat."

A little Woburn girl who had no brothers or sisters for associates was given a pretty kitten, of which she was very fond and proud. A member of the family ventured to suggest in her presence one day, probably to plague her a bit, that she would not think so much of it when it got to be a great big tom cat, to which she quickly and indignantly replied: "Well, I guess my little kitten never will be a tom cat!" "Do you know what a tom cat is?" was asked. "Yes, I do," she replied, manifesting all the scorn and contempt for the creature she could command, "it is one that climbs trees and acts like a boy."—Woburn City Press.

He Took No Chances.

She—Speak out, Mr. Prudence, if you have anything to say.

He—No, thank you. There's a phonograph hid under the center table, your little brother's under the sofa, the hired girl is listening at the keyhole and your mother is looking over the transom. The only thing that restrains me is my doubt as to the whereabouts of your father.—Chicago Mail.

An Appropriate Epitaph.

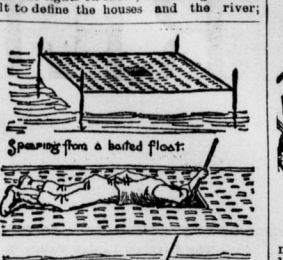
First Citizen—So poor old Joe is dead?

Second ditto—Yes; and some of the boys have clubbed together to get a monument for him. All we want is to decide on an appropriate inscription, fort.

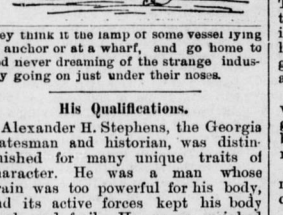
"Why don't you put that line: 'Can stored urn or animated bust—'"

"Animated bust! The very thing. That will remind everybody of the poor old chap."

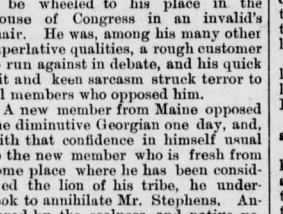
And once more they drained the half-empty glasses standing round, and filled sadly out of their favorite drink.



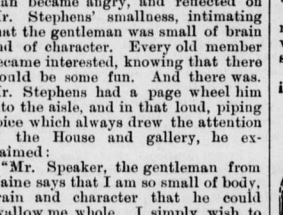
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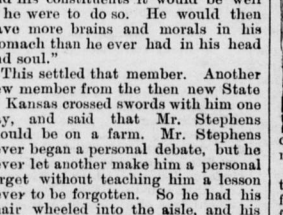
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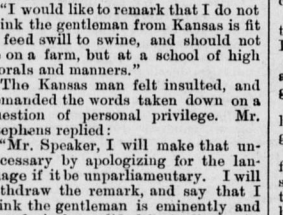
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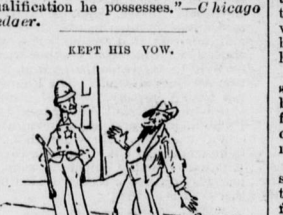
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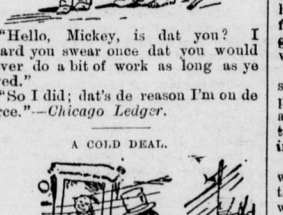
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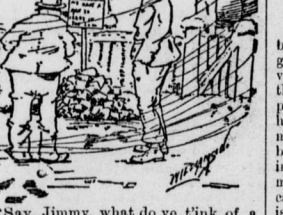
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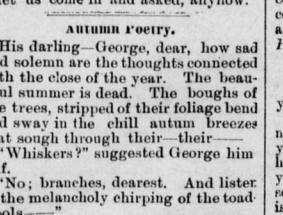
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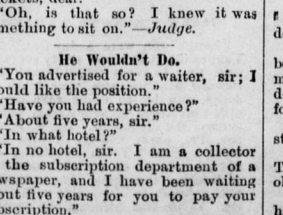
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