BY JAYE JACQUES

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 wepo To lose the well-loved dust of one Whose pure, poetic soul had crept Into their inmost hearts and hon

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

John Howard Payne, thy simple song, From every open doorway floats. Where summer evening loiterers throng And one by one take up thy notes.

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

In "palace home," in pleasure's hall, Thy strains fleat out to dancing feet The noisy newsboys cease their call, And roving arabs of the street

Take up the strain with loud halloo, While barefoot waifs with voices sweet Sing on, of "homes" they never knew, Of "loving smiles" they never meet.

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

'Tis not grave wisdom's learned voice That rings for aye, through deathless But thoughts like thine, one common the Of love, half mixed with pain and teath

These words inscribed with iron pen, In slabs which guard thine empty tomb Find echo in one grand amen That swells from every heart and home: "Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome
With outstretched hands God's angel said,
Welcome to heaven's 'Home, Sweet Hom
RUSHVILLE, Neb.

THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave him a piece 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 knew she wasn't. A flighty 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 Almira Fish; and Gregory to go and marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I fold 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, as the rascal knew I would. I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to socid 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 I'll find you there when I come home at night." And after allittle 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 chintz wrapper, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory Bray was at home, she answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been execting you an age, but better late than

swered:

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

never."

"How did you know I was coming?" I asked, puzzled to know how she knew me, for we had never met be-

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 cut
and baste, but we will find as much as
we can do to do the trimming between
ns."

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 a

"So many can't," said she; "but I told

"So many can't," said she; "but I told Miss Jones to send 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 it seamstresses generally came to work in gros 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.

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 daugh ter-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 of 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."

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

"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."

"I am sure I should be 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."

have never met."
"How singular," said I. "I've heard she was a very queer old lady."

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 hus-band
told her suddenly that he was going to
restry 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 many
things; but his temper is up, and it

will take time to cool it; meahwhile, ifeel quite sure if she knew me she would like me better. Perhaps that is a piece of vanity, but I should try to make her, you know, and I won't fall into absurd superstitions that a woman must hate her mother-in-law. I can't remember my own mother, and Gregory's certainly would seem to come next to her. Now you have the story, Mrs. Switzer."

"I am sure it does you credit, and the old lady ought to be ashamed of herself."

I wanted to get up and kiss my daughter-in-law then and there, but that would have spoiled my fun, so after that I sewed hard and didn't say much, and together we finished the pretty silk dress, and had just finished it when a key in the door caught both our ears.

"That is my husband," said my

it when a key in the door caught both our ears.

"That is my husband," said my daughter-in-law; and I knew it was Gregory. Up stairs he came, two steps at a time, opened the door, and looked at us with a bright smile on his face.

"This is as it should be. Fanny, I shall kiss mother first this time,"

And he put his arms around us both, but Fanny gave a little scream.

"Oh, Gregory! what are you about? This is Mrs. Switzer, who is making my dress. At least, I have thought so all day."

"My dear," said I, "I've played a

my dress. At least, I have thought so all day."

"My dear," said I, "I've played a little trick on you, or rather let you play one on yourself, but you've turned out as good as gold. I could not get you to say a word against the old lady, I am Gregory's mother, my dear, and yours, too, if you'll call me so."

"Indeed I will," said the dear girl, "but I have kept you sewing hard all day. You see, I was expecting a Mrs. Switzer, and I——

"We've been all the more sociable for that, my dear," said I, "and I'm glad it happened. I've been very foolish all the while, and Gregory has chosen a better wife for himself than I could have done."

And so I think to-day, for I believe

I could have done."

And so I think to-day, for I believe there never was a better woman than Gregory's wife Fanny.

Calling a Boy Up in the Morring,

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 morring, the whole neighborhood will hear
it, and think there is a fire somewhere.

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

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 snore, open his chamber door and shake him, and poke him up, as the keeper does the animals at the menagerie. If you work with a will, and your hands are moderately cold, 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

ing—me—to—get up this tin

what's wanted: Who's-a-wanting-me-to-get up this time of night"
And 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 the whole business to go over agais.

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

This same boy of whom we have been writing, will get up on the merning 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 beau take his departure on Monday morning about cockerow.

He can get up and get ready to go on

He can get up and get ready to go on

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 so wills it, 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 excuse him, and tell her next door neighbor whose boys are all girls, that poor Willie works so hard at school, and grows so fast, that he needs all the sleep he can get, and it seems to be a 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."

**Muss Jennie and Me."

One ovening a man, tall and spare, surrounded by a country atmosphere, cautiously approached the desk at Willard's Hotel, Washington, and hesitatizgly said that he wanted a room. Mr. Harris placed the register before him and handed him a pen. "What's thet for?" inquired the would-be guest. "Sign your name, please," was the reply.

"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 both your names on the register," was the advice given.

An inspection a moment later revealed the following entry:

"Miss Jennie & ma"

"Miss Jennic & ma."

Two ALMOST perfect spheres about four inches in diameter—one black and of vegetable origin and the other white and a 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 pebble found with many others in a grotto traversed by a torrent flowing into the Mhone.

LAST OF THEIR RACE.



A Group of Moose Now Reing : Mounted by the Taxidernaists - The Noble Animals so Searce that Speclineas Have with Great Difficulty Been Secured.

NE of the most striking objects or the National Muscum at Washington is the huge case cum at Washington is the huge case cum at Washington is the huge case cum at Washington is the huge case objects of Montana scenery, a spot in the prairie where there is a pool of water and a group of buffalo mounted by the taxidernist 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 seenic 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

falo 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 ins bleak 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.



to make the scene a truthful repre-sentation of what a stealthy hunter who could get near enough to such a group of moose might actually have

sentation or what a scenarily numerical who could get near enough to such a group of moose might actually have seen.

The larger of the rooms occupied by the taxidermist is now devoted almost entirely to the moose. In fact, there is room on the floor for little else, but the shelves are covered with casts, drawings, skies, anthers, and the many materials used by the taxidermist. On one shelf is a cast made from the head of a big moose, showing the great development of the flexible nose—a provision of nature which enables the animal to plow beneath the surface of the forusted snow in winter in search of the foliage of bushes upon which it feeds at that season, and also aids as a horn to give volume and effect to its peculiar and prolonged bellow when calling to its mate.

On low platforms on the floor stand the moose already mounted or in process of mounting. The largest of the group is a cow, and the taxidermist has about completed work upon this animal. This is the huge creature from the province of Ontario shot for the museum by Col. Clay and which measured 6 feet 4 inches in height at the withers. It is as large as a big horse and weighed 1,500 pounds. It is represented with legs somewhat spread and its short neck and long head stretched at an angle upward, as if reaching out to seize with its tongue and overhanging upper lip a leaf or twig from the branch of a tree. The shortness of the neck, the size of the head, and length of the awkward-looking limbs give the creature a somewhat ungainly aspect, but the taxidermist has stuck to the lines laid down by nature's handiwork. The neck is so short that it is with difficulty the



animal gets its nose to the ground, and instead of grazing as common cattle or deer do it feeds upon leaves from the tops of bushes or on the lower limbs of

deer do it feeds upon leaves from the tops of bushes or on the lower limbs of trees.

A recent visit to the work-room showed Joseph Palmer and his assistant, A. H. Forney, giving the semblance of life to the legs of a yearling moose which is to form one of the group. Near by stood another cow, about completed, and the calf secured by Colonel Clay with the big cow was off in a corner by itself ready to take part in the moose tableau. The calf, which was a very young one, is distinguished, like its mother, 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 antiers 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 molded, and wired into the form of muscless 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

these bones were twined the muscles and tendons of "excelsior." The taxi-



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 skin has to be put on, and in this the skin has to be put on, and in this the skin has to be put on, and in this the skin has to be put on, and in this the skin 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 its 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. A Yearling.



The glass-case in which they will be placed will be of the same size as that inclosing the buffalo group—12 by 16. In the foreground the big cow will stand, reaching up and grasping at a twig with its tongue and lip. By it will stand the calf, and the yearling moose will be standing by with its head down and tongue protruding, licking the calf's forehead. The other moose will be feeding near by. The bull moose, still to be mounted in the workshop, will be postured in what is perhaps the most characteristic attitude. The moose, when it cannot conveniently feed upon the leaves of a sapling by reaching upward, will throw its weight against the stem of the sapling, bend it down, and walk astride of it. It will then feed at ease upon the succulent twigs and leaves. This performance is called in moose-hunters' parlance "riding down" a tree, and the moose yet to be relabilitated will be represented in the act of feeding on a sapling which it has ridden down.

The Game of Information.

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 then 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 eards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the subject 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 added, 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

This is an amusing game because of the misinformation it elicits. A great many people will be surprised at their own ignorance in regard to 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 in history, but outside of that, there is plenty of chance to trip some body who thinks he "knows it all."—
Golden Days.

The Cook's Revenge.

The Cook's Revenge.

A very curious case has just been decided in a Frankfort police court. It appears that a cook, no longer quite young, was courted by a tailor somewhat younger than she. On Sundays, and occasionally during the week, the gallant lover was in the habit of taking his lady for extended promenades and visits to restaurants, where the latter always paid the expense. She also provided him regularly with his supper. Presently, however, the awful truth was brought home to the cook that she was not the only "friend" on whom the man of scissors and the needle lavished his affections. Nothing loath, she went to the nearest police court, suing the faithless one for the expenses of all the clandestine meals provided by her, and all the money spent when "walking out" with him.—Berlin letter.

The Kerosene Torch Has Superseded the Old-Fashioned Pine Knots and Wire Rack Habits of Different Kinds of Fish and the Difficulty in Successfully Im-paling Them.

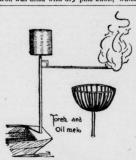


and the Difficulty in Successfully Impaling Them.

HE SPEAR WAS at one time regarded as an honorable and effective implement of war, but now it is only used by barains 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 spawing season is a crime that should call down all the thunders of the piscatorial Jove. Yet, such fish slayers do exit.

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 willot-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, once to pole the boat and one of spear the fish. The light proceeds from an upright about three feet out the same longth, they are now with two conton wasto. On the top of the upright is a two-quart can fitted with a faucet and holding kerosane, which flows fast or slow as desired along the arm, which is hollow, and saturates the bundle of tow, and this being lighted 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



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 discomitture of the sportsmen. Then the almp 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 foll too far ahead, so the upright and arm came in use, and is more generally used than any other.

The tuties of the man with the pole as boat Cast and but the proper can pole a boat Cast as the and the percent of the control of the property of th



than grasping the spear more firmly at one time than another. These few hints should enable any one soon to become fairly proficient.

Some years ago quite a sensation was created in Spain owing to the fact that most of the rivers where fish had been carefully preserved for years had been almost cleared of their occupants by ponchers at might. A peasant and a boy would carry a rude, read-woven basket on his back, like a haversack, and a small torch in his hand, which was surrounded by a piece of bright tin hald in place by wires and capable of being slid downward as the torch burned; the other, free from all incumbrances, carried the spear. Thus equipped they waded knos-deep through the snailows, avoiding the deepest pools and the extreme shal-

other, free from all incumorances, carried the spear. Thus equipped they waded knee-deep through the snallows, avoiding the deepest pools and the extreme shallows. A likely hole was found and both stood still. Then the man with the basket pitched a stone down stream, just on the other side. The first three thirding-places into the circle of light, and were frascinated by it until the spear secured more than one of their number.

The rivers of Belgium and the famous dykes of Holland are thickly populated with lamprays. We use them as bait for black bass, and in this country they seld om grow to any size, but the Belgians consider them a great delicacy and export them to England in large quantities for table purposes.

In the spring months they are speared in great quantities in a rather novel magner. The rivers there are crossed by a succession of small dams or weirs, over which the water comes tumbling only a formal them in depth. The spearers have a basket has a read by a many and the standard of the spearers have a basket has a read by a many and the standard hashet standard hashet standard hashet standard hashet has be done the standard hashet standard hashet has be done has be a bed at their backs. This basket has a read by a high the first can be dropped, be the standard and the large water above. The lamprays at night hold on to the water above. The lamprays at night hold on to the water above the lamp and over it, as the place of the first projection, and quicks as a flash the first position, and quicks as a flash the first water a flash the first position and quick as a flash the first position and quick as a flash the first position and quick as a flash the standard hashet has projection, and quick as a flash the first position and quick as a flash the standard hashet has a flash the first position and quick as a flash the standard hashet has a flash the first position and quick as a flash the standard the standard hashet has a flash the standard hashet has a flash the standard hashet has a flash the s as the slip down the incline they hang to the first projection, and quick as a flash the spear strikes them and they are trans-ferred to the basker.

Visitors crossing the bridges see these lights scattered over the river, blending with the lights on shore, rendering it difficult to define the houses and the river



they think it the lamp of some vessel lying at anchor or at a wharf, and go home to bed never dreaming of the strange indus-try going on just under their noses.

His Qualifications.

Alexander H. Stephens, the Georgia statesman and historian, was distinguished for many unique traits of character. He was a man whose brain was too powerful for his body, and its active forces kept his body weak and frail. He never weighed over eighty-five pounds, and had to be wheeled to his place in the House of Congress in an invalid's chair. He was, among his many other superlative qualities, a rough customer to run against in debate, and his quick wit and keen sarcasm struck terror to all members who opposed him.

A new member from Maine opposed the diminuitive Georgian one day, and, with that confidence in himself usual to the new member who is fresh from some place where he has been considered the lion of his tribe, he undertook to annihilate Mr. Stephens. Angered by the coolness and native politeness of the Southerner, the Maine man became angry, and reflected on Mr. Stephens' smallness, intimating that the gentleman was small of brain and of character. Every old member became interested, knowing that there would be some fun. And there was. Mr. Stephens had a page wheel him into the side, and in that loud, piping voice which always drew the attention of the House and gallery, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Maine says that I am so small of body, brain and character that he could swallow me whole. I simply wish to say, sir, that for the good of himself and his constituents it would be well if he were to do so. He would then have more brains and morals in his stomach than he ever had in his head and soul."

This settled that member. Another new member from the then new State of Kansas crossed swords with him one day, and said that Mr. Stephens should be on a farm. Mr. Stephens should be on a farm. Mr. Stephens hould be one farm. Mr. Steph

question of personal privilege. Mr. Stephens replied:

"Mr. Speaker, I will make that unnecessary by apologizing for the Ant. Speaker, I will make that unnecessary by apologizing for the language if it be unparliamentary. I will
withdraw the remark, and say that I
think the gentleman is eminently and
superlatively qualified for feeding swill
to swine—but I know of no other
qualification he possesses."—C hicago
Ledger.



"Hello, Mickey, is dat you? I heard you swear once dat you would never do a bit of work as long as ye lived." 'So I did; dat's de reason I'm on de

"Say, Jimmy, what do ye t'ink of a man mean enuf for that? He might a let us come in and asked, anyhow."

Autumn Poetry.

Attumn Feetry.

His darling—George, dear, how sad and solemn are the thoughts connected with the close of the year. The beautiful summer is dead. The boughs of the trees, stripped of their foliage bend and sway in the chill autum breezes that sough through their—their—"Whiskers?" suggested George him self.

"Whiskers: suggested the self.
"No; branches, dearest. And lister to the melancholy chirping of the toad stools—"

stools—"
"Those are not toadstools; they are orickets, 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 what 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."

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

BY A. C. GRISSOM.



ERCY was hanging on the front gate at the home of his only love, softly whisting to her to come forth and chin him as 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 sweeting her him to determine the composite 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 swell, and

ing 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 swell, 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 clundestine.

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 shricked. "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 Bellinda's little brother suffered himself to be bribed.

Belinda had received the bad egg intended for Percy.



through his to mach; but in the case of the Alderman it is a broad road.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," said the preacher. Nothing will more effectually 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 hearts are always honest.

The sweetest flowers are always among thorns. This is why a man gets stuck on a pretty feminine flower. The man who is always whising 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 she makes it mighty comfortable for the little chickens on a cold day. Even an inactive person may do some good.

"Nothing is so strong as gentleness," says the old saw. But this was written before the hornet had evoluted from a buzz-saw.

It will be noticed that the man who buys a thing on the strength of what he is going to do 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 forcheads, 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 "Fom Cat."

A little Woburn girl who had no

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.

He Took No Chances.

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

He—No, thank you. There's a phonegraph 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 trangeom. The only thing that restrains me is my doubts 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 for it.

decide on an appropriate inscription for it.

"Why don't you put that line: 'Can storied 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-emptied glasses standing round and filed sadly out of their favorite drink.