THE PAST.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE BT RES, NAPOLDAL D. SANAGE. Like mist upon the mountains far. Like monolight on a sleeping stream, Or, like como pale and distant star, Our past lives seen. Their memories clude our grasp, Their vents perish like the flowers; In van we stretch our hands to clasp Those lives of ours.

The Fast how varue and shadowy all! Did we those maisty pathways tread? And they who answer motorr call, The silent Dead, Were they once with us as we deem? Their images are fading fast, Or is it but a chorished dream, This phantom Past?

Ims phantom Pest? Comes they from their shadow-hand Aught obso but shappes as in a foreau ? We greet no actual kindred band : "We eatch a gleam, "Tis true, of what we call our Past ; A so of a truling wanning of the As of a truling wanning of the New York Cirry.

IN A WILD COUNTRY.

Where Feuds Do Most Prevail.



In a general ngit. Upon the hurr-cane deck some leading spirit would standthe covered the pilot with a pistol or rifle and compelled him to ofteer the craft subject to the whim of the biggest devil, who was in command. Below one or two sat around the engine-room and "persuaded" the engine-room and "persuaded the engine-room and stand and the engine-room and the bark if necessary to get out of the way. When a town or get out of the way. When a town or get out of the way. When a town or get out of the seven alcepers. The citi-zens of the town seemed to know by intuition that the raftsmen had taken possession of the boat long before she came in sight, and crowds of them would congregate along the bank to witeness the strange scene. There was no use to resist, as steamboatme soon learned, and the only way to save the boat and property was to effect some sort of a compromise, which generally ended in the dare-devils running the steamer half a day or such a matter, we they turned her over to her proper

ted, was as common as fits more legiti-mate brother from the mint at Wash-ington or New Orleans along the Ohio valley, and it was claimed openly, and Jay by the older people, that the "Big Sandy dollar" contained as much sil-ver and was as handsome a piece of money as the genuine. Even long after the discovery of the contackers' den in the moutain the bogus dollar re-mained in circulation. To account for this the writer has been often toll that the counterfeiters had discovered a ven or mine of silver in the mountain, and that they were "using pure silver and more of it" than was contained in dust the yeare "using pure silver and more of it" than was contained in distated and was long worked at some often the Sandy. "The transformed silver wore dust as the tra-dition still exists that a silver mind existed and was long worked at some often the Sandy." "The transformed silver wore dust as the same of the that here was a code of ethics were one the privilege of using his rode prevails to this day in another shundy or making illicit whisky-for it is a well known fact that although every none the privilege of using his mode of the clear. Innyid, but terribly or making illicit whisky-for dust and has no difficulty in getting as moth of the clear. Innyid, but terribly forog strift called "innetop" or "moon-shine" as he wants. It would be little or mount in side would be very apt to dertake to hunt down and capture the or mount in side would be very apt to in the innyid uneomfortably fond of the clear. Innyid use terribly or mount in side would be very apt to and these men can shoot, and that they are overly and uncomfortably fond of the clear. Innyid use terribly or the in althese strange characteristics and backed by a pedigree some was and backer as a backer and backer an

it the recent terrible vendettas fully prove. With all these strange characteristics and backed by a pedigree somewhat unsavory these people are kind and hospitable in the extreme to any one who may come among them. The writer at one time, and that during one of their bloodiest wars, spent sev-eral weeks in the mountains and val-leys, ate and drank, rode and walked, and slept with them and he never met with an unkind word, until after the expiration of several weeks' time which he and his guides had spent alternately between the factions some one started



a report that we were spies. Fortu-nately we got wind of the fact that a "crowd" was coming after us. Three horses were never sadled more quickly and three men never made better time for over forty miles than did we, and we made it none too soon, as a couple of bullet holes through the overcoat of the man in the rear as we flew down the mountain told us that Big Sandy sharpshooters with Winchesters at 800 yards were dangerous creatures when riled. riled

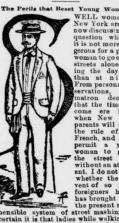
sharpshooters with winchesters at our yards were dangerous creatures when riled. Across the State of Kentucky, through the northwestern part, is a long range of mountainous country filled with forests and lined by a dense growth of nuderbush. Through this dense forest there are passes which are known like every trail and road to its citizens. Many of these passes are narrow defiles, where two or three men with Winchesters can keep back a regiment, and it is through these passes that the many escapes from the officers are made. It is a well-known fact that for many years a large band of horse-thieves has preved upon the people of Kentucky, Indiana. Tennes-see, and even Illinois, and that they have been trailed to the mountains of Kentucky and into the neighborhood of some one or more of these passes-Say "Cracker's Neck," near the West Virginia line-but very few of the thieves were ever captured, or the stock recovered. After the band sue-ceeds in getting through into the mountains, it considers itself safe from pursuit.

pursuit. Cracker's Neck is a fair sample of

Cracker's Neck is a fair sample of many of these mountain passes. It is a narrow deille between the overhang-ing rocks of a mountain, which by some convulsion of nature must have split in twain. Great, rough stones, covered and wreathed with laurel from the bottom of the pass to the apex, afford impenetrable hidingplaces from which the riders can be plainly seen, while the bushwhacker is as much out of sight as though he had never ex-isted. Land speculators at one time some years ago were as badly hated as were the officers of the law, and they fared roughly when caught, although that fact has changed considerably of late. Some years ago a land specula-tor, whom I will call Brown, as the story is still a reminiscence to that gentle-man, and a Baptist preacher started through the mountains toward Cum-berland Gap. They were riding splen-did howere and of course avenue the <text><text><text><text><text> is still a reminiscence to that gentle man, and a Baptist preacher started through the mountains toward Cum-berlaud Gap. They were riding splen-did horses, and, of course, carried the old-time saddle-bags with them. They had not gotten into Cracker's Neek fifty yards before they were halted by sev-sral armed men, whom they did not see at all until the gens were stuck almost in their faces. They were dismounted in a jiffy, and while one of the men went through their clothing and saddle-bags the others stood guard over them. The speculator's papers soon betrayed his business, but the documents car-ried by the preacher were a puzzle. They were serimons. The speculator was tied to a tree and whipped with wythes most unmercifully, after which his hands were tied and he was sented on a log while the gang tried to disen-tangle the preacher documents. They were written in a miserable hand at best, as the preacher after ward admit-ted. The only thing either of the gang could make out was the tile to one of the sermons, "Saved from the Wreck." After poring over it for some time the leader said to the preacher: "The yreacher then told the men that he was a man of God and that he was merely going through the mountains to North Carolina, where he was going to take charge of a church. After talking

the matter over for some time they gave the preacher his horse and other prop-erty and told him he might go on, but advised him to go back, as he would be more apt to find the devil than God in these mountains. The speculator was cleaned out and started back afoot and advised never to attempt to come into that country again, and I don't be-lieve he ever did. This is the character of the country model of the country again, and I don't be-lieve he ever did. This is the character of the country head the nontainous and almost im-people who are a hundred years be-hind the times and who to day are liv-ing over again in a somewhat modified form the lives of their ancestors of a century ago. Is it any wonder, then, that the Hatfields and McCoys, the Tolivers, Underwoods, and others of like ilk can and do defy the laws and as they of then are by companies of sol-dis the offorts of courts, backed as they often are by companies of sol-dis they often are by companies of sol-ment all greater civilization can will remedy these troubles, but that seems now in a fair way of accomplish-ment, as several railroads are projected and nore than one commenced through the bills and valleys of this rich but at present almost valueless country.

STREET MASHING IN GOTHAM.



<text>

remarked. "Not that I know of," was the fellow's

"Not that I know of," was the fellow's reply. "Look there," and she d ointed to a crinkled place, down at the corner of the sheet, such as a damp spot might havo left. "Haven't you learned the latest seotimental thing? A girl presess the paper to her lips, leaving a mark like that, and so incloses a kiss without writ-ing a word of confession. That's what Jennie did, and you, goose that you are, ne noice this, the stationers turn ont may be aday, kissed paper, with a faint int of red lips and a deloin the scent of fragrant breath pertaining thereto. Art is ever quick to beat nature. JENNIE DEAN.

DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE. EXHIBITS AT THE RECENT NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

> Canine Beauties-A Lady Acted a Judge of the St. Bernards—Imported and Native-Bred Champions—A Famous \$10,000 Dog.

HEN the Westminster Kennel Club bench show opened in the n Ir stitute, Nev

stitute, New Strute, New Strute, New howling, growling and barking surely never was heard before. It was the largest bench show ever given in America, and, with the exception of the English Kennel Club's jubile show, the largest in the world. It presented, in addition to a remarkably fine canine display, at least one novelty never before heard of in connection with dog shows in this country. For the first time a lady was selected as



one of the judges. She did not pass upon the merits of the pretty canine pets like the black-and-tana, the pugs, or the spaniels. Miss Whitney was surrounded by the great big, smooth-coated St. Bernards, and decided as to the respective merits of such famous-canine heavy-weights as Nevis, Nigel, Beauchamp and Hactor. But while lovers of the dog were no doubt interested in this little impro-vised tableau of "Beauty and the Beast," there were many other features of the show that were specially attrac-tive. All the leading kennels of the country were represented, a majority of them by larger exhibits than in for-mer years. Prominent among the en-tries were the Sears kennel of Melrose, Mass.; the Belmont kennels of Hemp-stead, L. L.; the Erminie kennels of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Mitestone, L. I.; Englewood, N. J.; Lancaster, Mass.; Lexington, Ky.; Philadelphia; the Elm kennels at Ebthlehen, Pa.; the Retnor kennels at Fittsburgh, Pa.; liem kennels at Bethlehen, Pa.; the Retnor kennels, New York; the Eberhart pug kennels of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ebernart pug kennets of Ohio. Foremost among the features of in-terest at the bench show was the dis-play of setters and pointers. Among the notable prize-winners was Monk, of Furness; a famous English setter, by Sir Allister, out of Belle of Fur-ness.

In pointers the Westminster-the principal kennel club in the United States-led. Among the St. Bernards the most notable entries were Plinlimmon, Jr., and Lady Wellington, both from the



MISS WHITNEY AND THE ST. DERNARDS. Sears kennel, at McIrose, Mass., and champion Hesper, Prince Regent and Hector-the four latter being all im-ported stock, with fine markings. Beaufort, the champion mastiff of En-gland, who has won all the honors on the bench in that country that he very well could, was a great attraction. He is a noble animal, valued at \$5,000. His owners, Messrs. Taunton and Winchell, took the first prize of the open class with him. Hesper is a magnificent specimen of the canine race, and is valued at \$10,000. He is



the show. One cannot fancy a more hideous-looking animal that the poor, shivering creature, whose eyes are un-like and whose spots are most nasty to look more

It is and whole options are most many to look upon. Ivan Romanoff, a superb Siberian wolf-hound, was one of the features of the show. He was bred by the Czar of Russia. He is the first of the breed exhibited in this country. E. H. Moore's champion Ben Lo-

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CHAMPION JOHNNY. mon, a son of Plinlimmon, the famous \$5,000 St. Bernard, Saffron and Lady Miles (also from Mr. Moore's kennel) were among the entries. In the mas-tiff classes there were several famous entries. entries. In Newfoundlands the native show-

entries. In Newfoundlands the native show-ing was notably weak. Indeed, it was probably the weakest point in the en-tire exhibition. The finest collie kennel in the world is that of Nr. Hanson, of Philadelphia, and the showing in this class was large and attractive. In fox-terriers the Belmont kennels the territy of the state of the state thempstend, L. I., made the largest showing, including such unequaled logs as Rachel, Lucifer and Bacehand. In a bench show a good deal of in-terest always attaches to the bull-dogs. This year there was a capital showing of these thick-set, ferocious-looking of these thick-set, ferocious-looking of these thick-set, ferocious-looking the qualities that experts admire were Portswood Tiger and Britomartis in the challenge class, and Monarch VI. in the open class. All three are beau-ties, as bull-dogs go, and have a front that would inspire terror in the breast of the boldest burgiar. The showing of field and cocker span-teries was somewhat slender. There were



FIELD SPANIEL "GLENCAIRN."

FIELD SPANEL "GLENCAIEN." many good ones entered in the spaniel classes. There was a perfect swarm of black-and-tan 'erriers and funny-looking lit-tle pugs to challenge the endearments of the ladies, who never fail to hover around them at a bench show. Many women sat before their pets' cages and at intervals brough them forth and combed and brushed their silky locks.

Wonderful Inventions.

Combed and orusned their silky locks. Wonderful Inventions. Even the simplest of our necessary implements, which are such a matter of course to us that it seems as if they would be self-evident to any one, re-quired years of experience and thought to bring about their present efficacy, says the Portland *Transcript*. This fact is exemplified in the development of the screw and the nail. Forty years ago, as we are informed by an elderly carpenter, all screws were blunt at the end, like a bolt, and for their entrance into the wood it was as necessary to provide a hole of the proper size and depth as as it is to dig one in the ground for the entrance of a post. Gimlets of as varied sizes as the screws aided the screw-driver, and were just as necessary. The "gimlet-pointed" screw, which has been in use for the past forty years, was not even thought of then, and so the carpenters bord a hole for every screw, till some one hap-pened to think of combining the screw and the gimlet, to the lasting benefit of builters. We read of the wrought-iron nails of our ancestors, which split the wood like a wedge, and which re-quired a previously prepared hole as much as the blunt screw. The square point of the present nail must be placed in proper relations with the grain to prevent splitting the wood; and it is only recently, after all these years of building, that a naih has been perfected that won't split any-thing. It is the smooth, round, sharp-pointed nail, so extensively used now in the making of boxes, fruit crates, etc., the narrow edges of which it pen-strates with impunity.

She Didn't Run the Tow

She Didn't Run the Town. No matter what may be a man's per-sonal convictions on the temperance question, he is bound to respect those of his wife. The venerable Senator Thurman was never considered rabid on that issue, but his wife, for reasons of her own, was fully imbrued with the 'touch not, taste not, handle not" prin-ciple. It is related that upon one oc-casion Senator Thurman's friends vis-tied his house to apprise him that a new political honor had been conferred upon him. He was pleased, but after the had been seated a few moments the conversation lagged, and the old Roman seemed to be ill at ease. His wife tried her best to enterian the campaigners, and the Senator excused himself. He presently appeared with his boots and top-coat on. "Confluence" easit he.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES. A True Sketch of Border Life WENTY year

A True sketch of Border Life. Went Y was a child of twelve, my par-ents moved to s when I was a child of twelve, my par-ents moved to s of twelve, my par-on the mountains of a large pine forest. It was fitteen miles to the nearest town, and ten to the nearest settlement. There had been, a year or so previous to our locat-ing there, a saw-mill two miles far-there up the mountains. An old house was yet standing there, and a beauti-ful spring bubbled out of a bank about thirty yards away. Above this spring grew the finest wild cherries I ever saw. One morning, about the time these cherries were fairly bursting with zipe juice, my brother Frank, three years younger than myself, and I asked our mother to permit us to take our basket and go to this spring gather our cherries, and return by dulgent, soon gave us primission to the seamer of the frait. We knew we were could walk the few miles, gather our cherries, and return by dulgent, soon gave us primission to the seamering toward us. Frank cried on therize were, of a spring to the herize when we head Pansy give a low whine of fear, as she came seampering toward us. Frank cried on the stopped, for we both saw coming through the bush toward us two large, lank wolves, of a species mown as the great dusky wolf. They we mon fifty steps from us, and were our of fifty steps from us, and were our of a ta langid pace, for they mon at a langid pace, for they mon at a langid pace, for they mon at a langid pace, for they morised. Frank, T cried, "let us get "Dented, shaking from head to foot. "The panted, shaking from head to foot. "The we had heavies of the for. "The we want, scarcely knowing what wait we could go, but the wolves, who had with is time discovered us, now came or us, with loud howles of hunger. Muted

for us, with loud hewis of hunger. On we ran, scarcely knowing what we did. Just as we reached the window we heard poor Pansy give a yell of pain -only one-and then-I was inside, and vainly trying to pull frightened Frank in. At last, with a scramble, he tumbled in. Now, this window was only a half window, and had been fas-tened with a heavy wooden shutter and sliding fastenings. The fastenings had slid, letting the shutter fall inward on the floor. As Frank scrambled to his feel I grasped the shutter fall inward on the floor. As Frank scrambled to his feel I grasped the shutter fall inward on the floor. As Frank scrambled to his feel I grasped the shutter fall inward on the floor. As Frank scrambled to his feel I grasped the shutter fall inward on the floor. As frank scrambled to his feel I grasped the shutter fall inward on the floor. As frank scrambled to his feel I grasped the shutter fall inward on the floor. As frank scrambled to his feel on the shutter of the fall on the stop here, but place, the frank cried out: "On, poor Pansy! Door Pansy! Let her in; don't shut here out!" I knew our perilous position better than he did, and did not stop to an-swer, but placed the shutter in its place, and slid the heavy fastenings against it—not any too soon, for at that moment the howing, hungry wolves dashed against it with such force as to make it crack and spring inward. I had presence of mind enough to throw my weight against it, to hold it in place for the time being, but it was fortunate that the varmints did not the poing about the old house, as if in search of some way to get at us. "What do you think has become of Pansy? Do you suppose they caught her when we heard her yell?" asked Frank. "Of course they did," I replied, "and if they hand't stopped to eat her they would have caught us," which would certaily have been the case. "Oh, I wish they'd go away," moaned poor Frank.

"Oh, if wish they'd go away," moaned poor Frank. "If mother gets uneasy she may come after us, and then..."" We heard two loud reports of fire-arms, quickly followed by another. Running to a crevice in the wall we were rejoiced at beholding our father and two hunters coming toward the house. They had been following these same wolves all the morning. Father was as badly frightened when we showed ourselves as we were. I don't know which of us was the worst fright-ened, Frank or I, but I do know that I never could eat wild cherries after-ward, and Frank says they never tasted as good to him...-Chicago Led-ger.

Children's Parties.



DINNER DISCUSSION.

Duck Question Practically Worked

Out. A few days ago Mr. Grumbledorf came home promptly to his six o'clock dinner with the laudable desire upper-most in his breast to be pleasant with his wife. They had a little tilt at break-cast obart the prosen

his wife. They had a little tilt at break-wheat cakes, and both were a little sahamed of fussing over such a trifling matter. Grumbledorf earnestly resolved to make amends for his quarrelsomenes, if he possibly could. He thought he would begin by not alluding in the least to their unpleasantness at breakfast, and to be very genial at dinner and not fouch on any subject upon which dis-pute could possibly arise. As Grumbledorf seated himself at the table, his wife said: "Willie, dear, will you carve the duck ? It looks so nice and tender, I am sure you would rather serve it in that way than have the girl cut it up in the litchen." Grumbledorf couldn't help but think this a little covert fing on his wife's part at their morning's trouble, but he put on his blandest smile and replied: "Certainly, pet; I would rather carve it than not; but you mistake the name of the bird. This is not a duck, but a canvas-back." "Well," said his wife, color ing a lit-tle, "isn't a canvas-back duck a duck? "No," replied Grumbledorf, quite blandly; "a canvas-back duck is a can-vas-back duck, but a duck is quite a different thing. A duck runs around in the back yards and is killed with an a." "Oh, you're talking about tame ducks," said his wife, with a least bit of sarcasm. "I would like to know, if a canvasback is not a duck, ing a tame ducks, is a duck, eithe? If you weren't as stubborn as a mule you would see it, too." "No, my dear," said Grumbledorf, struggling to appear calm; "I have in-please listen to me. A tame duck is simply called a duck, whereas this simply called a canvas-back duck to distin-guish if from the other kind of ducks; bare, "ristomer, a word mere prove I am right. Mr. Grumbledorf? If can-vas-back' distinguishesit from the other kind of ducks, lowes't the word other kind of duck, lowes't not it aright to call it due duck, soesn't the

any how." "But you might have called it 'duck' "But you might have called it 'duck' while you were about it." "Mrs. Grumbledorf, you are the most unreasonable woman I ever had any dealings with. What in the (jab with the knife) of a man, anyway. What hum-bling (jab-slash-slash) concessions do you want (jab-slash-slash) meto make and still (jab-slash-slash) preserve my self-respect? (Jab-slash-slash): HI ever get enough off this duck-do you hear that?-duck to jabety-jab-slash) stave off starvation, I suppose I ought to be thank-(jabety-slashety-slash). Confound it! What are you standing there grinning for like a weather-beaten idiot? Call in the girl! There's your canvas-back on the floor!" "The what?" asked Mrs. Grumble-dorf. "The duck," replied Mr. Grumble-dorf, sheepishly, as he went to look for the benzine to clean out the greaso splashes all over his coat and vest. But Mrs. Grumbledorf was smiling. She had carried her point.

A Long-Delayed Wedding Fee

A Long-Delayed Wedding Fee. Three years ago, said a well-known San Francisco jornalistic clergyman to our reporter, I was called on to unite a young couple in marriage. I received no fee at the time, but the groom, with whom I was acquainted, promised that he would not forget me. I saw him several times afferward, but he never recurred to the subject of the fee, and the matter passed from my mind, but this week I received a \$10 bill from him, with this brief but sig-nificant explanation: "DEAR SIR—During the three years of my married life the extravagance and wastefulness of my wife, to whom you so kindly united me, was such that I was kept constantly in delt. A month ago I obtained a divorce from her, and am now able for the first time to fulfill my promise regarding the wedding fee. With thanks and excuses, I remain faithful yours."

It Was Charity.



MISS WHITNEY AND THE ST. BERNARDS

owners. Although these men were known to be dare-devils and fond of a fight or anything which partook of excitement, they were not all had by any means. Still, as the Big Sandy country was known to be the hiding-place of hundreds of desperadoes, it got a wide-

dreds of desperadoes, it got a wide-spread notoriety. Along in the '40's and '50's the com-try for hundreds of miles above and below was filled with counterfeits, principally silver dollars. The Gov-ernment of the United States sent out a number of its best detectives, and after a long time they located their manufacture at Sandy, but the manu-

facture was not suppressed until a long time after everybody knew as well as the officers themselves that the coun-terfeit was manufactured somewhere up the stream. The "Big Sandy dol-lar," as the counterfeit was denomina-



MR. CHAS. HEATH'S POINTER "REVEL III."

an const. Bearins POINTER HEVEL III. a rough-coated St. Bernard, and weighs over two hundred pounds. His coat is a deep orange, rich and tawny, and he is beautifally marked. He was born in 1885. He was shown four times in England last year-at the Olympic Kennel Club shows and at Manchester, Colchester and Alexandra Palace Kennel Club shows-and won first prize at all.

A dog that attracted a great deal of A dog that attracted a great deal of attention was the wolf-hound Rival, bred by the late Emperor William, and his favorite dog, the one seen often in the pictures of the Kaiser. He is a little bigger than a greyhound, and covered with the most beautiful silky white hair. He is a haughty animal, and does not allow any liberties taken with him. Probably the smallest dog among the fourteen hundred on exhi-bition was a toy terrier named Mousey, and not much bigger than the creature from which it is named. A hairless Chinese dog received a mizza for being the very ugliest pun at

himself. He presently appeared with his boots and top-coat on. "Gentlemen," said he, "we will now go out and get something to smoke. My wife is the boss here, and we never have anything to drink in the house." Mrs. Thurman looked pleased as she closed the door after them. "As I was saying," added the Sena-tor, "she runs the house; but, thank God! she doesn't run the town."—New York Herald.

The Apple and the First Pair.

The Apple and the First Pair. Pater—I don't like the way you are going around with Miss Poor. She won't make you a good wife, for she's not the right sort of girl for you. Son (rapturously)—O, father, I love her! She is the apple of my eye! Pater—Yes, of course. But you must remember that man's downfall was caused by an apple.—Lawrence American. American.

Grace Before Meat.

Grace Before Meat. Yeast-Do you say grace as the table at your boarding house? Crimsonbeak-Oh, yes. "Before or after eating?" "Oh, before, of course." "Why of course?" "Well, if we waited until the close of the meal no one would be willing to give thanks."-Yonkers Statesman. As inventor of Belfast, Ireland, has made a pneumatic tire for bicycles that is claimed to destroy all vibration. It is about two and one-half inches in di-ameter, and consists of an outer cover-ing of rubber inclosing an inner air-tube. Air is pumped in by a foot-blower, and a valve prevents its re-turn.

and waste attending these parties which ought to be estimated, and the estimate can scarcely be a low one. It may seem ungracions to strive to put a limit on the pleasures of the young, but it must not be forgotten that early youth is the period of growth and development, and that anything and everything that causes special waste of organized material, without a compensatory stimulus to nutrition, ought to be avoided. We turn from these to the mental and nerve injuries inflicted on the growing organism. They are certainly not to be disregard-ed. A perfect storm of excitement rages in the little brain from the mo-ment the invitation has been received, and the affair is talked about in the nursery until after the evening. Sleep is disturbed by dreams, or, In some cases, prevented, by thinking of the occasion, and afterward the excitement idoes not subside until days have elapsed, perhaps not before another invitation is received.

It Was Charity. Mr. Issaestein—I sells you dot coat, my frent, for sayventeen shilling; you dake him along. Customer — I thought, Isaaestein, that you didn't do business on Satur-day. Isn't this your Sunday? Mr. Isaacstein (in a low reverent tone of voice)—My frent, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen shilling yas not peesness, dot yas sharity.—London Pick-Me-Up. He Didn't Know It All, After All.

Nelbourt - Whitely is a very intelli-ent fellow, isn't he? Brownly--He pretends to be. Y.-He knows lots. B.-There's one thing he doesn't now.

know. Y.-What is that? B.-He doesn't know that he doesn't know everything.

A Weather Prophet. Scientist-So you have followed the sea all your life! I presume you are a thorough meteorological prognosticator by this time. Jack Tarre-A which? "A-I mean you can easily foretell a gale, can't you?" "Easy 'nough, sir. When you see the captain dancin' around an' yellin' out forty orders at onct, you kin jest make up y'r mind thet it's goin' ter blow."-New York Weekly.