

A SONG OF HOME.

Across the wide lands as a pilgrim I roam— Alone, and a stranger I fare, But wherever I wander my heart is at home...

UP IN A BALLOON.

"So you won't marry me, Jenny?" "It would be madness, Tom; you know it would." "What do you mean by madness?"

erial navigation—had even tried his hand at inventing a steering apparatus for balloons, but had always failed of discovering the one thing needful to make it a complete success.

"Steering it? I thought balloons couldn't be steered." "Oh, yes, they can—when the wind's favorable. At any rate, I'm steering this one."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. A Neighboring Growl—Making Five Cents Go a Long Way—It Was Not a Hobby, Etc., Etc.

ONLY ONE DEFICIENCY. Silversmith—That teapot is for a member of Congress. Isn't it a beauty? Philosopher—I think you have not made enough of one feature.

THE PARIS MORGUE. Bodies Frozen Stiff for Future Identification—A Lugalubrious Photograph Album—A Ghastly Revel.

TAMING A FLOCK OF QUAILS. Buckwheat and Gradual Advances Conquer the Wild Birds. Several weeks ago Mrs. D. N. Snyder, of Jefferson township, Penn., saw a lot of quails dusting themselves under some of the bushes in the back end of her garden.