THANKSGIVING.

and the board we meet again O, loved ones true!
With words of greeting, not in vain,
We welcome you!

The laugh of children in the hall Delights our ears; While snowflakes falling on the wall Call forth their cheers. Old Towser, sleeping on the mat,

The scene enjoys,
Though all unused to dancing girls
And noisy boys,

O, blessed day of thankfulness
To Him above!
Who showers upon unworthy heads
His gifts of love.

Let not our happy ears be deaf
To other calls,
But let the poor ones feast this day
Within our walls.
—[Ione L. Jones

The Miss Pilkinses' Pudding

BY CORA STUART WHEELER,

"The Miss Pilkenses" was the name by which they were known all over Bucket Town, and if a few intimates whosh hair had silvered in gentle company with theirs since they sat in school to gether sometimes ventured upon the more familiar names of Dolly and Drusilla they corrected themselves in the next breath. Not that there was anything forbidding about these mild-mannered women, but a certain sentiment of high courtesy made the townspeople careful to increase the outward tokens of respect in proportion as they were obliged to care for and support these helpless gentlewomen.

to care for and support these helpless gentlewomen.

Colonel Pilkins, their father, had been the great man of their village. Blood of the bluest, and ancestors of the most immaculate and aristocratic, had stamped such lines upon the family faces that it did not need the slender, exquisite hands and feet to confirm Nature's patent of nobility. Every one loved them, and from the doors of the Hill House (so-called from its standing on high ground) the poor in spirit and purse always went away not only fed but comforted by the lovely mistress and her daughters. So when the Colonel died from a drenching received while directing others in saving the men from an overturned fishing-smack, and the frail little wife died of grief within a fortnight, there were smack, and the frail little wife died of grief within a fortnight, there were friends enough and to spare to attend to the settlement of the estate and watch over the interests of the bewildered daughters. Lawyer Satterlee and Judge Grover sat hate over their friend's papers the night after the funeral; and when they came out of the library, in the faint light at four o'clock in the morning and went down the steps together their kind faces wore a new gravity, and as they separated at the corner they said, with the air of sealing a compact, "They must never know."

the air or seams a concern know."

So Dolly and Drusilla did not know anything, except that their income was much reduced and that the old house must be sold to give them even the pittance that was left. And the pang with which they caught a passing glimpse of the man who bought the old place, with his dull gray eyes and coarse red moustache, was never sharpened by any knowledge of who he was. Deep in their loyal hearts the two friends buried the secret of their dead companion, stipulating only, when this son of a mad, unacknowledged marriage came to claim 'shis own,' as he put it, that he should ostensibly bug, with money of their furnishing, the Hill House, which purchase mon'y could be put to the sisters' credit without question, and ther that the heir should go quietly away. For there was literally nothing left, nor any provision made that the heir should go quietly away. For there was literally nothing left, nor any provision made for the daughters; and those delicate-minded chivairous old men could not leave them helpless, nor did they wish them to feel dependent upon any one's bounty. The very thoughts made the old friends groon, as they recalled the sisters' lavish genorosity to the needy while they were the ladies of the Hill House. Even the provision thus made was so slender (for the friends were not rich men) that every economy had to be practiced to keep Betty Pratt's tiny cottage, which the sisters leased, comfortable and tidy.

for poor Cicero and his family." He had come with the pretty Southern girl to her Northern home, and despite his piti-ful lapses from sobriety, was cared for kindly.

ful lapses from sobriety, was cared for kindly.

There was "no danger of intrusion today," said Dolly, as she opened her eyes this Thanksgiving morning and thought joyfully of the extra stock of wood, with which she meant to surprise Prusilla with a fire in the best-room fireplace, instead of the air-tight stove which so aggravated her cough. The air was very keen as she opened the hall door a bit; and a great drift across the path made her glad that no one was likely to come, for Cicero with a basket of wood and money for a small turkey and sweet potatoes had gone gavly away the night before to "Liza an' dose chillun"—not to come back till Friday morning. And there was a generous supply of woed left to cook the dinner, whose menu was already dancing gleefuly in the flames that sprang up under Dolly's skillful fingers.

"You are to be my company to-day,"

fingers.
"You are to be my company to-day, Dootsie," returning caressingly to her childhood name for the little sister, "and I shall sing you some of the funny old songs you used to love while I stir the raisins—only think of raisins—into the rice pudding, which you like so well. Don't you remember, Dootsie, how

"The Bee went a courting
My Lady, the fly;
Said the Bee to my Lady,
'For you I would die.'
"Said sweet Lady Fly,
As she blushed 'neath her wing,
'I love your soft words,
But I hear that you sting.'"

The sweet, innocent voice rose and fell in the monotonous quavers of the foolish old ditty as Dolly's plump little figure trotted in and out—now nestling in the soft wool shawl a trifle closer about Drusilla's slender shoulders, now kissing the hectic spot upon the lovely old face, and then fluttering back to see if the chicken was browning properly. "It is really so much tenderer than turkey," she commented with emphasis, as she turned it deftly and dripped the basting over it most appetizingly. "What a mercy we thought in time to keep from spoiling our appetites by eating breakfast. Now (as a hungry spasm was felt below her diaphragm), this chicken will give us our dinner to-day and enough to warm over for breakfast to-morrow. I put the last bit of bread in the stuffing, but we shall not need bread with turnips, and potatoes, and—yes—onions; and after the chicken, rice pudding"—

"With ratisism" added. Drusilla's The sweet, innocent voice rose

yes -onions; and after the pudding"u With raisins," added Drusilla's cheery voice, "Dolly, don't forget the

yes—onions; and after the chicken, rice pudding?—
"With raisins," added Drusilla's cheery voice, "Dolly, don't forget the raisins!"

The small table was drawn up close to the open fire, and by close calculation room was found for all the unwonted luxuries. And Dolly, with a quaint courtesy, had just announced that dinner was served when a shuffling noise at the side door made both sisters start with surprise. A knock, quite unfamiliar, followed; and, peeping through the little window, Dolly saw only a big, burly, unfamiliar back, and with unwonted timidity made no reply. A second and third summons only increased her nervous terror, and a final hoarse shout, "Open up, little uns, I'm a brother to ye!" completed the fright by sending Drusilla into adead swoon. When she recovered under her sister's frantic exertions, the man had gone away. And once more Dolly started to bring in the dinner, which had to be warmed after the interruption. Then there came a heavy lurch without warning against the door, which burst from its slight fastening, precipitating the intruder almost against her. An instinctive cry was smothered, however, at thought of her sister, and swiftly she closed the door between the rooms, setting her back firmly against it as she faced—Cicero. "Oh! you rascal, you ungratefu!! You.—you,—O to think you could have the heart to frighten us so." she gasped. Then as Cicero maintained a dogged and miserable silence, Dolly

made them spring from their chairs. But the early winter twilight had demanded candles and the light betrayed them, so a friendly voice pronouncing respectfully, "Miss Pilkins," brought Polly promptly to admit Lawyer Satterlee, Judge Grover and—yes it was the unknown man with the terrifying shoulders, as Dolly de-cided; something familiar about him holding Drusilla's eyes in puzzled atten-tion.

s and—yes it weather union and with the terrifying shoulders, as Dolly decided; something familiar about him holding Drusilla's eyes in puzzled attention.

"There ain't no call to be frightened little one—that is, I mean to say, Miss Pilkins," said the burly man, without waiting to be introduced. "When I fust come to Bucket Town, Pil be doggood—a—I beg yer parding, Miss Pilkins, it was my ole man tu an'n odisrespect intended—" At this point the piteous bewilderment in the faces before him seemed to penetrate the mind of the speaker, who made no remonstrance when Judge Grover interrupted him somewhat abruptly.

"Let me explain, Starkweather, and you can correct any mistakes afterward. It is a painful subject, dear ladies, and on which we hoped never to open with you; but since Mr. Starkweather, from it he most sincere and manly motive, insists upon taking his rightful place as your protector—" (Here the amazement deepened as the sisters exchanged looks of alarm, and Dolly furtively pinched herself.)

"Well to be brief, your father, when seventeen years old, ran away from college with his janitor's daughter, whom he married. Mutual discontent separated them without publicity, and the mother disappeared with her son, this gentleman, thus preventing your father's educating him as he desired. During her last illness Mrs. Starkweather opened communication with your father, who, finding his son's tastes were for farming, gave him opportunity to follow them, stipulating only that your mother, whom he had meantime married, should never know of this son's existence. In compilance of which Mr. Starkweather parefrained from using the name which is rightfully his."

"Now let me talk awhile, Jedge," interrupted the burly man restlessly; "Inever knowed but what the Guvnor'd purvided fur you gals handsome, coshe'd al'ays been squar' with me (not to say he wan't with you); but l'other day as I was in Boston, I hurd some men "at knew the Colonel, sayin' as how 'twas meaner'n dirt for Pilkins' son to leave his half brother to sta

"Thet set me tu thinkin' an' inquirin' about sum, an' I've made up my mind that the ole man—I beg your parding, Miss Pilkins, your father and mine—jest left it for Abijah Stark weather Pilkins to do what seemed to him fai'r and squar.' Now, thet's the hull nut meat. An' if you'll come along o' me, Betsey an' me'll make you as comforable as comfortable can be, an' take pleasure in doin' uv it, an' you shan't lift a finger, cos I know you's brung up that a way. Or ef you'd rather stay long o' folks you know I'll just put your sheer in bank (it's yours by rights), an' you can do as you please with it."

just put your "sheer in bank (it's yours by rights), an' you can do as you please with it."

When the full generosity of the proposal dawned upon the sisters, the homely face of the farmer seemed glorified by its honest friendliness and simplicity of motive. After careful discussion and thought, somewhat to the relief of both parties, the sisters decided to keep Betty's cottage, which, with wood enough for two fires and full larder, with enough and to spare for others, seemed a luxurious home to their simple tastos. And when Mr. Starkweather rose to go they thindly ventured upon the kindly familiarity (decided in the next room) of using his first name when they bade the brother good bye. The tremulous "Goodbye, Brother Abijah," seemed to unlock his great honest heart; and for the first time in their lives, a robust, manly kiss was planted squarely upon the lips of the Miss Pilkinses. And so with very pink checks he left them.

"Oh, my!" said Dolly at last, "that was like—rice pudding"—hesitating for a simile—" "And raisins, Dolly; you always for-

a simile—

"And raisins, Dolly; you always forget the best part." And then it was Drusilla's turn to blush, and both laughed light-heartedly over the unexpected ending of their Thanksgiving.—
[The Housewife.

inducel chivations oil mem could not care them helpless, nor did they wish in the county. The very thoughts made to make the helpless, nor did they wish bounty. The very thoughts made was so sender for the friends were not seen the second that this was not the man who he was so selected for the friends were not as selected to keep lietty Pratt's liny cottee. The county of the county of the theory of the county of the lift. He county of the county of the county of the county of the lift. He county of the county of the lift was provided the county of the lift. He county of the lift was the county of the lift. He county of the county of the lift was the county of the lift. He county of the lift was the county of the lift. He county of the lift was the county of the lift was the lift was the county of the lift was the li

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

rtful Jack-Not a Recommendation —An Honest Confession—A Worthy Example—A Revised Version

"Why didn't you write oftener in

nswer to my letters, acarfully.

"Because, dearest," he remarked, "you rere so long and interesting that I specially the time reading them."—[Bazar.

"Bazar." NOT A RECOMMENDATION.

Stranger—Say, mister, did the real state man tell you that there's running rater in that house he wants you to buy? Brown—Yes, he said so. Stranger—Well, so there is—only it uns through the roof every time it

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

Jenkins—Look here, Tyler. I friends are all guying me about this so of clothes. I thought you said you new kept clothes out of style.

Tyler—I don't keep 'em—I sell 'em.—[America.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

Mrs. Trotter—Jane, didn't I hear you say "in the soup" just now?
Jane—Yes, ma.
Mrs. Trotter—Well, you don't want to say it again. It's vile slang. Pattern after me in your language if you want to be up to snuff.—[Inter-Ocean.

A REVISED VERSION.

Mr. Bingo—Well, Tommy, what did ou learn at Sunday-school to-day? Tommy—I learned how to say grace. Mr. Bingo—Let's hear it. Tommy (meekly)—It only goes with wo pieces of cake.—[New York Herald.

WOULD LOSE ONE SUIT.

Teacher—If you had a suit of clothes and some one should give you another, how many would you have?
Willie Slimson—One.
Teacher—Now, Willie, how do you make that out?
Willie—My little brother Bobbie would have the other.

DIDN'T WANT LEAD DIDN'T WANT LEAD.
Wife (nudging husband at midnight)—
There's a burgiar down stairs, and he'll
get our silver if you don't go down and
drive him away.
Husband (philosophically)—Yes, and
if I do go Pil get his lead. I think Pil
stay where I am, my dear.—[Epoch.
HUMBLED THE POMPOUS CASHIER.
There is a recompous asples in a certain

There is a pompous cashier in a certain Francisco bank who lost all his prid

There is a pompose when the spride the other day.

"You must be identified," he said to a tall, hook-nosed woman in green, red and blue, who brought in a check at a time his window was crowded.

"Well, I—I—why—I—no, it cayn't be! Yes, it is, too. Ain't you Henry Smith?"

"That's my name, madam," he replied coldly.

coldly.

"An' you don't know me, Hen? I'm "An' you don't know me, Hen? I'm changed some, an' so air you; but I jisk knowed I'd seen ye. You've got that same old cast in your left eye, your nose crooks a little to the left, and you're a Smith all over. An' you don't me! Don't know Salindy Spratt that you useter coax to become Salindy Smith. 'Member how ye useter haul me to school on your sled an' kiss me in the lane an' call me your little true love? 'Member how ye cut up' cause I gave ye the mitten? Land, Hen, I could stand here all day talkin' over them old times! You km i-dentify me now, can't you, Hen?' 'Hen'' did so, but in a mood that almost produced apoplexy.—[San Francisco Wasp.

TOO MUCH OF AN EXERTION.

Patient—I'm all run down, Doc., and
I want something to brace me up.
Doctor—As I remember it, Mr.
Featherly, you have a good constitution.
You must have over-taxed your strength.
Patient—I haven't been doing anything for a month, Doc., except to hope that our bowling-club would win a

A LIFE-SAVER.

"A great many people owe their lives to that doctor," said Kicklington.
"Is he an able physician?"
"It isn't exactly that that I referred to. He is never in his office when you want him."—I Washington Post.

TOO BAD. "You must write a regret, John, I can't go to the Bronson's dinner."
"Why not? Didn't your dress come?"
"Yes-but the dentist hasn't sent my teeth."—[Epoch.
TIME IS PRECIOUS.

ck Hustle—Will you marry me ? ta Rustle—This is so sudden—give

Rita Rustle—This is so such me time.

Jack Hustle—You can't afford to waste any more time. You must be 26 now.
Say yes, Rita.

MISLEADING.

Freddy Fangle—Papa, couldn't the old patriarchs afford to buy their clothes?
Fangle—Certainly. Why?
Freddy Fangle—Because the Bible says, "They rent their garments."—

SHE KNEW.

An up-town teacher asked a girl how many bones there were in her body, and the glib girl nearly swallowed her chewing gum in her haste to answer 208. "Wrong; there are only 207," said the teacher. "Yes'm," was the triumphant response, "but I swallowed a fish bone to-day."—[Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, no; he doesn't drink like a fish."
"Why, I've known him..."
"That's all right. But fishes, you know, drink by gills."...[Philadelphia Times.

GIVING HIM COURAGE. She-How beautiful the autumn leaves

She—How beautiful the autumn leaves, George?
He (seeing a chance for a compliment)
-You are like the autumn leaves, Clara.
She—You never pressed any autumn
aves, did you, George?—[Boston Herd.

A LOVER WITH CONSIDERABLE SAND.

Miss Bullion-Will your love for mest, Jack? Is it founded upon the Jack Marigold—Why, of course, it is on your rocks. HOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

"What's the matter, old boy? Can't you meet your bills?"
"Yes, confound it, I meet so many I can't pay them."—[Light.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE

"All the vowels are found in their regular order in the two words 'facctious' and 'abstemious,' "said Smarticus. "That's so," returned Hicks. "And you'll find all the vowels and consonants in their regular order in 'the alphabet.'" BEFORE THE DENTIST'S DOOR.

Trembling Patient—If I were only ure that the doctor was out, I woulding the bell.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

THE SHRINE OF LOVE. Charlie—What church do you at and service at, Fred?
Fred—I-er—I say, Tom, what church it Miss Sweete goes to?

DEAD HOPES. DEAD HOPES,
"My hopes are dead."
"What killed them?"
"Heart failure. I hadn't the spunk
propose to my girl until she got enged to another fellow."—[Bazar.

COMPARATIVE.

"You think I'm tart, Mr. Henpeck," began Mrs. H.
"You put it mildly, Mrs. Henpeck,"
returned her lord. "You are more than
tart; you are a Tartar."

UP IN FRACTIONS.

Employer (to the new boy)—Have you ny brothers?
New Boy—Yezzir; one.
Employer -One?
New Boy—That is, two half-brothers. HEAVY ENOUGH.

"I'm going fishing, wife; give me me doughnuts."
"Going to use them for bait?"
"No, for sinkers."—[Ashland Press, DANGEROUS RIFLEMEN.

Small Boy—Mamma! Mamma! There's a mad dog in the street, and everybody is running into the houses.

Mamma (rushing to the window)—
Where? Where?
Small Boy—Look out! Dodge down!
Get under the sofa! A policeman is going to shoot!—[Town Crier.

The Sea-cow Nearly Extinct.

The manatee or sea-cow, two specimers of which have been on exhibition here, is now almost an extinct species, says the Washington Post. The two seen in Washington were captured in the Indian river, Florida, last July. The larger of the two weighed about eight hundred pounds and was nine feet long. The other was a foot shorter and weighed about seven hundred and fifty pounds.

The two in Washington were said to

The two in Washington were said to be the only specimens that ever lived more than a week after capture, and they were apparently in good health. Captain Zeller says he hunted several weeks for these specimens, following them for a number of days after he first discovered them. They usually are found in herds, which combine for mulal protection when attacked, placing their young in the centre. They are great cowards, always trembling in fear of danger. Nature has failed to provide them with any weapon of defense except the power to outswim the sharks and whales.

The disappearance of the sea-cow is

and whales.

The disappearance of the sea-cow is accounted for by the fact that the hide is valuable and the flesh held in high esteem for food. These specimens were driven into nets and pulled aboard with a rope, which the captain looped about their tails. He says that he will make an effort to catch a couple for the National Zoological Park. Specimens of manatee have been harpooned which weighed four tons and were twenty feet long.

Good Points of the Indians.

Freidy Fangie—Papa, couldn't the iold patriarchs afford to buy their clothes!
Freidy Fangie—Because the Bille clothes!

Ido not want to be misunderstood as Preidy Fangie—Because the Bille clothes!

Good Points of the Indians.

Ido not want to be misunderstood as private the country of the property of

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adven tures Which Show that Truth i Stranger than Fiction.

tures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

Ture following curious tale, according to a Philadelphia newspaper, comes from Bridgeport, Conn.: "Two missisters living at the east end are so identical in appearance that even members of their own family cannot tell Martha from Mary, except by a small mole under Mary's right ear. They are pretty and winning, and have plenty of admirers. For several months past Mary's accepted lover has been a young blacksmith named Rogers, and last Sunday evening he made up his mind to learn for certainty whether she would marry him. When he arrived at the house Mary was out, and Martha received him cordially, expecting to entertain her until her sister's return. Rogras supposed she was been a little more reserved than usual, he thought, and her hesitation made him all the more persuasive. At length she accepted him, just as Mary came into the parlor and turned up the light. Rogers then at once discovered he had proposed to the wrong girl. He made profuse apologies, and the sisters kept him in hot water for an hour. Then Martha released him from the engagement, and left him to finish out the evening with his 'speckled beauty.' It was too good a joke for Martha to keep, and she whispered it to one of Rogers' friends the next day."

A SPECIAL dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., says: "The steam whaler Beluga

and she whispered it to one of Rogers' friends the next day."

A SPECIAL dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., says: "The steam whaler Beluga arrived to-day from the Behring Sea, bringing remarkable news of the recovery of a harpoon which had been thrown into a whale sixty years before in the South Seas. Every whaling vessel has her name stamped on the harpoons it uses. In August last in the Behring Sea the Beluga killed a big whale and when it was cut up they discovered an old harpoon bearing the name of Moetezuma in it. The head of the harpoon was perfectly preserved, but the shank had been eaten away close to the skin of the animal by the action of the salt water. The records show that the Moetezuma quit whaling in the South Seas sixty years ago. She was a New Bedford craft and while lying idle at that port during the war she was bought by the government and sent with other old hulks down to Charleston harbor, filled with stones and sunk at the entrance of the bay to break up blockade running. This veteran whale that carried a harpoon for more than a century proved a formidzble fighter, and while the Beluga's men were after it it several times came near escaping. One of the boats had to be cut away to prevent its being drawn under. Finally, after exhausting all devices, the old whale was killed."

A coursespondent of The Field records an experiment which he made sone vasar

A Countspronders of The Field records an experiment which he made some years ago with a wasp. Having he says) severed a wasp in two pieces, I found that the head and thorax with the uninjured wings retained full vitality, at any rate for a considerable time. It tried to fly, but evidently lacked the necessary balance through the loss of the abdomen. To test the matter further I cut out an artificial tail from a piece of thin cardaord, as nearly following the shape of the natural body as possible. To fasten the apperdage to the wasp I used a little ox-gall (such as is used for gold leaf in the art of illumination), gum or more sticky substances would not do, as it impedes the use of the wings in flight. Presently the operation was completed, and to my surprise, the wasp, after one or two ineffectual efforts, flew in rather lopsided fashion to the window. It there buzed about for at least a quarter of an hour, eventually flying out at the top. The chief difficulty ist construct a tail affording the requisite stability: care must also be taken not to injure the second pair of wings, which are not so readily seen as the larger ones. I do not for one moment suppose the mutilated wasp could exist for any length of time, but it was vigorous when it flew away.

The Penn township school district possesses a prodigy of a school teacher in the person of little Clara Greenawald, of Bernvill, Penn., 13 years old. She has been filling her post ably and acceptably ever since the fall term began in September last. She is a remarkably bright girl for her age, with exceedingly bright eyes and fresh complexion, and has about her an unmistakable air of self-reliance. When the little lady first presented her application for the school, the trustees looked with astonishment at her childidsh figure and felt skeptical as to her propriety of allowing so young a person to teach, but she pluckity asked for a trial. This was reluctantly granted, and after less than two months' experience her triumph is complete. A canvass has been made am

as Mr. Soundstrong had died from mer-curial poison it was believed the action of one poison on another was producing the strange result. Gradually the face of the dead man became whiter and whiter, harder and harder, until now it is nothing but white stone, as white and firm as marble.

is nothing but white stone, as white and firm as marble.

A SINGULAR Story is told by a head game-keeper in Prussian Silesia. A few weeks ago one of his under keepers found in the tract of shooting country under his charge a covey of partridges—two old birds and fifteen young ones—two old birds and fifteen young ones—two old birds and fifteen young ones—two old birds and fifteen young conseally lying dead. They were huddled up close together within the space of a square yard, but were too decomposed to show any reliable signs of the cause of their death. Poison was at first suspected, as the spot was close to some peasants' allotment, but a careful examination of the ground revealed the fact that the birds had been struck by lightning. The flash had struck a little mound a short distance away and then coursed along the ground, and the grass surrounding the spot where the partridges lay had a burnt and yellow appearance.

NEAR Glen Cove, Long Island, are two

es lay had a burnt and yellow appearance.

NEAR Glen Cove, Long Island, are two trees of rather odd growth; they stand close by the roadside, alive and thrifty, and are good specimens of the old family of chestnut. They stand between two and three feet apart, and some ten feet from the ground they are strongly united by a woody ligament, through which there is doubtless a perfect circulation of sap. This connecting link as it shoots from their bodies is of the same thickness as the trees—about five or six inches—and tapers to the centre to a diameter of about three inches; it does not run at right angles with the main growth, but takes an angle of some thirty degrees.

In London there is a man who follows.

form part of a group of other trees.

In London there is a man who follows the business of tattooing. The majority of his patrons are men who have designs of a naval character pricked into their skin, but there are also a great many women who employ his art, if it may be termed such. With women the decoration is usually a bee, a butterfly, a spray of flowers, or a monogram. These ornaments are worn inside the wrist, so that they can be hidden by the glove if necessary. Mr. Macdonald also produces beauty spots. A short time ago he put two on the face of a lady well known in society. Whether they are really "beauty spots" is a moot question. They resemble a mole n.ore than anything.

A correspondent of the Carnesville

spots "is a moot question. They resemble a mole n.ore than anything.

A cornespondent of the Carnesville Enterprise notes a curious phenomenon which recently occurred in Rabun county. On a clear day a cloud appeared on top of the Blue Ridge mountains in the western part of Rabun county. It spread out over the county and snowed very heavily. It traveled in a southern direction, and by the time it reached the headwaters of Eustanallee creek it had risen so high that the falling vapor became so condensed by the time it reached the earth that it formed little pellets of ice, resulting in a hailstorm. After the cloud passed over a few miles it came in contact with a hot current of air and there was considerable thunder.

A cat owned by Charles Rich, of Britton, in Soath Dakota, is a strange freak of nature. The color is white, with mouse-colored spots. Its form is like a rabbit. It has long hind legs, and usually hops like a rabbit, but when it tries to walk like a cat the length of its hind legs causes them to swing around, first to one side, then to the other. Its tail is short and its fur fine and soft, like that of a rabbit. It hides and sleeps most of the day, but toward night it goes around hopping and playing like a rabbit. It catches mice, and will play with them as any other cat. It lives upon milk and other food like a cat.

Mas. Work started out with her one-year-old baby to do some shopping at

any other cat. It lives upon milk and other food like a cat.

Mrs. Wolf started out with her one-year-old baby to do some shopping at Buffalo, N. Y. Suddenly she noticed that the baby was ill and growing worse. She hastened toward home, but had not gone far when the child was taken with violent spasms. Upon reaching home Mrs. Wolf summoned medical aid, and the conclusion was reached that the infant had swallowed poison. An examination was made, and it was discovered that the baby had been chewing the strings of its bonnet, which were of a light-green shade, and contained a large quantity of arsenic.

An Englishman, it is stated, has recently been astonishing old Rocky Mountain hunters by killing grizzly bears with explosive express bullets. It is understood that these are charged with dynamite, held in place in the cavity of the missile with a preparation of wax. No details are given in relation to the method by which the bullet is exploded when it enters the body of the animal. The post-morten examination of a bear treated to this dose revealed a completeness of internal wreckage highly satisfactory to the Western experts.

Amono the odds and ends of a somewhat famous junk shop under Essex

factory to the Western experts.

Amono the odds and ends of a somewhat famous junk shop under Essex Market buildings, in New York, are some thousands of horseshoes. They are not sold, however, to either black-smiths or iron founders, but are bought eagerly at 10 cents apiece by East siders who still have faith in the horseshoe's powers as a mascot. A great mady East side shopkeepers have horseshoes snugly hid away in their money drawers. Many a cheap apartment in the tenement-house region has a gilded horseshoe over the hall door.

Early this year the strange travels of