

**A DREAM.**  
I dreamt that over the winter world  
The winter winds were sighing  
And into the orioles' empty nest  
The flakes of snow were flying.  
The vines along the garden wall  
With crystal ice were gleaming,  
And in the garden, dull and bare,  
The summer flowers were dreaming.  
The snow lay deep over withered grass,  
The skies were cold and gray,  
And slowly the dreary night came on  
To end the weary day.  
I woke. High up in the orchard boughs  
A hundred birds were singing,  
And in the birch-trees' pleasant shade  
The orioles' nests were swinging.  
Along the river, tall and green  
I saw the rushes growing,  
And daisy petals white as snow  
Among the grasses showing.  
The flowers held the sunshine bright,  
The breezes were at play,  
And swiftly the dreary night came on  
To end the happy day.  
—Angelina W. Wray, in Harper's Bazar.

### MIRE AND MATRIMONY.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.

It was "grindin' day" at Thompson's mill in Jim Creek, Lewis County, East Kentucky. The mill was rival of Black-burn's store, two miles above, as a gossip exchange for a large territory. From this distributive point flowed out toward every household the news of deaths, marriages, scandals, fights, courtships, and other matters of moment. To-day a large crowd had gathered for a rumor was abroad that Big Tom Latimer and Polly Ann Ballin were soon to get married in the face of her father's opposition. The Ballin family was the leading one of the county, old Tom Ballin having a large farm several horses and "cow brutes" and, by all odds, the finest breed of cow dogs that ever yelped at a tree in Lewis county. Big Tom and Old Tom were at the mill, and as the latter was a man of hot temper, a fight between the men was hopefully anticipated. Big Tom was a handsome, good-natured fellow, who would fight only when necessity compelled. He was standing fitting a stem into a new cob pipe when Old Tom approached and said: "I hear you an' my gal wuz fixin' ter marry?" "We ain't fixin'," old man, placidly returned Big Tom. "Ye ain't?" hopefully questioned old Tom. "No; we are already fixed—er haw, haw, haw!" The old man's fingers bunched themselves into hard fists, and his eyes glittered like new dirk knives a-whirling in the sunshine. "Fixed!" hissed old Tom, "fixed! You lazy, good-fer-nuthin' rascal, I'd like ter know what you got ter marry on?" "I've got my dad's puncheon floor to marry on, ef we can't get ter stand up on yourn!" returned Tim with a loud exasperating laugh. "You think ye'r terrible smart, don't ye?" said old Tom, curling his upper lip into a vicious snarl. "Yes, I am smart whar the hider's off, az my ole grandd nter say—er haw, haw, haw, haw! I've course I'm er smart man, and an' I'll avar' uv it, er I wouldn't have the brass ter try ter marry in the big Ballin family! A fool couldn't git a gal like yourn ter agree ter walk the puncheon er matrimony with him. He must be smart enough ter keep up the family credit. Polly Ann ain't no ham eater, az my ole grandd nter say. She's some punkins herself, an' she knows er smart person like me, az soon as her eye runs over his face. I cum from a smart set of people. One uv 'em—an' an' uncle—served az road overseer in Magoffin County fer ten years, an' wuz jist on the pint o' bein' lected constable, when a gun went off in a patch o' brush close to the road, whar he wuz passin' along, an' killed him. My great grandd wuz also er smart man. He talked six different wimmen inter the notion o' being his wife. He wuz awful smart! At the age o' ninety-six, he wuz still smart. He wuz peart enough ter set out on the fence, on nice warm days, an' watch his ole woman chop off a hickory bush-log. Oh, I tell ye, ole man, I'm not ter be grined at by them what has no teeth as my grandd used to say. I'm er smart feller, an' thar'll be no retrudin' in the stock as long az any o' the Latimer blood iz in er family—er haw, haw, haw, haw!" The monumental impudence of Latimer was actually fascinating to old Tom. While the big, good humored fellow went rollicking on in the above style, it was impossible for Old Tom to keep his sober countenance. He tried his utmost to keep looking fierce, but ever and anon he would grin in spite of himself. At the conclusion of Tim's pedigree he said: "Tim, I ain't got no time ter hear more o' yer foolishness. I—" "What ye in a hurry about? ye got lots o' time. The ole miller sed awhile ago that we couldn't git our grindin' till about dark, and (glancing up at the sun) hit ain't more nor two o'clock now. That bein' the case, we'd jist close up the mill in the time a-gasin' az not. The fact iz, ole man, you're a mighty interesting ole feller to talk to. You may not believe me, but I consider you ter be the only man in this kentry, outside o' myself, what knows how ter talk real smart talk—the only man who traveled and collected food ter feed the hog uv a man's intellectual nter an' make it squeal for more! I like a man that I kin go to when the stomach uv mer mind is empty an' all drawn up, an' git the ham an' eggs o'

knowledge that'll stuff me out an' send me off pickin' the teeth o' my judgment with the pine splinter uv good sense! You're jist that sort uv a ole man, an' its fer that reason az much az anything else that has caused me ter conclude ter lay my matrimonial claim in your family, and—" "Say, Tim—" "I'm er sayin' jist as fast az I can, ole man. Jist you stan' back a few minutes, an' gimme full swing. Az I wuz jist a goin' ter say, I feel that fer me ter marry in your family will be a mighty good jump for both sides—it'll keep the best looks an' finest intellects in the county all bounded together. I know you think you can't bear to lose yer gal, but lemme say, right hur, you shant lose her. She can stay right with you—" "Oh, hush, Tim!" said the old man, grinning and turning away. "I see I can't get no sense out o' you. But I want to tell ye now before you string out agin, that you can't have my gal. I'll die first. You know when I say anything I mean it. You are a good-natured sort uv a cuss—in fact too good-natured—but you are not fit ter be a husband, and ye can't never have a gal o' mine." "Say, ole man, I want you ter jist up an' tell me what you object ter me so strong fer?" "Wal, in the first place, you hain't got no hoss." "Is that all?" "Soap; you hain't got no cow?" "Anythin' else?" "Yes; ye ain't got no good coon dog." "What else?" "What you never have none. I won't have a son-in-law that has no hoss." "Wal, looker hur, ole man, you've got all o' them things—more than you'll ever need. Jist suppose you give me enough to qualify me ter become yer son-in-law? You've got more stock than you need?" "I'd see you dead first!" spoke the old man fiercely, as he turned away. "I'm goin' ter have Polly Ann an' one of your best horses afore two weeks; I feel it in my bones!" shouted the big, jolly fellow, as the old man started off. "You won't," shrieked the old man, grinding his teeth, and viciously shaking his fist. "You'll see, ole man. Hit won't do fer such fine stock as the Ballins and Latimers ter mix up in matrimony—er haw, haw, haw, haw!"

Late in the afternoon, about dark, old Tom's "turn o' corn" was ground and he was just shouldering it up, ready to carry it out to his horse when Tim came up and, smiling, said: "Old man, lem me carry out your turn, an' put it on your hoss. It's too heavy for you. I don't want ter see ye kill yer self up, even if I am goin' ter marry yer gal an' inherit yer property." "You go to the d—!" viciously spoke the old fellow between his teeth, as he slowly strained the bag to his shoulder. "Wait jist a minute, ole man," spoke Tim, laughing, "my turn will be ready in a minute. I am going your road, and I'm shore you'll want good company! Besides it's an awful lonesome road." But the old man was riding away and he didn't hear Tim's last words. "Confound that ar Tim!" the old fellow spoke to himself in amused vexation. He beats any feller I ever seed. He'd tickle a dog to hear him talk. If he only had a hoss I might give in arter a while, but never, never, ever shall a gal o' mine throw herself away by marryin' a feller what ain't got no hoss." Darkness was now filling the road and shutting out the view of all things. Suddenly an owl bawled out almost immediately in front at an angle of the road. Simultaneously, the horse, being a spirited animal, leaped far to one side, and then, oh horrors, the old fellow felt the horse sinking rapidly into the ground.

"My!" he shouted, while he attempted to free himself from the animal, he's jumped into that big misery hole." With these words he made a desperate scramble to get away from the horse, but the frightened animal, sunk now to his body in the slough, gave a floundering surge, fell to its side, catching the old fellow's leg, and rolling the bag of meal off on top of him. Both horse and man were now securely fast, unable to move. The old fellow was almost delirious with fright. There he was, helplessly fast in the slough. And to add further to his terrors, it was turning colder every minute. Of course, in such a place, it was only a question of a few hours when he must perish. And such a death! A man, in good health, to begin to die gradually without being able to summon a single human being. His hands and feet must first get numb. Gradually, slowly his blood must go from the surface, until, finally, it turns to ice in his heart! He began to pray, and the lips that never before had trembled in divine appeal now became fountains of begging exhortation. "Soon he heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs. Then, like a lightning flash, broke on his soul the recollection that Tim Latimer was to follow him on the same road. He stopped praying and began to shout. "What's the matter?" asked Tim, riding near. "Are ye repentin', ole man? Is that what yer prayin' about—tryin' ter git forgiveness for the way ye been talkin' ter me? Bully for you, ole man! I knowed you wuz goin' ter do up all right! Git on yer horse, ole man, I forgive ye. It's too cold to be repentin' down thar! Git up an' do yer prayin' an' shoutin' while we ride along!" "Ah, God bless ye Tim!" cried the old fellow, in tones between a groan

and a shout. "I'm hur in the ole misery hole!" "The nation you are!" shouted Tim. "Why, what got ye in the notion ter git down in such er place az that ter pray? Wanted ter be az humble az possible, I reckon? Wal, the Lord likes er humble sinner. But git up, now, ole man, hits er gittin' too cold to stay there." "Oh, Tim, can't ye understand? My horse is plum ter hit his breast in the mud. I'm layin' on her back, an' the sack flopped across me!" "Er haw, haw, haw, haw, er wah haw-haw!" roared Tim, "ef that don't beat anything az my ole grandd nter say! Why, ole man, don't you know that's no place ter be layin' sich er night as this? I'm surprised at a man o' your sense gittin' down thar. You didn't appear so awful drunk when ye left the mill! Hit must er flew ter yer hed awful quick." "Oh, Tim," desperately spoke the old fellow, "hush yer foolishness now, an' git me out here. I'll die here before much longer." "Of course ye will, ole man, an' that'll jist be ter my hand! I won't have no trouble then er bout gittin' yer gal. Whoop! I knowed thar wuz some good luck waitin' ter rejuvenate my lovin' soul! Wal, hit's er gittin' too cold fer me ter stay hur enny longer. Good by, ole man!"

"Oh, Tim, Tim, Tim!" shouted the old fellow, breaking into a cry, "please, for God's sake, Tim, don't go off an' leave me to die! I'll pay you ennything you ax of you'll git me out." "Will ye give me Polly Ann?" "Yes, yes," eagerly spoke the old fellow. "An' a hoss?" "Sartinly—hurry up, Tim!" "An' er cow?" "Course, course!—hurry, Tim!" "An' er good brood sow an' pigs?" "Oh, Lordy mighty, yas! Hurry an' come, Tim!" "An' er good coon dog?" "Yas, yas, yas! the best one I've got! Hurry!" "Whoop, whoopee!" screamed Tim, as he leaped from his horse. He ran to a fence near by and got two rails. He soon had the old man pried out of the mud, and then the two released the horse. Tim rode home with the old fellow. On the way he stopped at Parson Ado's and forced the latter to accompany him. An hour later he was the old man's son-in-law.—Yankee Blade.

### Can Odors Cause Deafness?

Everyone does not know that aromatic salts and very strong, pungent odors are injurious to the nerves of smell, and often produce serious, if not incurable difficulties. It is well understood that certain scents start the action of the secretory glands of the nose and throat, and often the eyes fill up with tears. Frequent indulgence in the use of such perfumes will soon overtax the secretory organs and weaken them. Some day the person observes that the hearing is less acute than usual, and the sense of smell seems defective. This is, of course, accredited to a cold, and but little is thought of it. After a time, the entire head becomes affected, hearing and smell are almost, if not altogether lacking, and there are throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal illness. It has taken the medical world a great many years to discover that loss of hearing is almost invariably caused by some disease of the throat or nose, or both. It is said that the use of smelling salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening the olfactory nerves, and through them the auditory system. All strong or pungent odors should be avoided as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secretory processes, and as the popular expression goes, "make the nose run."—Yankee Blade.

### The Rent is a Rose.

An interesting ceremony took place at the Lutheran Church at Manheim, Penn., the other Sunday. It was the payment of the annual rental for the ground on which the church stands, and is locally known as the "feast of roses." In 1772 Baron William Henry Stiegel, the founder of Manheim, donated the ground to the Lutheran congregation, upon which Zion Church now stands. The Baron exacted for his land "five shillings in cash and the annual rental of one red rose in June, when the same shall be lawfully demanded." That clause is in the deed of transfer, and for 120 years the red rose has been paid by the congregation to some descendant of the Baron. At the services Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer, of Harrisburg, a great-granddaughter of Baron Stiegel, was the representative of the landlord. On the altar, in a vase, was a huge red rose. An official of the church council made an address and formally tendered the rose to Mrs. Boyer, who then signed a receipt for a year's rent of the property.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Two Matched Brilliance Worth \$500,000.

At the Imperial Institute, London, the Prince of Wales lately inspected the splendid Mycelreest diamonds, a pair of magnificent brilliants which were found in Du Toit's pan mine, Kimberly, South Africa, in 1885, by J. Mycelreest. Originally the weight of the stone was 199½ karats, but it was cleft in two and cut regardless of weight, so as to secure the perfection of brilliancy. This work, together with cutting and polishing, was done in London, and the brilliants are said to be the finest pair in existence; for it is the opinion of experts that there is no other pair of brilliants of the same size cut from the same stone. They are a complete match and their value is placed at \$500,000.—Jewelers' Review.

### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

#### STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

##### The Chronic Kicker—His Expenses—Drawing Him On—Headers Included—Always the Case, Etc.

Some folks is allus kickin' And raisin' of a storm In summer time they mope and whine, and say: "It's Too Blamed Warm!" And then when winter comes along, They snarl and snap and scold, And won't go out—but sit about—because "It's Too Blamed Cold!" —Cincinnati Times.

##### ALWAYS THE CASE.

"At last I have discovered a recipe for happiness." "Lucky man. Tell me what it is." "No use. It won't work."—Chicago Record.

##### HIS EXPENSES.

"Hello, Charlie, whar have you been?" "Oh, I've been on an outing." "H-m-m. How much are you out?" "Chicago Inter-Ocean."

##### HEADERS INCLUDED.

Upstreet—"Hullo! I didn't know you were a bicyclist. How long have you been riding?" B. Ginner—"Bout two weeks, off and on."—Buffalo Courier.

##### BECOMING SERIOUS.

Manager (Dime Museum)—"What's the row in here?" Attendant—"One of the heads of the Two-Headed Girl wants a hoop-shirt and the other doesn't."—Good News.

##### DRAWING HIM ON.

Mrs. Pruyn—"Aren't you too cold to Mr. Scadds?" Miss Pruyn—"Oh, no, mamma; he thinks I'll refuse him, and by and by he'll propose jist to prove his sincerity."—Truth.

##### NOT FOND OF WORK.

"Cholly Binx seems to have a good deal of trouble in killing time," said one young woman. "Yes," replied another, "and I don't wonder at it. Cholly hasn't energy enough to kill a mosquito, let alone time."—Washington Star.

##### NEARLY PAID FOR THE SEEDS.

Thistles—"Johnson is getting to be quite a farmer since he moved over to Jersey." Figs—"So?" Thistles—"Yep; he made a garden and sold the truck for enough to pay for the seeds, all but fifteen dollars."—Life.

##### TRANSFERRED.

Teacher—"Willie, does your mother know that the buttons are off your coat?" Willie—"Yes'm, and she knows whar they are too." Teacher—"Whar are they?" Willie—"They are on father's trousers."—Judge.

##### SHE WAS TIRED.

He—"How many bridesmaids are you going to have, dearest?" She—"None." He—"Why, I thought you had set your heart on it." She—"I had; but from present indications the girls I want will all be married first."—Life.

##### AN EMINENT ORIENTALIST.

Jenkins—"That is Professor Schnaf-felhausen, the eminent Oriental scholar." Tutwiler—"Ah! and what has he done?" Jenkins—"He has invented an entirely new and original way of spelling 'Mahomet.'"—Puck.

##### A CHRONIC CONDITION.

Flushing—"What are you looking so glum about?" De Fiset—"I'm broke." Flushing—"Oh, well, never mind; such a contingency is likely to occur at any time." De Fiset—"It doesn't occur with me; it exists."—Indianapolis News.

##### AMATEUR GARDENING.

Young Housewife—"James, I want you to make a little garden for me out in the back yard." Young Husband—"Going into amateur gardening?" Young Housewife—"Yes; I got some bird seed this afternoon and I'm going to try to raise some canaries."—Judge.

##### HE IS OLDER, TOO.

Bertha—"What do you find lovable about that little girl?" Lillian—"Nagging; absolutely nothing." Bertha—"Then why did you kiss her so affectionately?" Lillian—"Sh! You ought to see her handsome brother!"—Chicago Record.

##### THE PARSON'S REDUCE.

"Mr. Bankles," said a clergyman who has a certain vein of humor in him, "I presume on a long friendship to mention it; but do you know that you sometimes snore too much?" "You don't say so! Why, really, I must do something to prevent it. It must be very annoying." "Yes. It probably disturbs some of the other sleepers."—Washington Star.

##### THE LESSON OF THE STARS.

One night we were sitting out of

doors in the moonlight, unusually silent—almost sad. Suddenly some one—a poetic-looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said, in a low tone: "Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but some soulless cold said: "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, in a sad, sweet voice.

##### ACCOMMODATING.

Doctor McSikker (to imaginary invalid)—"An' so ye ha' no pains?" Imaginary Invalid—"No, no pains." Doctor McSikker—"An' ye eat wi' he'rtness?" Imaginary Invalid—"Yes." Doctor McSikker—"An' ye sleep soundly?" Imaginary Invalid—"Certainly." Doctor McSikker—"Awel, I'll jist gie a bit prescription that'll poot an effectshul end to 'that!'"

##### HE'D BEEN BACKED.

Horseman—"That is a remarkably fine animal you are driving, madame." Lady—"Oh, I wouldn't part with this horse for the world. He's jist as gentle as can be, and real fast, too." Horseman—"So I should judge. Has he ever been backed against any noted trotters?" Lady—"Well, I don't know, but it seems to me we back against pretty much everything in the street every time I attempt to turn 'round.'"—New York Weekly.

##### TRIALS OF AN ESSAIST.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, as she laid her mother-of-pearl pen-holder on her mosaic-topped desk; "I don't suppose I shall ever get this graduation essay done." "What is the matter?" asked her mother. "That 'Handy Dictionary of Synonyms' is too mean for anything; and I can't find the 'Thesaurus.'" "What are you looking for?" "A word of five syllables that means 'wise.'"—Puck.

##### ONLY ONE CLIMATIC DRAWBACK.

Eastern Newcomer—"It looks as if it ought to be healthy around here." Jumpclaim Jim—"Is healthy parmer. Thers' only one disease that ever proves fatal in these diggin's." Eastern Newcomer—"What disease is that?" Jumpclaim Jim (carelessly resting his hand on a belt full of six shooters)—"Lead poisonin'. Ef yer system is lucky eruff ter escape that yer kin live here a hundred years without dyin'."—Buffalo Courier.

##### Somebody's Father.

I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg, says a contributor to Blue and Gray. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back to a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw it was an ambrotype of two small children. Man though I was hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the last time in this world, who, away off in a secluded spot had rested himself against a tree, that he might feast his eyes on his little loves, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wanted. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumps gathering in our throats, and mista before our eyes which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow, and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively seemed to understand our thoughts. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting I inscribed the words: "Somebody's Father, July 3, 1863."

##### A House Built in an Hour.

Not a tartar tent or a turf shanty, but a veritable wooden house, fifty feet by twenty feet, of solid workmanship, and of elegant and convenient structure, can now be built in an hour. It is a house capable of resisting the strongest kind of wind. It is a new form of field hospital, invented by an Austrian army surgeon, Doctor Hof-graeff, and was put to the test of experience by the Austrian military authorities at the Bruick Camp. The result justifies the inventor's claim that the fabric can be set up by a party of eight men and made fit for the reception of patients in an hour. No tools are required to put the building together, all the sleepers, panels, bolts, rods and waterproof packing for the wooden frame work being ready to hand, every hole for its plug, and every groove for its fitting. It can be pulled down and packed for carriage in an incredibly short time.—New York Dispatch.

##### Could Find Nothing of Him.

Andy Muldoon, an oil well shooter, started from Bradford, Penn., a few days ago for a village called Guffey to shoot a well. He had 2½ quarts of nitro-glycerine in a two-horse wagon. He was seen coming down a steep hill near Guffey, and suddenly there was a blinding flash, a deafening report, and man, horse and wagon disappeared. The shock was felt at a distance of fifteen miles, and no trace of Muldoon or his outfit could be found.—New Orleans Picayune.

##### It is learned from London that sedan chairs are about to be reintroduced in England.

### FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

#### A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

##### The Lion's Escape from the Circus.

Here's the circus coming to town! Every child is alert and awake. Out on the steps or garden gates Peep each a good position take.



To watch the pageant moving by, With music loud and tawdry show; And hear the children's unfeigned glee In many a shout and loud holla!

A cry rings sharp upon the air, Filling each mother's heart with dread! The largest lion has broken his cage— Catch him quickly, alive or dead!



One young mother, missing her boy, Tumbles and shrieks in wild alarm, When gaily to her side he runs, And pats her cheek with tiny palm.



"Now, don't be frightened, mamma, dear That naughty lion shan't hurt you; For if he does to come near us, I'll tell you just what I will do."

"You know that sword in papa's room, That once belonged to Uncle Dick? I'll go for that, and if he comes, I'll cut his head off pretty quick!" —Our Little Ones.

##### An Amateur.

When Polly takes your photograph, Woo unto you if you should laugh; If you should sneeze or even blink, Or let her catch you in a wink, The breeze, pro tem, must cease to blow.



The sun must shine exactly so! All nature work in her behalf, When Polly takes your photograph. —Truth.

##### Hoop and Bell.

There is a very pretty little game in which both hoops and balls are used, but the balls are not thrown to be caught and the hoops are not rolled. You get six wooden hoops, all of different sizes, such as will measure from 12 to 30 inches across. Fasten on each a little screw-hook to hang it up by. Next prepare a place to suspend the hoops. That may be a stout wire fixed across the playground about seven feet from the floor, or you can put your wire across the attic between rafters, at the same height, or you can put the wire in the barn. If you wish to play outdoors have the wire stretched between trees. Now, just where the hook is, fasten to each hoop a cord reaching to the center of the hoop, with a bell attached to the end. To play, you throw a rubber or worsted ball at each hoop in turn. If it goes through the hoop without ringing the bell it

counts by fives, according to the size of the hoop, the largest five, the smallest thirty. But if the ball goes through and rings the bells you add ten to the count. If it rings the bell and falls back without going through the hoop, count only ten. The game is 500. Each player throws at all the hoops every time it is his turn. This is a good play any time and anywhere, and it is the very best rainy-day game that I know of, in a barn, or an attic, or the play-room.

##### "We Four."

Out in the street Jack found, one day, An old umbrella, broken away. "Better than nothing," he merrily said, As a cloud sent its raindrops down on his head. Along came Bob. "Any lodgings to let?" "Yes," laughed Jack. "Come in out of the wet." Then Will came up with a "Hallo, boys! What's the occasion for all this noise?" "Come along in," said Jack, "an' see!" So the old umbrella gave shelter to three, And last of all, as they laughed together, A doggy, who hated such rainy weather, Came slinking by, with his tail drawn in. And a very uncomfortable soaking skin. "Come in with the rest of us, do," cried Will. And doggie wagged a grateful "I will." "There now," laughed Jack, "we're fixed, we four. An' there isn't any lodgings to let for more."

##### The Little Donkey.

I am a Donkey and I belong to a very happy family of toys. Our little mistress always puts us close together when she makes us walk round the dining-room table every Sunday. There would be nothing to complain of if only our little mistress had no brothers, but, alas! she has two, and oh, so h scamps. When we hear them come into the schoolroom in the evening after school our paint turns faint from fear, for we know what is in store for us. The boys are not quite so sad now as they were. They used to turn Noah's ark upside down on the floor, put the animals up in rows upon the table, and then shoot at us with a horrible toy cannon loaded with peas. It was anything but pleasant, I can tell you. Generally half of us were knocked off the table onto the floor. One night I saw my poor friend the bear stamped on. Freddie picked him up and said: "I've done for this old chap; let's put him in the fire. If Nellie comes up and sees him broken she will only howl and make a fuss." So into the fire my poor friend went, and you can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them. Pretty soon our little mistress came into the room. Her distress at the loss of the bear was very great. Her father came in and wanted to know what she was crying about, and he was very angry when he heard what had happened, and scolded his boys for teasing Nellie. I think for the moment they were sorry. They did not mean to torment, but Freddie, the elder, was a terrible boy from a toy's point of view. Things went more smoothly for a day or two, and then the same thing happened, and again we were made to face the terrible cannon. Alas, I was the unfortunate victim, and one of my forelegs was shot off. Nellie was consoled by making a bed up for me in one of the rooms of her doll's house, and there for many days I was nursed by the sweetest little doll you ever saw. Now I am quite well again—but how I dread those boys!

##### One of the Queer Things.

It's very strange, it seems to me, The things that doctors say. We know that little doggie bark, And that all horses neigh.

##### The European Panorama.

The political panorama in Europe as it is focussed in Germany, is one of singular interest at the present time. It is reported that a deeply impressive interview recently took place between the young Emperor and the Pope, in which Will iam II. announced his intention of declaring war against France, and the Pope brought to bear all the weight of his holy office to beg him to change this intention. "I pleaded with him, I wept with him," said the Pope, in relating this, "but I failed to convince him." Each day the Pope now says a mass to avert impending evils. Meantime relations between France and England are strained. The colonial problems excite great bitterness of discussion. There is one faction in Germany—that led by Dr. Lieber—which is prepared to treat with Chancellor von Caprivi in certain concessions to hang it up by. Next prepare a place to suspend the hoops. That may be a stout wire fixed across the playground about seven feet from the floor, or you can put your wire across the attic between rafters, at the same height, or you can put the wire in the barn. If you wish to play outdoors have the wire stretched between trees. Now, just where the hook is, fasten to each hoop a cord reaching to the center of the hoop, with a bell attached to the end. To play, you throw a rubber or worsted ball at each hoop in turn. If it goes through the hoop without ringing the bell it