

HUMAN LIFE.

BY AUBREY DE VEEB.

Bad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away, beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they are sweet in
sowing,
But taros, self-sown, have overtopped the
wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they are sweet in
blowing;
And still, oh still, their dying breath is
sweet.

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft
us
Of that which made our childhood sweet-
er still;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left
us
A nearer goal to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to
prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them
or denies them.

Silas Norris
Brave Start.

A woman and a boy cannot do much with fifty acres. Mrs. Norris knew it, because she had tried. Her husband had left her the farm, 120 acres, and she had done her best with it. She had kept her boy Silas at school, she had planted berries, trimmed vines, cared for the orchard, milked her own cow and tended the chickens, but somehow she didn't get ahead much. She had watched her boy grow from a weazen, freckle-faced child into a great, hulking, stoop-shouldered "man" of 20. Year after year she had seen his patrimony diminished till the 120 acres were reduced to fifty. He could read, write and figure and he was "handy" with machinery. Sometimes she believed that the farm was "holding him back" and that she should send him to the city to "make his way."

But she loved him now even as she had loved him when he was all that was left to her of company, of affection, of hope. He looked as his father looked when they were married. He had been born in the cottage in which his father had been born. The berry patches, the orchard, the five-acre meadow, the rickety henhouse, the river which ran past the pasture lot, were in her eyes transfigured by the knowledge that they were his, that some day her boy would own them in his own right and make his home there for all his days. And so she struggled along, doing her own work, making, mending, planting, herself the foremost and the swiftest of the berry pickers, the first in the field in the morning, the last to bed at night.

She was thin now, with whitening hair and hollow cheeks, hands browned and hardened with the work, shoulders stooped with bending over the earth and the wash-tub. Silas, the boy, was big and red. There were freckles and pimples on his wide, expectant face and he had been shaved a dozen times. He was commencing to take on the ways of a man, for he went to the Saturday night dances at King's Landing, bought an occasional pint of beer from the steward of the steamboat May Graham, and smoked his cigar with the confident assurance of a person of affairs. When he went down to the landing with his load of berries he hailed Captain Fykes as "Cap" and called the amiable clerk "Charlie." He had a personal acquaintance with John Egan, the first mate, and had no hesitation in slapping him on the back and asking, "How's traffic, John?" The widow had seen and admired these evidences of broadening character, and deep in the fond recesses of her heart she knew that her boy Silas was "cut out" for a man of business, that he had a future before him and that the narrow environments of a small fruit farm were "holding him back."

Silas had been to St. Joe and Benton Harbor more than 20 times. He had done a "heap of trading" and the town atmosphere was the breath of inspiration to his nostrils. He had seen each year the incursion of smart "resorters" from Chicago, and seeing, yearned to look, to feel, to act as they did. Full of this ambition he talked to his mother about "taking boarders." It was easier than farming, he said, and more profitable. The Joneses had done it and made money enough to buy twenty acres of the Norris farm. It would give him a chance to get acquainted, who knows but it might give him "an opening," an opportunity to settle in Chicago? The boy's eyes widened at the very thought, and Mrs. Norris, eager to help her boy along, yet dreading the prospect of losing him, stifled her selfish hopes of having him "all to herself" and advertised for summer boarders.

The widening hopes of the possibilities of converting the little farm into a "popular resort," they planted only enough for the maintenance of a few boarders. They figured on cutting the empty barn into halves and making cottages of it. June, July and half of August came and went, and they had many letters of inquiry about the place, the water, the mosquitoes, the bathing, the terms, the roads, the fruit, the beds, and the "general accommodations," but only one boarder disembarked from the wheezing steamer, and the widow's heart was downcast in spite of the happy smile she gave him, and the thrill of pride she felt when she heard him call Silas, her son "Mister Norris."

He was a bookkeeper for the commission firm which had handled their berries, and showed all the hall marks of the strenuous and cultivated life of a great city. He had drop-stitched stockings and patent leather "low quarters." He wore a singular sort

of muffler, which he called "a stock," and when he saw the wheat stacks looming brown upon the yellow hills he said he "supposed those were bee hives." When he saw Silas milking the cow he wondered why somebody hadn't invented an automatic cow milker; he didn't know beans from buckwheat in the fields, and he couldn't bait his own fish hook because, he said, the "worm made him feel creepy." But he took a marked liking for Silas, and the widow began to think that he was a very capable and even brilliant young man. In exchange for innumerable courtesies he told the farmer boy that if he would come to Chicago "he would never leave it."

"It's the only place," exclaimed the resorter. "Why, a fellow that knows as much as you do about farm machinery, crops, fruit and farming in general would be snapped up right away. The agricultural implement trust is looking for men like you all the time. I wish I knew as much as you about such things. You wouldn't catch me slaving away for \$25 a week."

And Silas not only believed it, but in long talks with his mother at night after the boarder was gone to bed he drew such rosy pictures of his life, his hopes, his ambitions, and such gloomy, desperate predictions of "his finish" if she kept him there to vegetate on the farm, that she agreed to the step, though the decision cost her many a sleepless hour and many a blinding tear.

I saw them standing in the knee-high, golden meadow by the river the day he left her. She wore an old-fashioned calico wrapper and the blue sunbonnet upon her head was rusty and limp. The little steamboat, which will stop anywhere, wheezed and chortled up to the green bank, and a mob of inquisitive tourists crowded to the rail to watch them. He was dressed in his bravest Sunday clothes, with a red necktie, his shoes brightly polished and his moon face shaved and blushing. I saw her hold him an instant to her flat bosom and kiss him, and I saw him draw away from her, ashamed of the senseless onlookers and eager to be off. He came aboard the narrow gangplank, bustling and looking as though this trip were a matter of course, but it was not a matter of course to the lonely woman standing there in the gray twilight watching her boy's departure.

A lone blue crane came sweeping down-stream out of the shadows, the little steamboat puffed and steamed away, the dark green waters of the old St. Joe tinkled a dream-song against the lush banks, and the woman, her hands behind her tired back and her sad eyes fixed on the vanishing steamer, stood all alone in the dim light of the crooning river.—John H. Rafferty in the Chicago Record-Herald.

CAUGHT AT THEIR TRICKS.

Two Parties of Anglers Had Been Playing the Same Game.

Rochester, N. Y., is laughing at the ludicrous outcome of a fishing trip taken by a dozen well known young society men to the Manitou waters the other day. The bass and pickerel were running well, and large catches had been made. These twelve sportsmen resolved to take a try at luck. They divided up into two parties, six in a boat, and each side put up a bet of \$10 that it would return to the hotel at a given hour with the larger catch. There was a bit of a gale on the lake, and the fish were striking poorly, when one boatload saw an aged angler pulling for shore near by them. He was hailed, and held up a fine catch of pickerel, weighing altogether with several bass and perch, about forty-five pounds. There were several big fellows in the lot, and the eager occupants of Boat No. 1 hit upon a brilliant expedient. Dickering followed, and finally the veteran fisherman exchanged his catch for six one-dollar bills, each member of the party putting in the same sum.

"Wait," they whispered, exultantly when the old man had pulled away. "We'll make those jack spots in the other boat feel like thirty Canadian pennies." The aged fisherman, knowing the waters thoroughly, instead of departing for home, sought a sheltered cove and caught five more pickerel, which weighed about twenty-five pounds. By chance he met the party in boat No. 2, and, fate hovering around with suppressed laughter, they had a flash of genius like that which animated boat No. 1, and the old fisherman sold the catch for \$2.50. Then he went back and fished for an hour longer and caught a nine pound pike.

"Wait," said boat No. 2, "wait, and we'll make the other gang feel like a counterfeit note in the fist of a treasury expert." The two boatloads met on the hotel piazza, and boat No. 1 crowded loudly and exuberantly with joy. They had forty-five pounds of fish. Boat No. 2 was chagrined; it had only twenty-five pounds. Just then the aged angler appeared around the corner dragging a nine pound pike. He was a just and square man, and he went up to the spokesman of boat No. 2.

"Here," he said, "the string I sold to you fellers wa'n't quite so good ez that I sold to the other fellers, so I'll throw to you this here nine pound yaller pike fer half a dollar."

And then there was a tableau. As for the aged angler, he is wondering yet, "what in thunder made them durn duds all holler ter wunst fer?"—New York Tribune.

Merely a Suggestion.
Miss Thirttyd—I want to give my fiancé a surprise on his birthday. Can't you suggest something?
Miss DeFlymp—Well, you might tell him your age.—Chicago News.



"So There."
"My dear Matilda," hints Mamma,
"It vexes me, as you're aware,
To hear you end each sentence with
"So there!"

"I don't know," Matilda cries,
Speaking as crossly as she dares,
"That I said anything like that—
So there!"

"You naughty girl," Mamma exclaims,
"For punishment you'll now prepare;
Into that corner take your work—
Sew there!"

Pets of a Queen.
The love of animals always indicates a noble and gentle character, and doubtless Queen Alexandra's love of animals has endeared her doubly for her many subjects. England's queen has a collection of pets at Sandringham that contains a wide variety, embracing dogs, chickens, doves, horses and parrots. Many years ago, when she visited Ireland, a dove was given her as an emblem of peace and good will, and on her return to London she bought a mate for it. Their descendants are numerous, and the queen always has one specially trained for her boudoir. This particular pet has its cage in the room, and will leave it at her call to perch on her finger or nestle on her shoulder. These doves are all white, with pink eyes. A small island in a pool is the home of a number of foreign birds. Among them are some curious specimens, of which several oyster catchers are regarded as peculiarly interesting by their owner. They have black and white plumage and long red bills, which they use like scissors to detach the mollusk. Three turtle doves are recent additions. They were on board the steamer when her majesty returned from Denmark last year, and she became so fond of them that they were sent to Sandringham. The queen's kennels are extensive, and in them are collies, Newfoundland, deerhounds and other varieties. Her personal pets are two Japanese spaniels, carrying them everywhere with her. Each kennel has a bedroom and a sitting-room, and all open upon a large central courtroom. There is also a hospital, and when a dog dies it is buried in a little cemetery and a tombstone is placed over its grave. Sam, the poodle who was a pet of Princess Victoria, lies here. The princess used to have the clippings from his long and silky coat made into yarn for crocheting little shawls. Queen Alexandra is well known by every dog in the kennel. Horses come in for a goodly share of her majesty's affection. She has been a fine horse-woman from childhood, and still rides nearly every day.

Migrating Birds.
The Rock of Gibraltar is an ideal spot from which to note the arrival of the birds from Africa on their spring passage. It is not such a general resting-place and "cross-roads" as is Helligoland; but, standing as it does at the narrowest point in the Mediterranean, it forms one of the jetties at the birds' crossing-place, while the neighborhood of Tangier is the corresponding pier of this invisible bridge. For five seasons the arrival of the birds was very carefully watched by Colonel Irby, who also acquired the notes of a French naturalist, M. Favier, who lived for 30 years in Tangier. The notes, both of M. Favier and of Colonel Irby, give us something more than a glimpse, not only of the arrival of the birds which mean to settle for the summer in Spain, but of what we never see, and very few people ever realize to be taking place when they do see it, the passage of the birds midway on the journey from Equatorial Africa to England. Some, the swallows, for instance, drop detachments probably along the whole line from North Africa to Sweden. Some stop at Tangier, some at Gibraltar, some in Spain, some, doubtless, along the French coast. Others come to England, others go on still further. There is every reason to believe that it is the same pair of birds which stays each year at its usual nesting place. Yet there is nothing to stop them where they do stop, except free will. What can there be in the mind of one swallow hatched last year which takes the little bird to Seville, while another will not be content till it reaches Christiania? M. Favier says that "great flights of swallows pass the Straits from Africa to Europe in January and February, returning in September and October to join those which have remained at Tangier to nest. Then they all go further south for the winter." Where they go he did not know; but they are now said to be found all over Africa in midwinter. "The Moors say that it offends God to kill a swallow as much as it offends Satan to kill a raven," says M. Favier, "and that swallows and storks were inspired by Allah for the destruction of flies and noxious reptiles."—The Spectator.

Hard on the Father.
A little girl, three years old, who is very fond of music, has a father who cannot distinguish one tune from another. However, she is always urging him to sing. He was trying his best to please her with a hymn one day and flattered himself that he was doing very well. Suddenly the little tyrant turned upon him and demanded: "Why don't you sing, daddy? You're only making a noise."—New York Press.

The Discontented Beetle.
There was once a big, discontented beetle. He had no pretty colors on his wing cases, and the wings themselves, folded beneath, were too small to hold his heavy body up for any length of time. All day he burrowed in the earth and decayed leaves and at night he crept out to envy the fire flies.

"Oh," he sighed, "what happiness to fly about in the warm air carrying

one of those beautiful lamps. How I wish I was a lightning bug and not a clumsy old black beetle." One day as he was digging in the earth he came on an angle worm's tunnel. Now the bug people think that the angle worms are very wise and useful, and so they are, for all their lives long they spend in working the soil over and over so that it will be loose for the roots of the trees and the flowers to move through; you know they do move, very, very slowly, or else they would always stay in one spot, and not go crawling under the ground this way and that.

"Say," asked the discontented beetle of the angle worm, "you are wise, can you tell me where the fire flies buy their lamps?"

"No," the worm answered, turning his blind, pink face toward the beetle. "but I have heard the grass roots talking together, and, if I remember rightly, they spoke of a fire somewhere up in the sky that warmed them; maybe the fire flies light their lamps there."

Then the worm turned away to bite off a great mouthful of clay, swallowing it quite contentedly. "Why don't you ask the fire flies themselves?" it mumbled, seeing the beetle still waiting there, "that is what I would advise you to do."

Now the beetle was very shy and very proud. He was not afraid of a blind angle worm, but when it came to introducing himself to a fire fly, with a lovely red head and black markings—to say nothing of the lamp—that was too much.

"I will not ask any more questions. I will hunt the world over till I find that fire for myself, said the beetle sullenly, so off he started. When he stuck his head out of the earth worm's tunnel the first thing he saw was a bright red light, glittering behind the leaves. He was sure it was far away, because he felt no heat from it. Certainly that must be the fire the roots were talking of. He would go there as straight as he could crawl, so he scrambled off over the ground, his nose pushing the grass and his two little feelers showing him the way, just as you see any of the bug people walk, if you watch them. Bye and bye he looked up, thinking, undoubtedly, that he had made a long journey and must be near the end. Mercy! not a sign of the fire anywhere, no smoke even, which was not strange when you think that what the stupid beetle had taken for a fire was the setting sun, which had dropped over the edge of the world long ago and left only a big pink stain in the sky where it had been.

"Dear me," fretted the beetle, "how tired I am all for nothing and no good!" and he burrowed under some dry leaves to sulk. When he looked up again, however, he forgot that he had been discouraged, for there, white and beautiful and shining, between the tree branches he saw another fire, and as soon as he saw it he made up his mind that this was the very one he was looking for.

"Here goes!" exclaimed the beetle cheerfully, and he began to climb the first tree he came to. It was a slow journey, and many a time he would have fallen but for the hard, hooked claws which he dug into the bark of the tree. He did reach the top at last, as men and beetles always can if they dig their claws in and work hard enough, but when the tip-top had been reached, dreadful to say, the white fire had flown a million miles away up among the stars! Can you guess what it was that had fooled the old beetle so?

For a long time the discontented beetle stood on the top leaf, which looked to his little eyes like a wide, black floor, swinging and tilting with the wind. There was no use, he thought, he would give up his hunt and go back to his cell in the ground, where he could neither see nor hear, for what good were eyes and ears except to put impossible ideas in one's head? As he turned to go down the tree he stopped suddenly, dusted his eyes with his feelers and looked again. Was it possible—there in the street below him, the very fire he was looking for? Yes, there it shone, dangling from an iron post and so wonderfully white that the moon looked like a dirty silver plate beside it. A perfect cloud of bug people danced excitedly around it—come to light their lamps, too, the beetle told himself, and the next moment he stretched his wings and went skimming through the darkness. He forgot the other bug people dancing there, forgot the red sun that hid over the hill, the red moon that ran away to the stars, the long journey he had come on; forgot everything except that was growing nearer with every quiver of his wings.

"Where are you going? You will burn yourself!"

The next morning when the man came to clean out the electric globes he found, with a pint of other burned up bugs, the body of a big black beetle.

"How can such a large bug have so little sense!" he exclaimed, but when the grass roots told the angle worm he said nothing, because his mouth was full of dirt.—Washington Star.

He Tried It Once Too Often.
A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor became suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

India's Many Holidays.
Cawnpore has the proud satisfaction (or otherwise) of knowing that it has more bank holidays than any other big town in India. Omitting Sundays, Cawnpore last year had 33, Bombay 26, Calcutta 24 and Madras 20 official holidays. The amount, as far as Cawnpore is concerned, is thought excessive by many, for business reasons.—The Bangkok Times.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Love lifts,
Virtue is wealth.
The light needs no label.
Destiny depends on origin.
Innocence is not character.
Treachery leads to tragedy.
Self is a synonym for all sin.
Disposition is more than position.
Silence is often the sign of strength.
Pride needs to look out for puncture.
Many a small engine has a big whistle.

Your life will be worth what it costs you.
The man who thinks leads the crowd.
Better a fair failure than a false success.
A good man will always find some good in men.
God sends the seed, but we must furnish the soil.
To lose sympathy with men is to miss success with them.
The lesser things of life are the ones we can least afford to lose.
Small vices may be forgivable one at a time, but they soon unite into an impassable river.—Ram's Horn.

HOW THINGS LOOK AT FORTY.

Men on Reaching Mature Age Cannot Account for Follies of Youth.
The chief distinction between 20 and 40 seems to be that the youth is buoyed with the wisdom of conceit, whereas the man is burdened with the conceit of wisdom.
It is a very silly thing to generalize from one's own personal experience. Nearly all the men I know are liars, yet doubtless I touch elbows with truth every day.
At 20 you blush when a man praises you; at 30 you think him a clever fellow; at 40 you wonder what he wants.
Be prepared from early youth to make the most splendid self-sacrifices, provided you do not change your mind as to their utility.
The cynic is the most conceited of human beings. He believes all men are knaves or fools, and excepts himself.

Friendship is a benefit association (limited) which, by going bankrupt, enables you to discover that you are your own best friend.
Persons who have never nursed an illusion may have laid up a dollar or two, but all their money can never buy the delights of a dreamer.
What a shock to the virtuous man who late in life discovers that the principles he fought hardest for were only prejudices.
It is an appalling possibility that at 50 I may pity the fool at 40—myself—as at present I cannot account for my folly at 25.
A compensation of personal tragedy is that it frequently quickens the victim's sense of humor.
A pessimist is not a good many things he thinks he is, but he is something he never thought of—one who is constantly trying to stand in his own shadow.
An optimist is a good many things he thinks he isn't; but chiefly he is simply a person afraid to face the truth.
A keen sense of the ridiculous may be a bar to success, but as long as you keep it you will never feel yourself wholly a failure.

Chinese Farmers in Luck.
The Chinamen who are market gardening out at Astoria have begun to feel the same prosperity that is coming to the farmers out west. Lee Wah, who has a truck farm on the road opposite St. Michael's cemetery, said that he had never made money so easily as this year.
There never was such a demand for vegetables. Lee Wah says he has made more than \$1200 so far this year out of his green stuff. His customers are the Chinese laundrymen, who go to Mott street on Sundays to do their marketing.
People out at Astoria say the Chinese truck farmers ought to be prosperous. They are always pittering round in their gardens. From long before daylight until long after dark they are out there. Every day they are at work.
There are four or five other Chinese truck farmers in Astoria besides Lee Wah. They are several thousand dollars to the good already this season.—New York Sun.

How to Capture Bullfrogs.
The bullfrog, brown, big and hoarse of voice in August, will give many a half day of good sport, to say nothing of the delicacy his plump hind legs will furnish.
There are three ways in which he may be pursued successfully. He may be angled for with a rod and bit of red flannel for a bait which, waved before him, is as the red rag to a bull. He may be stalked with a light-handled spear, and stealth and skill add zest to this method.
Or he may be hunted with a 22 rifle when a good eye and steady hand are necessary to insure a dinner.—Country Life in America.

Her face is her fortune. "Well, she wouldn't be very rich if she were two-faced."
"She ran into my arms once in a dark hallway." "The hallway must have been dark."
Little Girl (after seeing many queer beasts at the Zoo)—"But there aren't really such animals, nurse, are there?"
"Do you really believe that all men are born free and equal?" "Well, yes; except that some grow up to be equal to a hundred others."
"What do you expect to be when you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one, sir," was the bright one's reply.
Tommy—Did you ever hear of a camel going through the eye of a needle? Bessie—Yes, an' I bet he got caught half way an' that's what made the hump.
"Well, why don't you say something?" asked the angry woman, after her long harangue. "My dear," replied her husband, meekly, "nothing remains to be said."
Interviewer—How do you account for your love of music? Drum Major—Well, when me father was young he was a furniture remover, and wan day a pianny fell on him.
Kind Lady—And you consider that you were born lucky? How can you think that when you can never find work? Breezy Ben—That is the very reason why I think so.

"This necktie," said the salesman, "speaks for itself." "Speaks for itself?" repeated the customer as he took in the loudness of the design: "I say that it positively yells."
"He was around trying to collect his bill again, I hear." "Yes, and I told him he could take it out in trade." "And wouldn't he do that?" "Not exactly; he seemed to prefer taking it out in trade."
Jack—I was cunning enough to liberate a mouse before kissing her. Tom—A mouse? Jack—Yes, because I knew she was going to scream and when her father rushed in I pointed out the mouse.
"Bridget," said the absent-minded author, "I can't have that cat in the room if it continues to yell so. Chalk it out." "Yes, sor; but ye'll hov to help me, sor." "Why, where is it?" "Ye're sittin' on it, sor."
"So Jack deliberately kissed you last night," commented Miss Antique severely. "Well, I'd just like to see any man try to kiss me." "Why not select a near-sighted man and wear a veil," naively suggested the sweet young thing?
Pa—How did you get yourself in this condition? Fighting again? Willie—Yes, sir. "Didn't I tell you not to fight any more when I caught you fighting with little Tommy Green?" "No, sir; you told me not to fight with a boy smaller than myself."
"Do you see that man with the brown beard?" whispered the girl in the ping-pong tie. "Well, he fills me with bitterness." "Ah, an old flame?" spoke her dearest friend. "No, he is our family physician, and since we moved in the suburbs he forces me to take quinine."

The Choice of Two Evils.
An ominous silence greeted Bobby's entrance. There was a wild look in his eye; his clothes were disarranged, and there was just a suggestion of blood about his mouth. Mamma frowned severely, and papa hid himself behind his paper.
"Ahem!" began mama. Bobby squared his shoulders, and prepared for the coming attack.
"Ahem! Don't you know, Bobby, that it's very wrong of little boys to fight?" Bobby pretended to find a point of interest in the pattern of the hearth rug.
"Haven't I told you, Bobby, that it's very wicked to fight?" demanded his mamma, in a tone that was meant to be sorrowful.
Thus challenged, Bobby fell back on argument.
"He hit me first, mama," he pleaded.
"Ah, but that doesn't make any difference. Nobody loves little boys who fight."
Bobby pondered for a few moments and then his face brightened.
"Is that so?" he asked.
"Yes, my dear, nobody will love you if you are always fighting. And look at your clothes."
"Well," said Bobby, with slow deliberation, "then, mama, I think it's better to be unloved."
Something between a shriek and a laugh escaped from papa as he fled from the room.—London July.

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FAIRY STORIES.

Ah, how we used to like the dear
Old fairy tales our mothers told;
Although we knew they ne'er were true,
We used to gladly hear them through:
We loved the gentle Princesses
And Princes brave and bold—
We heard them o'er and o'er, but still
The stories ne'er grew old.

Ah, how we like to hear the dear
Old fairy tales sweet women tell;
Although we know they can't be true,
Still, still they thrill us through and through—
A pretty woman's flattery
Still makes man's bosom swell;
He knows 'tis but a fairy tale,
But oh, he likes it well.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

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"Bridget," said the absent-minded author, "I can't have that cat in the room if it continues to yell so. Chalk it out." "Yes, sor; but ye'll hov to help me, sor." "Why, where is it?" "Ye're sittin' on it, sor."
"So Jack deliberately kissed you last night," commented Miss Antique severely. "Well, I'd just like to see any man try to kiss me." "Why not select a near-sighted man and wear a veil," naively suggested the sweet young thing?
Pa—How did you get yourself in this condition? Fighting again? Willie—Yes, sir. "Didn't I tell you not to fight any more when I caught you fighting with little Tommy Green?" "No, sir; you told me not to fight with a boy smaller than myself."
"Do you see that man with the brown beard?" whispered the girl in the ping-pong tie. "Well, he fills me with bitterness." "Ah, an old flame?" spoke her dearest friend. "No, he is our family physician, and since we moved in the suburbs he forces me to take quinine."

The Choice of Two Evils.
An ominous silence greeted Bobby's entrance. There was a wild look in his eye; his clothes were disarranged, and there was just a suggestion of blood about his mouth. Mamma frowned severely, and papa hid himself behind his paper.
"Ahem!" began mama. Bobby squared his shoulders, and prepared for the coming attack.
"Ahem! Don't you know, Bobby, that it's very wrong of little boys to fight?" Bobby pretended to find a point of interest in the pattern of the hearth rug.
"Haven't I told you, Bobby, that it's very wicked to fight?" demanded his mamma, in a tone that was meant to be sorrowful.
Thus challenged, Bobby fell back on argument.
"He hit me first, mama," he pleaded.
"Ah, but that doesn't make any difference. Nobody loves little boys who fight."
Bobby pondered for a few moments and then his face brightened.
"Is that so?" he asked.
"Yes, my dear, nobody will love you if you are always fighting. And look at your clothes."
"Well," said Bobby, with slow deliberation, "then, mama, I think it's better to be unloved."
Something between a shriek and a laugh escaped from papa as he fled from the room.—London July.

India's Many Holidays.
Cawnpore has the proud satisfaction (or otherwise) of knowing that it has more bank holidays than any other big town in India. Omitting Sundays, Cawnpore last year had 33, Bombay 26, Calcutta 24 and Madras 20 official holidays. The amount, as far as Cawnpore is concerned, is thought excessive by many, for business reasons.—The Bangkok Times.