



MIRACULOUS.

(A shower has just passed and the ropes have stretched.)
MR. BARNACLE PILLAR—"Ugh! Who'd t'ought dis t'ing ud hole watah lak dis!"—*Light.*

A GOOD BOY'S LETTER.

DEAR MA,—I am quite well with a cold and hopes it leaves you the same, which the catechism tells us' is for our good. It is great fun boarding in the country for me and another boy stoned some ducks and broke one of their leggs. I have swapped my old nife with the blade broke with a boy for a new nife with 2 blades and a corkscrew, and made him pay boot because he was a stranger and smaller nor me. Dear Ma missus Jolt told another lady that she had hugged my pa often and would like to hug him some more and that she was sorry that she is not my ma. She says that you was a ugly toad which was very wicked for her to say. She has a yaller



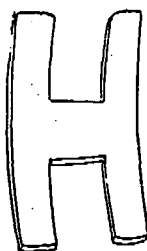
GOOD PRACTICE.

JONES—"Why, Brown, what in the world are you doing?"
BROWN—"My dear fellow. I'm going into business as an insurance agent, and I am developing my cheek."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

dog which is a tarrier called Growly and me and Benny tied a lobster cann to his tale and it jumped through a pain of glass in a winder and it was great fun. I see James a kissing Mary like anything and she give me a apel not to tell nobody which I did not tell because it would be mene. Benny has a little sister which it is great fun to pul her hare and make her squeel and her close is short down to her knees.

Benny tumbled out of the boat and was nearly drowned and we was all very glad but the doctor seemed disapinted that he was not ded. Dear ma I have spended all the ½ dollar that you gave to me on to works of carity but missis Jolt got 12 cents out of me to send to the Carry Boo injuns to buy tracks. I wish the mishnury will convert them soon and not need no more of my pokit money for to buy tracks with. Please send me some more. Benny steals eggs off of the hens roost and pricks a hole in them with a pin and sucks out their insides and it is grate fun from your loving son DOLFY. P.S.—Benny has falled thro the greenhouse roof and cut his trousers and the docter had to pull it out with pinchers and put sticking plaster on to it.

NOT WHOLLY IN VAIN.



OW true and consolatry is the thought that nothing in existence is wholly without some useful purpose. This aphorism has been doubted in the case of the wingless nocturnal visitant whose name has become a synonym for quiet persistency, and



also as regards the Carnival, which, as some of our citizens may remember, broke out somewhat intermittently as to time and location in this neighborhood during the early days of the month. It is stated that there was a procession at the wind-up with allegorical designs or tableaux. This is doubted by some authorities, but it is only doing justice to the memory of the promoters to say that the weight of evidence goes to establish conclusively the

fact that there was such a procession, despite the rumors to the contrary which have gained ground.

One of the scenes in the gorgeous pageant which glode through some of the leading thoroughfares at the mid-night hour represented Elaine, one of the heroines of Baron Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" in a condition of deadness, lying in state and surrounded by the sorrowing mourners. Among the spectators who lingered to garner in the recondite ethical teachings with which these symbolic legendary representations were fraught were a father and his daughter of fourteen years or thereabouts. Evidently unfamiliar with the writings of the poet laureate, the information which the parent imparted to the enquiring mind of his child was obviously of a second-hand character, or derived from his inner consciousness.