Boys and Girls.

the stairs, so she commanded a full

ing vision framed therein. Ordinarily

she is the shyest and most silent little

come in; mamma is in the parlor."

of time this trip I can spare a few minutes, I guess, if these two young

gentlemen will put those bicycles in

Still clasping his thumb, May led Santa Claus triumphantly into the

parlor, while the boys followed, each

wheeling a safety, and quarrelling softly under their breaths as they

went, and being in their excitement

quite regardless of grammar.
"What did I tell you! 'Tis him, too!"

Meanwhile I came forward to greet

my guest with the best grace I could command, while my bewildered hus-

band, whose expression was quite as

amusing as that of the children, sec-onded me as well as he was able, and

presently we had Santa Claus with his

coat off, his pack on the floor beside

him, seated in the big easy chair by

the fire. The children helped him off

with his wraps, and as he unwound his scarf, he gave it to May with the

forter, my dear, just as you told me

ever, in his gray and crimson blanket

suit, with a sprig of holly in his but-

ton-hole. A dolly's little bronze shoe

hang out of one pocket, and he seem-

ed to bulge with presents all over. I

in their shelter like a bird in its nest.

'My prejous," he said, as she snuggied

her head in the hollow of his shoulder.

Then he turned to Ben and attacked

Poor Ben wiggled and blushed. "Well, you know," he stammered,

"Well, sir, speak out," urged Santa

"They said." continued Ben, in deep

Ben looked miserable.

"I'm getting a little tired of trying

Claus frowned, and stroked his beard,

"But he does believe in you now, dear Mr. Santa Claus," pleaded May,

Santa Claus smiled. "Yes, my lamb;

forgive my worst enemy if you asked

In another minute the now thorough

ly converted skeptic and his brother

were seated on the arms of Santa

his hand into his breast-pocket, and

draw out a funny little red pin-cush-

"I'm going to give away lots of

hang up stockings, and have Christ-

mas trees for me to all tonight, there

was only one little girl who thought

enough of poor old Santa Claus to give a present to him. Why, when I first

saw that cushion I nearly fainted

had a present in all my life, and Mrs.

Santa Claus had to run for restora-

had had a good wedge of mince pie,

said to her just as soon as I got in

talking order again: 'Well, if there

is a child on earth who shall have her

wish on Christmas eve, it is that

blessed little darling, and if I can pos-

sibly spare time to give her a call

myself, I will. So I got out my specs

she wanted. I expected to see a pretty

long list, but, bless her heart! she

out a doll nearly as large as May her-

clasped her to her heart without a

"so she has brought her trunk. He

hearth-rug, hugging the doll in one

twined about Santa Claus' leg. as that

delightful personage was dealing out

presents to the enraptured boys, stop-

ping, however, every now and then, to give May something which belonged

to the dolly, and never, I am sure,

as this one. Every article that could

produced, a miniature wash-stand.

cradle, all blue silk and white lace, a

"May wanted a doll," old Santa

just at that opportune minute the din-

He hesitated, glanced at the clock,

baby-carriage with a parasol top, were

bureau,

a doll without the proper fixings?"

her toilet, even curling-stick, was

fairy-like

had mortal doll so many

be needed for

dressing

down

to a

"She has come to stay, my Blos-

It was a beauteous creature

could get."

and the drumstick of a turkey, and I

It was the first time I ever

eyed it most affectionately.

"and he's so sorry; please for-

he answered heartily. "I would

embarrassment, "that you wasn't-

anybody, and I-I thought I was get-

"all the fellows said-they said-

Claus.

he looked more like Santa Claus

"You see I wore the red com-

After he had taken off his wraps

"I say 'tisn't. It can't be."
"Who is it, then?"

"Somebody dressed up."

a good safe place.

"'Tisn't.

"Pshaw!"

Grandpa Santa Claus. (By Eleanor A. Hunter.)

Monckton stood speechless beside him. Little May happened to be standing on the big bearskin rug at the foots of I am going to let the people who are in this story tell it themselves, and view of the doorway and the entrancthen if the people who read the story, do not like it, it will not be my fault. mortal in the world, but at the sight of that beloved saint she flew to his First comes a little package of letters from Mrs. Kate Pembroke, to her fath-er, Dr. Benjamin Drayton, of Cohasset,

She clasped the thumb of his big fur mitten, "Come in," said she. "Do Detroit, Mich., Dec. 15, 1894. Mass.: Dear Father,—I send you the chil-dren's Santa Claus letters, as usual. "Thank you, my darling," responded Santa Claus, "I believe I will, for I'm a little tired, and as I am ahead You will miss Ben's,he would not write one this year, he has grown skeptical. I suppose it is the materialistic spirit of the age, but I think things have come to a pretty pass when a boy of 8 years refuses to believe in Santa Claus, and laughs in your face at any mention of the dear old saint. I only wish you could come on and convince him of his error, but I suppose such a thing is impossible. Cohasset would give itself up for lost if you left town for a week. We are all well and hearty. Dearest love to you, and mother, and Amy. Always your own, KATE. From Richard Monckton Pembroke, aged 8, and Ben's twin brother.

Deer Mr. Sandy Claws. Deer Sir,-My brother Ben don't believe in you, and I don't wonder, for folks do talk an awful lot of stuff about you. But I do. Of course I don't think you are a fairy. I suppose you are a person who is awful ritch, and likes to do things for chil-So I'm going to ask for what I want the same as usual, and I'll ask Ben too, because I no you woodn't want to leeve him out. So pleese, we want to leeve him out. So pleese, we wood each like a safety. We want safetys, not volosopedes, and I want a sled. Ben's sled is pretty good yet, but mine is a gorner. We wood like a words, tool-chest, you don't have to give us to, we'll go pardeners on that. We wood like some nice books—not slow ones—you no the kind, and each of us new nife-perl handel, and lots of candy, of course, and if you think of anything else, all right. Your Obedient Servant.

RICHARD MONCKTON PEMBROKE. Dictated by May Pembroke, aged 5,

and written by her mother:
My Dear Mr. Santa Claus.
I love you. You always give ever body pretty things, but it seems to me nobody ever gives you anything, so I have made you a Christmas present, it is a pin cushion, I made it all If I could have made you anything nicer, I would have done it, make yet. I hope you will like it. Dear Mr. Santa Claus, if it is convenient, I would like you to bring me a dolly, a big one with brown eyes, like the one brown eyes, like the one like you to bring me a dolly, a big one with brown eyes, like the one like your results. The work of the like you to bring me a dolly, a bring one with brown eyes, like the one like your results. but pin cushions is all I know how to him at once. you gave Edna Anderson last year. When you come to bring the presents he sure and wear your comforter, for it is awful cold in Detroit this winter. Good-bye, your loving LITTLE MAY.

AMY DRAYTON TALKS.

When father read those letters I could see he wanted to go to Kate's ting too big to believe baby-stories. in front of the irregulars were simply the very worst way. He has never I'm awful sorry, but I thought it was a decoy. Suddenly from out a deep the very worst way. He has never been to Kate's, except the time had pneumonia and then he had to know."

go to save her life.
"So Ben doesn't believe in Santa gazing at Ben gravely. says father, eyeing Monck-"The young rascal! I to befriend boys and girls who don't ton's letter. "The young rascal! I to betriend boys and girls who would like to go on and convert him!" believe in me," he said at last. When mother and I heard that, we resolved that he should go, for we Of softly; both knew he needed the outing. course we would miss him dreadfully give him." at home, but we felt it would do him so much good that we resolved to spare him, so be both together coaxed

me to: besides, we must have everyhim into consenting to do it. one happy on Christmas eve, mustn We kept the trip a profound secret from everybody, lest someone should we? So shake hands all round, and take a notion to get sick and keep be friends again." take a notion to get sick and keep him home. I breathed easier when I raw him safe on board the fiver, for knew that if all went well he would be with Kate on the next afternoon. It was a complete surprise to Kate, she never knew a word about it until he got there.

"Good Morning" in Samoa." I had to go down to Apia five or six

different times, and each time there. were a hundred Black Boys to say "Good morning" to. This was rather a tedious business; and, as very few of them answered at all, and those who Id, only with a grunt, like a pig's, it was several times in my mind to give up this piece of politeness. The last time I went down I was almost decided; but when I came to the first pair of Black Boys and saw them looking so comic and so melancholy, I began the business over again. This time I thought more of them seemed to answer, and when I got down to the tailend where the carts were running I received a very pleasant surprise, for one of the boys, who was pushing at the back of a castr, lifted up his head, called out to me in wonderfully good English, "You good man-always think that these poor creatures should good morning. It was sad to think so much of so small a piece of civility, and strange that (thinking so) they should be so dull as not to return It-Robert Liouis Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy" in the January St. Nicholas.

Mrs. Pembroke Takes Up the Story.

It was just after lunch on the after- self. moon of the 24th when a man came up with big brown eyes, long golden curls, from the florist's with the biggest rub- and the complexion of a roseleaf. May ber plant I ever saw in my life, and word, but her face was a sight to see. to my utter amazement a note from my father saying he was waiting for som," continued Santa Claus fondly, me down at Snyder's, and I was to come at once and help him plot for the dived into the pack again, brought forth a little trunk, unlocked it, and evening. I made some excuse to the disclosed a wardrobe fit for a princess. children, and flung on my wraps, and ran to him as fast as I could go. Dear father, I was so glad to get hold of arm, while the other was lovingly him once more it seemed to me I could never let go, but we had precious little time, and we soon settled to business. How father's eyes did twinkle; he was as merry as a We compared notes, and found that between us we had got every-thing the children had asked for, and Amy had sent more beside. loveliest Paris doll for May, and father had brought it quite safely in his extension bag. We went out and got a complete Santa Claus costume. Snowy wig, beard, buffalo coat, red comforter, fur boots and mittens, and had them carried to the carriage room in our barn, where all the presents were also taken. John, the coachman, was the only member of the family beside me in the secret, and he helped father into his costume, and put his pack, which nearly touched the ground, on his shoulder, then he wheeled the bicycles to the front door for him, and about half an hour before dinner there came a violent ring at but the pleadings were redoubled, so the bell. The children were all playing at last he allowed himself to be perin the hall, and Ben flung open the door. When he saw who was there he he saw who was there he he led the happy procession into the queerest sound, while dining-room. Be sure Sents Claus was

helped first, but his old-fashioned manners would not allow him to begin to eat until all were served, then he turned to May.
"Really," said he, "these whiskers

are so warm, and so inconvenient for eating soup, would you mind if I took them off for a little while?" May raised big eyes to his face, but

nothing could greatly surprise her that this wonderful Santa Claus did, so she Stay, stay at home, my heart, and responded: "No, sir, I shouldn't mind at all." "A thousand thanks," said Santa

Claus, and with one quick movement the big whiskers were laid aside, revealing a close-cut beard of iron-gray, and a smooth-shaven upper lip. . "Now my hair." he inquired, touching his long white locks, "May I part with that, too?"

May nodded, while the astonished boys kept utter silence, and in another minute the laughing face of the children's grandfather appeared before them. What a shout went up from those boys, and how their father and mother did laugh. Grandpa had his arm around May in an instant, lest she should be frightened.

"Well, my pet," said he, "are you glad to see grandpa? And do you like the fun?" "Of course, yes," answered the little maiden, with happy eyes, "I would rather have Santa Claus for my

grandpa than anybody else in the whole world."—From the Interior. A Good Method. There was a little schoolma'am

Who had this curious way Of drilling in subtraction On every stormy day. 'Let's all subtract unpleasant things, Like doleful dumps and pain, And then," said she, "you'll gladly see

That pleasant things remain. 'The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw.' Archibald Forbes has seen so many brave deeds that it was with some natural curiosity that I turned to his paper in Pearson's Magazine this title. The deed which he selects as the bravest that he ever saw was the rescue of a wounded trooper, which won for Lord Charles Beresford the Victoria Cross. He thus tells the story: Colonel (now General Sir) Redvers Buller had been ordered to make a reconnaissance before Cetewayo's Kraal of Ulundi. Beresford led the advance, Buller bringing on the main body. Beresford, on this smart chestnut, with the white ticks on withers and flanks, was the foremost rider of the force. The Zulu chief bringing up the rear of the fugitives suddenly turned on the lone horseman who had so outridden think Ben's last doubt vanished as he took the heavy buffalo coat to hang it his followers. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved No mortal man would wear such him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his shouders as he compacted hima coat; he came back a firm believer in the verity of the saint. As soon as Santa Claus was seated, he held out self behind his cowhide shield, marking his arms to May, and she nestled down his distance for the thrust of the

gleaming assegai. It flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; Beresford's cavalry sabre clashed with it: the spear head was dashed aside; the horseman gave point with all the vigor of his arm and the impetus of his galloping horse, and lo in the twinkling of an eye, the sword point was through the shield, and half its length buried in the Zulu's broad chest. The gallant induna was a dead man, and his assegai stands now in a corner of Beresford's mother's draw-

ing-room. The flight of the groups of the Zulus was a calculated snare; the fugitives v, you watercourse crossing the plain, and Santa from out the adjacent long grass, sprang up a line of several thousand armed Zulus. At Buller's loud command to fire a volley and then retire, Beresford and his scouts rode back towards the main body, followed by Zulu bullets.

Two men were killed on the spot. A third man's horse slipped up, and his wounded rider came to the ground, the horse running away. Beresford, riding behind his retreating party, looked back and saw that the fallen man was trying to rise into a sitting posture.

The Zulus, darting out in haste, were perilously close to the poor fellow, but Berseford, measuring distance with the eye, saw a chance of anticipating them. Galloping back to the wounded man, and dismounting, he confronted his adversaries with his revolver, while urg-Claus' chair, all of them in great ing the soldier to get on his horse, peace and comfort. The first thing which Santa Claus did was to thrust

The wounded man bade Berssford remount and fly. Why, said he, should two men die when death was inevitable but to one? The quaint resourceion. It looked more like a red tomato than anything else, but Santa Claus ful humor of his race did not fail Beresford in this crists; he turned on the wounded man and swore with clenched fist that he would punch his presents this year. In fact there will be millions of them," said he thoughthead if he did not assist in the saving fully, "but all of the children who will

of his life. The droll argument prevailed. Still facing his foes with his revolver Beresford partly lifted, partly hustled tine man into the saddle, then scrambled up himself and set the chestnut a-going after the other horseman; an other moment's delay and both must have been assegaied.

A commade fortunately came back, shot down Zulu after Zulu with cool I could hardly breathe until I courage, and then aided Beresford in keeping the wounded man in the saddle till the laager was reached, where no one could tell whether it was the rescuer or rescued who was the wounded man, so smeared was Beresford with berrowed blood Going into Beresford's tent the same

afternoon, I found him sound asleep, and roused him with the information, to read her letter and find out what which Colonel Wood had given me, hait he was to be recommended for the Victoria Cross.
"Get along wid your monsense, ye isn't the grasping kind; she only asked

for one thing—a dolly—and here it is, spalpeen!" was his yawning retort, as the very nicest dolly old Santa Claus threw a boot at me, and then turned over and went to sleep again. Santa Claus bent over his pack and fumbled a little. Presently he drew

The Home Standard Decisive.

We hear much in these days about the low standards of honesty. Many air, which is independent of the use reasons are given. If it is true that of their external instruments of flight." our standards are lowered, is it not due to the carelessness of fathers and mothers in the treatment of their chil-wind, he cites an observation upon a dren? They make promises they never expect to keep; they reveal their opin-May slid from his knee to the ion of people with whom they exchange social courtesies, while too often these people are greeted with affection the very reverse of the opinion expressed in the hearing of the children. The pretenses in many families lower the standards of honesty in the

child's mind. The other day a woman and her son. a boy of 14 at least, took seats in a railroad train. The boy sat next the window. He slipped down in the seat and seemed to shrink. When the conductor came through, a half-ticket was presented for the boy. The look in the boy's face of shame and anxiety told the story. The conductor brought out of that wonderful looked at the mother, who was cool, calm and undisturbed for a moment. A flush passed over his face as he slipped the half-ticket between his Claus observed, sagely, "and what's fingers and passed on. He could not At last the end was reached, and shame the mother in the presence of her son. He was a gentleman. ner-bell rang. Of course the beloved woman guilty of such an act loses guest was besought to stay and dine. that which she can never regain: she has robbed her child of that which would have been his protection in the hour of temptation—the thought of a suaded, and giving his hand to May,

To Stay at Home Is Bestrest:

Home-keeping hearts are happiest, not where that wander they know Are full of trouble and full of care; To stay at home is best.

Weary, and homesick, and distressed; They wander east, they wander west, And are baffled and beaten, and blown about By the winds of the wilderness of doubt: To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest; The bird is safest in its nest; O'er all that flutter their wings and

A hawk is hovering in the sky; To stay at home is best. -Longfellow.

Lal of Kilrudden.

Kilrudden ford, Kilrudden dale, Kilrudden fronting every gale On the from coast of Inishfree, And Lal's first bed the plunging sea.

Lal of Kilrudden with flame red hair, And the sea blue eyes that rove and dare. And the open heart with never a care;

With her strong brown arms and ankles bare. God in heaven, but she was fair, The night the storm put in from sea!

The nightingales of Inishkill The rose that climbed her window sill, The shade that rustled or was still. The wind that roved and had his will, And one white sail on the low sea hill, Were all she knew of love. So when the storm drove in that day,

And her lover's ship on the ledges lay Past help and wrecking in the gray. And the cry was, "Who'll go down the bay, With half the lifeboat's crew away?

Who should push to the front and say, 'I will be one, be others who may,' But Lal of Kilrudden, born at sea?

The nightingales all night in the rain, The rose that fell at her window pane, The frost that blackened the purple plain. And the scorn of pitiless disdain At the hands of the wolfish pirate

Quelling her great hot heart in vain, Were all she knew of death. Kilrudden ford, Kilrudden dale, Kilrudden ruined in the gale

And Lal's last bed the plunging sea. -Bliss Carman.

That wrecked the coast of Inishfree,

Beyond. wonder, in the life that is to be, If we shall utterly forget the one We left behind? If all the years we

In sunshine or in shadow, joy or pain, Shall pass from out our memory, and As though they never were? Ah, God

forbid! seems to me that Heaven would lack somewhat Of highest bliss if we forget the

Whereby we have attained to the fair I cannot think that all the memories Of this dear earth, with all its birds

and flowers. Its swaying trees, its rippling, running streams. Its brooding hills, alike indifferent To rain or snow, should ever be ef-

A something unattained-should I for-My old, first home.

-Florence A. Jones. Home.

"We're going home!" I heard two lovers say; They kissed their friends and bid them bright good-byes; I hid the deadly hunger in my eyes,

And, lest I might have killed them, turned away. Ah, love, we, too, once gamboled home as they. Home from the town with such fair

merchandise Wine and great grapes-the nappy lover buys; A little cosy feast to crown the day.

Yes! we had once a heaven we called a home; Its empty rooms still haunt me like thine eyes. When the last sunset softly faded

there: Each day I tread each empty haunted room, And now and then a little baby cries, Or laughs a lovely laughter worse

Richard A. Gallienne.

Two Hard Questions.

How do birds soar without moving their wings? How do birds sink at will under water, without moving either wings or feet? These two questions are discussed by Mr. Gatke in his work not profess to answer them. Concern- for the Regent but one alternativeobservations have convinced me that birds must be endowed with a certain capacity for soaring or floating in the As a striking and indisputable ex-

ample of soaring without wing-strokes common buzzard, which, when the observation began, was at an elevation of about two hundred feet. "I intentionally confined my atten-

tion to one individual. Without any motion of its wings, this bird mounted higher and higher. When it reached an elevation of about four hundred feet, it made two or three strokes with its wings, and then soared

"There was a very light wind-in fact, almost a calm—and a light stra- Mme. A— in?" "Yes, sir." tum of white cirrus clouds, miles high, quite weil?" "Quite, sir." covered the sky. Without changing the direction of the axis of its body, or even its horizontal position, the bird soared vertically upward, and in the course of a minute reached a height of at least a thousand feet; and still condisappeared from view in the noonday in company with twenty or thirty

How, then, are they able to sink at The fact of their so doing is well known to all collectors and sportsmen. Ordinarily the bird sinks to avoid an enemy, but Mr. Gatke once saw a cormorant immerse itself until only its head remained above the surface. The swallows, suspecting nothing, frequent-ly came close to it, and when the cormorant thought it could reach one of them, it protruded its neck and made a snap at it. After four or five unsuccessful attempts, it actually caught one of the birds, and swallowed it after one of the birds, and swallowed it after giving it a few shakes in the water.

Then it immersed its body as before, you are no gentleman—er—excuse me, and continued the host. and continued its hunt.

About People.

Herr Jahnke tells us that so great was Prince Bismarck's fear lest his fulness. Mrs. Sauer—You seem to for-letters should be opened that he would get, my dear, that Mrs. X is a widow. frequently drop into some small stationery shop on his daily walk, ask for a package of cheap envelopes, put in his letters, and then request the clerk to address them, as it would be too much bother to an old man to take off his gloves.

....

Says Dr. Edward Everett Hale: When Canon Farrar left us some years ago-a most charming and intelligent visitor—he told Phillips Brooks that he was going to give a farewell lecture on his impressions of America. Brooks, who was a thorough American and a person of excellent common sense, said to him promptly: Don't do any such thing. In the first place, you have no impressions; and a beautiful young lady and says, in in the second place, they are all most impassioned tones: "Mademoiswrong."

Susan B. Anthony denies the report that she is to retire from public life. She says she has devoted the best part of her life to the uplifting of her sex, and does not now propose to abandon the work. She is 76 years old, and enjoying excellent health, physically and mentally, and expects to remain in harness until, like the 'wonderful one-horse shay," she goes to pieces all at once.

that on one occasion Senator Ed-munds was standing with a visiting English statesman on the high steps at the west side of the Capitol, looking down on Pennsylvania avenue toward the Treasury Department. The stranger had seen much to interest and amuse him in Washington. "You have a wonderful country and a wonderful people here, Mr. Senator. Nothing can be impossible with such go-ahead inhabitants." "Oh, yes," said the Senator, "some things are impossible here. It is impossible to march a brass band down that avenue and have a crowd of colored people go in the opposite direction at the same cuse: time.'

Queens often find themselves in a dilemma when they have to receive repugnant persons. Queen Margherita of Italy is a devout Catholic, and holds very strict views on marriage. When Crispi came to power, his first first wife was still alive, as was also the first husband of his second wife. At first the Queen stoutly refused to admit Donna Lina to court, and a tremendous storm ensued. Her Majesty, however, had to give way, and her words on the occasion were: "All right! tell Signor Crispi that I will reright! tell Signor Crispi that I will receive his wife; but I will receive only one of them, and I insist it must always be the same one."

It is said that one day a stranger, approaching the late John Boyle O'Reilly from behind, mistook him for a friend whom he had not seen for some time. In his enthusiasm faced;
I know that I should feel a sense of friend on the shoulder, and greeted him with some panticularly expression. Many men in O'Reilly's position would have felt at least a momentary annoyance. Not so with the poet. Turning about, he stretched out his hand. "I'm not Jack," he said, "but I'm glad to shake hands with any man who is as glad to see an old friend as you seem to be.'

.... Bishop Wilmer (Episcopal) of Ala- Williams. "Perhaps she spilled the bama, who is famous as a story-teller, says that one of his friends lost a dearly beloved wife, and, in his sorrow, caused these words to be inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes has gone out." The best smell her, mamma!" he remarked, reaved married within a year. Shortly gloomily. afterwards the bishop was walking through the graveyard with another When they arrived at the gentleman. tomb, the latter asked the bishop what he would say in the present state of affairs, in view of the words on the tombstone. "I think," said the bishop, the words 'But I have struck another match' should be added."

The New York Tribune says that The New York Tribune says that walked slowly down the village street within the last year or two there was with a sense of the importance of the a curious scene between the Queen Regent of Holland and her self-willed little daughter, arising out of the strong desire of the latter to be presthe German Emperor. To all the pleadings of her daughter the Queen-Regent returned a deef some and the control of the control Regent returned a deaf ear, repeating that she was too young to attend a State ceremony, no matter of what description, and more especially a din-"You are too young, and must ner. go to bed." As, however, the child Queen persisted in her demands, and upon the birds of Heligoland. He does would take no denial, there remained ing the first he says: "Long-continued to herself conduct the recalcitrant young lady to her bedroom. This she did, but not without one final energetic protest from the disappointed Queen of the future: "I will go on the balcony and tell the Dutch people how you abuse their Queen!"

In a recent number of the Critic Mr. Arthur Waugh relates this story of Hans Christian Andersen's naivette: That prince of fairy lore received one Christmas a box of cakes from an unknown admirer, and at first was all gratification at the compliment. Suddenly a strange apprehension assailed him. He had just read some account of poison conveyed in this fashion; possibly the gift was the murderous device of a rival! with more aptitude than grace, he decided, in a halfupward without further wing move absent fashion, to send them to his friend Mme. A- to test their quality. A day or two later he called. "Is "Could I "Certainly, sir." Face to face with Mme. A—, he recurred to the same anxiety. "She was well? Yes. The children well? Yes. And had she received the cakes he sent? Eaten some? And was quite well? tinuing in its upward course, finally And the children had eaten some? And were quite well?" And then at last the old man's excitement boiled over. "You can't think how pleased I am," other birds of the same species."

Equally difficult of explanation, as Mr. Gatke thinks, is the power possessed by loons, grebes, cormorants, and similar birds, of impressing thematics.

"You can't think how pleased I am," he said; "those cakes were sent me by an unknown admirer, and I was afraid they might be poisoned. So I sent them on to you. And you have eaten them and are quite well. You can't selves gradually in water without div-ing. All these birds, whether alive or think how pleased I am!" And he mother who valued truth above all dead, float upon the water so lightly passed out smiling and in high good things.—New York Observer.

Teacher-What does the King Charles I. teach us? Please, sir, not to lose our heads in moments of excitement, sir.

madam—miss," as he found himself talking to a bloomerite, "but anyway I was right.'

Mr. Sauer (to his wife)-How horrid of you to be always looking as sour as a crab apple! Just look at Mrs. X. over yonder, the very picture of cheer-....

Mrs. Youngma-And so my baby god the prize at the baby show? I knew he would; it could not have been otherwise. Old Bachelor (one of the judges) -Yes, madame, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.

Tailor-When you delivered Mr. Slowboy's suit did you call attention to the fact that it was there when promised? Boy-Yes, sir. Tailor-What did he say? Boy-He said he felt he never could repay you for what you Boy-He said he felt he had done for him.

A young officer kneels at the feet of elle, if you mean to say 'yes,' be quick about it, I beg. I have only fourteen minutes longer to remain here on my knees. Cavalry practice commences at 12 sharp.'

"I hope, Mr. Clover, that you have seen to it that your cows haven't tuberculosis," said a lady to her milkman.

"And what may that be, ma'am?"

"Why, it is a disease, and the germs of it get into the milk." "Lor. ma'am, I hope you don't think as I'd be guilty o' fetchin you milk It is related in the Washington Star without first strainin' of it, ma'am!"

* * * * "That is the prettiest little foot in all the world," said Baby Ruth's father one morning, as he stooped to caress a tiny pink and white foot thrust out from a little white nightgown. 'There isn't in all the world another such a pretty little foot as that." "Oh, yes, there is, papa," was the little girl's reply, and thrusting out the other foot, she added:

"Here it is, papa."

The New York Sun chronicles the following happening at a hotel in Syra-

Congressman Harry Miner registered at the Yates this morning as follows:
"Harry Miner and valet." The Hon.
Dan Donegan, Wiskinkie of Tammany Hall, was next in line. He looked at the book, and remarked: "Is it necessary to put down all that is in the town?" Then he registered himself "Daniel Donegan and Valis

**** A minister was dunned for the money for a plane, purchased by his church. On refusal to pay he received

-Unless you remit at once we shall publish you all over the country as a Delinquent Debtor. Yours,

etc., To which he replied:

"Gentlemen,-Ever since I entered the ministry I have been struggling for the title of D. D. Go ahead. Respectfully,

Mrs. Williams had put two large peppermint drops in a little box kept for such treasures on the table in the children's playroom, and told Johnny that he and Eva might each have one.

Unfortunatly Eva had discovered the tempting drops before her brother's arrival, and he presently returned to his mother with a doleful face. saying that Eva had devoured both drops. "Oh, I hardly think she can have been so greedy as that," said Mrs.

other on the floor. Johnny left the room again, and in a moment returned with his small sister, whose mouth was filled w th the miss-

The undertaker in a New England town was requested, not long ago, to send to the house of one of the summer residents a small coffin in which the children of the family were to

bury a pet cat. The light pine box was given to a darky boy, employed by the undertaker to carry it to its destination. He took it carefully under his arm, and occasion plainly to be seen on his small black face. On his way he had to pass a group of children, one of

om called out to him: youthful Augustus, tur .. ng a reproachful gaze on the speaker and his com-

Emperor and Dumplings.

panions; "don' you see I's a funeral?"

An anecdote which was current of Ferdinand I. of Austria, at one time greatly delighted his subjects, and gave rise to a common saying. One summer day he was hunting in the Styrian mountains, and was overtaken by a violent thunder storm. He sought refuge in a farm house whose occupants were just then at dinner, and his fancy was caught by some smoking dumplings, made of coarse flour. He tasted them, liked them and asked for more, and when he got back to Vi-enna, to the horror of the royal cooks, he ordered the same dumplings to be served up daily.

The courtiers were scandalized that such a coarse dish should figure on the menu, and even his physicians remonstrated against the use of such food. The emperor had always been the most pliant of men, but he now showed that he had a will of his own, and persisted in gratifying his new fancy. Finally the physicians pretended that it was dangerous to his health to be living on dumplings, and insisted on his giving them up.

The hitherto docile sovereign stamped his foot, and declared that he would never sign another official document it his diet were denied him. "Emperor I am," he shouted, "and

dumplings I will have!" To prevent a stoppage of the government machinery opposition was withdrawn, and his Majesty clung tena ciously to his dumplings. Then the imperial phrase beame proverbial, and thereafter, when any one insisted on gratifying a silly whim, some one was

sure to say: "Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!"