

"ONLY A LETTER."

You're looking tired and weary, feel you can't be cheery. And from your dirty trench you cannot roam. There's a sigh to stir your heart, makes all care and pain depart—a letter from the dear folks at home.

Maybe it's your brother, your dear old gray-haired mother, or sweetheart true that sends the welcome tale. But it sets you at your ease, when the message o'er the seas, just tells you all the folks at home are well.

There's the other side to tell, it don't sound half so well. It seems to give your heart a sudden wrench; when the mail is given out, you find without a doubt, you're the only one forgotten in the trench.

In your throat a lump will rise, tears start in your eyes. You wonder how on earth they failed to write; it makes you sick of work—heaven help the blooming Turk that bumps you in the next fierce bayonet fight.

Smiling faces meet you, hearty laughter greets you, when they all discuss the news of their home town. It makes a man feel small, if he's cared for not at all. And no one cares a rap if he goes down.

To show him you really care, if you've got the time to spare. Just drop a line to him who bears the wrench. It is not much to ask, but 'twill ease his heavy task. There is someone waits your letter in the trench.—"Kinsman."

NELSON'S PRAYER.

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For self individually, I commit my life to

Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

THE HUMAN SALAD.

According to Hartley Manners, the playwright, a wayfaring person in the East End of London had a sudden stroke and fell upon the street. When he recovered his senses he was in bed in a hospital ward, and a nurse was bending over him.

The sufferer sniffed the burdened air:

"Wot's that I smells?" he inquired in a faint, husky whisper.

"We put a mustard plaster on your chest," explained the nurse.

"There's something else on me face!" said the patient suspiciously.

"Oh yes," said the nurse, "we've been bathing your head with aromatic spirits of vinegar."

"But wot 'ave you done to me feet?"

"We gave them a hot mustard bath."

"I s'y!" demanded the stranger indignantly, "wot do you think I am, anyway—a bloomin' salad?"

"Marcella?" "Yes, Waverly." "Where is the milk?" "Right there in the bottle." "This one?" "No, the next one. That is just like you." "What is?" "To reach right over the sweet one and pick the sour one. You always do that." "Not always." "I'd like to know when you didn't." "When I got you." "Huh!" "When I got you, Marcella, I reached over the whole bunch of lemons and picked a peach." "Oh, Waverly."—Chicago News.

Jane.—"What do you think of Edith's new dress?"

John.—"It does make one think, doesn't it."