With the

Boys and Girls.

(By A. Garnet Woolsey, aged 13)

sun went down.
They thought of those hockey the best, And if they would bear the boys from

Three lads lay in a hospital ward, And drank beef tea as the sun went down For they had got hunt playing hookey that day, Although they had beaten the boys

from town. Three fathers sat in their easy chairs, Sat in their chairs as the sun went

For the boys in the hospital up in

pers. "You are a cow," To the next she says "You are an elephant"; to the third, "You are a hen," and so on until she has given a name to each until she has given a name to each one. Even if two or three have received the same name the fun is not lessemed. Stepping to the center of

room, the leader explains:
The game we have tonight is 100 and, but you can make it new by playing it better than ever it was played before. I shall recite a verse to you, and when I mention the name given to any of you, you are to make sound which the creature would

> I had a little dog, And he pleased me.
> I fed him under A green bay tree, And he went— And I was pleased As I could be.

The manager pauses after, "And he went"—just long enough for the shy little girl in the corner to bark, and then goes on with:

And I was pleased As I could be.

If you have given several the same name, as goats or hens or peacock, change your rhyme accordingly:

I had some goats, And they pleased me. I fed them under A green bay tree. And they went-And I was pleased As I could be.

You will be surprised at the different sounds given to represent the same creature. To the very little ones give the animals or birds whose sounds are ed to be bob-whites or robins crows or cats, but let the bright big girls and boys, or even the grown folks, puzzle their brains and throats about the kind of a noise a monkey, an elephant or an alligator makes. They will be looking it up the next day. Having gone through the list of names given, the entire company re-

sponds in chorus to the following: I had a managerie, And it pleased me I fed it under A green bay tree, And it went—

After the uproar which will fill this blank, one may add, if you can truth-

And I was pleased As I could be.

fully:

. A Change of Mind.

Fred. Ralston's face showed the pleasure he felt as he dropped the piece of silver into the box containing his Christmas monley.

skates too!" he exclaimed, as he dashed out of the door with his school-books under his arm. "Halloo! There's Charlie now. Hi! wait a minute, Charlie. I've just dropped in another dime,' as he caught up with his friend. "How much have you toward the trip?"
"I am not going, Fred."

It was said cheerfully, not a ray of disappointment showing upon the bright face of the speaker.

"Not going!" Fred stopped in aston-ishment. "Not going? Surely you are in fun. Charlie. You can not mean you've given up the trip to Nat's after all the planning and saving you have done since he invited us?"

I am in earnest, though, Fred. am going to use the money for something else, and where I feel sure it will give more pleasure than by using it as I had first intended. I've just written and explained it to Nat," turning over the envelope he held in his hand that Fred might see the address. And this was the end, so far as Charlie was concerned, of all the plan-ring and saving for the Christmas vacation to be spent at the home of their old friend, Nat Wilson. How the boys had talked of the sleighing, and the skating, and the good times they were to have—and now. Fred could have cried with vexation. Half the pleasure would be gone with Charlie staying at

"What are you going to do with your money?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

terday, so did not hear Miss Weston teiling the class about that Polish family that drifted here last spring. You remember the father went away to look for work and never came back. The family managed to get along during the summer, but when the cold weather came on they had nothing to eat, or to keep them warm. People had almost forsotten about them, but Dr. Weston went in to see a sick child. It died yesterday. He says he never saw such suffering or such poverty. He did what he could for them, and yesterday Miss Weston appealed to run into the house. I'll get the water." her boys for help. She asked us to go down and see for ourselves. I went from the child's hand, and filling it, last night with Walter Sherwood to followed her into the house.

carry some medicine." "And you're going to give your sav-ings for that?" indignantly. "Well, I one can call this place home?" All call it a stily scheme, that's all I can the comforts of his own home rose bealways left it untouched for this trip upon him with terrible force. The only

Three Hockey Players. | this appeal. "Do you remember the oldest boy—the one who wore such queer clothes? Well, Miss Weston got

Three boys stood in a carpenter's a newspaper route for him, and they shop,
And sharpened their skates as the too, now. Walter Sherwood and I are going to daliver the papers until John is able to be around again. We want to try to keep the route for him. Why say, Fred, just think of having no coal or wood such weather as this," clapping his hands to his ears and turning his back to the wind. "Those

people had neither coal nor food when the doctor went there. Guess I can afford to do without the trip to Nat's this year."
Fred walked silently along beside his

companion too vexed to reply. "See here, Fred," finally exclaimed Charlie, putting his arm affectionately over his friend's shoulder, "I know just what you are thinking about. You are wondering how I could give up my plan so easily after having it in mind for months, but, honestly, I didn't do in my it quite as soon or as quickly at you think. At first when Miss Weston asked for our help I thought I'd give Menagerie-A Game for Children. all I had saved above my railroad fare,

Let any one who wants to make a but that seemed so little in the face of such wretchedness and poverty that I just said, I'll give it all. This mornfollowing game, which the Household ing I had a talk with mother (mothers thus describes: The one in charge of the affair ross to each person in the the affair goes to each person in the to spend it for the Renskis it is all room, and after advising him not to right. I don't say it wasn't a tug to right. tell his new name, to any one, whis-

he hung up his cap before entering the Even after Charlie's confession that It had not been so easy to give up his

plan, Fred had not been able to understand his friend's unselfish act. "I don't see what these people came over here for, anyhow," giving himself an impatient shake. "What is the mater with me?" he asked himself, moment later. "I can't see a thing in this page but coal and nothing to eat. and that story about that wretched Renski family. I've gone over that example three times, and every time the answer is \$6 50, just the amount 1 have in my bank. I wish Charlie hadn't told me about these people."
"I don't like Charlie Monroe," was
the remark with which Fred greeted

his mother and sister, as he took his place at the lunch table.
"Don't like Charlie Monroe?" repeated his startled sister, while his mother looked at him in silent surprise. "Why, Fred Ralston, I thought you liked him better than any of the boys.

What has he done?"
"Made me feel too uncomfortable all this morning with his preaching." "What do you mean, Fred, by preaching? Charlie Monroe has never seemed like a boy who would make a friend uncomfortable," said his mother.

"He isn't going to Nat's for the holi-ays," burst indignantly from Fred, as his mother waited for a reply. "Just at | right, the last moment he has concluded to use his money for something else." "Christmas presents?" asked curious

Bertha. or that family of Poles came here last spring. They are stary ing, or freezing, or something, and he is going to give them his money."

His mother looked at him quietly a moment, not noting the impatience of look and tone. "And that was Charlie's preaching, was it? Did he ask you for

your money?" "No, he knew better." "What did he say?"
"Oh, something about hoping I'd have a good time, and all that kind of talk,'

"How much money did you say you had, Fred?" asked his mother, as she helped him with his overcoat preparatery for starting to school.

'Six dollars and a half." "That would buy shoes and stockings, flour—so many things—" she said wistfully, as she kissed him good-

bye.

"Oh, bother!" closing the door hastily after him. "Everybody wants to know how much money I have in my "I won't do it!" he exclaimed a mo

ment later in answer to an unspoken "Looks as if I was going to have thought. Let Charlie spend his money enough for the trip and a pair of Nat's." The money remained untouched in

Fred's box when school closed for the holidays. From his window he had otten watched Walter Sherwood and Charlie hurriedly leaving the pa-pers upon the doorsteps of the neightoring houses, keeping the place open for the sick Renski boy: "God-bye, mother, don't worry about

me; my visit will be over and I'll be back before you know it," laughingly. before you know it,' "You have plenty of time, Fred. The train don't leave for half an hour yet."
"Oh, well, I'll take my time. Hope I'm not going to be snowed in," giving in upward glance at the heavy clouds.
"There's Charlie with his last paper. Good-bye, old fellow, wish you were going with me." Charlie nodded a going with me." Charlie nodded a cheery good-bye and hurried down the

street. "Don't seem to mind not going a bit," he muttered, as he watched the fast disappearing figure. "Half the pleasure seems gone from my trip, some-how. I almost wish I hadn't said I'd go. I suppose the reason is because Charlie didn't go, and mother seemed disappointed when she found I really meant to." So ran his thoughts. "There's that old Renski house; it will fall down on them one of these days I wonder if it is as bad as they say down there. I've fifteen mimutes to spare, and I just believe I'll go and see for myself." Grasping his satchel more tightly, and giving a hasty, halflook about him, he around the corner and down the street

to the Renskis. "I'll walk past and see how it looks from the outside. Why don't they put glass in their windows instead of those

old rags?"
At this moment the door swung open and a child of 7 appeared carrying a She stopped on the threshold. pail. She stopped on the threshold, lifting first one foot, then the other, trying to protect them from the bitter wind. A quick look showed Fred that the little creature had no shoes. A few fluttering rags were the only protec-

tion on limbs and feet. "Goodness me, why don't—" he stopped suddenly. "Here, little girl,

"Is it possible," he asked himself, as You've wanted to spend that fore him. He had not realized the confor a dozen things, and yet dition of these people, but now it came ready to go, you spend it on these forelemers. Give it up, Charlie, and come cracked stove. Instinctively Fred felt that this one day of brightness had

self-denial had at least brought this,

and by crowding around the old stove they were warm for the time. As Fred realized how half starved as well as illy-clad the children were, and that the little child moaning in its mother's arms seemed so sick, there came to him in that moment thought of how much he might add to their comfort.

"Shoes and stockings. Yes, my money will buy them shoes. Shall I go to Nat's?"

Only a moment. "No, I'll try a little self-denial myself for once. A tele-gram to him will make it all right. I'll go home and get mother; she will

know what they need most."

A cheerful word to the mother, and
Fred with hasty strides was making his way homeward. His mother, hearing the well-known tread, hastened to the stairs as Fred made his abrupt entrance. "I am not going, mother," rushing up the stairs two steps at a time. "You see, I had a few minutes to spare, and walked around by the Renskis just out of curiosity, you know," with a gay nod; "and I think a trip to the shoe store will be better for them, and I am sure in the end it will be more satisfactory to me. Hurry and put on your hat and coat

and come with me. I never was in such a hurry in my life."

"Are you sure of yourself, Fred? I mean, are you really willing to do "Never was more sure of anything in my life, mother, and I've discover-

ed within the last halfhour what has ailed me these last two weeks. I was disappointed in myself." "Ready?" as his mother made ther

appearance a moment later.
"Well, I'm enjoying this trip more than I did my other one this morning." When Fred's gift of the shoes was left at the Renskis' he readily under-stood Charlie's pleasure in his selfdenial, and to Miss Weston's class of manly boys fell the task of caring for the Renskis the greater part of that winter. Their friendly interest found a better position for the older boy. Fred never saw the tiny feet eneased in the shoes his money had bought without a thrill of pleasure.

"I've enjoyed those shoes immensely, mother; more than I should my trip to Nat's,"—The Interior,

How Sleighbells Are Made.

Think of a sleighbell. How many boys and girls know how the jingling sleigh bells are made? How do you Enfolds thee, and thou art content think the little iron ball gets inside the bell? It is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there? little iron ball is called "the t." When you shake the sleightinglet." bell, it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle. In making the bell this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. The mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mould or the outside and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and the mould. When the mould is taken off you see a sleighbell, but it would not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can be all shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all

Familiar Quotations. Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Taxing the dull ear of a drowsy man. That life is long which answers life's

great end.
—Young—"Night Thoughts." Man's love is of man's life a thing

apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence. Byron-"Childe Harold."

No, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close, As the sunflower turns on her god

when he sets, The same look that she turned when he rose. -Thomas Moore-"Oh, Believe Me," etc.

Ah me, for aught that I could ever read.

Could ever hear by tale of history, The course of true love never did run smooth. -Shakespeare.

Oh! Swear not by the moon, inconstant moon. Shakespeare—"Romeo and Juliet." The gods from heaven survey the fatal

strife, And mourn the miseries of human life.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made. -Psalm exxxix., 14.

If the hill will not go to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the hill.

Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart.

—Byron—"Maid of Athens."

A Graceful Dedication.

No one can read much of the writing of Horace Bushnell, the great theologian and preacher, without finding out that he had a warm heart and fine susceptibilities. The character of the man receives a charming side-light from the following dedication of one of his books to his wife, a dedication as simple and natural as it is cheerful and sincere:

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.
For once I will dare to break open one of the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and curtained in the same con-sciousness for the last 36 years. If she is offended that I do it without her consent, I hope she may get over the offense shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. She has been with me in many weaknesses and some storms, giving strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, and considerate enough to do it wisely; shrinking never from loss or blame or shame to be encountered in anything right to be done; adding great and high instigations—instigations always to good, and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always things bravest and best to be done, and supply-ing inspirations enough to have made a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know it, and the more willingly also that having her part in it known has not even occurred to her; compelling me thus to honor not less, but more, the covert glory of the wo-manly nature; even as I obtain a distincter and more wondering apprehension of divine meanings, and moist-enings, and countless unbought min-istries it contributes to this otherwise very dry world.

'Ali's Right With the World.' One often wonders whence his vision When ever-hopeful Robert Browning

"God's in his heaven. All's right with the world.' "All's right"? Thousands to Siberia !hurled!

Turkey-the saints of God impaling! Germany-men to noisome prisons halcrime of lauding not an Emp'ror's Yet God his steady watch doth aye

Who knows it better men should never

friendly Death his tryst with martyrs keep? "Right with the world"—at worst a pleasing chime. poet, stay—what you rhyme? God's world! unspanned by space and And fleeting fall of momentary tears.

My Little Lad. How flares it with thee in that heaven-

-John Cameron.

ly land, my boy? If I could have thee back again but for one hour, I should know more of heaven's won-ders than this world Has ever dreamed. How strange it seems that thou shouldst know The heavenly secrets, while I wait and know them not.

My little lad, who learned of me life's love, and now He knows what heaven is, and face to face has seen

The loving Christ. Through all the weight of loneliness
That sometimes threatens this frail mortal clay to crush, heart is glad, with all a mother's depth of love, To know that thou, dear one, canst

ne'er be lonely there; That close within his sheltering arm, the tender Christ,

without my arms.

had planned for thee So much my love had in future days; With eyes of sense, I cannot see how even heaven Can compensate for all that sweet companionship That I have lost forever from my earth-

But sometime, when the evening shadows fall, I, too, Shall hear the welcome summons to that better land. O, Savior, while thy loving arm dost

clasp my boy, Reach down thy hand to me, that, though as yet this earth Entangle me, my heart may feel the heavenly thrill, And I may know that I am standing close to thee

Upon the earth-side, while upon the heavenly side My boy in thy safe keeping waits my coming home.

—Gussie P. Dubois, in the Interior.

"Farewell."

Dear, dying year, I'll watch with thee ere's much to tell you ere you slip away. tonight, Can you not take with you this anguish keen, And leave me peace to welcome New Year's Day

Your nights have seen my pillow wet with tears, Your days have seen the fight begun again, hours have witnessed struggle, prayer, defeat, And known the silent longing and

You brought me such rare gifts, it seemed that I In gratitude, most pure and good should be, But for thy tomb, I naught but ashes bring.

Of those sweet flowers you've showered upon me. Can you not comfort me before you

Can you not blot into eternal night The sins that lie so heavy on my heart, And leave me new love, new hope,

new life, new light? The moments pass, oh! leave me not, old friend, Alas! the time has come to say fare

well, For softly echoing through the silent The chimes are pealing out thy funeral knell.

Alone at last, and now the cold gray dawn, Shows pathways stretching out before me yet untrod.

tried to walk in my own strength and failed, New Year, I leave thee in the hands -Annie G. Callender, in the Interior. of God.

A Word to Canada.

It is made evident in some sections of Canadian politics and society that the application by Secretary Olney and the President of the Monroe doctrine to the Venezuelan boundary dispute is used to develop a less kindly feeling toward the United States. There has been in Canada, we are glad to say, for the most part, a kindly feeling toward us, although all our own criticisms of our own faults are reproduced and given their full value. Yet as we respect Canada, and admire its people, so they have respected and admired the strong nato the south of them. But President Cleveland's message and the dispatch of Secretary Olney, have proa revulsion. We are told that the Canadians are astonished at the hostility in the action of Congress and the utterances of the American press that there has occurred a great change in public feeling in Canada, and that those who were previously warm in their kindly expressions now feel that they have gone too far, and must answer hos-tility with nothing less than a cold reserve.

We wish to say to our Canadian friends that if such is their present attitude it is due to a misapprehension of public feeling here, a misapprehension which it is our duty to correct. There was in the President's message not a particle of hostility to Great Britain. only the expression of regret and pain that after so many years of correspondence, in which again and again it has been stated that the matter was one that gave us "grave concern," the British Government had not been able to recognize

which it was possible that the Monroe doctrine might apply; that it had become our duty to find out if it applied to see to it that a weaker state was not unjustly deprived of its territory. There was on the part of President Cleveland not the least expression of ill-will toward England and no sentiment of that sort, as was proved so soon afterward by his applying to Great Britain instead of to Germany for protection of American citizens in the Transvaal. Canadians also greatly misapprehend

the prevalent American sentiment. They seem to suppose that the over-whelming determination to maintain the Monroe doctrine is an expression of hostility to Great Britain. Nothing could be further from the case. There is some such hostility, but not one out of ten men with whom one would meet would desire anything but kindly relations with England. The Monroe doctrine we believe in. If England's policy should unfortunately be to ignore or to oppose it we should be very sorry, and in maintaining it England is the last country we should be willing to oppose. If the result of the message has been to cool the regard which Canadians have for the United States we can only regret it. In the United States there will continue to be the same respect and admiration for our brethren north of the border and across the Atlantic.—The Independent.

Where the Well-to-Do Woman Is Not Allowed to Do Anything.

Generally speaking, American women are apt to take a keen interest in those affairs which would scarcely be heeded or only vaguely understood by their sex in less liberal lands. Nevertheless it strikes me that some description of the people or life in that country will be of more interest than any discussion of the boundary ques-

Spanish-American women have ever been famed for their beauty and grace. Indeed, they are often very beautiful; but, without desiring to imitate anything derogatory to their fame, I have sometimes wondered if a general average of their beauty would really surpass that of my own countrywomen. love his opposite. Thus South American women are of a type pleasing to the Northerner, just as our own blondes or brunettes — especially the former—are pleasing to the Latin-American. The sight of a lady with a pug nose, red hair, and freckles is enough to throw a Spanish-American into an ecstasy of delight little short

of adoration. For natural grace these creole ladies can only be surpassed by the natives of Andalusia. They have good figures, and, like their Spanish ancestors, dis-play a notable tendency to embonpoint, especially after arriving at the

age of maturity.
In Caracas French fashions predominate, and the ladies appear on the street in the latest Parisian mode, from the plumes and ribbons upon their hats to the high-heeled shoes on their dainty little feet. The women of Venezuela may be divided into two classes—those who are served and those who serve. The lives of the former are simple, and they do not bother their heads about woman's rights nor enter into political do these ladies do? The answer is—
they live. So does the house-plant or that he expected to be married every they live. So does the house-plant or that the fig-tree in the courtyard. What day. more can be required of them? The with servants, and his wife is treated as some beautiful thing—we might say, as a clock or some handsome piece of furniture. The house is her domain, where she may rule as she pleases, and papaita has little to say. The Caraquenan beauties titter behind the curtains of the iron-barred, balconied window as the unhappy swain is compelled to promenade on the sidewalk and watch for an opportunity to get a word or a look from his object of adoration. Mamaita occupies herself with her embroidery or directs her ervants, and when her daughters desire to go for a walk she must ac-

company them, for they are not allowed to go on the street alone.
Life among the lowly is different. The women are free to come and go as they please. The costume consists of an embroidered chemise, cut extremely generally in two braids. She carries herself with dignity; and her long scarf-like shawl, usually of gay colors, which she throws gracefully over her head or allows to fall upon her shoulders, gives her a picturesque ef-

The old woman standing against the tree is a country woman. You might take her to be a disagreeable old creature, but I warrant you that she has a sense of humor, and that she would share her last bit of bread with a hungry traveler; yes, and entertain him royally, too. Standing there, with her feet thrust into a ragged pair of pantuflos, a puro in her mouth, and that grim smile, she brings to my mind many such whose unbounded hospitality I have often shared. Our experience as travelers is-first we find fault and condemn them; then we tolerate them; then we learn to look for them, as our hunger increases after many hours in the saddle; and at last we looked back at those bygone days with a sweet interest, when after a hard day's journey we arrived an some lonely cabin by the wayside, and the "old woman" bade us enter, while she hastened to prepare our evening meal. I have admired her skill in preparing the eggs, which she looks for in the bed or under the bed, laid that same day by her frizzly, feathered, cackling tribe. And from the over-hanging beams I have watched her pull down a long strip of something resembling rawhide only fit to mend broken saddle-gear, but under her expert manipulation converted into a savory stew of beef and tomatoes. This

strip of something is called tasajo, and is the sun-dried beef of the country. An interesting phase of life is that of the public laundry, which is merely the bed of the river on the outskirts of the town. The washerwomen use the bowlders for washboards, and they bang and slam your linen till you might think it rent into shreds. These laundries are great places for gossip, account for the length of time required to complete a family washing. Your washerwomen will tell you the first day she "soaps the clothes." The next day she washes out the soap and spreads the clothes on the grass to bleach, and on the third day, I believe, she dyes them dry. The fifth and sixth days are de- they had so much admired and mar-

"I really think, John," said Mrs. Seere, "that you smoke too much." "Well, my love," said John, "if you'd occasionally give me a chance to talk, I might let my cigar go out.'

Johnnie Aimen-My father's one of the pillars of the church. Tommy Jones (surprised)-Is the? I heard my papa say he was pretty soft, but I didn't know he was as soft as tha:.

It was a very cold morning, and Bobby came rushing into the house very much excited. "Mommer," he very much excited. "Mommer," he cried, "there's something the matter with me. Please send for the doctor I'm breathing fog!" Keeping the Faith.-"Has my boy

been a Little Defender and been kind to dumb animals today?"
"Yes, grandma, I let your canary out of the cage, and when my can caught it I set Towser on her."

Pastor-Do you ever play with bad little boys, Johnny? Johnny-Yes, sir.

Pastor-I'm surprised, Johnny! Why don't you play with good little boys?

Johnny—Their mammas won't let

Old Gentlemen (putting a few questions)-Now, boys-ah-can you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit? Small scholar (like a shot)-Please, sir, th' warn't no commandments then,

"Are you talking to yourself or the fish?" inquired a man on horseback, reigning up. "To the fish," answered the sum-

burned man on the log, intently waitching his cork. "I'm trying to draw them out."

"I suppose, Mrs. Newman," said Mr. Newman, sarcastically, "that in case of war you will insist upon a man's rights and go to the front."
"No, my dear," said Mrs. Newman, sweetly; "I should stay at home and take care of you."

"I'm going to give papa a pair of beer mugs for his birthday," said "A pair?" said Mollie. "Won't one do?" "Oh, no," said Ethel. "Papa always drinks two mugfuls."

Papa-Tommy, did you know your sson today Tommy (hesitatingly)-Yes; that is,

part of it. Papa—Which part was that? Tommy-Well, I could a nswer the questions the other boys had. Jinks-Today I pleased a pretty wo-

snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked\like her. Winks-Get out! Jinks—The red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal was her first baby.

man by telling her that a certain red-

Smythe—Is Brobson married?

Tompkins-Yes; I believe he has 36 wives. Tompkins-About that number, I bestrife. One may justly ask, then, what lieve. At any rate, about a month

caballero expects work from neither wife nor daughter. His house is filled found uneasiness of spirit," said the critic, "you have worked into your portrait of Hamlet! How did you do

"That, sir," said the artist, "is the result of weeks of toil. It is a reproduction of a composite photograph of people waiting their turn in a den-

tist's antercom." "My dear," said Mr. Wilkins, "we must economize, watch every penny, for dollars are scarce."

Ten minutes later he added: "Tommy, why haven't you gone to school?" "I'm helpin' you to economize, pop," all Tommy. You said I could have sail Tommy. \$5 of I wasn't late this term. I guess %5 II I Wash ...
I'll be late today."

There was a man in Nottinghamshire who discontinued the donation he had regularly made for a time to a low in the neck, and a flounced skirt of calico. A girl of this class adorns her neck with a string of beads, and eled a bit in my time; I've been as far allows her hair to hang down her back, as Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, and I never saw a black man, and I don't believe there are any."

.... "It is curlous," said Hicks, "but it life the cat is most graceful and the duck most awkward, but how much s dinner changes one's views!' "I fail to catch the idea," observed

Darley.
"It is simple," said Hicks. 'At a dinner, how graceful a duck seemsand how awkward a cat would be!" Mrs. Brown was an elderly lady,

quite deaf, and somewhat inclined to look upon this world as a vale of tears. A neighbor, passing the house day, and seeing the old lady sitting by an opend window, greeted her with unusual warmth, hoping to bring smile to her doleful countenance. "Good morning," she screamed

This is very fine weather we're hav-'Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "out I

can't eat with 'em vit.' Brave Man.

The ordinary character of a French duel is indicated by an incident, declared by a Paris paper to be true. Two gentlemen, one of whom had "insulted" the other, had exchanged hostile communications and had met on the field of "honor." Two shots had been exchanged without result, and then the honor of both men had been declared satisfied, and they had gone Arrived there, the seconds of Mon-

sieur Beauminard, who was known by all the world to be an arrant coward, congratulated him on the coolness he had shown. "Everybody said you would flunk," said one, "but you stood like a rock, though one of the bullets passed with-

in a milimeter of your skull." Monsieur Beauminard turned deadly pale and grasped a chair. As he was plainly fainting, a glass of water was dashed in his face, and he revived. "What!" he gasped, as he was rec ering consciousness, "were the pistols

loaded, then?"

Monsieur Beauminard had relied on
the faithless seconds to see that the blue. On the fourth day she souses pistols' charges were drawn, and his them in the river again to get the bluing out, and finally allows them to given him the aspect of bravery that