

in the Cape Mercury last November, 'Wanted for German West Africa, a man to look after one horse, two cows and three pigs. One who can impart the rudiments of French, singing, and the piano to the children preferred.—Apply by letter to L' King, Wm. Town."

Mistress—Bridget, these are ewers I hope you will not call them jugs any more.

Bridget—Thank you, Mum, sure an are these cups moine too?—Scissors.

"If you feel chilly," said he, as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm."

"You might put it around me," said she demurely.—Ex.

THE VISION.

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and pulled a hazel rod,
And put a berry on a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And stars like moths were shining out,
I dropped the berry in the stream
And hooked a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on a stool
I stooped to blow the fire aflame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name.
It had become a laughing girl,
With apple blossoms in her hair,
That called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hilly lands and hollow lands,

I will find out where she is gone
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk and walk through summer grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

—W. B. Yeats in McClure's.

When Rudyard Kipling was revising the proofs of "Traffics and Discoveries" this summer, his little daughter Elsie was seated in a chair in the same room. Suddenly Mr. Kipling began to sing "On the road to Mandalay." His daughter looked up in surprise. Her father kept on singing. Suddenly the child interrupted Kipling, saying, "Father, didn't you write that song?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, it seems to me you should know the tune better," she said.—East and West.

Stern father (to son)—"What time is it that you're getting in?"
Soph. — "About one o'clock."
(Clock strikes three.)
Father—"Dear me, how that clock stutters!"—Ex.

Cornell's co-operative store, which was started with a capital of \$800, is now worth \$1,400, after paying its members the \$2 membership fee and a dividend.

Emperor William is suggesting a plan by which a professor from the University of Berlin will be sent to Harvard during the first semester of each year, in exchange for a Harvard professor during the second semester.