

that of reading an inflammatory sort of fiction. The romances of robberies peculiarly interested him, and he talked a great deal with his companions about the wonderful adventures that he found described in dime novels and boys' story papers. He lived with his mother, aunt and cousin, the latter being a little girl, of whom he was very fond. It is now remembered that she was the heroine of his youthful imagination. One day Willie asked his employer to let him sleep in the shop for a week, saying that his house was crowded with visitors. Permission was readily given, and he did not go home for a week at all. The house had during that time been closed, and the neighbors conjectured that the family had gone away on a visit, but they finally entered and found the dead bodies of Mrs Anderson, her sister, and niece. They had been killed with a hatchet as they lay asleep. Willie fled immediately; but he had no money and was put off a railroad train at Plainville, where he committed suicide with a pistol. * * * Nobody doubts that Willie was the murderer. A motive can hardly be conjectured, and it may be that he was incited only by bad literature.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p?" Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"

A "no rent cry" can be heard every time a boy is whipped for tearing his clothes.

The yarn spun by the sailor sometimes becomes the thread of a story by a novelist.

An early closing movement—A bulldog's mouth when taking hold of a burglar's leg.

A bare-foot is a good tacks collector; but the owners groans as the iron enters his sole.

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.