

The Impossible.

Men cannot draw water from an empty well, Or trace the stars that goads tell, Or gather the souls of a peering bill.

BEYOND HIS INCOME.

"Five pounds of grapes," said old Mrs. Midway, in astonishment. "Are you quite sure that you understood your mistress' order, Hester? White grapes are sixty cents a pound, and surely for so small a dinner-party as this..."

as he studied over the list of weekly bills a short time subsequently, "I believe my mother was right. We are outrunning our income."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth. Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.

So he told her all—of the reckless expenditure on Rosamond's part—his own, also, he confessed—which had woven itself like a fatal web about his feet.

HOUSEHOLD SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the queer fancies entertained by Good People. A favorite superstition, in many parts of this country, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is the one concerning new houses; that it is unlucky to build a new house, since the coffin of the builder will be the first one carried out at the door.

Horrible Scenes at a Mohammedan Religious Ceremony. A Constantinople letter to the San Francisco Chronicle describes in graphic language the horrible scenes witnessed by the writer at a religious ceremony, says the correspondent.

Sunken Gold.

In a green depths rest forgotten ships, While gold doubloons that from the drowned hand fell Lie nestled in the ocean-floor's bill.

Rolling stock—Cattle trains pitched down an embankment. "I fear no man," he said. And about that time his wife came along and led him off by the ear.

HUMOROUS.

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk, pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

There is a single sentence in the English foreign enlistment act which contains 600 words. A longer sentence was that of a New York judge the other day. It contained twenty years.

First Sight of the Caspian Sea.

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Straw for Fuel.

"Yes, I've lived out West ten years," said a traveler, who was bearded like a forty-niner, "I mean on the peraries of Newbraska. Great country, too."