

Ireland's population is increasing at the rate of 60,000 a year.

New Jersey comes to the front with a water trust. This is a brand-new kind.

Since the last of January twenty-eight different men in this country have murdered girls who refused to marry them.

The census of 1890, preparations for which are already being made, promises to show in the United States a population of more than 70,000,000.

It is estimated that one-half of all the drugs imported into the United States are consumed in the manufacture of patent medicine.

The tree from the milk of which the India rubber of commerce is made grows well in Southern California, and extensive preparations are being made for planting it.

A new device of the Patriotic League of France is to engrave on monuments the figures 1770-1870, the blank being the date of the War of Revenge, which is left to the imagination.

The reports of the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington declare that the sailing tonnage of the world is nearly double that of steam, and that this relative proportion is likely to be maintained.

The king cruiser of all will be the last ordered by the British Admiralty, to be named the Blenheim. She will be of 9000 tons, with twin screws, engines of 20,000 horse-power, and a speed of twenty-two knots.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, claims to be the healthiest city on the continent, the death rate the past year having been lower than in any other American city. Not a single case of diphtheria has been reported within the last six months.

According to the Jewish Gazette, of the 241 clothing manufacturers in the City of New York 234 are Hebrew firms. The Hebrews are also largely engaged in cigarmaking, employing over eight thousand hands and producing over six hundred million cigars yearly.

The Austrian Consul at Yokohama, Japan, reports great difference in commercial morality between the merchants of China and Japan. The Japanese, he says, are neither enterprising nor upright, but the Chinese are solid and trustworthy in every respect.

Statistics have just been published on accidents brought about by avalanches in the Tyrol of Switzerland. Last year fifty-three people were killed. The value of the cattle buried by avalanches is estimated at upward of \$300,000, while the total amount of property destroyed figures at \$125,000.

Under the simplified drill of the German army the battalions will in future learn but three formations, the double column, the deep column (four companies following each other in company columns) and the broad column. The company column is the basis of all formations and movements in war.

Joachim, the famous Hungarian violinist, is said to have hopelessly injured one of his fingers in an endeavor to increase his technical skill. He is not the first man who has done this, as Schumann, the great composer, attempted the same kind of experiment, in severing some of the chords of his right hand in order to shorten the time of practice. He was permanently disabled as a pianist.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a school house.

N. J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, has charge of the arrangements for the display of American agricultural products at the Paris Exposition next spring. A large sum of money was appropriated by the general Government to defray the expenses of the entire display, and of the total amount \$50,000 was set apart for the agricultural interests.

People who fancy the newspaper reporter's life is a bed of roses observe the New York Telegram, can have their ideas changed by reading accounts of the Chicago car riots. Reporters were the only passengers in the cars run through howling mobs and showers of bricks. Several of them were badly injured. They faced danger and duty, beside the armed forces of the law, just as they are always facing the horrors of a scourge, the fury of storms and blizzards and the horrors of enormous conflagrations.

"The cotton planters of the South, have shown," asserts the Boston Cultivator, "what cooperation among the farmers may accomplish in breaking down a grasping monopoly. A 'jute bagging trust' attempted to force the planters to pay exorbitant prices for the jute bagging used as a covering for cotton bales. Experiments have been made with coarse cotton sheeting, which is much cheaper, and which is considered satisfactory by the New York Cotton Exchange and the Liverpool Cotton Association. Thus the cheap sheeting will doubtless largely take the place of artificially dear jute bagging."

THANKSGIVING.

We look to the hills for rest. For strength we turn to the sea. For the boon of these, and fair bequest Of seeming lands to the seaways, we With joy give thanks.

Best thanks for the favor is The fullest use of the gift: And pleasure expressed in words of praise, And praise is a prayer whereby we lift 'Unceasing thanks.

Now at the time of the feast, And of bursting granaries, Now sound of scythe on the grass has ceased, Or the touch of wind, a smile of ease, Do we give thanks.

But now at the feast, alone, But ever, from June to June, While the harvest is banded and blown, By the glad thought of the heart's tune, Do we give thanks.

By full deep pleasure one has, And so by we, sweet, swift joy, A light of color and bloom of grass, Or the touch of wind, a smile of ease, Do we give thanks.

For suns that mellow the fruit; For strong, clean winds and the snows Like a fold of fleece upon the roof Of the oak, and the roof of the rose, Do we give thanks.

For dew and for warm, soft rains, That infuse new blood in the wood, For the herb and vine that flushed the lanes, Through waving fields at the Summer's foot, Do we give thanks.

For strength of the firm, lithe limbs, And wealth of body and long Deep reach of thought, and hope that skims Like a bird, our heaven for light, with song, Do we give thanks.

For subtle force of the brain's Keen power, and the first thereof For the jubilant blood in our veins, That leaps and bounds, when life is enough, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By cool, and the cool of the sea, Do we give thanks.

THANKSGIVING.

"Splendid, are they?" said Elston, smiling good humoredly at his excited little wife. "Well, I'm glad of that. But, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you."

"What is it, Frank?" "I had a half-startled air."

"You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on," said he. "Who, Frank? Not Abby Barrie?"

"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old-fashioned cloak and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the door for my baggage to be unloaded."

"I thought I'd just step up and give you a word of warning."

"Baggage?" cried Lizzie, in consternation. "What baggage? Is she going to stay?"

"There's boxes and boxes," said Frank, looking at the wheelbarrow to hoist 'em up to the house."

"But, Frank, who is it? Why don't you tell me who it is?"

"Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock," said the Captain of the Sea Mew. "She comes from the State of Rhode Island, and she says she is a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend Thanksgiving with you."

"Miss Barbara Babcock?" repeated Lizzie, her fresh face growing blank. "Oh, I know now who it is! Frank! All the relations used to dread Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her fancy-work and her receipt-book; and, oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her here!"

"All right, then," said Captain Elston; "I'll go back and tell her so. Only, Lizzie, don't."

"Don't! all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the devil?"

"Lizzie stood a minute, silently thinking."

"Don't put yourself out, my dear," said the Captain; "she can get lodgings at the Wharf easily enough. But she's very old and feeble, and I don't want her to be a burden to you."

"I understand," interrupted Lizzie; "I'll send her to the hotel. I'll go back, Frank, and warm up one of my chickens for supper. I didn't intend to have anything but bread and butter and cold pie for my dinner. But she is tired and chilled, poor creature!"

THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare, And the snow is in the air, And the frost is in the soil, And the yellow golden-rod, Like a fading sunset light, Withers in a blackening night, And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow— Then comes the old Thanksgiving time, When hearts in festal meetings chime.

When gray no longer sings The clear carols of its springs, And abroad with stealthy tread Up behind us steals, to shed Winter snows upon the head; Yet with age's frost and snow Upon a light whose steady glow With an inner radiance scorns Thoughtless youth's best nights and morns, Then comes the old Thanksgiving time, And awakes a loftier rhyme.

Then, for all that builds up life With its changing calm and strife What I was—the given base Upon which I now can place What poor figure I may have wrought Out of all my life and thought— For the priceless providence That hath made each nerve and sense Of my bodyhood but the germ Of a growth more full and firm— For the blind inheritance Of my parents' blood—for chance Even, and fate and circumstance— For the joy and sorrow turned Into hope for wisdom's sake, and here sole pleasure—faith from doubt— All within me or without That hath helped the spirit weak: Its life and truth to seek— For all this, and more that, blind, I cannot recall to mind— Thanks on this Thanksgiving day I would render to my God— On this dull gray day when earth Hath no smile of spring or mirth, And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow.

Christopher P. Cranch.

A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Let him who eats not, think he eats, To one to him who lacks the feast, My neighbor dines on dainty sweets And I on coarser bread."

He who on sugar angels fares Hath pangs beneath his silken vest; The rougher life hath fewer cares— No fests hath sounder rest."

If lean the body, light the wings; His fancy hath no verge and room Who feasts upon the wind that brings The flowers of hope to bloom."

No gut awaits my coming age, No bulbous nose like lobster red, To vex my temper into rage, Or fill my days with dread."

Leave to the rich his roast and wine; Death waits on him who waits for all; The fenny will be ready by my side, By twine the priest will coil."

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways Keep me, lest it should hap be worse; Teach one to fill his mouth with praise Who never filled his purse."

THE UNPROBATED WILL.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

DOOR as John Austin was made more desperate by the return of the fatherless child, he (believed to be dead) who came home to find his wife broken in the people, as the health of Beatchon called him.

When Jane Austin was a little girl the old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one knew why or whether he had gone, but for twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had sprung from the old man's heart. The father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative.

THANKSGIVING.

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked at the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting then, gun and game started bounding on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, swung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gapped out the single word:

"There!" "John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family, and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears."

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?" "Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To what I should have lived to see the day—and and we become objects of charity—and—and—having to be fed by the neighbors, and up went the apron against the wall, and she burst into a fit of hysterical sobs, and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:

"Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled untried labor. But he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a roaring fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest for game, like money, had been a wish of being out of the way when most wanted."

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of his blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatch d from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

THANKSGIVING.

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked at the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting then, gun and game started bounding on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, swung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gapped out the single word:

"There!" "John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family, and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears."

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?" "Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To what I should have lived to see the day—and and we become objects of charity—and—and—having to be fed by the neighbors, and up went the apron against the wall, and she burst into a fit of hysterical sobs, and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:

"Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled untried labor. But he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a roaring fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest for game, like money, had been a wish of being out of the way when most wanted."

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of his blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatch d from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

THANKSGIVING.

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked at the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting then, gun and game started bounding on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, swung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gapped out the single word:

"There!" "John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family, and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears."

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?" "Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To what I should have lived to see the day—and and we become objects of charity—and—and—having to be fed by the neighbors, and up went the apron against the wall, and she burst into a fit of hysterical sobs, and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:

"Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled untried labor. But he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a roaring fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest for game, like money, had been a wish of being out of the way when most wanted."

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of his blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatch d from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience, which he had so warmly discarded, disclosed gold, dust and a way to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, fuscous fowls they were, and the vision of his happy wife and children would be in the eating range before him.

GOLDEN-ROD.

An little breeze strayed up and down The rusty fields and meadows brown, Sighing and sighing, "I am glad to see Where can the summer blossoms be?" When suddenly a glorious face Shone on him from a wavy space, And with an airy, playful nod, "Good afternoon!" said Golden-Rod.

The breeze received her golden-rod And then came hurrying home to me, And eagerly this story told, "I've seen a lady dressed in gold, So shining that the very light That touches her is doubly bright— She nodded, too, a royal nod."

"Why, that," said I, "is Golden-Rod." "Come out and see her where she stands, Gold on her head and in her hands, Her crest and I without delay. Went after where he led the way, And there she stood, all light, all grace, Illuminating that woody place, And to us both, with airy nod, "Good afternoon!" said Golden-Rod.

—Clara Dady Bates.

PITH AND POINT.

Words of cheer—Hurrah! Tiger! The rag-gatherer's business is picking up a little. A black bear that has been eaten is a bruin-et.

"I'm considerably worried," as the stocking said. Stands in a reason—the reasoner when he is tired of sitting. Instead of the French in Tunis, wouldn't it be more grammatical to say: The French in Tunis are—Sitting.

A wealthy old farmer who has seven good-for-nothing sons, says he is satisfied that there is no money in raising bears. Funny that a fast young man never begins to think about settling down until it has become utterly impossible for him to settle up.

Now and then a man changes their color. And the folks change their clothes—Soon the head of navigation. Will peep through a window of snows. —Washington Herald.

"Oh, you have come first at last; you were always behind before," was the first greeting a schoolmaster gave to the first boy at school.—Detroit Free Press.

McGurrian was naturalized yesterday. He said that the process of making a foreign-born man a citizen of the United States was exceedingly pleasing.—New York News.

There was a young lady, a Miss Howard, Who was a most excellent scholar, For a young little mouse, Scared her out of the house. —Washington Herald.

In Russia they teach bears to dance by placing them on a hot floor. In the Chicago grain exchange they make them dance by raising the price of wheat suddenly.—Washington Herald.

"Are you working at me because you think I'm a country jake, sir?" demanded the new clerk at the drug store, loudly and beligerently, as he passed in the aisle of a schoolmaster gave to the first boy at school.—Detroit Free Press.

A Chance to Get Even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will be a chance to get even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will be a chance to get even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will be a chance to get even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will be a chance to get even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will be a chance to get even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will be a chance to get even.—Office Boy: "Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impetuous Doctor: "Healthy man?" Office Boy: "Very much so. He's got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impetuous Doctor: struck with a brilliant idea—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account. Let the kind and cheerful man, who will