

A Summer Song.
Oh! fall me to sleep on this warm summer
day.
And sing me a song of the lover.

How He Found His Profes-
sion.

Early biographical details need not
relate us long. We wish merely to
detail one incident in his career—the

His boyhood was about equally di-
vided between books and play; the
books, however, were not as a rule

At college he distinguished himself
in many ways. He led his class dur-
ing the Sophomore year, but through-
out the next term his devotion to the

After graduating, he lost no time in
considering his future profession. He
began at once the study of medicine,

He then taught school, and success-
fully; but after he had whipped into
a state of doglike submission, and

His mother was inclined about this
time to think that the world was using
her only son rather hardly, and ad-
vanced money enough to set him up

So far nothing has been said of his
personality, nor is there much need
for this. Such men are nearly always

the mother just mentioned, who pos-
sessed a fairly comfortable income,
and a still more comfortable weakness

He was sitting in his office one lazy
spring day, enjoying a cigar and cogi-
tating on things past and present,

Acting, as always, on a strong im-
pulse, he threw himself on a lounge,

It was not a client bringing him
the case that would make him famous,
but only a friend who came to take

As soon as the pain had subsided
sufficiently to permit him to think at
all, his mind reverted to his unfinished

Her name was Margaret Western, a next-door
neighbor and a life-long friend. In-
deed, on Willoughby's part the feeling

He was straightforward, intelli-
gent and independent, fond of social
pleasures in moderation, but caring

The next day, at the earliest season-
able hour for calling, he groped his
familiar way across the contiguous

He hesitated, and pleaded his
wounded eye as an excuse for delay.
To this she would not listen; and to

with not shock conventionality by be-
traying that her feelings also are un-
changeable. His pride will not let him

"It would be a sad story if it were
true," said she, "but I don't like it.
I don't think it is a strong story. I

A quick movement from her checked
his speech, and he could hear the pen
thrown sharply on to the table, as she

Her voice had lost its tension as she
spoke these last words, and was
dangerously near to tears.

He lifted the bandage from his
bruised eyes and looked at her. She
was leaning forward on her hands,

Not as doctor or teacher is he de-
termined to do. His business abilities
are not to be at the service of Board

Margaret will tell you the profession
that nature made him for. He is fill-
ing, she thinks, the position for which

So it will come to pass that though
he will never, as the world calls it,
do any great things for himself.

Not a Successful Elopement.
"Was your elopement a success?"
"Hardly."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HER LITTLE MAN.
Look in his face, look in his eyes.
Rough and blue, and terribly wise.

THE HUMAN EAR.
A Wonderful and Unapproach-
able Little Apparatus.

A LEARNED LITTLE MAID.
The story is running the rounds of
a little maid who recently graduated
from the infant class in the Sunday

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.
Two boys were observed to issue
from a hive, bearing between them
the body of a comrade, with which

A LITTLE MISTAKE.
Little Lou's primary geography was
made up of questions and answers.

TOO EARLY FOR THE WORLD'S CARE.
A pleasant little story is told in
Golden Days of a small rosy cheeked

THE SOMNAMBULIST HAD THE DROP.
Louis Franz, the night clerk at the
Grand, relates the story of a narrow

A Thoughtful Spouse.
Mr. Sulemb (after a long weary
tramp to his nearest neighbor)—Good

Where the Scare Was.
A little three-year-old boy was car-
rying his father's lantern and dropped

THE HUMAN EAR.

A Wonderful and Unapproach-
able Little Apparatus.

A Mysterious Field for Scien-
tific Investigation.

"The human ear," said a scientist
to a Washington Star reporter, "is an
organ the true inwardness of which

A CONGO FETTER-MAN.
The fetter-man under any name is
the authority on all matters connected
with the relation of man to the un-

A THOUGHTFUL SPOUSE.
Mr. Sulemb (after a long weary
tramp to his nearest neighbor)—Good

WHERE THE SCARE WAS.
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rying his father's lantern and dropped

THE CHINESE IMPERIAL CANAL.
The Imperial (or "Great") Canal
of China is hardly rivaled, so far as

"Come this way," said I, and he fol-
lowed me into the bar-room. Behind
the bar was a big dish of water. I

Transportation from Panama in '49.
We paid our money and went on
board the vessel, which was anchored

THE BARNY STONE IS MERELY A SHAM
ACK AFTER ALL.
When a horse rears it is very much
alive, even if it does seem to be on its

THE DISTANT RELATIVE IS THE ONE WHO
IS AFRAID THAT YOU ARE GOING TO BORROW
\$5 FROM HIM.

THE BEST THING ABOUT THE GOOD OLD
TIMES IS THAT THEY HAVE NOT GOT A RETURN
TICKET.

THE TONGUE IS A TELL-TALE MEMBER.
Doctors look at it to see if the patient's
stomach is out of order, and the gen-
eral public frequently learns from it

IF EVERYONE KNEW WHAT EVERY ONE
THOUGHT ABOUT EVERY ONE ELSE, THE ONLY
REAL FRIEND A MAN WOULD HAVE WOULD

DREAM SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIANS.
In Mr. Thurman's elaborate work
on the Indians of Guiana he tells us
that the dreams which come to the In-

Nearly.
Two stars within a summer sky
Grew nearer as the summer sped;

Two longing hearts with love were gay.
As coming joys they counted o'er;
Lie's path to them a flowery way.

HUMOROUS.
The Barny Stone is merely a sham
ack after all.

The Distant Relative is the one who
is afraid that you are going to borrow
\$5 from him.

The Best Thing about the Good Old
Times is that they have not got a return
ticket.

The Tongue is a Tell-tale Member.
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