

...in Tokio, Japan, to erect a monument to the memory of the late...

The Governor-General of Canada has just issued a decree against annexation to the United States.

The latest news tells how a person may escape a year of imprisonment by means of a camp in the backwoods, or it may be a case of the thrilling romances of the past.

It was shown by the annual horse show in New York that long tails are the fashion of the day.

The President of the World says that medical science is saddling on the telephone the responsibility for the increase of insanity.

The Governor of Michigan, anxious that tobacco is almost as much of a staple as bread.

The King and Denmark's people are making Nevada a very desirable state.

The Kentucky-West Virginian states the worst of the Corsican is the blood that is shed.

SONG OF HOPE
I came from far unfathomed zones of light
Cradled in the rainbow's hues;
I have affinities with all things bright
Faint sympathies and elms.

THE WARDNER'S STORY.
BY JAMES G. HARVEY.
In an old worn-out chest, the property of a lodger named William Wilson, who died in a London tenement, was found the MS. of the tale which follows.

I, William Worthington, believing that I am about to die, pray to heaven for strength to tell a tale of wrong and suffering. I know not the year in which I am living. I dare not ask. I only pray for strength to finish, for my wife and children, if they still live, the story of my broken constitution is proving too great, and I feel that death is near.

That very day I had walked far into the suburbs of London, on leave of absence to visit my family, and had returned to find my room empty. At night until nine on the following morning.

I was weary and travel-stained, which told against me, but as there is a just God in heaven I did not sleep on my pillow that night. I had a night of rest, and I was able to get up at dawn.

With this paper crumpled in his hand, he lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. He had a strange feeling, as if he were being watched.

These are the reasons why cattle ranches in the West are more profitable than formerly. It is not certain that the winters are colder and the blizzards more frequent, but they are more destructive to the feed than formerly.

The New York World: "American customs are making an impression on the most conservative sovereigns of Europe. At a torchlight celebration in Breslau last week...

The latest wrinkles in a advertisement are composed of dead and dumb letters. One of this kind is in an advertisement on upper Broadway.

I would wait and hope and strive, wait for the unfolding of the future's mysterious problems, hope for those miraculous changes that sometimes shift the power of a sovereign in the twinkling of an eye.

Here the MS. breaks off, incomplete, and in a scrawling hand, probably that of the inmate, are these words: "I have long had a headache, and with long white hair and beard, who died in the kitchen chamber of the Blue Bird Inn."

A Sea reporter asked Mr. George Eadie, manager for Thomas Cook & Son, the tourist agents, the exact time in which a passenger can go around the world.

After a few moments of thought and study, he said: "In these days of rapid transit with vestibule trains and last ocean steamships it is possible to make a circuit of the globe that a person, in New York, can decide the very day on which he will return to the city, having completed his tour around the world."

Winks—"What a sad, anxious face that man has." I noticed it. He has a strained, haunted, afraid-I-won't-catch-the-train expression.

Lost Privileges of Two Cities.
An event notable alike in commercial and political history has just occurred in Germany. Hamburg and Bremen have surrendered the bulk of their ancient privileges as free Hanse towns.

A Dude's Frank Confession.
Miss Gusher from the West, with intensity—"I often wonder, Mr. Van Twiller, when you are looking into space with that far-away, abstracted look in your eyes, as if your soul were far distant from your surroundings, what you are thinking of?"

A Joke on a Postal Clerk.
A short time ago an order was received at the postoffice from Washington to return uncalled-for postal cards to the writer in the same way that letters have been sent back.

A Story of Abe Lincoln.
Stories of Abe Lincoln always pass as coin everywhere, and it is not too late for one told by his son to a friend in Washington.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.
A Titled Bohemian—Under Certain Conditions—A Drop of Dewy Saracasm—Tonsorial—Lines of Care—The Force of Example—Encroached on Pre-empted Ground—Emergency Prayers—A Left-Handed Compliment—A Matter of Money—His Preferences—Two Personal—A Dude's Frank Confession—The Rabbit's Foot—A Joke on a Postal Clerk—A Story of Abe Lincoln.

Under Certain Conditions.
Miss Widdowake to young agriculturist—"I fancy, Mr. Spindle, that you are very fond of husbandry?"

Lines of Care.
Winks—"What a sad, anxious face that man has." I noticed it. He has a strained, haunted, afraid-I-won't-catch-the-train expression.

The Force of Example.
Young Mamma—"Children, why are you nodding and smiling at all the policemen we pass?"

A Matter of Money.
A wealthy young widow said jokingly to her new husband, as she pointed to the safe in which her money was deposited:

Two Personal.
They were going to have company and she was suggesting the menu.

A Dude's Frank Confession.
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The Rabbit's Foot.
The foot of the common hare will, on examination, show mainly the ability of the creature to make great leaps and to make an equally quick recovery.

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one told by his son to a friend in Washington. "My father," said the boy, "used to tell about Washington without any escort or show of distinction, and he sometimes strayed into curious company."

Confused by the Darkness.
Little Pat was in the habit of falling out of bed during the night, and his father, to break him of the habit, would remind him of it next morning.

Emergency Prayers.
A story is told of a man in a near country whose name was without.

A Left-Handed Compliment.
Little Boy (to older sister's beau)—"Is that your nose?"

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A wealthy young widow said jokingly to her new husband, as she pointed to the safe in which her money was deposited:

His Preferences.
"Are you fond of dogs, Mr. Bliven," said a young woman as she caressed her pup.

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SOON WILL COME THE SNOW.
White are the daisies, white as milk,
The steady ones are lying with milk.
The roses are in bloom
Love me, beloved, while you may,
And beg the thing hours to stay,
For love shall end and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow.

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