

Eloise's Inheritance.

It was a bitter night in November, a promise of a cold, dreary winter to come, when two gentlemen, some thirty-eight or forty years old, sat over wine and cigars at a luxuriant room in an uptown boarding house, in New York city. One, the youngest of the couple, had landed a few hours before from a European steamer, and had been telling traveler's tales to his companion, far into the night hours.

KEY TO INDIAN DESIGNS.

But the savage artist seems to relish asymmetry. She is not the least embarrassed by, with four repetitions of the same group in mind, she finds, by and by, that three of them have nearly exhausted her space. The fourth to squeeze itself into the allotted area has been the delight of more than one civilized artist.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

—how to reach the masses—while I want to hear (and never do hear)—about the fundamental, elementary principle of religion. It has been said: "In the God and if so, why does He leave us in doubt? What is the Christian religion reduced to its simplest expression? I am sick of platitudes, maxims and glittering generalities. I want to be treated with sincerity. I want to hear the simple truth, not 'as to a Hittite' but as to a grown man who must reason as well as feel, a man who has sinned and suffered and now faints and seeks solace for his soul in this sea of doubt and trouble."

GALL'S THE THING.

In this life's unending battle with its racket and its rattle, with its gab and little-tattle.



JUST FOR FUN

"What platform does that political speaker favor?" "The lecture platform, chiefly."—Washington Star. "Bacca—He went to the fancy dress ball in a costume made of old letters."—Egbert. "Sort of a suit of mail, eh?"—Yonkers Statesman.