

LITTLE PLEASURES.

Why Young Children should be Taught to Appreciate Them.

It has been said so many times, that it has become hackneyed, that it is not the great troubles of life that wear one out, but the petty annoyances that continued day after day, leave their mark on the temper and character as drops of water wear into solid stone.

Children should never fail in courtesy to each other; this should be exacted as rigorously as courtesy to their elders.

VIOLIN STRINGS.

Valuable Suggestions for Inept Paganini and Ole Bull.

He Couldn't Be Hired.

A High Road to Wealth.

A High Road to Wealth.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A Quarrel That Might Have Separated Lonnie and Bessie Forever.

These lovers' quarrels are sad, sad affairs, resulting, as they so often do, in the separation of young hearts and making withered leaves out of all the old hopes and golden dreams and high aspirations of young lives.

"You needn't deny it," said Bessie, coldly.

"No, it looks as if you didn't flirt with her every time she crosses your path."

"You used to like him."

"You can manage to live without you, Lonnie."

"Oh, Lonnie, I was only joking."

First Omaha Man—Eureka! I've struck it at last.

Second Omaha Man—I don't take such stock in patents.

BOTANY FOR CHILDREN.

A Study Which Develops a Love for Gardening and Horticulture.

What would do more for gardening and horticulture, and be more beneficial to the pupils, than to make botanical to the pupils, than to make botanical to the pupils...

I believe the girls would receive the more benefit from making botany one of the earliest studies of the schools.

We no longer need foreigners to tell us that our women are weakly and colorless, and that this comes of lack of outdoor exercise.

John M. Stahl, in American Garden.

CHEATING THE LAW.

A Readable Incident of Life in the Jumbo Territory of America.

A family recently moved into a Central Dakota county from the East.

"Did't he git wanderin' 'round in the night an' tumble down an' old well into four feet of water an' drown'd an' break his neck both at the same time?"

A strolling photographer on Western avenue yesterday was taking the picture of a mansion and asked a little girl who stood by and stood on the stoop.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

Experience of a Young Lady Who Knew How to Help Herself.

It was the first time she had ever traveled alone, and all the family came down to the station to see her off.

"I won't, father," chirruped Pheeb.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor.

"Allow me," said the spruce traveling man with a mashing smile.

"Thank you," said Miss Pheeb, coolly.

"Only to visit my brother Jim in Newton Center. I get there after dark, though, and am awfully afraid they won't meet me."

"I'm going that way myself," hazarded the untruthful traveling man.

"Mew! mew! mew!" came from a remote corner of the car.

"The boy with peanuts came in and she snared him into getting some milk for kitty from the restaurant car."

"Have you 'How H' Won Her,' or 'Love on a Rail-car?'" she asked, sweetly.

He sat down to explain that he was just out of that, but had "Divorced at Sight," or "A Romance of Chicago."

When the train reached Newton Center the young lady left it, followed by a meek and submissive crowd.

"How in the world Pheeb did you get along with all those traps?"

"Oh, you know, Jim, father brought us up to help ourselves."

Sufficiently Protected.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

The Poverty and Unsatisfactory Condition of Its Inhabitants.

Jerusalem has no wealth. Fifty or one hundred years ago, it could boast of some wealthy families.

But, poor as people and city are, rents are exorbitantly high.

Only a well-to-do family can occupy an entire house.

It is very expensive building houses in Jerusalem.

Houses are invariably built of stone and are much more expensive than one would suppose.

The war of 1866 demonstrated the great superiority that breech-loaders gave their possessors.

Dr Selah Merrill, late U. S. Consul.

SWORDS OF INDIA.

Deadly Weapons Carried by the Sepoys, Persians and Afghans.

Among some military trophies I once saw a very rude, rusty teghar—locally worth a shilling—which had cleanly decapitated a raw recruit.

The metal and finish of cutting arms improve when we enter North India.

"Do you want any swords?"

A Mighty Stupid Clerk.

ENGINES OF DEATH.

The Wonderful Progress in the Art of Slaughtering Men in Battle.

The death of Herr Krupp, the proprietor of the great steel works of Essen, removes from the world one of the greatest fame was won in carrying out the highest point of development of man destruction.

The wonderful modern progress in the art of slaughtering men in battle-field began about thirty years ago.

Our war was the last great one fought with muzzle-loading small arms.

The war of 1866 demonstrated the great superiority that breech-loaders gave their possessors.

Among some military trophies I once saw a very rude, rusty teghar—locally worth a shilling—which had cleanly decapitated a raw recruit.

Men to-day can be shot dead in ranges which twenty years ago were not covered by the most powerful rifles then known.

When the metal and finish of cutting arms improve when we enter North India.

Do you want any swords?

A Mighty Stupid Clerk.

Dealer (to clerk)—What did your young lady want, James?