

"A BUNDLE OF TOTS HE HAD FLUNG OF EIS BACK. AND HE LOOKED LIKE A PEDDLER JUST OPENING HIS SACK."

#### THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.

The 25th of December Was Originally the Roman Saturnalia.

The celebration of Christmas as the hathday of Jesus is universal among Christians of every sect, and as such it is regarded throughout Christendom as the sweetest, holiest of all holidays. And with the long mooted question, Is Dec. 25 the anniversary of Christ's birth? we have nothing to do." For it matters nothing whether it was on this particular date that the Christ Child first lay in Bethlehem's lowly manger. Tais is the day that has been accepted and will be celebrated to the end of time. It will be of interest to most readers, however, to note that it was not until the Third or Fourth century that the present date was agreed upon, and that Jan. 1, Jan. 6, March 29 and Sept. 29 were variously observed during the earlier centuries by various bodies of Christians. The fixing of the date seems to have been accomplished by Julius I, who presided as pope or bishop of Rome from 337 to 352 A. D.

Christmas is not alone among Christian holidays in being the follower of a somewhat similar holiday among the pagans. In Rome it was called the Saturnalia. And the observance of the winter feast, now Christmas, was not confined to the Romans. The holiday appears to have been kept by the Scandinavians, the Persians and the Phœnicians, and perhaps by many other people. All these nations worshiped the sun, under one form or other, as the giver of all life. Each gave the deity a different name. At Rome he was worshiped under one of the characters attributed to Saturn, the father of the gods; among the Scandinavians as Odin, or Woden, the father of Thor; with the Perians as Mithras, probably the same as the Irish Mithr, and with the Phoenicians his name was Baal or Bel.

All these nations chose about the same date for this feast. This is supposed to have been caused by the feelings of delight experienced shortly after Dec. 21, because the days then begin to lengthen. Then the sun begins his upward course, and spring and summer are approaching. For somewhat similar reasons the pagans of old held a great midsummer feast at or

bout June 21. The midwinter festival of the Saturpalia was observed for several days in he most unrestrained manner; everyody feasted and work was quite susended. Even the slaves were allowed emplete liberty for the time being aurels and evergreens were everywhere lisplayed, the same as now, and gifts were exchanged, and there were especial greetngs for the season. In the north these ejoicings were carried on in someruder fashion, but were enred into into with not less hearty Fires were everywhere kinled, both indoors and out, in honor of din and Thor; the Druids gathered the cred mistletoe, and both men and cattle ere sacrificed to the savage divinities. be ancient Persians also burned immense

ad the Druids of western Europe some rt of relationship existed. In the later days of the Roman empire e feast of the Saturnalia deteriorated to a gross debauch—so gross, indeed, at few historians have cared to defile

cir pages with its details. It was for the purpose of counteracting evil influences of the Saturnalia, to celebration of which the young of both tes were very prone, that the early ristian teachers in Rome sought to apt the rites of heathen rejoicing and oder them subservient, instead of anonistic, to the cause of religion. Cerforms of amusement were forbidden others not so gross were substituted, it was a long time before the people the clergy were of one mind regardthe observances of Christmas.

Britain there were other modifica-To the modified Saturnalia were ed first some of the Druidical rites and estitions, and, after the arrival of the ons, some of the ceremonies of the lent Germans and Scandinavians, Of were the burning of the Yule log ad the superstitions regarding the mis-

In England the burning of the Yule log place Christmas eve. In feudal times the bringing in of the ponuerous the bringing in of the ponderous of the great chimney of the baronial hall was observed with the greatest rejoicings. The dragging of the Yule from the forest was an elaborate ceremony Itself, and as it passed, every wayfarer ed his hat, for well he knew that its ne would light up scenes of feasting forgiveness of old wrongs, and that would be welcome.

e following quaint ditty, apropos of fule, is supposed to have been written ig the reign of Henry VI:

Welcome be thou, heavenly King; Welcome, born on this morning; Welcome, for whom we shall sing; Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye, Stephen and John; Welcome, Thomas, martyr one; Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye, good New Year; Welcome Twelfth day, both in fere;\* Welcome, saints loved and dear; Welcome Yule.

come be ye, Candlemas;

Welcome be ye, queen of bliss; Welcome both to more and less;

Velcome be ye that are here; Velcome ail, and toal o good cheer; Velcome all, another year; Welcome Yule.

ng the English the mistletoe bough ways hung over the center of the on Christmas Eve, and any damsel either by chance or on purpose, herself beneath it has to pay the y of being kissed by all the men

re present. ourse none of the fair sex ever herself under the mistletoe with aforethought.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Plain silk, black silks especially, are in

Woolen crochet trimmings, resembling ich appliques, are used upon cloth gowns. Electric blue and moss green are ingeniusly blended in some of the new trim-

A favorite design for braiding a bodice is n V shape back and front, widening into a oke as it reaches the shoulders.

Bonnet strings are now secured with visible nins, the head being set with a single pearl, opaz, garnet, amethyst or other stone. Cut steel ornaments are in vogue again,

and the steel passementeries are among the nest beautiful of the season's trimmings. Elegant wraps for evening wear are made of white cloth having a velvet like finish,

and braided all over with gold cord in Ostrich feather boas are a tasteful novelty. They are made of feathers in all the natural shades, or all in black, or black and white

together. Colored lace balayeuses upon evening resses are new. They keep clean longer han white, but are not so fresh and dainty

when new. A novelty in bracelets is composed of narow ribbons of gold, which are tied in a louble bow knot for a clasp, which is set with pearls.

Some of the newest tea gowns have imnense angel sleeves, which are put on with paulettes at the shoulders, and fall like huge viacs to the floor.

Gimp, the veritable article of a dozen years ago, has returned to us. Various sizes of fine cord are utilized, and the patterns are very finely wrought.

Walking gloves of Swedish kid or finely dressed dogskin are worn with promenade costumes. These come in most of the cloth shades to match the toilet.

Bretelles are a feature of many of the new ostumes, and very elaborate epaulettes are sometimes attached to trimmings for the front of a bodice, to be put on as braces.

Except in jet, beads are largely giving place in dress trimmings to metallic threads, which are used for appliques or other erabroideries, either alone or mixed with cord.

Shot stockings are shown to wear with evening gowns. Some of these have openwork stripes in relief, which run from the foot to the ankle, then cross the leg horizontally.

#### SCIENTIFIC SQUIBS.

Highly polished brass may be kept abso-Intely bright and free from tarnish by thinly coating the articles with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

Manufacturers complain that the African rubbers now received do not yield, when strained and cleaned, more than thirty to fifty-five per cent. pure rubber gum, owing to the natives adulterating with sawdust, bark dust, etc., to overcome the inconvenient stickiness of the juice.

The singular fact is demonstrated that, while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 meters a second-over 1,500 miles per hour-meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 meters per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of 4,000 degs. to 6,000 degs. Cent.

The new pencils introduced for writing upon glass, porcelain and metals in red, white and blue are made by melting together spermaceti, four parts; tallow, three parts, and wax, two parts, and coloring the mixture with white lend, red lend or Prussian blue, as desired. These pencils are convenient in the laboratory, and save the trouble of label-

With the aid of science even the desert of the Sahara is becoming inhabitable, and colonization is encouraged. The Lower Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and he French are forming fresh oases with skill and success, so that the number of cultivated tracts is increasing rapidly. After a period of thirty years forty-three oases have 13,000 inhabitants, 120,000 trees between 1 and 7 years old, and 100,000 fruit trees.

## DOINGS OF SPORTSMEN.

infires at this season, and between them George Carvin, of Downertown, N. J., shot wenty-four rabbits in one day, and his friend, Clinton Butler, eleven.

With six guns and six bounds a party from Paterson, N. J., took out of the brush and woodland of Waterloo thirty-one coons and fifteen rabbits.

J. C. Barbre, of Leary, Ga., shot and killed pure white partridge while hunting reently. He says there were four more of them in the covey.

Four boys, all under 15 years of age, went hunting near Little Rock, Ark., and in an hour one of them, Arnold Drummond, was laid out with both legs shattered, while another had lost a hand.

A Crawford county (Pa.) youth named Armagost went gunning for a pheasant for his sick mother, but returned disappointed. He had hardly entered the house when a crash of window glass was heard, and a plump partridge lay dead on the floor with ds neck broken.

Fifteen thousand wild ducks shot in a single lay is the record of the Susquehanna fields, says The Baltimore American. William Dobson, of Havre de Grace, on the opening day, eight years ago, killed 542, and burst a handsome gun before he stopped. He kept two men busy all day picking up dead ducks He has the highest single record.

## RICH IN YEARS.

In a chatty, intelligent and cheerful manner Mrs. Frances Edgar, of Philadelphia, relates the incidents attending Lafayette's visit and tells of her first glimpse of Washington. She has just passed her 100th birth-

Dr. Sheldon C. Johnson, of Seymour, Conn. the oldest physician in the state, died a few days ago, aged 90 years. He had been a suc cessful practicing physician there over sixty years. He was a graduate of the Yale Medical school.

Mr. Peter Haldeman Burnett, the first American governor of California, has lately completed his 50th year. He lives in San Francisco and enjoys capital health. Senor Pio Pico, the last Spanish governor, is still living in Los Angeles county. He is nearly 00 years old.

Oren and Roena Shelley, of Kenne, N. H. have been married sixty-seven years, during which time they have lived together in harmony. Mr. Shelley is 91 and his good wife 90 years of age. They are bright and lively, and expect to reach the century post. Both are natives of New England.

Thomas C. Hance, of Macedon, is the oldst voter in New York state. He has reached se age of 106, and, aside from being a little hard of hearing, retains all his faculties in as good condition as an ordinary man of 70. His oldest son is 81 and his oldest grandson is 55, while his oldest great grandson is 33. When Mr. Hance was born the battle of Yorktown was yet to be fought NYE AT CONEY ISLAND.

Bathing Costumes-Nye's Figure Excites Remarks. Bathing costumes seem to be similar this

ear to what they have always been. In due inga you occasionally see a pair in odd hades like baby elephants' breath or smothred shrimp pink, with embroidered soft hall crabs on them, but they are mostly

The oddest thing I saw in stockings yes erday, I think, was an artificial foot. The "Wild Woman of the Catskills" is still m exhibition at the museum. Girls who are

a little inclined to be wild will do well to see er. They would never be wild any more.

Then I bathed. I feel quite proud of my mit, because it does not bag at the knees. This, I presume, is because the capacity of bathing suit for bagging is comparatively imited, and as mine seems to bag every where else it cannot find time to bag at the

Leaving my clothes, my conscientious scruples and my teeth in charge of my valet, medly waded out to meet my doom. If I ad been going out to meet anybody else but moist doom I would have dressed differently. I heard several low, wealthy people say, "Get onto the gun wiper going out to monkey with One glorious looking being, with her bathing trousers rolled up at the bottom so that they could not get wet, said, in a tinkling voice: "There is a man who ought to have a sinker tied to him. He will never frown, but if a land breeze springs up pretty strong he will drift a long way out to sea."

After I had inbaied all the salt water that thought was good for me, I retired from the surf. I then dressed myself and strolled along the strand. There is no charge for strolling along the strand. The poorest man in New York, armed with a large, warty club to keep off the bunko men, may stroll along the strand with perfect safety.

Presently I came upon a young woman who was sitting by herself, gazing out to sea and weeping. At first I thought she was crying ecause some one had stolen her clothes while she was in the surf, but I soon saw that I WAS Wrong

She had her bathing suit on, and was sob bing and stabbing large holes in the sand "Pardon me," I said, with the air of a man of the world, "has your train gone away and

eft you, or have you swallowed one end of a "Please do not make game of me, sir," she said, at the same time shrinking back. "It is nothing that could in the least interest you.

"No," said I, huskily, "I cannot go away until the next boat, and I would be tickled al most to death if I could participate in your sorrow. I have no card with me, but I am connected with the press, and it would be betier to give the story to me and let me get your exact language than to have it garbled by the other papers. Where do you reside?"
"I reside at present in New York," she said, gulping down a sob three sizes too large for

ner, "and I am utterly alone." "Well, why don't you girls in New York who are utterly alone have a reunion this summer at the Polo grounds? I have not been in New York very long, but since I've been there it seems to me that you and the other utterly lonely girls have taken the town. What brought you to New York,

"I came there to obtain employment, and it is all so strange and so barsh and so beartess there." She then took off her oilskin connet and wept it almost full.

"What kind of work had you been accus tomed to?"



"Well, I had not done anything, but had a good general education and could take notes n shorthand if a man would not talk too ast. I could also soon learn to operate a ypewriter, I think."

"You had read in the papers, then, about he young women who came to New York and, after playing on the typewriter for six nonths in the office of a wealthy widower,

narried him?" "Yes, I had read that, but I did not expect

o do so myself." "I am glad you did not, for you would have seen disappointed, perhaps. The opportuni ies for a young woman to obtain a situation n the office of a middle aged capitalist whose wife is consumptive and trying to draw to a ectic flush are getting to be rare, and though you might win the esteem of such a one and ull him to rest by knocking a few low, hrobbing notes out of your typewriter, yet vould advise you not to depend on finding uch a situation as that."

"Then what would be your advice!" "You say you never stenographed very "No, but I studied it at school and can

nake all the characters after I think a little while." "You think you could take down in short

hand the address of a deliberate talker-his postoffice address, I mean!"

"Oh, now you are guying me. Of course annot write shortband very fast, but I vould be willing to learn." "What salary would you expect while

earning!" "Oh, I would not demand a large salary at lrst, but I would try, oh, so hard, to learn

"You never tried other work, did you, suci is plastering, piloting on a steamboat, train ispatching, lion taming, surveying, butcherng, pismo tuning, pugitism, searching for the orth pole, singing bass in a minstrel com-any, catching elephants for the trade, brak ng on a passenger train, acting as the fore nan of a grand jury, breaking colts, dealing iro, grinding scissors, jumping off the brooklyn bridge, selling lightning rods, runing for sheriff, tending bar, robbing trains umbering, chiropodizing or shoemaking!"

"No, sir, I couldn't do any of those." "Then, if I were you, I would go home. would abandon New York to its fate and refurn to my parents. There you might teach

chool next winter, perhaps, and do well. "With your knowledge of stenography you night successfully teach it, no doubt, but you ould not practice it. A business man who vas in a burry would besitate about employ ig you if he thought you would have to go o the bottom of your trunk for your book

very time you struck a hard word." Happening to look down to the pier at that stant I saw that my steamer was impa lently waiting for me, and so, bidding my nknown friend adieu, after teiling her to be areful not to breathe any of the night air. which is so prevalent at Coney Island this rear, I touched my hat, with a well bred sir that would have fooled most any one, and was soon jost to sight.—New York World.

WHAT THEY WERE.

John Malone was a lawyer. Stuart Robson was a printer. Frank McNish was a plumber. Joseph Wheelock was a sailor. Anna Dickinson taught school. John T. Raymond was a clerk. Frank Dobson was a hotel boy. George E. Atkins was a weaver. Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker. Edwin Forrest was a cabinet maker.

Adelaide Neilson was a child's nurse. Edward Harrigan was a ship calker. Myron Leffingwell, Sr., was a printer. Harry Miner was a New York druggist. P. T. Barnum was a country storekeeper, Augustin Daly was a newspaper reporter.

Mile. Albani was a choir singer in Albany. George Spear was a harness maker in Bos-

Robert C. Hilliard was in a broker's of-Denman Thompson was a farmer and a sol-

George L. Fox, the clown, was in the army. Manager McCaull was a colonel in the

Emma Abbott was a choir singer in New York. Christine Nilsson sang for pennies at coun

ry fairs. Gus Phillips was a New York newspaper reporter. Ada Rehan was a school teacher in Con-

sectiont. Emma Thursby was a choir singer in Brooklyn. John McCullough was a foundryman in

Mark Price was a factory hand in Lawrence, Mn et

Pittsburg.

Bartley Campbell's first employment was n a brick vord Frederick Wards was articled to a law irm in London.

Maurice Barrymore was at one time a awyer, in London. The great Rachel was a street singer and

ambourine player. Richard Mansfield was a reporter on The Boston Daily News. William E. Sheridan was a captain in the

United States army. A. M. Palmer was librarian of the Mercantile library, New York.

John A. Mackay was cash boy in a store; then call boy in a theater. Tony Pastor, Ben Maginley and George R. Edeson were circus clowns.

Lotta used to dance and sing for the "boys" n the Sierra mining camps, It is said that more barbers turn actors

than people of any other trade. Frank Bangs took to the stage because he ould not make money at the law. Theodore Thomas was a fiddler at \$9 a

reek in the old Broadway theater. Kyrle Bellow was a sailor. His father, J. 4. Bellew, the reader, was a clergyman, Lawrence Barrett was once a waiter in a

estaurant. He also served in the army. Maude Granger was an employe in the Weed sewing machine factory in Hartford. Nate Salsbury was an artilleryman, a cowoy, a restaurant waiter and a bouse painter. "Billy" Florence used to peddle papers and at peanuts in the gallery like others of his

Harry Richmond and Ackland von Boyle brothers, whose name is Boyle) were stenog-

Maurice Strakosch was a tenor in Agram, where his manager considered him worth only \$6 a month. Col. Mapleson was a horus-or a tenor; nobody who heard him

ould tell exactly which. Italo Campanini, the tenor, was a blackmith, and received the scar on his cheek while serving under Garibaldi.

# CURIOUS THINGS IN LIFE.

A Philadelphia horse is using a glass eye. A young society man of Keokuk, Iowa, rona wager made in jest by eating thirtyx bananas at a sitting.

A piano that had seen service for over 100 ears, and had music in it still, fetched but 1 35 an auction the other day in Readng, Pa.

Fex hunters near Washington ran the fox nto town, and it dashed into a police station nd upstairs into the dormitory, where it was aptured.

A glass eater turned up at Keokuk, Ia. ecently in the person of a young boy. Upon wager he devoured half a lamp chimney nd seemed to relish it as a sweet morsel. When Alonzo Bowman of Lowndesville,

. C., goes fox hunting he allows his pet heep to run with the hounds, and he says hat in nine cases out of ten it is the sheep hat runs the fox down. A train on the Michigan Central rallway

scently ran from Jackson to Michigan City, distance of 156 miles, in 171 minutes, makng several stops. This is reported to be the astest time ever made on the road.

A large white oak tree, owned by T. T. lilburne, at Vernon, Ala., is one of the otanical curiosities of the state. Half of the foliage of the tree is yellow all summer and autumn and the other half is always a dark

Michael Roch, a laborer on one of the coal locks in Chicago, lit his pipe and leaned up gainst a post for a smoke. Half an hour fterward a companion saw him in the same ttitude and tossed a piece of coal at him, ut he did not move. He was dead,

A woman of Jersey City, N. J., recently rought home a strange egg as a souvenir of trip, and placed it on the parlor table. One veek after she was surprised to see a little artle break the shell of the egg and slowly rawl out. The heat of the room had intched it. While a dancing party was in progress at

Port Huron, Mich., the janitor of the hall mounted a stepladder with a poker in his and and attempted to adjust an electric light. The poker came in contact with an xposed section of wire and the shock threw im to the floor, injuring him severely. A preacher in Fleming county, Ky., bor-

owed a suit of clothes to wear while bapizing a convert. Somewhere in the suit here was a deck of cards which the owner of the clothes forgot to take out, and while the parson and his convert were in the water the cards began to float around them, to the great amazement of the spectators.

Is there any one who still sneers at the white horse red haired girl theory! Let him read this: A Nashville man stood in a pool ogn, undecided how to place his money. He glanced out of the window as a girl with ted hair passed by, saw her, whirled around, bet his money on the only gray horse in the race, and won a big pot of money.

The Two Talmages,

Talmage is dead. Not the preach r, but the manager of the Wabash railroad. Once when the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was on a lecturing tour he missed his train at Toledo. He found that by taking another train be could catch the train he wanted at a certain junction if the first train could be got to wait balf an hour. So he telegraphed to the general manager of the other road:

"Picase hold train at Muggerville Junction till express arrives. TALMAGE."

The reverend gentleman reached the june tion, and he found the train waiting for him. When the general manager of that particular road met Manager Talmage he said: "You found that train all right at Muggervill-

Junction?" "What train!"

"Why, the train you telegraphed me to

"I never sent any such message." The manager showed him the dispatch. Oh," said the Wabash man, as light broke m on him, "that must have been the Rev. De

Witt Talmage, of New York." "Great Scott!" cried the other in disgust, and to think that I held a train for half an hour for a New York preacher!"-Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

The Child is Mother of the Woman.



Edith-Here comes little Eisie. Shall w Mabel-No; don't you see she's got her doll in last year's carriage!-Tid Bits

Good Wages Assured. Connecticut Man-You give your son classical education, that's my advice. Omaha Man-But the boy wants to be

No matter; I have two sons and both worl in the same factory; one is a good Latin scholar and the other isn't, and the one who knows Latin makes twice as much a week as

the other one."
"Humph! what sort of a factory is it?" "It's a violin factory." "What earthly use is Latin to a man who

makes violins f" "Well, I swan! you westerners don't know anything. How do you suppose a factory could turn out Stradivarius violins if none of the hands could write Latin inscriptions?"-

A Woeful History.

Two friends are walking along the street. One of them, pointing to a house, says: "There's a beautiful place, but it's enough to make a man sad to look at it."

Omaha World.

"Wby sof" "On account of its history, for, despite its calm and serene surroundings, it was built upon the groans, tears, wailings and blood of widows, orphans, old men and struggling

"You don't say. Was it built by a railroad monopolist in "Oa no; by a dentist."-Arkansaw Traveler.

Woman's Ways.

When lovely woman's feet are sevens, And such a size her soul abhors, What does she then? Why, gracious heavens? She squeezes them in number fours.

And when the years come onward pacing And show her waist increased in size, What does she? Flies to tighter lacing, And shows her suffering in her eyes And when old age draws nigh and nigher,

What then does lovely women do? She makes herself a right down 1-r, -J. Capp in New York Mercury.

Looking for an Internal Improvement. He sat on a log on the banks of an Arkansaw creek, when a traveler came along and

"Good day, mister. Waiting for a rise?" "That's just what I am waiting for," was the reply.

"Got a flatboat up stream?" "No, sir. I'm a government engineer. Congress has appropriated \$48,000 to improve this river, and I'm waiting for a rise so I can find the stream. How long since you saw anything of it?"—Wall Street News.

The Conquering of Self. Dramatic Critic-I can't imagine how you can appear to be so carried away with you visen according to your own admission

you do not feel a word of it. Great Actress-I became proficient in that art by a long course of training before I went "At a dramatic school?"

"No, I was a sales girl in a millinery store

and when customers were around I had to admire all the new bonnets."—Omaha World Prevention Better than Cure

"I hope, my dear," said a newly made Bene dict, "if I should happen to be out nightoccasionally you won't be lonely." "Oh, no, dear," she replied sweetly. you should find it necessary to be out I'll senfor ma to keep me company."

He's home early every night.-New York

Popular Among the People. He (after church)—What a very eloquent man the Rev. Dr. Whitechoker is, Mise Breezy. I was delighted with him. She (of Chicago)—Yes, there are no flies or Dr. Whitechoker.—New York Sun.

A Curious Oversight. Husband (full of fine humor)-There is omething very curious about Henry George Wife-What's curious about him?

Husband-Why, he basn't got any last A Doubtful Compliment.

name.-New York Sun.



Candid Critic-Good photo, madame, bedoes not do you justice-in fact it does no

Ancient Spinster (in a flutter of righted modesty)-Ob, sir! you flatter me-Critic-In fact it does not give you ero for the last fifteen years of your age. -July LIGHT AND AIRY.

Why Did He Stand? Why stood he on the burning de Why did he act like that? Was it a biuff amid the wreck, Or did the boy stand pat?

What better thing for him to do
In that too ruddy place
Than try to fill by drawing to
The flush upon his face,

Unless he had a hand to show Him fixed beyond a doubt? But what it was we'll never know;

Poor boy! whom Mrs. Hemans sung; Ris luck, at best, was alim; 'Twere better far had some one rung A cold deck in on him. -Chicago Tribune

Modern Fiction. Western Author (in New York)—Yes, the scene of my new society novel is laid in Bos-ton, and I have come on to take a few notes so as to give it a proper local coloring, you

Eastern Author—I don't see how you find time to make such a journey. I have never been out of New York. "Not even for a summer vacation!"

"Not a day; too busy. I write under con-"Well, well! What are you writing?"
"Indian stories."—Omaha World.

ciently Rocking. On the porch a maid is sitting. Gently rocking; And I watch the rhythmic flitting Of her stocking.

On the porch together sitting, Interlocking; Sweetest foolishness committing,

In a year the lady's knitting Me a stocking, And I'm by a cradle sitting, Gently rocking.

New York World.

Not So Very Bad. Featherly (to Dumley, who has been to the races) - You look as though you had had bad luck, Dumley.
Dumley (hitterly)—Bad luck! I borrowed

\$20 from Brown to put up on the election, and I'm a Mugwump if I didn't lose every cent of it. Featherly (soothingly)-Oh, well, old man, it isn't as if the money came out of your own pocket, you know.—Tid Bits.

A maid went out one summer morn, She searched the fields all over;

When to her home she did return, She brought a four-leaf clover. Her sister who remained at home, To bake conceived a notion, And made some biscuits light as foam That floats upon the oc

She's wedded been who made the bread For half a year and over, But not a suitor has the maid Who found the four-leaf clover. -Boston Courier

An Ultimatun Father (trying to road the paper)—What was that awful racket in the hall just now! Mother—One of the children fell down the

Father (iraseibly)—Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all.—New York Sun. Only a Little Word. It was only a word That the silence stirred, But an import sad had it— A knell of despair To a loving pair—
"Twas her father's one word, "Git;"

Angels Without Wings Preferred. They were doing a little love making be-

Just as the curtain went up he called her his angel. "Say," said a man in the next seat back "couldn't you get your angel to wear her wings somewhere besides on her hat?"-Chi-

Mustn't Fool with Dynamite Some dynamite lay In a keg one day, Which a man kicked socidental Now he whangs the lyre Of a celestial choir In the realms of the sweet subsequently

Untrue Because Unnecessary. The force of habit is always strong. A Baltimore young man who was ealling on a street car conductor's daughter says that the father wandered in at a rather late hour and opening the parlor door, mechanically ex-claimed, "Sit close, please!"—Baltimore

American. The News Editor. Producing many a brilliant gem, A credit to his taste, Tis hard to think of each of them, The setting's only paste.

—Chicago Tribune

Adding Insult to Injury.

Mr. Oldboy (a backelor)—It's all over, Gussy, my boy. Miss Smith has refused me. Gussy—I suppose she let you down easy by promising to be a sister to you! Mr. Oldboy (bitterly)—No, b'thunder; she said she would be a daughter to me: Texas Siftings. Too Much of a Good Thing, Etc. They're tired of turkey, goose and ple; They're sick of cetery greens, And once again they sadly sigh

and once again they sadly sigh. For hash and pork and beans. -Hotel Mail. In the Madding Crowd. H. R. H. (to prince)-You are very late Albert. You must have made quite a call on Mr. Sullivan. Prince (wearily)-No, I saw him only a

few moments. It was standing on the li that detained me.—New York Sun. Kerosene Kate. He scraped away the mosay spray And scratched amid the lichen green, Until he read: "Kate Kelly, dead, Aged twenty-seven. Kerosene

Her Greatest Domestic Act. Timid Young Suitor (who has won conse of papa)-And now may I ask you, sir, r-ab-whether your daughter has any domestic accomplishments? Papa (sarcastically)—Yes, sir; she some times knits her brows.—Detroit Free Press.

Why She Feared It. Husband—A general war in Europe this sming year would be a dreadful thing. Wife (who contemplates a trip abroad)—Yes, indeed. It would so interfere with our

How He Got 'Em. How came you by that broken nose, I pray, How came upon your face that cruci scar? I called upon an editor one day Last winter, and I left his door ajar.

plans for the summer.-The Epoch.