



The Return of the Prodigal.

It came to pass that there were born unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy, two boys, William and John, who grew up on the estate of the old farm in Oakland County.

John was a home boy. His happiest years were those on which he booted and booted. With William it was different. He was like unto neither his father nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, the kerosene lamp in the sitting-room, stories of adventure and of going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He dreamed of a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of excursions into unknown countries, of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John.

The days, the weeks, the months, flew on around the spool of time, and with each bright breaking sun, more and more discontented and dissatisfied became the restless William. His years were centuries long. There was always shining before his eyes the star of ambition which he was of a mind to follow more than once. He detested the sorry life of the farm, with its lonely environment, the old, old routine, day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was 18 then, or two years he had every penny, every nickel, every dime, that had fallen in his way, and he longed that the dollars were being care of themselves in a little cup of their own. There were forty-two of them in the stone jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

The sun was sinking behind the western horizon on the fateful night of William's departure. There, by the little window in the store room where he slept with the peaceful, sweet-scented John, he sat on a caneset and laid beside the bed, his forty-two dollars spread out on the quilt before him. "I will do it!" he exclaimed to himself in the dim darkness. "I will do it!"

His thoughts were broken in upon by the cry of a woman down below, from the foot of the stairs.

"William! William! It's time to go for the milk!"

"Ah, me!" murmured the boy to himself, "another night has come, but it will be the last. For many years has been my duty to go down the dusty road to Green's for the evening milk. I cannot see why father does not maintain a dairy, or at least one cow, of his own. But, no, I must trudge, wade through snow, through sleet, through rain to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turnpike for milk. But this shall be my last walk."

"William! William! ain't yew ever goin' for that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the foot of the stairway.

"Yes, mother, I'm comin' now."

The boy dropped all the forty-two dollars into his trousers pockets, and after locking the door behind him, he slipped the head of the bed, slowly shamed down the stairs.

"There's th' pail, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window.

William took it and passed out into the deepening darkness.

He was alone on the road. The stone walls on either side showed indistinctly in the yellow glow of the gathering darkness. Now and then William would stoop and pick up a stone and fling it toly toward a bush whence came the note of a nightbird crying to its mate. He stumbled once or twice and murmured something under his breath each time. As he walked down the road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called Life, rolled themselves before his mind's eye. He remembered the old swarming hole, the eager hunts for birds' nests in the days gone, the "stone cruise" he carried to school with him all one spring, and the beech whistles used to make at recess. And the myriad hunts and the games of youth, all the different scenes of his life were acted again for him in the playhouse of his memory. And at the end he said to himself, "Well, it is over now, for tonight I shall go away. Never again will William take home the night's milk. This is my last walk."

His mind was set, determined. He tumbled along the rocky path to the milk-house on Green's farm, and stood by, silently, while the hired man filled the pail, then he trudged back over that country road. The moon was rising, already a soft, silvery light flecked the plage of the woods on the left, and the shimmering shadows on the stone walls.

And William dreamed of the wealth of the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory and the great good name that awaited him, out in the world, beyond the ken of life on the Whittlesy farm.

Suddenly the boy stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that the frothing milk sloped over the top of the pail and fell in two splashes, one on the road, the other in his trousers.

"I shall not go home, I shall leave now!" he cried.

He walked to the edge of the road and peered into the white, lighted woods. "I must hide the pail," he said, "but where?"

For a moment he stood in the shadow, thinking.

"I remember!" he exclaimed. "The old blasted tree trunk. I will put the pail there."

He walked a few rods further up the road and then sheered off into the woods. By and by he came out into the moonlight again. He had carried out the plan that had suggested itself to his mind. The milk pail had been placed in the old tree trunk.

For a moment he hesitated. He took off his cap and stood bareheaded under



"THERE'S TH' PAIL, WILLIAM," SAID HIS MOTHER.

the sky, the rays of the moon bathing him in a flood of silver light.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

The words were spoken to the breezes and were borne to the night birds that made reply with shriller chirpings.

Then William turned and went back down the country road.

"Yes," the station agent at the crossing told him, "there will be a train along for the west in thirty minutes."

William Whittlesy had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to go. An hour later he was rolling on his way.

And the years came and went. Not a word was ever received by the Whittlesys from William. And after many months they came to regard him as dead, and no longer hoped that one day his form might again darken the kitchen door.

With William all went well. He stayed in Chicago just long enough to learn that there was nothing for him there. He pushed his way further west. He succeeded in his first venture, and five years had not elapsed before his name had come to be known throughout the mining country. Often he thought of that home back in Michigan, and frequently he said to himself, "I will write," then something would interfere with the carrying out of his intention, and no word would be sent back. Thus the days and weeks and years sped on until a fifth of a century had passed.

William Whittlesy had accumulated one hundred thousand dollars in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one day the desire came to him stronger than ever to go back to the old home and gaze once again into the old eyes of father and mother. So he returned.

The station at the crossroads was the same, it seemed to him. It had not been painted in all those twenty years. The agent was a stranger, and the farmers around the little depot did not recognize in the man who alighted from the train that morning the William Whittlesy who had so mysteriously disappeared years before.

Alone and unknown, the man wended his way along the country road to the old house on the hill. He had crossed

MINIATURE BICYCLES.

Wonder Excited Among English Rustics by the First Road Races.

Road-skating has been called the missing link between cycling and walking. It is really roller-skating out-of-doors. A writer in the Standard tells how he took an extended trip, meeting with admiration and derision by the way, how he fought against the wind, ran into the roadside weeds and knelt there, and on a favorable road covered three miles in fourteen minutes. He says that, in appearance, the new road-skates resemble nothing so much as a pair of miniature bicycles.

The wheels are six inches in diameter, and are attached to the boot. Jointed leg-splints extend from the skate to the knee, relieving the ankle of an unbearable strain, and an automatic brake, acting upon the front wheel, instantly corrects any backward run, and so removes the greatest difficulty in hill-climbing. The skates weigh from six to eight pounds a pair.

The amazement of natives, when this mode of locomotion dawned upon them, is well expressed in the queries of an old man who, with an apparently hypnotized donkey, seemed to be the only inhabitant of a certain hamlet upon the route.

"Wart's them?" he asked.

"Skates."

"Wart?"

"Skates."

"Skates?"

"Yes."

"Wart are they for?"

"Skating."

"Skating?"

"Skating?"

"Exactly."

"They ain't bicycles, then?"

"No; skates."

"Eh?"

"Skates?"

"You needn't 'oller so loud; I ain't deaf! Wart's them sticks for?"

"To support the ankles."

"Uncles?"

"No; ankles."

"Wonderful! I wish my old 'oman was 'ere to see 'em!"

"So do I. Where is she?"

"Dead an' gone well-nigh fourteen 'ear ago."

"I am very sorry for you."

"Wart?"

"I'm sorry. You must miss her sadly."

"No, Sally wa'n't 'er name. It was Jane, same as the donkey's is. I called 'im after 'er."

Then conversation languished, and the traveler rolled away.

Johnny's Idea.

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher.

"Please, mas'am," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school house and the pupils not allowed to look out."

Social Distinctions.

Young Doctor—I find it hard to draw the line between lay fever and infidelity.

Old Doctor—It is hard, my boy, but social distinctions have to be made; there's no help for it.—*Detroit Journal.*

Every little while you hear people say: "There is something wrong" it's worse than that; there are a lot of things wrong.

A ROMANY MONARCH.

Crowning the King of the Scottish Gypsies.

With much quaint pomp and ceremony, and in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, a gypsy king was crowned on Kirk Yetholm Green.

The chosen of the Romany tribe is named Charles Blythe Rutherford. He has passed the age of three score and ten, and besides being crowned king, his gypsy subjects also proclaimed him Earl of Little Egypt.

Prince Charles, as he is familiarly termed, is a fine specimen of manhood. It is years since he gave up the roving habits of his tribe and devoted himself to the more prosaic occupation of keeping a lodging house in the village of Kirk Yetholm, but his admirers proudly proclaim that he is descended from royal gypsy houses of Faa, Blythe and Rutherford.

Charles Blythe Rutherford's mother was Queen Esther, the last gypsy sovereign crowned at Yetholm. Esther does not appear to have been too heavily endowed with this world's goods, seeing that she applied for parish relief and was refused on the ground that she had visible means of support as a "munger"—that is to say, she possessed a horse and cart to convey her goods to the customers who patronized her. The gypsy queen was offered admission to the poorhouse, but refused, and lived on until 1883 in her own "palace," a low, one-story, whitewashed cottage, with an open hearth fire, the smoke from which passed out through a hole in the roof. Quite recently Charles himself removed into this "palace," the lodging house not having proved a lucrative investment.

The "archbishop of Yetholm," who placed the crown on the Romany monarch's brow, was Mr. Gladstone, the village blacksmith, whose father crowned Prince Charles's mother, and whose family are said to possess the hereditary privileges of crowning the gypsy sovereigns. The crown itself was made of tin, adorned with tinzel and surmounted with a thistle, and the archbishop, in performing the coronation ceremony, delivered a speech in the Romany tongue. After Prince Charles had duly responded, a procession was formed, in which mounted men, a brass band, a mace bearer and herald preceded the royal carriage drawn by six asses, and after the neighboring villages had been visited the proceedings wound up with athletic sports, a public dinner and a dance.

It is, of course, in its association with the past that the interest of this novel ceremony lies. The Faa, from whom Prince Charles is descended, claimed that their name was a contraction of Pharaoh, and asserted that they were connected by blood with the ancient kings of Egypt. So far back as 1540 James V. of Scotland made a treaty with "Johanne Faw, Lord and Erie of Little Egypt," acknowledging his kingship and giving him the right to administer law and inflict punishment on his fellow Egyptians. Not long afterward, however, James changed his attitude and issued an order commanding his loyal subjects whenever they found three gypsies together to slay two of them without mercy.—*London Daily Mail.*

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Monating Upward.

"My goodness, what airs the Hobblys are putting on lately! Mrs. Hobbly and the girls are so stuck up that they scarcely deign to speak to one any more. I wonder what's the cause of it?"

"Oh, don't you know? Why, since the election the papers have got to referring to old Hobbly as 'boss.'"

Why We Have It.

Foreigner—And why ces eet zat you Americans have what you call ze Thanksgiving? What ces ze—ah—sig-nificance?

Native—It marks the end of the football season.

Just for Doggie's Sake.

Mr. Henniker—Marie, why do you keep that \$75 fur rug out here in the living room? Don't you see that it is getting ruined?

Mrs. Henniker—I know it ought to be in the parlor, once, but my dear little doggie does so love to play that he's fighting the tiger and whipping it.

Waiting.

The Colonel—Say, what have you got against our Congressman, anyway? I know he doesn't belong to your party, but really he doesn't deserve all the harsh things you say of him in your paper. I wonder if there will ever come a time when you will be pleased to come out and say that he has done the right thing—when you will have a word of praise for him?

Editor of the Weekly Hidebound—Oh, yes, I've got an article in type now, in which I praise him very highly; in which I say that he never did a dishonest thing in his life and ought to be numbered among our greatest men. He'll die some day and then I'll print it.

Victory.

"How did young Harcluppe ever succeed in winning old Rockingham's consent to marry his daughter? The crusty old kermadecou has driven away a dozen letter fellows."

"I hear that Harcluppe took the old man's wheel apart, cleaned it and stored it away for the winter."

Fame Thing.

"I understand that she had an uncle who committed suicide."

"Well, yes, you might call it that. He stole a horse out in Arizona."

A Great Dead Lady.

"She died of expiating gas," said the colored woman, proudly, "an' a house was built in memoriam of her."—*New York Commercial-Advertiser.*

Reckless.

"That orator has a wonderful gift of language," remarked the impressionable young man.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is always throwing language around as if it didn't cost anything."—*Washington Star.*

His Falling.

Her Mother—I am surprised at Charles squandering so much money on a phonograph.

The Wife—I am not. He always did like to hear himself talk.—*Harlem Life.*

An Ultimatum.

"Look yuh, Gomez, I ze boald ob strategy in dis campaign! Keep dem rapld fire dees out ob action and do as I tells yer, or I'll be a sad but glorious day fo' yo! Heah me?"—*Vim.*

Revision Needed.

"A man can die for his country but once," said the court philosopher.

"I presume," was the Chinese emperor's comment, "that you are quoting something written before my day."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Common Complaint.

He—Yes, she is living under an assumed name.

She—Horrible! What is it?

He—The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Obliged to Point.

"How did those people get the impression that I was a deaf mute?" said Willie Washington.

"I guess they must have seen you ordering your dinner from that French bill of fare," answered Miss Cayenne.—*Washington Star.*

Like Both.

Aunt—Whom does your new little sister look like—your father or your mother?

Little Emma—Both; she has no teeth—that's like mother. And she's hairless, like poppe.—*Toronto World.*

Only One Object in View.

"Well, I'm surprised to hear that Hastings has political ambitions."

"I don't know that he has."

"But didn't you just say that he had begun studying law?"

Suspicious.

Mr. Borum—Here, Martha, is a book I got to-day. It's a religious novel and is creating a great sensation.

Mrs. Borum—My goodness, hurry and hide it, then, so the children won't get hold of it.

Wants a Creditable 'owing.

"You said Buster was getting ready to fail."

"He is; but he hasn't got his liabilities big enough yet."

THEATRICAL RECEIPTS.

Charles Reade Wondered Why They Were So Large in America.

"Edwin Booth in London" by E. H. House, Mr. House tells of an interesting meeting between Booth and Charles Reade, and reports the following conversation, relating to the appearance of Booth and Irving together.

"Is it true that the prices will be changed?"

"Doubled, I believe. Irving says they must be. That is one of the risks I speak of, but he is full of confidence. He does it more for my sake than anything else."

"Then I hope it will turn out well. What are the indications?"

"Very good, I hear. I cannot judge myself, the conditions are all different from what I am used to."

"I understand. We are too slow—and thrifty, I suspect—to run the swift American pace. Yet I can't see why there should be such an amazing difference in your theatrical business and yours sound fabulous. I should say they were fabulous if I had not seen the returns of Wallack's when one of my plays was produced there. A hundred pounds a night are nothing to you, it seems."

"Two or three hundred would not stagger us," said Booth, smiling, "nor four or five for a very great and special attraction. For several years the prosperous houses in New York considered one thousand dollars a fair average the year round. Stars traveling through the country, for whom the regular prices were raised, could sometimes draw much more."

"Were you at all prepared for the lower receipts here?"

"Not really prepared. I was told what to expect, but paid no attention. Clarke said I should get nothing at the 'Princess,' but I did not take his 'nothing' literally. I thought I might count upon a thousand dollars a month at the very worst. He was right, however."

"You can't make it out," said Reade. "Your theaters are not larger than ours, and the prices of tickets are about the same. Yet I see the Adelphi or the St. James packed, with about one-half the result that Wallack's shows. It beats my arithmetic. You can't get more people into a place than that."

"We do that, too, sometimes," laughed Booth. "But, as I say, you must come and find out all about it for yourself, Mr. Reade. Your audiences will be larger than the halls can hold, so you can study the problem under the best conditions."

"No, no; you tempt me to my destruction." But the compliment greatly pleased the author, who liked to hear such things said, though he affected a lofty indifference to praise.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The arrest of a street car conductor by a policeman called by the passenger is held, in *Little Rock Traction and E. Company vs. Walker (Ark.)*, 40 L. R. A. 473, to give no right of action against the street car company if the conductor's authority extended only to putting the passenger off the car.

An apartment house constructed for residence purposes only is held in *McMurtry vs. Phillips Investment Company (Ky.)*, 40 L. R. A. 480, to be a permissible structure under a deed limiting the use of the property to "residence purposes."

An assignment of wages for the period of one year by one working under a contract, whether by the day, the week or otherwise, is held valid, in *Dolan vs. Hughes (R. I.)*, 40 L. R. A. 735, under a statute allowing the assignment of future earnings.

An awning which makes a permanent encroachment on a street is held, in *Hillbard, S. R. & Co. vs. Chicago (Ill.)*, 40 L. R. A. 621, to constitute a nuisance; and an order of the City Council permitting it is held to be only a license, which can be revoked at any time.

Mere promises to pay a forged note are held, in *Barry vs. Kirkland (Ark.)*, 40 L. R. A. 471, insufficient to create a liability, in the absence of circumstances to create an estoppel, when the promises were made after maturity, without consideration and without full knowledge of the material facts.

Prosecution under a municipal ordinance is held, in *ex parte Fagg (Texas)*, 40 L. R. A. 212, to be only quasi-criminal, whatever the form of the procedure, and it is held that an ordinance cannot make it an offense against the city to do what is already an offense against the State under a statute, where the constitution requires all prosecutions to be in the name of the State and by the authority of the State.

Allegations that a child less than 2 years old was capable of rendering and did render valuable services to the parents by doing errands and performing services about the house, such as bringing fuel, a car for a younger child, are held, in *Swainson Railroad Company vs. Swainson (Ill.)*, 40 L. R. A. 255, to be insufficient to state a cause of action for the loss of the child's services, as the child will not be held to be incapable of rendering valuable services.

The World's Great Apple Problem.

Probably our great ancestor, Adam, little thought of the trouble he would cause posterity by eating an apple. But now the question as to how many apples he really did eat is a new difficulty.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Was it one, or was it millions? When the subject was first mooted, the editor very naturally replied, "Why, one, of course."

"No," said the assistant editor; "Eve ate one, and Adam ate one, too, that's . . . 2"

Then the sub-editor passed along a slip of paper, on which was written, "Eve 81 and Adam 81, making . . . 162"

But the poet, who is a man of imagination, capped this with, "Eve 81 and Adam 812. . . 803."

Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 812, equals . . . 8,054."

But his assistant beat the publisher, asserting that, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 8142 keep her company . . . 16,284."

The poet, who dislikes being surpassed as much as he hates barbers, came up to the scratch again with, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 81,242,210-der a husband was he to see her eat alone, equals . . . 8,132,352."

There the matter rests for the present, and we are very thankful it does rest.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Cure Effectuated.

When people "get out of the wrong side of the bed" in the morning—that is to say, begin the day in a cross fashion—the difficulty can generally be remedied by self-applied moral means. A story is told which suggests a cure for this tendency to get up "wrong side out," as it is sometimes called.

A small boy who was in the habit of occasionally revealing the "cross" side of his disposition in the morning, was sent back to his room by his mother, with orders to take off every article of his clothing, turn it wrong side out, put it on again, and then come down-stairs. The mother waited for a time, and the boy not having appeared, she went up to see what had become of him.

She found him standing before the looking-glass, a picture of despair. His clothes were on wrong side out, and there were seams and ravellings, raw edges and threads and rough spots. The boy presented a decidedly fantastic and "contrary" look.

"Well, my boy," said his mother, "how do you like it?"

"O mother," he gasped, "it's horrible! Can't I put them on right?"

"Yes," she said, "if you'll put your temper right side out, too, and promise to wear it that way. But remember, if you forget and put your temper on wrong side out, you will have to put your clothes on the same way."

The boy quickly restored his clothes to their normal arrangement, and came down-stairs in good temper. He had learned the lesson.

Easy Enough.

Harry—Say, old man, I'm in a horrible fix.

Fred—What's up?

Harry—I've gone and got engaged to two girls.

Fred—Oh, that's easy enough. Just contrive to get them together so that they can compare notes.

It is the little that a man wants here below that's always the hardest to get.

After a woman passes her 70th birthday she delights in telling her age.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

He Ought to Know.

"In our passenger traffic," observed the railway magnate, "it has been my observation that only the middle class actually pays."

"How do you figure that out?" asked the interviewer.

"It's simple enough," was the reply. "When a man's very poor he can't afford to buy a ticket and when he's very rich he travels on a pass."

Fixing the Blame.

"I'd like to know why it is," said young Brookleigh to his tailor, "that every time you make a pair of trousers for me you get them a little shorter?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's because I usually find you that way when I present the bill."

A Thoughtful Girl.

Mother (reading)—A Western inventor has just patented a machine that will toss a man 500 feet into the air by simply touching a spring.

Pretty Daughter—Goodness gracious! Let me destroy that paper before papa gets hold of it.



"SHOOTING PAINS IN THE REGION OF THE STOMACH."

He Had Lost His Cunning.

"Dere's no use talkin'," said the gray-haired burglar, "I'm gettin' too old fer de biz. I'm goin' to retire."

"Wey, ole pal, wot's de trouble?" asked a fellow professional.

"Me glims is fallin' me, dat's de trouble," replied the old man as he tried to suppress a sigh. "Las' night I spent two hours crackin' a safe and when I fin'ly busted it open 'twasn't nutthin' but one o' dem measly ole foldin' beds."

Quite Natural.

Wabash—Did Smithson die a natural death?

Ogden—Sure. He was struck by one of those fenderless cars.

Concluded to Go Off.

Edna—Edna has eloped.

Eliza—So I heard. Did she run away with the coachman?

"Oh, no; it was an up-to-date elopement."

"Up-to-date elopement?"

"Yes; she ran away with her caddie."—*Yokkers Statesman.*

One Cure.

"Doctor, I am troubled with falling memory."

"My rule, as you know, is pay in advance."—*Jewish Comment.*

Ran Day and Night.

Bowles—Did you climb the Alps while you were abroad?

Cupps—No. Just ran up a bill, that was all.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Away Up.

"Are the Blimbères in high society, as Mrs. Blimbères claims?"

"Oh, yes, they belong to a card club that is composed of people who live on the ninth floor of their flat building."

Headed Off.

He—Do you know how to carry on a handkerchief flirtation?

She—No, I have never associated much with lunatics.

Punctuated.

"Hobson seems to be the hero of the period," said the lady boarder. "I thought the Colon was all he was after," said the Cheerful Idiot.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Not in the Prescription.

"What you want to do," said the druggist, as he handed the old dorky the patent medicine, "is to take a dose of this after each meal."

"Yes, sah," was the reply, "an' now, will you please, sah, tell me whar I'm gwine ter git de meals?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Satisfactory Reason.

"And why did she choose him among so many?"

"The others did not propose."—*Baltimore Life.*

A Last Resort.

"Gallagher is bound to find a wife."

"What has he done?"

"Started a chain-letter proposal."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Social Mysteries.

"Wasn't it lovely in the Joneses to ask us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them?"

"I don't know; they waited so late I think they expected us to ask them."

Signs Multiply.

"There's another sign of a hard winter."

"What is it?"

"The holes in the doughnuts are smaller than usual."

Not Up to Now.

"Aunt Marietta is so old-fashioned."

"In what respect?"

"She persists in calling her rain stick an umbrella."

How to Write to the Pope.

A letter to the Pope is hedged around with more formality and difficulty than even a letter to the Autocrat of the Russias. If it is to have the most slender chance of reaching his august hands, it must be written in Latin on special paper made for this purpose in Fabriano. Then it must commence "Beatissime Pater," and must be inclosed in an envelope addressed in Latin to "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., reigning happily." If the letter be then handed to a diplomat accredited to the Papal court, or to a gentleman of the Pope's household, it may reach His Holiness. There is, however, one method of insuring this object, and that is by addressing it to "His Holiness the Pope, Prefect of the Holy Roman and General Inquisition." All letters thus addressed must be delivered into the Pope's hands under pain of excommunication.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Self Estimate.—"What do you think of Puffington?" "Oh, he is the kind of a man who thinks that when he steps on one end of the country the other end bounds up into the air."—*Vanity '73.*