

Current Literature.

MY HORSE SULTAN.

BY MEDORA CLARK.

He was the parting gift of one I loved; One-half the blood within his veins that moved...

Thanksgiving at St. Botolph's.

MRS. SUSIE A. DIBBEE.

St. Botolph's was an old-fashioned Academy for boys and girls, such as is scarcely to be found since the era of high schools.

"but, Mrs. Ryder, what an extravagant idea you must have concerning my capacity for eating dinners! I do assure you I am ordinarily satisfied with one per day."

And buried in Malt-a!" anathematized the would-be-witty boarder. And the fourth boarder, who was of a philosophical turn, looked wise and wisely held his peace.

face Mrs. Deming if you stole her turkey! I don't wonder you blush," "I thought Tom looked stouter than usual," remarked the fat student.

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