

POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies. Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Paradise. Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs. Of the wand'ring through the golden streets of happy white-robed youths. And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy chair. (Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere.)

WEED BLADES.

Young Henry Hayloid experienced much difficulty in finding, in his somewhat contracted sphere of operations, a vocation which would yield a pleasurable, not to say remunerative, return. One day, after having experienced with quite a number of "callings," including a mild attempt in the pulpit, he heard that a school teacher was greatly needed in a far removed district, known as "Panter Walk."

allowed to pursue an uninterrupted course of self-investigation. Windin' Blades and Weed, day by day, continued to be the only pupils Corn was "laid by," and the farmers' boys had no particular work to perform. To watch the development of Weed's mind was an interesting study. She was remarkably bright, and learned with a readiness which surprised Hayloid. Windin' Blade was, after all, inclined to be idle. He had a passion for carrying grasshoppers in his pockets. These insects occupied his entire time on the playground, and at last, after much experiment, he succeeded in harnessing them to a diminutive wagon which he had constructed. The teacher remonstrated with him concerning this needless absorption, and once he spoke to his father, but the old man instead of being displeased, smiled until the tobacco juice ran out of the corners of his mouth.

"Because you have a bright mind." "No, because I love you." He caught her in his arms and was pressing her lips when Windin' Blades burst into the room. "Thar now," he said, stopping in amazement. "Thar now, Mr. Hayloid. Don't say nothin' more to me 'bout kitchen grasshoppers. I'd rather be kotch puttin' gear on grasshoppers than to be kotch puttin' my arms 'round a gal. Whoop!" and Windin' Blades, in celebration of his conquest, seized a bench leg and belabored the writing table.

Gus Pennoyer's Ghost Story. Interview in Philadelphia News. "Many years ago, I will not say how many, for no law compels a man to criminate himself, I held the humble position of call boy in the Mobile Theater, long since destroyed by fire, and of which Mr. J. W. Field (now deceased), the father of the well-known and popular Kate Field, was manager. Years prior to my connection with the theatre an awful tragedy in real life had been enacted on the stage and in presence of the assembled audience, an incident in the play serving for the perpetration of a crime, and which the lookers on mistook for fiction.

Effects of Temperature. The effects of temperature on man do not depend so much on the mean for the day, month, or year as on the extremes as when the days are hot and the nights comparatively cool the energy of the system becomes partially restored, so that a residence near the sea, or in the vicinity of high mountains, in hot climates is, other things being equal, less enervating than in the plains, as the night air is generally cooler. It is commonly believed that hot climates are necessarily injurious to Europeans, by causing frequent liver derangements and diseases, dysentery, cholera and fevers. This, however, is, to a certain extent, a mistake, as the recent medical statistical returns of our army in India show that in the new barracks, with more careful supervision as regards diet and clothing, the sickness and death rates are much reduced.

A State Prison Incident. As the train neared the heavy wall frowning down upon the iron thoroughfare, the pale-faced woman with sad eyes, with streaks of gray among her hair, pressed the little gold-haired girl more closely to her side. "Sing Sing!" rang out the trainman's voice. I have passed the station time and time again, but always the sound of that name falls upon my ears with dismal import. In the glow of a summer mid-day, when all the earth is beauteous, when songs of gladness fill the air—the name sends a chill of despair to my heart; a sympathetic feeling for those who are condemned to pass long hours, weeks, dragging months and weary years within those dismal walls.