

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me, That when no star from out the darkness born Gives promise of the coming of the morn...

MY AUNTS HOUSE.

We were very well off until our aunt, who wanted to do us an ill turn, died, and left us her house. Of course we were very pleased at first. It was a pretty, rambling place, with a low veranda quite covered with ivy and roses...

come too far from the town, and some too near; some wanted more bedrooms, and some even disliked our delightful corridor. "Very pretty! Oh, yes, very pretty indeed!" said one lady as we pointed it out to her...

could only reply that it would make no difference at all. "It will be awkward, all the same," said Matthew to me afterward. "We have had to go into debt already, and if we are to get no rent for a year we shall have to go in deeper still."

FOR HIGH STAKES.

Playing the Game of Law for Many Millions.

SENSATIONAL WILL CONTESTS.

The Adopted Son of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles Preparing for a Bitter Legal Fight. Claims on the Seaman Estate—A Great Scotch Claim.



MRS. HOPKINS-SEARLES, a dozen years past, the public will certainly be surprised with sensational details.

No four men ever worked more secretly and thoroughly as one in everything from the election of a United States senator and the expending of \$100,000,000, down to the nomination of a congressman or the discharge of a clerk, than the famous Crocker Hopkins and Huntington.



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kins that he fascinated the widow. He was an educated, refined and cultured, and ranked high in New York as a decorator and household artist. In health drove him to California in 1881.



MRS. BELLE CALLAGHAN, float on water at will without sinking. Nevertheless the surrogate decided that she was "competent."

float on water at will without sinking. Nevertheless the surrogate decided that she was "competent." Mr. Laurence Drake, the principal beneficiary under the will, now resides in Europe.

Southern Pacific, with a salary of \$10,000 a year. Tim was in Japan when he heard of his father's death, and hurried home at once. He became an object of interest to the California end of the great railroad combination, as they naturally inferred that Mr. Searles would continue the policy of his late wife in sustaining Mr. Huntington...

The Ceaseless Coil of Worry. Ponsoy—A load seems to be on your mind, Popsy. Wank's up? Popsy—I am disturbed by an article I have just read. The writer proves that in 1875 the earth will be so overpopulated that there will not be enough food for people to eat.



Simpson—Miss Diana, I love you desperately. I am.

Louise—One moment, sir! Please let me give you this fountain—I keep it handy for such occasions, for I do hate to see so many gentlemen ruin their trousers by kneeling on the floor!—Munsey's Weekly.

Did He Get It? A number of young men were standing on the corner of the street the other evening relating their various experiences with girls. Finally one of the number, who stammered, said: "You know M-Mary Holl-right, b-boys?"

A Remedy. Fitzdude—How are you progressing with that Miss Buter? Has she consented to be yours? Smallpay—No! Confound it. There's an obstacle in the way, a young idiot, who is the heir to a million. I wish he would realize that his presence is entirely superfluous.

Rivals. Little Barbara has a brother Max, who is her rival as well. The other day she said to her mother: "Mother, is Max older than I am?" Her mother said he was. "Well," she responded, in a tone of eminent displeasure and disappointment, "well, that boy beats me in everything, and has beaten me in bornin', too."—Washington Star.

A Very Vulgar Joke. "Was there much of an attendance at Mrs. Soshle's reception?" asked a department clerk of another. "It was a regular carbuncle." "What do you mean?" "Why, a carbuncle is a great gathering, isn't it?"—Washington Post.

Impossible to Return It. "Say, Binks, I came in to see if you could let me have my umbrella back." "I'd be glad to, Snicker, but the fact is Jimpon, who borrowed it from me, has lent it to Paxson, and Paxson's gone to Europe."—Harper's Bazar.

Not What Was Expected. "Well, Kenniboy, whom do you love?" asked Kenniboy's father. "After a moment of deep thought the answer came. "Kenniboy," he said.—Harper's Young People.

Overheard in 1492. "That's it," said Columbus, as land first broke upon his vision. "That is America." "North or South?" asked his mate. "That I can't say until I've seen the map," returned the explorer.—Puck.

A Transparent Lie. "Boy, I read in your eyes that you have told a lie." "Papa, that is impossible. You cannot read without spectacles."—Texas Siftings.

He Earned His Name. "Why is it that men call you the religious editor?" "Because I observe the holidays so religiously."—Light.

The Burglar of the Future. The burglar of the future comes Adown the groove of time, In broadcloth and in glossy hat— A graduate of crime. The very latest thing in boots, The newest style in ties; His whole get up will lift the dude With envy and surprise.

How Different from the Bad Old Past. The future's going to be— Tell about it a pleasure soon A Chad's division by one. The old-time-busted thief Must hide his head in shame For though the new one's more polite, He'll get there all the same.

Exchange. "Excuse me, sir—don't mention it." The while he snops our cash. He'll beg our pardon when he takes Our watch and diamond pin— To show without apologies He'd think a previous sin. He'll ask politely for a loan, And say, "I fear I'm rash— Excuse me, sir—don't mention it." The while he snops our cash.