

CHILD AND MOTHER.

O, Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder;
We'll walk in a sweet posy garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;
For I'll rock you away on a silver dew stream
And sing you to sleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreamland shall soften.
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander,
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—Eugene Field.

The Infallible Mrs. Horne

"Yes, it does seem like a great undertaking," said Mrs. Eunice Horne, addressing her neighbor and intimate friend, who had "run in" that afternoon to borrow, and remained to chat. "When I wake up in the night and think what a long way off California is, and how much we've got to go through before we get to John's, I'm about ready to give it up. Of course it seems some different when it comes daylight.

"Worst of it is, I have to do all the thinking and contriving myself. You know how easy-going pa is. He's always saying, 'You mustn't let things weigh on you so.' But I say things have got to weigh on somebody if they are ever going to come out right. I tell him if I am a little overcautious it doesn't mean more than make a good average—for of all the heedless, absent-minded mortals I ever heard tell of, I believe he is the bestmost."

"I suppose most people have their absent-minded spells, especially as they get along in years," remarked Mrs. Bennett, a comfortable-looking matron, herself no longer young. "Why, I even make a careless mistake myself once in a while."

"Well, I don't!" declared Mrs. Horne, with a little toss of her head for emphasis.

"Why, Mrs. Horne!" exclaimed her friend, smilingly. "You don't set up to be infallible, do you?"

Mrs. Horne pondered a moment over the word, which was not in her daily vocabulary.

"Well, I don't know but I do," she said, half-defiantly. "At any rate, I don't make any blunders. I may not be blessed with any great stock of wits, but such as I have don't ever go wool-gathering."

"But speaking about our trip, I guess, after all, I'm pleased enough with the idea of going."

"You see," she went on, while her good-natured collar listened so attentively as if hearing the story for the first time, "John and his wife have been urging us to make them a visit ever since they were married, but we have never quite seen our way clear. But when pa said that wood-lot to such good advantage, and when we found that Rufus Hight was going out West, and we could travel with him a good part of the way, we made up our minds that now was our time, if we were ever going. Why, just think of it! We haven't seen our son for most ten years, and we never have seen his wife nor our two grandchildren! I expect they will want us to stay all winter, and most likely we shall. Pa says he doesn't know as he shall ever want to come back; but I tell him that after having been rooted to New England soil for over sixty years, it's a little late for transplanting."

"I suppose you've let John's folks know that you are coming?" said Mrs. Bennett.

"Oh, yes, indeed! Or rather, pa wrote and asked if it would be perfectly convenient for them to have us. That was just one of his jokes. I guess John wouldn't stop to think of convenience when there was a chance of his father and mother coming to see him—nor Emma, either, for that matter. It's about time to hear from them. I shouldn't be surprised if pa found a letter at the office this afternoon."

"There he comes, now!" she exclaimed, her keen little face lighting up fondly at sight of a slender old man, with head bent forward and hands clasped behind his back, approaching leisurely along the road.

"Come right in!" she cried, as her husband passed irresolutely at the door. "It's nobody but Mrs. Bennett. Was there a letter from California?"

"Yes, there was one," Mr. Horne admitted, after a little pause of hesitation, as if to refresh his memory.

"Well, let's see it," she demanded.

The old man's eyes fell, and he cleared his throat nervously.

"Well, fact is, I haven't it with me. You see, there were two or three circulars in our box besides the letter—I wish they wouldn't keep sending the plaguy things!—and when I was coming over the bridge, I kind of gave 'em a toss into the river—"

He stopped, as if silenced by the flash from his wife's black eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me, Otis Horne, that you threw the letter away with those circulars? Well, if that isn't putting the cap-sheaf on your carelessness! I leave it to you, Mrs. Bennett, if it isn't tempting Providence to start for California with a man as heedless as that."

"Well, as far as that goes," said Mr. Horne, mildly, "I guess we sha'n't start for California—nor right away."

"Why, what do you mean? Had you read the letter before you hove it away?"

"mention it, now I think of it," said her husband, thoughtfully.

"And you forget to tell me! Why, Otis Horne, of all the—but no, of course you didn't forget! You kept it from me! Why, I verily believe you lost that letter on purpose!"

"Well," said the old man, deprecatingly, "I knew how you'd take on if you read it, and I kind of thought for once I'd do the worrying for the family myself. And I told you the truth about it as far as I went."

"But that isn't all the story," he hurried on, as if anxious to divert attention from his conduct in the matter. "Emma says that John is going to take a little vacation as soon as he gets out, and what do you suppose? He's coming on here, and he's going to take us back with him!"

"There's the letter—I didn't lose this one; you can read it for yourself. Now I guess I'll have to get at my chores."

As Mrs. Horne read the letter her hand trembled and she looked the picture of woe.

"Come, come," protested Mrs. Bennett, "this will never do! John must be almost well by this time. There's nothing to cry about now."

"Yes, there is!" sobbed Mrs. Horne. "It's that letter!"

"That letter?" repeated Mrs. Bennett, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, the one I wrote to Emma after you'd gone home the other day. You know how wrought up I was, and I wrote to her to relieve my mind. It didn't relieve my mind any at the time, and now I guess my dearest wish would be to get that letter back."

"What is it, pa?" she asked, quickly, as the door opened, and Mr. Horne entered with the apologetic look on his face that was by no means unusual.

"Here, mother," he said, "I guess I've been up to my old tricks. Here's a letter for you that I've been carrying round since day before yesterday. Dropped out of my pocket just now, when I was shifting my clothes. Guess it doesn't amount to much, anyway. Looks some like a circular, as far as I can make out without my glasses, but it seems to be sealed." And without waiting to satisfy any curiosity that he might have had, he prudently withdrew.

"Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C., Division of Dead Letters," repeated Mrs. Horne, as she scanned the outside of the queer-looking letter; but her puzzled tone changed to a note of mingled astonishment and joy when she tore open the envelope and recognized its contents.

"Oh, Mrs. Bennett," she cried, "I've got my wish! Here's my letter back!"

"What, the one that you sent to California?" asked Mrs. Bennett, with interest.

"The one I thought I did. Seems that it brought up in Washington."

Unfolding the letter, she perused it with evident disapprobation, although an expressive "Humph!" was her only comment as she finished.

"No, Mrs. Bennett," she said, firmly, as if in answer to a wistful look in that lady's eyes. "I sha'n't let you see it. Nobody is ever going to know what I wrote—except, of course, that dead-letter man in Washington, and most likely he's forgotten by this time."

"But how in the world did the letter ever get to Washington?" asked Mrs. Bennett. "Of course you didn't direct it wrong?" she suggested, slyly.

"No, I didn't," replied Mrs. Horne. "I didn't care to have pa know I had written, so I thought I wouldn't direct the envelope till I was ready to mail it. When I got a chance, I slipped down to the postoffice with it, and bought my stamp, and then I must have dropped the letter into the box without directing it at all."

"Of all things!" cried Mrs. Bennett. "Well," she chuckled, "we can't call you the infallible Mrs. Horne any more. I suppose you'll own up now that, for once, you made a mistake."

Mrs. Horne had lifted the cover from the stove, and throwing in the letter, she watched carefully until it was quite consumed.

"There," she said, with a sigh of relief, "it did burn! I didn't know but it would be as much of a dampener on the fire as pa's dipper of water was."

"No," she continued, in answer to her friend's playful taunt. "I know as I'll own it was a mistake. If I had to write the letter, I guess I did the very best thing with it. I tell you, Mrs. Bennett, if you ever should write a mean, sarcastic letter,—probably you never will, for you are not so hot-tempered as I am,—but if you ever should, just fix it so it will go straight to Washington. And a little later perhaps you'll be as glad and thankful as I am this minute to get the letter back!"—Youth's Companion.

Number of Nails to a Horseshoe.

Centuries ago there lived a farrier, Walter le Brun by name, whose dexterity at the anvil on the occasion of a great tilting meeting on the banks of the Thames was noticed by the then reigning monarch, Edward III., who rewarded the blacksmith by granting him sufficient land adjoining the tilting green for the erection thereon of a forge. As quit rent he had to present annually to the king six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails. To the modern mind the number of nails would appear to be superfluous, but when it is remembered that the horseshoes of that period required ten nails apiece it will be seen that the calculations of Edward III. merely allowed one over in case of accident. Furthermore, the shoes were all to be for the horse's fore feet, from which fact some historians draw the inference that the knights' tournaments were encouraged to injure each other with their front hoofs.—London News.

Whisky His Choice.

Doctor—Now, McTavish, it's like this; you've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight—and you must choose.

McTavish—Ay, well, doctor, I'm an old man now, an' I was thinkin' I've seen about everything worth seein'.—London Tatler.

Some men's ways of flattering themselves is to exaggerate the cleverness of those who cheat them

FARM AND GARDEN

Education and Farming.
Under the heading, "Plain Talk by a Plain Farmer," a writer in the Agricultural Epitomist says:

"It seems to me that we are fast coming to that place where it is going to mean something to own a farm and mean much more to know how to handle it. We are beginning to look upon the farm as something that requires the brightest mind to manage. In my travels about the country I have found places where at one side of the road we saw fine land and fine stock, everything looking prosperous, and on the other side exactly the reverse, everything going to pieces, poor crops and poor stock, and the owner head over heels in debt. I am sorry for the man who is unfortunate, who has sickness or anything of that kind to contend with, but what is the reason in the same neighborhood for so great a difference? It is not always an accident or sickness, but because one man is the farmer and the other is not a farmer. I think we can do no better work than help speed the day when we may educate our farmers in our public schools so that they can read the agricultural papers and bulletins intelligently. The trouble is not that farmers do not read the agricultural books, papers and bulletins, but that their early education has been neglected and they are unfamiliar with the terms that we are compelled to use in writing upon agricultural topics. There is no greater need in our education to-day than something that will assist in connecting our expert station workers, our agricultural press and our agricultural writers with their readers."

Stopping Large Herd of Hogs.
I have been using a device with which to stop pigs for a number of years and find that I can stop 150 pigs with it easier than any way I know of, writes an Iowa farmer. The illustration explains itself, but I will add a few pointers. Each of the four troughs is 16 feet apart. A 22-foot trough is attached to the fence a couple of feet above the floor of these troughs, and soap poured into this trough runs into each one of the four troughs by pipes. By this plan all troughs are filled with equal rapidity, and if the outlet of each pipe is bent it will shoot the soap half the length of the trough before the pigs stop it. The trough is set on a cement floor, which keeps mud holes from forming and makes it a very nice place to feed the pigs at all times.

Covering Cement Floors in Winter.
An excellent suggestion is made by a practical swine breeder to those having cement floors in their pens.

He advises a movable wooden floor for the winter. He makes his own floors of one inch boards, and lays them flat on the cement, in section small enough to be easily removed at any time. In this way he combines the advantages of both the cement and the wood. He can remove the board floor, scrub out the pen and also thoroughly clean and disinfect the false floor outside. Cement is the cheapest material in the end for the floor of the hog pen. The floor of the outer apartment should be a few inches lower than the house floor, so as to insure drainage and dry sleeping quarters.

Investigating Poor Egg Yield.
There may be several causes why your hens are not laying. Maybe they are infested with lice. This is a very frequent cause of non-laying. Maybe they don't get sufficient green food or animal food; either cause may prevent them from laying. Maybe they don't get enough exercise. Keep investigating until you find out the cause of the non-supply of eggs, and if you find that and apply the remedy your trouble will be over.

Getting the Crops In.
It pays to get oats in early, and often one or two weeks' time can be saved by plowing in the fall. Where corn is put in with a lister it is not necessary to harrow the ground in the spring, as the lister will make the soil fine around the seed, and as soon as the corn is planted the cultivator can be put to work and the ground put in fine condition.

Stability of Rock Phosphate.
Rock phosphate does not leach out of the soil; it might wash off from a hillside. As to the quantity, it is best to keep applying rock phosphate until the soil content of phosphorus has been brought up to 1,500 or 1,800 pounds per acre in the surface seven inches.

Hay Farming with Chemicals as Commonly practiced no doubt removes more fertility than it restores, but the process is very slow and no doubt highly profitable under condition

Spreading Raspberry Blight.
Bees and other insects are often responsible for the spreading of raspberry cane blight. They crawl over stems already blighted, get covered with the spores and carry them into blossoms and other young fruit.

Grubbing Implement.
It is, of course, generally known that the lever principle gives the greatest power for the smallest physical exertion. It is not so generally known that the work of grubbing is a veritable labor of Hercules and that the uprooting of a few sturdy bushes and young trees is all the exercise some men want.

A Virginia man, however, was cognizant of both these truths and he set about inventing an implement on the lever principle to be used in grubbing. The result was the article shown in the cut, which is guaranteed to uproot anything but the village chestnut tree and the Constitution. First there is a base with an arm rigidly attached. There is a jaw at the end of the arm and a brace to which a lever is pivoted. On the end of the lever is another jaw, co-operating with the first-mentioned. The implement is thrust close to the root of a bush, the stem of which is seized between the two jaws and a pull on the lever tears the bush up.

A Few Horse Don't's.
Don't ask me to "back" with blinds on; I'm afraid to.

Don't let some blockhead drive me that has less sense than I have.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened, or I will expect it next time and may make you trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have you, the buggy and myself to carry. Try running uphill with a load yourself.

Don't drive me with an "overcheck" on; the sun hurts my eyes and I can't see where to step. It's inhuman and cruel.

Teach me to stop when you say "whoa," and this you can do without jerking my head off or tearing my mouth. It may check me if the lines should drop or break and save a runaway and smash-up.—California Voice.

Ventilating Stables.
Horses and cows are in the stable at night for rest. When the weather is warm the atmosphere in close confinement becomes very warm and oppressive, so much so that the animals become very uncomfortable and hence fail to get proper rest. The horse that does not get proper rest is not in a good condition for heavy work the following day, and the cow that does not sleep in a cool, restful place in hot weather will not give a full flow of milk. The temperature of the working or producing animal must be kept normal to give the best results. If there are no windows in your stables cut out a number now and let light and fresh air come for the health and comfort of the animals.

The Largest Incubator.
There are a great many things that we can claim to lead the world in, but Australia has the largest incubator in the world. It has a capacity of 11,440 duck's eggs or 14,080 hen's eggs. This monster hatching machine consists of an ordinary shed, with a corrugated iron roof; the egg trays hold 130 duck's eggs or 160 hen's eggs. There are four of these trays end to end, one above the other, on each side of the room, making eight in all. Heat comes from steam pipes supplied from a large boiler and moisture from pans under the lower tier of trays. The incubator is claimed to be working very well and to be quite a success.

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There is no fooling a man who loves, fooling. Some one, on that significant date, April 1, sent Henry Ward Beecher a letter containing just a sheet of paper with the two words, "April Fool," says the United Presbyterian.

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"Well! I've often heard of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name to it, but this is the first case of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

Make Some One Happy.
Charles Kingsley thus counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."

A Wrestler.
"Have you no occupation, my man?" asked the lady at the kitchen door.

"Yes'm," replied the tramp, "I'm a wrestler."

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"Yes'm; I wrestle with poverty, num."—Yonkers Statesman.

One of Many.
Salesman (lately promoted to curio department)—This necklace, madam, was originally made for the duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them.

—Punch

Suggestions for Rotation.

Try this rotation for lands that are falling down in their grain yields: Corn or potatoes, manured; wheat; clover; wheat or flax. Oats or barley may substitute for the wheat. This gives a five-year rotation, three crops of which have a cash value to the grower. The tillage of the corn has a better effect than summer fallow, the manuring of the land returns to the soil much of the fertility and gives to the land a friable texture that retains water well, while the clover crop aids in the same manner and at the same time restores to the soil the nitrogen of which the crops rapidly deplete it.

It is estimated by Dean Shepperd, of the North Dakota Experimental Station, that this rotation, followed consistently, will in a period of years return to the owner of the land a larger cash value, year by year, than will continuous cropping to small grains.

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BIGNESS OF THE WEST.

A Few Stories, Veracious of Course, Leave No Room for Doubt.

The great west is big. Every year the east hears a new crop of stories about the bigness of the west that makes it marvel. Here is a portion of the things of the west, says the Los Angeles correspondence of the New York Herald.

During corn growing time a Kansas newspaper printed a startling dispatch from the southern part of that State saying that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the clouds looked and that the stalk was growing faster than the boy could climb down.

At the date of the dispatch the boy was clear out of sight. Three men were engaged to cut down the cornstalk with axes to save the boy from starvation, but the stalk grew so rapidly that they could not hit twice in the same place. The boy was living on green corn alone and had already thrown down more than four bushels of cobs.

The later fate of the boy is not known. That is of minor importance, anyway. The great and burning question is: Does corn really grow that fast in Kansas?

A man whose word has never been disputed with any degree of success went east with this story from southwestern Kansas. His two brothers were working clearing out the weeds in a deserted pasture lot. After a trip to the farmhouse one of the brothers returned to find the other missing.

"Where are you, Ed?" he shouted.

"Here I am," he heard the answering voice of Ed coming from somewhere near the fence.

"Well, shake a weed, so I can tell where you are," commanded the brother.

They fell down east that if a farmer in the west plants his ground with corn and takes first class care of it he will get 100 bushels to the acre, and if he takes middling care of it he will get seventy-five bushels to the acre, and if he does not plant at all he will get fifty.

It is also told in the east that western farmers have been known to start out in the spring and plow a furrow until fall and turn around and harvest back; while a man in Detroit has a friend in Dakota who owned a farm on which he had to give a mortgage and the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded on the other.

Not so long ago a man—perhaps it was the same man—was telling some acquaintances about a pathetic scene he witnessed on one of those big Dakota farms three years ago. He said he saw an entire family prostrated with grief—women weeping, children howling and dogs barking. One man had his camp outfit placed on seven four-mule wagons and was going around bidding everybody good-bye.

"Where is he going?" asked one of the party.

"Half way across the farm to feed the pigs," was the answer.

Some one wanted to know if he ever got back to his family again, but the narrator said it was not time for him to get back yet.

One man, it is said, started in to cut a tree off his place. When he had cut away at one side for about ten days he decided to take a look around the tree, and when he got around on the other side he found a man who had been cutting at that same tree for three weeks and they had not heard the sound of each other's axes.

The quick growth of Western cities is a matter of common talk, and the East no longer doubts these tales. An engine driver of a train crossing the prairie was surprised one day to see a town of considerable size just ahead, at a spot where there was nothing the day before. He yelled over to his fireman, asking what town that was, but the fireman was stumped, too. When he pulled into the station there were nearly 1,000 persons waiting to see the first train come in. When they pulled out the conductor stationed a brakeman on the rear platform to watch for any towns that sprang up after the train got by.

They never have any small or ordinary out in that section at all. Windstorms blow down wire fences, draw stoves out of chimneys and blow the bottoms out of empty bottles. During one of these remarkable windstorms a whisky barrel standing in front of a saloon was sucked out of the bungalow and turned inside out, and the dirt was blown from around a post hole in the hillside, leaving the hole sticking out of the ground about two feet with no dirt around it.

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Old Favorites