

WAXING AND WANING.

Hope and the sun are like as one—
Both largest when they rise;
They shrink alike from morn till noon,
As life grows old and wise.

LEFT BEHIND.

It was 10 o'clock of a July morning,
and the largest fraction of humanity had
been some hours earning its daily bread.

"No you don't. Leave 'em alone and
sit still."
"Tom, turn this boat instantly, or I'll
still or I'll—"

ion roused the compassion of Josephine,
and she began to talk to him with a des-
perate cheerfulness and acceptance of the
situation.

THE JOURNALISTIC JOKERS.

LAUGHABLE STORIES FOUND IN
OUR EXCHANGES.

An Amateur Astronomer—Shortening
a Sentence—Used to It—The Beat
Beaten—The Man at the Window.

At a hotel in a neighboring town re-
cently there was quite a rumpus in a room
to which a card party had retired.

The Beat Beaten.
"You've got some nice wood over there
in your yard," said a seedy-looking tramp

Saved by an Albatross.
The Sidney (Australia) Telegraph says:
A singular story has been related to us by
the master of the bark Gladstone,

The Man at the Window.
You would have said as you looked
him over that he was a man of fiery
temper,

Out of 39,000,000 mechanics, 8,000
are paupers in England and on
continent.