BOYHOOD

sweetly closed these errorded days parting case by one, the toys on a summer's over a summer's over the profile sumitiers to the profile sumitiers to the profile sumitiers that the profile summer's best law my nother kneel, the sing took for michtly king to destroys, he cannot filled a manifeless kins I bed.

— Washington Allston,

MICKEY'S NEW SLED.

The leicle which hung from the corner of the Pinn shanty was neither so long nor as symmetrical as the icicle which legent says more altorned the corner of Diana's temple. But it was as cold. Its presence on the Finn shanty proved that the shanty stood in a cold and exposed place, and that much fuel would be accessary to keep the inmates warm. During the day's meridian, when the sun shone warm upon the icicle, glistening beeds of water ran down its sides and dropped from its shades point, making a hole in the move harvest. But when the sun went down behind Wootsey's commons and the trees in Lindsleys woods were beginning to east black, funereal shadows on the snow, the water beside hardened as they stole down the lay agon, until by those sing accretions the kinds the hardened and the moon came out upon the night, attended by a winking host of stars, the icicle was glinting in the mooning at Mrs. Finn sat before the fire in the stanty. Her face was glinting in the mooning the promise from his mother that on the morrow he should have not been deal in the morrow he should have as also upon which to slide down the southerly slope of Stumpy field.

Mrs. Finn arose from her chair and opened

leid.

Mrs. Finn arose from her chair and opened the bedroom door to kook at her boy. He lay with his arms thrown over his head. His cheeks were flusted. He moved uneasily in this sleep, and turned his freekled face to the light. The freekles were not blemishes in the wyes of hit mother. They were beauty sects. Mrs. Finn was moved to compassion as she stood there watching the partial high sum the gently heaving bosom of her only on. "Shure, God is good t' the poor whin he gives them by a like that," she mattered to herself.

he gives them h'ys like that," she muttered to herself.

She had been cross to Mickey during the day because he had traded off "fourteen marvels for a ween; little mud turkle no bigger than a silver dollar," and had said:

"Now twiat use a that mud turkle. Mickey?

Ye can't kill him an make soup iv him like ye can wid a mappin' furkle. Ye might also the mud turkle as ye were a little Chince b'y.

I do be hearin' Mrs. Moloney sayin't that the haythin 'ad ate to' sare iv a jackass if they were fried in grase, so I do, giory he to God.

But Mickey, mind sow, if any one tells me ye were after mud farkle mate, stowed or billed or raw, be the holy poker i'll bate yer bend again' the wall, so I will, an' samil four time, just fur divarshen."

Here Mrs. Pun had devoutly crossed herself and Mickey skyly stole the wash basin mid placed it ament the stove with some water and turkle in it. But Mrs. Finn repeated of her harshores, and her anxiety was now how to get the sled. Mike, her hashoul, had no work and there was little money in the home.

At last she hit upon a plan. She would

and he work and there was fittle money in the house.

At last size hit upon a plan. Size would awn her shaw! To be deprived of this garment meant a great deal of self-denial to Mrs. Finn. Without it she could not go to mass in the morning. It was a Paisley shaw!, covered with figures which looked like goards. The colors of the shaw! were warm, and section of themselves to adil warmth to the garment. But the boy must not be disappointed, and so she carefully folded the garment. But the boy must not be disappointed, and so she carefully folded the garment. But the showered as she went along the door behind her elepped out into the monthight. She shivered as she went along the field Point road, for her clothing was thin. But even as the shiver run down her back sits stilled at the thought of her boy's happiness in the near aing.

But even as the shivers run down her back also smiled at the thought of her boy's happiness in the foreign.

Mickey's used turtle, with a astural desire for more freedom, crawled out of the basin just after Airs Finn had gone, and went washiling over the kitchen theer on an expedition of discovery. It made very little mose in the passage, yet that little was mough to attract the attention of the crow which as to at the mantle. The crow doned at the hitle black object paddling over the floor. Then he flew down with a seft caw to examine it. The turtle crawled and the crow followed it up closely, putting his head on one sude and apparently wondering what it could be. Then the crow put his beak under the turtle and turned it over on its back. The turtle pulled its head and legs into its shell and lay quiet. The crow retired to a little di lance and stood watching the turtle. After about five munite had also also you to the shell and legan to save in the air in a vague, uncertain way. The crow stepped gravely forward, picked the surtle up by the tail and flow with it up on the mantle. Again the shutting up process was gone through with. The crow, lowerer, began to not before the turtle decided to move again, and a short time afterward to crow awoke with a start as he heard its turtle drop off the mantle and into its lessin, where it was content to remain for the past of the night.

as he heard the tartle drop off the mantle and into its leasin, where it was content to remain for the rest of the night.

It happened that Jack Brown, a young man who had spent all his money in riotous living, was in the payarbroker's shop when Mrs. Finn strived. He had just enceinded a little transaction by which he was relieved of his diamond jin and \$55 had been placed in his pocket. He was attracted by Mrs. Fint's appearance and stopped to hear her story.

How much would I be gettin' fur th'
will said she anxiously to the pawaker behind the counter. "It's only a litferalis I'll be lavin' it wid ye annyways,
ass Mike'll be havin' a job out the again
mestay. Stare me little by does be havin'
lloart fixed far a sled, an' I wid no money
my him wan. Yes can be kind it yersel'
a toine, an' giv' me \$1 fur th' shawl till
is du' tero weske."
"Nem; ig fifee you feefty cent fo- dashawl,
slobe you no come back for it, den i am
ekt. See"

the year as come tack for it, den I am ch. See? "Bat huck t ye far a squasor. My Miles it wire shifter far that shavel this four ar act. It's as good today as 'two- whin chasi brought it home 'me. But ye ould mailing, II ye won's giv me any more, giv' a th' fifty cents. Shure the gettin' late, so

It is, an'th' sthores 'll be shut up intuirely. Bad win't' ye, ins ladily buck, there'il be a toime after ye din whin th' hunger'il grave ye an' th' cold'il princh ye, so 'twill. Good night t' ye, an' had acras t' ye fur a

night t ye, an' had seen t ye tur a squazer."

Jack Brown followed Mrs. Finn out upon the sidewall. He admired the spirit of self sacrifies which animated her and he decided to see what she would do with the money. Mrs. Finn atoped in froin of a tor store. She looked in the window and say many mechanical novelties the possession of which would have made her boy's heart loap with loy. She knew, however, that the money which she held tightly chapad in her loft hand would not buy even one of these fas-leading articles. She went into the store.

about where the future came, revealing the goal to th' peor.
In the morning when the light began to illumine Cooney Island, Mickey got out of bed and crept with palpitating heart to the door, At the sight of the sled and the knick knacks he grinned, and his mouth opened from our to ear. He tried vainly to cram all the oranges and a sense into his pockeds at one time, but

ear. He tried vainly to cram all the oranges and peannts into his pockets at one time, but was forced to hide some of the peannts under the bed, where the crow found them an hour later and skillfully cracked the shells.

When Mrs. Finn went out on the decretep to call her boy to breakfast she saw him lying flat upon his sled and coming down the slope of Stampy field like a meteor. Behind him was a long trail of peannts, and bounding along on either side of the track, running a race with the sled were two big golden oranges. As tears of joy guthered in Mrs. Finn's eyes she wiped them with the corner of her aprox and muttaced to herself:

"Murba, luk at that now! Faix, God is good to the poor!"—New York Sun.

Sideboards.
Lady din furniture store, to new clerk)—
Where are those handsome sideboards that
you had last week!
Clerk semisarransoh — Oh, I—er—shaved
them off day after yesterday, ma'am — Life.

THE LISTENER.

An when the six fair, mounts on high,
And fleeds the air with horsts of song,
Bo, in harmonion eschary
Street must sweeps thy soul along,
A-thrill, with tearral, bree the eyes;
Heart thoughts breathe for he mist of sighs,
And life grows grand, supreme, calcius,
When sound waves swell the stream of time.

Oh! happy soul! shose chief delight
Is born when muse fill the air.
And turns to day the darkest night,
With wrost success of tot and care.
The melodies of rippling rills.
The sough of birds on sky kissed hills,
And overy harmony that swells.
To thee a tale of glatness toils.

—James Clarence Harvey in Home Jour

mand would make boy even the the store, and the street and the store of the control of the contr

What He Was After.

What He Was After.

I heard a funny story about William Heary
Huribart the other day. It seems he has
been in the country ucog, and somebody
recognized him down in the park staring up
at the ange. Westle and the park staring up been in the country neog, and somebody recognized him down in the park staring up at the new World building with dreamy amszement, and rusbad up to him hearilly. "Hat my dear Huriburt, glad to see you

back."
The astonished ex-journalist drew himself up, "Confound it, sir," he said, "I am not Hurlburt, and I am not back, sir."
Then he drew his mantle about him and hurried away.
But he was not to escape thus; as he turned into Chambers street his old friend Slanpson met him. "Why, Hurlburt! how do you do! What are you after now!"
"After a blasted fool, and I've caught up with him!"—Truth.

An Unfortunate Pause.
The half a mind," said Brown, and then he paused
And breahed some dust from off his hat,
"Indeed?" quish Brouson with a smile. "I'd not
Have though; you had as much as that."
—Life.

Rever Tries.

Among the early American settlers there was an impression that the initians had no intelligence or craft in their relations with the witte men. The latter soon found, however, that this was not the size. Some of the farmers attempted to make farm servants of the Indians, but discovered that they had a propensity to "get tired" so soon after they began to work that their services were of little value. One day a farmer was visited by a salvaurt Indian, who said, "Me want work."

"No, "said the farmer, "you,will get tired."

"No, no," said the Indian, "me never get tired."

The farmer, taking his word for it, set the The farmer, taking his word for it, set the Indian to work and went away about some other business. Toward moon in returned to the place and found the Indian sound asiesp under a tree.

"Look here—look here!" shouted the farmer, shaking the Indian violently; "you told me that you never got tired, and yet here you are stretched out on the ground."

"Ugh," said the indian, rubbing his eyes and slowly elambering to his feet, "if me not lie down me get tired like the rest."—Birmingham Post.

She—I confess, William, that your proposal gives me much pleasure. It would be foolish to pretend that it does not, yet—
He—Yet what? What possible objection can you have to becoming my wife? You know that I love you and am able to provide for you-She-Yes; but I fear I would be but a

She—Yes; but I fear I would be but a corry housekesper.

Re—Why so!
She (weeping bitterly)—Because I have never been to a cooking school.

He—All the better, degrees; all the better. She—All the better!
He—Yes. You will stay at home and attend to the cooking instead of wanting to go out and lecture on the culinary art. You are just the kind of a wife I want.—Boston Courier.

A New Way, ingleton failing upon his knees before Wistow Rjoness—Mrs. Bjones, do you— you—can you bring yourself to become

my— The Widow—Ob, Mr. Singleton, this is

very sidden, but— Singleton continuing.—To be my mother-in-law! I love your daughter!—Lawrence







Help! Murder! Pm poisoned!"—Mur ey's Weekly.

The Parior Was Logaged "Mr. Hankinson, you will excuse me if I receive you in the dining room this evening."
"Don't mention it, Miss Kajones. It is much more cossy and homelike."
"The root that second, Mr. Hankinson."

"It is not on that account, Mr. Hankinson, but Bridget has gone into the parior to take a map on the lounge and given orders that she must not be disturbed."—Chicago Trib-

Paimer—It's mighty funny, but there are no less than six people with whom I have been talking within a week who are how dead.

Curtisigh—I haven't the less doubt of it.

I'm sorry I can't stop to listen to you today, but the fact is I'm not prepared.—Boston

Transcript. Trameript.

The Wise Grammarian: Teacher—What part of speech is "but?" Michael—"But" is a conjunction. Teacher—Correct. Now give use an ex-

ample of its use.

Michael—See the goat but the boy. "But" connects the goat and the boy. Elarper's Bazar.

"What's papa's boy going to be when he rows up?"
"Policeman."
"Policeman."
"Policeman."
"Time when harmony was restored, 12:00.—
Time.

grows up?"
"Policeman."
"And what'll he do when he's a great big

"Club the stuffin' out of papa."-

The Title "Esquire."

Little more than half a century ago the title of esquire still had a distinct meaning and importance of its own, which were clearly understood by the majority of Englishmen, simple as well as gentie. Its conventional as well as its true significance has all but fallen into oblivion during the present reign. which has witnessed a greater develop-ment and wider generalization of democratic sentiment than any other his-torical period of like duration chronicled in the annals of this country. Nowadays the annex of "esquire" ap-pended to a man's name on the back of penness or a printed subscription list is freely conceded to "nobodies," and is therefore no longer distinctive of "somebodies." It is the custom in writing to a wealthy tradesman, whether he have retired from business or not, to an actor or public singer, playwright or

an actor of pure sager, paywages, novelist, ship broker or vestryman, to address him as esquire.

The title is applied without the least discrimination to all sorts and conditions of men so long as they are tolerably well off. As far as its application is concerned at the present day, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is an anachronism or more properly speaking, an anomaly. It may be de-scribed as a relic of the age of chivalry, grotesquely out of keeping with mod-ern institutions and tendencies, and preserved no one exactly can tell why.
--London Telegraph.

Paris Ladies as Photographers.

The marriageable young ladies in aristocratic French families are often at a loss as to how they are 6 employ the time between the flual departure from the convents or the boarding schools and the arrival of the berdegroom. The bale-banes, the daily rides, walks and drives in the Bois; the occasional voids to the theatrs and the opera, the courses of water color drawing, or the matutinal manipulation of the inevitable piano are not enough to fill up the leisure hours of French young ladydom.

A new pursuit has accordingly been devised for the occupation of the spatianoments of blooming maidens who are awaiting what Ben Jonson calls the "Gobin Matrimony." This is the practice of photography, and we are assured that a photographic apparatuals now fitted up in the boador of nearly every young heiress in the noble famourg. Friends, acquaintances, servants and favorite dogs are all fattifully photographed, and some of the fair votaries of the art are said to be remarkably aircuit in using their cameras, which are all constructed after the nost modern plan. Very recently, too, a young lady who was married "out" of the cameras, which are all constructed after the most modern plan. Very recently, too, a young lady who was married "out" of the Paubourg Saint-Germain received, among other contributions to her corbelle do moes, or wedding presents, a costly and superb camera, which would not have been dis-dained by Nadar himself—Homo Journal.

Hence the Ludy's Clerk.

The latest fad—I think fad is what they call it—is to have a indy's clerk in the lonse. You know that it is no uncommon, thing for a lady to come to the effice and settle her bill now, just the same as a man. Well, old chaps like me are not considered good enough to wait on a lady any more. Hence the lady's clerk. We've got one of them. Just out of college. Wears a collar that looks like the hind end of an old fashioned wagon cover; has trousers that are cut on the same pattern as the harem pants in "The Corsair." He has a sort of late in the summer air about him. I mean languid look. He eats up a dollar's worth of teathpicks in a day, and gets mint from the backeeper to went in the buttenhole of his coat. I suppose it is all right, but I never wanted to be a cowboy in my life until be came in here, and I think now of going into the business.—Hotel Clerk in Chicago Mail.

Improvements in Passenger Cars.

Improvements in Passenger Cars.

Chief among the new features is mounised a piace where thirsty and biodous men may drink unnoticed by fair passengers. This is all right as far as masculinity is concerned. But in this perfecting of the means of traveling the fair sex should receive remembrance. A car wherein women may sujoy more privacy in the dressing room is needed quite as much as a car that holds the counterpart of a hotel bar ruom. Men love to drink unseen of women, no less than women hope to "fix up" unseen of men—to use brush and comb in a place sacred to their own sex. The average sleeping car holds no such place, and the car perfect in this respect has not yet appeared. Dressing at the rate of forty miles an hour possesses for femininity many embarrassments not yet eliminated by the ingenious designers and builders of the modern vairoud car.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Like every other-community, Wash-ington has a household of spinster sisters. There are seven of ours-refined and re-ligious women—all now above the "certain age," which is so uncertain, and they live in a fine old house of their own in the West End. Not long ago the city dug a ditch down their street to repair the sewer, and as it was an unusual event the good ladies were, of .ourse, about it. "And do you know," one of them wound up with unconscious humor, "they have put a man trap right in front of our house!"—Philadelphia Record.

Fitted for the Place

"Is there a wheelman in the delegation!"
saked one of the committee,
"Why?" asked another.
"Because if there is be would be the proper
person to act as spokes-man,"—Wheelman's
Gazette.