

BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days...

MICKEY'S NEW SLED.

The icicle which hung from the corner of the Finn shanty...

While the icicle was glistening in the moonlight...

Mrs. Finn arose from her chair and opened the bedroom door...

She had been cross to Mickey during the day because he had traded off fourteen marbles...

Here Mrs. Finn had devoutly crossed herself and Mickey slyly stole the wash basin...

At last she hit upon a plan. She would pawn her shawl. To be deprived of this garment...

Mickey's small turtle, with a natural desire for more freedom, crawled out of the basin just after Mrs. Finn had gone...

It happened that Jack Brown, a young man who had spent all his money in riotous living...

"How much would I be gettin' fur th' shawl?" he asked anxiously of the pawnbroker...

"Nain! I gifes you forty cent for do shawl. Melibe you no come back for it, den I am stack. See?"

It is, an' th' shores 'll be shut up intairly. Bad win' t' ye, no lady luck, there'll be a tolna afore ye din win th' banger'll grow ye an' th' cold'll pinch ye, so twill. Good night t' ye, an' bad screw t' ye fur a squazer.

Jack Brown followed Mrs. Finn out upon the sidewalk. He admired the spirit of self-sacrifice which animated her...

Mrs. Finn hesitated a moment. She wanted to buy so many things that lay around in profusion, that the sled, even if it was of surpassing swiftness, did not satisfy her.

Mrs. Finn found her husband seated in a rocking chair before the fire and groaning with pain. He had fallen upon the road when coming home and seemed to be injured internally.

"Taste this, that's a dear. Ye needn't make yer mug at it, for it's the reale odd stuff. 'Twas taken from Mike Reagan's own bottle round th' corner. Sure there's more ladies on it than ye could count wid a telescope."

"Ah, ye may well be hurted at yer fall. But if ye'll stiffen up in yer chair a bit an' let a drop of this medicine run down yer throat, ye'll be cured before another gripe gets ye."

On his return to the village Jack Brown went to the pawnbroker's and redeemed the shawl. He visited a candy store and purchased five big oranges, seven bananas, two quarts of peanuts...

"If ye are the sensible woman I take ye t' be," said Mr. Finn, as he fished out the new pipe and tobacco, "ye won't bother yer head about where the bundle came from. Sure God is good to th' poor."

In the morning when the light began to illuminate Cooney Island, Mickey got out of bed and crept with palpitating heart to the door.

When Mrs. Finn went out on the doorstep to call her boy to breakfast she saw him lying flat upon his sled and coming down the slope of Stumpy field like a meteor.

Sideboards. Lady in furniture store, to new clerk—Where are those handsome sideboards that you had last week? Clerk (embarrassed)—Oh, I am—shaved them off day afore yesterday, ma'am.—Life.

THE LISTENER.

As when the skylark mounts on high, And boasts the air with bursts of song, So, in harmonious ecstasy, Sweet music sweeps thy soul along.

Experiences as a Clock Repairer. Manager Ebbets, of the Nassau toboggan slide, at one time enjoyed the reputation of being so expert a Jack of all Trades that he could do anything.

Art of Window Dressing. The shop windows have put on their last persuasive touches as the season wanes. The milliners' windows look like aviaries in which bonnets and hats are perched like birds of gay plumage.

What They Don't Like. Our compact and interesting letter from the Niantic summer school for teachers had in it a whole sermon in that one quotation from a teacher that "there w'at but one way of learnin' young ones anything and that was to give 'em what they didn't like."

What He Was After. I heard a funny story about William Henry Huriburt the other day. It seems he has been in the country incog, and somebody recognized him down in the park starting up at the new World building with dreamy amazement, and rushed up to him heartily.

Not Ready to Die. Palmer—It's mighty funny, but there are no less than six people with whom I have been talking within a week who are now dead. Curleigh—I haven't the least 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.

The Wise Grammarian. Teacher—What part of speech is "but"? Michael—"But" is a conjunction. Teacher—Correct. Now give me an example of its use. Michael—See the goat but the boy. "But" connects the goat and the boy.—Harper's Bazar.

Revenge. "What's papa's boy going to be when he grows up?" "Politician." "And what'll he do when he's a great big politician?" "Club the stuffin' out of papa."

Never Tried. Among the early American settlers there was an impression that the Indians had no intelligence or craft in their relations with the white men.

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 gentle.

The Wife He Wanted. 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—

A New Way. Singleton (falling upon his knees before the Widow Bjones)—Mrs. Bjones, do you will you—can you bring yourself to become my— The Widow—Oh, Mr. Singleton, this is very sudden, but— Singleton (continuing)—To be my mother-in-law I love your daughter!—Lawrence American.

A Tragedy in Three Acts. I. "A little pepper will do him good." II. "Something's going to happen pretty soon."

Improvements in Passenger Cars. Chief among the new features is promised a place where thirsty and bilious men may drink unnoticed by fair passengers. This is all right as far as masculinity is concerned.

Located About Right. Like every other community, Washington has a household of spinster sisters. There are seven of ours—refined and religious 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.

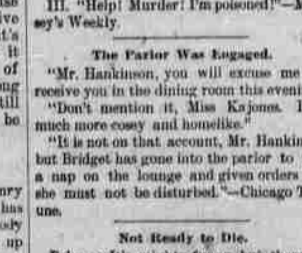
Badly Expressed. She—Didn't my head seem heavy on your shoulder, dearest? He—Your head! why no, indeed; what a question! Time when harmony was restored, 12:38.—Time.



I. "A little pepper will do him good."



II. "Something's going to happen pretty soon."



III. "Help! Murder! I'm poisoned!"—Munsey's Weekly.

The Parlor Was Engaged. "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 cosy and homelike." "It is not on that account, Mr. Hankinson, but Bridget has gone into the parlor to take a nap on the lounge and given orders that she must not be disturbed."—Chicago Tribune.