

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books or men
He is the weakest of the weak
And has not strength to hold a pen.

"GINGER."

Little Goldy strolled leisurely along
the smooth strip of road which runs
under the cut bank down to the crossing
of the Cottonois, thinking to herself how
beautiful everything was, and how
strange it was that all her friends should
conspire to keep her shut up in that
gloomy ranch house back under the
hill, when such strange and delightful
places were to be found just on the out-
side of it.

as his rider, and a great deal better if
his rider happened to be a green hand.
And now, as I said, horse and rider
were on top of the cut bank some twenty
feet above the road, along which trotted
little Goldy, lifting her small voice in
invocation of "Papa Jack," shouting and
crashing along in hot pursuit of a big
Texas steer that had broken away from
beneath the branding iron, wild and
savage with pain and wilder and more
savage for the rough hazing given him
by Jim and Ginger.

TO AMATEUR MUSICIANS.

Some Hints Which, if Followed, Will Be
Found Quite Advantageous.
The following is a series of hints to
young singers and would be singers
which have been received from one of
Boston's well known musicians:
Start under the right instruction. It is
far better to begin right in middle life
than wrong in youth.

A Mystery.

A fat man with a brown soft hat walked
briskly into a Main street restaurant and
took a seat at the lunch counter. The man
who was presiding over the section of the
counter at which he sat ambled over to him
and said, "Well!"

REMINISCENCES OF HAZING.

How Some Sophomores Were Convinced
of Their Ungentlemanliness.
"I never read accounts in the newspapers
of the pranks of college boys in 'hazing'
the freshmen," said a white haired, rosy
faced old New Yorker in the parlor of a
big athletic club the other night, "but my
mind reverts at once to a hazing scrape I
got myself into in my salad days. Like all
sophomores, I was particularly intolerant
of freshman; much more so of course than
the seniors.



He—Do you know that these things you
think so trivial—these engagements—are
capable of breaking a man's heart?
She—Why, certainly. That's about all
the fun there is in them.—Truth.

Investments in Precious Stones.
It is just thirty-three years since the
writer was assured by the great Indian
jeweler of that day, a man full of experi-
ence and representing large capital, that
there was one final limit on the value of
diamonds and rubies. "No one," he said,
"remained in the world who would give
more than £50,000 for any single stone."
"They won't do it," he said, "they"
meaning princely purchasers generally,
"not if I could produce a ruby as large as
a roe's egg. They have begun to think of
interest."

High Prices For a Violin.
A violin dated 1734 and said to have
been made by Stradivarius in his nine-
tieth year was sold in London lately
for £800. During the last 30 years this
violin has changed hands three times, on
the first occasion being bought for £400
and on the second for £600.—London
Tit-Bits.

Great Severity.
A very estimable widow has a son who
is far from estimable. His poor mother is
nearly heart broken. She was confiding
her troubles one day to an old and trusted
friend.

Up In Harlem.
Dudely Canesucker—I met your charm-
ing daughter at a masquerade ball some
months ago, and I have been hunting for
her ever since. At last I have found out
where she lives. I love her better than life
itself. Without her life has no charms for
me. Can I see her?
Mrs. Mulligan—Naw. Today is washday.
—Texas Siftings.

Music at a Female College.
Smith college claims to have the finest
biological laboratory in the country, and
her fire proof chemical laboratories and
electrical experimental halls can hardly be
surpassed anywhere. The music school,
which grants the degree of Mus. D. to its
graduates, is one of the distinctive features
of the college. It occupies a superbly
equipped building. The walls of the prac-
tice rooms are scientifically padded, so that
the sounds of church organ, violin, piano,
mandolin, guitar, cello and of the human
voice never interfere with each other and
mingle in inharmonious bedlam.—Cor.
New York Times.