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A SURRENDER

I lift my plumed cap and yield up my sword, My sceptre is turning to dust; The mail coat of a r nor I always have worn, Is broken and covered with rust.

Low-trailing my banner, the lone star is gone, My paraphernalia lies there; A battle was fought, and the utter defeat Was wrought by-a rose in her hair.

-Bertha M. Ivory, in Current. MY PRETTY PIRATE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

money my father left me both ended together. I had written some jokes for a minstrel troupe, and when nothing else suggested itself I applied for a place in the company to black up and sing mournful ditties (about graves and red roses) in the first part, and do a banjo act later on. The troupe came to grief out West, and the best I can say of what followed is that I got home to New York without walking. No sooner had I reached Brosdway than I went into a superior was rushing on with my best clothing was in one of the bags, and in a coat pocket was nearly every cent I had in the world. It was necessary for home, it is raining, and we are not likely to be called upon to entertain.

white-haired and found shooldered old jokes, mad come along."

The backers and managers were Chans and lived in the Saragossa hotel in East Fourth street while they were fitting out for the voyage. I went to live there, also, for everything that I undertake I do with intease enthusiasm, and I determined to learn Cuban as quickly as possible and astonish every one by singing a song or cracking some jokes in that language. I does time we set sail on a journey I never shall forget. We summer sea, beneath a perpetually could less sky. We stoned at New York and Clark of the compared my list of the stone of the summer sea, beneath a perpetually could less sky. We stoned at New York and Clark of the compared my list of the summer sea, beneath a perpetually could less sky. We stoned at New York and Clark of the show broke up and embarked for New Orleans I retigned and became for New Orleans I retigned and became in the plane and the plan in my salad days. I used to play in deep in the interpreter and English clerk in a the interpreter and English clerk in a strone; she strikes the keys and the interpreter and English clerk in a strone; she strikes the keys and that long the strone st that language. In the we set sail on a journey I never shall forget. We summer see, beneath a perpetually cloud-less sky. We stopped at Nasau, and showed there with great success, to float afterward for days in 5 he pathways, between white isles fringed with palms. It is idle for me to dwell, even for this loving instant on that experience, and yet it was dreamful, so poetic, so utterly curtain never to be repeated in its sensations, now that I am older and more practical, that I literally tear myself from the reconsection. There were many more days of it to come when we skirted the bald eastern palisaded end of Cuba, and then clung almost within the influences of the breakers as the good bark (with the maddeningly unpoetic name). (with the maddeningly unpoetic name of "Tre Ohilah of "The Obijah Lawrence"), crept past the forest clad heights, the white and curves and the Cuba. Unjustly accused of consivance ntations of the gem of the with the leaders of the insurrection,

where our vessel was to pick us up and take us to Havana.

Let me say that up to the moment we left the vessel on the other a de of Cuba I had constantly sought the companionship of my cornet. I had a natural gift for playing musical instruments, and this beautiful cornet was the main thing I had saved from the wreck of my fortunes.

When I is to await the departure of the steamer. It was a bad choice of a hotel. Which was the dilution of the time away in the public towns. We only pleasant recollections of that wretched week are of an American who played constantly but very had saved from the wreck of my fortunes.

I was a bad choice of a hotel. I had to children, our success in the dolution of the dilution of the halt of children, our success in the dilution of the dilut had saved from the wreck of my fortunes.
Upon it I improvised what I thought was a sweet, pretty a r—a hymn tune, I suspect it sounded like—and I often, in solitude, blew its soft, liquid notes from out the bell-like throat of my cornet. It was always in solitude, or very softly, that I played it, for I deemed it extravagantly sweet and meant some day to fit a hymn to it, adapt a psalm to its notes, or in some way utilize it to give me fame.

I as who played constant y but very twenty-five or thirty minutes. I say to even the sweetly, on a cornet, in subdued tones, a sweetly, on a cornet, in subdued tones, as weetly, on a cornet, as the child spend in

Spanish names. I knew that for respect to through my mind that I set words to it see if perchance any girl or woman I had and song them softly to myself on the ever known was among them, and find stariff nights that followed on the voymy tune. In leisure hours that followed, I sought information about every lady

on the list, and learned a little about on the list, and learned a lists three or four, but nothing of interest. I was introduced to one who stopped at the same hotel with me, but she teld me she never had learned a time in her life.

I might have forgotten the matter had it not been that one night as I leaned against a pole at the edge of the ring, ready for the time when I should erack my first joke, a lady, ore of a large party of people passing by to their sears, hummed a phrase of that identical tune almost literally in my ear. I turned quickly, the line of people passed along, and then I called "madam," "senora," "senora," and sprang over the rope, calling as I ran to attract the singer. and then I called many over the rope, "senorita," and sprang over the rope, calling as I ran to attract the singer. Strangely, as it seems to me, again I could not tell who it was among the half dozen women, following one after half dozen women, following one after another close together, that had sung another close together with a sungle of the second control of the

My father had determined to return to

Antilles. The journey was interrupted by long 'stands' at Guantanamo, St Jago and at Cienfagos. It was boild of us to visit these places then for the great ravolation was in progress and everything was unsettled, but never did a rash experiment meet with richer reward.

We played at Colon, in the heart of the West and the leaders of the insurrection, Atlanta Constitution.

We played at Colon, in the heart of the series into money, settled with me experiment meet with richer reward. business into money, settled with me We played at Colon, in the heart of the and our trunks in the Saragossa hotel in its land, and then we resched Matanata and then we resched Matanata island, and then we reached Matanzas. New York to await the departure of the where our vessel was to pick us up and steamer. It was a bad choice of a hotel. some idle hours on an America man-ofwar, whose officers had formed my acquaintance. A steamer from New York
slipped into the harbor just at dusk, and
cast her anchors close to the war ship.
There was the usual noise and bustle, and
the little harbor boats that swarm like
mosquitoes around such a vessel, and by
which passengers are put ashore, obtained their loads and faded away in the
twilight. At one moment, three of
these little boats were moving almost
side by side across the water close astern
of the vessel I was on. I could scarcely
telleve my ears; I did not c edit what
they to'd me—yet, there could be no
mistake, for it was repeated and carried
back to me in a long drawn whisper of
melody—my cornet's off-pring, my own
absolute and unjuestionable invention,
my pretty hymn tune.

I leaped into my small boat and had fascinated me, thrown sudely on the teem. The health is exactly in propor floor above. Then there was a rush of ment of the teeth is exactly in propor

Oh, tright star in yonder sky, Beaming of joy yet to be.

In thy silv'ry rays I seem
To read a message bright.
It bids my rapt spirit dream—
Angels guide me by thy light.

Oh, shine on, bright star of love,

Oh, some on, bright star of love,
Illumine my pathway drear.
When dark clouds hang thick above,
Lonely am I, without cheer.
Yet whene'er my upturned brow
Bathes in thy beams so bright,
Each soft ray speaks to my heart—
Angels guide me by thy light.
We resched Matanzas safely, and for a time were very kappy. We were joy-ously received by our former friends and relatives. An American circus was in It grieves my wife for me to say so, but in the se days, back in 1879, I was a clown in a circus. I'eally, I was a raindrop in a dusty street can scarcely be classified, but by a little extention may get into a flowing gutter, then into a river, and so become some day as much of the Atlantic ay any other drop. I had been trying to be a musician, had given that up to be a concert singer, abandoned that to t ra my talients toward poetry and newspaper writing and such, until I joined a merry crowd of Bohemians and lived as they did. Their gatherings and the money my father left me both ended together. I had written some jokes for a minstrel troupe, and when in the sed days and money my father left me both ended together. I had written some jokes for a minstrel troupe, and when in the sed days and money and a ground a reach the ship which was to take us to reach the ship which was to take us the responsible of the tome, and it is seems to me, again I might chance to be a corner performance began with could have another close together, that had sung any my unknown benelartor. I was disconding the half dozen women, following one after about the labely might chance to be a corner performance by my unknown benelartor. I was disconding the might chance to be a corner performance began with extreme of it might chance to be a corner performance began with extreme disconding the troupe was a fourth rate one, and the troupe was a fourth rate one, and the troupe was a fourth rate one, and the performance began with extreme disconding the troupe was a fourth rate one, and the performance began with extreme disconding the troupe was a fourth rate one, and the sumption of the buffoons to a lady only a few feet was almost a riot. The ringmarter when into a river, and so become some day as much of the Atlantic ay any other and the second of the arms of the call have a sumption on the rate of it might chance to be a corner to the lower and the performance began with troupe was a fourth rate one, and the troupe was a fourth rate on

The scene is in New York. The time is Friday night, my wife's evening at home. It is raining, and we are not likely to be called upon to entertain. Something, who shall say what, has brought me to the piano, an instrument of what followed is that I got home to New York without walking. No sooner had I reached Broadway than I went into a new business. I became a clown. The first acquaintance I met offered the opportunity, saying he was going to Cuba with a circus and that there was need for one of those useful butts whom the ringmaster perpetually cracks with his whip, and whom it is the business of everybody in the sawdust arena to maltreat and deride—often with perfect justice, I used to think before I put on the cap and bells.

"Come," he was kind enough to add, "you need have no dounts, you are a natural, instinctive, true born clown. And even if you were not you can imitate any and every clown you ever saw. So pocket year pride, take sixty dollar a week, learn your songs and twenty very white-haired and round shooldered old jokes, and come along."

The backers and managers were Cubanas and lived in the Saragossa hotel in East Fourth street while they were fitted.

He was protected by the authorities and he returned and I was freed." Sing that song again, dear, please,

So I found the little pirate at last .-

Necessity of Proper Mastication. The food is often washed into the without mastication, and we may with sa ety and great propriety add, that un-less there is some change in the food habit of children, our success in the dion some way utilize it to give me fame bed so that my face should fall on one of with copious draughts without an effort conceitedly thought. Alas! at Cienter the pillows. The other sprang to open on the part of the teeth to triturate and gos my cornet was stolen and I never the bureau draws and the largest trunk. The prepare it for the subsequent digestive the heart to play the tune on any Lettered second playing all process. I want to make it clear that fuegos my cornet was stolen and I never the bureau draws and the largest trunk. Prepare it for the subsequent digestive had the heart to play the tune on any I uttered several piercing shreks, and I process. I want to make it clear that, distinctly remember hearing the cornet one great cause of this rapid decay of some idle hours on an American man-of- had fascinated me, thrown sudely on the ceth. The healthy or normal development of the teeth is exactly in propor-

my pretty hymn tune.

I leaped into my small hoat and ordered my man to pull after the other vessels. Then I saw that I could not do more than gue s at which boat the melody had proceeded from. I changed my command and pulled for the steamer. Alas! twenty-five women had come on her, no one knew which were in that paticular trio of boats and all had Spanish names. I knew that for I copied every one. After looking them of er, to see if perchance any girl or woman I had and and a lang them softly to myself on the seal into my my small hoat and to us it supplies the place of vegetaments. For catching locusts the morning is the time, when they are half-henumbed by the cold, and their wings damp with the desert bushes, and gathered without trouble, merely devoured by everything vegetable, and are devoured by everything animal: larks and been softly to myself on the soft spoken. Stalward, fearless show the cold, and their wings damp with the dear the remaining is the time, when they are half-henumbed by the cold, and their wings damp with the dear the remaining is the time, when they are half-henumbed by the cold, and their wings damp with the devent had one of the characteristic love dreams of a main and a man the soft spoken. Stalward, fearless show that for I copied every one. After looking them one or, to alway the had let the period dect he performed.

For catching locusts the morning is the time, when they are half-henumbed by the cold, and their wings damp with the dev. They may then be found clustered in hundreds under the deed he performed.

For catching locusts the melode, but the word in his supplies the place of veice the period dev. They may then be found clustered in hundreds under the devel he period dev. They may then be found for the steamer. Alast twenty-five women had come on the soft spoken. Stalward, fearless show the time, when they are half-henumbed by the cold, and their the cold, and their the cold, and the wing daw. They may then be found clustered in hundreds under the firms, when they are h We as a lithrough flocks of ravens and buzzards, sitting on the ground gorged with them. The camels munch them in with their food; the grayhounds run saapping after them all day long, eating as many as they can catch. The Bedouins often give them to their horses, and just now many tribes have nothing to eat but

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Enough Is a Feast-In Hot Water-The Only Remark-Poetry and Slang-A Gentle Hint, Etc.

Mr. Dumley (an amateur carver, to oung lady at his right)-"Will you we some of the duck, Miss Smith i"

Knife slips, Miss Smith (handing duck from her lap)—"Thanks, Mr. Dumley, but I don't want the entire bird,"—Ejech.

In Hot Water

sir! I'm talking about the diamond pin -not the wart!"-Judge.

"I say, Bobby," whispered Featherly, if small ones I let them go. And, pray, sidd your sister Clara seem pleased when sir, do you ever make mistakes in preach she learned that I intended to call last

"Didn't you hear her say anything?"
"Let—me—see," mused Bobby,
"Well, the only thing I heard said was that she told ma that she musn't forget to set the clock half an hour fast."-

Poetry and Slang.

"Your remark reminds me of a little quotation from the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'" said the gonial advance agent to the rural landlord.
"Well, you can stop right there. I don't wast to know anything more about it," was the prompt response. "The last minstret that was here was the last minstret that was here was the it," was the prompt response. "The last minstret that was here was the froupe, and his lay was the borrowing of fifty ceats from everybody that would trust him. We've had more of them there lays around here than we know what to do with "--Merchant Travelar.

"Well, I rather guess I do," he answered with pride.

"There is a short-stop in every rine, isn't there?"
"Certainly."

"Is there a long stop, too?"

How She Escaped Them.

West many years, you say?" family years ago and was ly. If a cinder or other small particle dress extremely nea lodged in one eye I rub the other print dresses, white one, and it always bring it out. If Miss large white aprons. captured by Indians.

as how he thought they died of dyspep-

sia .- Omala World, A Wage Workers' Trust. Employer—"Ah! hem! By the way, Mr. Smallwage, you remember I said I would not reed your valuable at d high!y appreciated services after this v. eek Secretary-") es, sir, you said you had found by advertising that you could

get a female secretary just as competent tion True. I found a young lady so highly recommended that I engaged her, but this morning I received a note from her

I know about it. She and I have formed a trust to lessen the supply of labor and keep up wages."

"I have married her." - Cmalo World

"Miss Clars," he said, hesitatingly, "I rant to speak with you upon a subject of

reat importance to me, and one which as been upon vry mind for some time."

The girl had told her mother that she hought this was sure; the night, and in wrong contracts the understanding, low, shy tone she bade him proceed. "I am thinking," he said, "of furnish bachelor spartments in the Palmer

the best place to buy carpets."

The low, shy tone of voice gave way to one with a barsh business ring in it, as Miss Ciara straightened herself up and

ure. With ready cash, Mears. Veneer, Harwood & Co. certainly offer the choicest bargains, but as you, of course, will want to buy on the installment plan, paying, say, two dollars and a half a month, I would suggest that you look over the stock of Mesrs. Threeply, Varnish & Co."-New York Sur,

A policeman who was passing through an alley leading off of Elizabeth street saw haif a dozen boyson a fence looking into a back yard, and when he asked what they were doing one of them re-

"Waiting for a boy." Belongs to the family just moved

"What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, nothing! We're just a going to see about something."

The officer passed around to the front, and from this station he saw the 'new boy" come out and the biggest lad on the fence drop down. The two went at it hot and heavy, but presently the new boy came out on top, and all the others dropped down into the vard and offered him a bite of their apples and declared him a good fellow. He had been tested and found sandy. — Detroit Free Press.

Plenty of Excitement, Stranger-"Pretty I tile village this." Native-"Yes, we rather pride our-selves upon its beauty."

and found sandy .- Detroit Free Prest

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. S.—"I have always lived in the city. HOUSEHOLDS IN HOLLAND. this I sigh for the quiet and repose village life. One, however, gets so us to the excitement of a large city that life

in the country would be tame, dull, in short one would die of ennui." N.—"Think so?" N.—"Think so?"

S.—"Oh! yes, village life is so calm, so perceful, one would forget that one be onged to the world and leave it."

N.—"Well, stranger, I don't know much about the excitements of the city, but I know something about those of a village. We've got 'we sawing circles.

village. We've got two sewing circles here, a church choir, a brass band and as amateur-dramatic association, and if you move out here, it won't be with ennui that you will die, you bet."—Ros on Course.

In Hot Water.

Millionaire Patron (with wart on his nose)—"The portrait is excellent, Mr. Tubes, but you have left out one very essential feature."

Mr. Tubes—"Exchase me, sir, but I thought you wouldn't care to have the er—er—wart reproduced."

Millionaire Patron—"Confound you, sir! I'm talking about the diamond pin and the lawyer were make mistakes in your pleading?"

"Sir, do you ever make mistakes in your pleading?"
"I do," said the lawyer. "An' what do ye do wi' mistakes?" was the question.
"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them;

"Ay, sir, I have dune sae.

"And what do you do with your mistakes!"
"Oho, I dispense with them in the same manner as ye do yoursel'. I recti-fee the large, an' let go the sma' anes. No lang since, as I was preachin', I meant to observe that the devil was the

last minstret that was here was the man sat waiting. "I am sorry to say that end man for a barn storming, burnt cork lrene is confined to her room by a slight troupe, and his lay was the borrowing of indisposition and cannot come down this

And she sat down and looked at the And she sat down and looked at the youth steadily but not unkindly. In the youth stead

anxiety to please. "I trust, 'said he, huskily, "that it is the way, Mr. Kiljordan, pardon me for asking the question, but are you skillful

"It is a pity."

"Why so!"

"Hectuse," and she glanced at the clock again, "if there was a long stop, you would make money. Every class to be bedding no you. Boston happiness of removing, he exclaimed: How She Escaped Them.

Omaha Dame—"You have lived in the kind and arm nearly always successful.

Of late I have tried the new way of do-'Yes ma'am; I crossed the ling it and have found it to work perfect-

ness of spirit, - Chiengo Tribune.

The best way to do good is to be good. How strangely easy difficult things

The world knows nothing of its great-

The thirst of desire is never filled, nor fully satisfied.

A craving for sympa by is the common oundary line between joy and sorrow Study the characters of each, and sym

If a man has real merit there is nothng that will bring him into notice so well as abuse.

The man who is vain of his wealth great importance to me, and one which only proves that he thinks more of his money money mind for some time."

while it hardens the heart.

If we are not extremely foolish, thank-Government mitigates the inequality of power, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightlest of his fellow subjects.

The affections o'n man for his wife by what he is doing to supply their

that the pride of the giver and that the receiver can never agree as to the value of the benefit. Do to day's duty, fight to-day's temp-

tations and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them

A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale; let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagin-stice build a gent and it. and by comes Disappointment with the cruel axe, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure

The medicine man of the Maricopa Indians in Arizona, being suspected of be-witching the sick persons in the families of the chief and prominent members of the tribe, a young buck lately armed him-self with a club, and while the docto-was asleep protected to beat his brains out. By a subsequent council of the tribe this summary removal of the medi-cine man was unanimously approved.

Bu "alo is bound and determined a utilize the power of Niagara Falls.

THE DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS OF THE DUICH PEOPLE.

Keep Out the Dast-The Laundry, Servants and Food.

Cloths and chamois, brooms and brushes, scrubbing brushes for the floors, hair brushes for the wainscots, feather brushes for the walls, tooth brushes for the corner, geese wings for the stoves, hen feathers for cleaning out the key holes, small sticks of wood for poking out any unhappy article of dust which may have got into the cracks of the floor, white paste for the windows, red paste for the hearthstones, emery for the steel, and several other pastes and pol-ishes as the occasion may require—these are the implements a Dutch peasant woman uses to clean out her cottage home. Dust is her natural enemy, she is born into the world to fight it, it is her mission, and she does no more than her mother and foremothers have done before her. No wonder that such a home training turns out an exceedingly high class of domestic servants; and yet,

Laundry arrangements are most pecul Laundry arrangements are most peculiar in Holland. After having been some weeks in the country, not liking to trouble my hostess, I decided to interview the housemaid on the subject of my washing. This was rather a difficult matter as neither of us comprehended a word of the other's language; however I managed to make myself understood by pointing to my linen and rubbing and wringing my hands as if in the act of washing. She laughingly shouldered my bundled and in a few days it was returned to me. The payment was made by my holding out my hand with several guldens in it, from which she took two, a little less than a dollar for about three dozen gaments, but what was my con-sternation on opening the bundle to find my clothes all rough dried. A washerwoman in Holland, means literally a washer woman, and an ironer is quite a different person. I made no complaint; but for the rest of my visit to that house, a handker-hief folded carefully between pillow was a nightly practice, and for the rest, I wore them rough dried. Later on I ascertained that in many Duten houses the washing is done out, and the ironing by the household servants. The ironing room is generally at the top of the house, far away from all fumes of othing serious."

"You are kind," replied the lady. "By of imitiation. Washing is not done way, Mr. Kiljordan, paudon me for weekly as in America, but allowed to accumulate for weeks, sometimes ever longer, an unhealthy c.s.om; but in this as well as in many other respects the Dutch can hardly be called a clean

nation from a hygienic point of view. With them it is dust, dust, and again often the underservants, such as semilery maid, nurse maid, etc., do not s'eep
in the house. This gives more space
and room for the family. These girls
come in by the day, sleeping at their own
homes at night. All servants in Holland
dress extremely neat, generally in like
print dresses, white muslin caps, and
large white appose.

one, and it always bring it out. If Miss large white aprons.

The same diest is worn in the street as in the control of the co our or more while Beisey with che ip ur or more while Betsey Jane curls ber finery. This is a good arrangement the maid as well as mistress, for with the manotony of the

former it breaks the monotony of the daily round, gives her a little blow of fresh air, besides the opportunity of a slight filtration with the butcher's boy or the green grocer's assistant.

A strange how chold custom in Holland the custody of the "guest money" by the mistres. Fach guest is, as in Eng-and, expected to fee the house servants. In Holland this money is at once handed by the recipient to the lady of the house,

who at certain seasons of the year, such as Christmas and Easter, divides it ally amongst all her staff. Not a bad an when one thinks it over, but start ing at first to the guest.
And now for Dutch food. All food is

good in Holland, all cooking excellent, beef and mutton even better than in hingland, vege:ables in abundance. Buter is very good and pentiful and is used without stict, but—everything is spoilt y being served cold. Rich dishes ch would be most appetizing were esten pipirg hot, become repulsive, estable ma ses of grease when served from a cold dish on a stone cold plate. During the whole of my stay in Holland I never once saw a dish covered or a

Cakes are a spec'alty with the Dutch Each town has one or more of its own, and it was interesting to trace the ances-try of many of our American ones, and all over Holland and is in fact the lew Ingland cookie. Doughnuts I met New Ingland coard, service where, though I cannot imagine from where they got their ugly name of "dough nut." In Holland they are called tsen and in French Canada, where are a sort of national cake, they are known by the name of Cro uignoles and go d deal of our cooking to Holland .-

A Remedy for Billiousness. First, on getting up and going to bed. little stale bread, say one slice, and picce, half as large as your hand, of bolld lean beef or mitton. If the weather is warm, tike instead a little educing perspiration once or twice. In a few days your biliousness is gone. This result will come, cough the billousness is one of the sp though the billiousness is one of the spring sort, and one with which you have from year to year been much a flicted. Herb drinks, bitter drinks, lager beer, ale, whisky, and a half a dozen other spring medicines are s'mply barbarous.

THE INDIANS VALLEY

The fire sinks low, the drifting smoke Dies softly in the autumn haze, And silent are the tongues that spoke The speech of other days. Gone, too, the husky ghosts whose feet But now you listening thicket stirred;

Unscared within its covert met
The squirrel and the bird. The story of the past is told, Glen of the Rainbow! thou shalt hold as thine ow Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime

Shall sometimes haunt thy summer dres

The music of thy streams. When Indian summer flings her cloak Of brooding azure on the woods,

And shape to low poetic rhyme,

Shall tinge thy solitudes. The blue smoke of their fires once more Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise, And sunset's golden clouds restore The red man's paradisa

Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue Shall cling to many a craz an l cave, In wash of falling waters sung,

the Dutch mistress grumbles. Such is Or murmur of the wave.

And oft in midmost hush of night, Shrill o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar.

That woke the wilds of yore. Sweet Vale, more peaceful bend thy skies, Thy airs are fraught with rarer balm:

A people's busy tumult lies Hushed in thy sylvan calm O sweet thy peace! while fancy frames Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled-

They loved thee, called thee gentle names Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke Has vanished in the autumn haz: Gone, too, O Vale, the simple folk

Who loved thee in old days. Their loves, perchance as sweet as ours-O, be thy woods for are more green,

And fairer bloom thy flowers:

-David Gray HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An open letter-O. A cereal story - A lie about a big grain

A "joint" resolution-The Chinese

A queer man-A man who makes coun It's hard to get the hole truth in the

A blind teacher would naturally have Society has been likened to a pie—We can dispense with no part so easily a

the upper crust. "I'm on my last lap," as the tomea said when he finished a saucer of milk -Dansville Breeze. A Vermont woman broke her law and

her husband facetiously called her the "ex-speaker."—Barington Free-Press. There is something peculiar abou gravity-in the earth it attracts, wh b in man it repels .- Bingham on Leade In the West, -She-"Do you over see

ner sunset than that in the East."
-"No. The sun never sets in the "These are my jewels." quoth the hen collecting her chicks. "Of your own setting, too," quacked the duck, as she waddled away.

A tender ballad, just published by a Texas composer, is entitled "Why Die They Cremate the Old Hair Sofa"—Distrible Breeze.

A citizen who insisted that he could casily live on one meal a day afterward: privately explained that he meant on meal.—Graphic. "Yes, sir," said Popinjay, emphati-cally, "Graball is a man of limited means, but unlimited meanness."—Bur

Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Cleveland is a perfect lady, it must be confessed that she gives a great many copie the shake. - Ensh He-"How do you find the oysters liss Smith." She-"They are simply

He (to waiter)-"Bring another plate or crackers." She had worked the "I'll-be-a-sister to you chestnut on h m. "Thanks, Miss Emith," he said, groping blindly for his hat, "but I have two elder sisters al

Miss Smith." She-"They are simply delicious, and I am awfu ly hungry too."

Miss Smith."

"And why are you so auxious to learr French, Bobby "inquired Featherly, who was making an evening call. "Because when ma and sister Clara talk about vo they always speak in French, and I want to know what they say,"-New York Sun.

When cup'd's dar's Are shot at hearts
(A fact that can't by doubted this is)
Though aiming well
Yet, soch to tell,
He's always making misses Mrs.
—Boston Courier.

Teacher—"So you can't de a simple sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explair it to you. Suppose eight of you have together ferty eight apples, thirty-two peaches and sixteen melons, what would each one of you get?" morbus," replied Johany.-/ A profound scientist of the nineteenth

century living in Boston had a smokin chimney in his house. After he has spent nearly \$400 for various devices a cure it a ranged tramp came along and suggested that he build it six inches h gher, which was done and the evil eradicated.—D tro t Free Pra. "What's the trouble now?" asked a nervous passenger on a new Dakota road, as the train care to a sudden halr. "Oh, nothing much," said the brake-

man, strugging to get away, "the freight shead of us got off the track and run into the depot, knocking it clear out of time, and our enginese can't tell just where the town site-is." WAIL OF THE REJECTED.

Alas! And alack! And o's willow! Aba! And obo! And obe! Ala! And oho! And ohe!
Oh goodness! Oh gracious! Oh meroy
And also boo-koo! And heydey! Ah me! And oh my! And oh sorrow And likewise on grio!! And oh wee Well-a-day! Marro! Zoon le! And con Moreover, oh dear! And heigho!

Lack-a-day! Oh thunder! Perdition Oh gemini Caristmas! And 'sdeath Great Scott! Odds life! Oh distraction