THE SONG OF THE PEAR-TREE

(From the French.)

I.

A pear-tree stood at the end of the village. In the spring-time it seemed like a nosegay of flowers. The gardener's lodge stood back from the road; the gardener's daughter was called Perrine.

We were lovers.

II.

She was sixteen. What roses in her cheeks! As many blossoms as there were on the pear tree. It was beneath the pear-tree that I said to her:

"Perrine, my Perrine, when will you marry me?"

III.

Everything smiled about her; her hair, in which the wind played gently; her figure; her bare feet in their wooden shoes; her hands which drew down the overhanging boughs to breathe in the perfume of the flowers; here pure brow; her teeth, white between her red lips. Ah! I loved her dearly.

"Our wedding will be in the harvest-time," she said, "if the Emperor does not carry you off as a soldier."

IV.

When the day for the drawing of lots arrived, I lighted my taper; the idea of leaving her was more than I could bear. The Holy Virgin be praised! But to Jean, my foster-brother, a worse lot fell.

I found him weeping and saying: "Mother, my poor mother!"

V.

"Console yourself, Jean: I am an orphan, and will go in your stead," I said to him impulsively.

He would not believe me.

Perrine stood under the pear-tree, her eyes filled with tears. They were more beautiful than her smiles.

She said to me: "You have done a noble thing. See, my Pierre, I will wait for you."

VI.

Right, left, right, left! Forward, march! So we reached Wagram. Pierre, be brave! Here is the enemy. I saw a line of fire. There were 500 cannons thundering at once, and smoke oppressed the lungs and blood soaked the feet.

I was afraid and looked behind me.

VII.

Behind me was the village and the pear-tree whose blossoms had changed into fruit. I closed my eyes and saw Perrine, who was praying for me. God be praised! Pierre, be brave! Forward, forward! Right, left! Aim, fire! Charge bayonet!

"Ah, ah! the recruit does well. Boy, what is your name?"

"Monsieur, my name is Pierre."

"Pierre, I make you a corporal!"

VIII.

Perrine, O my Perrine! Corporal! Hurrah for war! The day of battle is a holiday. To rise in the army all that is necessary is to put one foot foremost. Left, right.

"Was it you, Pierre?"

"Yes, your majesty."

I received my epaulets.

There were plenty on the shoulders of the dead.

IX.

"Monsieur, a thousand thanks"—and on to Moscow!

On the vast snow-covered plains a road marked by the dead; here, the river; there, the enemy; on both sides, death!

"Who will place the first pontoon!"

"I, Monsieur."

"Always you, Captain."

He gave me his cross.

X.

God be praised! Perrine, my Perrine, you will be proud of me. The campaign is ended and I have my leave.

Ring, bells, for our wedding. The road is long, but hope travels fast. Down there, behind that hill, there is the village.

I recognized the belfry. The bells are ringing.

XI.

Ringing, but the pear tree? The month of flowers has come, but still I do not see the flower-laden branches. I had always seen them from afar. That was because I used to come on foot. They had cut down the tree of my early love.

The blossoms had come. All the bright blossoms, but its branches lay scattered on the ground.

XII.

"Why are the bells ringing, Matthieu?"

"For a wedding, Monsieur Le Capitaine."

Matthieu did not know me.

A wedding! He told the truth. The bride and groom ascended the steps of the church.

The bride was Perrine, my Perrine, joyous and more beautiful than ever, Jean, my brother, was the bridegroom.

XIII.

The people around me were saying, "They love each other."

"But Pierre," I asked.

"What Pierre?" they answered. They had forgotten me.

XIV.

I knelt at the church door. I prayed for Perrine and I prayed for Jean; all that I loved on earth.

The service over, I gathered a blossom from the pear-tree—a poor little withered blossom and went on my way without looking back.

God be praised. They love each other. They will be happy.

XV.

"Monsieur!"

"You are back already, Pierre?"

"Yes."

"You are only two-and-twenty. You will be a General, and you will be knighted. If you wish I will give you a countess for a wife."

Pierre took from his breast a withered flower, plucked from the fallen pear tree.

"Monsieur, my heart is like this. I wish a post in the vanguard, where I can die as a Christian soldier."

XVI.

The post in the vanguard was given him.

At the end of the village there is the grave of a Colonel killed on the day of victory—two-and-twenty.

In place of a name there are these three words:

"God be praised!"

Checking a Cavalry Charge.

"I shall never forget the first time I was under fire," said Colonel Thomas Crenshaw, to a party of veterans who where fighting their battles o'er again in the rotunda of the Laclede. "We were supporting a battery and had lain down on a stretch of ground as level as a ballroom. The Confeds were beyond rifle shot, but they opened on us with artillery, and they did everlastingly plough up the ground with shot and shell. Every old soldier knows that artillery fire at long range is not half so much to be dreaded as the rattle of musketry, which sounds on the battle-field like Chinese firecrackers in a thunderstorm, but it is a good deal more 'skeery to a novice. There we lay for half an hour, never moving a finger, watching the puffs of flame from a dozen cannon and the shells come tearing through the air with their fiendish shriek, apparently headed directly for our faces. I tell you, a position of that kind tries the very soul of your raw recruit. Give him a chance to shoot back and he is all right, but fighting is one thing and waiting to get killed without striking a blow is quite another. But there was more ahead of us. After the artillery duel had raged for some time a regiment of Confederate cavalry debouched from the wood with all the deliberation and precision of a dress parade. They were Mississippians, tall, athletic fellows who sat their horses like centaurs. They habited and dressed ranks while the batteries behind them hurled a perfect rain of shells over their heads. We could see their Colonel riding down the line and pointing with his sword to our battery, which was plunging shells in among them with frightful rapidity, but little effect. They advanced a step or two, every horseman seeming to choose his ground. Here they come, slowly, steadily, like a great gray wave, conscious of irresistible power. The bugle rings out sharp and shrill, they break into a quick trot, 800 sabres leap into the air and the stars and bars stream out on the smoky background like a portentous meteor. On they come: 800 yards, 700, 600! Gads! has our battery gone silent? Five hundred, 400! charge! Every spur sinks deep, the 'rebel yell' rises from every throat and the column leaps forward like a thunderbolt, into the face of which crashes the canister from our four 6-pounders. Great ragged holes are torn through the four-deep column, but they close instantly and it comes on unchecked. Now it is our turn! We are in front of the battery, in the pathway of the avalanche. We pour a volley into it at eighty yards! A hundred brave men reel out of their saddles, a hundred horses go plunging to their knees! The line wavers! Another volley and another! The line breaks and suddenly retreats, while we swing our caps and cheer and hug each other for joy.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

BEAN SOUP.—Take about one quart of beans which have been parboiled and let them stand in the liquor for an hour or so until they are pulpy; then let them come to a boil and season with salt, pepper and about a tablespoonful of butter; also slice two or three large potatoes very thin into the broth and a whole medium sized onion; often times other vegetables may be used.

PEA SOUP.—Soak a quart of split peas (or take the fresh ones) in water over night, then put them in a pot with two gallons of water, six cold boiled potatoes, two onions well sliced, one pound of pork, or an old ham bone, or some dried beef; cover very closely, boil very slowly for five hours, season to taste with pepper and salt; one tablespoonful of celery seed imparts a fine flavor; serve the pork on a platter with vegetables after the soup.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Select a chicken that will weigh about four pounds, dress and joint, wash and put in a kettle with plenty of cold water, add a little salt and cook until the bones will slip out easily; when cool take off all the skin and free the meat from the bones; cut with a sharp knife in bits; some only use the white meat, but the salad is equally good to use both the light and dark. It hardly pays to use the wings and the pieces which have so little meat on, and they can be saved for lunch. Measure the meat and set it in the ice box. Clean and and cut in pieces about half-inch long enough celery so you have the same quantity as you have of the chicken; of course, only the white part of the celery is good. The light green tips are nice to garnish the salad with when ready for the table.

Grease spots that have burned and become hard on the stove, may be removed by a few drops of kerosene oil on the cloth before rubbing them.

SUNDAY SERMON.

ONE OF DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Launch Out Into the Deep."

TEXT: "*Launch out into the deep.*"—Luke v., 4

Christ, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting His staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes in Rome and in Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve bookworms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead He takes a group of men who had never made a speech; never taken a lesson in belleslettres; never been sick enough to make them look delicate—their hands broad, clumsy and hard knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of ratlines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempest wrestled men into gymnasts.

The opening work of the church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about Him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to take care of, and goes down to the seashore, and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The ministry need more corporeal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual mill wheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill race to turn the one and to grind the other.

He chose fishermen also because they were used to hard knocks. The man who cannot stand assault is not fit for the ministry. It always has been and always will be rough work, and the man who, at every censure or caricature, sits down to cry had better be at some other work. It is no place for ecclesiastical doll babies. A man who cannot preach because he has forgotten his manuscript or lost his spectacles ought not to preach at all. Heaven deliver the church from a ministry that preach in kid gloves and from sermons in black morocco covers! These fishermen were rough and ready. They had been in the sternest of all colleges.

When they were knocked over by the main boom of the ship they entered the Sophomore, when washed off by a great wave, they entered the Junior; when floating for two days without food or drink on a plank they came to the Senior, and when at last their ship dashed on the beach in a midnight hurricane they graduated with the first honor.

My text finds Jesus come aboard with one of these bronzed men, Simon by name. This fisherman had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ, "what is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long an t six wide, and it is all populated just waiting for the sweep of your net. Launch out into the deep."

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropriate for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience. We think that the boat will be upset, or that we cannot "clew down the mizzen topsail," and our cowardice makes us poor fishermen. I think I hear the voice of Christ commanding us, as He did Simon on that day when bright Galilee set in among the green hills of Palestine, like water flashing in an emerald cup. "Launch out into the deep."

This divine counsel comes first to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age and without spectacles—not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Wolby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after he was eighty-four years of age in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of Christian men get no more than ankle deep. They think it is a good sign not to venture too far. They never ask how or why, and if they see some Christian becoming inquisitive about the deep things of God they say: "Be careful; you had better not go out so far from shore."

My answer is: The farther you go from shore the better if you have the right kind of ship. If you have worldly philosophy for the hulk, and pride for a sail, and self conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft, the farther you go the better, and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs Christ will still command, "Launch out into the deep." Ask some such question as "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amid the excitement of every miracle; by the softariness of every patriarchal thrashing floor, amid the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight, amid the flying chariots of the Golden City.

Ask who Jesus is, and keep on asking it of every Bible lily, of every raven, of every star, of every crazed brain cured, of every blind man come to sunlight, of every coin in a fish's mouth, of every loaf that got to be five loaves, of every wrathful sea pacified, of every pulseless arm stretched forth in gratulation; ask it of His mother, of Augustus, of Herod, of the Syrophenician woman, of the damsel that woke up from the death sleep, of Joseph, who had Him buried, of the angel posted as sentinel at His tomb, of the dumb earth that shook and groaned and thundered when He died.

A missionary in France offered a Bible in an humble dwelling. The man took it, tore out a dozen pages and with them began to light his pipe. Some years after the mission ary happened in the same house. The family had just lost their son in the Crimean war, and his Bible had been sent back home. The missionary took it up and saw that it was the very same Bible that he had left in the house and from which the leaves had been torn. The dying soldier had written on one of the leaves of the Bible, "Rejected and scoffed at, but finally believed in and saved." The Bible may be used to light the pipe of witticism by some, but for us it is a staff in life, a pillow in death and our joy for eternity.

Walk all up and down this Bible domain! Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs until you meet the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house until they know what is in every room and into what every door opens. Open every jewel casket. Examine the skylights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the oriental proverb, "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when heaven is raining gold."

Passing from Bonn to Coblentz on the Rhine, the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblentz to Mayence it is enchanting. You sit on deck and feel as if this last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river, which covers up the former view with more luxuriant vineyards and more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine wreathed, and grapes so ripe that if the hills be touched they would bleed their rich life away into the bowls of Bingen and Hochheimer. Here and there are streams of water melting into the river, like smaller joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness.

And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him forever. So this river of God's word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendor, at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink and crowded with castles of strength—Stolzenfels and Johannisberger as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved—and our disembarkation at last in the evening amid the lights that gleam from the shore of heaven. The trouble is that the vast majority of Bible voyages stop at Coblentz, where the chief glories begin.

The sea of God's Word is not like Gennesaret, twelve miles by six, but boundless, and in any one direction you can sail on forever. Why then confine yourself to a short psalm or to a few verses of an epistle? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sail to the winds of heaven. Take hold of both oars and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that went out from New Bedford or Portsmouth to be gone for two or three years. Yea, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in heaven. Sail away, O ye mariners, for eternity! Launch out into the deep!

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience. Doubts and fears have in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to have any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable house or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You have the deeds examined. You search the record for mortgages, judgments and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of the State, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day or night, until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

Christian character is to come up to higher standards. We have now to hunt through our library to find one. Robert M'Cheyne, or one Edward Payson, or one Harlan Page. The time will come when we will find half a dozen of them sitting in the same seat with us. The grace of God can make a great deal better men than those I have mentioned. Christians seem afraid they will get heterodox by going too far. They do not believe in Christian perfection. There is no danger of your being perfect for some time yet. I will keep watch and give you notice in time, if you get too near perfection for the safety of your theology.

One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not cut loose from everything but God? Give not to Him that formal petition made up of "O's"—"O Lord" this and "O Lord" that. When people are cold and have nothing to say to God they strew their prayers with "O's" and "Forever and ever, Amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want with the feeling that He is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. She! that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins and of your present blessings. With a sharp blade cut away your past half and half Christian life, and with new determination, and new plans, and new expectations launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all the unforgiven. Every sinner would come to God if he thought he might come just as he is. People talk as though the pardon of God were a narrow river, like the Kennebec or the Thames, and that their sins draw too much water to enter it. No; it is not a river nor a bay, but a sea. I should like to persuade you to launch out into the great deep of God's mercy. I am a merchant. I have bought a cargo of spices in India. I have, through a bill of exchange, paid for the whole cargo. You are a ship captain. I give you the orders and I say, "Bring me those spices." You land in India. You go to the trader and say, "Here are the orders," and you find everything all right. You do not stop to pay the money yourself. It is not your business to pay it. The arrangements were made before you started. So Christ purchases your pardon. He puts the papers, or the promises, into your hand. Is it wise to stop and say, "I cannot pay for my redemption?" God does not ask you to pay. Relying on what has been done, launch out into the deep.

The Biole's promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters, but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid sea of God's mercy! "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to the eighty-year-old transgressor as to the maiden. Though your sins were blood red they shall be snow white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the Father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long continued? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin that this Redeemer cannot pardon?

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and I blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God—and that more to Him than the anthems of heaven; more to Him than the throne; so rejoice He are; more to man, are the temples of celestial worship is the of seeing the wanderer putting his h the door latch of his Father's house it, all ye Nations! Bread for the worl gar. Medicine for the worst sickness, for the thickest darkness. Harbor for worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful a set, entitled "Around the World," descr a tomb in India of marvelous architec Twenty thousand men were twenty years in erecting that and the buildi around it. Standing in that tomb, if speak or sing, after you have ceased hear the echo coming from a height of hundred and fifty feet. It is not like o echoes. The sound is drawn out in a prolongation, as though the angels God were chanting on the wing. How m souls in the tomb of sin will lift up voice of penitence and prayer? If now th would cry unto God the echo would c from afar, not struck from the marble poia of an earthly mausoleum, but sounds back from the warm heart of angels th the news, for there is joy among the a of God over one sinner that repenteth!

IN TRIENNIAL CONVENTION.

Delegates Gathering to the Protestant Episcopal Conference at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 3.—No more distinguished body has ever assembled in Baltimore than that which will meet here this week. With the celebration of Holy Communion on Wednesday, the triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church will be opened. The sessions will continue throughout the month of October.

In point of numbers the convention will be the largest ever held by the P. E. Church. Through the expected adoption of a new proportion scheme of representation, it will probably go down in history as the largest gathering of this representative body. Delegations from the church in Canada will be present as honored visitors, among them the Bishops of Fredericton, of Niagara, of Saskatchawan and of New Foundland.

Particular interest is felt in the gathering because just one hundred years ago the Rev. Thomas John Clangett, D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Maryland. This was the first consecration of a bishop on American soil.

For weeks preparations for the entertainment of the guests have kept the local Committee of Arrangements busy. Bishop Paret of this diocese has also had much to do in preparing to handle the throng.

The venerable body which will meet Wednesday will consist of seventy bishops and 416 clerical and lay deputies, equally divided, representing fifty-two organized dioceses. The two houses, known as the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies, have distinct officers and sit separately, except occasionally meeting in joint session.

One of the important questions that will come before the convention will be a means of reducing the size of the House of Deputies, which has through the growth of the church become unwieldy.

The canon governing the reception, studies and examinations of candidates for holy orders and the requirements for ordination will also occupy much attention. The canon adopted by the bishops in 1889 will come before the House of Deputies. A new hymnal, prepared by a committee, will be offered for approval.

On the third day of the convention, and from time to time afterward, the two Houses will meet in joint session to hear the reports of the Board of Managers and of the Missionary Bishops and to discuss the entire missionary work of the church.

PILOTS ON U. S. SHIPS.

The Government Finally Determines to Make Use of Them.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—For eleven years the employment of pilots on government vessels has been forbidden and the responsibility of bringing war ships through difficult channels placed on commanders. The futility of this endeavor to save money has been shown repeatedly in the many accidents that have occurred to naval vessels through the ignorance of their commanders of harbors into which they sailed.

Groundings have been frequent and courts of inquiry and courts martial followed as a matter of course. The experiences of the Atlanta, the Concord, the Vesuvius, the tugs Nina and Fern and several others have shown the department that an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure, and so hereafter reliable pilots will take the places of naval officers on the bridges of naval vessels when entering ports with the channels of which the commanders are unacquainted.

ORDERED TO NEW YORK.

Several Thousand of the Regular Army to Take Part in the Celebration.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—An order has been issued at the War Department directing General Howard, commanding the Department of the East, to concentrate troops in New York City on the 12th instant to participate in the Columbus celebration there on that date. Troops will be sent from Fort Porter, Fort Ontario, Plattsburg barracks, and all posts in New York harbor.

The Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy has been directed to send the Cadet Corps of the academy and a battalion of engineers. The four troops of the Seventh Cavalry stationed at Fort Myer, Va., were to have attended, but General Schofield decided to omit them on account of the unusual number of sick at this post. The troops ordered to New York will aggregate several thousand and will be a fair representation of the United States Army.

Mrs. Harrison Much Better.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Dr. Gardner said this morning that Mrs. Harrison enjoyed the best rest last night she has had since her return from Loon Lake. There was also, he said, a sensible diminution of the accumulation of water in the lung. The good condition of the patient noted yesterday was visibly improved. For the first time in several weeks President Harrison attended church service yesterday morning.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

STS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

e Provision of Nature—Quite Poe- ble—Wearing on Him—A Filial Tri- ute Spoiled.

WISE PROVISION OF NATURE.

Little Dot—I wonder why it is grown ks' noses get so thin and hooked when ey grow old?

Little Dick—Huh! Any one might ow why that is. It's to hold the ectacles.—[Good News.

QUITE POSSIBLE.

Billings, Jr.—Pa, if an animal breaks s back does he get humpbacked like a man being?

Billings, Sr.—Yes, my son; but what akes you ask such a question?

Billings, Jr.—I was just wondering if e hump on the camel was caused by e last straw.—[Truth.

WEARING ON HIM.

Mr. Scraggs—That man Jones neve ys his fare; he just travels on his ce.

Mr. Scraggs—I wondered what mad is features look so irregular.

A FILIAL TRIBUTE SPOILED.

Popinjay—I certainly was well brough p as a boy. To whom do you suppos owe all that I have?

Billijay—To your creditors.

QUITE FREQUENTLY, YES.

"Now that we are togethe gain for another season's work, id the teacher in the mi on Sunday school, "we will have rrange for a little entertainment—b the way," she added, "can any of yo hildren tell me what an entertainme is?"

Up went a little hand in one of th ack benches.

"Well, what is it, Sammy?"

"It's eatin' ice cream."—[Detroit T unce.

FITNESS OF TABLE.

Friend—How do you like the table Mrs. Slimdiet?

Livermore—Well, when one gets t from it, there is nothing left to be d sired.

TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP.

The Professor—In some respects M Whacksley is a highly gifted you woman. At school, I remember, s excelled in mathematics. In a lar class in geometry she was easily the fir Miss Lax—Keziones—Yes, the de girl alive—for so so angular, y know.

KNEW JACK.

Penelope—Jack really loves me af all.

Perdita—What makes you so certain Penelope—Why, darling, he tried make me believe that he loved you.

SUCH A TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

Mr. Flatteman (who has been attem ing to shave himself)—Quick, Arabe fetch me a towel or something, I've n ly cut my throat and it's bleeding te bly!

Mrs. Flatteman—Oh, Henry, how considerate you are—bleeding on bedroom carpet, when I've often told not to shave anywhere but in the b room.—[New York Herald.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

She—But I can't cook and I hat wash dishes.

He—Then I am decidedly the one should marry. I can't afford to anything to cook, and so we won't dishes.—[Life.

A PRIZE PACKAGE.

Wilson—She don't hear me. S all wrapped up in a newspaper.

Brown—There are not many new pers that have such valuable content [King's Jester.

NO WONDER THE PARROTS SWEAR

Little Tommy Whykins had wrestling with a piece of hardt "Mamma," said he, after a silence. "What is it?"

"If poll-parrots get all the cra they ask for, I don't wonder they to swear."—[Washington Star.

THE WRONG PERSON BLAMED.

"Are you aware," said the man i rear fiercely, "that your umbrella is ing me in the eye?"

"It isn't my umbrella," replied man in front, with equal fierceness, a borrowed one, sir."—[Exchange.

EASILY BELIEVED.

Mary—Mebbe I'm ugly now, m but in my day I've broken m heart.

Mistress—Well, Mary, if you h hearts the way you do my china, lieve you.

NOT ENTHUSIASTIC.

Charlie—May I announce our en ment at once?

Clara—Not yet. Perhaps both may be able to do better.

GOOD ADVICE.

"What is the matter with you, asked Mr. Murray Hill of Gus de S "I was engaged to be married to Birdie McGinnis and now she has back on me."

"Don't let that worry you, Gu pretty a girl as she is will soon fin other young man to marry," repli Murray Hill.—[Texas Siftings.

ROUGHLY HANDLED.

Waggie—A wude, wough boy