

HOUSEHOLD.

A Girl's Dressing-Room.

A girl's dressing-room is a sure index to her character and habits. A clever woman asserts lately that she could gain a better knowledge of one of her own sex by an inspection of her dressing room than after a personal acquaintance of years, says the *New York Press*. "In fact," she continued, "when one of my sons announces his engagement I leave no stone unturned to have the girl under my eye for her morning and evening toilet. She is judged accordingly, and from what I see I can pretty well guess the sort of a wife she will make. How so? Because we women think a thousand times more of such details than you men, and every thrifty or slovenly trait is sure to crop out then. Why, I could make a black and white list for my marrying men friends from this method, that would prove a safe guide to future happiness in wedlock. For instance, the girl's own room is almost an infallible indication of her tastes and necessities. I do not mean silver-mounted toilet articles, a lace-draped dressing-table, or full-length mirrors. They are well enough if she can afford them, but the first things to note are her books and pictures, her toilet articles. It is worth while catching a glimpse of her closets and drawers, as they speak volumes for or against their owner's tidiness. When gloves are rolled in a hard knot, veils jammed under salve pots, ribbons crumpled in with powder and hair pins, beware. That kind of thing is eloquent of curl-papers at the breakfast-table, muddy coffee and cold biscuit to come."

To Set a Table.

Breakfast being the plainest meal of the day, the arrangement of the table should be always simple. The cloth should be spotless. At each person's seat place a knife, spoon or dessertspoon, tumbler and napkin, and if fresh fruit is to be served, a finger bowl if there be no servant. If you have a waitress, she will place the finger bowls on as you finish with the fruit. If fresh fruit be served there must also be placed at each seat a fruit knife and plate. The knives and spoons should be placed at the right and the forks and napkins at the left; the tumblers to be at the point of the knives. There should be space between the knife and fork for a breakfast plate. Have the dish of fruit in the center of the table. Have a tray cloth at each end of the table. Spread little butter plates at the top of each plate. If individual salt and pepper bottles be used, place them at the side of each plate. If large ones place them at the corners of the table. Put four tablespoons on the table either in two corners, or beside the dishes that they will be used in serving. Put the carving knife and fork at the head of the table and the cups and saucers, sugar and cream, coffee-pot, hot-water bowl, etc., and the mush dishes at the other end.

Country Girls in Town.

If you who read this are a brown country lass, and should find that your fate leads you to the city, carry with you all that you have learned in the years of childhood and maidenhood on the old farm. You will need it all in the feverish city; the memory of sky and upland, the smell of the clover, the hum of the bees, the taste of the new milk, the breath of the kine, the strength which milking and butter-making have given you, the knowledge of nature's secrets; which lilac leaves out first, which oak is last stripped of its foliage, where the ground-sparrow hides her nest, when the blackberries are fit to make into jam! Bring the simple, healthy habits of early rising, of energetic work, of out-door exercise to your city home, for you will need them now more than ever before. They will help you in gaining an understanding of the best things city life can give you, the broader experience of men and ideas, the love of art, the appreciation of literature. No matter how rich you may become, never be wasteful.

How to Make Good Tea.

Three things are necessary to insure good tea: First, that the herb itself should be good; (we believe the English Breakfast tea is most generally popular); second, that the water should be at the boiling point when poured on the leaves; and third, that it should be served freshly made. Tea should never be boiled. The English, who are a nation of tea drinkers, are so particular to preserve its first aroma, that it is sometimes made on the table two or three times during the meal, the contents of the pot being thrown out each time. In France little silver canisters of tea are placed on the table, where it is invariably made. One teaspoonful of the leaves is a fair portion for each person. Tea is better made in an earthen pot. The pot should be scalded out always before the leaves are put in. Water at the first boiling point is generally considered best.

Receipts.

BROWN THICKENING FOR SOUP.—This is easily prepared, is always ready, and will keep a long time, besides which, it gives a far richer flavor than any other way of using flour thickening. Put into a small saucepan half a pound of butter; when hot stir into it half a pound of very dry flour; stir this over the fire till a pale brown, taking great care it does not burn. One large tablespoon thickens a quart of soup.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—In the morning take one pint of warm milk, one cup of sugar, one half cup of yeast, a little salt, and set a sponge, making it rather thick. At night add one cup of sugar, one half cup of lard, and two eggs; knead up and let stand until morning. Then roll out thin, cut round, and let stand on the moulding board till night. Fry in hot lard.

SOFT APPLE SHORT CAKE.—Pare and stew sour apples in a very little water until tender, then rub them through a sieve; use no sugar or flavoring, but spread over a cake made with one quart of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter; kneaded soft and baked quickly. Serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE FOR SHORT CAKE.—One pint and a half of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of vanilla. Let the milk come to a boil; then add the well-beaten egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla.

SALMON SALAD.—To a can of salmon take eight or ten stalks of celery; cut the celery into small pieces and mix with the salmon,

which should also be picked into small bits; sprinkle over a little salt and a very little pepper, and pour on some good vinegar. A small onion may be added if desired.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls of soda. Steam three hours.

DELICATE PIE.—Whites of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, one large teaspoonful of flour, one cupful of cold water; flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.

Educational Matters in Ontario.

The report of the Minister of Education for the year 1891, with the statistics of 1890 has been presented to the Legislature. It is a voluminous report, containing nearly 400 pages, of which the following summary will be found interesting:—

The school population of the province, as ascertained through the assessors, was, in 1890; Boys, 259,519; girls, 237,046, or a total of 496,565. The average attendance of rural pupils was 47 per cent. of the registered attendance, while in towns it was 59 per cent and in cities 62 per cent. The county of Haldimand furnishes the highest average. The other extremes are Haliburton, Dufferin, Glengarry Gore Bay, North Toronto, Penetanguishene, Sandwich, London, Belleville and Brantford.

Female still continue to gain on male teachers, being 69 per cent. of the entire number employed. The number of teachers taking advantage of the normal schools is 1,776 better than in 1877, and is 35 per cent of the total number of persons engaged in teaching the public schools. Waterloo pays the highest average salary, \$447 to male teachers. Essex leads for female teachers with \$334; Frontenac the lowest \$290 for male, and Haliburton \$204 for female teachers.

There are now 5,768 school houses in the province and as a rule they are opened and closed with prayer. The number of separate schools has advanced from 175 to 259 in 14 years, the expenditure increasing \$174,897 and the number of teachers 235 during the same period, while there has been a corresponding and gratifying improvement in the numbers in the different branches of instruction.

The high schools of the province now number 120 and collegiate institutes 31. The most gratifying feature in connection with the high school system is the large increase in the attendance, the numbers having more than doubled in 14 years. The largest collegiate institute is Hamilton, with an enrollment of 677; then Toronto (Jarvis street), with 634; Toronto (Jamieson avenue), with 454; London, with 441; Owen Sound, with 423. The whole number of teachers employed is, 452. In 1877 the fees collected amounted to only \$20,753; in 1890 the fees amounted to \$82,614. The total number of pupils who passed a university matriculation examination was 482. Of these the Toronto (Jarvis street) Collegiate Institute passed the highest number (31), and Hamilton the next highest number (21). The highest salary of a headmaster was \$2,500 (Toronto, Jarvis street); the average salary of headmasters for the province was \$1,138; of assistant masters, \$804; of all masters, \$892. Of the masters 183 were graduates of Toronto University, 53 of Victoria, 37 of Queen's 11 of Trinity, 2 of McGill and 4 of British universities.

The efforts made by the department to secure the planting of shade trees and the cultivation of flowers in the school grounds have been heartily supported by teachers and trustees. Arbor day has now become one of the most interesting and profitable holidays of the year. In 1885, 38,940; in 1886, 34,087; in 1887, 28,057; in 1888, 25,714; in 1889, 21,281 and in 1890, 22,250 trees were planted. In a very few years every rural school in the province will have its shady bower, where the pupils can find shelter from the sun and where their taste for the beautiful in nature will find some gratification.

The total number of pupils attending the several classes of schools in 1890 (excluding colleges and private schools) amounts to 517,319, and the total sum expended for all educational purposes in 1890 reaches the high figure of \$5,284,980. This result is most encouraging and speaks well for the educational prosperity of the province.

The following general directions to truant officers have been issued by the department: Each officer shall endeavor to procure the attendance at school of all children in the district assigned him, between 8 and 14 years, visiting them at their homes or places of employment, or looking after them in the streets for this purpose, and he shall, by persuasion and argument, both with the children and their parents or guardians, and by other means than legal compulsion strive to secure such attendance. The officers shall not be employed to enquire into the occasional absence of pupils. When a truant officer shall be unable, in a district assigned to him, to procure the attendance at school of any child who is an habitual truant, or who is required by the provisions of the law to attend school, it shall be the duty of such officer, after notice as required by the Act, to procure a warrant and arrest such child, who shall be brought for trial before a magistrate having jurisdiction in the case.

Redeemed.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

Only a dying horse that lay
Hard by the walk one August day,
Panting his feeble life away.

Sunstruck, and he was lying there
At noon, with not a stir of air
From up or down or anywhere.

Slowly he breathed in gasps and groans,
Coughing his bruised and battered bones
Upon the cruel cobblestones.

For years along the dusty road
He'd pulled his master's heavy load,
Urged on by brutal curse and goad.

Pitied and friended now by none,
Because his usefulness was done,
He lay there dying in the sun.

His twitching flesh was torture-wrung,
Foam to his quivering nostrils hung,
From parted lips lolled out his tongue.

Feebly at last he raised his head,
Opened his eyes for help that plead,
Struggled to rise, and fell back dead.

And I, with shame for all my race,
Beheld a throng surround the place,
And pity on no human face.

I turned away, debased, defiled,
When, lo, a chubby little child,
On whom its mother fondly smiled,

Broke from her tender grasp away,
Ran where the poor dead creature lay,
And cattered there a cheap bouquet!

HEALTH.

Food for Dyspeptics.

I wish to tell the sufferer from a weak stomach how to cook some things which a dyspeptic can eat. Four years ago my husband was almost helpless with dyspepsia. He consulted two doctors from whom he learned that he could "not live a year." Every thing he ate caused great pain, until he tried a fresh egg, well beaten with a little sugar, a very little salt and nutmeg, over which was poured a teacup two-thirds full boiling milk, stirring the egg constantly. He took this warm and could retain it without trouble. Later I prepared milk toast for him as follows: I used stale, salt-rising bread, made from wheat middlings, cut in slices half an inch thick, toasted a nice brown in a brisk oven and soaked in sweet milk which has been boiled and slightly thickened with flour and seasoned with salt and butter. Another dish consisted of one cup of water and half a teaspoonful of salt, and butter. Another dish consisted of one cup of rice, well washed, put in a large granite basin with one cup of water and half a teaspoon of salt, and allowed to cook slowly until all the water was taken up in the rice. Then I added two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and five cupfuls of new milk and stirred it well, after which I baked it in a slow oven for several hours. The rest of the family liked this as well as he did, especially when served with sweet sauce.

This is the way I made dyspeptic corn-cake. I took one egg, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half a pint of sour cream, one pint of sour buttermilk, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of baking powder. I beat the egg and sugar together until very light, stir in the cream and salt, then the buttermilk, next the soda dissolved in a little warm water, and make all into a stiff batter with three parts corn-meal to two parts of fine flour into which the baking powder has been sifted. I set the dish in the steamer, let it steam three hours, then bake it twenty minutes in a hot oven.—[M. L. D.]

The Ear.

The human ear is a much more delicate organ than most people suppose. It is extremely dangerous to interfere with it by use of earplugs, or any of the various instruments used for the purpose of cleaning it from wax. The wax is a natural secretion, and unless the ear becomes diseased it does not accumulate any faster than is necessary to protect the passage from the entrance of insects and various particles which might otherwise be forced in and tend to interfere permanently with the hearing. The greatest care is necessary in washing the ears of little children. They should be washed outside, but on the inside only as far as the finger wrapped in a soft towel will go. The practice of forcing a hair pin or any other hard instrument into the ear passage is fraught with danger of injuring the membrane and causing permanent deafness. Earache is a malady of childhood and causes most distressing pain. The simplest remedy for it is to take a little cotton dipped in warm sweet oil and put it in the ear passage. A danger that may arise from doing so simple a thing as this is that minute particles of the cotton may be left in the ear. To prevent this, some physicians advise making a little wad of the cotton and wrapping it in the finest and thinnest linen cambric that can be found, and dipping this in warm sweet oil. In case of intense pain, a few drops of hot laudanum or camphor may be used with the oil. When foreign bodies get into the ear they should be removed by syringing them out with warm water. To attempt to remove any thing from the ear passage by forcing an instrument in is a rash thing for any one except an aurist to undertake. The best medical practitioners refuse to treat affections of the ear or eye, but send their patients to specialists.

Eye Troubles.

Inflammation of the conjunctiva or membrane which shields the front of the eyeball from the air takes the rub of the eyelids, is indicated by the glued state of the eyes in the morning, and more especially by their bloodshot condition, the vessels being bright red in color, and winding about in great irregularity, with no discernible order or plan. Eyes are sometimes inflamed by being held too near the heat of a lamp, and relief may be obtained by shading the eyes with any old scrap of green paper, such as handbills are sometimes printed on. Weakness of the ciliary muscle, or an error of refraction, may be the cause of the evil. A refractive error might be corrected by proper spectacles; and if the aching has increased under the use of the various glasses which have been tried, it points to a refractive error wrongly corrected as one cause of the trouble. Test each eye for astigmatism, and for long or short sight. Get properly suited with spectacles focused for reading, writing and indoor work. And for the inflammation, wash the eyes with Goulard water; also drop a few drops of the following lotion in the outer corner of each eye two or three times a day:—Hydrochlorate of cocaine, 8 grains; boric acid, 3 drachms; glycerine, 1 oz.; elder flower water, 6 oz.; and water to make 8 oz. Cold water should not be used for bathing the eyes when inflammation is present. Tepid water may be used night and morning, keeping the eye carefully closed the while.

Catarrh.

People who are subject to catarrhal ailments have special need to be particular in regard to their feet covering; they should see to it that their feet are comfortably clad, their shoes should have substantial soles, and should come well up the ankles, and not be laced or buttoned tight. Light merino stockings or half-hose may be sufficient for warmth, but whenever by reason of much exercise the feet have become damp, and especially if the leather has absorbed wet, it is wise for a change to be made in both stockings and shoes.

Legitimate Use.

"No, sir," replied the druggist. "I can't sell you liquor except for medicinal purposes or for use in the arts."
"I want this for use in the arts."
"In what way?"
"I wish to paint the town red."

Forty-three lives were lost during last year in connection with the Grimby English fishing industry. This, however, is a smaller number than any previous record.

I Wonder—?

In this morning's mail, which was an irritably profitless one in a business way, there was one tiny note near the bottom, from a tender, womanly heart in Manitoba, that had been blessed and "helped very much" by one of my hymns,—and "somehow" the friction and irritation of the jaundiced business correspondence ceased to vex me and with a thrill of joy Paul's hope-text in that inspiring and delightful letter of his to the people at Corinth rang in my ears:—"The things that are temporal, but the unseen things are eternal."

Tender, helpful, kindly word
From a stranger, far away,
Thou'rt a message from the Lord
To my harassed heart to-day.

When my thought gave truth a wing
Sent it o'er the lands afar
Unto suffering souls to sing
Of the Great All-Father's care,—

Off I wondered if his free
Hopeful spirit some would learn;
If 'twould ever unto me
With an "Olive-branch" return!

So my soul-song found a rest
Like the ark-scent, weary dove!
Found within one gentle breast
Fellowship in God's dear love!

Many another burdened one
May have felt love's thrill divine,
In its faith or light or tone:
They have given me back no sign.

It was love that sent it out,—
Love hath neither bond nor lack—
(Love can turn the world about)
Only love can send it back.

Care I not for praise or blame:
Let the world its plaudits spare,
But 'tis joy to have my name
Shrined in one true mother's prayer.

I would rather win a smile
From some child, with a heart aflame,
Where my soul could rest awhile,
Than the great world's fleeting fame.

Oh, the world is all too much!
False and fickle is its praise!
Souls have souls—alone—in touch:
Hearts are love's immortal bays.

Can I send to reach your heart?
I lead, inspire me by your word!
So we each may do our part,—
Each come nearer to our Lord.

Prayer of thine may gain for me
Sapient soul-realms all untrod,
Where—for all eternity—
Some shall learn the love of God.

"The Elms. LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.
Toronto, February 20, 1892.

The Trystin' Place!

[Duet for Male and Female Voices.]
Oh! weel we ken the trystin' place,
The trystin' place, the trystin' place;
Oh! weel we ken the trystin' place
Where we gang at gloamin' early!

I meet my (M. lassie) there at e'en,
Where grows the noddin' ferns green,
And where nae strangers may be seen,
Nor warlock, witch, or fairie!

Oh! weel we loe the trystin' place,
The trystin' place, the trystin' place;
Oh! weel we loe the trystin' place,
Where we meet at gloamin' early!

It's where the birds at sang sae sweet,
Doon where the wind's burnies meet,
There lovers find a safe retreat,
To tell love's tales fu' rarely!

We'll ne'er forget the trystin' place,
The trystin' place, the trystin' place,
We'll ne'er forget the trystin' place,
Where we linger'd late an' early!

A hundred years may come an' go,
Wi' simmer's heat an' winter's snow,
An' the rivers rise an' ebb an' flow,
E'er we forget it fairly!

Toronto, Can. —JOHN IMRIE.

The Ghost at Miller's Ford.

Ghost at Miller's ford they say,
Fieckle people down that way,
Skeer'd 'em 'tween the trystin' place,
Run so hard he lost his breath.
Made Joe Wimple's hoss take fright
When out to see his girl one night.
Been outtin' capers ever where,
Give the neighborhood a skeer.

"I" says to 'em one day,
"Wish that ghost would come my way
I'll jes' camp there on the creek—
I'll be 'tween the trystin' place,
I would b' juck! I" says I.

"If that ghost would toddle by,"
O' Ike Morris' loved, says he,
"You're as feard o' ghosts as me—
Couldn't hire you any way
To go to the ford and stay
When its dark and drizzlin' rain—
Couldn't tie you with a chain."

Ike's remark riled me some,
So I went to the ford thin and thick,
And cracked my fists and said:
"You can use this ere o' head
For a foot-ball, if I fail
To make that ghost tuck its tail."

"I" says to 'em, "I'm here,
Never knowed tech thing as fear.
Ghosts can't skeer me," says I—
"Don't b'leve it, let 'em try.
Make 'em think fore they git through
That I've got a ghost or two."

Dark! Gee whiz! Couldn't see
Where the o' road ort to be.
"Thinks 'e 'Now, this is the time
To make that ghost git and climb."
Never said a single word—
Jes' lumbered out for the ford,
Got right near the watter gait—
Made up my mind that I'd wait—
Till Mr. Ghost got on a spree,<
Set his pegs to go for me.

Dreckly byard a funny sound,
Quicker than wink, looked around,
And there it was on the gate.
Felt my hot up, but plum straight
And the cold chills up my back,
Turn and take the back'ard track—
Couldn't a-sung a single note,
Heart chock up in my throat.

"I" thinks I, "I come to stay.
Now, Mr. Ghost, come this way."
Sure enough, the blame thing did,
Walked the gate and off it sid.

No ghost now at Miller's ford—
Deader than a froe-bit gourd.
Yes, b' jucks! the ghost is gone,
One the folks was bettin' on.
And, a queer thing, but true,
Ever word I'm tellin' you,
Ike Morris' o' white dog, "Spence,"
Hain't been seen in these parts since.

He Envied Him.

Whin Meg Malone, the witch, och hoo!
Wid eyes intoxicatin',
An' lips abrew wid honey dew
Whin she's artistrylating,
"I'm a-sure, an' thin, to boot,
Shimled on me o'vid-time croney,
O' i'dn't tell how mighty well
O' invin' Tim Maloney.

An' whin the praste at widdan' fayste
Did tole to pair so nutely,
An' in a cot their mated lot
Was sitted so completely,
O' d' niver think of how they'd drink
The shewat of matrimony
But love w'd start it in me heart
To invin' Tim Maloney.

Well, Timmy doid, an' O' prosoid
In distress Meg's affections,
An' toime has lint me many a hint
To vary me reflections,
But comes no day whin O' d' not say,
Wid heartiest euphony
Whin by his grassy mound I pass,
O' invin' Tim Maloney.—Boston Courier.

THE SIBERIAN MINES.

How the Convicts are Treated.

Now and again a telegram from St. Petersburg announces that certain nihilists have been condemned to death, but that the Czar has been pleased to commute their sentences to penal servitude in the mines of Siberia. To what misery the Imperial clemency condemns the unhappy wretches is told by Mr. George Kennan. The mines he describes are those at Kara, and are the private property of the Czar, for whose benefit they are worked. No more abominable places of human habitation could be imagined than the cells in which the convicts are lodged. Mr. Kennan, who was accompanied on his visit by the governor, thus describes them:—

We entered, through a heavy plank door, a long, low, and very dark corridor, the broken and decaying floor of which felt wet and slippery to the feet, and where the atmosphere, although warm, was very damp, and saturated with the strong peculiar odour that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. A person who has once inhaled that odour can never forget it; and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly knew with what to compare it. To unaccustomed senses it seems so saturated with foulness and disease as to be almost insupportable. We stepped across the threshold into a room about 24 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 8 feet high, which contained twenty-nine convicts. The air here was so much worse than the air in the corridor that it made me faint and sick. The room was lighted by two nearly square heavily grated windows with double sashes, that could not be raised or opened, and there was not the least apparent provision anywhere for ventilation. The floor was made of heavy planks. Out from the walls on three sides of the room projected low sloping wooden platforms about six feet wide, upon which the convicts slept, side by side, in closely packed rows, with their heads to the wall and their feet extended towards the middle of the cell. They had neither pillows nor blankets, and were compelled to lie down upon these sleeping-benches at night without removing their clothing, and without other covering than their coarse grey overcoats.

The women were rather better off than the men as regards accommodation; but their cells were in the same insanitary condition.

The floor was uneven and decayed, and in places the rotten planks had either settled or given way entirely, leaving dark holes into a vacant space between the floor and the swampy ground.

The cells in the women's prison had no furniture of any kind except the plank sleeping-platforms, which, of course, were entirely destitute of bedding. I did not see in either room a single pillow or blanket. In these two cells were imprisoned forty-eight girls and women, six or seven of whom were carrying in their arms pallid sickly-looking babies.

The escape of convicts is often winked at by the prison officials, who continue to draw, for weeks or months, the clothing and the rations to which the runaways would have been entitled. The flight commences when the warm weather sets in, and for two or three months an almost continuous stream of escaping convicts run from the Kara penal settlements in the direction of Lake Baikal.

The signal for this annual movement is given by the cuckoo, whose notes, when first heard in the valley of the Kara, announce the beginning of the warm season. The cry of the bird is taken as an evidence that an escaped convict can once more live in the forests; and to run away, in convict slang, is to go to "General Kukushka for orders." (Ko-koeshka is the Russian name for the cuckoo.) More than 300 men leave the Kara free command every year to join the army of "General Kukushka"; and in Siberia, as a whole, the number of runaway exiles and convicts who take the field in response to the summons of this popular officer exceeds 30,000. Most of the Kara convicts who "go to General Kukushka for orders" in the early summer come back to the mines under new names and in leg-fetters the next winter; but they have never had their outing, and have breathed for three whole months the fresh free air of the woods, the mountains, and the steppes.

We made a careful examination of ten prisons in the province of the Trans-Baikal, and in none of them did we find a bed, a pillow, or a blanket. Everywhere the prisoners lay down at night in their grey overcoats on bare planks, and almost everywhere they were tortured by vermin, and were compelled to breathe the same air over and over again until it seemed to me that there could not be oxygen enough left in it to support combustion in the flame of a farthing rushlight. Civilized human beings put straw even into the kennels of their dogs; but the Russian government forces men to work for ten or twelve hours a day in its East Siberian mines; compels them after this exhausting toil to lie down on a bare plank; and then, to console them in their misery, tucks up a Scriptural text on the grimy wall over their heads.

He Wanted too Much.

Japheth—Mildred, will you be my wife?
Mildred—Well, not to-day.

"Oh, Mildred, how can you speak so flippantly?"
"Flippantly? How do you suppose I could possibly be your wife to-day? I should want at least two weeks to get ready in."

Unavoidable.

Reporter—"Was that accident unavoidable?"
Railroad President—"Certainly, sir, certainly. No one to blame. You see the watchman had two crossings to look after, half a mile apart. You can't expect a man to be in two places at once, can you!"

An Unfortunate Blunder.

Mrs. D'Avnoo—"Oh, the awfullest thing has happened! Clara de Style, who never could depend to look at any one in trade, has just discovered that the man she has married is a dry-goods clerk."

Mrs. D'Fashion—"Horror! I should think she might have found him out by his talk."

Mrs. D'Avnoo—"That's just how the poor girl was deceived. He never seemed to know anything about anything, and she supposed of course he was a millionaire's son."