Was trutts are stored, the fields are bare. The ground is hard, the skies are gray; Movember's chili is in the air; To-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

The farmhouse stands in sheltered nook, Its walls are filled with warmth and Its fires shine out with friendly look To welcome all who enter here.

Full forty years have come and gone

Fresh kindled, flung its light upon Thanksgiving guests of long ago. Long was the list of squires and dames; From year to year how short it grew! Read out the old, familiar names They heard here when this house was

Since first this hearthstone's ruddy glow,

Grandmother?--aye, she went the first; Grandfather?-by her side he rests; The shade and sunlight, interspersed, Have fallen long above their breasts.

Our aunts and uncles?-sundered wide, Their graves lie east, their graves lie As veteran soldiers scarred and tried. They fought their fight, they earned their

Our father? dear and gentle heart! A nature sweet, beloved by all; How early turned his steps apart To pass from human ken and call!

Our mother?-brisk and kindly soul! How brave she bore fate's every frown, Nor rested till she reached the goal Where all must lay their burdens down!

Our brother ?-- toward the setting sun. From us remote, his home is made, And many a year its course has run Since here his boyish sports were played.

Put by the book! My heart is sore. The night winds up the chingey flee, The fires within gleam as before. But none are here save you and me!

But, sister, you and I again Will heap the hearth and spread the board And serve our kindred, now as then, With all that home and hearts afford.

The scattered remnants of our line, We'll summon 'neath this roof once more And pledge, in rare affection's wine, The memory of those days of yore.

God bless them all, the fond and true! God keep them all, both here and there, Until the Old becomes the New, Porever, in His Mansions Fair! -Youth's Companion.

-

John Warren's Thanksgiving

some, he was just now wearing on his since?" And his mother said: "My boy. Anna met them at the door, her eyes face a look of utter weariness, resulting not a day has passed by that we haven't dancing as she said: "I'ncle Warren is had seen looking after some interests of you are with us, we can take a new lease and sit down at the table." the firm of which he was a junior partner. on tife, and "-she glanced at his shabby When Mr. Warren had finished the tenhad left his home in the country and, too sions with you, my dear, long-lost son." | as Anna's were filled with tears, Mr. proud to return, had, by dint of dogged | As the afternoon were away John help | Warren turned over his plate and there and they had enlivened their trip with rassed until he, coming forward, said: stories, politics and trade gossip, and now the jolly-faced hardware drummer said :

Diving day?" me back to the fleshpots of Egypt and eat my turkey in the country." said one.

"Yes," said another, "I'm going to be in my old place at the old table with my old dad piling enough on my place to feed to fill. a regiment."

another, "those fat moons of apple, pumpkin, mince and cranberry. May, no restaurant-tin-bottom-crust about them." "And," said the boot and show man, "to

oft around the old fireplace and watch a row of inicy apples posting in front of that rearing, great-hearted log fire, Boys, you couldn't fence me away from home

In his heart, hurried out of the car and up the long flight of station stairs away to his destination, while slowly behind them came John Warren with a surging tumult of feelings in his breast, and as he alowly mounted the last step a tear dropped on his brown beard and a sudden resalation filled his heart. He almost shouted: "I'm going home, too,"

John hurried to his hotel, and taking a very shabby suit from his wardrobe packed it with some other things in a large estchel, and then hastening to the station elimbed into the sleeper just as the long train pulled out for the east. Arriving at a point twenty miles west of his old home, he went to an obscure hotel and changed his clothing for the old suit in his satchel.

When the "leven forty" pulled into the town of M--- two days before Thanksgiving the usual crowd of loungers observed a tall, brown-bearded man. whose clothes seemed the worse for west. step off the rear platform, and without looking at anyone strike off toward the farm of Richard Warren. Much curiosity was centered on this event until the seediest looking loafer present said

hat! He's come home to live on the old home, the sleigh was loaded with "enough folks. It wouldn't be for long, though, cause Squire Cobb has given notice that | marked. he's goin' to foreclose the mortgage he has on the old man's place."

If they had followed the stranger for in the morning Anna appeared and she

"THURSDAY ALWAYS WAS MY JONAH DAY!"



THE THANKSGIVING DAY HERO.

half a mile they might have seen the wanted to help get dinner." Soon Joan

John Warren dropped his newspaper the fire and John said: "Father, mother, led their every-day life. John finally sugon the floor of the car and stared out of will you forgive me for my anger nine gested that it was time they were going the window. Strongly built and hand years ago and my cruel silence ever if he could believe the clock of appotite, from a long trip in the West, where he prayed for your return, and, now that almost ready. You lay off your things Nine years before, in a fit of anger, he clothing-"we will share our little posses | derly thankful grace, John's eyes as well

persistence, secured a humble place in the ed his father about the chores and by lay the canceled mortgage. Slowly be packing rooms of Brace & Brown's whole skillfully plauned questions learned all lifted it. "What does this mean, John?" sale dry goods store. Formure favored about his financial troubles, He had tak. The kind voice of the old man troubled him, and this same quality of resolution, en his satchel up to his old room and was with emotion as he glauced first at the together with application, had raised him washing his hands before supper when he mortgage, then at the son. And John's to the position he now occupied. A group heard a light step on the porch and a mother, who had been peering through her of traveling men were making ready to bright-faced young woman walked into glasses at something which wouldn't pour leave the train. It was a jocular set the kitchen and seeing him stood embar-jout of the cream pitcher, turned the ar-"This is Anna Scott, isn't it?"

"Why. John Warren, where have you happy your mother must be !"

And dropping his hand, which she had been shaking with greatest enthusiasm. she flew down info the cettar and threw both arms around his mother's neck, and that good lady embraced her, weeping and white-haired little mother smiling at me patting her shoulder with the empty from behind the coffee pot and my dear cream pitcher which she had taken there and there, spread out on the bed, was a

Mrs. Warren insisted that Anna should "Think of those home-made ples!" said stay for supper. It seemed very much like old times when John tucked her hand under his arm and they walked over the road they had traveled so often years be-

gateway John said "Anna, my purents think just as you do, that I have made a failure of life. Well, I haven't. I am junior member of a very prosperous firm in the West, but I And so each one, with a home picture will to keep the serret a little while Enger and I want you to help me give

them a kind surprise." Then he unfolded his plan to her and her voice rang with delight as she said:

Oh, John, how lovely that will be " Itible was read and a heartfelt prayer parents. offered. John asked the loan of his father's horse and drove straight to Squire Cobb's office and that worthy being in John said :

"Squire, I came to see you shout that mortgage you have on my father's farm. large roll of bank notes and counted laughed at the bright sallies of the young With that he drew from his pocket a down the \$500 which would release his father from worry and misery. John drays at once to the farm of Mr. Scott and called "Whon!" just as Anna, her father, mother and brother came to the

There were hearty greetings, and then Anna, all ready for a long drive, sprang as she said in beside him. How bright the morning was! How happy were they as the bells jingled and the sleigh moved over the wilderness of snow and through the deep woods. What mysterious bondles they brought out of the stores in town until. "That was John Warren, or I'll eat my when, at last they arrived at Anna's to stock a store," as Harry Scott re-

> Thanksgiving day dawned bright and glorious with sun and snow, and early

serong young man shed heartfelt tears as brought the horse and cutter around and he leaned against the old oak tree by the asked his mother to take a ride with him. little gate and gaze earnestly on the and finally, after much urging from Anna. brown house at the edge of the woods. Mrs. Warren put on her shabby cloak and Crushing the snow with hasty steps, he hood and with a warm soapstone at her was soon at the woodpile at the side of feet was tucked into the sleigh beside the house. Flinging down his satchel and John. He noticed the clock and gave a catching up the ax, he split an armful of little look of entreaty to Anna, who only wood and opening the kitchen door said smiled and said: "I wish you would call in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Moth- at mother's before you come back." Away er, is this enough wood to get dinner they drove toward the mill and down by the river, then stopped at Farmer Scott's. A cry of wonderful joy and the mother Soon Mrs. Scott was showing Mrs. Warwept on her son's shoulder while his ren her "new quilt, just taken out of the father paced the floor shouting, "Praise frames," and the picture of "Cousin Wil-God! Praise God!" stopping often to liam, who is on the board of trade," and clasp his son's hand and murmur, "My these two good old women talked over a boy, my boy." Then they drew up to hundred harmless things which constitut-

ticle upside down and a bunch of bank

notes dropped upon the table. Then the old couple anw it all and soon Boys, where are you going to be kept your-off all these years? Oh, how the three were clasping hands and no one could say a word until John managed to murmur: "Father, mother, it's a part of

The dishes civaned and put away, Anna took the mystified Mrs. Warren into the little "spare room" and John asked his father to walk up to his room, splendid new, warm suit of clothing and shors and a for cap and a handsome great

The old man knelt down by the bed and murmared, "I thank Thee, Lord, for my son." Then arising, clothed himself forc. Just as they entered her father's, in the first well-fitting suit he had ever worn. John, too, arrayed himself in his heat, and soon they walked down into the parlor, where John saw a sweet, matronly access and a pretty young woman, both amiling and both having evidences of re-

During the week that followed John engaged a hired man to case his father's work and a trusty girl to relieve his mother. He also hired a carpenter to do some needed repairing and set in motion The next morning, after the old family many plans for the future comfort of his

One day he and Harry Scott hunted through the woods, and when, tired and loaded with trophies of the day's bunt. per that was, and how the old people | quietly :

stories, and John felt that he had faith-

When he left for the West he carried in his memory not only the dear faces of his parents, but the gentle voice of Anna | does."

"Yes, but not until June, John."-Chi-

Thanksgiving Fable. A gay roung Gobbler, seeing how Mel-

ancholy the Turkeys were, propounded "Why are Turkers the Drum Corps of the Fowl Creation? Give it up? Because they all carry Drumsticks. O-n-c-h."

He dodged A blow from the Patriarch of the Flock, who Overheard him. "Spare Me," said the young Fellow, asnuming the defensive. "I can give you A Retter one. Why do Turkeys have No

Hereafter?" The Patriarch blustered Around and dragged his Wings, looking very Fierce. He knew he ought to know, but couldn't for the Life of Him remember. So he Glowered at the Culprit and asked Se-

"Well, Sir, why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?" "Because they have their Necks Twirled

in This. "Pooh!" said the Patriarch, Contemptuously. "That was around on Crutches when Adam were Kilts. Now, here is Wing. We are All to be Dry Picked this

"What!" Shrieked A giddy Blond with | your thankfulness by gorgin'." pink Crest. "Not on Your Life!" "No. Silly, but as Soon as it is Over. It is the old Way of Turkey Undertaking where I Clipped into the World, Dry old families held to It. That gives Turkey Feathers the chance of their Lives. Turkey Tails for Fans-I am told the my grampaw!" Aborigines quite Dote on Them."-Chi-

cago Record-Herald. Faith and Hope. Mayme-If you don't love him why are

you going to marry him? Maybelle-O, I expect to love him after we are married. He has promised that on the morning of our wedding day he will shave off his dinky little Franch beard,-Chicago Tribune.

COMING HORE if 'twas new agin; And Towser's barkin round the place as And Dexter has to work to keep his beels from kickin' up Even the old red cow has got some ginger in her "Moo. And Mother's singin' at her work the way My head's as light as when it had more And why? Why, it's Thanksgivin' Day; the

children's comin' home.

They're comin' home! They're comin' home! They're comin' back to-day. To make the old place like it was afore they went away : And Dan'il leave his Boston store and Ned'il leave his stocks. And John'll stop a-drawin' plans for buildin city blocks, And Mary'll leave her New York house, with all its high-toned stuff, And come down here and say it's Home and plenty good enough. And there'll be boys and girls around jest like there used to be-To make it real Thanksgivin Day for Mother and for me.

Thanksgivin' Day! Poke up the fires and make the ovens hum; The turkeys, roastin' in the pans, are sputt'rin' "Have they come?" The puddin's knockin' at the fid and bubblin' "Are they here?" The mince pies wave their flags of steam; the kettle leads a cheer.

The rheumatiz is all forgot; dyspepsy's out of sight : I'm goin' to eat from soup to nuts, and dance a reel to-night : And "blind man's buff" is jest my size, and "stage coach" suits me prime-The children's comin' home to day! Git out, old Father Time!

The little feet that we shall hear trot up and down the stair To us'll seem the very same that used to patter there: The little folks a rounin' 'round and laffin' in their play

Won't seem Isan's boy and Mary's girl, but simply Dan and May. And we'll forgit that winter's come with all its snow and cold. Forgit the next week's lonesomeness, forgit we're gittin' old. And jest be young as when our heads weren't nigh so white as foam-Thank God for His Thanksgivin' Day! The children's comin' home!

Joseph C. Lincoln, in the Saturday Eventhe many of the state of the st

******* A Martyr for Principle.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

~~~~~~ He was mending his harness in the immaculate kitchen, a piece of burlap over the knees of his second-best pantaloons, and another under his feet to catch any possible litter. His wife sat by the window, re-enforcing his yarn mittens with a stout woollen patch. She pushed up her spectacles, dropped her hands in her lap, and was staring at him in amazement as she said:

"Ain't going to Mary Ellen's to Thanksgiving! For the land's sake, father, you must be crazy!"

"I got sense enough to know my own mind, 'tennyrute. I told David if heerd of him 'lectioneering for 'Rastus Dorrance for s'lectman, I wouldn't go nigh his house, and I callate to do as said. You might as well save your breath to cool your porridge. I sh'd s'pose you knew by this time I ain't one to be argyfied out of my 'pinlons."

He went on punching holes in the bl of leather, every feature of his old face radiating that mild obstinacy so much more hopeless than vigorous resolve. He did not expect a coply. For fifty years his wife had accepted his decisions without controversy, and he was surprised that she should have offered the gentlest



THE TWO SET OUT TOGETHER.

they came to Mr. Warren's they found plea against his ultimatum. But there Jennie Nellie and Anna seated before the | was heroic firmness in her soul, in spite "great-hearted fire." What a merry sup- of the quaver in her voice as she said,

"Then, Nathaniel, I must say it don' pear to me just nor Christian, punishing Then they reasted apples and told other folks because you couldn't have your own way. Mary Ellen'll cry herself sick. fully carried out the program of the trav. The very first Thanksgiving in the new

"I sin't punishing anchody, unless it's

myself, and I can't help what Mary Ellen "And Joey-he's been lotting on it for a month. He sets the world and all by

his gran pa." "And I set by Joer; you know I do, but shan't go back on my word. That old skeezicks sin't no more fit for s'lectman han a cat. Shows mighty poor judgment. my opinion, settin' a man up to run the deestric' that can't manage his own business without being sold up by the sheriff. must say, I'm dis'pointed in David. I

give him credit for more sense." "But now it's done, your staying away from Thanksgiving ain't going to belp matters, as I see."

"Well, if women ain't the beaters for reasoning. I s'pose now you can't see it's a matter of principle."

"No, I can't, Nathaniel," said his wife, deliberately putting away her work. "I hain't any call to have principles about the s'lectmen, but I've got a sight of principles ag'inst making other folks miserable when there's no need, and I feel 'called to go to Mary Ellen's to dinner. There's pie in the but'ry, and doughnuts and cheese, and some of that cold sparerib. I guess you can make out for once." The old man got up stiffly, and slowly

straightened his back. "Oh, den't trouble about me, Mis' Mar-Something new that I Caught on the tin," he said, sarcastically: "I dessay I can pick up a dinner good as I deserve. I never did lay much stress on showin'

Rather to her surprise her hushand accompanied her, as usual, to the meeting house, and sat through the service with and The only Way. In Philadelphia, Joey's little tow head snuggled under his arm. But after rather ostentatiously Picking was the Correct Thing. All the | helping her into David's buggy he trudged away, deaf to Mary Ellen's plea and Joey's imperative "Grampaw! I want

> "Hush, Joey," said his mother, "gran'pa 'Ill come presently. Now, mother, don't you fret. I know father, and he ain't going to stick it out there alone just because he's mad at Lavid. He'll give year, by jucks !" up if he thinks nebody cares." The conviction of being a martyr for

Mr. Tucker (after the company has principle is very sustaining to human na- been served) -Tommy, what part will ture, but the effect is wonderfully helped you have? by an audience. Mr. Nathaniel Martin | Tommy-Pli take the dramatical applauded himself vigorously as he turn- course. That's what you told me I was I lend so thankful on the re-

Mr. T. Gobbler, Jr .- I wonder where papa is? He hasn't been home for two days.

Sympathetic Friend-Why! Haven't you heard? He's had a sad ac-

"Was the accident serious?" "Oh, quite serious, I assure you. He had his head cut off, was boiled in

oil, drawn and quartered, cut into strips and eaten up." "Why, that's too bad. When did these sad events occur?" "They all took place yesterday. Would you like to see where he's been

buried?" "Oh, yes, indeed. Let us go and pay our last respects. Is it far?" "No, the cemetery is quite near Come, let us stroll over that way."-Chicago Tribune.

fire, discarded his uncomfortable collar, leg or give me a kick under the table? and settled snugly into the feather-cushioned chair. How still the house was, and how loud the clock ticked, and what a lonesome noise the teakettle made! He had fallen asleep in his chair, and started up, bewildered at the sound of

mittened fists were beating upon it, and Joey's shrill voice demanded: "Grampaw, I want my grampaw!" He opened the door and caught the child in his acus, saying, exultingly: "Gran'pa's boy! Joey's come to din year."

ner with gran'pa." "No, me ain't," said Joey, wriggling to the floor; "me rather have dinner to my house. We dot turkey, an' plum puddin' an' candy, an' nuts, and lots of fings. An' mountry said bring grampaw. Put on your hat, grampaw."

"Grau'pa don't want any dinner; gran' pa don't feel .... " He got no further for the child burst into howls of grief. "I want mine dinner! Joey wants to

go home," he wailed, "There, there, Joey," coaxed his grandfather: "gran'pa'll pop ye some coru: his blandishments not only failed to agreed with me." soothe, but seemed actually to irritate the child to the unheard-of extent of declaring he was a naughty "krampaw," and Joey didn't love him "'tall." After which outburst be returned to his monot onous lament for home and dinner, until in desperation his grandfather yielded to

his demand. "Well, then, come on," he said, trying to be severe; "yer as set in yer way as " be waited an instant to pull up his cont collar, and added, with a chuckle, "as I be."

The two set out together, and from the minute the gate clashed behind them a comfortable serenity began to settle over the grandfather.

With Joey's hand fast in his, and the fat little legs in their scarlet casings, trying to keep step with his own, with Hannah and Mary Ellen and a Thanksgiving dinner in prospect, it seemed a very small matter that his aprient enemy had been chosen selectman. "Grampaw's good now; grampaw's all

pleasant," said Joey approvingly. "Yes, gran'pa's good now," assented the old gentleman, with a passing reflection on the proverbial honesty of children

and fools.

If there was a shade of reservation is his repentance, it vanished when Mary Ellen ran to meet him with open arms, and pronounced him a precious old darling between vigorous kisses; when he saw Hannah's peaceful face just inside the door; when David seized both his hands, declaring it wouldn't have been Thanksgiving without father, and Joey tangled himself about his legs, screaming like a little cock sparrow:

"I fetched grampaw!" The ghost of the obnoxious politician faded into nothingness, and through love and laughter and genial greeting the obscure text seemed singing itself to one of the old remembered mlodies

"Th fruit of righteonsness is sown in

peace of them that make peace-that make peace - that - make -peace !"-Christian Advocate.



Thanksgiving am a joyous day Throughout dis mighty nation, But on one point about it Would lak some infohmation.

Why is it dat always, when We should feel mos' enraptured, We hanker foh de plece ob tu'key Some other niggah captured? The Aftermath.

Mrs. Ferguson called her husband out to the dining room. "George," she demanded, "who are all those strangers you have brought here to

"The boys down at the office," he said. "I'd like to know what this sort of performance means !" "It means, Laura," answered Mr. Fer-

guson, with a look of cast iron determination on his face, "that there isn' going to be any of it left to serve up at every meal for the next six days not this

ed the key in his door, brightened up the to-maw, isn't this where you pinch my

"Isn't it nice," said one of the guests, "to luve a family reunion like this once in a year?"

"Yes," responded Uncle Allen Sparks, sawing away energetically with his carvsoft, muffled blows upon the door. Small ing knife, "but when they come like this, one at a time, you can hardly call it a reunion. This one seems to be the father of the one we had year before last and the grandfather of the one we had last

> Badleigh Mildude-Had a horrible dream the night, did ye? Wot was it? Saywold Storey-I drempt that the big feed the Salvation army people guv us yistidday wuz all a dream!

"What seems to be the trouble, Mrs. Highnus?" asked the doctor, warming his hands at the radiator before feeling her pulse. "That's what I want you to tell me,

doctor," said Mrs. Highmus. "It's either gran'pa'll fetch ye some sweet apples; a cold I caught at the football game or Joey shall take gran'pa's watch." But it's something I've eaten that has dis-

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego-Did you have an enjoyable time yesterday? Mrs. Netidom-Holme-Oh, dear no! We | Well, ma'am, you've got ten were scared out of our wits. Poor little Fido nearly choked to death on a bone.



If I do not loove my Head

An Internal Difficulty. Little Archie Richards, at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner, sat at the table with his face suffused with tears. His mother was greatly troubled. With s sweet smile and with gentle intonation, she put one arm around her little baby

boy and asked: "What is it mamma's little darling wants? But "mamma's little darling" continued

Mamma made another effort to find out the trouble. "Does mamma's baby boy want some

more cake?" she asked. "No'm," said the child, while the tears continued to flow. "Hoes he want some more pie?" she

farther inquired. "No'm," he further replied. "Well," said the mother, making a last effort to reach his case, "tell mamma what

baby wants."

say between sohe, "I wants some of this out I've got in."-Lippincott's Magazine. Thanksgiving Fashion Notes.

The little boy managed somehow

The subject of dressing is just now much discussed. Popular taste for the Thanksgiving season inclines toward sage effects, somewhat stuffed in the waist.

pends upon the material, whether light or dark, but a little of both, here and there, is a neat combination at this time of the

A correct cut at the present time de-

Conventional ideas in trimmings are The wing is not so much favored; but, on the other hand, the whole bird is fre-

quently seen. After dinner toilets are worn with loose belt.-New York Times.



Harvielde the conving knie with gier Then potters buffled and distrement Go do not blome the heat of h



-Thanks. The last place

Mrs. Gallamer-Isn't Mr. stacker a ladies' tailor? Mrs. meram-Not exclusively. Pat-I hear yer wolfe in sick !

Mike—She is that. Pet—Is it di ons she is? Mike-Divil a bit. too weak to be dangerous any more! New York Sun. Mr. Howard-Isn't it what force Niagara has? Mrs. Tall much-Marvelous! Do you know

when I first saw it for a full mon couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Life. Jusper-Whenever a great man dies, Longhair writes a poem about bim Rasper—Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before

the great man dies .- Boston Globs Howell-Rowell thinks he is the whole thing. Powell-Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes he hus the idea that the post couldn't stand without him.-Lippincott's Magazine.

"Where do you work, my good man?" "In a powder factory." "Mercy! What a hazardous occupation." O no, mum. I seldom meets any aut mobiles on my way to or from -Puck. •

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!" "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean!"-Philadelphia In-"And do you have to be called in

the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the appli cant, "unless you happens to want me!"-Boston Globe. Mayme-I hate these affectionate girls. Lucle-Why, I always though

you were one of them. Mayme-Well anyway, I don't want Jane Jones to kies me after she's been eating outons -Cleveland Platn Dealer. Lady (after tendering a shilling for fare)-And here are two bunn you may have, my man. Cabby-Thank you kindly, lady. I suppose you don't

'appen to 'ave a wisp of 'ay for the 'orse?-Cassell's Saturday Journal, The Augry Mother-You've gut a awful nerve to ask me to give you buck your ball when you nearly killed on of my children with it. The Bo

and we've got only one ball-Her Daughter's Beau-I-erwant to ask you, sir, for your at all -daughter's hand, sir. Her Father-I'm not disposing of her in section but I'm willing to listen to any per sition involving all of her, sir, Cleve

land News. Hub-But if you like the young fee low, Kate, why do you object to our daughter marrying him? Wife-On she'il marry him for all that; but I want to give her a chance to say, when they quarrel, that "Mother didn't want me to marry you, anyway."-Boston Transcript.

"A public official must be unffinely ing about laying down the law." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum "one of the great difficulties is that an official occasionally gets confused. Instead of laying down the law he starte in throwing down the law."-Westington Star.

"Say, Bill," said the burglar to his pal, "this paper says we overlooke package of bills amounting to \$1,000 "Ain't the depravity of the rich as thing awful?" replied Bill. "Try to deceive that way. I seen them bend They wasn't ever receipted."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"What would you do," the groom whispered hoarsely, "if, by som terrible accident, I should be dre ed?" In the mild moonlight he his young wife pale and shudder, don't, Tom," she cried, "How you? You know I don't look well be black !"-Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Ah." said the candidate, "this Farmer Whiffletree's place, I b And you have just celebrated your gold en wedding, I understand?" "G wedding nuthin'," was the re "I've just been sued for \$10,000 m of breach of promise. You've got m card index mixed."-Washington He "I've walked many miles to see you

sir," because people told me you was very kind to poor chape like me." deed?" said the genial, white hal old man, "Are you going back the same way?" "Yes, sir." "Ab. Well just contradict that rumor as you we will you? Good morning."-"I tell you," went on the old lady at

a hotel, getting quite angry, "I w have this room. I sin't going to my money for a pigsty, and, as far sleeping in one of them folding I simply won't do it." The box stand it no longer. "Go on in. said he, with a weary expre his face. "This ain't your P the elevator."—Philadelphia

Growth of Pity. No one formerly looked on pity or even horzor at wheel, were burned at

