The E'm a levely lady is, In skimmering robes of gold, That catch the sunlight when she move And glisten, fold on fold.

The Sumach is a Giepy Queen, Who flaunts in crimson dress, And wild along the roadside runs, Red blossoms in her breast.

And towering high above the wood, All in his purple closk, A Monarch in his splendor is The proud and princely Oak. -[Youth's Companion

#### The Harm It Does.

I mean strong drink, children. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all if I talked a whole week. It is the harm it does to the splendid body which God has given to us. You know what our bodies are-nice, white skin, sound, firm flesh on good, strong bones, with little purple rivers of arteries and veins running through it, bright eyes, steady feet, and strong handswhy, ought not folks to be ashamed to do anything to spoil such a perfect piece of the Creator's work?

"Yes! yes, indeed!' you all say. Now you look at a person who drinks -do you find any of these things? Red nose red eyes, dark wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember-nothing at all that you can see as God made it. Why, boys and girls, and women, too, are afraid of a drunken man, because they know he isn't himself at all, but given up to a bad spirit; and there's no telling what he will do.

You know that no man would take a doze of arsenic or strychnine unless he wanted to kill himself-every child bas learned that they are deadly poisons. Yet the man or boy who drinks liquor, takes them both, and other things just as deadly. The awful poison will kill him just as surely, and more painfully, more slowly, than if he had taken the dose of Lure poison.

You all know what it means to be paralyzed-not to have any motion or power in the part affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body, a short time after it is taken into the stomach. All the little tissues and nerves yield to it, and it goes to the brain, turning into something resembling the white of a hard boiled egg. Do you think such leathery stuff could do much thinking? Do you wonder that the drunkard, with his stiffened nerves and white-of egg brain, tumbles over and lies like a log in the gutter ?- Auon.

#### A Concart.

"The Home for Aged Ladies" stood opposite a house filled with gay boys and girls, cousins, brothers and sisters, and bright with pictures, luxurious furniture and ccstly "bric a brac." Roses climbed over the walls without, and happy children's faces filled it within. All day long it resounded with busy voices, music and laughter.

The "Home" was a small institution with about thirty inmates. Its walls were speckless and bare; the carpetless flors were secured to a spotless whiteness; they never echoed to a child's step; the slow feet of the sad, withered inmates fell apon them noiseless as ghosts.

They were a silent, melancholy folk, knowing that they were near the grave and that they had not a friend to hold them by the hand in the last hour. For they all had long ago parted with their families and with all who knew them. Charity, not affection, gave them food and shelter.

Their lives were monotonous as clock work. They rose, set their rooms in order. ate breakfast, knitted until noon, then gathered feebly around the table again, knitted until sunset, drank their cups of weak tea silently, and so crept to bed. There was a strange hush as of decay and death in the old corridors.

"Let us give them something outside their knitting and thoughts of the grave. said one of the young girls one day.

"A concert!" cried another. The idea was received with applause. Piacards announcing the concert were sent over to the Home, and the girls began prac ticing on piano and guitar.

The poor old women clustered around the handbills and went, trembling with excitement, to their rooms.

"A concert!" "What shall I wear?" "I played the piano orce.' "And I sang. How their feeble hearts beat and the sluggish blood began to throb in their veins!

A week passed. The day came; the piano and guitars were carried to the Home, the zeats placed. The inmates assembled an hour before the time, each with some bit of ancient finery to honor the occasion.

and other old ditties.

for them to give them pleasure.

voices.

ereature, waiting for us to do?

# A Mean Han.

men go to heaven."

W.-"Women live better lives than men." H .- "I grant it, Mary, but there is one few woman on the other side."

H .- "What is that?" H .- "It is spoken of as the affect shore." | knows how large a stock of wheat Russia has

think so ?"

Uader His Bed.

Lieutenant Colonel Van Someren of the British Army sends an account of night adventure in India. It was at the very height of the hot season, and after passing the evening at a military station, he had ridden through the woods to his bungalow, where he arrived shortly before midnight. His man led away the pony, and another servant lighted a candle in the bedroom, opened all the windows and doors, and left Colonel Van Someren to himself.

I blew out the candle, and threw myself into an easy chair in the veranda to catch what faint airs might be stirring. A little dachshund pup was lying under the cot in the bedroom, the cot being a mere framework of wood with a broad web of cotton

tape plaited across it. The puppy whined frequently, but I paid no particular attention to it, and after lounging two or three times up and down the verandas, I threw myself on the cot, and dropped into an uneasy slumber, disturbed piest of men. Or if your maiden modesty now and again by the pup's whimperings

I had not been asleep long, when I became conscious of comething uncanny under my bed. It was apparently a large and powerful creature, for I distinctly felt my head moved, and then my shoulders and back were gently, but steadily, lifted as the thing, whatever it might be, slipped slowly and cautiously along under the tape on which I was lying. Presently I became aware of an | scissors; here it is (and she removed unmistakable odor; some beast of pray was under my bed!

A slight movement of mine caused it to than that."-[Boston Transcript. stop still but 1 distinctly felt its back pressed against mine. For a moment I lay motionless, horribly frightened, and with the knowledge that my gun was in the next room. However, it was uselses to lie there. It was better to face the brute at once; so I sprang up, seized a slipper, fling it under the bed,

and shouted loudly. There was a plunge, a lurch of the cot, and a great gray, hairy mass dashed out from under the bedstead with a growl, and bolted through the open door, across the back veranda, and down a ravine behind the bungalow. It was a large hyena, and I congratulated myself that the brute had not

snapped at my leg as he went off. The puppy I found half dead with fright, lying in the corner of the room between the wall and the leg of the cot.

S , far, things had not turned out badly, but I felt sure the byens would come back again after so dainty a morsel as a well-fed little dog. So I got my gun, and, going outside fired a cruple of cartridges down

I heard two or three animals move off in a hurry, and the shots naturally brought out my servants. I told them to keep about for a little while; the sound of voices would, perhaps, discourage the hyena, and cause him to slink away for good. Shutting the doors and windows was out of the question; the heat was too great.

I loaded my gun and sat down in the veranda and, and after a while began dezing. The puppy whimpered. I got up cautiously and slipped into the bedroom, where I backed into the corner whence I could command each of the three doors.

Five minutes passed in silence; then the puppy again began crying, and I heard a light footfull on the bamboo matting in the veranda. Another mirute or so passed, and I saw a head cautiously advanced inside the doorway, and again withdrawn. But it was not a hyena; it was the head of a panther.

The moon was now half-way down the western sky, and her light, pouring in through the veranda, projected the shadow

of anything outside into the room. All was silent, when suddenly, almost as and thrown a shadow for an instant, the panther was in the room, under the cot, and had seized the pup. The poor little thing yelled loudly; the panther turned, saw me, and, with the dog in her mouth, stood for a moment in the doorway about six feet from

I saw my opportunity, and fired, giving her a wire cartridge in her neck. She lurched forward into the veranda with an angry growl, and got upon her feet, but was evidently dezed, for she stood still in the moonlight, broadside to me, and I gave her the second barrel, also in the neck.

At such close quarters the shot cartridges inflicted terrible wounds! She fell over dying, and after a gasp or two and a long, quivering throe, lay still. The puppy was not dead, but so much hurt that it had to be killed the next day.

By this time the whole camp was astir, the men coming up eagerly to see what had happened. We pulled the pan'her out of the veranda into the shadow of a large tree, with two men to keep the jackals from harming the skin during the night.

The beast proved to be a full grown and very handsome young female. My night's rest had been disturbed, but I was repaid a hundred fold by a trophy to valuable in itself, and at the same time so interesting for the unusual and exciting circumstances of its capture.

# The Wheat Yie'd.

Nobody knows as yet within 20 000 000 or It was a simple concert after all. Iwo or | 30 000,000 bushe's what the wheat yield of three familiar melodies, some hymns, "Auld | America has been in 1889, and nobody knows Ling Syne," 'The List Rose of Summer," | within many times that quantity what the yield of the world has been. Neither are The old women sat very silent, now and there trustworthy statistics of stocks then suddenly laughing aloud or wiping a brought over trom last year in other lands; tear away furtively. Some of the music was authorities differ mer y million bushels familiar and dear to them. It brought about the stock of Russia alone. Who back their homes and their dear again. But ever pleases can make up a statement it did more. They were alive again them- showing a great surplus in the world, by selves; they were once more a part of their taking one set of estimates of yield and generation. Somebody had taken thought stocks, and another showing a great deficit, by taking another set of estimates of equal The concert was over, and soon forgotten value. Bar actual movements of grain give by the performers. But the audience never evidence which cannot well be disputed or forgot it. It was the one era of their life in twisted. British imports of wheat in July the Home. They dated all events as "be- and August were 900,000 cwts. smaller this fore" or "after the concert." Tiey hum- year than last, with imports of flour about med the airs for years in their cracked old the same. That indicates no recognized prospect of want in the country having need It was a trifling thing to do, yet it had to import more wheat than any other. The brought a great warmth and happiness into exports from America to all countries from these faded lives. Is there no little thing. | all ports for July, from all the principal which will bring happiness to some neglected ports for August, and from the chief Atlantic ports for three weeks of September, were 22 300 000 bushels wheat, flour included, against 25,600,000 for the same times nd places last year. A decrease of 3 300-000 bushels in the quantity demanded Wife-"I believe that more women than from the country which exports more wheat than any other does not indi-Husband-"You do? What makes you cate any apprehension of scarcity abroad. The foreign price tells the same story. British wheat averaged for the second week in September 30: 21., against thing that leads me to think there are very 38s. ld. for the same week last year. A fall of more than 20 per cent in price does not foreshadow world-wide famine. No one

carried over from last year, or how large the new crop is, and contradictory statements on both points are wide apart. But the cold facts are that Russia experted in the August nearly 3,000,000 cwts, to Great Britain, against about 2 000,000 cwts. in the same month last year, and an increase of one half in exports does not indicate much scarcity in Russia. The exports for eight months ending with August were 14,347, 653 owts to Great Britain, against only 11, 516 034 for the previous year, and no such freedom of shipments at present low prices would be likely to occur if Russian supplies were actually scanty.

#### His Love Worth Even More-

"Clara," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his cardiac region, "I have long looked forward to this opportunity to cell you that I love you with all the ardor of a nature free from guile and duplicity. Say the litte word, Clara, which shall make me the hapl seals your ruby lips, give me some little keepsake which shall mutely say that my love is returned, and which shall be a constant reminder of this, my hour of happiness. Stay! Let it be one of your golden tresses, just one they little tock of your fragrant hair."

Clara blushed, and seeing that George took up the scissors from the table, she murmured: "Nay, George, never mind the efflient switch); take it. It cost me \$10, but such love as yours is worth far more

# Identifying Mr. Johnson.

"Is there a Mr. Johnson in this car? called the conductor, as he entered a coach the next house, adjoining the passage. The troduce their arts into his country. He has on a Lehigh Valley train and held up a telegram to view. "There is?" replied three men in chorus,

as they rose up. "But this despatch is for John Johnson."

"That's me !" replied two of the men, while the third looked relieved and sat down. "Which of you is married?" continued the conductor.

"I am !" both answered. "Well, I think this despatch relates to the birth of twins at home, and is congratula

"That lets me cut, thank Heaven!" exclaimed one Johnson as he sat down to wipe his brow, while the other flushed red and white for a moment, and then received the despatch.

#### Aunt Janet's Surprise.

Aunt Janet: "What do you call that?" Nephew from the city: "It's a trousers stretcher." Aunt Janet: "A trouserestretcher! Why don't you get your trousers big enough, so's you don't have to stretch

# "Healthy in our town? I should think

A Healthy Town.

so! We have had only one funeral for ten years, and that was the doctor, who literally starved to death."

#### Would Ruin Business.

Beggar: "A thousand thanks, my good sir, for the splendid coat you have given me, but I can not wear it. It would ruin my business-io: a soul would give me a farthing !"

# A Hard Tug.

Husband (at 1:30 a. m ): "Don't say a word! I know it's awful late, but I've had a hard tug of it." Wife: "Yes, you look ca harmed you? No answer, You are troublif a light cloud had swept across the moon | it you'd had a hard tug. How many schooners did you tow in to-night?"

# A Change of Faces.

"I don't understand how you can stay so continually in the house this summer. feel as if I must get away if only to see some new faces.' "Oh, I don't need to go for My wife has a new servant every

# Johnny's Rash Speech.

Mr. Goodcatch (calling on the eldest eister): "Why, Johnny, how you are growing! You'll be a man before your sister if yon keep on." Johnny: "You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on beirg 20 like she has for the last five years." Then there was trcuble in the household.

# He Could Jump a Ten-Foot Fence.

"Are you interested in athletics?" asked Miss Johrson of a young travelling man who had been paying her some attention. "I didn't care much about those matters until yesterday."

"Bit you are exercising now?" "I should say so. I can jump a ten-foot fence at one bound, and outrun any bow legged dog that ever infested a barn-yard." "And to think," she murmured fondly. "that is is to my father that we owe all this. Marchant Traveler.

# The Boarder's Fear.

"I am sorry," said the hungry-looking hoarder as he set the pitcher down, "that I have said so many unkind things about the milk. ' 'Way?' ir quired the landlady, suspiciously. "Because I fear that it has sour-

# Grounds for a Horrib'e Susp'cion.

first and only man that ever kissed you?: She-" Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you ?"

He-" Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too manly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put my arms around you if you had never been there before?"

# Johnnie Knew it All.

Wife-"John, here is something in this baseball report that I do not understand. wish you would explain it to me." Husband-"Read it, my dear."

Wife (reading) -" With one to tie and one out, he reached first in the eighth inning and ran to third Pfeffer's hit to right. He should have scored on Tiernan's wild throw in, but became rattled and held his base." What does that mean !"

Husband (who knows nothing of the game) -"Biess'd if I know." Wife (with a sigh) -"I'll have to wait until Johnnie (six years old) comes in."

#### ANSWERING BY KNOOKS.

Peculian and wort from Greenwich. A remarkable "ghost" story comes from Greenwick. It appears that Mr. Bothwick, in the employ of the South Matropolitan Gas Company, had resided for three years with his family at 14. Horseferry Read, Green wich, a four-roomed house. Mrs. Bethwick had been troubled by hearing inexplicable noises, which her husband tried to explain away. The previous tenant, who occupied the house for twenty-nine years, states that he never heard any noise, but his wife often complained to him that she had heard sounds like children falling out of bed. About two years ago the Bothwicks were away from home, and a neighbour states that during their absence he heard loud rapping in the house. Twelve menths later, in July 1888. Mr. Bothwick was in the country for a holiday, and on the 25 h there were in the house Mrs. Bothwick, Mrs. Stedman, and Mrs. Lloyd. At ten minutes to eleven these three were in the back sitting room, which is divided from the passage by a wooden partition running from the top of the house, when HEARD THREE HARD BLOWS

as of a man's fist on the cellar door. Much alarmed, they rushed off to bed, and heard no more that night. On Mr. Bothwick's return he put a new floor to the cellar, making it even with the passage. All went | er joying high honor in Shoa. well until July the 25 h of the present year, the anniversary of the former manifestation. At twenty minutes to ten at night there were in the house Mrs. Bathwick and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, while a Mrs. Parkinson was in three persons first named heard loud raps on a remarkable fondness for machinery and the partition, and Mr. Lloyd went out, but | implements of all sorts, and his greatest saw no one, and searched the cellar with delight is toexamine their mechanism. Er similar result. The rapping continued, plorers say he ruined about a dizen watches sometimes appearing to be on the partition and sometimes under the stairs. It turned out that Mrs. Parkinson was not the person r. pping, and on Mr. Lloyd giving a rap on the wall he was startled by hearing at the cellar door, close to his elbow, three knocks which shook the partition, and were almost sufficient to knock the cellar door down. He opened the door on the instant, and searched the cellar, but found nothing. He knocked again, and in reply there came

#### THREE TERRIFIC KNOCKS

on the cellar door, which Mr. Lloyd had just closed. He immediately opened it again, and nothing could be seen, although a lamp in the passage sl one into the cellar. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Bothwick and Mr. Parkinson, who had been out together, returned home. The knocking continuing, they made a careful inspection of both houses, but found nothing unusual. Half an hour later two police officers arrived, and stayed some time. The knockings continued as before, at one time on the cellar door, at another on the stairs or at different parts of the partition. The people who were in the house also state that they distinctly heard footsteps on the floor above the passage, but on going up could see no one. The police considered the matter a practical j ke, but could not suggest how it was done. Meanwhile, the knocking, which could be plainly heard on the other side of the read had attracted a large crowd, and one of the men volunteered to communicate with the "spirit." A conversation somewhat to the following effect ensued :- Are you a man? No answer. Are you English? Three raps. supposed to mean yes. Are you a woman? Three raps. Are you in great trouble Three raps. Have the people in this house ing this house a deal? Three raps. your friends harm you? Three raps. Did they kill you? Three tremendous raps. Mrs. Bothwick here exclaimed, "For gracious sake let the man go away." He remained, however, at Mr. Bothwick's wish, and continued the questioning with the re sult that the interrogator pronounced that s woman was troubling the house

# ON ACCOUNT OF SOME CRIME

committed many years ago. The "ghost would not answer any frivolous questions, such as "Will you come out and have a drink with me?" About midnight the knock ing began to subside, and the crowd dispersed, but the Bothwick family would not go to bed. Mrs. Bothwick lay on the bed for an hour or so with her clothes on, and Mr. Bothwick set on - reach till he went to work at six next morning, and two young men stayed with him. The rapping gradually died away, and ceased altogether about one o'clock. The Bothwicks determined not be remain in the house, and on the following Tuesday removed to Hadde-street, sitting up on nearly all the intervening days until midnitht. Two ladies, who appeared to be interested in the sulject of spiritualism, called before they removed, and said they should have liked to hear the rappings. One of them said she did not suppose the "spirit" would trouble anyone till next year, but it might, as it had been spoken to.

# A Conviccing Argument.

Mrs. Skinnphlint (doubtfully)-"Josiah there's a peddler at the door with a rugworth \$10. He offers it for \$1 I would like to buy it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be just exactly honest. He must have stolen it or he wouldn't offer it so cheap." Mr. Skinn, blint (\*xcitedly) - What? A

\$10 rug for \$1 ? Why, certainly he-Bat no. If he says he didn't steal it, and of course he'll say so, that will settle it as far as we are concerned. We can't prove it, He-" And are you sure that I am the you know. I'll question him myself. (Goes to door and addresses peddler joosely.) How much did you say you wanted for this rug? Oce dollar, hey! m'm. It's worth perhap half that. I'm afraid—ha! ha!-I'm afraid you stole this rug somewhere, my f:iend."

Peddler (serror stricken)-" Yes, sir, I I did! But don't give me away, for heaven's sake! I\_I\_"

Mr. Skinnphlint (somewhat taken aback, but recovering himself and hastily exchang ing a silver dollar for the rug)-" That's all right, Mary Jane. We don't know whether he's telling the truth or not. A man that'd steal will lie about it."- [Chicago Tribune.

# Things Were Different.

Mr. Benedict-"You'd better put the bbay to bed, if Mr. and Mrs. Sissy are coming in this evening." Mrs. Benedict-" Why, don't you !..

menber how they admired it and how fond of it they used to be?" Mr. Bene ile; - "Yes, but they hadn't any described at second hand by som of their own then."

# ABYSSINIA'S NEW KING.

Solf of E Beggar Becomes the

Powerful Native Ruler in Africa King Mene ik II., with a vast retime is advancing north to Adua, where all the Kin of Abyssinia are crowned. Within a in weeks the ceremony of coronation will performed. The new ruler of Abyssinia be the most powerful ruler Abyssinia has be for generations, for his kingdem include to only the domain of the late King John, by also Shoa, Menelik's own country, in the southern part of the Abyssinian highland where Menelik has long had an army of 10. 000 men, about one-fourth of whom can improved firearms.

an in Paris,

at target p

Copenhagen

Empress, or inge, one Ques

Alexander Da

is often to

study or cha

niture. This

on Sunday t

movement 1

observing Su

and G

twelve

robinte have

ling to keep

ed on the first

Pita, the new

tly discovered ne given to the at common in

lentally by a

falling upon

busly biting th

hint for br

tries may be

thers in Fra

mbers of the

placed their

he manager of

ne in " Roger

been grateful

future is the

Battenberg, re

ce his marriag

months he wi

the Austrian

ertains the ve

tegic talents,

reat need of a

Brigandage is I

lewer than 20

brigands no

Tarkish aut

ression of brig

a such a rema

exandre Gust

to fame on th

and seventy-

is a muscular

ed beard. H

has not escay

alier of the Le

der of divers o

ces his work di

ing, and he en in Europe.

Da Chaillu

e subject of

Vikings, the

sh speaking I

ensued produ

reement with

adid his re

riotism is a

he truth. 1

water-Amer

eme of being

Russian nob

land, establis

three years s

estaces which

ment buy it,

mers ruined

tablished by t

of the most

butes power t

with a pneur

The busines

bout 8,000 private, driver

ailes cast of th

distributes po

are about 2

from one eigh

power, for al

from the cent

led with great

experiments v

de before the y

Artillery of t

holders. Alth

Ation power

there we

Practically

and, and

gue brownish

after some

when addressi

ther duster in

Menelik's father, King Haelou, hearl one day that a woman of striking boanty was seeking alms at the doors of the palace. He sent for her, and was so greatly impreseed by her charms that he introduced he among the women of his establishment When a little boy was born the king said he would not recognize him as his son unlen in the course of years he showed a striking resemblance to his Majesty. As the he grew up he came to look very much like his royal father, and the king named him as his heir, though he had other sons who thought they had better right to the throne. To most powerful native ruler in Africa to-day is, therefore, the son of a baggar woman and his mother recently was still alive

Physically the King is not an impremire person. He is almost coal black, short, and dumpy. Unlike his uncle, Ras Darghe, and others among his chief advisors, he is very friendly to Europeans, and wants to inand alarm clocks, taking them apart and trying to put them together again. He became at last, however, quite a proficient watch tinkerer.

Several years ago Mr. Chefneux took the King as a present from the French Govern. ment a mitrailleuse. For convenience of carrying it had been taken to pieces and compactly packed. The weapon reached the King several says before the traveller did. and very much to Mr. Chefneur's astonish. ment he found the weapon properly put together and moun sed. The King had made a careful study of the mechanism of firearms and with the aid of a picture of a mitraillene he had prepared this little surprise for the white man.

The King is gentle and amiable to those who have his friendship, but he has been sed and robbed guilty of acts of gross cruelty and ir justice to conquered enemies. He has largely widen. In of whom h ed the boundaries of Shoa by conquering the enty murders, a fierce Galla tribes around him. He ha some men of ability among his Generals and sing a most su councillors, and to them much of his prestige is attributed. Personally he is not conepic Daughter," w uous as a warrior, and in most things he mous phrase, has shown himself easily influenced by his her daughte advisers. But he is distinguished bove tre is a family them all for his faith in the advantage of drawing useful lessons from civilized com- there are fi tries. He does not like missionaries, however, In 1885 he kept two Swedish mission- ly is a great gr aries practically prisoners in his chief town the your for ten months, and then sent them back to one month. the coast. Since then he has expelled all ther the other the French Catholic and German mission was ch aries from his country.

The King was very angry at the decision of the great powers to forbid the importation of firearms and gunpowder into the interior of Africa. He is, however, in a measure independent, as he makes his own gunpowder and has a great number of im-

proved firearms. When King John was killed a few months ago it was known to be his wish that nephew should succed him Menelik, how ever, proclaimed himself King of Abysinia and all the provinces of the country except

Tigre have recogn zed him as the new rulet. The Shoans are of the simi race and speak the same language as the Abyssinian. Their country is simply a part of Abyssim whose chief became powerful enough to be practically independent of the rater further north.

# A Trout in a Boulder.

Mr. William G Dillingham, while fishing in Gordon Creek a few days since, discovered a beautiful fossil trout, fifteen inches in length, in a huge boulder. Every fin and scale of the fish was as plainly marked in yin great nun the rock as if cut by a skilled artist. Muy people wonder how trout get in streams above high falls. They were doub loss there before the fall were made, as from this fossil it is evident that there were trout in the auction at t treams of Ocegon in prehistoric ages. Mr. Tyment of inter Dillingham intends to go out some day and . Who will bu catch that fossil trout with a hammer and perty? If ne chisel.

# What She Wanted

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they had returned from the honey the Compress moon trip "Lat us have a clear understand. ing before we settle down to married life Are you the president er vice president of this seciety ?" "I want to be neither president or

president of this ,"she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate pesi ion. "What is that?"

"Treasurer."

# Only Her First.

M.s. Slaughter (in her lawyer's office)-I want to get a divorce from Mr Slaughter, can't stand him any longer." Lawyer-"All right, Mrs Slaughter. La me see ('ooking at the calendar) this is the

"You're a liar, Mr Lawyer; this is my

# A Postponement.

"Mister Moderstor, in consekens of de fall attendus at dis meetin', I moob de meet dis Monday ebenin' for de choice ob directions. tors."

"The cricket on the hearth!" exclaims testy old fellow in The Biston Transcript "Pshaw! One might with equal sense into ecstacies over the fly on the head, morquito in the ear, or the flea between shoulders" Most people will sympass with this outburst. The cricket is a now little nuisance, and is only tolerable struck poet.