YOUNG FOLKS.

What A Boy Should Learn.

To run. To swim. To carve. To be neat. To be honest. To make a fire. To be punctual. To do an errand. To cat kindlings. To sing if he can. To sew on a button. To hang up his hat. To hold his head erect. To respect his teacher. To he!p his mother or sister. To button his mother's boots. To wipe his boots on the mat.

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To help the boy smaller than himself. To speak pleasantly to an old woman. To par every garment in its proper To remove his has upon entering a house.

To read aloud when requested.

To keep his finger nails from wearing To lift the baby out of the cradle and hold it for a half an hour. To treat the girls so well that they will

wish he was their brother. To close the door quietly, especially when their is a sick person in the house.

The Little Shroud.

son about 7 years old, who was so lovely and beautiful that no one could look upon him without being kind to him, and he was dearer to her than all the world beside. It happaned that he suddenly fell ill and died, and his mother would not be comforted, but wept for him day and night. Shortly after he was buried he showed himself at night in the places where he had been used in his lifetime to sit and play, and when his mother wept, he wept also, and when the morning came he departed. Since his mother never ceased weeping, the child came one night in the little white shroud in which he had lain in his coffin, and with the chaplet upon his head, and seating himself at her feet upon the bed, he cried :

"Uh, mother, mother, give over crying or elee I cannot stop in my coffin, for my shroud is never dry because of your tears, for they fall upon it."

When the mother heard this she was sore afraid and wept no more. And the babe came upon another night, holding in his hand a little taper, and he-said:

"Look, mother, my shroud is now quite dry and I can rest in my grave." Then she bowed to the will of Providence and bore her sorrow with silence and pa tience, and the little child returned not again, but siept in his underground bed .- [German

The Legend of Paracelsus.

Folk Lore

welking through a forest when he heard a voice calling to him by name. He looked around and at length discovered that it proceeded from a fir tree, in the trunk of which there was a spirit, enclosed by a small stopper, sealed with three crosses.

The spirit begged of Paracelsus to set him free. This he readily promised on condition that the spirit should bestow upon him a in getting out the stopper. A loathsome sly fellows. black spider crept forth, which ran down | "Be careful you don't get trapped your-

wrapped in a scarlet mantel. rock, which, splitting with a crash at the wide margin in their meanderings. blow, divided itself in twain, and the spirit

returned with two small phials, which he handed to Paracelsus—a yellow one which contained the tincture which turned all it touched to gold, and a white one, holding the medicine which healed all diseases. He then smote the rock a second time, and thereupon it instantly closed again. Both now set forth on their return, the

spirit directing its course toward Innsbruck, to se z : upon the magician who had banished him from that city. Now Paraceleus trembled for the consequences which his releasing the evil one would entail upon him who had conjured him into the tree, and he thought how he might rescue him. When they arrived once more at the fir tree he asked the spirit if he possibly could transform himself again into a spider and let him see him creep into the hole. The spirit said that it was not only possible but a display of his art for the gratification of his deliverer.

Accordingly, he once more assumed the form of a spider, and crept again into the well know crevice. When he had done so Paracelsus, who had kept the stopper all ready in his hand for the purpose, clapped It as quick as lightning into the hole, hamdrive out the stopper which Paracelsus had out the full length of his chain, was Sam, thrust in, but his fury was of no avail. It apparently stark dead. held fast and left him there with little hope call night and day, nobody in that neighbor-

hood ever ventures near the spot. Paracelsus, however, found that the phials were such as he had demanded, and it was by their means that he afterwards became meh a celebrated and distinguished man. German Folk Lore.

Trying to Tame a Sly Fox-

"Do you want to see a fox?" cried Clarence, rushing into the farmhouse kitchen the rainy April day—"two foxes together! they were dogs. Oh, if I only had a

Valence's brother Harry. But their uncle, bounded away. In an instant of time be the came in just then, said: "Oh, yer, I had disappeared over the miliade. tighbore the are foxes, and troublesome. The boys never saw the cunning creature stighbors they are likely to be, for they again.

must have a family near by, or the dogs would not be so friendly. There is a point of honor among motorule to be friendly when there are dependent little ones."

"Oh, let us watch them," said Clarence, "and get the little ones and tame them, May we, uncle?"

" Certainly, you may tame, or try to, all the foxes you bring in alive. There comes Mr. Taylor; he will give you an idea about where you will be likely to find their habitat."

"Their hole is, in my opinion, out there on the red rock ledge, " said Mr. Taylor, "but you boys don't stand much of a chance to find it. They are as sly as the very old Nick hims: If, and as nervy as witches. But where did you see the rascals?"

"They came down the hill by the big pine trees," said Clarence.

"Yes, I knew you would say so. Foxes have their regular 'runs,' as every hunter knows, and there is little use in looking for them outside, except when their appetites get sharpened up and they start out marauding about some poultry house. Go up the hill by the pine tree and follow the brook, and see what you will find."

Half an hour later the boys came running and puffing back, and Harry shouted: "We went to see what we could find, but found just nothing-only Sancho found a lame leg. I wouldn's wonder if the stone Clarence fired at the foxes this morning struck him instead."

This was in truth the case, and the poor dog was laid up and precluded from the hunt.

In less than a week Clarence rushed in There once was a woman who had a little with the news, "We've found the hole. It had two doors. I stood at one end and Harry at the other. We shouted to each other through the long hole under the ground. The old fex is ran out, and Harry crawled in where he could just reach the nest, and he pulled out the little fellow that was nearest his hand. It was warm and soft, just like a puppy. Oh, look at him. Isn's he a beauty ?" and Harry appeared with the baby fox under his arm.

To relate all the funny things he did would take a long time. At first he was secured with a rope that gave a good deal of liberty, and the first time he was fastened to the lilac tree in the yard he began digging a hole for himself. How his feet flaw! Very soon he disappeared under the lilac, and came out on the other side. Into these subterranean quarters he now carried his food-bits of meat, fruit and now and then a fish or a frog. Very soon he began to help himself to every chicken that came in his

It was not long before he discovered that it was the rope that limited his marauding ground, and he straightway set himself to gnawing it in two. But Clarence caught him at it, and presently fastened him with a strong dog chain. He did not try his teeth but once on that, but his efforts to free himself from it were pathetic as well as

All night long he would bark, and his father, mother and brothers and sisters on the hillside would answer back, and they filled the night so full of music that Sam's It once happened that Paracelaus was quarters (the boys had named him Sam at firs!) were moved to the little garden back of the bain. Here he immediately dug a new hole and made himself very happy and comfortable; and here his relatives used to come and call upon him in the night timeas was evident by the tracks in the grass and across the highway.

The boys thought it great fun, and laid many plans of what they would do with the medicine capable of heating all diseases, and money they should get for their fox skins a tincture which would turn everything it and the bounty the town showed for killing touched to gold. The spirit acceded to his each head; for as soon as the weather should request, whereupon Paracelsus took his pen- be cold enough so that the fur would be knie and and succeeded; after some trouble | heavy and thick they intended to trap the

the trunk of the tree. Scarcely had it reach. | selves first," old Mr. Taylor would say; and ed the ground when it was changed, and the boys carefully inspected and looked up became, as if rising from the earth, a tall, the chicken house every night. As for the haggard mar, with squinting red eyes, daytime, the chickens themselves scon learned that dead foxes were liable to come to lite He led Paracelsus to a high, overhanging, very quickly, and that a fox in his hole one craggy mount, and with a hazel twig which | minute could make a flying leap for a chicken he had broken off by the way, he smote the the next, and they gave Sam's quarters a

"Have you fastened all the henhouses, disappeared within it. He, however, soon Clarence?" asked Harry, one chilly Novem-

"Yes, all but the Wyandotte; I forgot that, and I've got my shoes and stockings off. You go and shut it this time."

"I sha'nt; I'm tired, husking corn all day. It won't hurt you to run out bare-

"But mother told me not to do that." "Well, put on your shoes, then; ic's your business to fast in up the fowls."

"It's no more my work than 'tis yours. And so the two boys bickered until after supper, and grew spunky and contrary, as even pretty good boys, and brothers at that, will sometimes, when they are tired; and at last, full an hour earlier than usual, they stole off, one after the other, to bed.

"I'm afraid the boys are not well," said each is trying to get the better of the other that he would be most happy to make such in some way. I don't know what it is all about and guess I won's meddle." But after a while he went to the door of the bedroom, where two brown heads were lying very quietly on the pillows of the two little white beds and said: "Are the henhouses

fastened all right, boys?" There was no response, although he was pratty sure both boys were awake. So he his knife made with a stone, and, with lighted a lantern and went out. But he was his knife, made three fresh crosses upon it. not quite quick enough, for there in the The spirit, mad with rage, shook the fir tree | ward were lying dead the twelve Wyandrive on the with a whirlwind, that he might dottes, and there, near by, lying stretched

The farmer was used to his pranks. He of snow for, on account of the great drifts turned him over with his foot, and gave him bever be sent the mountains, the forest will a vigorous kick aftervard. "He is dead, never be cut down, and although he should sure," he said to himself. "He must have choked himself to death pulling so hard on his chain to go and help his relatives in their wholesale slaughter," and he picked Sam up, took off the chain, and, taking him by the tail and a couple of the dead chickens in one hand and his lantern in the other, he started to carry them into the house and show

them to the boys. He reached the back stoop, and, finding his hands so full that he could not open the door, he dropped the limp fox, saying : "Poor fellow! The boys will have your pelt to morrow, and the bounty, but that they are out there in the barn lot running will not reconcile them to your killing your-Mild chasing with Sancho. You would sup self, for you have been a great pet and have furnished them a good deal of amusement." Sam, comprehending that he was now at Fores a good deal, I guess," said full liberty, sprang up like a flash and alence's hand of time he

BY KATHARINH ALLEN.

Winter was coming on apace; the late November days were growing shorter, colder darker. Frost was plentiful in the vicinity of Culver's Bridge, a little village in northern New York, and an occasional snow svorm sprinkled the ground with white, as a warning of what was to come later.

To Mrs. Forbes and her nicoe, Janes Wilmot, in their great gloomy house outside the village, the approaching winter looked somewhat dreary.

On one of the dullest of these Nevember days, the two ladies sat over a wood-fire in Mrs. Forbes's dressing-room. They were there from choice; the place was so much cozier than the hage library, which even the blaze of the pine logs in the grate could not render cheerful. The elder, a mild-faced, low-voiced woman, with a certain look of iron determination about her mouth when it was closed, was knitting; while the younger, a rather plain girl of twenty, was busy with her embroidery.

"It is nearly time for James to bring the mail," remarked Mrs. Forbes, glancing up at the mantel-clock; and, just then, a knock at the door seemed to answer her. "Come in," she said; and, sure enough, a servant with the letters appeared.

Mrs. Forbes took them eagerly, with the air of one who expects something pleasant, while her niece leaned forward, a look of hopeful anticipation lighting up her

"Here is one from Harry," oried the aunt, And it was not difficult to divine, from the speaker's joyful tone and her niece's brightened tace, that "Harry" made up the world for these two lonely women.

The remainder of the mail was pushed aside for the present, and the mother read the letter to herself while the young girl waited patiently to hear its contents, as she knew she presently should. As Mrs. Forbes's eye ran down the sheet, she gave a cry of joy.

"Ha is coming home, Janet ! he is coming home!" she explaimed, leaning eagerly to ward her niece. "The firm want some business transacted in America, and they have decided to send him on to do it, as he hasn't had a vacation for three years," she continued, glancing on through the letter.

"I am so glad," said Janet, quistly; but there was real pleasure in her tones, and the other knew it. It was not Janet's way to show excitement.

"He will be home before Christmas, went on the reader. "Just think of what a merry Christmas it will be, and what happy New-Year's we shall have, with my boy here !"

The reading of the letter took much time. and then it had to be re-read on several coessive mornings. The winter days no longer seemed dull or dreary—there was so much to do and plan and talk about. The two women were perfectly happy.

December slipped rapidly by, and the day before Christmas came. The voyage from India took so long, that the time of young Forbes's arrival was uncertain; but he expected to reach home by the twenty fourth at the latest. The mother was terribly nervous, and even Janet found her usually patient spirit growing restless. So she made an errand to the village, and started forth well equipped for her cold two-mile walk. No snow had fallen lately, but the trees of the wood by which she passed on her way to Culver's Bridge were bare, and the fence that rose between her and the wind-tossed and warm gloves.

Janet neared the village and saw a young man coming toward her. As the two approached, they looked into each other's face, and, after a hesitation, clasped hands. " Harry !"

"My dear Janet! I should have known you anywhere." "And I you," she rejoined.

"But mother-"She is well-anxiously expecting you,"

answered Janet. "Dear mother ! I did not telegraph because I had to stop a day to see the firm in New York, and I wasn't certain how long I might be. Then, too, I remembered the difficulties of telegraphic communication with this deadand alive village."

Japet laughed. "We are behind the times, I admit; but I love the old place, in spite of its slowness." The walk home did not seem so long to Janet, as that to the village had been. She and her cousin found plenty to talk about, At length they reached the house, and she hastened to send a man after her cousin's luggage, while he rushed up to see his mother. That meeting, who can describe?

The week which stretched between Christmas and New Year's was a season of perfect bliss to the two women, and certainly happy one to the young man. The last day their aunt. But their uncle said: "No, of the year came, and in the afternoon Janet went over to the little church, to a children's festival. Mother and son were alone together, and the latter concluded that i would be a good opportunity to open a subject of which he was anxious to speak.

"Mother," he said, "you and must talk business; I do not understand the way in which my father's affairs were settled up. You said he left little but (the house; have I sent you enough to keep it up?"

"You have been very generous, my dear buy; but wait for a day or two before we discuss business—there is plenty of time for

This was exactly what her son wished. "Mother," he began. There was a certain hesitation about his speech, unusual with him. He stood leaning against the mantel. They were in Mrs. Forbes's dressing-room, which opened into her bed-room. for you," And she did not forbid him. A cabinet, covered now with curiosities brought by Harry from India, hung on the wall back of him. His mother sat in her favorite chair by a little table. She was looking up into his face, not without a certain anxiety. "Mother," he repeated, " I suppose I seem rather young to marry; but I am twenty-four, and-" It was not at all the way he had intended

to begin; but he must go on, and his mother helped him: "My dear, I believe in early marriagesyour father was enly twenty-three when he

married me." are prospering famously-I should have a open Now, don't let's talk any more at man continued his culinary observation.

sand. Don's you think I might support a see that I am right." wife too, on that?"

table as she spoke, while the other hand her son's tace with an anxious expression.

bent toward her and said fervently :

that ever breathed—only I have so little to | ing. offer her."

-you have not told me it," and the speaker bent forward with repressed impatience. "Her name is—Bestrice Thoroughby."

that could be felt. Mrs. Forbes sank wearily back in her chair and closed her eyes. She looked suddenly old and tired. Her son did not understand. His praises of Beatrice died on his lips before this inexplicable | constantly together. Janet did not seem change in his mother. She opened her eyes -her voice was cold and hard.

"Forgive me, my son, if I am disappointed," she said; "I had hoped it might be-Janet. This house belongs to her-every. thing; if she had not bought it in, it would | the blissful story of Beatrice's love, she have gone to your father's creditors." Mrs. i answered, a queer little glint of joy shining Forbes rose as she spoke. "I had hoped to | through the sears in her eyes: die here," she went on, "and I shall-a little | "It is very odd-but I shall be your sooner or a little later; what does it mat- stepmother-in law: I have promised to ter ?"

"Mother !"

"And you can marry that girl." money enough to buy this house for you. THE NEW YEAR. Besides, I am not at all sure that Beatrice cares for me-I have known her such a short time, I have never dared ask her."

A sudden gleam of satisfaction lighted his mother's eyes.

"Ah !" she ivoluntayily exclaimed : then, with a visible effort, she added: "I will hear what you have to tell me."

tion, in the hill country. She was the de Janeiro since the revolution. daughter of a British army officer stationed at Allahabad; poor, but of good family. repeated that he had known her for so brief a season, he had never actually made love to her, and then there followed his lover's-raptures over her perfections.

the condition of his father's affair. The elder Forbes had died suddenly, soon after Harry went to India, and the son could not come back without losing his position. His he was drew a revolver and tried to shoot mother had begged bim to remain, assuring him she could attend to everything with the assistance of a lawyer friend. She had not written him about the house because she feared it might bring him home, and that would have done no good. The conversation was interrupted by Janet's return, and [say." the mother and son tried to be cheerful. That night, the two cousins watched the old year out and the new year in. They were rather silent, the young man thinking

deeply What could he do? He had always idolized his mother, and she was so fragilehow could he thwart her? The property was worth a great nany thousands. It would be years before he could hope to save enough to buy it, and, in the meantime, Beatrice-how could be expect her to wait all her life for him, even if he might hope that she returned his love?

And Janet—had not his mother hinted at her caring for him? Could it be? To be sure, she had been glad to see him; determined to master every department of but was it any deeper feeling than a sister | housekeeping." might show? He could not tell, But he leafless pines was white with frost. She owed so much to her on his mother's account be married!" felt glad of her thick fur-trimmed ulster that, if it were true she cared, what ought he to do?

The remainder of Harry's stay was a silent torment to both mother and son. She was consumed with anxiety. Would he persist in his determination to try and win that English girl? And, on his side, he was struggling with fate. The day before he whoile of war there, but be the way thut

went away, he said to his cousin : Janet: but-do you care for me enough to be havin'. Look out fur that brick." be my wife? It is my mother's dearest wish,

as well as-mine." "Yes," murmured Janet: "if you want

me to be." And then he kissed her tenderly.

"I cannot ask you to marry me for a long while, Janet," he hurried on. "My mother tells me you are an heiress, and I could not ask you to marry so poor a man as

"I sm quite content to wait," his cousin So they parted affectionately, though

hardly like lovers; and Harry sailed for India, leaving his mother happy. Life went on in the old way with the two

On his arrival in Calcutta, Harry found that Major Thoroughby had been ordered to England, so he did not see Beatrice again. It was all for the best, he told himself. Nearly three years passed, and then

Harry went back to America-his mother was dead. He had never cared to come before, except for a visit; but he could not leave Janet alone, after she had spent the flower of her youth waiting for him. " Mightn's we be married at once?" he

to go abroad for awhile with a widowed is a virtual confession that Russia has many friend. So they parted once more, and more troops at her western boundary than Harry slowly made his preparations for | was generally supposed. The army thrown transfer to the New York business-house. I upon the frontier immediately after mobiliza-If he meant to marry, he knew he must leave | tion, the "Novoe Vremya" thinks, would re-

heard regularly from Jenet. At last, he | the streets of Peking a few weeks ago. It made up his mind that the only cure for him | was the formal public celebration of the was marriage—then he would forget. So | burial of Tsching Tschu, a Grand Chamberhe wrote to Miss Wilmot: "I am coming lain and brother-in-law of Prince Kung.

Janet said to him with perfect composure : | and twenty-four white horses. One hundred you did not love me as a man should the planks, on which were painted in many colwoman he intends to marry. Of late, I have ored letters the name and title of the dead come to believe that you love someone else. I nobleman. The whole procession was a mile You are free to wed her." And she gave | and a half long.

him his ring.

But Janet was inexorable. "Of course, I don't mean just yet-right man who does not love me," she said, The lady approached the man and timidly away" Harry hurried on; "but next year, haughtily, Then, before he could recover pressed a sixpence into his hand. He turned if all shall go well, the firm intend to give from his astonishment, she calmly added : round, flung the coin on the ground, and me a small share in the business, they are so "You were going for a walk-will you angrily exclaimed, "Who are ye, who expleased with my success. Then I could kindly take this note to my friend Mrs. | pect me so pay for simply sniffing the come home and work in New York. We Armbrustar? Her address is on the envel- food?" The lady blushed and fled. The

CENELL DEFFOR ME HOMEN A. M. M.

Harry.

wells-soured income of three or four thou- | present : think matters over, and you will

A few moments later, Harry was making "It would depend on the wife," answered. his way up Piccadilly. It was a stormy his mother. She leaned one elbow on the December afternoon; rain, hail, and sleet combined to make unfortunate pedestrians rested in her lep. She was looking up into utterly miserable. As he walked rapidly on, he saw a figure turn the opposite corner-a

In his nervousness, Harry put one hand in | familiar figure—one that made his heart his pocket; the other he placed eagerly leap madly, even ofter all these years. A but tenderly on his mother's shoulder, as he | moment later, he stood in front of Beatrice Thoroughby. When the first greetings "Mother, she is the dearest, noblest girl | were over, he explained where he was go-

" Mrs. Armbrustar—Belgrave Square?" "If she loves you-but, Harry, her name | cried Beatrice. "Why, Mrs. Armbrustar is my aunt, with whom I live now. I was just on my way to your cousin's : she and I are the best of friends. I felt rather out of A silence fell between the two-a silence spirits, and she always cheers me up." Then Harry knew what Janet had done. The next few weeks were delightful: the

major, a fine-looking man of forty-five, was at home on a furlough, and the four were unhappy, though she steadily refused to hear of any renewal of the engagement. When New-Year's Day came, and in answer to his cousin's whispered "You have something to tell me !" Harry murmured

marry the major." It was all exceedingly astonishing, but Harry was consoled : and, to four people at "Never, mother, never, till I have saved least, an unexpected happiness came WITH

What Caused It.

Many different stories are told as to the causes of the revolution in Brazil. The following, however, is the first authentic account of the occurrence which precipitated it. It is given by the captain of a steamship It was soon told. Young Forbes had met | which arrived at New York on Wednesday, Beatrice Thoroughby while on his last vaca- being the first arrival at that port from Rio

"I asked the cause of the revolution. They told me that a regiment of troops that had just returned from Mattagrasso, a very sickly place, had been ordered to return there by the Minister of Marine, who it appears, was at that time in charge of military When he finished, his mother explained affairs at Rio. The commander of the troops refused to go, on the ground that the order was unjust. A dispute followed, and the Minister of Marine or Marecnal or whatever the insubordinate officer. He snapped his pistol on three cartidges, but they had failed. By that time the officer had got his pistol working and shot the Minister down. Had the Minister shot the officer the empire would still have been it existence, they

Sad Domestic News.

Daughter-"Bridget has become remarkably attentive to her duties lately." Mother (sadly) -"I have noticed it."

"Yes, she has stopped slighting her work, and pa's shirts, and collars, and cuffs are starched beautifully. She walked twenty equares last Saturday afternoon to see a woman who had promised to show her

"And lately she has begun studying cookbooks, and asking me all manner of questions about the desserts and other dishes which I have always had to make myself. She seems

"Alas! It is as I feared. She is going to

Noting the Indications.

"What koind er weather are yez havin" up there, I dunno," said one Irishman to another, who had just descended the ladder, "Begorrah, oi did'n take any notus Dinnis Phelan's losin' 'is grip an the hod, of "We have always been fond of each other, ave the opinion that its fallin weather we'll

A Deceptive Woman.

Smith-There is no doubt that blondehaired women have worse tempers than brunettes. Jones-Is that so?

Smith-Undoubtedly. Jones (whispering) -Then my wife must

dye her hair .- [Texas Siftings.

Not Nearly.

"It strikes me that Slowit's lecture was rather broad," said one young woman to another. "Yes; but not nearly as broad as it was

It seems that the buffalo crossing mania is extending to Europe. The Marquis of Lorne contemplates importing a number of Canadian buffaloes to cross with his West High-

land cattle. A Russian newspaper of acknowledged authority in military matters, the "Novos Vremya," estimates that 500,000 of the new guns which the Russian Government is thinking of giving to all its troops would be re-But Janet begged to wait. She wanted | quired by the infantry on the frontier. This quire from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 guns.

Almost a year went by, during which he | A remarkable tuneral procession paraded The bier was carried by eighty men, preced-On the day of his arrival in London, ed by forty-eight flag bearers, eight camels. "My dear boy, I have always known that | and sixty men followed, bearing sixteen red

A lady, passing down the Straud, in Lon-"Do you think I would be contemptible | don, a few days ago, perceived a wretchedenough to accept my freedom, Janet, urless | looking man with his eyes fixed longingly on you tell me you do not care for me?" cried a parcel of sausages frizzing in the window of a well-known cheap veader of these delicacies, the while a fragrant steam crept "I have not fallen so low as to marry a from the door every time it was opened.

ight of It. Algernon, in a sare disposed to affection as of affection of