YOUNG FOLKS.

Old Elsa's Crow Soup.

within some shady as heavy with the id beautiful lowers.

borne en hage but their ever-

fevered frame, and whatever.

I was aroused by

nita. Shewas hold.

and I remember

ake, sir! awake!

y God! The blood!

come at once. The h killed by the vam. I do? He is dead!"

nds as she placed it mber hearing her yet lives. God, I

I lost conscious-

e I recovered suffi.

y journey. Never

with more kindness

wife, and daugh.

al Solomons is not

century, even in

ne following ingen-

one of them to dis-

and justice lay

that came before

niversity town of

burgher complain-

eace" "that he had

defendant of 20

a cow from him-

our," he explained.

animal, and then

m the market-place

greed to do. Well,

se by my house, he

rther unless I paid

at he had received

as inf ____, I mean

paid him the mon-

"Where are your

dge. "Witnesses

ss. What are the

e know right well.

the-" "You

s," interposed the

the money?" asks

nt. "I never saw

honour, I didn't.

think-" "That

e Judge; "the

ted by witnesses or

full and void. He

though, and has

bles. Let's make

r him. I head the

Won't you give

the Judge of the

the triumphant

eart. Will three

ote." The Judge

daintily, examin-

ispiciously at the

dare to utter false

t of justice? Have

this description?

matter indeed.

ged money ?" The

white and yellow,

as that contradict-

nd murabled, and

to lie, till at last

"If you want to

e it is: This here

plaintiff, Hedid

e cow, the rascal,

notes, and that's

what I said, that

l it's he that must

forged notes, not

e babe unborn.

and there that

the 20 roubles,

as good as the

Empire of the

rald: "Lots Tof

to do right think

as shoutin' them-

name: Now I tell

workin' for Jim

the house here

im is and singin

up in the nights

rather sleep, I'd

Christians do:

buckle on my

nd I'd get fired

he hills and see

and ain't sufferin

ein' run off the

thieves, then I'm

e served. And if

l ride out in the

hills of sin and

branded by the

re the feed was

he creek all dry,

shelter when the

nelping the Lord

ranch eatin' up

gittin' down on

n' the Lord up

Bible says some-

e place marked

e Lord by feed-

after the herd,

s of people good crittur has had

r since he was a

an maverick till

im, jest cause

him, and put

at even in the

est and it's no

he belongs to, ne cowpunchers

anity.

e crew of the Savannah for

andoned, were

ghmoor. Some

ed on another

· Osseo's crew

e island in a

The British

order address-ritish steamer them to Eng-

Highmoor and cent, 60 miles

salary harder

Sermon.

he suit. "That I

at the Truth,

TLUSTRATING A SWEDISH PROVERB. Elsa, the crone, in her search for food, Went early abroad through the grove of

found no berries in all the wood, That hung not tauntingly out of reach. nuts were not ripe above her head; Yor had she the strength to beat down

birds were abroad, with wings outspread, But what could she do without a gun? for even the wild plums over the hill Had taken a tinge of crimson on;

and down by the sluice of the brown old she hunted for cresses—but all were gone.

length, on a rail she saw a crow, Preening his feathers with patient care: Ah, ah !"-she chuckled-"I'll softly go and catch him while sitting so careless

Rat the crow at that moment turned his and away he flew, with his wings a-sail "Atleast it will taste of the bird," she said, and she boiled in her pot the bit of rail!

How a Toad Undressed Itself.

A peal of laughter from the back yard aroused Mrs. Lee from her afternoon nap tha start that set her head to aching very polently again. She had lain down to sleep fthis disagreeable headache and was peacefully slumbering on the sofa in her cool darkmed parlor, lost to everything about her in a restful sleep when the uproarious laughter d her children startled her.

"O dear ! I shall go wild if this headache does not leave me soon," said Mrs. Lee to erself, as she pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. She again closed her wes to try and sleep, when the children's perriment took extra force, and the laugher changed to a scream. The tumult seemed sthough its object might be to frighten off band of Indian braves, who might be swoopng down in war paint and feathers with scalping knife and tomahawk to massacre the children.

"Rest is impossible," sighed Mrs. Lee, with such a noisy group of children at play so near the house." She arose languidly and threw open the blinds of the window that opened toward the garden. The children stood in a circle, watching something on the ground with great interest, while the screams of laughter told quite well that they had found something uncommon. Mrs. Lee stepped upon the porch, half-forgetting her headache in the excitement that seemed "catching" like a fever.

"O, mamma," exclaimed Allie, when she sawher mother watching them. "Come here and see what we have found."

"Do come, mamma," cried all the children in chorus, as they clapped their hands and shouted again at the top of their voices. "Hush, children," said Mrs. Lee, as she went sowly down the walk. "You will alarm the neighborhood, if you are not more quiet.' "You will laugh too," cried Willie in his besterous way, "when you see what this toad is doing," and they made room for her in the circle. Mrs. Lee came upon the scene in time to see a toad give a little convulsive salp, at something it was swallowing and then hop away.

"Well, what is there so much out of the are easily amused." Their crestfallen appearance amused her for a moment, when Villie exclaimed :

wallowed his clothes.'

"Swallowed his clothes! How absurd!" "He really did swallow his skin, mamma," xplained Harry the eldest. "It looked so anch like he undressed and swallowed his othes, that Willie calls it 'swallowing his

"That surely was curious. I am sorry I id not see the performance." "O, there is another toad going to undress," exclaimed Willie, pointing to one only a few

The lady and her children now gathered around another large toad. It was acting queer, and they watched it with interest to see what it would do. Sir Toad appeared sluggish and quite unconscious of their presence, while he pressed his elbows against his sides, and rubbed downward.

After a few smart rubs, his skin began burst open along the back, but he kept rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips. He then grasped one hind leg with his hands, which looked almost human, and pulled the skin from that leg.

"Off comes his left pant leg," shouted Willie. An explosion of laughter followed, and then all became quiet, awaiting the next move, which was the removal of the right pant leg.

He now pulled his cast-off garment forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it.

"Why don't you give your old pants to an orphan or sell 'em to a rag man, Mr. Toady?" queried the jocose Willie, in such lly in the laugh.

"Mr. Toady" paid no attention to this uestion. He was raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, thus stripping off the skin from his abdomen until he came to his fore legs.

"Now he is going to pull off his sleeve,"

Grasping one of his fore legs with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling he stripped off the skin. He now by a slight motion of the head, and all the time swallowing, drew the skin from the neck, and swallowed the last of his late costume. But he Was none the poorer, because he now appeared in a dazzling new suit, and seemed well contented with himself over his new Spring clothes and hearty dinner.

He now hopped away, while Mrs. Lee aughed heartily with the children, who almost shrieked with merriment.

On the Congo With Stanley.

In the evenings when we put in shore for the night to cut wood, my chief, Stanley, would often narrate some of the stirring events which occurred during his memorable gleam of suspicion lighting his small eyes. expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone, or still more thrilling voyage through the don't want to sell it."

Dark Continents I remember one particular. Voices in the Air. occasion-when the rising moon threw long, silver ripples across the purple waters of the Congo, and the soft evening airs fanned the smoldering patches of grass on the surrounding hills into flame, which cast in fantastic relief the weird shapes of the rocky uplands and the wondrous variety of the tropical vegetation.

Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his forehead, seated on a log, smoking his briar pipe by the camp-fire, whose ruddy glow fell on his sunburnt features and lighted up the characteristic lines of that manly face, his eyes fired with the reminiscences of the glorious past, held me spellbound as I listened to this thrilling narrative of the attack in his enfeebled but everready little band, by those barbarous cannibals, the

Bangala. How this veritable armada of war-canoes bore down upon his small craft; how he ran the gauntlet of these intrepid warriors to the safe reaches beyond, through an atmosphere darkened by the flight of arrows and quivering spears,—thinning their ranks as he passed with a deadly hail from his rifles. Mr. Stanley was always busy whether ashore or afloat. The top of his little cabin in the after-part of the En Avant formed his table, and I have no doubt a great deal of the interesting material which he embodied in his book, "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," was penned on the cabin of the En Avant. Occasionally, he would leave off writing, put down his pencil, and take a careful survey of the surroundings; sometimes an old crocodile, disturbed by the paddle-wheels in his slumbers on a sand-bank, would waddle down to the water's edge, and perhaps swimming toward us, as if to get a close view of the intruders, would offer an inviting shot of which Mr. Stanley generally took advantage.

We passed on creeping slowly upstream, landing here and there to cut dry wood for fuel or obtain provisions from the native villages which we sighted on the riverbanks. Our reception by the natives was generally friendly; but the large, thickly populated villages of Bolobo evinced a keen desire for war, and demonstrated their aggressiveness by firing their old flint-lock guns at our little fleet asit passed. Stanley had previously made a station here, and a white officer was at present in charge of it. The history of this post has been an unhappy one. Only recently all the station-houses had been burned to the ground, and a great quantity of stores intended for the new up-river stations, and other valuable property destroyed. The relations between the villages and station became very strained, and it was only after two weeks that Stanley's characteristic tact triumphed over the suspicions of these natives and convinced them of our friendly intentions, and also succeeded in making them pay an indemnity for their unprovoked attack. Stanley having called Ibaka and the other Bolobo chiefs to a friendly council, presents were exchanged, and the natives promised in future to Why it don't git settled weather's more'n mantain peace with the white men.

We were, however, delayed a little on the way, in order that our engineer might repair the damage caused to the A. I. A. by an old hippopotamus who had imagined this little steamer to be an enemy of his, and had made four large holes through the iron plates of her hull with his tusks before his pugnacity was appeased. Fortunately, the boat was close in shore at the time, so they were able to get her to the banks before she filled with

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke dinary run of a toad's conduct in eating, curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced and after swallowing its food, hop away to to us that we were approaching a native setand something else it may devour. If that tlement. This was Lukolela, and in the s what caused all this noise, I must say you neighborhood of our landing-place the new station was to be built. A crowd of natives was gathered on the beach awaiting our arrival, and as soon as Stanley landed, a "O mamma, it was awful funny; for he slave was sent through the village to beat the old chief's gong and summon all the head men to a palaver.—St. Nicholas.

Making Little Progress.

George-" Have you and wifie decided vet what to name baby?" Jack-" N-o, not quite; but the list of 360 names which my wife picked out, has been reduced to 179.'

George--" Well, that's making progress anyhow. Jack-"Y-e-s; but you see about half of the 360 names were for another kind of a

baby."

Pride of Station.

Mr. Forundred (proudly)-" Note this magnificent business block. I own every foot of the ground on which it stands, and it is from this that I derive my income." Old Gent-" Ah, yes; I remember this. locality very well. It was here your grandfather had his junk shop.'

A Judge's Duties.

Great Jurist's Wife-" What makes you so tired to-night?" Judge-"I had to charge a jury in an important case this afternoon."

"Oh. I suppose it is a great strain to recall all the details of a case." "It isn't that. It isn't that. It's being a comical tone, that Mrs. Lee joined heart- obliged to talk to a jury thirty long minutes without saying anything."

Not Yet Universally Adopted.

"What's that on your coat collar, Jack?

Been calling?" "Ya-as. You see my girl hasn't got onto this new smokeless powder yet."

Didn't Want to Sell It.

The story has an air about it as if it were old, and the editor therefore thinks it best to tell it as an antique which had never been brought to his notice until recently; a fact the less remarkable as it is so small a

The hero was an over-grown country bumpkin, lank and lean and gaunt, who arrived at one of the leading hotelsof the town and registered.

"I'll leave my carpet-bag here,"he said to the clerk, "and get a room when I come back to supper. "Will you have a check for it ?" the clerk asked, carelessly. "No, mister," the countryman replied, a

"You can't buy it so easily as that. I

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH. There are voices in the air Everywhere. Some speaking of despair, Some predicting fortunes fair, Some whispering truth, some prayer, There are voices in the air Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. They come to me in the night, And my timid soul affright. Or they greet me when I rise. And dispel my tears and sighs, There are voices in the air Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. They sooth my soul to rest, And they tear my tortured breast. Of faith and hope they sing, And they kill the rays that spring. There are voices in the air. Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. They come from the spirit-land, Friends and foes on every hand. And they torture or they bless, Bringing comfort or distress. There are voices in the air Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. But one voice my soul doth thrill-When it speaks the rest are still. It comes to me at even. Clear and distinct from Heaven-It is the voice of one Who cries, "Hope on, my son!"

Oh, blessed spirit-mother, Could I hear thee and no other, There would be for me no tears, Nor doubts, nor haunting fears; And my soul would stronger grow, And my heart with joy o'erflow; But of this boon I despair, For there are voices in the air Everywhere.

Cause it's Getting Spring.

The meddar lark is pipin' rth a sweeter note to me. And I hear the peewees over yander in the

cedar tree: The popple leaves is quiv'rin' 'cause the wind is in the west, And the robin's 'round a-hookin' straws to build hisself 'a nest :

The black bird he's a-flashin up the crimson on his wing. What's the reason? Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.

The old man's got the rheumatiz, an' stiff as he can be ; he can see;

Our little flotilla again started up-stream. But when it clears off splendid, then he's 'feared the crops is lost An he reckons jest a little wind, 'ud keep by, and now that old age has come to her exact.

away the frost. The kitchen door is open; I can hear Elmiry

What's the reason? Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring. The air is kind o' soft' nin' and you think it's goin' to storm ;

it comes off warm: An' jest when it's the stillest you can hear the bullfrog's note, An' it 'pears as if he wonder'd how the frost | who was walking the same way, politel

got in his throat. The ducks an' geese are riotous an' strain- politely replied the pastor, and he immedi in' hard to sing. Wnat's the reason?

Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.

That Front-Door Bell.

"There!" exclaimed the housemaid, as she slammed the front door in the face of the twentieth person asking to see "the lady of the house," "I wish there was a rule that nobody had any business to ring a door-bell unless-" "Unless what?" quietly asked the mis-

tress, appearing on the scene. "Unless they had some business to !" spitefully continued the girl.

He Was Probably Right.

"I hear that the grocers are resolved to sell sugar no longer for just the price they pay for it; they are bound to have some profit for their trouble."

"They are quite right." "Yes, sir, and when they put down their feet they will carry out their object." "Oh! I've no doubt of it; they've got the sand, the grocers have.

Bill Later.

Mrs. Cumso (when her new bonnet came the sidewalk. It may be public-spirited, but home)-Why, actually, the bird on the bon- it ain't good policy for the individooal. net hasn't any bill. Cumso-The bill was too large to go on the Bill Jones had left a full can o' dynamite on bonnet. It will come separately in a wheel.

barrow about the first of the month.

The Usual Description.

"Is the fellow what you would call a fast man ?"

"What is the exception?" "The matter of paying his debts."

He Wanted More Time.

Gripp-"Well, Doctor, did you succeed in breaking up Cable's fever ?" Young Doctor-"I would have done so in another week had I been given half a

"No, but this morning, just as I was noticing an improvement in Cable, he died." The Epoch. VON 10 11U0 C.

True Courage.

De Smythe-Who is that affected specimen of humanity making toward us?

makes you think he has courage? He eats restaurant hash.

The Nationality of Priests.

The John Bull (London) says: "An American Roman Catholic has a remarkable article in an American magazine, in which he tells the story of a gray-headed priest who was present at a dinner of Roman Catholic clergymen, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons. Ten of those present were foreigners by birth or of immediate foreign extraction. Two pass Buzzard Island, a dark and lonely place, only were genuine Americans. Of these two grown up with brush and inhabited by all the priest in question was one, and he, being sorts of wild birds, and may well be termed rallied by his fellow-American on the fact | the home of the alligator, owing to itsquietthat younger men were promoted over his ness and dark waters, which are seldom head, remarked: 'I am not Irish enough.' The narrator of this story goes on to say that in the United States of America there are thirteen archbishops and sixty bishops, only three of the former and ten of the latter being genuine Americans. And yet he remarks that this is the United States of America, not Ireland, not Italy, not France, not Spain, not Holland; and he rightly concludes that this is the reason why Roman Catholics are taunted with being foreign, un-American, and unpatriotic. In Ireland all they live. This American Catholic further calls attention to the fact that the Jesuits of the American hierarchy were French, not Irish. There is a moral in what this Amerineath the surface."

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment. She kept her nerves well in hand, and in flicted them on no one. She believed in the goodness of her own

daughters and in that of her neighbors. She cultivated a good digestion. She mastered the art of saying pleasant

She did not expect too much from her

She made whatever work came to her con-

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and un-

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

the best of everything.

and well. smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy

A Quaint Old Parson's Prank.

A very eccentric old backelor was Father Sometimes it's kind o' chilly, and then agin | Fletcher, one of the old Methodist preachers, and his shyness of womankind amounted to a country road, one of his lady parsishioners asked for a ride. "Certainly, madam, ately alighted, as the lady supposed, to as sist her to enter the carriage. She stepped quickly in, whereupon he handed her the reins and said, "Drive on, madam, and when you arrive at your destination please hitch the horse, and I will soon be along."

A Collect for the Day.

Almighty God! who showest unto all That walk in error Thy truth's constan

With merciful intent, before they fall, To bring them back into Thy way of right, Grant unto those admitted to the fold Of Christ's religion evermore to shun

Things adverse to their faith and take fast hold Of such things as were taught us by Thy Jesus, through whom we pray Thy will be

T. W. PARSONS. Too Public Spirited.

"He was a good fellow, was Smithers," said the old miner as he stood with bared head where Smithers had last been seen, but no man can go foolin' along in a camp like this kickin' off every tin can he sees lyin' on Course Smithers didn't know that ornory the walk, jest from bein' too lazy ter carry it inside, but he orter bin on the lookout. Whar is Smithers now? He's all over! He was public-spirited, ez I said, and mebbe its a comfort ter him ter be all over the camp at once, but his infloonce is too much difoosed now ter count fer much. Thar's a lesson in this, boys. Don't difoose yer influ-"He certainly is fast in every respect but ence. An thar's another lesson; don't be too public-spirited. The leadin' man ain't that

A Near-Sighted Citizen

licker.

ain't here, an'he was a good man. Let's

Citizen-"Why don't you clean out that gang of leafers in front of that saloon?" "They didn't call in another doctor, did Policeman (pitying)-"Guess you mus' be nearsighted. Them's city officials."

A Prescher's Picture of Batan Says an Indianapolis clergyman - Were I to make a picture of Satan, I should make the face and form of an imperiously gracious, magnetic, fascinating, winning gentleman; he weakens; his faculties grow dull, his of commanding intellect, of courtly presence, De Johnes-That's Dumley, and despite of rare attractions. I should have nothing his harmless appearance he's a courageous repulsive save the indescribable zeal which hatred of God and good and truth leaves al-Well, his looks belie him. But what ways on the face, not always seen and recognized and that generally escapes the unwary courageous disposition is invaluable, and and inexperienced.

SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

A Human Skulland, a Watch Found in a Sautian's Stomach.

Tim Smith, a colored laborer, working on W. F. Fuller's orange grove at Edgewater, Florida, goes to Palatka nearly every day in a rowboat. To do this he is compelled to disturbed beyond the ripple of an oar manipulated by the huntsman.

For several weeks Tim Smith noticed a particularly large alligator, whose back was filled with barnacles and long green moss. The alligator was never known to demonstrate any fear, and would not get out of Smith's way under any consideration, allowing him to row rather close toward him.

Last Thursday, when Smith started for town, he put a Winchester rifle in his boat for the express purpose of giving his 'gatorthe bishops and archbishops are Irish. In ship a load of cold lead. When opposite France all the bishops and archbishops are Buzzard Island the alligator appeared, and, French; and so it goes everywhere, in every rowing to within easy range, Smith fired country under the sun, except in the United | five shots at the saurian, all of which seem-States of America—the bishops and arch- ed to take effect, for the alligator made a bishops are the sons of the country in which | terrible flutter in the water, and turned over on its back.

Three days later Smith found the dead who did all the hard missionary work for alligator floating near by, and, tying a rope the first half century for the establishment | about its head, towed it to the Edgewater grove, when the alligator was found to measure 16 feet 31 inches in length, two can Catholic says, and it is not very far be- | balls having entered the skin just back of the head.

Smith then set to work and skinned the saurian for market, when to his great surprise the darkey came across a human skull, perfectly formed and unbroken, but owing to the superstitiousness of the negro he stopped skinning the alligator, which operation was finished by a white employee on the grove. Further dissection brought to light a gold watch bearing the initials "G. L. T. " The skull and watch are now on exhibition at Fry's taxidermy store.

Who the unfortunate man was no one seems toknow, as the initals are not famil-! iar about here, but it is supposed that he was some sportsman who, alone, was attacked and devoured by the alligator, as is quite often the case with Northern tourists who go to Florida and navigate its streams without a guide to keep them from the dark and dangerous tributaries that empty into the St.

The Height of Mountains.

It is not surprising that scientific men in Mexico hesitate to accept Prof. Heilprin's revision of the height of Mount Popoca's petl. Mountain heights obtained by barometric observations are sometimes far wide of the mark, but it is not at all likely that the She retained an even disposition, and made | figure of 17,784 feet, which has for some time been accepted as the height of Mexico's great She did whatever came to her cheerfully est mountain, is 3,000 feet too much, as Prof. Heilprin asserts. The Professor made his She never forgot that kind words and a observations with an aneroid, which may, to be sure, give quite accurate results, but is extremely liable to get a little out of order, She did unto others as she would be done | and then the story it tells is anything but

Popocatapetl is supposed to be the third highest summit in North America, being surpassed only by Mounts St. Elias, and Wrangel in Alaska. Prof. Heilprin is climbing again to the great crater to satisfy himself whether he has done the old volcano any injustice by his figures, which would reduce the famous mountain to quite an ordinary summit. Nearly all famous mountains antipathy. One day as he was riding along have their ups and downs at the hands of explorers. A few years ago Mount St. Elias was called the highest mountain on this continent, then for a time Mount Wrangel had the honor, which has now been shifted again to St. Elias. Chimborazo for some years was regarded as the highest elevation in the world, but we now know that several Hima-

layan summits surpass it. Over 2,000 feet have just been shaved off the summit of Mount Obree, in New Guines, by the latest observations. It is not surprising that these variable estimates occur in savage lands, where observations have been rarely taken, and then with imperfect instruments. But Popocatapetl is easily accessible, and its height has been computed several times. All the accepted measurements since 1827 do Lot vary more than 400 feet, and it is hardly conceivable that Prof. Heilprin is correct in calculating the mountain's height at three-fifths of a mile less than all other observers.

A Duel to the Death on Running Horses.

Andrew Foster and Will Jarnagin, two young farmers, who resided at Gum, Texas, had an encounter the other day. The former is fatally wounded and the latter is dead.

Several months ago Foster assisted the lover of Jarnagin's sister to elope with her. The young men have been enemies since. The other night, in returning from a meeting, they met in the highway. Jarnagin drew his pistol, and almost at the same time Foster was ready. They fired simultaneously. Each shot took effect, a ball entering Foster's right cheek and lodging on the inside of the skin on the left temple, while one pierced Jarnagin through just above the heart.

They were both on horseback, and their horses ran with them in the same direction. They continued firing until Jarnagin emptied his pistol, and Foster had shot three times. Jarnagin dropped from his horse at the end of 100 yards, and died in a few minutes. Foster was taken to a neighbor's house. Foster is 19 years of age and Jarnagin 26.

Decadence of Rome.

way in the big cities. Thy talk big and do a The last official statistics of Rome show little suthin' now an' then, but fust they that the city must have lost a large percentlook out fer the individooal. Wa'al, Smithers age of its population since the last census. Although only 20 houses have been built there in the last three years 4,000 houses with living rooms for 20,000 persons are now vacant. The transient population is thought to have fallen off also. Hardly six thousand strangers went there to see the big carnival this year, while in former years the number was little short of one hundred thousand.

Avoid Depression.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck. A cheerful, hopeful, should be assiduously cultivated.