

GLEANINGS—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A minister said to his congregation: "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split."

One of the quaintest and less inviting signs travelers to Egypt come across is a notice affixed outside one of the royal tombs, near Luxor, on the banks of the Nile, and which reads as follows: "This tomb is especially reserved for luncheons."
—Food and Cookery.

The trust president pushed the button, and the general counsel stood before him. "Have the books been burned?" "They have." "Has the mortgage been erased, the bonds stolen, and the safe buried?" "It has been done." "Then announce that we have nothing to conceal."
—Puck.

The new reporter was told to make a story of about four hundred words about the meeting of the trustees of the public library. Later the chief

the story. The young reporter, flustered at being late, said: "It isn't quite finished yet. You told me to make four hundred words of it, and I've only a little over three hundred so far." "What did they do?" "They met, called the roll, and adjourned until next Tuesday evening."
—Youth's Companion.

An active but illiterate member of a certain football club was informed at the last committee meeting that the members had decided to give him an honorarium for his assistance. "Thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness," said he; "but it's no use to me. I really couldn't play it!"

The passenger steamer was just leaving the pier when an old gentleman rushed up and shouted, "Hold on a minute, captain; there's a party of fifty coming aboard." The steamer backed in again, and the old gentleman walked on board and sat down. Five minutes passed, and the captain, who thought he was sure of getting a picnic party at least, went across to him, and asked if the party would be much longer. "What party?" asked the old gentleman. "The party of fifty you spoke about." "Oh, I'm the party," said the gentleman; "I'm fifty today." After that the captain felt as if he could kick himself.

During a speech on "Marriage and After," the lecturer said that old married men should kiss their wives as they did when they were first married. Meeting the lecturer the next day an old man said: "It's no good, maister." "What isn't?" said the lecturer. "Weel," said the man, "when I went home last night and kissed my wife, she said: 'What's gone wrong with you, you old idiot?'"

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing round here again? I thought that delicate hint I gave you with my boot just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you—won't have you coming here." "It did," said the young man, who was "after" the daughter, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you—" "Ask me what?" "If you wouldn't like to join our football club."

Paper garments, that is, clothes comprised of a mixture of cotton and paper yarn, will, it is said, form a fashionable form of apparel

in the near future. Even in its ordinary form paper is one of the most effective of coverings against cold. An ordinary newspaper placed between a vest and a coat protects the back of the wearer as effectively as if he wore a heavy overcoat. In the same way, two or three layers of brown paper placed in the boots form the warmest of soles—an effectual cure for cold feet. It is because it is so cheap and easy a method of obtaining warmth that its use is generally neglected. Thousands of poor people who in winter go shivering in thin clothing might, if they chose, be warm and comfortable, at no cost, by the aid of paper worn under the garments.

Riley—"Casey is the stingiest man I ever knew. He never stood a drink in his life." Kelly—"That's right; but once I thought he was going to. Ses he wan morning, 'Ah-ha! Kelley, and today's my birthday. What are we going to have with an anniversary?"

prevent your papa from opening your love letters?" Dorothy—"I get George to address them to him, and write 'Cigar Price-List' on the envelope. Then dad throws them into the waste-paper basket without opening them, and I fish them out."

Simpkins to milkman: "What's the difference between a cow and a milkman?" Milkman (gruffly) "Don't know, guv'nor. Never was good at puzzles." Simpkins: "The difference is that the cow gives pure milk and the milkman doesn't." Milkman: "Ah! But there's another difference also, sir, the cow doesn't give credit!"

AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Robert Reece; And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.

So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week, And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!

His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his head! And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,

It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high!

Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?

Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,

Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue oceanic sea!

My name is Norval, on the Granpian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be.

The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;

His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.

"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,

So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

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