

THANKSGIVING EVE.

Y boyhood's home be fore me lies. Just as I looked when life was young; Ere I had spread my pennons flung; The blue smoke stings the hill beside; The brook goes slinging on its way; And voices near and far proclaim The coming of Thanksgiving Day.

A thousand welcomes as of old Ring out upon the frosty air; While through the orchard boughs I see The village lights reflected there; To-morrow will be festive time; And city halls and hamlets low Will echo to the merry chimes And memories of long ago.

We all are young who gather here— The stars of three were years and ten Trips lightly with his sweet grandchild, The guest of our youngest men; For who cares aught for wrinkles now? Or sighs because his locks are gray? His heart beats light with love and joy The feasts of our Thanksgiving Day.

Now let me slumber once again In that old chamber in the Hill, And wake up from my dream and hear The night winds through the ensemble swell. No monarch has a grander couch Or softer down on which to rest Than mine will be, for oh, my friends, I'm once more in my boyhood's nest!

—H. S. Washburn, in Watchman.

MY OLD DEAR.

A Pathetic Life Picture for Thanksgiving Study.

(Written for This Paper.)

HE farm was shrouded in November twilight and had a forlorn air, but this was by no means an air of untiried or neglect. A typical Ohio farm-house of the better sort, with evergreen-crowded front yard and outbuildings stretching away from the rear, dimly outlined itself against a hill background.

The hired man came from the barnyard with two frothing pails of milk, and was met at the side door by a stranger who had labored with the front knocker in vain.

"Good evening," said the stranger. "Howdy do," responded the hired man. "Does Mr. John Thomas live here?"

"Yes, sir." "Is he at home?" "He can't very well be anywhere else," replied the hired man, with an explanatory grin. "He's been helping since your age last August, and can't go nowhere unless he's carried out. I tend to the business of the farm for the old folks."

"My business is with him, not with the farm," said the stranger. "Step right into the house, then," invited the hired man, himself leading the way with his pails of milk.

"Aunt Susan," he announced in the familiar tone of one who feels the dependence of his employers, "here's a gentleman to see uncle."

The clean kitchen, bright with lamp-light and preparations for a country supper, held nothing else as heartening as the old woman who turned from her cooking-range. Her rippling of gray and auburn hair, patient, blue eyes and trim and active figure won the young man, though he tried to regard her with callous indifference.

She took him into an inner room where a table was spread at the elbow of an old man propped in an easy chair. It was a comfortable room, full of pleasant living, and signs of such opulence as an aged agricultural couple might care for. On the mantel over the log fire stood a deliberate clock and two vases of those mummies known as winter bouquets.

Locked in the calm of paralysis the useless farmer met and resisted that approaching stranger's gaze. A lamp burned in the middle of the table. It showed every cast-iron line of the invalid's grizzled face. His weakness became a sudden his strength. He took refuge in it and covered himself with it from the vengeance he recognized, coming out of the past in search of him.

"Dear, here's somebody come to see you," said the old wife, bestowing this delight upon her husband and a chair upon the stranger. "The neighbors have all been so good, but it isn't often we have a stranger to our house now. I think it's so much better for Dear to see folks," she confided to the young man, "than to sit alone in his affliction."

Her caller stood by the hearth, declining a seat and holding his hat. He was a tale, blond man, carrying with him the air of the busy world. Success had already set confidence in his face. He was a power confronting that wrecked old man, for whom he could do no more than one gives a badly crushed snake.

"We don't eat in the kitchen since Dear had his stroke," apologized the old wife, her mind half lingering with her dishes on the range. "It's handier for him to have the table here. I'll bring them right in, and you'll sit by and take supper with us."

"No, thanks." The stranger took a paper from his breast pocket and unfolded it. "My business is brief. I came to hand this document, copied from one I retain, to Mr. John Thomas."

"If it's a note or deed," said the wife, "I'll read it to him. Dear can't hold any thing in his hands now."

She took her spectacles from a little

basket, and coughed and reached for the paper. The young man put it behind him with a flashing action of the muscles surprising to himself. The freight made her mild spectacles glare. "This is a business matter," he apologized, blushing. The old man sat like a sphinx, and left his innocent and tender guardian to encounter his fate.

"Well, maybe you would rather read it to Dear yourself," she suggested. "I would, if he must have it read to him."

"Are you a lawyer?" she inquired, timidly. "I am. Perhaps I forgot to mention that my name is Eugene Laplace."

"Seems to me I have heard the name somewhere." "Your husband has. It is a name he knew well twenty years ago in the West. My father was his partner."

"There, now, Dear," cried the lovely old woman. "Company has been sent to us for this Thanksgiving. I knew we wouldn't have to sit down our turkey by ourselves, if we are a lone couple. You'll take supper, of course. And where is your horse?"

"I walked here from the hotel in your little town," explained the young man. "It isn't far."

"Dear won't have the son of his old partner stop at a tavern," she remonstrated. "We can send the hired man for your things, and you'll stay right where you are. Beds ain't so scarce in this house that a friend's child can't sit down and stay."

The young man folded his paper and put it back in his pocket. "I will call again," he said, in a blundering manner unusual to him, and his anxiousness, seeing that he desired to get out, indicated the front entrance, and, mindful of dignity, conducted him himself into the chill hall. She shut the sitting-room door and leaned against a panel, her figure collapsing downward. A fan-light, shaded by green paper, threw ghost-lines on her face in the dark. Upstairs the wind had found some crack through which it uttered a mournful cry.

Laplace stood still, feeling that he could not open the front door and escape, leaving this sweet old woman sobbing. "I guess you'll have to go," urged the landlord. "The old fellow's had another stroke, and he's dead."

The hired man, waiting solemnly with a democrat wagon and brisk team, informed Laplace that the undertaker had already gone out, and the house was full of neighbors.

They spun along the frosty road, winter twilight still holding the woods and fields under its pall.

The young man did not know what was expected of him or how to behave, but as he entered the house and the sleeping woman came to meet him he took her in his arms. He comforted her as if she had been his mother.

"Oh, how blessed it is to have you here," said the trembling creature, "and it's been a comfort to me every time I thought of it—this awful night. My head is so poor it never came into my mind last night that you were the heir. And Dear, he couldn't speak. I have my power all fixed, but Dear explained it to me long ago that he had dealings with your father that made him want to leave his property that way, seeing we had no children. You ought to have spoke out plainer. And your name—I knew it in the will—but I forgot. And now he's gone from us! The best husband and most upright man that ever lived!"

Neighbors went softly about, casting looks of sympathy at the young man and aged widow. There sifted through the home the smell of a Thanksgiving dinner which had been prepared for dear and would be eaten by strangers.

When she could control her weeping she took Laplace into the awful sanctum and showed him what was yet her most precious possession.

He looked at the grizzled face which had settled all sorrows with him, and hoped sincerely that the spirit of John Thomas would receive forgiveness from the Maker. But he prayed for himself that if he should ever be stretched dead before the woman he loved, she might believe in him with better belief, might stroke his hair and adore him with her eyes and say over and over and over again: "My Dear! My own dear!"

MARY HARTWELL CATERWOOD.

THANKSGIVING ETIQUETTE.

Advice Designed to Aid in a Proper observance of the Day.

Don't spoil the day by finding fault. Anybody who is surly on a holiday deserves to be sentenced to six months' penal servitude.

Don't growl because you don't get the second joint. Don't be a hog and take all the white meat. The dark is considered better by many good judges.

Give the young ones all the gravy they want, and let them daub themselves with cranberry sauce to their stomach's content. It's anti-bilious. Explain to them that the anatomical structure of the turkey makes it impossible for you to supply them all with "wish bones."

If the youthful people of the family howl in the silent midnight watches do not paint the air blue. Remember that you were a boy once and used to over-feed. Remember, too, that Thanksgiving only comes once a year, although the joyful voice would undoubtedly be sold for having it come twice a week.

Be copious of pie to your guests, sparing yourself. Pie is healthiest when eaten by proxy.

Do not tell your wife about the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Do not let your wife see the plum pudding your Aunt Samantha used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums.

And may you all live to eat Thanksgiving turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pang of indigestion.—St. Louis Bulletin.

—When an Englishman wants off he "stands" for it and then "aits." Americans run and lie.—Munsey's Weekly.

—Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told of it once more.—Somerville Journal.

—Brown (who has just passed the box). "How do you like the night, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—When an Englishman wants off he "stands" for it and then "aits." Americans run and lie.—Munsey's Weekly.

—Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told of it once more.—Somerville Journal.

—Brown (who has just passed the box). "How do you like the night, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—When an Englishman wants off he "stands" for it and then "aits." Americans run and lie.—Munsey's Weekly.

—Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told of it once more.—Somerville Journal.

—Brown (who has just passed the box). "How do you like the night, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you are my upper story."

—There is no abstract excellence in early rising—all depends on what you do when you are out of bed. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—Spivy (K.) Index.

—"O, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down so rapidly?" "The fastest, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—When an Englishman wants off he "stands" for it and then "aits." Americans run and lie.—Munsey's Weekly.

—Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told of it once more.—Somerville Journal.

—Brown (who has just passed the box). "How do you like the night, old man?" Jones. "At very long intervals, thanks."—"Did you read my last paper?" inquired an aspiring young author of a friend. "I have always hoped so since I read your first one."—Merchant Traveler.

—Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me