



—Chicago Journal.

SIGNS OF AGE.

So, I am growing old, you say; I walk in a decrepit way; My hair is absolutely gray; And growing thinner; My books are all the stupid kind That entertain a senile mind; And somehow I am disinclined To dress for dinner.

Her Independence

"If I was a woman an' I had a man like that I'd quit him cold," remarked Jim Holliday, as the farmer who had just assisted his wife in her choice of a calico dress left the store. "I believe in treatin' a woman right."

tens. An' then if he'd have let her she'd have had fresh butter meat twice or three times a week. Good sowlab an' taters an' corn bread an' molasses wasn't good enuff for her, seemed like. She certainly did need watchin'.

A BRAVE DEED HONORED.

Fire Recalls the Deed of a Heroism Whose Memory Was Revered. The exciting scene enacted at the burning of an hotel at Aberavon, England, the other day, when a domestic servant risked her own life and met with severe injuries in saving a babe from a terrible death, recalls a similar but far more tragic case which stirred all England to pity and admiration some twenty-three years ago, says a London newspaper.

"Sold some stock, did she?" chuckled Jim Holliday. "Well, she had figgered on sellin' some," said Hancock. "She allowed she'd sell enuff to buy a \$50 stove an' a new bunnet an' a washin' machine an' a sewin' machine an' a silk dress an' a sushband an' a dozen cans o' California peaches an' a rubber plant for the settin' room winder an' lace curtains for the same an' a pair o' kid shoes. But when she got to thinkin' it over she sort o' compromised an' bought four yards o' crash towelin' a 10-cent egg beater, a Mother Hubbard wrapper for 75 cents an' a pair o' stockin's an' 2 cents' worth o' stick candy for the kid."

THE POOR LONDONER.

Wherever He Moves He Adds to the Value of His Landlord's Property. According to the London correspondent for an American publication New Yorkers who live in flats or even ordinary houses are enjoying a condition of paradise, compared with the lot of the London tenant.

Old Favorites

Little Blue Pigeon. Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings— Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes. Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging— Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

The Grandfather. The farmer sat in his easy chair Snaking his pipe of chinked face. He thought how often his mother, dead, Had sat in the self-same place; As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye, "Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house dog lay stretched out on the floor, Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal; The busy old wife by the open door Was turning the spinning wheel, And the old brass clock on the mantel tree Had plodded along to almost three.

THE POOR LONDONER. The British landlord, he complains, is a tyrant; and the long lease system is the basis of his tyranny. The system of twelve months leases that obtains in New York is the Magna Charta of the tenant. It has done infinitely more for American happiness than either the Declaration of Independence or the divorce laws. It makes landlords compliant and confers upon the tenant a status of something very like equality.

READY TO KILL THE FLIES.

W. W. Jacobs, the English humorist, relates the following story: "I was looking at a butcher shop display when the butcher came out and said to an old man: 'Henry, I want you.' 'What do you want?' the old man asked. 'Why,' said the butcher, 'I'll give you a shilling and a joint of meat if you'll kill all the flies in my shop.' 'All right,' said the old man, 'give me the shilling first and the meat afterward.' The butcher handed out the shilling. Then the old man asked for a stick about a yard long. This was brought him. He grasped it firmly, went to the doorway and said: 'Now turn 'em out, one at a time.'"

DREW ON HIS STEREOTYPED PHRASES.

A young Chicago drummer was taking a vacation with his uncle in the country, and was called upon to ask the blessing, and not being accustomed to it, he promptly tackled the difficulty in the following words: "We acknowledge the receipt of your favor of this date. Allow us to extend our gratitude for this expression of good will. Trusting that our house may meet your confidence and have many orders from you this fall, we are yours truly, amen." The old man will say grace hereafter.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great appreciation. "I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you." "What are you so scared about?" asked the patient. "Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

A COUNTRY STORM.

A biting chill is in the air, a storm sits brooding in the sky. The pigeons perched upon the barn, huddled in groups, cast anxious eye upon the chill, dark clouds that lower. The whistle of a distant train sounds a new note, weird, plaintive, shrill—potent of coming snow or rain.

Out in the barnyard now the kins low each to each, crowd close together. Throw up their heads and toss their horns, uneasy at the threatening weather.

"I can't see what we're going to do, Lion," said Mrs. Pettigrew. She said it aloud, though she was talking to a dog, and the dog looked into her eyes, and wagged his tail, and whined a little, with a tremble going all through his body.

Yes, he knew all about it. He knew how the little old woman's struggle had been growing harder from month to month. He must have known it, because he sat down in front of her every day and looked at her with such intelligent eyes that she always felt as though she were talking it over with some confidential friend when she mentioned it to Lion.

Several weeks had passed, now, since she had made anything, and she had been living on the little hoard that she had laid away for a "rainy day." Economical as she tried to be, her small savings melted away; and now a whole day had passed, during which Mrs. Pettigrew had not eaten.

But it appeared that Lion was not willing to take so despondent a view of the situation. When his mistress had spoken he ran down towards the gate, and looked back, inviting her to come on. He had always gone with her on her rounds to make her simple purchases, and he was greatly astonished when she only smiled sadly and refused to follow.

"The dog," he barked, "has forsaken me," said the little old woman to herself. "And yet, it is natural, for he is hungry." But it seemed that Lion was not going to remain hungry, for he went gayly down the street, joggling along in a business-like way that made it evident he had made up his mind before he started.

"Here's Lion," said Baker Fritz, wiping his hands on his apron. "Mrs. Pettigrew isn't far behind, I reckon." At the mention of Mrs. Pettigrew, Lion trotted all around the room, with the absurd gambols that he affected when he was particularly pleased. Another customer came just then, and Fritz waited on her, and she took away the long brown loaf, wrapped in a sheet of paper.

Lion was growing impatient. He stood up, with his fore feet on the edge of the counter and sniffed hungrily at the loaves that were nearest. Watching Fritz with interest as the baker moved about the little space back of the counter, Lion opened his expressive mouth in a most astonishing yawn, and when this failed to produce any immediate result he barked at the baker, his mouth hanging open, and a good-humored smile showing all his teeth; as though he felt sure that this would be understood.

"Why, I do believe the dog wants his loaf," said the baker to his wife, who looked in to see what all the noise was about. "He hasn't brought any money, but never mind. My! I wish my driver had as much sense as that dog has!"

So Fritz tied up a loaf in brown paper, and held it toward the dog. Lion accepted it gravely, and instead of wagging his tail he wagged his whole body as he went out of the door and started up the street. Straight home he went, with his head up and with a wary eye on the alert for any other dog that might happen along.

Two of a Kind. Little Jennie, who is remembered the image of his father, was one day in his mother's way, when she told him, "You are always in the way." He replied, "I am just like papa."—Dellinger.

"See here," said the tailor, as he headed the young man off, "do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying the bill you owe me?" "I should say not," replied the young man. "Then why do you do it?" asked the knight of the tape. "To keep you from asking for it," answered the other.—Chicago Daily News.

Some people would rather attend a trial at the court house than a circus.

THE STORY OF A CLEVER DOG. Lion got his loaf again and took it home; but he did not stay to eat it. He ran down the street again, and turned down another way, and before the butcher knew what he was doing, there was Lion looking into his eyes, and barking at him with all his might. And he would not leave off barking, either, until the butcher said: "Why, Lion, have you come alone this morning? You want some meat for your breakfast? Maybe the old lady hasn't been feeding you very well lately."

"What, has Lion been buying meat, too?" he asked in astonishment. "Well, that dog is smart. Why, he comes to my place after his bread, and my wife says he takes it straight home; and I guess he'll take that meat home, too." They were so interested in the matter that they left the shop and followed ed Lion to the corner, where they could watch him all the way home. Sure enough, he went on up the street, and leaped over the gate, and they saw him walk in at the door with his head up and the bundle in his mouth.

In a day or two Lion's fame had gone out through all the town; and people followed him into the baker's and the butcher's to see him bark at the proprietor until he was waited on. One day the baker tried to see what the dog would do if no attention were paid to him. Lion barked a while in vain; then he stood off and looked at Fritz in astonishment; then he barked again; and at last he quietly leaped upon the counter, seized a loaf daintily and carefully, and walked off with it.

look in her eyes. And there was Lion, rolling all over the floor, in the most absurd manner, showing that he was happier than a dog ever was before.

It seemed that the whole town wanted to help Lion take care of Mrs. Pettigrew. Every day his circle of influence widened, and one day it was Mrs. Martin that called him in and gave him a bundle to take home.

"It's only a little shawl, for the mornings are cool," she explained to Lion, who gambled gaily in reply as he started out, for the dog seemed so human that he felt he must know all about it.

And a little later there was old Mr. Drew, whom all the town had thought a miser, calling the dog in and petting him when he thought no one was looking, and when Lion went away he had a big bundle, and he walked with his head very high, and looked more important than ever. Some of them found out afterwards that the bundle contained several yards of flannel enough to keep off the rheumatism all the rest of the old woman's life.

One could not begin to tell of the kindly deeds that blossomed out in the little town, all because of the dog that loved his mistress so faithfully. Why, there was one man sending around a load of wood, and sending a man to split it up, and to carry it into the house; and there was another that sent up shingles, and hired a man to put a new roof on the shed. It seemed that the town had made up its mind that the little old woman was to be taken care of, and that everything she could possibly need was to be done for her; and if you had merely mentioned such a thing as pay for anything, the man to whom you mentioned it would never have forgiven you.

"It couldn't be done," said the man that had sent up the load of wood. "I am sure that any man who took money for anything he did for that old lady would never be able to look Lion in the face again."

Yes, it was Lion, Lion, everywhere. The dog suddenly found himself the most popular dog that ever was known, and every one that met him had something pleasant to say to him.

The result of it all was that in a little while the happy split in Mrs. Pettigrew's body warmed Mrs. Pettigrew's poor little being until, all at once, the rheumatism began to take its departure, and she grew stronger every day. In a little while she could hobble about without her stick, and then she could use her hands, and very soon she came down with Lion one morning and walked into one place after another.

"I'd like to tell you if I could," she said to them all. "Lion and I know all about it, but we could never say—and now I am strong again, and yesterday I did a little work; and I have money for my marketing to-day. But oh, it's a beautiful thing to be brought helpless once in a while to see how even a dog can be a friend to you, and how a whole town can forget itself and remember you."

And there was not much said, but as she went away, one after another of those that had helped her came out and watched the little old woman and the dog, going up the street, side by side; Lion carrying some of the bundles, for he would not give up his work all at once. And as they watched there was a mist in their eyes, and the two figures grew indistinct.—Chicago News.

An Uncomfortable Christmas.

In the mind of the average individual Christmas is associated with cheerful visions of crisp air, fleecy snow, sparkling frost and jingling sleigh bells. Not so, however, with the resident of New South Wales. Morley Roberts spent the holiday season once on an Australian ranch, and his experience is told in his "Land-Travel and Sea-Faring."

By Christmas time the summer sun had reduced everything to a universal brown. Paths and roads were axle-deep in dust, and the sand hills were like dry quicksand.

The air was unusually calm and still, but when the wind did blow, the clouds of dust and sand choked man and beast. On windless days fantastic whirlwinds, vast and funnel-shaped, stalked across the plain, revolving with terrific rapidity and loud hissing.

The air was hot and heavy, burning the throat and lungs and drying up the skin. The rays of the sun came back redoubled from the fiery ground; the heat could be felt through the sole of a man's boot.

It seemed impossible that the heat could increase, yet as Christmas drew near it was hotter and hotter still. Every day we declared, almost in terror, that the thermometer could not get any higher, yet every day it went up several degrees higher yet. On Christmas day it stood one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade, four days after it registered one hundred and twenty degrees, and on New Year's day it stood at one hundred and twenty-five degrees, and did not alter for three days. This was in the shade under the veranda. What it was in the sun I did not have the courage to inquire.

The wind was like a blast of heat that came from a tapped furnace. The sheep and horses stood all day in the shade, their drooping heads toward the tree trunks; the fowls, also, kept shut, and all went with open mouths and lolling tongues. The ground in the sun was as hot as fire, and could hardly be touched with the hand; nor at midnight was there any perceptible alteration nor remission, for even then metal was almost too hot to be taken hold of.

Birds were found dead, struck by lightning in their flight. There was a somber melancholy about everything; it looked as if nature was about to die, for hope seemed lost and strength exhausted.

Near the end of January the thermometer dropped to one hundred degrees, and that seemed pleasantly cool to us.

Six-Years-Old Harry—Pa, if I get married will I have a wife like ma? Pa—Very likely. Six-Years-Old Harry—And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old bachelor like Uncle Tom? Pa—Very likely. Six-Years-Old Harry—Well, pa, it's a mighty tough world for us men, ain't it?—Success.



THEY DINED SUMPTUOUSLY ON BREAD AND WATER.