

THE HOME THAT IS HAPPIEST.

Our burdens are lightened
That many hands bear.
And pleasure are brightened
That many hearts share.

VOICES OF THE WATER.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, not tranquilly, not caring how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

and coming to the bedside, said, "My own boy! Don't you know me?"
Paul looked in the face and thought, was this his father? But the face so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?
He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

HERE AND THERE.
The only Chinese paper published in New York has suspended publication.
Dressed raccoon meat is regularly kept on sale at Cloverdale, Cal., butchers' stalls.

STRANGE FOOD.
A New York Chef Tells How Dog-Flesh Tastes.
Travelers often come back and tell us of having eaten and relished snakes and other reptiles not appreciated when placed on the home dinner table.

SCIENCE VS. THE BULL DOG.
A New Invention for Getting Rid of Poets, Canvassers, and the Like.
Every reader of the comic newspaper must from time to time have had his attention forcibly attracted to the withering contempt and fierce hatred openly entertained by the comic editor against the aspiring poet, whether of the spring or love-lorn variety.