

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
The one on the coal cart jerked his lines,
And snuffed the lid of either eye.

OUR ROBIN.

CHAPTER I (CONTINUED).

While I am laughing at the detour
And you are aggressive in the way
Which this announcement is made,

have a run round the garden before breakfast.
'Delightful!' agrees Robin. 'I shall only my locket to put on. Thee! Shall I do?'
'I think her perfection, and frankly tell her so, at which she laughs immoderately.

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

Dr. Talmage's Discourse on "The Moonlight Ride."

The Glorious Rebuilding of the City of Jerusalem.
What Jerusalem Was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to You.
Skeptics and Infidels May Scoff at the Church, but Their Imprecations Availeth Not.

I have never been in Devonshire before. I feel like Christopher Columbus when he landed in the New World. I have everything to see.
'Take an egg,' I say, pushing the stand towards her.

DEVOURED ITS TAIL.

Mr. James N. Aldridge, a well-known bachelor of Marksbury, a village a few miles north of Lancaster, Ky., owns a handsome bull terrier, of which he is very fond.

When the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said: "Sir, about these larger graves I don't know. I know the graves of the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the larger graves. Oh, if you could see the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is well with the saints. Or, if you have a child, you have a child's grave—sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snowflake from heaven to hell—
Fell to be trampled as dirt in the street—
Fell to be trodden as mud under the feet—
Praying, cursing, wishing to die—
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread—
Hating the living and hating the dead.

QUEER DREAMS.

From the London Telegraph.

There are a great many people who are firm believers in dreams, and who are not ashamed to admit it, and a great many other people who will not plead guilty to what they call foolish superstition, and who are yet more or less impressed by a bad or good dream. To the latter order, according to a paper published at Tientsin, a gentleman belonged who some years ago buried his father in a temporary grave while the tomb in course of construction for his remains was being finished.

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NEOTONE WHIMS OF STATESMEN.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Hampton has a queer habit. He does not chew or smoke to any extent, but he is fond of pinching off sections of a fine cigar, powdering it in his hand and snuffing it. He will sit in the cloak room where he can see the President's desk and snuff cigars for an hour at the time. Senator Daniel of Virginia also has a nicotine habit. It is to indulge in a "dry smoke." That is, he keeps an unsmoked or half-smoked cigar in his mouth all the time.

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HER PRIVATE CODE.

His daughter was going to Europe. He is a very rich man, but a millionaire will always make up a telegraphic code to save money. It would be nothing to him if he sent one hundred words, but he can always get as much as he can for nothing any way, and he will have a telegraphic code. I don't know, though. Perhaps he thought she might take as many words to say a thing by telegraph as ladies ordinarily do in conversation, and that would bankrupt a millionaire. Let us acquaint him of economy.

Let us say that by confining her to one word he would save a great deal of money, telegraphed, whereas, if he left her to express it her own way he might never have found out what she meant. He left her to make out the code. She made one quite to the point on all important matters. She selected the word herself, wrote it all out and handed it to him when she left. He looked it in his desk and it was all right. Last week he got a telegram from her. It consisted of one word, "Laugh." He laughed. It seems to be something like a code. His code was in the best of humor. He got out the code and he read: "Laugh—Send me \$500.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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THE COST OF LIVING IN THIS COUNTRY IS GRADUALLY BECOMING CHEAPER.

A man can now get his boots blacked for 5 cents and his eyes blacked for 10 cents—Norristown Herald.

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