

LAST NIGHT.

Sluggish last night I lay upon my bed,
And in the darkness these I love the best
Lay calmly sleeping, while with stealthy tread
Came all the hateful spirits of unrest.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Oh, Max! I swung my arms around his neck and kissed him! What shall I do?"
"How could you have made such a mistake?"
"Is the dusk he looked exactly like you. Of course, the moment he spoke my horrible blunder flashed upon me and I fled."

blushing at his side. He explained that the kiss was intended for himself, and introduced his sister, who apologized for her mistake in the sweetest manner. I sat next Miss Carstairs at dinner, and in the course of conversation remarked that once before I had been mistaken for another man with nearly a fatal result to myself.

standing round—for Malbrain was not liked and my victory was popular. Then the party broke up, but Malbrain waited for me on the stairs. His face was livid with passion.
"I hope you are satisfied," he said, hoarsely.
"I am sorry," I replied, "if the stakes were too high, but later you may have your revenge."



Good Roads and Convict Labor.
A correspondent writes to ask whether the tremendous energy put into the building of good roads will not be wasted if some definite plan is not devised for the future preservation of these new made thoroughfares.

Get the stage hands. He discharged them right and left, but not a man of them was allowed to go. When Dion Boucicault fired a man whose place had been in the "prompt" wings, Wallack transferred him to the "O. P." or back of the stage, or up in the flies, and so on all around.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

HOMES ARE RUINED BY STRONG DRINK.

Thousands of Lives, Characters and Fortunes Are Annually Wrecked Along the Glided Pathway Having Its Beginning in the Wine Room.
Liquid Bread.
I remember once seeing over the door of a public house in Liverpool "Good ale is liquid bread." I went into the house, and said, "Give me a quart of liquid bread."

Cigarette in Schools.

Cigarettes and scholarship and their relations to each other are being quietly investigated by the principals of the Chicago public schools. The investigation has seemingly gone far enough to warrant some of the teachers in saying that the cigarette habit is practiced to an alarming extent among schoolboys, and that those who habitually smoke cigarettes may be detected by the low markings they obtain in their classes.

Who Foots the Bill?

A St. Louis brewer, Col. Busch, is reported to have spent \$100,000 on his daughter's wedding, and that he also gave her an estate in Germany worth \$100,000. She married a German baron. How many of the men who drink his beer can give their daughters \$100 as a wedding gift or spend that amount on the wedding outfit? Not many.

A Pair Spectacles with Their Glasses Out.



Penicils in Ancient Egypt.
The Egyptians used pencils of colored chalk, and several of these ancient crayons have been found in their tombs.
A good woman expects the Lord's love to do for a man all that her own love failed to do.
A married man has the same dread of a dry goods store that a farmer has of a lightning rod agent.

Wisconsin's Good Roads Movement.

It begins to look as though Wisconsin would take an advanced position among the States of the West in the movement for good roads. Indeed, the Badger State is already so far ahead in the matter of state organization for improvement of the highways that it will require extraordinary activity on the part of other States interested in good roads to catch up with it.

Joke on Boucicault.

James J. H. Scullion, treasurer for Neil Burgess, has been in the box office of the Star Theater, in New York, for twenty-two years.
He was treasurer for Lester Wallack and was a part of that great establishment in the days of the famous Wallack stock. He has enjoyed the personal acquaintance of as many grand personalities in the drama as any man in New York. He fosters the traditions of the Star with loving care and can reel off delightful reminiscences like a serial story with no last chapter.

Home Without Slippers.

He had taken off his boots and was dancing on his hands and knees in the room searching for something, when his wife noticed him.
"Where are you looking for, William?" she asked.
"My slippers," he replied.
"Where did you put those old things away to-day," she said.