

THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE TIGER AND THE CRUISER BERWICK.

The lliustration depicts the terrible British naval | down with all hands. The men in the stern part, disaster which recently occurred off the Isle of Wight. During some night operations, carried on without lights, off the south coast of the island, the destroyer Tiger ran across the bows of the armored cruiser Berwick. Both vessels were going at full speed, and the destroyer was cut in two between the second and third funnels. The forepart, on which the commander and most of the deck hands were stationed, tilted perpendicularly and went | the furnaces.

promptly ordered up from below, were able to throw themselves clear of the rest of the vessel, and some kept afloat on oars, spars, and wreckage; but nearly every man saved belonged to the engine room staff. The Berwick and Gladiator sent boats to the rescue, with the result that twenty-two persons were saved. At the moment of the collision a great sheet of flame shot up from

you ever leave your well-meaning but

"Yes, too good for me. I'll not let

"Not without your breakfast, my son.

will be disappointed if you to away

"Well, all right. But after break-

He led his brother upstairs and, with

rare tact, left him after giving him the

key of the ancient oak clothes chest

where their mother had kept their stock

shoes, and other trifles of fond remem-

brance. Tom unlocked the chest and

with trembling hands drew out the

clothes that he had left behind in his

years before. Then, after tubbing, he

The gong sounded. Lionel appeared

and led the way downstairs' to the

breakfast room. A pleasant faced lady

there was introduced as Llonel's wife.

With womanly intuition she greeted

him as if he were an old acquaint-

ance, and busied herself attending to

the wants of a little boy and girl who

"Do you take ten or coffee?" asked

his hostess; but she received no reply

Her brother-in-law had half risen from

his chair, his eyes riveted on a lady

who stood in the doorway, her hands

pressed to her breast, her lissom, gray-

clad figure outlined against the door's

dark background, and swaying with

agitation. For a moment a dead si-

lence fell on the room. Then, with a

glad cry, Tom broke the spell of as-

tonishment which enfolded him, and

"You walted for me, then-through

"Yes, Tom. I would have waited for-

The simple words went home. He

drew her to him, till her head sank

upon his breast. Brokenly he murmur-

"This is too much happiness. I am

Lionel, who was almost choking him-

self in his efforts to continue his break-

Tenderness of the Hanging Judge.

Justice Hawkins' tenderness for

"No," he answered, "I am not, I do

Addressing her by name, he said:

is getting cold."-London Tit-Bits.

rose up in his place.

He strode up to her.

"Bessie!"

all these years?"

not deserving."

fast, at last cried out:

"Tom!"

were clamoring for "Aunt Bessie."

Tom winced at the name.

you read the letter, Li. It is too sac-

this time to tell you how I get on."

"Good news, old man?"

news of your arrival."

fast I must say good-bye."

"Perhans," sald Lionel,

Thomas Sardon."

IN LOVE'S TENDER KEEPING.

Hold me a little away from the world, Dear arms! with your tenderest clinging:

The bird with its breast to the blue singeth sweet. But the stars never answer its singing.

The cold lights but lure us to lead us astray; The thorn's in the red of the rose of

May-Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to pray.

Hold me a little away from the world, Dear arms! with your firm clasp and tender: For the lights on the heights stream

through desolate nights—
A tempest of tears in the splendor. 'Tis the gleam and the dream that would

lead us astray, The keen thorns have crimsoned the rose of May-

Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to -Frank L. Stanton,

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# Through the Night

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Hot with resentful retrospect, Tom Sardon leaned heavily upon the parapet "A health! To my wife!" of the bridge. All around the silent streets, the absence of life, the dark- drank the toast. Lionel kept his brothby the even-spaced gas lamps, seemed to under the influence of his surroundings convey the idea of a deserted city-as and the badly needed food, Tom seemed If man, awed by the devastation he had to forget everything else but to satisfy wrought on fair Nature's face, had fled the craving of his hunger. snowflakes fell silently and vanished in and addressed in a firm, clerky hand, the grimy-looking water that flowed sullenly underneath the bridge.

"I beg your pardon." The lurch of a heavy body against the brooding man brought him back sharply to the present. A belated traveler, the sound of his footsteps deadened by the mantle of snow which by this time had turned sidewalk and roadway into one level highway, had slipped

on a snow-tipped heel and fallen against the lolterer on the bridge. The latter, so brusquely aroused to time and place, started at the sound of the other man's voice, and peered, with set eyes, into his face. The recognition was mutual. "Lionel!" "Tom !"

The tones of their voices differed; one was of glad amazement, the other of bitter intensity.

"My dear lad, who'd have thought of meeting you here?" Lionel held out his hand, but the proffered mark of friendship was unheeded. With body erect and taut, in a voice which a blend of hitterness and anxiety made to tremble, Tom asked:

"Now, I'll le

"Did you marry Miss Arley?" "Yes," returned the other.

"Then I wish you much happiness!" snapped out the angry Tom, and, turning on his heel, strode off, not noticing, step. in his hot mood, that he was going in the direction which Lionel had been pursuing.

For a few moments the latter stood velope and took out the letter; looking at his brother's retreating figure, then with a smile of comprehension he hurried after the wanderer.

Let us have a talk about old times." to discuss the past? My father drove me from his presence with a bitter

taunt. You married the one girl-" to man. Nay, you shall hear me. Where now? Down on your luck, eh?"

of my own kin."

You've been running yourself too fine. Here we are!"

house which stood, an easis of home had a claim upon Miss Arley's affect printing offices, and the like. The pon- Miss Arley whom you and I quarreled Graphic. derous, polished knocker, the wide about. The woman your brother loved steps, the arched fanlight over the door, and has just married is Miss Arley's the solid aspect of the building, told cousin, and bore the same name. I ask of a time when merchants were con- you to let the traitorous designs of your tent to live amidst the scenes of their father's enemey be the excuse for my labors. With his left hand Lionel un- deception. I have since repented of it. locked the door and then supported and Before I go to join your mother I wish helped Tom up the steps into the hall you to know, should this letter ever and caused him to sit in a chair. Quiet- fall into your hands, that the headly refastening the front door, he turned strong course you pursued in leaving into a small room on a level with the home after our quarrel has darkened other that when a man falls to get a hall. After lighting the gas he poked the closing hours of my life. Some day letter at the postoffice, he imagines that the fire, which had been left burning you will learn that it is the privilege it is because the postmaster hates him.

for him, into a blaze, placed a small of the old to remonstrate with the kettle on the fire, and returned to Tom, young and the duty of the young to who sat, white and tired, looking at listen in patience to admonishment. the portrait of a gentle-faced lady bung. The warehouse and the business I opposite to him. have left to you. Your brother holds

"Now, we're right," said Lionel, it in trust till you return. He will be "Come in here, Tom."

a good steward, for he is upright and He helped his brother to a cosy armgenerous, and has such an affection for chair near the fire and busied himself you that I trust you will return it in with setting out some bread and cold some measure. May the peace that ment, which was ready cut, from a cup- well doing brings be yours. Accept my board, talking rapidly and vivaciously blessing. But, oh! my lad, why did all the while.

"This is my sanctum. I'm left here blundering father? undisturbed. I am hungry. Traveling makes you so, doesn't it? Will you join me in a little snack? Six o'clock in the morning is a funny time for a meal, but I believe in eating when you are red. But I am off again, Li. I'll write hungry. There, now. You take the head of the table, as befits you. Come -a toast! You won't refuse that, will My wife will be down soon, and she you? To my wife!"

He held out his glass toward the por- without seeing her. I told her the good trait of a lady which stood in the center of the mantelplece. With flerce eyes Tom looked at the picture of a gentle lady sitting enthroned as a happy mother, with her two children, one standing by her side, the other nestling in her arms.

"That-your wife!" said Tom. Amazement was followed by a quick gleam of household linen, their little baby of hope. "You told me that you married Miss Arley!"

"So I did." Lionel's eyes twinkled. "Your wife!" and wonderingly Tom hurried departure from his home some ness, accentuated more than illumined or served with the simple meal, and dressed himself and waited.

from his grim handiwork. Like virgin | Lionel went to a desk, unlocked it and souls engulfed in a mire of sin, the took out a square, blue envolpe, sealed



to "My Son Thomas." Handing it to

"Now, I'll leave you for a minute or two while you read your epistle. I

sha'n't be long away." Softly closing the door, he crept upstairs, chuckling to himself at every

"What a lark! Poor old Tom!"

Tom waited till his brother had closed he door, and then ripped open the en-

"My Son-You and I parted in anger.

women prisoners was well known. He You have gone away, I know not where, admitted it, and he had a great dislike leaving your father and your brother of sentencing these poor creatures to "Come along home with me, Tom. without a good-bye. You have not writdeath who had been recommended to ten, and now in my last days I find mercy and would probably be re-"Do you imagine I have any desire myself cut off from communication with prieved. On one such occasion the my eldest son. But before I dle I wish sheriff asked if he was not going to to set down some particulars of which put on the black cap. I feel you are ignorant. Jacob Arley was "Come now, old fellow, look here; let my enemy. The only crime he could not intend the poor creature to be us deal plainly with each other as man ever accuse me of was that I married hanged, and I am not going to frighten your mother-the girl he professed to her to death." are you going to? What are you doing love, but who did not love him. Three times he tried to ruin me in business "Don't pay any attention to what I "What is that to you? I want no but failed. When you told me that you am going to read. No harm will be sympathy, not even justice, from any loved his daughter and wished to done to you. I am sure you did not marry her, I forbade you, on pain of my know in your great trouble and sorrow He staggered and, but for his broth- displeasure, to think of such a thing. what you were doing, and I will take er's upholding arm, would have fallen. When you persisted—you were always care to represent your case so that "Steady, old chap, we're nearly home. stubborn-I threatened you with loss nothing will harm you in the way of of my favor and esteem, and to dispunishment." sunde you-for I loved you, my son-I By this time they had reached a informed you that your brother Lionel the sentence of death so that the poor life, amidst the desert of warehouses, tions. So he had, but not upon the

creature did not hear them.-London . An Ominous Sign. "There was a man the other night trying to play a 'black hand' game with

He then mumbled over the words of

"Oh. John, what did he do?" "Held all the spades and clubs when the black cards were trumps."-Baitimore American.

People are so suspicious of each



"What is the capacity of your "About 300 spring hats."church?"

Jeweler-Shall I engrave the bride's initials on the inside? Flance-Better say, "For my best beloved."-Fliegende

Life.

Miss Millyuns (rather aged)-Will you love me when I'm old? Brighton Early (absently)-Weil, what do you think I'm doing now?

The Professor's Wife-You haven't kissed me for a week. The Professor (absently)-Are you sure? Then who is it I have been kissing?-Life.

Maggie (calling upstairs)-The gas stove went out, mum. Mistress-Well, light it! Maggie-it went out through the roof, mum.-Success Magazine,

De Quiz-Have you heard a robin yet? De Whiz-No, but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carper in the back yard .-

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)-Looks uncommonly like rain, sir. Diner-Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it, too! Bring me some thick soup.-London Tatler.

"Bliger eloped with his cook, the unfeeling wretch!" "Well, I don't know. Why shouldn't he if he wanted to?" "But his wife was just going to give a dinner party."-Life.

"The corporation has resolved at last to lay out a park for the benefit of the poor." "Have the preparations begun?" "Rather! All the 'Keep Off the Grass' boards have arrived already,"-Tit-Bits.

"Going to make a garden?" "Not much." "I thought you were so enthuslastic on the subject last summer." "Won't you allow a man to learn anything by experience?" - Nashville American.

Wink-He didn't use to dodge his rich relatives, but he does now. Bink -Does, eh? And as poor as he is? Wink-Sure! All his rich relatives have bought automobiles. - Chicago Daily News.

Bill-I see in a favorable wind a fox can scent a man at a distance of one-quarter of a mile. Jill-Of course, he could scent him farther if the man happened to be in an automobile .--Yonkers Statesman. "Beware!" whispered the fortune

teller; "your bitterest enemy will shortly cross your path-" "Hooray!" cried the man, delightedly; "my new motor car won't do a thing sto him."-Philadelphia Press.

Boston Bill-I'm getting weary of Plantation Ways Recalled by an Inthis blase, nomadic, peripatetic existence, aren't you, pal? Omaha Red (after recovering)-Why-e-r, yer see, which I entered one morning in early Bill, it never struck me in dat light April, says a writer in Lippincott's. An before. Is it really as bad as all dat? old colored man sat next the door. It

home." "That's rather unusual," said tion, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Large, "what's the trouble?" "My wife Sambo" to all the household. His days has a cold," expinined Little, "and she were devoted to useful toll and his can't spenk above a whisper."-The evenings to his banjo and the old plan-

canned goods drummer. "You bet they "Take this seat, Mistis," he said, ris-"Mamma, is the old black hen going

"No Tommy; but why do you ask?" erness that he would take her out rid- he admonished, respectfully. the summer."-Harper's Weekly. "What does you reckon yer'll like ter ger left a vacancy.

do w'en you gits ter giory?" "Well," said Brother Dickey, "since you put de the old man. question ter me, I'll make answer ter it: Ef dey lets me have my way, I'll hesitated. des lay back on a white cloud, an let do heavenly winds blow me fum star to star."-Atlanta Constitution,

"Confound it," cried the angry husband, "any old thing appeals to you if it's only cheap!" . His bargain-hunt this—in memory of old Virginia." ing wife grimly smiled. "Don't forget," she sareastically remarked, "that you yourself are one of my characteristic investments."-Cleveland Plain "Come along, you two! Breakfast Dealer.

"Weat brought you here, my poor my heart because of the chance meet man?" inquired the prison visitor. Ing, but with no thought that I should "Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I ever again hear of my old Virginian." guess my trouble started in attendin' too many weddin's." "Ah! You learn of arbutus which had been left for me ed to drink there, or steal perhaps?" by an old colored man-"fur the tall "No, lady; I was always the bride lady with a long blue coat and white groom."-Tit-Bits.

"Have you fixed up my will just the tem old-time days." way I told you?" asked the sick man, who was the possessor of many needy relatives and some well-to-do but grasping ones. "I have," asserted the lawyer. "Just an strong and tight as you can make it, ch?" asked his clisaid the sick man, "Now I want to ask you one thing-not professionally -who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I'm gone?"-Youth's Companion,

Turning Defeat Into Victory. She (in tones of rejection)-Well, George, to be plain with you-

He-But you can never be that, never, never, you are too beautiful. She-Well, then-yes.-Boston Tran-Criminal.

The religious editor was struggling with the query, "Is it a sin to play poker?" After much prayerful consideration he wrote the following reit."—Philadelphia Press.

As a man gets older, he realizes that a good deal of his youthful wit was

nothing more than impudence. Some men get stage fright in their knees every time they see a policeman for a good man to live up to his.



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TO WHIP OR NOT TO WHIP? HE school authorities of New York City have had under consideration for many months the question of the advisability of restoring corperal punishment as a means of correction and discipline in the elementary schools. The superintendents and principals have been consulted, and a committee, after tabulating the returns, finds that a majority recommend whipping in certain cases. The committee itself indorses this recommendation, and now the

matter is "up" to the board of education. Something of a sensation has been caused by the report that New York contemplates the restoration of the rod-or the strap-in her schools at this late day, a day of humanity and progress and education by "selection" and play. But it should be borne in mind that the proposition is carefully limited. Teachers are to have no right to resort to physical correction under any circumstances. Where obstinate insubordination and truancy render whipping necessary in the opinion of the principal, either he (or she), in the presence of the parent, or the parent himself (or herself) is to perform the salu-

tary operation. With so many safeguards and restrictions to prevent cruelty and abuse by impulsive or incompetent educators, it cannot be said that the New York recommendation is drastic or terribly reactionary. Still, the opponents of whipping will object to it as "the thin end of the wedge" and urge the establishment of special truant schools instead.-Chicago Record-Herald.

DEATH RATE AMONG THE STATES.



HE Federal Census Bureau is now making yearly reports on mortality statistics from such States and cities as maintain a carefully conducted registration of deaths and the causes thereof. This so-called registration area was very small when the bureau began its work several years ago, but it is

being constantly enlarged, and for the report for 1906, issued recently, it embraces fifteen States, the District of Columbia, and seventy-seven registration cities in nonregistration States. These States and cities had in 1906 an estimated population of about 41,000,000, or nearly onehalf the population of the continental United States. The registration area is being steadily extended. The average death rate for all the States in the registration district was 16.1 in 1906, compared with 16.2 in 1905, and 16.3 for the average annual rate from 1901 to 1905.

These are very low figures. They compare favorably with present death rates in foreign countries. But it is when this present death rate of 16.1, over an area peopled by above 40,000,000 persons, is placed in comparison with rates which used to prevail in the earlier nalf of the last century, that the progress of mankind in mastering the forces which produce premature death is made impressively manifest. As this Census Bureau report says, "the tendency in the larger countries with a

population of similar character to that of the United States now seems toward an annual death rate of about . 15 per 1,000 or less."

Next to pulmonary tuberculosis as a chief cause of death cemes pneumonia, with a rate of 149 per 100,000 of population, followed by heart disease, 130.7; diarrhea and enteritis, 122.9; Bright's disease and nephritis, 90.8; apoplexy, 71.8, and cancer, 70.8. A generally increasing mortality rate from cancer is indicated for areas where statistics for a series of years are available, and the report says that this is true of foreign countries as well. It is a disease against which medical science seems to be making no headway, and we are left as much in the dark respecting the reasons for its increase as respecting its nature and the means of combating it. -Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE STEAMSHIP TO BE BUILT.



O man can at this moment say when the limit of size will be reached in the building of ocean liners. Extremely big and swift ships cannot be developed much beyoud the present dimensions and speed, unless their owners are willing to run them at a loss for the sake of advertising their

lines or unless they are made commercially profitable through government subsidies. But ships of extreme size and moderate speed are possible of construction, and even of profitable operation, to an extent which would dwarf anything now upon the seas. The ocean greyhound 800 feet long is a terrific consumer of fuel; the mamnioth of 1,000 feet sauntering across the Atlantic in eight days uses only a moderate amount by comparison. As the coal question is the chief restriction upon size, we may as well sit back and watch the builders juggle with it until the day arrives when it shall be absolutely prohibitive upon further rivalry. And by that time, may be, we shall have found some cheaper fuel that will help us to build a ship whose bow will be able to touch Sandy Hook before the stern has quite passed the signal station at Nantucket.-Brooklyn Eagle.

WHIPPING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.



HERE is little whipping in the English schools to-day, and it is almost confined to historic institutions, such as Eton, Harrow and Rugby, where the rich and aristocratic send their sons, and where a peculiar pride is taken in maintaining ancient customs.

It may be true that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child." It may be a fact that American boys and girls are allowed too much indulgence, and that they would have better manners and perhaps better morals were the old system re-established. The great majority of parents and teachers refuse to be thus persuaded. They persist in regarding corporal punishment as a relic of barbarism, and in believing that youth can be effectually trained and disciplined in other and better ways.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IN MEMORY OF OLD VIRGINIA.

eldent in Street Car.

All the seats were taken in the car is not often in these days that I' see "Excuse me for not stopping," ex. that type of black man. I used to see claimed Little. "I'm in a hurry to get that kind on the old Virginia plantatation melodies as they were sung then and never in his wildest visions did he "The Swelltons seem to keep up an dream of logarithms and Greek roots imposing establishment," remarked the for his race.

do," replied the groceryman, with a ing promptly. "Mistis" sounded very sigh long drawn out, "and I'm one of "homey" and pleasant to me. It had the fellows they impose on."-Chicago been so long since I was "Mistis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep to be sent away for the summer?" your seat. I would just as Hef stand." "'Scuse me, please, Mistis, but tain't "Well I heard pape tell the new gov- fitten fer you teh stan'; you mus' set,"

ing when he sent the old hen away for I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passen-

"There is a seat for you," I said to "Between the ladies, ma'am?" He

"Yes," I said. He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place. Just before leaving the car I slipped

a silver piece into his hand, saying:

"Uncle, get you a nice luncheon with "Thank you, my Mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift and then closing it. Then he touched his hat and thanked me again. I left the car with a sunnier feeling in

That afternoon I received a bunch hair-in memory of old Virginia an'

Do Fish Feel Pain!

How sensitive to pain are fish?- A correspondent writes: "I have a small pond which is stocked with trout. keep an accurate account of those I ent. The lawyer nodded. "All right," catch and note when I lose any. One morning a big rainbow trout broke the worm hock with which I had hooked him. That evening I hooked and landed a good trout, also with worm tackie, which proved to be my friend of the morning, as right down in his stomach was the broken gut and hook, and, beside this, in his lip was a March brown fly hook which according to my fishing book, must have been there many weeks. A fish with a fly hook in his mouth, a worm hook in his stomach and ready to gulp down bait must be quite impervious to what we mortals tall pain."

Cause and Effect.

"Yes," said Mrs. Nexdor, "my daughter is very persevering in her plano theran Church, one red rose, in pay ply: "Yes; the way some people play playing. Do you notice that she's improving?" "No," replied Mrs. Peppery, "and I

also notice that my husband's temper isn't."-Philadelphia Press. It is much easier for a bad man to live down to his reputation than it in 1770 Baron Stiegel, founder of the

REMARKABLE TRAP FOR BIRDS.



CATCHING CROWS BY MEANS OF BIRD-LIMED PAPER BAGS IN SNOW.

The bags are placed in the snow with their mouths level with the surface. For a few days each bag is filled with snow, upon which rests a piece of raw meat or fish. At first the birds are shy, and will not go near the contrivance; but hunger overcomes timidity, and they cat. For a time all goes well with them; day after day they secure the tempting morsels. Then is the trapper's chance. In each bag, instead of snow, he places bird lime; and on the bird lime meat. When next the birds come to feed, they find their heads held fast in the bags, and when they seek to fly they flounder to the earth. So many jackdaws and crows are caught, some for pets, some for the pot. Bird lime, it may not be commonly known, is a viscous substance prepared from the inner bark of the holly.-Hlustrated London News.

A ROSE FOR TRIBUTE

~~~~~ When in a comfortable state of solservous dread at thought of the landlord appearing at the door; still, rentday is not generally observed as a festival and time of rejoleing, as is the case once a year in Manheim, near Lan- and was revived only recently.

caster, Pennsylvania. There, during June last year, a young lady of Harrisburg, a lineal descendant of Baron William Henry Stiegel, domanded and received, from the authorities of the Zion Evangelical Laand age. ment for rent of the ground on which

the church stands. This quaint and charming ceremony part of the annual feast of roses, has been observed yearly since 1890, and is due to an ancient transaction. In

tion, stipulating that, whenever demand should be made in due and lawful form, rental to the amount of one red rose should be paid over.

The baron, it is recorded, claimed his right but twice, his "tenants" on these ency, the householder may suffer no two occasions responding cheerfully and promptly. The ceremony was then neglected for more than a century-for the descendants of the founder for some reason walved their inherited rights-

The rent-paying is now made the occasion for memorial addresses and general reviving of historic associations, as well as for a delightful festival, which has a most pleasing flavor in this day

That She Asked Him. The maid may be a "buchus one,"

Re pink-cheeked and delicious; But still, if she gets wed this year We're bound to be suspicious. -Houston Post.

Even the sarcastle woman declines to make any cutting remarks when she town, deeded the land to the congrega- has an az to grind.