

AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

I was born way back at the end o' th' road. 'Twas there my remembrance of things first was. An' there I lived, played, worked an' grewed.

UNDER STRESS.

How an Urgent Suitor Won a Widow in a Railway Train.

The Comtesse de Monceley—who will soon change her name, as you shall see—is one of the most delicious widows imaginable, and also one of the cleverest I have ever met.

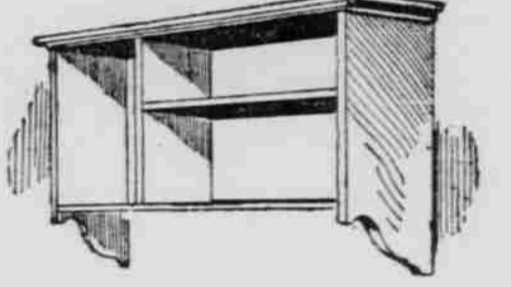
sands me to make this promise—which I broke the next morning and as often as possible. I pass over the months that followed, merely declaring that in this vale of tears there is no more happy lot than that of such an unhappy lover as I was.

Then a deathly silence ensued: they were all dead, however bad shots they might have been. Though we were making about fifty miles an hour at the time, I made ready to get out upon the step and find out what was going on in our neighbors' compartment.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY. —A man there was and they called him mad; the more he gave, the more he had.—Bunyan. —The country home of Miss Margot Tennant (now Mrs. Asquith), and her sisters used to be known among the men who were entertained there as "Chateau Margot."

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. THAT LITTLE GIRL. I often hear folks talking, a-laughing and a-talking, about a little girl who "lives not very far from here."

This was repeated several times, the mouse traversing a shorter distance after each spring of the lion. It was demonstrated that a lion is too quick for a mouse, at least in a large cage. Finally, the mouse stood still, squealing and trembling. The lion stood over, studying him with interest.



WALL CABINET. The illustration shows a simple and useful wall cabinet that can be made by any boy. It should be made about thirty inches long, twenty inches high and seven or eight inches deep.

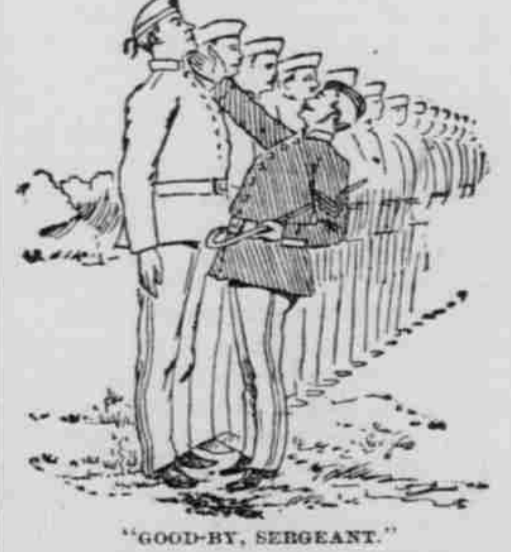


HE WOULD PUFF AWAY WITH RELISH.

who would take it between his teeth, brace himself and puff away with evident relish—keeping the pipe lit until it suited his master's pleasure to smoke again himself.

A LONG FAREWELL.

Why Private Doherty Bade His Sergeant Good-By. It is said to be an old story, this of a man named Doherty, who was drilling with his squad of recruits in London.



"GOOD-BY, SERGEANT."

the sergeant managed, by standing on his toes, to reach Doherty's chin, and he poked it higher, with the remark: "That's better. Don't let me see your head down again!"

MUSE AND LION.

They Scared Each Other in Turns Until the Little Animal Escaped. One day a keeper wishing to test the affection popularly supposed to exist between a lion and a mouse put a mouse in the cage of a full-grown Nubian lion, says McClure's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

—Uncle—"Well, Walter, I suppose you are pretty busy now?" Walter—"No, not very. You see vacation hasn't begun yet."—Inter Ocean.

A PUZZLED WAITER.

Sad Result of Attempting to Speak a Language He Didn't Know. A correspondent who has returned from the Antwerp exhibition, narrates an adventure which befell two Englishmen there. He says: "Two very presentable, well-dressed gentlemen, who bore the stamp of Englishmen in face, figure, clothes and easy-going air, entered the restaurant where I was sitting, and one of them called out in self-confident tones, which could be heard easily at the neighboring tables, 'Garcon! Deux bocks,' but which sounded: 'Gassong! too bo.' 'Oui, monsieur,' replied the waiter, as he rushed into the inner room.

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