

AFTER SCHOOL.

When school is out and tasks are done Not faster speeds the westward sun...

George E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter Ocean.



HE young duke of Hardimont was at Aix in Savoy, to whose waters he had brought his famous race-horse Perichole...

That is why in the first days of November, 1870, returned to Paris with his regiment, which was a part of the Corps de Vinney, Henri de Hardimont...

The place was sinister; a road, deep-scarred with muddy ruts, traversed the leprous fields of the environs...

At the door of the wine shop the young duke stood motionless, his gun slung upon his back, his kept drawn down over his eyes...

But, after some mouthfuls, he had enough; the bread was hard and bitter. There would be none fresh until the next day's distribution...

"I HAVE BEEN STARVING ALL MY LIFE," have the heart to work. I have helped masons. I have been a porter, furniture polisher...

The young duke had a good heart, and in listening to this terrible tale, told by a man like him, by a soldier whose uniform made him his equal...

"Excuse me, theb. If I had known it would have given you pleasure I would not have thrown away my bread."

"No harm done," responded the soldier. "I am not so particular."

"Hardimont," responded the duke, suppressing his title. "And you?"

"Jean-Victor. They have just put me back in the company. I come from the hospital. I was wounded at Chantillon..."

"The word was frightful, said to a voluptuary, who had surprised himself a moment before in regretting the cuisine of the Cafe Anglais..."

"The Prussians are attacking. They drove us back on the redoubt."

"What are you doing there?" said the count, bursting into laughter; "are you insane?"

"My wife," remarked a gentleman the other morning, "is one of the thriftiest women living."

"Worth the Money." Struggling Dramatist—"I can't see how Littlewit managed to get such a high price for that trashy play of his..."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY. -Maurus Johai, the great novelist of Hungary, recently attempted, in a fit of melancholy, to kill himself...

-Benvenuto Cellini tells in his memoirs of his hallucinations. On one occasion he visited the Coliseum, which he found lighted with a great globe of fire and filled with demons...

-Japan has four field marshals. The ablest is Count Yamagata, who has routed the Chinese in the Ping Yang campaign...

-On one occasion George Lewes, the husband of "George Eliot," whom he called Polly, had arranged to take a ramble in the country with Herbert Spencer...

up the collars of their overcoats and descended toward the Madeleine. Suddenly the toe of the duke's foot touched an object and sent it rolling along the pavement...

"When a man ain't got 'nough character ter be imp'antant no uddah way," remarked Uncle Eben...

"Sure of His Safety." Teddy—"I don't care if he did whip your big brother; I bet he couldn't whip me!"

"Hinglish teacher" (bald-headed).—"Now, Tommy, mention some hobbet that is material but invisible..."

"Can you suggest any reason why I should print your poem?" said the overbearing editor...

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

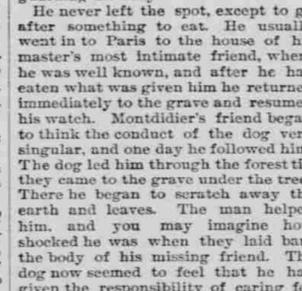
A TRUE FAIRY TALE. Do you know of the house Where plinger-snaps grow? Where tartlets for us children March out in a row?

THE TOILET OF BIRDS. Like Little Nice Clean Water, Others Prefer Dust for Bathing. The feathered tribes have many peculiar ways and fancies about the details of their toilets...

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS. How the Noble Animal Avenged the Death of His Master. This brave dog lived in France, way back in the middle ages...

THE FAITHFUL DOG. his master's death had come, and he was determined to make the most of it. The man's guilty conscience did not prevent him from fighting desperately...

Caught Nothing But a Spanking. A Georgia boy, thought to be lost, was found on the banks of a river, where he had been steadily fishing for three days...



THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A HERO AT EIGHTEEN.

England's Famous Boy Captain Tells How He Saved a Ship. The pages of the sea have given us no finer tale for many a day than that of the boy captain and the Clyde sailing ship Trafalgar...

by and by." He might have added that he now carries his certificate as a junior officer, and the fates look as if they mean to make him a full-blown skipper before he gets a beard...



THE BOY CAPTAIN.

Briefly they are these: We were sailing from Batavia for Melbourne in ballast. Capt. Edward died of Java fever while we were lying in Batavia. We left two men ill in hospital and two had deserted...

"I believe they didn't work with you just as heartily as they might have done."

"As I have said, the deaths on board and the position we were left in made the men see things very blackly. It was from that fact that any difficulties I had with them arose, not from a desire, I'm certain, to cause difficulties...

"Naturally, only those on board the Trafalgar could really recognize all that was meant in your skippership."

"We had a good bit of rough weather when we got into the Australian latitudes; had sails blown away and so on; but got to Melbourne all right in time for Christmas—on December 17. Immediately they got foot on shore the men forgot all their troubles and couldn't say too kind things to me, as, indeed, it has been also with other people since...

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