

DECORATION-DAY.

The war-cries thro' the land is still'd,
The cannon's sullen lips are dumb;
To-day throughout our land we hear
The solemn beat of muffled drum.

SPOOPENDYKE'S PIE.

He Shows Mrs. S. How His Mother
Used to Make 'Em.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke,
folding his napkin and pushing his
chair back from the table, "my dear,
you are a pretty good housekeeper,

triumph of pie over puttering! Lead
out the pan whom the gods would
honor, and let's see how this combina-

cial intercourse, just because you ain't
half baked!" and Mr. Spoopendyke
slammed the door after him, and
mounted the staircase with heavy

OLD MITCHELL'S LAST VICTIMS.
The Dangers That Enveloped Men Who Meddle
with a Swamp Angel.

chiefly negotiated on the classic races.
He had £9,000 to £2,000 about Reine
for the Oaks of 1872, and in a later
year netted an equally large amount

FACT AND FANCY.
A public safety committee of one
hundred has been organized in New
Orleans to reform the bad local govern-