

DECORATION-DAY.

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

SPOOPYDYKE'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, and once in a while you contrive to cook up a fair meal, but you have no business fooling around a mince pie.

triumph of pie over puttering! Lead out the pan whom the gods would honor, and let's see how this combination of hereditary intelligence and acquired brains will go when it's cooked!"

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

OLD MITCHELL'S LAST VICTIMS. The Dangers That Environ Men Who Meddle with a Swamp Angel. One of the worst men in the world, so far as reputation goes, is old Martin Mitchell, who lives in the swamp just back of here, writes a Blackfish, Ark., correspondent to The New York Sun.

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 by the successes of Marie Stewart, Apology and Spinaway.

FACT AND FANCY. A public safety committee of one hundred has been organized in New Orleans to reform the bad local government. About fifty thousand people visit the White mountains during the summer and fall. The hotels can accommodate about twelve thousand souls at one time.