

She Sells Ideas to Artists.

An ingenious girl has hit upon an ingenious method of self-support. Some time ago she was bitten by the amateur photographic mania and became adept at catching picturesque views. With one of those clever little detective cameras she amused herself whenever a fancy led her about the city picking there an odd little woman, with skirts fluttering and cape blown back by an unkindly breeze...

MY DOG

I love my dog—a beautiful dog. Brave and alert for a race; Ready to frolic with baby or man; Bristled, too, in his place. Like his bark—a kindly bark, Musical, hoarse and deep; And his swirling tail and his shaggy coat...

A Cottage By The Sea.

From the London Graphic. Mr. Landon, ex-cotton spinner, had good reason to hate the army. His eldest daughter had married a gallant young Hussar, who quickly spent her fortune at Newmarket, and thereafter vanished from the world's ken...

Her Caprices.

I left my little Isabel, A damsel of sixteen, Of a girlish, fair, and debonaire, Coquetish, too, I ween. Anon a year or two swept by; In other lands I tarried...

Reconstructing the Bastille.

The Parisians have been treated to the spectacle of the restoration of a whole quarter of the old Paris of a century ago—the quarter out of which the revolution and the new ideas which govern modern France sprang...

Things a Well-Bred Lady Avoids.

She never laughs or talks loudly in public places. She never turns round to look after any one when walking on the street. She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

"A doosid neat little crib," observed Pollux, staring at the bow window. "Just the kind of a little box one would like to dawdle away a summer in, if one had \$3,000 a year, instead of only 1,000 farthings."

"The two young officers strolled down to the pier, began to smoke as usual. The bells were ringing for church and the morning was fine in one of the merry months of May. Presently they saw a solemn procession issuing from the green gate headed by Mr. Landon, who, in figure and features, was remarkably like Mr. Hablot Browne's pictures of Mr. Dombey in the novel of that name."

"The Origin of Mrs. Grundy. All the Year Round. Some years ago the expression, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' was constantly in people's mouths."

How a Boy Got Off.

A boy named by the monitor was ordered to "stand out." He took his place clear of the desks in the gangway of the school, and with the certainty of punishment hanging over him, had to wait until a file of talkers had been collected.

A Watch Trick That Didn't Work.

A Drummer—I like to see a smart Aleck who goes about trying to make bets on a sure thing shown his place now and then. I gave up to me on the train and said: "Bet you a dollar you can't name the figures in the order on the dial of your watch."

shut, and his face pallid. The latter was due it must be confessed, to an application of violet powder from the toilet table. There were great black marks under his eyes—from a lump of coal in the grate—and Mr. Landon began to think that matters were really worse than he thought.

"How He was Made Better Off. From the London Graphic. A Scotch tradesman who had amassed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised by his old clerk with a balance sheet showing his fortune to be £6,000. 'It cannot be,' said the principal, 'count again.' The clerk did so again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000.

LOVE'S SECRET. Each heart doth know its secret shrine, Where sweet flowers bloom that give no fragrance just as sweet as mine. Of an awed, with sweet desire The buds were stirred that glowed with fire.

INHERITING A WIFE.

"Goodly, Helen," said a young man, with a flash of anger on his handsome face as he turned from his uncle toward the pale girl standing in the window.

A Passage Worth Preserving.

The world is always grateful to a stout-hearted and lofty-minded man or woman who makes an unselfish good case against the terrors of death. Especially is this true when the plea for peace and happiness beyond the grave is put upon broad grounds that appeal to every fine soul's instinctive sympathies.

"Good heavens! Elise, can it be that you are mercenary, then? I did not think—"

"I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it please God, to send her, depend on it, there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Well, you can't about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off? Why, presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at all—properties of creation, like the electric something (spark is it) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and it round the globe why not? Let's see! and the body being sent on or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body—a lucid intelligence remains, a preception ubiquitous."

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Roundup," said another young man, who was standing by, as he pointed in a careless, easy manner at Miss Kacktus's card with a bowie knife eighteen inches long, "my name is down for that walk."

In the Cigar Store.

"Here is a cigar that is our own identity recommended." "Hi! Well, I guess I'll try some other brand; I've been in the cigar business myself."

"I should think you," continued Pollux, "that it would not be unseemly to knock at the door and inquire if Mr. Smith lives here? That would tell us who the charmer is, at all events."

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