M. J. MANIX

1310-1312 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska

RECOGNIZING the fact that the Holiday trade will soon demand great quantities of goods in our line, being heavily overstocked and wishing to give our customers the benefit of low prices at a time of the year when our goods are most in demand, we have concluded to CUT PRICES all to pieces, without regard to cost of articles mentioned. The goods offered at cut prices are the same quality and purity that we have always sold, and we guarantee their purity. We handle no imitation goods of any description. A glance at the prices given below will convince customers that we have done as we said, viz: CUT PRICES ALL TO PIECES.

. . . . . WE QUOTE . . . . . .

Wines

Pure California Sweet Wines

Port.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Sherry.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Angelica.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Muscatel.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Madeira.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Malaga.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Tokay.....30c quart, 90c gallon
Sweet Catawba.30c quart, 90c gal.
Blackberry Wine, 30c qt. 90c gallon

California Dry Wines

Claret.....20c quart, 60c gallon
Zinfandel.....25c quart 70c gallon
Riesling.....20c quart, 60c gallon

California Brandies

Californa Brandy.75c qt, $2.75 gal.
California Brandy.$1 qt. $3.50 gal.

Imported Wines

Barton & Guestier Claret

St. Julien, 1884.....$ 7.00
Margaux, 1884.....$ 9.00
Pontet Canet, 1884.....$10.00
Chateau La Rose, 1884.....$14.00
Chateau Laffite, 1884.....$15.00

White Wine

Sauternes, 1884.....$7.00
Haut Sauternes, 1884.....$8.00

Frederick Krote's Caflenz Rhine and Moselle Wines

Krotes Zeltinger.....$9 per case
Krotes Laubenheimer..$9 per case
Krotes Konigsbach....$9 per case

Imported Port and Sherry

V. O. P. Port.....$1.00 quart
Taragona Port.....75c per quart
Royal .....75c per quart
Amontillado $1.00

BEER—
Anthony & Kuhn's St. Louis Export Beer, 12½c qt. or $2.25 per case of 24 qts. delivered to any part of city.

Imported Cordials

Nuyens & Co's. Bordeaux

Imported Cordials.

Marischino, $1.40 qt.....$15 case
Cream Deminthe, $1.40 qt..$15 case
Curacoa, injugs, $1.50 qt.$17.00 case
Anisette, Superfine..$1.50 per quart, $17.00 per case.
Cherries in Marischino..75c per quart, $8.50 per case.
Absinthe..$1.50 per quart, $17.00 per case.
Benedictine..$2.00 per quart, $22.00 per case.
Chartreuse..$2.00 per quart, $22.00 per case.

Bitters, Angostora

Siegerts Angostora Bitters...$1.40 per quart, $13.00 per dozen.
Abbott's Angostora Bitters..$1.20 per quart, $12.00 per dozen.
E. L. Arp's Pepsin Bitters..$1.25 per quart, $14.00 per case.
Kennedy's East India Bitters..60c per, quart, $6.00 per case.
Asparagus Bitters..60c per quart, $6.00 per case.

Domestic Champagnes

Sellery Mouss.$1.00 quart; 60c pint
Case....Quarts, $9.00; pints, $10.00

Urbana Wine Company

Golden Seal.Quarts, $1.80, pints $1

Imported Champagnes

Ackerman Laurence Sparkling Saumut Lary Royal

Pints.....$1.20, per case $23.50
Quarts.....$2.00, per case, $23.50

Gin

Geneva Gin.....$1.00 per quart
Old Tom..... 75c

Whiskies

John Jameson & Son's Dublin Whiskey...$1.25 quart, $13.50 case.

Aubrey Distillery Iday, Scotland

Quarts.....$1.25; per case, $13.50

Montreal Club Canadian Rye

Quarts, $1.00; pints, 50c; half pints, 30c; quarter pints, 15c.
Irish.....quarts, 90c
Scotch .....quarts, 75c
Gibson Pure Rye..50c per quart, $1.75 per gallon.
Maryland Pure Rye..60c per quart, $2.00 per gallon.
Greendale Pure Rye.....$2.25
Greenbrier $2.50

Whiskies.

Shenandoah Rye.....$2.40
Private Stock.....$2.60
Hermitage..75c per quart, $2.75 per gallon.
Old Crow..75c per quart, $2.75 per gallon.
Oscar Pepper..75c per quart, $2.75 per gallon.
James E. Pepper..75c per quart, $2.75 per gallon.
W. H. McBrayer—75c per quart, $2.75 per gallon.
O. F. C. Taylor..75c per quart, $2.75 per gallon.

Whiskies

We have in United States Bonded Warehouse:
Guckenheimer Rye,, spring '91.
Green brier Sour Mash, spring '91, '92 and '93.
J. H. McBrayer, spring '91.

Prices Quoted on Application

We have in bond, Port of Omaha, Ramey's Scotch Whiskies and Wise's Irish Whiskies, also Jamaica Rum.

Prices Quoted on Application

INSTRUCTIONS TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS:

We assort Bottle Goods, putting in just such an assortment as you may wish. We do a strictly cash business—do not send in an order without money remittance, as goods will not be shipped until the money is received. In sending money to us, remit by postoffice order or bank draft; personal checks will not be accepted. Express compauies will not receive Wines or Liquors for shipment C. O. D., so, to avoid delay send money with order. We make the following charges for packing: Each package of one dozen bottles, or one gallon jug, 15c extra over quoted prices.

IMPORTANT--From now on until the 1st of January our out-of-town orders are very numerous, and while we try to pack goods and ship promptly, we are sometimes so crowded that orders are delayed hence we desire customers who contemplate ordering from us to order a few days ahead, so that goods will be sure to arrive when wanted. No attention paid to orders unless money is remitted.

Open Evenings till 9. **M. J. MANIX** **Open Saturday Eve. till 10.**

1310-1312 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

A FOOT BALL STORY.

By Walter Camp.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Walter Camp.)

CHAPTER V.

A THRILLING APPEAL.

You can imagine that I was not the last at breakfast, where I had a seat between Addison and Greene, both of whom seemed very quiet fellows, though they were nice to me and made conversation.

Going down in the train I played whist with Greene, Addison and Miller. Greene and Miller were in better spirits, and were guying each other most of the time.

"Do you remember, Jack," said Addison to Greene, "last year how mad Dudley got at the man opposite him, who simply did nothing but lie down and hold on to Dud's knees every time the ball was put in play? Dud couldn't do a thing, and the umpire wouldn't stop it, so there we were. We couldn't get Dud into the interference, and we couldn't run him, so he had a thinking part. The joke of it all was that Dud, who is awfully fond of the girls, had got a box for one of the fair ones and her entire family, and they were all on hand to see the infant hercules play the whole game. Every few minutes Dud would walk up to the umpire, and, with tears in his eyes, beg him to watch the man hold him."

"What would you have done?" I asked Greene.

"Well, my dear boy, we all of us have our rights, you know, and I'm only an end and don't meddle with guard work, because it's not my business."

"I know what I'd have done,' said Addison.

"Let's have it, my little bantam," said Greene; meantime you're not playing much whist; I take it that nine of mine was the highest out, and you might have been good enough to let it alone."

"I beg your pardon, really," apologized Addison; "I wasn't noticing."

"All right; now, supposing you had been as big as Dud, what would have happened?"

"Why, I should have told the umpire I'd take care of myself if he'd just be good enough to keep the man on side. Then I should have stood back about three or four feet. I kept telling Dud to do that, but he wouldn't. He thought he could pull away."

"Why, George, if he had done that the guard would have reached you before you could get rid of the ball" said Miller.

"No, he wouldn't, because he'd been told just one thing, and that was to hang on to Dudley, and you couldn't have made him even look at anybody else."

"Oh, well; we all of us play some other position better than our own," said Greene. "Did you ever see me play half back? I'm a daisy, but Langton is so jealous he won't let me try, and keeps me out on the end where there's no fun at all."

At that point Dudley came along the aisle looking up into the racks. "Any of you fellows seen my dress suit case?" he said.

"What," said Miller, "have you lost that again? I swear, I believe if you have that Langton will make you play naked or just as you are. He said the last time you did that he'd have a valet go with you in future."

"I wish to goodness he would. It's an awful bore to keep track of things. Ah! there it is," with a sigh of relief, as he saw the satchel down in the corner near the door. Soon we ran into the tunnel, and every one commenced to get his traps together.

Arriving at New York, we went over to the hotel and after a half hour's wait sat down to luncheon. It was as Greene had said, a decidedly light repast, but I could not have eaten the most tempting dinner, for I was on edge with thoughts of the game. I noticed that for all their nonchalance many of the others were nervous about the matter. Langton called out from the head of the table: "I want every man dressed and in my room, No. 425, at ten minutes before 1, sharp."

As I walked along the long corridor toward his room twenty minutes later I could hear the clump, clump of the heavy cross-pieced foot ball shoes as the men came straggling in, lacing up their canvas jackets as they walked. Fairfax and Hartley were just fastening up a new ball, Hartley drawing the leather lace through with a buttonhook, while Fairfax held the ball in his lap. Addison was seated on the floor replacing a broken shoestring with a new one. Dudley was adjusting an elastic kneecap over his left knee, and as he did so the muscles above his knee stood out magnificently. The others were scattered about the room, almost every one still in the final stages of a toilet for the game. Miller was cutting holes in a pair of shin guards, and slipping laces through to fasten them, having broken the elastic bands.

Langton seemed to be the only person fully dressed and ready. He was counting noses, to be sure that the men were all on hand. "Where's Brewster?" he said.

"He'll be down in a minute," said Thornton, one of the halves. "He's just sewing a big bunch of cotton batting into the elbow of his jersey."

Just then Brewster came in with what appeared to be a huge tumor pendant from his right elbow.

"Fairfax has a few words to say to us," called out Langdon, and in a moment every one was quiet.

Fairfax began: "You fellows are going into a game today where you must play foot ball to win. A number of years back the Chatham game didn't cut much ice with anybody. We always won. Then a few years ago there was a row and a good deal of hard feeling, and for two or three seasons we didn't play them. Last year we began again and those of you who played saw that Chatham knew just as much foot ball as we did, that they had had the same coaching, and although we beat them we had to work for it. Now, I'm going to tell you just what we won on with them, and what you'll have to show to win today. It's what is behind every Hallock team, nine and crew. You get the credit of it, but it isn't yours, or only a very small part of it is. It's yours to keep up and hand down to the next team. It is the moral force of a long succession of victories, together with the knowledge that neither the man on your right hand nor the man on your left hand, nor the man behind you, will fail you on a pinch. When we get a Hallock team down to the point of representing the university in the important matches it doesn't have any cowards or quitters on it. There are no fancy or grand stand players in those faded old stockings, and there isn't a man there—thank God—and I say it reverently—who would stop one instant to think of himself as against his college or his team. The man without training, the natural man, when he is tired will stop, when he has a pain in his side he sits down and waits for it to go away, when he runs his shin up against something hard he says 'Oh!' and stoops down to rub it. All that is right enough and there's no discredit attached to him. But when we start in to play for Hallock, when we go in to represent the men who, year after year as they came along in their time have stood grief without a whimper and set the old cardinal up where it ought to be, on the everlasting top, then we don't stop to think whether we are tired, whether we have a pain, whether something has hit us; we just set our teeth, and there's only one stopping place for us, and that's across the enemies' goal line! We have picked our men, and each of you can be sure that there are ten good men with him who will never stop. They are Hallock men, and as the Hallock men before them never quit, they never will, and the Hallock men who come after them will have learned the same grand old lesson and have the same record to maintain. All this goes under the name prestige, and it's a good name, but 'Hallock luck' will do just as well if people want to call it that. It won't worry us a bit. About the game today. We are brought up to know that Irten is our great rival, and, of course, we mean to be most fit when that game comes on, but with foot ball it has always been Hallock's care to lose no games—in fact, to have no one score on them. Sometimes it cannot be helped, but you needn't believe that. It can generally. Chatham is a different crowd from that of the old days. By the most careful selection of candidates they have brought their teams up until they are not only worthy foes in all respects, but a mighty hard team to beat. They will play hard and well. But they haven't that one thing I told you of—they haven't that past that Hallock has—that something that no team earns for itself, but which is handed down to it by previous teams. Don't you ever forget that when you go on the field, and don't forget it today."

Then Langton got on his feet and in a low tone began: "You have heard what Mr. Fairfax has said—what we have to do. I want to add that it can be done by each man making up his mind before he goes in that he'll play every minute as if the referee had just called out, 'Five minutes more to play,' and we had the ball within three yards of their goal. It's too late to talk to any of you about special play. There isn't a man here who doesn't know just what he ought to do, and if you keep your wits about you you won't need any words after we get on the field. I want to see you begin early. I want you to play the first fifteen minutes as though you had no more than that time in which to score. That's all."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GAME.

Then we all trooped down stairs; and nobody said much. I know I felt there was very little to be said, but as Fairfax was speaking I had felt creepy up and down my back, and I am sure that if he had asked me to jump out of the window for Hallock I should have done it. We had a 'bus over to Richmond avenue, where a special car was waiting for us on the elevated road.

"It's going to be a game today," said Greene, as he seated himself next me. "Fairfax never would have talked to us like that unless he thought it was necessary. He hates to talk, but he can do it when he starts in."

"I should think he could," said I. "He made me feel as though I could walk up to the guns all by myself."

"That's the way you ought to feel, my boy, when you go into a game. It isn't all getting pictures taken and reading your name in the newspapers—this foot ball. There's sometimes when you feel bad, after you've had a hard tumble and had the breath squeezed out of you, and they send another runner at you as soon as they can, and the interference hits you again and they've made their five yards, and they think they've found the weak spot and keep banging away at it. Then, Goddard, is the time when, if you're an end, it's such loads of comfort to hear, just as you go down among the interferers, that sort of rasping thud as your tackle nails the runner." And Greene sat back in the seat with a long drawn sigh, evidently thinking of poor Willis and how he should miss him before the season was out.

"I see," he continued. "You think I mean Willis, but I wasn't complaining. He has done that for me many a time, but I expect you or Merwin will do the same."

"I'll certainly try," I said, most earnestly. Soon we were at the grounds and filed through the narrow private gate and walked up a few steps into our dressing room. It was a barren enough spot, and we were all in a hurry to get out. As we came down the steps we saw the Chatham team just starting across for the grounds. As I looked over I saw the stands well filled, while on the bleachers and on the field, a black sea of men rose up and howled and cheered as the blue and gold stripes came out upon the gridiron. Then we followed, and as we emerged upon the lina marked ground I felt a queer thrill go through me as the deeper "rah, rah, rah" of Hallock began and went steadily down the lines. Then from one stand to another spread the old cheer with the resounding "Hallock" at its end as we went down toward the farther goal.

Langton stopped a moment to tell me that he didn't believe Merwin would last it out and he added: "Don't watch the general play; keep your eyes on their tackle, so that you'll know what to do if you're called in."

I made a deep mental resolve to keep my eyes glued to Chatham's right tackle. Presently the referee called out, "All ready!" and we rushed in and took the sweaters as our men peeled them off and ran back to the side lines, piling them in a heap and seating ourselves upon them. Roland was next to me, and for the first time that day I had a chance for a word with him. "Can they beat us, do you think?" I asked in a suppressed whisper.

"No, they can't Dick, but they may score," he replied, and I noticed that he, too, was quite white with excitement. "They've got the kick-off." I heard him say, and in another moment our team was spread out awaiting the onslaught.

Then came a pause, and I could feel my heart jumping up in my throat and nearly choking me. I shivered in spite of the sweater wrapped about my neck. Suddenly the man at the peak of the Chatham wedge stooped lower, the ball went back and the mass came charging forward, warping over toward our right tackle. I saw Spellman run up and drop just in front of it, while Dudley and Miller sprang up into the air and dove over the heads of the outer flanks. Then three men came out of the rear like a flash over toward where Warner and Bentley were moving up gingerly. Warner struck the leaders squarely, and the runner shot out from behind, whereat Bentley gave a quick duck, and lifting him up by the thighs, went down with him. Shrill went the referee's whistle, and "first down!" I heard him call. They had gained about twelve yards, as nearly as I could see; for the play was on the other side of the field.

Then both sides lined up quickly and before I could see how it was done a Chatham man shot out from what looked like a huge pile of men, the base of which was formed by Spellman and Dudley. The man's plunge carried him at least three yards, although he was leaning so far forward that it was impossible for him to keep his feet.

"Hooray! Hooray! I am Chatham," pealed out again. They lined up again and once more came that push, then a snap as the line opened and four yards more.

"Can't we stop it?" I found myself saying to Roland, grabbing his arm as though by the force of my grip I could help.

"It's something new," muttered he, never moving his eyes from that steadily advancing mass. "Our fellows will get onto it presently. There!" cried he, jumping to his feet, "they've lost the ball for holding," and in a moment I saw Brewster and Langton come closing up and Spellman was stooping over the ball with little Addison behind him with his hand on Spellman's leg.

"Watch 'em now," said Roland, "that's Langton's signal," and hardly had the words escaped him when, with a rush over toward our side of the field, came the interference, Langton following close behind it. As it came over toward the Chatham end, I saw Langton get up into his stride and come like a deer, the ball under his left arm and his right ready to meet the first tackler. On they came and over went the Chatham end as the interference struck him. Addison was left alone with Langton, but they were past the end and fairly flying up the field. Langton slowed just a little as they came up to the half and Addison struck him with his shoulder and both went over, leaving Langton free, but just then the Chatham back shot forward behind the half and he and Langton rolled over and over with the force of the tackle.

(To be Continued.)

"CAN WE STOP IT?" I FOUND MYSELF SAYING TO ROLAND, GRABBING HIS ARM.

ANIMAL PILGRIMAGES.

Clouds of Winged Insects Moving with Military Precision.

The dwellers in the San Gabriel Valley, California, witnessed not long ago a vast procession of yellow butterflies that came from no one knew where and were moving on in a northwesterly direction, parallel with the Sierra Madre range. By counting the insects that fluttered by a certain window within five minutes, and learning later that they extended from 100 miles to the south, some idea of the magnitude of the procession could be imagined.

Where these golden lined butterflies came from and where they were going could not be determined, but impelled by some strong instinct they were moving on like human pilgrims in the Orient, who journey to Mecca or the Sacred river. The direction of the butterfly pilgrimage was always the same and following the wall of rock forming the Sierra Madre mountains, and a remarkable feature was that they were never flying in a reverse direction.

CLOUDS OF PAINTED LADIES.

Butterflies called painted ladies are often met in great columns. Those seen in one of the canyons of Switzerland some years ago nearly filled the great gorge with the splendidly colored creatures. In South America columns of yellow butterflies have been seen crossing the rivers in enormous troops, occupying many hours in the passage, so that their numbers were beyond human comprehension. At night they alight and cover the trees, and a photograph has been taken by an electric light in Europe of a branch so completely covered with sleeping and resting butterflies that the leaves and twigs could not be seen.

A naturalist sailing off the South American coast near the river Plata found the air so filled with butterflies one day that the sailors said it was snowing butterflies, and as far as the men could see from the yards the sky was filled with the beautiful flying creatures.

Sir Robert Schomburgh, an enthusiastic naturalist, on a trip up the Sessquibo river encountered a pilgrimage of yellow butterflies whose numbers were so great that they obscured the sunlight and covered the trees and leaves a yellow hue. Sir Robert journeyed up the river for over nine miles beneath this living canopy.

SWARMS OF LOCUSTS.

In Russia some years ago the bands of traveling locusts threatened the entire country near the Black sea with famine.

Attempts were made to drive the insects away or divert them from their path without success. They settled upon villages, and despite fires and attacks from the inhabitants, destroyed the crop and everything green. Finally the destruction became so menacing that the emperor was appealed to, and, as a result, an army of 40,000 trained soldiers were ordered into the region, armed, not with guns, but with shovels and various agricultural implements with which to destroy the winged pilgrims. The sight which met this army was appalling. The ground in some places was covered two or three feet deep by locusts, and horses could hardly haul the heavy wagons through them. The men advanced on the horde in solid phalanx and beat them down with their spades, buried and burned them, aided by the villagers.

MARCHING WORMS.

The American army worm is, in its movements, a pilgrim to be dreaded. A few years ago they suddenly appeared in a New England town. The day previous not one could be seen. They came from the west, moving on in a solid mass, eating almost everything in their path. Ditches were dug to stop them, but I saw them pouring over into them like a slow, sluggish current, filling them up and passing on. At the end of two days they had entirely disappeared.

At this time a gentleman living on Long Island told me that he heard a strange noise in his grain field one night, a penetrating, rustling sound, and proceeding to the spot he found that the army worms were in the field; they were climbing the stalks of grain in millions, thus causing the rushing sound. When the sun rose a vast field of empty stalks told the story, and the pilgrims were moving on, finally to enter the ground and later reappear as moths and fly away ignorant of the vast damage they had done.

ARMY OF ANTS.

Many ants pilgrimages are made to obtain food, the insects eating everything in their route; other pilgrims are perhaps proceeding to war, while others are simply changing their home, and impelled by instinct, move on to pastures new.

The excavations of the so-called white ant of the east are remarkable from the fact that they are made in many instances under cover. The insects build or excavate long tunnels, enter buildings from below, and instead of climbing a table, after the bold and open fashion of ordinary ants, they begin beneath the leg and excavate a tunnel. How much labor this entails can be imagined by boring a hole up through a table leg with a gimlet; yet a tunnel is not only made by these marauding insects, but the table is often completely hollowed out.

Probably the most remarkable instance of the work of these insects was seen in Ceylon some years ago and reported to the British government by Colonel James Campbell of the Fiftieth regiment. He was sitting one afternoon in an old Dutch house, conversing with some ladies and gentlemen, when a loud roar was heard and the house literally fell about them. To their amazement they sat uninjured, surrounded by the wreck of the building, with the blue sky above them. They scrambled out through the clouds of dust and found that their escape was little less than a miracle. Other parts of the building fell in with such a crash that the noise was heard all over Colombo, and the people ran to the wreck from every direction. Examination showed that the building had been completely undermined by these wonderful workers; the timbers had been hollowed out and nothing but a shell left to support the roof, which finally fell, leaving the wreck as a monument to the work of this destructive insect.

PILGRIMS BY SEA.

By far the most remarkable pilgrimage ever observed among the lower animals was that witnessed in Norway, not once but several times within this century. A party of fishermen upon one occasion were encamped on the borders of a small fjiork and were mending their nets when they observed a number of lemmings—a little animal allied to the beavers—coming out of the wood that skirted the shore. At first, seeing the men, they ran back, then others appeared and more, until hundreds were upon the beach. As the day passed the numbers continually increased until before night the camp of the men was alive with the little creatures that now began to take to the water. Thousands came pouring from the woods in the ensuing few days, followed by hawks and other predatory animals that fed upon them. They passed on into the water, swimming over it, scores being drowned during the passage, the rest reaching the opposite shore and moving on into the woods, impelled by the strange instinct. It is said that nothing deters these pilgrims but a stone wall which they cannot scale. Piles of grain and fodder they have been known to tunnel through, their instinct being to move ahead in a given line.

The fishes make remarkable pilgrimages from one shore to another, and in such vast bodies as to defy description.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

The Washington Times says that when Mgr. Capel was in Washington a few years ago the lady who was entertaining him at dinner asked her distinguished guest what had impressed him most in this country. "The extraordinary precocity of your children, madam," was the reply, and upon being asked the reason, he told the following experience: "When in Baltimore a few days since I went with the archbishop to call upon Mrs. W. During our visit her beautiful little boy of 4 years ran into the drawing room, and after presenting him to me Mrs. W. said: 'Carroll, go and say good morning to the archbishop.' Fancy my amazement when the child turned and, with an indescribable air of bonhomie, said, with a friendly nod: 'How are you, Arch?' Truly American children are remarkable."

In a Syracuse school recently, according to the Syracuse Post, one of the teachers thought it would be a good idea to see how the scholars stood regarding the present political situation. She asked each scholar to write on a slip of paper the name of the candidate for mayor he or she thought would win the election. A little boy about 7 years old raised his hand and, when permitted to speak, said: 'Please, teacher, my father's out of town, and I don't know what I am!"

Kipling got a setback from Gladstone's little granddaughter, Dorothy Drew, the last time he was in England, so the story goes. He was visiting at her home, took a great fancy to her and endeavored to make a good impression upon her by telling tales. After some time her mother, fearing Mr. Kipling might be tired, called her and said: "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been good and not wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, no, mother, not a bit," replied the infant terrible, "but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearying me!"

"Willie," said the boy's interested uncle, "I hope you take pains with your lessons in school."

"I took pains with 'em today, anyhow," replied the young gentleman.

"Unusual pains?"

"Yes, sir; unusual pains. Teacher whipped me twice."

Tommy Tucker (temporarily engaged in entertaining portly caller)—My paw's going to take us to the chrysanthemum show. He's got a fam'ly ticket."

Portly Caller—Can't you take me along, Tommy.

"No. You don't belong to the fam'ly."

"Couldn't I go as a relative of the family—an aunt, for instance?"

"O yes, we might take you as an aunty fat."

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said a little girl the other day, referring to an accident which had happened.

"What do you mean by being 'nervous,' my dear?"

"Why, mamma, it's just like being in a hurry all over."

NOVEMBER.

Ethelwyn Wetherald in Harper's Weekly.

The old year's withered face is here again,
The twilight look, the look of reverie,
The backward-gazing eyes that seem to see
The full-leaved robin-haunted June remain
Through devastating wind and ruinous rain,
A form that moves a little wearily,
As one who treads the path of memory
Beneath a long year's load of stress and stain.

Good night! good night! the dews are thick and damp,
Yet still she babbles on, as loth to go,
Of apple buds and blooms that used to be
Till Indian summer brings the bedtime lamp,
And underneath a covering of snow
She dreams again of April ecstasy.

Anne L. Muzzy in New York Sun.

A wraith-like figure all in solemn gray
With wreaths of phantom seed-pods in her hair,
She roams with rustling footsteps here and there,
Tossing the dead leaves in her careless play,
And leaving woods bereaved and branches bare.

Swift she puts out the fires upon the hills,
And rakes the ashes o'er their dying glow;
And while the southward reaching sun drops low
She shakes her drapery of clouds, and fills
The fields of air with violets of snow.

Dear, she but leads us through her dreary straits
To find the halcyon Indian summer days,
Where, sitting in a dreamy, tender haze,
We catch the glimmer of the jasper gates,
And hear the echo of celestial praise.

A lady in Italy went to a spiritualistic seance not lonk since, the medium having promised to communicate with her dead son. By some mishap, instead of the spirit coming forth, flames and sulphurous fumes issued from the back of the cabinet. The mother, regarding the blaze as an indication that her son was suffering for his sins, went raving mad, and is not likely to recover. The medium is to be prosecuted.