

In Sanctuary,¹
pale with rage the wild surf springs
o'er the harbor bar,
The ships fold their snowy wings
o'er the evening star,
The calm haven rocked to sleep
While night they swing and sway,
And tides o'er the morning deep
Golden bluish of day.
Safe from all the storms of fate,
The worldly rage and scorn,
I sit me fold my hands and wait
The coming of the morn ;
All night long o'er moon-lit turrets
The wind brings in from far
The meaning of the baffled surf
O'er the harbor bar.
—William Winter, in *Harper's*.

Philadelphia mule has killed a mad
but it is still a matter of doubt

found it, you're shot the dog. I told you we could hold on. Pat—Sure, and so I can, your girl—the shot, sir, I couldn't!"

"Is it wicked to sing that on Sundays?" Brother Jack—"It is wicked to sing it any day." Because it makes people

upio man unpacked a tidy from a tin of wiped his nose upon it. It was a tidy he used mysteries. "You know that a tidy is for a—*New Register*."

My darling, I really believe my man has wholly disappeared." "Oh, but I think we shall know when the weather is changed."

re glad to learn by a late piece made this. "The Moonlight and the Stars these times of life is gratifying to learn that even this is falling."

tsburg private watchman fell second-story window while asleep, "until someone came on him. Such zeal will cer-

ing man who appears to have hated the subject asserts with appearance of candor that humankind is very stout under hammer. This is reliable if true.

"Don't see why people should at women can't succeed in fishing—they're quite equal to fishing with a net. I believe they can make him think that he alone

—Boston Post.

"I said the highly cultivated and intelligent woman, who was about thirty. "Passe; In the and admirably adapted economic man cannot interfere with the carrying out of the order."

And he paused.—Boston

er.

Why did you leave her so asked a sympathizing friend "I could not find a word for consolation from the object of his."

"Oh, it was a sudden impulse," he said "at that moment I knew exactly," returned the thoughtfully, "but it must have been at least a No. 12"—Brooklyn

"Trade" in Alexandria.

[illegible]

much to do so, for I have be-
haved of it. I had hoped that
you would have my eye for
me. But the prophet has con-
fessed among his people, and I
to the English gentleman." "I
have a hundred pounds," said
Maccabiah. "I'll give you £50,"
said the Egyptian; his dignity was obviously
hurt. "An expression of indecency
on your part," said he. "But he forgave
me, and they had another cup
and a cigarette together. Then
I went away, as before. In
the morning I went again, again-
through the regular busi-
ness-looking over the stock, his
was approached by Maccabiah.
"I have a hundred pounds," he
said that thought, "that I
put too much for the carpet the
other way. When Maccabiah feels he is
in a position to speak to the
English gentleman can have
a useful carpet for £50." "I
won't acknowledge any error,"
said the Egyptian. "I will confess
as wrong in offering you only
one carpet the other day. I did
it for a joke, of course. I am
sorry, and since you are

coffee and another cigarette at the time Mr. Sullivan went out. Mr. Sullivan took out \$5 more, and the purchaser added \$1. So it was with handling and coffee. Sullivan said he analyzed the prices he took away at the time he took out \$250 in cash. He says that the cost of business was \$100, and that he got nothing in Egypt and Turkey. Americans, he adds, are spoiling the trade in this direction. "I was in Alexandria," a German named Morgan, from Berlin, came along and visited the dog of Macedonia. Three carpets were sold for the price of one hundred pounds," said Mac-
"Well," replied Mr. Morgan, "men's fair price, and I'll take these your money." "Why the merchant he took out tearing his hair with rage the dog of a Christian." He added the matter in an injured tone. "Englishmen are doing Mr. Morgan's method was not
— Boston Herald.

Armed Horse Thief
Texas, has a visit from
his character Jack, also
Jack—on route to Stephenville
when institution the prisoner
six months ago after receiving
a life term in the peniten-
tiary for killing a man. His arms
above the elbow, having been
in a snar ml when he was a
out the bones grow out several
from the joints, and their sur-
faces like corn cobs, and Jack
a beautiful hand by holding a
his chin and pressing the
bone against it. He is a
man who works expertly, and man-
ages as well as the average two
men. The height of his an-
appears to have been during
years. He is about thirty
years. He was arrested in the
of Nation.