

WHEN MOTHER GETS HOME.

When mother gets home, oh, listen to the laughter... Alfred Ellison, in Chicago News.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

HE major and I had just finished dinner... Alfred Ellison, in Chicago News.

We pulled tentatively at the cigars until satisfied of their excellence... Alfred Ellison, in Chicago News.

"Well, four years ago this fall, there came to the house one day a hundred and twenty pounds of as pretty, blue-eyed meekness as you ever saw."

"At the time she arrived, Lee was just a little this side of delirium tremens, and I really believe she stayed 'em off."

"But, however—well, Lee didn't get along so well with Julie. When he was sober, and devoted himself to her, he seemed to sort of awe her, don't you know—she wasn't free and happy."

"Not a bit of it," he said. "I found hard drinking to be hard work, and, to tell the truth, I don't know whether I'm a better man for it or not."

"Then you didn't have a strong appetite for liquor," I asked him.

"Well, now, do you know that's the funny part of it. As soon as George started in, Lee became alarmed about him, and in his efforts to keep George straight, he got to keeping me straight."

"An Error Rectified. Fortune Teller (examining Teacaddy's hand)—It's no use pretending you will live to be an old man."

"Pay as you go and save enough to come back on."—Galveston News.

THE FARMING WORLD.

LOCATION OF ROADS.

An Important Point That Has Been Overlooked Entirely. Roads should be placed on a dead level, if possible, and where impossible then on the easiest grade obtainable.

These figures represent only about one mile of road. As in the former case, the lower line of Fig. 1 represents the road as it is, and the upper, where it ought to be.

work is done on them to better locations, if possible; and put all new roads, obtainable. Of course, there is included in this that all roads shall be as direct and, therefore, as short between objective points, avoiding as many crooks and turns and angles, as the above conditions will justify; and also, if said roads will admit of it, that all roads shall run on section and farm lines.

Our proposition would save distance and time. A team can travel much more rapidly over a level road than over a hilly one, and in every case where distance is shortened time is gained.

The temperature of cream. The best of cream may be spoiled in the churn by too much cold or heat, and by over churning.

Don't leave it all on, but rather take an early opportunity and remove by its size, high quality, and quantity.

RIGHT OR LEFT HAND. The despised left hand makes good claims in many cases to be the defter of the two.

As in protest against the blue serge frocks that are so generally popular, there is a sudden return to brown shades of serge, sack or whipcord for the tailor gown which women of fashion prefer.

For a series of pretty mats fine white shirting linen is selected, the design being transferred by using transfer paper.

Children have something new in the great white cape bonnets of late, with colored ribbon trimmings.

Large picture hats of leghorn will be worn with the black satin gowns, which are again in high favor.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

THE FARMING WORLD.

LOCATION OF ROADS.

An Important Point That Has Been Overlooked Entirely. Roads should be placed on a dead level, if possible, and where impossible then on the easiest grade obtainable.

These figures represent only about one mile of road. As in the former case, the lower line of Fig. 1 represents the road as it is, and the upper, where it ought to be.

work is done on them to better locations, if possible; and put all new roads, obtainable. Of course, there is included in this that all roads shall be as direct and, therefore, as short between objective points, avoiding as many crooks and turns and angles, as the above conditions will justify; and also, if said roads will admit of it, that all roads shall run on section and farm lines.

Our proposition would save distance and time. A team can travel much more rapidly over a level road than over a hilly one, and in every case where distance is shortened time is gained.

The temperature of cream. The best of cream may be spoiled in the churn by too much cold or heat, and by over churning.

Don't leave it all on, but rather take an early opportunity and remove by its size, high quality, and quantity.

RIGHT OR LEFT HAND. The despised left hand makes good claims in many cases to be the defter of the two.

As in protest against the blue serge frocks that are so generally popular, there is a sudden return to brown shades of serge, sack or whipcord for the tailor gown which women of fashion prefer.

For a series of pretty mats fine white shirting linen is selected, the design being transferred by using transfer paper.

Children have something new in the great white cape bonnets of late, with colored ribbon trimmings.

Large picture hats of leghorn will be worn with the black satin gowns, which are again in high favor.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

BANGS' LITTLE SCHEME.

It Would Have Worked All Right Had His Wife Carried Out Her Part. Bangs was anxious to join a party of eight owls for a Saturday night's frolic in the city a few weeks ago.

Just what excuse to make to his wife puzzled him. Bangs has a beautiful summer home in the country within an hour's ride of his office.

"I say, old chap," said he, when we met, "I want you to do me a big favor. You see, I have—that is I—well, I have some business on hand that will keep me in the city until late to-night."

"I don't think I know," said Mrs. Bangs, and she looked at her husband with a questioning eye.

"I never could get Bangs to tell me just what happened afterward. Mrs. Bangs, however, informed me on the following Sunday when I called that 'that night is a subject I do not care to discuss.'"

Reasons for Giving to the Latter Some of the Honor Paid to the Former. The despised left hand makes good claims in many cases to be the defter of the two.

As in protest against the blue serge frocks that are so generally popular, there is a sudden return to brown shades of serge, sack or whipcord for the tailor gown which women of fashion prefer.

For a series of pretty mats fine white shirting linen is selected, the design being transferred by using transfer paper.

Children have something new in the great white cape bonnets of late, with colored ribbon trimmings.

Large picture hats of leghorn will be worn with the black satin gowns, which are again in high favor.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Ginger Beer: Use five gallons of water, one-half pound of ginger-root boiled, four pounds sugar, one-eighth pound of cream of tartar, one ounce essence of lemon, one ounce of tartaric acid and one quart of yeast.

Graham Gruel: Mix one tablespoonful of graham meal in four tablespoonfuls of cold water; cook twenty minutes, then stir in half a teaspoonful of salt and cook ten minutes longer.

Quail on Toast: Take a quail, split it down the back, remove the entrails and set away until nearly boiling water, one tablespoonful boiling water, one tablespoonful vinegar and one teaspoonful cinnamon.

Gooseberry Jam: To every quart of gooseberries use a pound of loaf sugar; put the sugar in a preserving pan with enough water to dissolve it, boil and skim it well, then put in the berries; let them boil ten minutes.

Steamed Indian Pudding: One pint milk; two eggs, one and a half cups Indian meal; two small table-spoonfuls beef suet; two table-spoonfuls molasses; half a table-spoonful each cinnamon and ground ginger; salt, spoonful salt; pinch of soda.

Pressed Chicken: Take a large plump chicken; wipe well with a damp towel, put in a kettle, and cover with water. Place over a moderate fire, and when the blood is gone, season with salt.

Revival of Brown. As in protest against the blue serge frocks that are so generally popular, there is a sudden return to brown shades of serge, sack or whipcord for the tailor gown which women of fashion prefer.

For a series of pretty mats fine white shirting linen is selected, the design being transferred by using transfer paper.

Children have something new in the great white cape bonnets of late, with colored ribbon trimmings.

Large picture hats of leghorn will be worn with the black satin gowns, which are again in high favor.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

Doctor—Now, here is a bottle of fine whisky, and I want you to take a tablespoon of it every morning before breakfast.

Patience—Doc, I'm in the habit of taking about a mile an hour of all of the stuff at exactly that time of the day.

PITH AND POINT.

"Why did Cholly sell his bird dog and get that silly little pup?" Estelle asked. "He wanted him just for company I suppose." Inter-Ocean.

"Aunt—'Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?' Bobby (remembering private seance in the woodshed)—'An orphan.'"

"Tommy—'Paw, why do they always make the pictures of Father Time so lean?' Mr. Figg—'So the wiser represent spare time, of course.'—Indianapolis Journal.

"Unfortunately Expressed.—Maude—'Yes, I am obliged to have my shoes made to order. My left foot is larger than my right.' Ethel—'Is it possible?' Boston Transcript.

"He—'What kind of a story did that tramp trump up to get his breakfast?' She—'None at all. He said he'd seen a good many babies, but our Teddy was ahead of them all.'—Inter-Ocean.

"From Lack of Exercise.—Asken—'What kind of a fellow is Dumble?'—'Well, Dumble, I think twice before he spoke, would lose the use of his voice.'—Puck.

"Probably an Exaggeration.—Snooks—'What makes you so glum?' You say her father did all he could to hasten your suit.' Sledgeby—'You do not see how realistic I was in the suit at the time.'—Truth.

"Mrs. Hicks—'A man was here today who gets a living by reading the hands. He wanted four dollars.' Hicks—'Some swindler, wasn't he?' Mrs. Hicks—'Yes; he read the hands on our gas meter.'—N. Y. Times.

"Animal Life.—Doolittle Goode—'How did you spend your vacation?' Somers Holiday—'Oh, I led a dog's life.' Doolittle Goode—'No! What did you do?' Somers Holiday—'Lay around and slept.'—Puck.

"Do I make myself plain?" asked the angular lecturer of a woman's right stopping in the middle of her discourse. "You don't have to, mum," replied a voice from the rear; "the Lord done it for you long ago."—Vogue.

"Mr. Mix (reading a headline from the newspaper)—'He jumps into the water and saves her life.' Mrs. Mix—'A truly heroic deed.' Mr. Mix—'Great Scott, Maria, what an old lady you are! It wasn't his wife.'—N. Y. Times.

"Senior Warden—'I see that Mushroom college has just made Rev. Mr. Prosy a D.D. As he is now a doctor I wonder what he'll be doing when he disposes to his parishioners.' Senior Deacon—'O, anodynes, the same as usual.'—N. Y. Tribune.

"Boerum (doing his best to make a favorable impression, has just finished his best anecdote)—'Ha! ha! ha! That's a pretty good story, now.' Miss Green—'We must trust to luck.' said they say poor Uncle Phil, who was killed at Gettysburg, never tired of hearing it.'—Life's Calendar.

"The addresses of a young man having been declined by a young lady, he paid court to her sister. 'How much you resemble her sister,' said the evening of the first call. 'You have the same hair, the same forehead, and the same eyes.'—And the same nose.'—Tit-Bits.

ADVENTURE IN A BALLOON.

Gabriel's Trumpet Awakens a Village from Its Slumber. It was indeed the fierce bluster of the gale tearing its way through leaf and branch that we heard. If the balloon should dash against the hedge of spears ambushed there, it would be not only wreck, but the sharpest peril of life.

"We were not long in suspense. The downpour suddenly fell, and the balloon rose a little higher. It still thundered and lightning, but the rage of the storm had spent itself. The captain clutched my hand with a hard grip. 'We're all right now,' with a quiver in his voice, for his iron nerve had been shaken; 'but let me tell you, you will never be so near death again and escape it.'"

"I think there's a village close at hand. Look sharp and you will see the twinkle of a light down there." And it was so, surely. As we moved on more lights showed up suddenly, and we were circling over a valley between two mountain ridges, one of which had been so nearly our ruin. It was an hour after midnight and the villagers were asleep. Donaldson's gaity frothed like champagne after our recent danger. 'We'll wake up the old dream with a blast from the skies.' He laughed and seized a bugle which hung near at hand. 'How's this for Gabriel's horn?' He blew notes of piercing sweetness (he had been an army bugler), which rose and swelled and sent their wild echoes flying among those midnight hills. Lights began to shine in every house, and moving lanterns and the clatter of voices betokened a general alarm. What this midnight summons out of the skies might mean, filled the moral fancy with terror, and the note of fear could be heard in many of the voices which floated up to us. We were so near the earth that we could hear the drag-ropes slapping the sticks and stones with its tail.