ike a knife, ngers tearing away, were rude in their

TRIVANCE.

the glance he cast at those rest just an instant longer Jake Pixley and his broth

collapse.
While the store-keeper, Uncle Simeon, and everybody else examined the contrivance over and over, and expressed themselves in more ways than one about it, 89th Piper arrived from somewhere or other, a little out of breath and the contributions.

and Dave Pixley were missing, and their boat was found floating bottom-side-up in the river. A week later Uncle Simeon, who was the postmaster, recieved a crude letter scrawled on

of large banana leaves ex-aded. style has a broad mottled

the bonnets are simply which the flowers spring t extravagance of luxuriar the marvellous handicraf

The great scarcity, high price, and poor quality of our potates, east and west, make it unusually important to have good bread. Potatoes are not very nutritious, and by no means accessint of the control of the contro

True Policy of Turkey.

Is the present contest in Egypt, like

"I guess so."
"No kite, no lie!" he said as he step"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she said,
diling up the spon.
"And a velocipede."
"I'll think of it, he castor oil down
me!" he exclaimed, looking around for
his hat.
"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to,
and I know he will. Come now, swal"And you'll buy me a goat?"
"Yes."
"And you'll buy me a goat?"
"Yes."
"And you'll buy me father."
"And you'll buy me two hundred marbies?
"And you'll you we two hundred marbies?"
"And you'll you we two hundred marbies?
"And you'll you we two hundred marbies?"
"And you'll you we two hundred marbies?"
"And you'll you

OSCAR WILDE. He Tilts Against a Train Boy

A man who was on the same train rith Wilde, coming from Reno to Og

The poet started up to a sitting posi-tion, with:

"Great Gurod! Is it possible that my poems have reached such beastly figures as that?"

"Three for two bits," continued the

neum inifingement on the right of an English author?"
Is that so? replied the boy, slowly, "Do you spose the feller that writ the book will know it?"
"Of course he will. How can your guilty acts escape his cognizance?"
"His cognuzzence ain't anything to

them lines, dye spread and Wilde joine No sir!"

The crowd roared, and Wilde joine heartily in the laugh. After the bewas assured that the man was not other than the poet, he went to Wilde and weed him a dozen orranges to co

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,