

RAIN IN THE WOODS.

Silence first, with gloom overhead Not a stir in bush or tree; Woodfolk all to covert fled; Dumb the gossip chickadee.

The Picture On the Cuff.

BY HARRY HOW.

I had known Franklin about a month. He was a man worth knowing. His honest and genial-looking face spoke truly of the honor of his heart within; and his friendship was something to be desired.

"Tired of Life," which created such a sensation with the public, and made such a marked impression on the art critics two years ago at one of the great art exhibitions in London.

"It was the day before the opening of the—Exhibition. I was sitting thinking quietly in my studio when I heard a rap at the door.

"There was great anxiety in her voice. I told her that I had that would be exhibited on the morrow.

"What?" I asked. "What I was going to do. Yes, I was tired of life—oh, so tired.

"The woman made a movement. 'You seem in trouble,' I said, and putting my hand in my pocket—well, the truth is, old fellow, I gave her a sovereign.

"My heart was touched. I told her to rise to her feet again. I took her by the hand and sat her down in my chair. I had made up my mind exactly what I would do.

"I turned to the weeping woman and asked her name. It was Mary Glover, she said. Then I was right.

"I jumped in—jump in," I said. She obeyed me with a trustful look. In as careful a way as I could I told her that I had found the whereabouts of her father.

"Thank God!" the old man cried. "The sound of his voice must have reached the ears of the one waiting on the landing below.

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ruined the work of many a day and caused me ceaseless toil and anxiety. Here, then, was the cause of his spoiling my picture. He, too, recognized the face on the canvas, and he did not want those features to be given to the world.

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THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Accepts the Jaunt to his Resignation. "Gem! en," said Brother Gardner, as he stood up, adjusted his spectacles and looked around the hall.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND VAINS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

COOK'S DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT. Exasperated young mistress—(after a wordy argument with her cook)—Why, Bridget, it's perfectly absurd! Either you or I must be crazy.

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A POLITE REQUEST.

He—I have something to say to you—permit me to take you apart. She—Certainly—if you will put me together again.—[Truth.]

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A Marvelous Little Linguist.

Not until January will little Fannie Erdoly reach the mature age of four years, and yet she is perhaps the most accomplished young lady of her age in New York.



LITTLE FANNIE ERDOLY.

her charming little personality the irresistible law of heredity. She speaks fluently four languages, and when it is explained that her mother speaks and writes six languages and that her father has a glib acquaintance with ten, besides numerous allied dialects, this extraordinary infant is accounted for.

Arthur Erdoly, who is a registry clerk and interpreter at Ellis Island, was born, thirty-two years ago, in Buda-Pesth, Hungary. His wife is also a native of the same ancient city on the Danube.

The fact has been established that the supposed diamonds found in meteorites near the Canyon Diablo in Arizona are actually such. This is a matter of profound interest, indicating as it does that such stones exist on other planets.

King Pharaoh was born in old Montauk's rocky heights and his love for the rugged scenes of his earlier childhood was one of the old Indian's strange characteristics.



THE LAST MONTAUK CHIEF.

with Thomas Tallmadge Parsons at Franklinville. He was a faithful servant to the Parsons family for sixty-six years. His death occurred at the home of Mr. Parsons's daughter, Mrs. Young, who tenderly watched over the old Indian in his declining years.