

long auburn hair, which falls loosely over her shoulders, while the golden ringlets play about her snow-white temples. I'm ready to pronounce her "queen"—but wait, she has reached the fatal sign-board, and as she places a tiny foot clad in a number two slipper upon the board, I'm shocked and blinded for a while, and on recovering I see something in masculine attire approaching. It is not a man; it may belong to the feminine gender, but can't be a lady. As it passed, I tried to doff my cap, but it had grown to my head, never, never to be doffed to an equal. But presently I was happy again: the barking of a dog had awakened me from a restless slumber and the latter part of my reverie was a dream. But feeling confident that the new girl will never appear, and being deficient in a fair knowledge of the modern girl, I am unable to write on that subject.

Let me see; perhaps I could write something upon my future vocation. Suppose I consider a farmer's life. But then, I couldn't be a farmer; there's too much physical exertion and lost preparation and too many soiled clothes. Then the medical profession, for instance. But it's full to overflowing.

"There is room at the top" in the legal profession, but it's a life-time study; so that's too much work. But now my time's up, my lamp has burned out, and I just now realize that the lamp of life is slowly burning and will soon be consumed.

How many are undecided as to what they are going to do? The answer is, "Millions." We should remember that every 24 hours makes us a day older, and if we wash our gloves after the drill bugle has sounded, we will be a washing behind when inspection takes place. And if you spend a life time in deciding whether you will become a statesman or a post-hole digger, your creditors will draw on your bank for the last talent, and you will enter the road home bankrupt from inaction and despair. If we can't decide, it is better to draw straws and go to work, than to go down to our eternal home with the talent