here the early primrose blows, Long we impered, loath to parts are you forgotten, Lady Nose,

III.
The mossy stonework of the ancient span That bridged the clear brown waters of where round the stepping-stones the eddies And supped away with many a sunny gleam.

Mill beside the river grows

Starry-cycd forgotion, Lady Rose,
The drooping, faintly-colored knot?

And in the silence heard the night-bird's

Price and cold the evening's close, Sorrow of an adverse fate; Have you forgotten, Lady Rose, That parting by the wicket-gate?

-G. A. Dawson in Chambers' Journal

## UNITED.

Miss Prisoilla Curtis was forty-five years old, but no one would have known it if she had not frankly confessed to that age, and pleaded guilty to the fact of being an old maid. She was a pleasant, kind-hearted little body, with a fresh, youthful face,

the cheeriest laugh imaginable and a smile that won the instant love of every-

body. She had a comfortable meome, lived in a cosy cottage, and having nothing else to do, was accomplished and charltable—that is, she painted, sketched, made crazy quilts, and crocheted afghans, hammered brass plaques, and manufactured all sorts of quaint and wonderful articles of household adornment, and was president of three or four charitable societies, and made a daily round of visits to the humble homes of a score of her pensioners.

l'eople wondered why she had never married, and some of her more intimate friends ventured to ask her the ques-

She always replied with a laugh and these words, "My Willie is off o'er the sea," in such a jaunty, nonchalant tone, that no one really believed that there was an actual flesh-and-blood Willie over the seas for whose return the bright-faced little spinster was

waiting patiently. Visitors to her little cottage noticed a Jesking man, which hung above the mantel in her cosy parlor; but they thought it the picture of some relative, and never connected him with the mysterious Willie.

It was in reality the face of Mr. Wil-Cartis had been lovers when he was a young man of twenty and she a girl of

Cruel parents had separated them, and so had gone away across the seas, where, it was afterward reported he had married a titled lady—for his parents were rich, and at the time of the love-making Miss Priscilla's surroundings were very humble.

In a drawer of her bureau, which she seldom opened, there was a bundle of letters, yellow and faded with age, and a bunch of withered violets.

The violet was her favorite flower, and she had great plots of them in her conservatory, and they were the device embroidered on all the little articles of household adornment that her skillful

meedle had wrought. She always wore a bunch of them:

her throat when she went out, and a nose-gay of them nestled under her sounded chin this morning, when, with an alligator-skin reticule on her arm, and a cheery smile on her face, she trip-ged down the steps of her cottage to be-gin the daily round of visits among her

She was intensely practical in her charity, and believed in helping only chose who made an effort to help them-

Her first visit this morning was to a seat little house in a back street, where lived Alma Zane, sole support of an in-walld mother and a half-dozen little brothers and sisters.

Alma was seventeen, rather pretty and previous to her acquaintance with Miss Priscilla Cartis had worked in a mill, where her earnings were just suffi-eient to keep a shabby roof above their heads and put bread-and-butter into the mouths of her hungry little brothers She had a fair education and a re-

Miss Cartis helped her to move into the quiet little house, which was cheap-by but neatly furnished, aided her to put warm clothing on the children, and to

hery a great easy-chair for the invalid She taught Alma to embroider, to maint pretty little cards, and to fashion, out of cloth, paper, and wax, flowers so matural that it required no great stretch of the imagination to smell their per-

Alma found ready sale for the product and her deft fingers in the shops, and her two oldest brothers hawked them from

door to door and in the street. The income thus derived was double must she had received in the mill, and emabled the family to live very comfort-

Alma had a lover—an honest, steady which she had left, and was, like her,

John Brainerd was shrewd and intelligent, and seemed determined to rise for the world, although he found it pretty uphill work.

He studied hard at nights, and had

ed heartly into his plans for the

"What?" she oried, lifting up the roung girl's face. "Crying! What's "It's about John, Miss Priscilla. He of caught in the belt at the mill, and is arm is broken!" sobbed Alma.
"That's too bad!" was Miss Priscilla's omment. "But he's stout and healthy;

comment. "But he's stout and healthy; and broken bones soon mend."
"Yes; but it will force him to remain idle for several weeks, and all the money that he's saved up to perfect his

vention will be spent." Oh, I think not!" said Miss Priscilla with one of her queer little laughs. "I know of a certain young lady who might be able to help him if she

"I thought of that," said Alma, ner face brightening; " but lately the boys have not been able to do as well as formerly. I have a splendid stock of roses, and tulips, and pond-lilies on hand, but no one seems to want them. The great craze now is for violets. You never showed me how to make them, and when I tried myself they were such wretched imitations that I grew discouraged and threw them into the

She did not notice that Miss Priscilla's smiling face grew suddenly grave, and that her blue eyes became suspiciously moist.

A silence followed Alma's words. which lasted so long that she looked up quickly, just as the old smile came back to Miss Priscilla's face, and she

wiped the moisture from her eyes.

"Get your things out," she said in a voice that trembled in spite of her, "and I'll teach you to make violets," adding mentally, "for love's sake."

After several attempts Alma was able to make a tolerable fair imitation of a

violet, and she resolved to practise all day, and select an assortment of the best for the boys to sell that evening. Miss Priscilla paid the rest of her visits, calling finally on the wounded mechanic, whom she cheered and enraged so much that he forgot all out his pain, and rather accepted the

misfortune as a blessing. That night she opened the bureau drawer at home, took out the bundle of yellow letters, and the bunch of faded violets, and seating herself in front of Willie's picture, read them all over, cry-

"I'm a foolish, sentimental old woshe said at last, and went to

When she called the next day upon Alma, she found the young girl in the best of spirits.

"Oh, Miss Priscilla!" she said, "the violets brought me good fortune. The boys sold all that I made; and one gentleman wanted a pot of the paper violets, and Jimmy gave him my ad-dress, and he's coming here this even-

There was a knock at the door, and pefore Miss Priscilla could retreat into the adjoining room, the door opened, and a stout middle-aged man walked

"I came to see about the pot of violets
"he began, but stopped suddenly,
and stared fixedly at Miss Priscilla's

erimson face. "Priscillar" he eried at last, and took a step towards her, holding out his "Willief" she cried, and, with a sob

of joy, sprang into his outstretched At first, Alma was so astonished that she did not know what to do; but finally she stole softly from the room, and it was a half-hour before she heard Miss Priscilla's voice bidding her return. Miss Priscilla and the stout gentleman

rose as she entered the room.

"Alma," said Miss Priscilla, "this is Mr. William Arnold, and —" blushing coyly and looking up into his face—
"we were friends many years ago, and

"You'll write yourself Mrs William Arnold—hey, little woman?" cried he, and despite Miss Priscilla's protest kissad her then and there. "I'm sure I'm very glad," said Alma, not knowing what else to say. "Glad?" cried Mr. Arnold, in a hearty

voice. "So you ought to be. You've made two people just as happy as—as turtle-doves; and I can't forget that it was your violets that brought about this meeting. Lord bless me! It's been a meeting. Lord bless me! It's been a quarter of a century or more since we were young together, and just as deeply in love as we are now. I went away across the ocean, and they told me that Priscilla—Miss Curtis—was dead. I, of course believed it. But I never ceased to thruk of her; and when I saw those violets in your little brother's tray last night, and remembered how she used to love them, I determined to get a potful that would always be in bloom."

Well, Mr. William Arnold and Miss Priscilla went away together, and for

Well, Mr. William Arnold and Miss Priscilla went away together, and for days thereafter there were busy preparations in the little cottage, and finally a wedding of two people, old in years but young in heart.

Mr. Arnold interested himself in John Brainerd and his invention, and assisted him to get it patented when it was perfected.

It proved a success, and with the money its sale brought him, John and Alma were married.
So, as Mr. Arnold quaintly put it, "four hearts were made happy through a bunch of paper violets."

A lady living "On the Hill," Rondout, whose clock had run down the other night, asked a neighbor's little girl if she knew how to tell the time of day. "Yes, ma'am." replied the child. "Well, then, will you just run into the house and see what time it is for me?" "O, I don't know how to tell that way. I only know when it strikes," was the reply.—Kingston Fracman.
"My dear," said an anxious wife to

her husband, who if turning to offer, "we must economic in every possible way." of do economics? he replied offer," the said blooms, were must be supplied.

SOME SIMILES.

The child of the past and the parent of the future" is not an unhappy simile for the—present. Happiness has been likened to a ghost; all talk about it, but few, if any, have ever seen it. Ambi-tion's ladder rests against a star, re-marks a clever writer, who also tells us that a proverb is a short truth sand-wiched between wit and wisdom.

Eloquence is a coat of many colors adicionsly blended. No one thing will make a man eloquent. Flattery has been termed a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency. Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us. Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together; and charity is an angel breathing on riches; while graves have been poetically called the footsteps of angels.

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: "Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride: but allude to his wooden hand, and he is mad in a minute." The young lecturer's "similes were gathered in a heap" when he expressed the whole body of his argument on deceit in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that

has perhaps a bitter pill to swallow."
Plagiarists are a species of purloiners
who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or at-

tempt to destroy the basket. It has been truly said that the abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are in bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered. The man, we are told, who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato-the only good belonging to him

eing under ground.

A man at dinner in evening-dress has been likened to a conundrum; you can't tell whether he is a waiter or a guest. A Yankee, describing a lean opponent, said: "That man doesn't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up and there's nothing to carry." An American critic in reviewing a poem said: "The rhythm sounds like turnips rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick and others with a ten-foot

An amusing illustration was given by parent when asked by his boy, "What is understood by experimental and natany one wants to borrow money, that is experimental philosophy. If the other man knocks him down, that is natural philosophy." Curious and comical illustrations seem natural to many children. A little girl, suffering from the

mumps, declared she felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck. "Mamma," said another youngster, alluding to a man whose neck was a series of great rolls of flesh, "that man's got a double chin on the back of his neck." A little 3-year-old, in admiring her baby brother, is said to have exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head, like papa."
Talking of curious similes—among

the southern languages of India is the Teloogoo or Telinga, so rough in pronounciation that a traveler of the nation speaking it before a ruler of Bokhara, admitted that its sound resembled "the tossing of a lot of pebbles in a sack." A simile for scarlet stockings is firehose—laughter is the sound you hear when your hat blows off—and trying to do business without advertising is said to be "like winking at a girl in the dark." An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sauerkraut, and potatoes. This would provoke Merryat's exclamation of, "Such a metaphor I never met afore." Much more complimentary was the old darkey's next reply mentary was the old darkey's neat reply to a beautiful young lady whom he of-fered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy. "Lor, missy," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar." Wit from a man's mouth is like a mouse in a hole; you may watch the hole all day, and no mouse come out; but by-and-by, when no one is looking for it, out pops the mouse and streams across the parlor.

Marrying a woman for money, says a philosopher, is very much like setting a rat-trap and baiting it with your own

An American writer says: "A man with one idea always puts me in mind of an old goose trying to hatch out a paving stone."

An editor's simile of man's career is

summed up in the line: "Man's a vapor full of woes, and starts a paper,

busts, and goes."

We all recollect how the Bath waters were associated in Weller's mind with the "flavor of warm flatirons." The humorist who created that character was often reminded of a printer's parenthesis by the appearance of a bowlegged child; and the elongated pupils of a cat's eyes before a bright light were likened by him to "two notes of admirtion."—Chambers' Journal.

## A Hint to Mediums.

"Say, you are a fortune-teller, ain't you?" bluntly inquired a gentleman, the other day, as he entered the rooms occupied by a woman who had a sign on the door reading "Clairvoyant." "I read the past and future and give advice in business troubles; charges to vice in business troubles; charges to gentlemen, 81," was the reply. "That's all right. The charges are reasonable enough," he continued quickly; "it's not my own fortune I want told, but my wife's. She'll be down this afternoon, and I want to pay for something in advance," and he held \$ 65 bill on the table, and after giving an assumed. 

CLUB DISPUTES.

Difference Between Such Quarrels in New York and in Germany. In the parlor of one of the New York clubs where high play at eards is frequent, says the New York Tribune, a New Yorker was chatting the other day with a foreigner, to whom he had offered the hospitality of the place. The vistor was a handsome man of about 40, who sat half provided in his chair, as if who sat bolt upright in his chair, as if his spine was devoid of joints. His soldierly bearing did not belie his real uality, for he held the commission of cantain signed by captain signed by the king of Prussia. The German was loud in his praise of the luxury of the club-house and the elegance of all the appointments, and asked with a show of great interest, about all the details of New York club life. In a room adjacent to the parlor a party was seated over a game of cards, and through a partly open door could occasionally be heard the half-

suppressed exclamations of the players.

"Tell me," said the German, speaking in English, though with a strong accent, "how are disputes settled that arise in the card-room?" "Oh, I don't know," replied his friend. "They seem to settle themselves

in one way or another. Sometimes the parties apologize; sometimes they dispute hotly and don't speak for a month or so, until their anger cools off a little, and then they make it up. Sometimes one man throws the cards at another, and then there is a lively time for a few minutes; but the other members generally manage to separate the belligerents, and they are sent to their respective homes in cabs, so that they can't renew the battle on the sidewalk. But there is never any serious harm done. Such things, of course, occur very rarely.

As the New Yorker was giving this explanation with all the innocence of a school-boy relating how the crack boxer of the school had trounced his last antagonist, the eyes of the officer opened wider and wider with astonishment.

"But do you really mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that disputes over cards are ever allowed to go so far in the

"Well, it has been known to happen, but nothing ever comes of it," replied his friend. "Why do you seem so much surprised? Are there never any misunderstandings in the clubs of Berlin?"

"Oh, of course," replied the captain, but you know what club life there is in Berlin is mostly confined to the officers, and among us the knowledge of ites, if carried too far, must be settled on the field of honor leads to a certain amount of self-restraint on the part of all. I knew that there was no dueling in America, but I supposed that was because there was no call for it."

"But is not dueling forbidden among

New Yorker. "O yes, it is forbidden, as I believe it is forbidden in your navy for whisky to be brought aboard a man-of-war except for medical purposes. But the whisky, they tell me, comes aboard in soap boxes, and so the German officers fight duels-not in soap boxes, but with almost perfect impunity. Let me tell you what my experience was. When I was several years younger than I am now, I was in garrison at Bonn. My regiment was one of the crack cavalry regiments of the service. The officers were mostly young men from the nobili-ty, who had plenty of money and spent it freely. There was a good deal of betting on horses, and still more on cards. Well, of course, occasional quarrels were inevitable. One day some hot words passed between myself and another lieutenant, for at that time I hadn't yet got my captaincy. It was thought by our friends that we ought to fight, and fight we did. I escaped without a wound but my antagonist died of a pistol shot after lingering for about a week. Of course, I was courtmartialed; there was no doubt of my guilt so I was found guilty and con-demned to pass the rest of my life in a fortress. I passed just six months in the fortress, and then came my pardon, restoring me to my former rank in the

"Wouldn't it have been better if each of you had given the other a black eye, and if you had shaken hands the next norning?" asked the New Yorker, as

his comment on the story.

"Perhaps," replied the German; "but every officer in our army has one motto: 'Noblesse oblige!' That's why some poor fellows have to deprive themselves of the necessaries of life at home, so as to keep up appearances in public. No wonder some of the poor devils get into bt and have to leave the service. It wasn't long, in a hotel in Chicago, that a man who was formerly my superior officer, served me my dinner. The situation was embarrassing, but I had to go through with it."

The Young Father's First Telegram, It is great fun to watch the senders of these first baby dispatches as they pre-pare them. A young father comes in with a hurried step and an exultant, beaming face. He grasps the blank, and dashes off something like this: "Great news! Mary very well! Fine

Then he tears that up. Somehow he doesn't want the rude telegrapher to know the name of the helpless but happy know the name of the helpless but nappy sufferer, and he tries it again, "Expected event realized; a little girl; wife doing well." "But, pshaw!" he says, "that's rather a cold way to speak of father and mother. "that's rather a cold way to speak of her to her own father and mother. Wife—why, of course she's wife, but I don't like that," and he tears it up. Then he starts again, and this time he says, "Confound the telegrapher! He shan't know anything about it;" and he writes, "It has come—eight pounds—female; mother all right." He looks at it a minute and tears it up, with the remark. "They don't know whether that it a minute and tears it up, with the remark, "They don't know whether that means a Jersey calf or a Hambletonian colt." By this time the young man has got into a sweat and grabbing a panell is dashes of. "It's a girl. Mother doing hiesly," and after looking he that five of six minutes, and it may be with montaned eye, he signs his first hand to it and hands it in. They're proud

sing One's Self in Vacation

We are favored each year, says the wiston (Me.) Journal, with six we are involved in the with with wiston (Me.) Journal, with we conthing the weather for study or conthing of cold weather for study or conthing the months. other in-door labors, and three months of hot weather for rest and recuperation, and we are yet more highly favored in possessing the nation's favorite summer picnicking ground, so that we may have the best of everything—summer breezes, sea air, cool nights, and charming seenery, without going away charming scenery, without going away from home. There seems to be no reason why almost every one should not take a week or two of vacation, even if it be spent at home. But home is not always the best place for rest.

Often what is needed is a complete and sudden change. What kind of a vacation would a teacher get were she to go each day to the school-room and hear whatever lessons stray pupils might bring in? Busy houskeepers, and farm-ers, and doctors, and store-keepers need a rest none the less, and to get it in for all its completeness they must go to new scenes. But it is a great mistake to let somebody else select the place. Why should one who prefers the mountains visit the seashore because other people find that delightful? If one wants to go to the city the country is not the place for him. If one has for months been wishing for a little time to read, reading will be to him more of a refreshment than fishing or lawn tennis. Those who have been shut up in the house or the office since last summer are probably longing to be out of doors, and the country or the seashore is the place for then.

## Bennett's Editorials.

Once during the career of young De Nyse, he was made managing editor of the Telegram, and he was informed by Mr. Bennett that the editorials for the paper would be furnished from day to day by Mr. Levein, who occupied a position on the Herald staff. These editorials used to come in written in a number of different hands, and marked "must" by Levein. De Nyse became dissatisfied with them and imagined they were hurting the paper very much. So one day he called on the proprietor.

Said he, "Mr. Bennett, you have made me managing editor of the Telegram, and I am trying my best to push the paper to success. But this man Levein is hampering me very much.' "How so?" questioned Mr. Bennett,

looking up with some surprise.
"Well, I don't want to interfere with any man who is earning his bread and butter, but, at the same time, Levein sends in a lot of editorials that are not written by himself, and I suppose he is getting his friends to do the work for him. I shouldn't object to that if the editorials were good, but they are simply infernally bad. There is one man in particular who turns in about the worst rot I ever saw in a newspaper. I haven't the faintest notion who he is, but the stuff he sends through Levein is laughed at all over the office, and is so trivial that it just about destroys the effect of any work I do in the news department. Here is some of the manu-

Mr. Bennett took up a slip of paper and looked at it for a moment. Then he said: "So you don't think this writer ought to be allowed to put his stuff in

print?" "No," responded De Nyse, frankly, "I do not. It is quite evident that this particular man is a d-n fool."

"Quite possibly," said Mr. Bennett, very quietly. "I wrote these editorials De Nyse fell back in his chair with a

gasp. His hair fairly stood on end. He started to make some sort of explanation, but Bennett cut him short. "None of that," exclaimed the prorietor of the Herald; "none of that. I cought those editorials were pretty

good; but as they do not seem to impress other people in the same light, I shall never write another. Good day." Mr. De Nyse returned to his post considerably saddened, but he never had any further editorials from Mr. Bennett. -Cor. Boston Herald.

## Relief From Mosquitoes.

When science and labor combine to put an end to the presence of decaying vegetable matter among the habitations of men; when they drain our swamps and provide us all with pienty of pure water, mosquitoes will retire from the scene because no longer needed as a part of Nature's great scavenger force. But while science and labor and capital neglect these weighty matters of the law of health, what shall we do to be saved from the torments of mosqu We put wire or cotton gauze at our windows, and oblige these armed missionaries of the gospel of cleanliness to pipe their message—"First pure, then peaceable"—through bars, so that their barbed weapons cannot pierce us. We can keep them at a distance by any very strong odors, as ammonia or oil of pen-nyroyal or kerosene. Probably very strong perfumery would have the same effect. If we wish to sit upon our porches or piazzas outside the screens on a pleasant summer evening, we can give the mosquito missionaries a polite warning that their attentions are undesirable by burning insect powder on a little smudge of chips close at hand. The fumes are injurious only to insects, and if they don't like it they have all out doors to flee to, and must not blame us for our measures of self-protection.

You can protect your supply of rain water from mosquitoes and their progeny by covering it with netting or with a little oil on the surface. In the latter case you need to draw the water fr near the bottom of the tank. Nett near the bottom of the tank. Netting is better. But the impurity of the water is a tacit invitation for the mosquito to take up her abode near you. The first water from the roof, in any shower, should not be allowed to run into cistern of tube. Let the first water that falls water the king through which it falls. Then if you have no filler and less the barrel, a bag of charcoal, half a peer in the cutern fit, you have no filler and less that barrel, a bag odor and a bag

WIT AND HUMOR. SHE WASN'T BUILT THAT WAY.

She was stern as Roman Cato, she had studied Kant and Plato, and for "Wisdom's old potato" dug in every soil and slime; Yes, she dug the glittering tuber from Kam, schatka down to Cuba, from the Ganges to the Yuba, and in every land and

ould lecture on Plotinus, Athanasius and Aquinas, and Semiramis and Ninus were familiar on her lips;

She'd no time for beads and bangles, and for silks and worsted tangles, while by loga-rithmic angles she foretold the next

She could lecture by the hour, and with much forensic power, upon Locke and Schop-enhauer and the medieval monks;

And she thought it was her mission and the height of her ambition just to scatter erudition, and to leave it 'round in chunks.

She was like a knowledge bottle from which poured, as from a throttle, views of Bacon, Aristotle, Reid, Ricardo, and

But no crazed swain tried to get her, for she couldn't fry a fritter, dress or cook a leg of mutton, broil a fish, or sew a button; for she never was constructed on that

good old-fashioned plan. S. W. Foss in Tid-Bits. A sure sign that Omaha, Neb., is prospering-its rivals try to paralyze it by

referring to its citizens as Oma-hogs. Speaking of drinking, it may be ohserved that a man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it.-

Titica Herald A cheese factory is to be started at Caraccas, South America. The natives will then live no doubt on Caraccas and cheese. - Pittsburg Chronicle.

At a French restaurant-"Here waiter, it seems to me this turbot is not quite as fresh as the one you had last Sunday." "Pardon! Monsieur, it's the very same."- Tid-Bits.

"Time expired: man ditto," was the reason a country postmaster gave for notifying a publisher to discontinue sending his paper to a certain address.

—Palmer (Mass.) Journal.

Collars are so high in linen, says the Boston Courier, that they are appropriately called "cut-throats;" and the young women who wear them look as if they had chronic stiff neck.

"Young men believe in nothing nowadays," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an Acrostic."-Punch. Fashionable mother-"You must

never use the word 'tony,' Clara. It is only used by common people. Clara-"What word shall I use, mamma?" rashionable mother—"Swell,"—N. Y I am coming by-and-by; you will

hear my plaintive cry in accents mild and gentle as a lamb; I'm not coming on a frolic, but to give small boys the colic; sing hey the small green apple that I am!-Unknown Poet. It is said that there are 10,000 fam-

ilies in Chicago without a copy of the Bible. The number without a copy of a paper containing the latest base-ball news is much less so the suffering is not "Ah, that was a splendid game of

ball yesterday, wasn't it? Our boys are the best on the diamond." "But you have been misinformed. Our club didn't win." "They didn't? I don't see why in thunder they can't get a decent nine here."—Tid-Bits. At the entrance of a restaurant in

Pesth, Hungary, where young ladies are

employed, is posted a notice reading: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as this is a fruitful source of breakage and impedes the services." "You say the trout weighed ten pounds?" "Yes, sir; it was the biggest trout I ever saw." "And he got away from you?" "Yes." "Will you take an oath to that?" "I'll take no more oaths;

I swore enough about it when he got away,"—Yonkers Statesman. "A rose between two thorns," said a young man, as he seated himself at the table with a lady on each side, and when one of the girls remarked "the Jack variety" he began to think that the thorn business had more point to it

than he had realized .- Lynn Item. Young Smaftwage-"I desire to purchase a ring for my fiancee." Obliging dealer—"Yes, how long have you been engaged?" Young S.—"Nearly three years, sir." Obliging dealer (to clerk)—"Ah, yes; James, show this young man some of those imitation garnets." Chicago Rambler.

A French candidate had a good many Anarchists among his constituents, and was told he must placate them. "My friends," said this gentleman, "there is much that is good in anarchy; no one knows this better than I; but we must not abuse it. We must not go to extremes in anarchy any more than in anything else."

Our receipts being reduced, the editor rose with the sun Monday morning, arose with the sun Monday morning, and, with his little "pop," sent a bullet crashing through a fine rabbit, sent as by the hand of Him who seeth the spartow fall, and meat became plenty in our larder. There was joy in our house hold, and fresh meat plenty once more.

Valley Falls (Kas.) Register.

After politely asking five delinquent we have to hunt brush and chips to make a fire to cook our frugal mea Now, if some clever gentleman will bring us half a cord of wood we will try to pay him for it, even if we are com-pelled to economize by discontinuing to send the Messenger to the five delin-quents aforesaid.—Chickasaw (Miss.)

The Rev. Mr. Carroll (colored) of South Carolina made a begging speech at Asbury Park, in which he said. This is my first visit to the North. I always been told that Northe

Read by West Victory and, 1886, of that Ass In the excellent Ontario
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Orow."
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